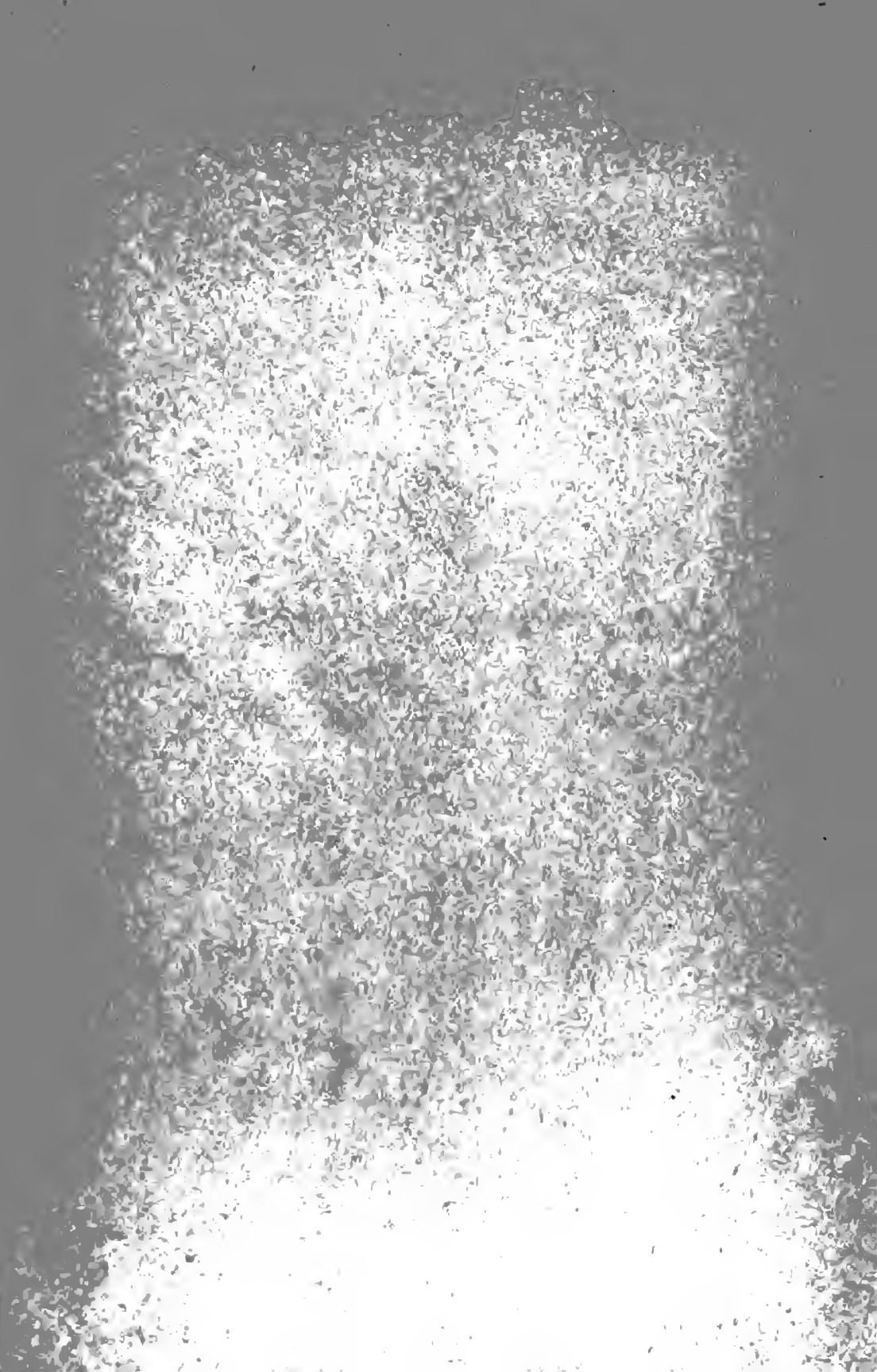


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THE AVE MARIA

A CATHOLIC FAMILY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE

HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

WITH SOME ILLUSTRATIONS

ENLARGED SERIES
VOLUME SIXTY-FIVE
JULY-DECEMBER, 1907

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1908

AD MARIAM.

We glorify thee, O Mother of God,
because of thee Christ was born; help all
those who glorify thee.—*Antiphon of
the Sarum Breviary.*

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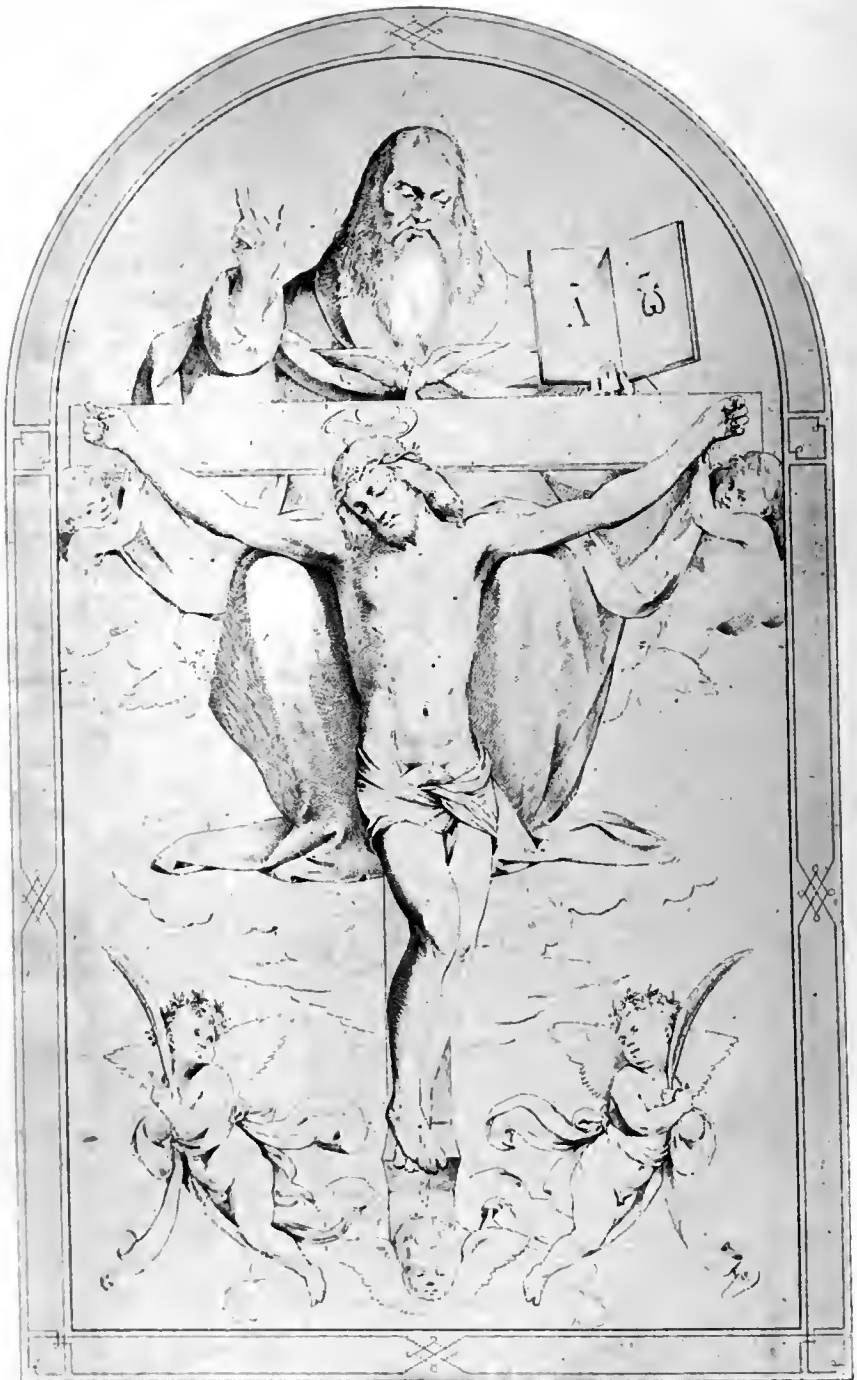
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REDEMPTION.
(M. Albertinelli.)



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 6, 1907.

NO. 1.

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

Salve Regina.

(A Paraphrase.)

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

HAIL, Queen of Heaven! Hail, holy One!
 Mother of God's Eternal Son!
 Be thou our intercessor sweet
 Before His mighty mercy-seat!

Our life, our sweetness, and our hope!
 To Christ and thee our way we grope.
 Oh, turn to us thy tender face,
 Thy pitying eyes, thy heart of grace!

Poor banished sons of Mother Eve,
 Poor heirs of Adam born to grieve,
 To thee, O Empress of the Skies,
 We send our prayers, we send our sighs!

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
 Beset by doubts, beset by fears,
 We cry to thee for help to win
 A lasting victory o'er sin.

And after this, our exile drear,
 Oh, show to us our Saviour dear,
 The Light that lights the ages' gloom,
 The Fruit of thy most blessed womb!

It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were.—*Newman.*

Summer Rest.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



ALL through the highlands and the desert waste along the Union Pacific, that cover the Rocky Mountains like a saddle, and you do not realize that they are rocky or in the least mountainous, there was a carpet of snow. To be sure it was worn threadbare in places and was frayed at the edges, and nowhere recalled the good old-fashioned winter of New England.

I was being gradually weaned from twenty years of life in the Middle, Southern and Eastern States, and carefully returned to California in a kind of second childhood, perhaps. I was to start life all over again, and to go back almost to the beginning. I was but twelve years old when I entered the Golden Gate for the first time and began to call San Francisco my home.

It seemed almost like unwinding myself when the train started west from Chicago and struck straight across the prairie lands toward the "Great Divide." It was then I began to "take notice," when there was so little notice worth taking. The thin, nervous, *blazé* face of the oldtime railway conductor interested me and made me sorry for him. He seemed to me like a kind of miller who is forever running his human grain—all flesh is grass—through his hopper. What personal interest can be taken in those whose tickets he punches hour by hour, day by day, year in, year

out? Whether they be wheat or chaff he has not time to consider. His mind is on the minute hand of his watch, and the hum of the whirling wheels is the sound forever in his ears. What a fate is his, to be rushed on forever and forever until life becomes too slow for him if he steps off from his train for a moment at a way station, and he promptly, not to say anxiously, waves his arms to the impatient engineer in the cab-window, as if he were about to take flight—and away we go into space, while the locomotive heaves a great sigh of relief and once more breathes freely. Wheels, wheels, wheels,—never out of the sound of them. It is really he—the oldtime conductor—who has the wheels within wheels which were seen of the prophet.

Looking from my car window, I at times catch a glimpse of something beautifully solitary, like an oasis in desert space, and I immediately want to alight there and be lonesome. By living in a silent and secluded spot, one has the whole world in perspective, and it is only thus that one can get the best out of it and really and truly enjoy it. Always I have my dream at such moments as this; and yet how often it happens that in travelling, a side-tracked freight train stands in the way at the very moment when the most glorious vision lies just beyond it!

Did you ever notice that the noble Red Man is not beautiful when you come to analyze him? As a youth, straight as an arrow, lithe as a lizard, swift as an antelope, he is all the poet paints him. Fair as a flower in his prime, his face finally resembles a baked apple. Some of the most famous of the Indian chiefs have the features of withered old women. How different the bucking cowboy! Loose-jointed, masculine grace personified, he sits a horse as if he were a part of it,—a human centaur.

There are objects of interest out yonder in the Wild West,—the West that may not be tamed for ages yet, there is so much room in the world; and, after all, only a savage and the real sportsman care much

for mere space and the game that roves in it. The U. P. R. R. fairly straddles the Truckee River, and one is kept guessing on what side of the train it will flow out next. Castlerock looks as if Gustave Doré had designed it for the background to a living picture of the Wandering Jew.

One solemn dusk, when I could have sworn that the world was flat, and that there was nothing in it from horizon to horizon but our Western-bound express—the Star of Empire,—we saw something like a shadow flitting along a trail that ran parallel with our track. Would you believe it?—the engineer saluted, the passengers cheered lustily and threw newspapers from the windows. Lo, it was a bicycle! What is more spectral than a solitary bicyclist in the wilderness? Perhaps he was touring the continent on a wager.

Oh, the leanness and the loneliness of the land! In the edge of a cluster of houses that may some day grow to be a village, I saw a weather-stained country-girl seated upon a rock, chin on hands, elbows on knees, watching the cars go by, while she chewed her cud—of gum—like her companions, the cows, that were watching us also.

Far out in the weary prairies, there stood alone by the wayside a small brick house with a large sign running the whole length of it, bearing this legend, "The Home Hotel." The desert blossomed as the rose after that. I heard that some good old-fashioned New England people were making the place homelike, and can imagine what joy it brought to the weary pilgrims who perhaps put up there for a day or two, and let their stock rest and be joyful out of the chafing harness. It was a very ordinary house to look at, and probably the entertainment for man and beast was not above the ordinary; but even the commonplaces of life may be made picturesque, if one only knows how to look at them and into them with a cheerful heart.

We were approaching California. We seemed to scent it in the air; for it was a

new air, and blew fresh from the largest body of water on the face of the globe. We had rolled over the long and slender trestle that bridges the Great Salt Lake. We had climbed the Sierra Nevadas, and were threading snow sheds where the cluck of the car wheels along the rails sounded as if a troop of wild horses were galloping madly at our heels. We had looked down upon the smoky waters of Donner Lake, and thought with a shudder of the most tragic of tragedies forever associated with that solemn shore.

In a very little while we were rushing down a grade where we might have run without steam for a hundred miles. This was in very truth the Pacific Slope, and what a slope it is! A balmy breath breathes over it, even in midwinter. Do not forget that California in January has a broad white margin of calla lilies; and that in March—I entered the State on the 3d of April—the California poppies cover the hills like a sheet of flame. The incredible beauty of this flower—this “cup of gold,” as the Spanish call it—is hardly to be imagined by one who has never seen it. Patches of these delicate but brilliant flowers seen from the car window seem to burst like molten lava from the hillsides, and pour, a blazing torrent, into the vale below. There were acres and acres of them tossing their gilded petals in the breeze, and the effect was as if an afterglow had fallen from heaven to earth and were smouldering there in undying splendor.

California is the land of fruit and flowers. The æsthetic eye may be dazed by the over-decoration of climbing rosebushes that break in a great wave of blossoms over a rustic cottage and engulf it; and there is never a month in the year but there are some buds or fading roses on that bush. Tom Moore—bless his melodious heart!—would have a hard time finding in California his “Last Rose of Summer,” or the last hour of it either. The seasons dissolve one into another; it is perpetual sunshine that falls upon the tawny hills of summer time, or tropical

showers that hang about the winter heights, ready to flush the river beds that have been as dry as gravel pits for seven or eight months.

The California hills,—“the unmade hills of California,” Robert Louis Stevenson calls them. Some of them do look unfinished; they have outlines such as a child might draw with the wave of a stick on the sand. One might even call some of them lumpy, or, possibly, dumplings. Was repentant Mother Nature trying to make over again those “unmade hills” when she shook up the earth in the track of the *temblor* in April, 1906, as if it had been a breadth of hall carpet during house-cleaning week? Doubtless there were other lessons to be taught by that *temblor*. One learns a great deal in a moment during an earthquake. Life looks quite different afterward: it seems to be pitched in another key entirely.

Through the scented upland valleys we slid down among the foothills, and then out onto the warm bottom lands where the rivers never run dry. Presently the air grew chill; everything became dim to the eye, as if we were looking through an impalpable snow shower. After long years I recalled every emotion of the past. It was reawakened by the filmy visions and the increasing chill that marked the imminent climax at our journey's end. The greeting of loved ones; the long, long pier that ran far out into the bay, as if reaching over to clasp hands with the metropolis on the opposite shore; the huge ferry that swam out into a misty sea; twilight and all the other lights that tried to burn their way through the curtain of the fog; and then the city, a blur of light as if a rainbow had melted and run down all over it,—we in a carriage hastening to the warm and brightly lighted rooms that awaited us.

Thus after four and twenty years did I return to the home of my youth, and find that that home was but a memory, a tradition; that all things once so dear to me were past and gone; that the friends

of my youth had added a generation to the annals of the age; that I had suddenly dropped into a whirl of excitement that seemed to me breathless after the comparative repose of my later years. Many of the old companions had gone forever. I was constantly meeting new faces, and hearing voices pitched in an unfamiliar key. It was beginning to tell upon me; the restless, strenuous life,—the life that consumes itself in the white heat of physical impetuosity, and rushes headlong to its close—a sudden death or premature old age. In a few feverish weeks I read my fate in flight. It was the kind of pace that kills one of my temperament; it was the life that made San Francisco what it was, up to the day of its doom. I said, "I will seek rest and respite"; and I turned away from the marvellous city where I had "grown up" and which had now outgrown me, and from that hour no longer called it home.

The River of Life is so full of eddies we never know into what company we may next be whirled. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream, as well as o'er the dream of my spirit. I was enjoying perfect rest. It was early morning. From my pillows I looked through my deep bay-window upon the eastern hills. The sky was radiant. It seemed as if a thousand birds were chanting a choral to the dawn,—it was a choir invisible. At times I heard the flutter of wings near the open window; one could almost imagine they were angel wings; at times the splendid fronds of the palms that grew beneath the window rocked in the air, and I knew they were cradling the birds who were rejoicing in their matins and filling their little world with melody.

The sun rose right before me, and upon the summit of Mount Hamilton the domes of the Lick Observatory shone like the tomb of an Arabian prophet. Had I not known where I was, I could hardly have guessed at it. The beautiful, lofty chamber, furnished with simple elegance; the

majesty of the not far-distant hills that towered above the palms and the pepper-trees that shaded the garden of spices. Oh, the freshness, and the fragrance of the air, that seemed still to breathe a breath of the sea, across which it had blown even from the edge of Asia!

St. Joseph's Home, the O'Connor Sanitarium, is hedged in by the measureless orchards of the Santa Clara valley, California, than which no valley in the wide world is more fruitful or more beautiful. In seeking summer rest within its walls, I had chosen wisely. The building, of great length and breadth, is surrounded by ample gardens and orchards. When one sees the Sisters of Charity, who preside there, walking within the hedges of lilies and roses, one is reminded of white doves fluttered in their dove-cotes by refugees from the outer world. Yet how welcome they all are who seek this refuge in time of trouble!

The Home is so long a building that those at one end of it know nothing of what is happening at the other end. A new life may be ushered into the world; a soul may have been called to its reward; the surgeons may be exercising their skill, and a life be hovering upon the brink of death; yet within my chamber the silence is broken only by the birds and the bees that are ever busy in the garden. Before me stretches a great field of waving grain, where, as Tennyson says:

The waves of shadow go over the wheat.
Beyond it are rows of trees, and then the orchards again, on to the very foot of the glorious hills. All of death that I see from my window will come after the grain is ripe and has been cut down, and the flowers have covered the pathways with drifting petals, and the emerald hills of the California winter have grown fallow with thirst; for the rain has ceased for more than half a year. Mouse-brown hills they are sometimes, but oftener of the color of khaki. I have seen a troop of infantry manœuvring upon a hill slope, and they were hardly visible at a little

distance; for they and their background were nearly of the same shade of buff. Brazen hills sometimes they are, but, oh, so beautiful in the morning light and the afterglow!

There comes a month, and a week in the month, and a day in the week, and almost an hour in the day, when the prune orchards are in full blossom, and each blossom seems to have attained perfection. From the moment of the bursting bud every eye that loves beauty of color has been fixed upon Santa Clara valley. There are acres and acres of buds swelling from hour to hour, while all the green leaves stay modestly in the background. This is, of course, as it should be. By and by, when the great heat comes on, the leaves will spread their delicate awnings, to protect the ripening fruit; for the same heat that fills the fruit with juice, cures it and preserves it when it is laid open and spread upon the drying-trays in the vast oven of the open air. On Blossom Day, the whole valley of Santa Clara blushes its maiden blush to the girdling foothills, and square miles of blossoms look as if they had been dipped in scarlet dew.

My room at St. Joseph's Home was at the silent end of the house. You approached it by a corridor that was a conservatory, and were saluted by the fearless fanfare of jubilant canaries in rival cages. Every sound was softened within my chamber. Afterward I went forth to walk in the long corridors, for the sake of change; and these walks were like little voyages of discovery. One meets so many different people in a home like that; for in a certain sense it was the home of the homeless. There were those there, alone in the world, yet well provided, who know no other home, and there they will end their days in peace. There was one sad little old lady who paced the hall trailing a cane after her, and who never spoke to any one, but sometimes sighed because her final hour was so long coming. It has come now,—rest her weary soul!

There was another who startled me one day by asking me if I was really I, and alive and well. It was only too true. Then she told me how for three years—ever since she had read my premature obituary—she had been praying for the repose of my soul. May the efficacy of those prayers lose nothing of its virtue till I shall have need of it!

One day—one of those perfect days that awaken a thousand soft emotions—I heard the piano in the room beneath me struck by a master-hand. One always knows on the instant the skilled touch of an instrumentalist; it can never be counterfeited. The musician began an air from "Lucrezia Borgia,"—one I had not heard for years. Other old-fashioned operatic arias and cavatinas followed. A voice sang on and on,—a voice like a melodious reminiscence; it even gave a little trill now and again, as a bird sometimes flutters its wings without rising from the ground; and this trill was like an echo of something more brilliant and more thrilling in the past. For an hour or two the music was continued at brief intervals, until "Home, Sweet Home," was played with every imaginable variation; the voice, though some of its notes were stronger and purer than others, taking the air occasionally, unwillingly perhaps, yet irresistibly, and not without tears, and so carrying the sad, sweet song to its conclusion. At last all seemed to die away, like music in the air, growing fainter and fainter the while, until I began to wonder if I had really been listening with these bodily ears, or if voice and instrument and half-forgotten harmonies were but a lovely and pathetic daydream.

Later I learned who the singer was. She was a prima donna who had been famous in her day; one whom I had heard and applauded in the enthusiasm of my youth; who in her age—she was now five-and-seventy—left with means sufficient to keep her in comfort while she lived, though forgotten by those who had cheered her to the echo in the past,

retired at certain seasons to this retreat, when the world became a burden; and now her pastime was to train the voices of the Sisters who sang in the chapel choir.

So passed those quiet days, and the more quiet nights, when no one but the Sisters who were on duty, with noiseless footfall, visited from room to room to see if their charges were well bestowed. Only they could open a door as if they were spirits and had entered without opening it, and as breathlessly withdraw, finding you fast asleep.

Of course you learn to know all the bells there,—the strokes on the little brazen gong that summon this Sister or the other, or all of them, to certain duties. If by chance you are looking from your window and find the ambulance at the door,—if you see men-servants gathering when the litter is to be lifted by strong hands and carried into one of the rooms where the patient is finally to recover or be transported spiritually into the life that is to come,—you learn to look upon it as one looks upon all everyday occurrences: as a matter of course.

If sometime, when you are coming from chapel, you glance out of the rear windows and find a hearse awaiting in the court, you know that the sufferings of some one are over forever, and breathe a prayer for the repose of his soul. The plumes of the weeping willow wave in the courtyard, and give to it for a moment a funereal air; but the birds pause not in their chorals, and are not a whit the more sad for all the dead who are hovered by the Angel of Death. As for the roses and lilies upon the broad lawn in front of the Home, they are radiant in their beauty and toss their dainty heads gaily in the breeze, as if life, and their life, were all there was or is to live.

I was thinking of it as I sat alone in my chamber, with doors and windows open wide, and such a blaze of sunshine without as if the air were freighted with a shower of gold. An arbor under the window thatched with a fragrant vine,

must have been a butterfly bower; for a myriad of butterflies fluttered about it, and it looked like a fountain of foliage blurred with rainbow spray. Death may have reigned in the court, before the entrance to the chapel; but here was the life that dreamed only of the joy of living; and the beguiling vision was a kind of physical intoxication.

I was lost in a kind of rapture, when all at once I heard the tinkling of a tiny silver bell. At first it rang faintly and far off; then it grew nearer, nearer, nearer. I turned toward my open door and sank upon my knees. Two Sisters bearing tall lighted tapers were slowly passing down the corridor; behind them a vested priest was bearing the Viaticum to the bedside of some passing soul. Yea, verily, in the midst of life we are in death.

How much reason I had to assure myself of this fact a few weeks later, when the foundations of the earth seemed to have been laid in destruction, and we fled in our extremity from that House of Rest into the open fields, lest it fall upon us and bury us alive in its ruins! Yet there was I, before the day of doom, basking in a garden of delights, a wilderness of fairest floral beauty, in a kind of perpetual afterglow; shut out, as it were, from the rude world by California's mountain walls of jasper.

WHEN any one has to choose a state of life, and wishes to know what he should do for the good of his soul, let him first strip himself of every inclination of his own, and place himself generously in the hands of God, equally ready for whatever He may call him to. Then let him apply some Gospel-truths to the matter, draw from them their legitimate consequence, and see how they relate to the ultimate end for which God created us. If he still remains uncertain, let him imagine himself on his deathbed, or before the judgment-seat, which will teach him to do what he will then wish he had done.

—*St. Ignatius Loyola.*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXX.

SYDNEY was undressed and established luxuriously against her bank of pillows, with a table drawn close to the bed, and a lamp close to the edge of the table, when Lett and Mildred stopped for a moment to see her before going downstairs for the evening

"Behold my *embarras de richesse!*" she said, pointing to a number of books that were piled on the table within reach of her hand. "Henri brought them, and a whole quantity of things that he picked up in Europe for me. I like the books best, but we'll look over the trinkets and bric-a-brac to-morrow. I am dipping into these, first one and then another, to see which I will settle on."

"I hope you don't mean to settle on any to-night," said Lett. "You ought not to keep late hours, you know."

"I don't intend to. I am too anxious to get well. Henri is convinced that I am in a dying condition, and I want to relieve his mind by gaining a little flesh and color. There's my watch, you see"—it lay on the table, with a bottle and medicine glass beside it,—“and the minute the hand points to nine, I shall call Mammy to give me my nightcap”—indicating the bottle—“and take away the lamp.”

"You really are developing into an angel," said Mildred, with a laugh; while Lett reached across the bed to get within reach of Sydney's pulse.

"Satisfactory, isn't it?" Sydney inquired, looking at Lett with unusual geniality of expression.

"Yes. Good-night, dear!" She leaned still farther over and pressed her lips to Sydney's cheek. "We will not disturb you again to-night."

"What's the matter, Lett, that you look so grave?" said Mildred, as they passed down the corridor after leaving the

room. "Sydney is getting on very well, it seems to me. She is a different being since Mr. de Wolff came."

"Yes," answered Lett, "his coming has made a great change in her. There is something fearful as well as sad to me," she went on, "in seeing one person care as much for another as she does for him."

"She is very much attached to him, of course,—naturally so, considering what he has always been to her. But why should it be fearful, or even sad?"

"Because such idolatrous love is seldom—never, I fancy—returned in the same measure."

"I don't know. I think he cares as much for her as she does for him."

"He cares a great deal for her, and would make any sacrifice to secure her happiness, I don't doubt. But—I will explain another time," she added quickly, as they were joined by several acquaintances, also on their way to the rooms.

"Now, Lett, do tell me what is the matter with you?" said Mildred, as soon as the two were alone in their chamber that night. "I see plainly that you are dreadfully worried."

"Yes," Lett acknowledged. "Mr. de Wolff told me this afternoon that his and Sydney's engagement is broken off."

"Well," said Mildred, "what is there to worry about in that? I am not at all surprised to hear it. And you must have observed that neither of the parties concerned seems disconsolate."

"I am not surprised that Sydney offered to release him. But I think it very strange that he should have consented."

"But why should you think it strange? Neither of them ever considered it a real engagement."

"He says it was a mere expedient, adopted to gain time; and—that Sydney has only a filial attachment for him. I believe he is mistaken. I am afraid to think what she will feel when she hears that he is thinking of marrying another woman."

"He told you that!" Mildred exclaimed in amazement.

"He told me what was equivalent to it,—that he loved another woman."

Mildred glanced at her curiously, and was silent, as, with a very discourteous expression of countenance, Lett began to unfasten her hair.

"How did it happen that Mr. de Wolff was so communicative and confidential?" Mildred asked suddenly, starting and speaking in her quick, vivacious manner.

"He was asking me about Sydney's health first, and then we were talking of her cousin," Lett replied, and proceeded to detail the substance of her conversation with De Wolff.

Mildred smiled.

"My dear Lett, I see nothing to be distressed about. Can you suppose that Mr. de Wolff doesn't know what he is doing? I am as certain as he is that Sydney does not want to marry him. Many things that she has said to me at different times convince me that it is affection, not love, that she feels for him."

"I am very glad you think so," said Lett, her face clearing a little. "But even if she does not want to marry him, I'm afraid she will feel very severely his drifting out of her life. For of course as a married man he could not be the same to her."

"That will depend on the character of the woman he marries," said Mildred. "Have you any idea who it is that he is in love with?"

"No. How could I have? Sydney may know, perhaps. But," she added hastily, "of course I shall not say a word to her on the subject."

"I know who it is," Mildred remarked. Lett looked round in surprise.

"Stop and think, Lett. Have you really no suspicion who it is?"

"Not the slightest," was the reply in a wondering tone. Then, after a moment's thought, she said: "Can it be yourself?"

"No. It is *yourself*."

Lett stood transfixed for an instant,

with a gaze of utter incredulity, before a sudden, startled intelligence seemed to dawn upon her. Her eyes dropped, and the delicate color in her cheeks deepened to an intense blush, various shades of expression flitting over her face. But she answered quietly then, though in a constrained voice:

"If you are not jesting, you are certainly mistaken."

"I am not jesting, nor am I mistaken," Mildred replied in that assured, common-sense tone which from the lips of a sensible person is so irresistibly convincing. "I saw when he was in Estonville that he admired you more than I should like a man to whom I was engaged to admire another woman. Mamma noticed it too, and was sorry for him. She said she was confident he would never do a dishonorable thing; that if Sydney did not voluntarily break the engagement, he would not, but would marry her even though he was in love with you."

Lett started at the last words as if she had been touched with a goad, and said in a tone of mingled doubt, indignation and distress:

"He!—Mr. de Wolff! O Mildred, don't say that you think so! It is impossible,—impossible! He has never given me the least reason to imagine such a thing."

"Of course he never felt at liberty to do so until his supposed engagement was dissolved. He lost no time then, you perceive; for if you had not been as blind as Cupid himself, my dear Lett, you could not have failed to understand him this afternoon. I suppose you were so perfectly unconscious, that he was afraid of shocking you by too sudden a declaration, and stopped short in what he had intended to say."

Lett walked to the window and looked out. But she saw nothing, though a beautiful landscape silvered by the light of a full moon was before her. She turned restlessly and went back to the toilet table, where Mildred stood arranging her hair for the night.

"Mildred," she exclaimed in a tone of almost passionate entreaty, "don't you think you may be mistaken? I can't see why you should think that this man—no, I can not, can not believe it! How much more reasonable it would be to suppose that, if he thought of me at all, he would dislike me, I have been so cold to Sydney, and so disagreeable to himself! Please say that you are only jesting!"

"I can't say that," Mildred replied, "because it wouldn't be the truth. I am absolutely sure it was you he meant when he said he loved another woman. Why should mamma and I, and Laurence Brent too"—she repeated what Mr. Brent had said that afternoon,—“why should we all imagine that he was in love with you if the fact were not unmistakably obvious? And why should you be so distressed about it? It is not your fault. Certainly you never gave him the least encouragement. And you know he can't force you to marry him. You have only to decline his proposal when he makes it.”

"I am not thinking of him," said Lett— inwardly resolving, however, that his proposal never should be made, if she could prevent it. "I am thinking of Sydney."

Mildred laid down the comb she held in her hand, pushed back her wealth of brown hair over her shoulders, and was silent for an instant, with her eyes on the floor. Then, lifting them to Lett's face, she said:

"I think that, under the circumstances, to set your mind at rest, there is no harm in my telling you what Sydney said to me last night. I made some allusion to her engagement, and she answered that it had been temporary only: that she had never had any more idea of marrying Mr. de Wolff than she had at that minute of marrying Uncle Romuald."

"She really said that?"

"I have repeated her own words."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Lett, with a deep sigh of relief.

"You see that Mr. de Wolff is free."

"So far as I am concerned, he will

remain so," Lett replied coldly. Then, reproaching herself for speaking in that tone to Mildred, she went on, apologetically: "I don't mean to be unamiable or unreasonable. Dear Mildred, you must excuse me if I seem so. And I want to ask a favor of you. If you are not mistaken in what you have been saying—"

Mildred shook her head in reply to the look of appeal with which Lett had paused.

"I am not mistaken," she said.

"Then I want you to help me to avoid any explanation. You know you could easily give him a hint,—make him understand how useless it would be to speak."

"I don't think he's a man to take a hint, if he doesn't want to," said Mildred, laughing. "There will be no 'bluffing him off' (to borrow one of Elinor Claiborn's elegant expressions), as we did poor Mr. Beresford—who, by the way, is leaving to-morrow morning, you will be glad to hear."

Lett's lips did not say "Yes," but her eyes did; and Mildred glanced at her reproachfully.

"You have a very hard heart, Lett, to your lovers."

"My dear Mildred, please don't speak in that way!" cried Lett, in a distressed tone. "You can not conceive how I hate that word in connection with myself."

"But is that reasonable?" said Mildred, in her common-sense tone. "For the present, at least, you can't escape the onus, unless you let it be supposed that you are engaged."

"Or that I have lost my fortune," said Lett, with a tincture of bitterness in her voice.

"Worse and worse!" cried Mildred. "I am beginning to think that it is really a misfortune to be an heiress. It makes a woman either so credulous or so suspicious. Nine heiresses out of ten become the prey of fortune-hunters, while the tenth is so afraid of being married for her money that she does not marry at all."

"That I intend to be my case," said Lett, with a smile.

XXXI.

The next morning Sydney was descending the stairs as De Wolff was about to ascend them; and either his eye had grown accustomed to her altered appearance, or twenty-four hours had really made a change for the better in her face. He was not so shocked as he had been the morning before at her excessive pallor and emaciation. But he said, as he joined her and laid his hand on her arm to assist her down the steps:

"You ought not to rise so early, Sydney. One in your state of health should never sit up late or rise early."

"I was awake," she said,—"so wide awake that I couldn't go to sleep again. And I wanted to have you to myself. If I had waited until breakfast, everybody, and particularly that horrid old Mr. Chetwode, would have been in the way, and I should have had no comfort in seeing you."

"Sydney," said De Wolff, "seriously speaking, I don't like to hear you talk in that way about Mr. Chetwode. You know as well as I do the impropriety of it."

"Yes," she acknowledged. "Well—I'll not do it again. But he thinks me horrid, and why shouldn't I call him so—just to you?"

"You are mistaken. He thinks very well of you, now that he has heard the explanation I gave him."

"You did explain, and he believed you?"

"Certainly."

By this time they were seated at a table in one corner of the large dining-room, when Sydney suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, I have forgotten my salts! You'll have to go for them, Henri. Perhaps our breakfast may be ready by the time you get back."

As De Wolff walked down the room and disappeared through the open door, a girl at a table with a party of friends, not far from where Sydney was sitting, looked after him and said in a very audible tone:

"Who is that man? Do any of you know his name? I saw him yesterday

afternoon late, at Sunset View, flirting with that Miss Hereford who is with Mildred Sterndale."

"Flirting with Miss Hereford!" repeated one of the three men who with herself and another girl made up the party. "You must be mistaken. Miss Hereford doesn't flirt. She's too awfully good for that. She intends to be a nun, I've heard."

"Seeing is believing," replied Miss Claiborn, with a laugh. "I saw them sitting under the great boulder at the View; and she was talking, and gazing at him with a most sentimental, beseeching air. I couldn't see his face, for his back was toward me. But his attitude was enough. He's in love with her,—that I'll warrant."

"You saw them? How was that possible when you were not there?"

"But I was—near enough to see them, and recognize her face and his figure. Did you never notice that, at several places along the road coming from the Falls, that crag can be seen through breaks in the trees? Well, as we were coming up the hill I caught a glimpse of two figures, and had a curiosity to know whether it was not Mildred Sterndale and Laurence Brent. So when we got to the top of the hill, where the road is not more than a quarter of a mile from the View on that side, I rode into the woods—don't you remember, Harry?"—appealing to her friend—"and went near enough to see who the people were. And—"

She suddenly lowered her voice, as De Wolff appeared and passed near her table on the way to his own.

Sydney was rather silent and seemed thoughtful, as she ate her breakfast and walked slowly out into the fresh, invigorating air. But as she took possession of her seat of yesterday under the old oak, she said:

"Do you know such a place as Sunset View, Henri?"

"Yes," he replied. "And I want you to see it. You would enjoy it. The first afternoon that you feel equal to taking a drive, we'll go there."

"I have seen it," she said. "I have gone to drive every afternoon until yesterday, almost ever since we have been here. You were there yesterday afternoon with Lett?"

"Yes. Didn't she tell you about it,—of the accident that occurred?"

"No. I saw her for a few minutes only last night. She went to drive with Mr. Chetwode in the afternoon. An accident? What was it?"

De Wolff explained, describing the accident, and the circumstances which had caused his being at the View with Lett.

"O—h!" said Sydney. "I thought you had gone there with her intentionally."

"No. We walked there merely to occupy the time while waiting for the carriage, which was to return for us."

"Then why was she talking to you and looking at you 'sentimentally and beseechingly'? And are you really, as your attitude and the back of your head or figure are said to have expressed, in love with her?"

"Sydney!" said De Wolff, amazed. "What do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say," she answered, composedly. "While you were out of the dining-room—when you went for my salts,—one of those girls sitting near us was talking about you in so loud a voice that I could not avoid hearing her remarks. Among other things, she said you were in love with Lett. Now, I want you to tell me honestly, Henri—without regard to any supposed laceration of my feelings, as you know I had set my heart on your marrying Mildred,—is this really so?"

"Since you want to hear the truth, I'm afraid I must admit that, if not actually in love with Miss Hereford, I am perilously near to that folly," he replied. "I admire her very much."

"Why do you say you are 'afraid'? And why do you call falling in love 'folly'? Whether it is so depends on the object of your love."

"It is always folly to plunge into a hopeless passion."

"Yes," said Sydney, gravely. "And it would be particularly bad for you, because, you know, grandmamma used to say that when you were overtaken by 'that infirmity of human nature,' as she called falling in love, it would attack you in its most violent form: a *grande passion*, not a mere ordinary fancy. So we must take this in time, and see what can be done about it. No"—with a peremptory motion of the hand as he was about to speak,— "do not interrupt me! Listen first, and then I will hear what you have to say. I think"—she spoke slowly and reflectively—"I think that, by good management, Lett may be persuaded to marry you. She has acted so unjustly, so abominably toward you, that, being fearfully conscientious, she is very remorseful about it. I know that by what she said to me. She begged my pardon with tears—and, to do her justice, she is not at all addicted to the lacrymal mood,—and said how sorry she was for having judged so erroneously, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. Now, I think I can work upon this penitential condition of mind, and make her feel that she owes it to you, as a reparation for her injustice, to marry you—"

She paused, as De Wolff laughed.

"What is the matter?" she inquired. "What amuses you?"

He was very much amused, evidently.

"My dear Sydney," he said, "do you really expect to settle the matter in the manner you propose? Miss Hereford is conscientious, I do not doubt; but she is sensible also, and certainly could not be convinced that so serious a reparation was due for so slight an offence. Nor could I wish she should. A marriage so arranged would not be at all to my taste. I must do my own wooing. And you, my sprite—"

"I see!" she exclaimed, and laughed herself. "Of course it was ridiculous of me to expect to arrange it. But it was a natural instinct with me,—the instinct of blood,—exactly what I thought so hardly of in poor grandmamma. But, O Henri,

only think! Papa and grandmamma and I, all had this idea!"

"What idea?"

"That you ought to marry Lett. The first I ever heard of her particularly was when papa and grandmamma were discussing her coming to stay with grandmamma to go into society. She didn't want to come, but she thought it her duty to obey the wishes of her guardian, while he was her guardian. And papa said he wanted to see her married, if possible, before she came of age; because her cousin, the Mother Superior, told him that she had all sorts of visionary ideas of how she intended to spend her life. 'I wish Henri were at home,' papa said (you were in Europe then, you know). 'She would be just the wife for him. And, on her part, the best possible thing for her would be to marry him.' Grandmamma was perfectly delighted with the idea, and said she would manage to get you home and arrange the affair. 'I knew all her people on both sides,' she said; 'and they were unexceptionable in every respect. Her blood is *clean*, morally, mentally and physically.' Doesn't that sound like grandmamma? Can't you hear her very tones?"

Tears came into Sydney's eyes as she spoke, though she was smiling.

"Yes," said De Wolff, "it was a very characteristic speech. If I am so fortunate as to succeed in my suit to Miss Hereford, it will be a great happiness to me to remember that my two best friends wished to give her to me," he added with feeling.

"I never had seen her until she came to stay with us after dear grandmamma's death, when I was heart-broken with grief, and ready to die of despair. She was so kind to me and so consoling in my wretchedness, that I was quite fascinated at first, and thought she certainly would make an ideal wife for you. But I changed my mind when she would not listen to a word about you. And after she positively refused to let you explain—"

"All that is past," observed De Wolff.

"Under the circumstances, and as she looked at the subject, she was not at all to blame. The question now is whether there is the least hope of success for me. If I see even a possibility in my favor, I'll remain here at the risk of becoming seriously attached to her—"

"You are not serious as yet, then?" interrupted Sydney.

"My admiration is not uncontrollably serious as yet," he replied, with a sort of humorous gravity; "but I am conscious that it might easily become so. I'll stay a week or two and study my chances, and go then if I see no hope. And meanwhile, Sydney, you must not make the least move, or manifest the least consciousness on the subject. Bear that in mind."

"Very well; I will. But, O Henri, why, *why* didn't you fall in love with Mildred instead of Lett?"

"It is very fortunate that I did not, as you ought to be aware. I can't flatter myself that my prospect of success with Miss Hereford is brilliant, but at least there is no rival in the way. With Miss Sterndale my chance would be *nil*."

"I wish that horrid Mr. Brand—"

"Brent."

"Brent, then, was *nil*, and that you had had the sense to fall in love with Mildred. Mildred is beautiful, while Lett is only handsome. And she is nicer in every way, and cleverer. She is twice as clever, I do assure you, Henri."

"Possibly," said De Wolff. "But Miss Hereford is to me much the more attractive of the two."

"Well," said Sydney in a tone of unwilling resignation, "as it can't be helped, I must make the best of it, I suppose. One consolation is that she'll make you take good care of your soul. Once you come under her administration, you'll not neglect your Easter duty. And, on this consideration, I am resigned."

"That is being a good child," said De Wolff; "and it's not more than I expected of you."

"How wise grandmamma was!" Sydney

remarked, shaking her head sadly. "I remember her saying that, as a rule, the events of life are always disappointing. This event is awfully so to me."

"I commend another saying of hers to your recollection: that sensible people conform to circumstances, while fools kick against the goad."

Sydney laughed as she replied in a scolding tone:

"Haven't I just said that I intended to conform to circumstances,—that is, to resign myself to your extraordinary infatuation?"

(To be continued.)

An Old Man's Musings.

BY M. W.

FWELLSPRING at the mountain's base,
 Deep, sparkling, clear and cold,
 Stood near my childhood's dwelling-place,
 The dear, lost home of old.

Bliethely it wandered through the wood,
 And widened to a stream,
 Near which, in happy solitude,
 I used to lie—and dream.

Then as it swept through willow-sedge,
 Still singing in its pride,
 It grew—just at our garden's edge—
 Into the River Bride.

Above it, on a soft incline,
 A grove of fir-trees stood.
 How oft from there these eyes of mine
 Have watched the silvery flood!

How oft have listened to the thrush
 With warblings ever dear,
 Or blackbird filling every bush
 With rhythmic accents clear!

Beneath that verdant, welcome shade,
 Beside that well-loved stream,
 A happy urchin, once I played;
 And now—'tis but a dream!

That peaceful scene, that sylvan spot,
 Where youth was free from care;
 At *ninety* I forget it not,—
 Would I could yet lie there!

"The Dear Saint Elizabeth."

WHEN this article sees the light, the city of Eisenach, in the name of all Germany, will be celebrating the seven hundredth anniversary of the birth of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. The history of her life and deeds has come down to us through the mediæval mists in legend and song, in poetry and prose, imbued with a fragrance and tenderness unique in their beauty and sweetness.

It is to be regretted that the character of this celebration does not partake more strongly of the religious element; but this can be explained by the fact that Eisenach, where the saint was betrothed and married, is no longer a Catholic city, but a stronghold of Protestantism. Nevertheless, the memory of "the dear Saint Elizabeth" has ever been revered there; and the festival of music and song with which her seven hundredth anniversary is being commemorated will draw thither distinguished persons from all positions of life and from all parts of the German Empire. It will be continued during a period of three days; and there will be illuminations each night, especially on the last, when all the neighboring peaks of the Thuringian Forest will glow with the electric lights of the twentieth century. With the enthusiasm characteristic of the German people, everything has been so arranged that the celebration will be a grand tribute to the memory of Germany's favorite saint.

Meanwhile, in many an unpretending chapel, as well as in stately cathedrals, the Church of which she was so glorious a light will intone her praises and implore her intercession; regretful that the land where she dwelt during her short but eventful life has torn itself away from the Catholic communion, while hopeful at the same time that the day will come when she may once more enfold it under her protecting mantle of charity and peace.

Although the history of Saint Elizabeth abounds with such a multiplicity of legends

that the casual reader may find it difficult to separate them from the real facts of her wonderful career, there is probably no saint of the Church whose life has been more rigidly or systematically studied by her biographers, not excepting the latest, the celebrated Montalembert, who brought to the task a mind exceptionally enthusiastic, painstaking, and conscientious.

It was in the year 1833 that he conceived the idea of collecting materials for a new life of the great saint, and giving it to a world which he hoped would share his own deep-seated enthusiasm. On the feast of Saint Elizabeth in that year he chanced to be at Marburg, on a visit to the great basilica erected to her honor in the Ages of Faith, but on that day silent and unmindful of the anniversary and festival that had once been celebrated throughout Europe. And yet on the steps of that beautiful basilica, the coming and going of pious pilgrims for three hundred years after the death of the saint had worn deep depressions in the hard stones. But all that had been over long since, and as the solitary pilgrim resumed his lonely way, it was with a firm resolve which he lost no time in carrying into effect. Through the libraries of Germany, Flanders and Italy he searched for records of Elizabeth's history, exhausting the chronicles, poring through neglected and forgotten manuscripts, until he had found sufficient and satisfactory material for the fascinating book with which, thanks to his researches and devotion, every well-read Catholic is now familiar.

The short but wonderful and eventful career of Saint Elizabeth belongs to the first half of the thirteenth century,—a period which, says Montalembert, was perhaps “the most important, the most complete, and the most brilliant in the history of Catholic society.” At that time Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia and Hesse, Count Palatine of Saxony, was one of the most powerful and renowned of the reigning princes. Hungary was under the dominion of King Andreas II., a God-

fearing sovereign, beloved by his people. His wife was a descendant of Charlemagne, and as pious as her illustrious husband.

In the year 1206 an intense rivalry existed between the six most renowned poets of Germany, then gathered at the court of Eisenach. As it seemed impossible for local critics to decide upon the merits of these minstrels, the Lord of Thuringia dispatched a messenger to Transylvania to fetch Master Klingsohr, an expert in all the liberal arts. Tradition says that on the first night of his arrival, the venerable man arose and stood for a long time contemplating the stars. At last, turning to the surrounding court, who were assembled with him in the garden, he said: “I will tell you something new and joyful. I see a beautiful star which rises in Hungary, and which throws its light from there to Marburg, and from Marburg over the whole world. Know that this very night there is born to the King of Hungary a daughter, who shall be named Elizabeth, who shall be given in marriage to the son of the Prince here; who shall be a saint, and whose sanctity shall rejoice and console the whole Christian world.” On the day—and at the hour announced by Klingsohr the Queen of Hungary gave birth to a daughter, to whom was given the name of Elizabeth, in the Hungarian *Erzebet*, or *Erzsi*, which in Hebrew signifies “full of God.”

Duke Hermann at once endeavored to find out whether the prediction of Klingsohr had been accomplished. Having learned that it had, and furthermore having received from reliable travellers different accounts of her sweetness and sanctity even at so early an age, he determined to send an embassy to Hungary to ask the hand of Elizabeth in the name of Louis, his son. The King and Queen of Hungary received the proposition most favorably; and as it was the desire of the Duke that the children should be brought up together, Elizabeth, at four years of age, was given by her father and mother, whom she was never again to see, unto the

care of the noble lords and ladies who had been sent for her, to return with them to Thuringia. Arrived at Eisenach, she was betrothed to Louis, and began her new life in the court of Duke Hermann, where she continued to manifest the remarkable characteristics which had distinguished her even in her cradle.

When her studies were over for the day, Elizabeth at once sought the chapel. When playing with her companions, she would frequently lead them to the foot of the altar for a short prayer, while often she would steal away from them to adore her Lord alone. Already, at the most tender age, the boundless charity which later permeated her very soul had become a part of her daily life. She not only gave whatever she could spare to the poor, but deprived herself of necessary food to give it to the hungry. Although she was surpassingly beautiful, vanity had no place in her soul. She would gladly have foregone all the ornaments and elegant garments proper to her rank, but that custom and her guardians would not allow her to do so.

Mortification also soon became habitual to her. Lively and fond of play, when in her games she was victorious she would suddenly pause, saying: "Now, while I am having such good luck, I will stop for the love of God." Like all Hungarians and Germans, passionately fond of dancing, she would often cease after a single round, exclaiming laughingly: "One round is enough for the world! I will deprive myself of the others in honor of Jesus Christ." Such conduct and such expressions of the innermost sentiments of her pure soul would undoubtedly appear singular in a young girl of the present day; but at that time people were more frank and open-minded, and the transparent goodness of Elizabeth only excited the wonder and admiration of her friends and companions.

These days of uninterrupted sunshine which had gladdened the childish heart of Elizabeth since her arrival in Thuringia

came to an end in her ninth year. Duke Hermann died, and her betrothed husband, Louis, then sixteen years of age, succeeded him. The Duchess Sophia, his mother, was of a peculiar nature, resembling neither her husband nor her son. She had never entirely approved of Elizabeth's piety and extreme simplicity of character. She was too meek and retiring, thought the Duchess, to be the wife of one so important as the Duke of Thuringia. Taking their cue from the Duchess, the courtiers began to look with scorn and derision on the young Princess Elizabeth, who loved to gather the poor and infirm around her, distributing alms among them, instructing them, and healing their wounds of body and soul.

To a certain extent, the young Duke was ignorant of this persecution. Elizabeth never complained, and he was absent much of the time on his first campaign. On his return, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, in the Castle of Wartburg. Louis was only twenty years of age, and Elizabeth thirteen. "But," says the old chronicle, "in their hearts innocent as in their years, loving each other in God, with an unusually tender love, is the cause the holy angels dwelt near unto them." Pleasing to God and with good will to men were these noble Christian spouses. Like his pious young wife, Louis enjoyed the company of religious more than any other. With her he consoled the sick, alleviated the wants of the poor, and in every respect preserved the strictest fidelity to all the requirements of a truly Christian life. And so passed their first happy wedded years, given to Elizabeth in the fresh early morn, that she might better be able to endure the heat and trials of the terrible days which lay before her.

Elizabeth was so attached to her husband that she could not bear to sit far away from him, even at table; yet, when he was absent she reproached herself for this exceeding love, and, redoubling her mortifications, she gave up all her time to the poor and infirm. She shared every

thought with her husband, and once, in her sweet and holy simplicity, she said to him:

"My Lord, if it will not annoy you, I will tell you of a thought I have as to the kind of life we might lead in order to serve God."

"Tell me, sweet friend," he answered, "what are your thoughts upon that subject."

"I could wish," she said, "that we had but a single carucate of land, and a couple of horses, with a hundred sheep. You could dig and cultivate the land, suffering those hardships for the love of God; while I would take care of the sheep and shear them."

The Landgrave laughed heartily as he replied to her:

"Indeed, my dear sister, if we had so much land and so many sheep, it seems to me we should hardly be poor, and a good many people would think that we were still too rich."

He repeated this conversation to the Archbishop of Treves, through whom, after the death of both, it was inserted in the records of their lives.

One can not hear too often the legends of the roses and the leper which illustrate the beautiful charity of our delightful saint. Only legends they may be, it is true; but they breathe the very essence of religion and poetry, and serve at least to show in what wonderful esteem she was held by her contemporaries.

One day as she was descending on foot the rugged mountain on which the Castle of Wartburg stood, carrying in the skirts of her cloak, as was her custom, some bread for the poor, she was met by her husband returning from the chase. Sophia, her mother-in-law, was constantly complaining of the extravagant charities of Elizabeth, and it is possible that in the voice of Louis there was a note of reproach as he paused and inquired of his sweet young wife: "Elizabeth, what have you there?" It was midwinter, every garden bare and desolate, snow lying on the ground.

Smiling but timid, the young Duchess lifted her cloak, and lo! there fell to the ground heaps of the most beautiful red and white roses.

To the compassionate heart of Elizabeth none were so dear as the lepers, whom all the world avoided as objects of aversion and horror. Among those in the vicinity of Wartburg was one named Heli, who had grown so repulsive that no one was willing any longer to attend him. Elizabeth could not see him in so deplorable a condition without going to his assistance. She washed and bound his wounds with her own hands; and as her husband was absent, and there was no other door open to him, she took him to her own room and placed him in her own bed. That day the Duke returned unexpectedly; and his mother, indignant at what had happened, as was not unnatural, met him at the foot of the stairs and told him the gruesome tale. Irritated for once, Louis strode quickly up the staircase to his own apartment, roughly drew down the counterpane, and stared back at beholding—not a leper, but the figure of Jesus Christ on the cross, extended on the bed. Then, falling on his knees before his dear Elizabeth, who had softly followed, to calm his anger, he cried aloud: "Lord, have pity upon me, a poor sinner! I am not worthy to behold all these wonders, as I know but too well. Help me to become a man according to Thy heart and Thy will."

At that time the glorious mendicant and spouse of "Lady Poverty," Saint Francis of Assisi, was filling all Italy with the fame of his marvellous deeds. His religions established themselves in Germany in 1221,—the year in which Saint Francis published the Rule of the Third Order. Upon their arrival, Elizabeth showed the religious every mark of zealous devotion which lay in her power. She was the first in Germany to associate herself with the Third Order,—a fact of which Saint Francis was soon informed. Filled with gratitude and admiration of all he heard concerning her, he often spoke

of her to Cardinal Ugolino, the protector of the Franciscans, who afterward became Pope, under the name of Gregory IX. The Cardinal, who knew Elizabeth well, and who was later to canonize her, recommended Saint Francis to send her some token of his regard. At the same time he drew from the shoulders of the Apostle of Poverty the poor old cloak which covered them, and bade him send it to the fervent disciple of this illustrious virtue. "I wish," said he, "that, since she is full of your spirit, you should leave her a heritage like that which Elias left to his disciple Eliseus." When Elizabeth received this gift her joy was unbounded. She always wore it when asking any special grace from God, and after her death it was long treasured in the diocese of Spire.

When Elizabeth was sixteen, she gave birth to her first child—a son. The year following she became the mother of a daughter. Later there were two other daughters, who were consecrated to God from their birth, and became religious. On all these occasions, when the time for her churching was come, clothed in the simplest of woolen garments, and carrying her child in her arms, as the Immaculate Virgin had done, Elizabeth went on foot to the Church of Saint Catherine, outside the walls of Eisenach. Laying the infant upon the altar, she offered it to Almighty God, concluding as follows: "The only prayer and the only grace I presume to ask of Thee is that Thou wilt be pleased to receive this little child, all bathed in my tears, among the number of Thy servants and friends, and to bestow on it Thy blessing."

In the autumn of 1227 Duke Louis felt it his Christian duty to join the fifth Crusade. We pass over the details of the terrible anguish of the parting between him and his devoted wife, who, with her usual submission to what she considered the divine will, resigned her best beloved to the call of God and religion. As they parted, Louis held up to the Duchess a ring which he always wore on his finger, and

which he used as a seal for his private letters. "Elizabeth," he said, "O dearest of sisters! see this ring which I carry with me, and upon which is engraved in sapphire, the Lamb of God with His banner! Let this be in your eyes a sure and certain sign as to all that concerns me. Whoever shall bring this ring to you, dear and faithful sister, and shall tell you that I am alive or dead, believe whatever he may say to you."

The Duke never reached the Holy Land. Seized with a prevailing epidemic, just after he had embarked from Brindisi, he was taken back to Otranto, where he died. When the ring which, according to promise, Louis sent to his wife was presented to her, it was thought she would not survive the blow. But she still had her children to live for; her piety and resignation reasserted themselves, and, a widow at twenty years of age, she took up the burthen of life once more.

Now, indeed, her trials had begun. In a very short time after the death of her husband, his two brothers, Henry and Conrad, by the advice of their iniquitous counsellors, drove Elizabeth with her children from the castle. It was winter, the cold was severe, and Duke Henry had proclaimed that whosoever should receive the dethroned Princess into their houses would be severely punished. And now Elizabeth, poor, hungry and homeless, began to experience the ingratitude of mankind. No severer test of virtue could have been demanded of her; yet she rose superior to all human feeling, bore patiently all unkindness, inhumanity and injustice; and, having been turned away from many a door, at last found refuge in a hovel in which hogs had once been sheltered. And so from one poor abode to another she wandered, unable to remain for any length of time in the same place, for fear of the vengeance of her persecutors. In all the miserable recital of her wanderings at this period, we do not find a single instance of mercy or compassion shown her by a people to whom from her infancy

she had been a most gracious and generous benefactress.

There was still standing in 1783, on one of the streets of Eisenach, a column which marked the spot where the following incident took place. "There was at that time in Eisenach," says her Biographer, "an old beggar afflicted with many grievous infirmities, who had for a long time been the recipient of the charity and the assiduous care of the Duchess, now herself a beggar. One day as she was crossing a muddy stream, which still runs through one of the streets of Eisenach, into which stepping-stones had been thrown to facilitate the crossing of pedestrians, she met this same old man, who, approaching at the same time that she did to step onto the stones, would not make way for her, but, jostling rudely against the young and feeble woman, caused her to fall at full length into the dirty, filthy water. Then, adding derision to his brutal ingratitude, the old man cried out to her: 'Now see yourself! You would not live like a duchess when you were one: now you are poor and stretched in the mud, and I am not going to help you out.' Elizabeth, always patient and gentle, got up as best she could, and laughed heartily at her own fall, saying, 'So much for the gold and precious stones I used to wear!' Then, full of resignation and unmingled joy, she went to wash her garments in some clean water near by, and her patient soul in the Blood of the Lamb."

The misfortunes of Elizabeth finally became known to her relatives; moreover, some knights of Thuringia, who had always defended her cause, made no scruple of proclaiming what they thought of such cruelty and injustice. Accordingly, her brothers-in-law, taking alarm and fearing the vengeance of her friends, soon recalled the patient sufferer to her rightful position. Meekly as she had gone forth from the castle which had known her happiest hours, Elizabeth returned to it, accompanied by her children. While asking nothing for herself, she had insisted on

justice being done to them, especially the elder, who was the rightful and legitimate heir of the duchies of Hesse and Thuringia.

Several noble alliances were offered her at this time, but she declined them all; and after a short residence in Marburg, which was assigned her as her own possession, she announced her intention of adopting the Rule of Saint Francis, clothing herself in the habit of the Order, and adhering to every slightest tenet of the sublime poverty of the Seraph of Assisi. The supreme sacrifice thus accomplished, her children were placed in convents where their secular and religious education would be completed in a manner befitting their rank and the high dignities they were to assume in the future. Her separation from the world was complete.

Two years later, on November 19, 1231, she yielded her pure soul to God, at the age of twenty-four. She was canonized in 1235. In the beautiful church of Saint Elizabeth at Marburg, on the banks of the Lahn, her remains once rested, until a sacrilegious descendant, in his hatred of all things Catholic, desecrated the sacred tomb, and scattered them to the winds.

With her enraptured biographer, Montalembert, in the life of this delightful Saint, so full of extraordinary virtues, we can find nothing more beautiful or more worthy of admiration and emulation than the childlike simplicity which may cause some lips to smile with disdain. She leaves on the mind the impression of a fragrant flower, a gentle, innocent dove; or of an angelic, smiling, white-robed form, gliding, undismayed and unsullied, through the pathways of her earthly pilgrimage; sweetening, purifying and ennobling the thoughts of all within the sphere of her influence,—an influence still enduring to-day, after the lapse of centuries; for her sweet, beneficent memory, throbbing like a softly scintillating star through the mists of poetry and legend, is still a joy and illumination to every faithful Catholic soul.

To all thoughtful, discriminating minds,

“her naturalness, her smiles, her impulsive tears, her girlish joys and anxieties, the innocent amusements of a soul which rested always serene and confident on the bosom of her Heavenly Father, mingled with sacrifices so painful, with thoughts so grave, with piety so fervent, with charity so active, so devoted and so ardent, present the sweetest and most powerful charm. Especially in an age like ours, when the flowers wither before the fruit is ripe, when simplicity is dead in the hearts of men, in private as well as in public and social life, a Christian can not study without emotion, or without an inward yearning, the development and unfolding of the soul of ‘the dear Saint Elizabeth,’ whose short life was but a prolonged and celestial childhood, a perpetual act of obedience to the words of our Divine Lord, when, taking a little child and placing him in the midst of His disciples, He said to them: ‘Amen, I say unto you, unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.’”

Dear Saint Elizabeth, pray for us!

A Memory of Brittany.

IN the year 1793—the year of the great Revolution,—when every church in France had been closed by order of the Convention, a small Breton village refused to obey the decree issued by the government, and on every Sunday Mass was offered as usual in presence of a numerous congregation.

Several weeks passed and the pious Bretons began to think they were to be left unmolested, when an officer, escorted by gendarmes, appeared on the scene. Empowered with full authority, he ordered the church to be closed, and would fain have seized the *curé* had not the good priest, having received timely warning, succeeded in making his escape.

At an early hour the next morning—it happened to be Sunday—the officer, to

his surprise, heard the bells ringing for Mass. Mounting his horse, he with his men rode down the village street and drew rein opposite the church. There a strange sight met their gaze; for the whole commune was assembled in the churchyard, praying devoutly, as though assisting at some sacred office.

“What are you doing here?” asked the officer of a pious old man.

“We are attending Mass. Our *curé* promised us before he left that every Sunday and feast-day, at this hour, he would offer the Holy Sacrifice for us, no matter where he might happen to be.”

The officer was amazed, but presently burst into a loud laugh.

“You must be very foolish,” he said, “to think you can hear Mass at any distance.”

“Prayer,” replied the peasant, gravely, “reaches from earth to heaven.”

Again the officer laughed scornfully.

“Do you mean to say that you believe yourselves to be in church?”

“This is a consecrated spot,” answered the old man, his voice ringing out clear amid the ominous silence; “for the bones of our fathers lie buried here.”

The officer would have spoken further, but a threatening murmur spread among the kneeling figures; and as he stood there undecided, three hundred or more resolute men rose to their feet with menacing gestures.

The representative of the Convention was a coward at heart. Casting one timorous glance around him, he took his departure, followed by his comrades, and left the Bretons in peace.

From that day the inhabitants of the village were entirely unmolested. Every Sunday they gathered in the churchyard to hear the Mass which was being said for them in England. They never ceased these meetings till the joyful day arrived when the exiled *curé* returned from over the sea, and the church was once more thrown open to public worship.

The Attitude of Catholics toward Holy Writ.

IN a valuable contribution to the *Fortnightly* for June, Mr. W. S. Lilly examines the view of the Divine Founder of Christianity held by Professor Pfeiderer, whom he characterizes as being, "on the whole, perhaps the foremost living representative of the intellectual movement called Rationalism." Mr. Lilly's paper is entitled "The Newest View of Christ"; and, briefly, this view, as put forth by the German scholar, is that, while Christ is the object of Christianity, St. Paul was its founder; that the account of Christ's miraculous conception is an "artistic embellishment"; that Christ Himself was not conscious of any superhuman origin or existence; and that the Gospel account of the Resurrection is a legend.

A good many readers, we opine, will see in Mr. Lilly's characterization of the German professor's method a fairly accurate description of that followed by not a few higher critics, or theological sciolists who affect that name.

It is really, although perhaps he might be surprised to be told so, a purely *a priori* method. He starts with a definite theory, and manipulates his materials—the very scanty materials available to us—in such a way as to make them fit in with it. I wish again, most emphatically, to declare that I am not in the least impeaching his good faith. He acts, as we all act—I speak especially from the experience of my own profession of the law—in similar circumstances. A number of conflicting and obscure statements lie before us. We apply ourselves to evolve light and order from them. We form in our minds a scheme which seems to promise the desired elucidation and harmony. And it is surprising how easily our data may be made to support our hypothesis. This is, of course, gratifying to us. We are pleased with our cleverness. Nay, we take a personal interest in the supposition which we have intellectually engendered, although it may really be as monstrous as the cloud offspring of Ixion.

Of special interest, however, in the *Fortnightly* article, are the following weighty words, which Mr. Lilly quotes from an article contributed to the *Correspondant*

of Jan. 10, 1904; by the Archbishop of Albi. It is indeed an admirable answer to the question: How, in practice, does the new Biblical exegesis, with its affirmative negations, affect Catholics?

These specious assertions are not of a nature to trouble the faith of an intelligent Catholic. For what, in fact, is the basis of our faith? Is it merely Holy Scripture? No; for Holy Scripture, so admirably divine from the point of view of religious inspiration, would be rather an obstacle to belief. It contains a certain number of facts, of stories (*récits*), humanly speaking improbable, contrary to experience, contrary to the laws of nature, and more fitted to make us doubt the contents of the Bible than to establish its veracity. A speaking serpent, a tree conferring the knowledge of Good and Evil, another tree capable of bestowing immortality even against God's will, a universal Deluge covering all the earth and destroying all life, a sea dividing at the command of Moses, the sun standing still at the word of Joshua, manna falling six times a week for forty years, in sufficiently great quantity to feed more than two millions of men,—these are "facts" which of themselves produce no conviction. They would even suffice to lead us to regard as legendary any profane book which should relate them.

If we believe in the Bible, it is because we have antecedent faith (*la foi antécédente*). . . . We believe the Bible because we are born in a Christian country, of Christian parents, and, above all, because the Church requires us to believe in it. . . . We do not believe in the Church because we believe in the Bible; no: we believe in the Bible because we believe in the Church. St. Augustine thought no otherwise: *Evangelio non crederem nisi me cogeret ecclesiæ docentis auctoritas*,—"I would not believe in the Gospel unless the authority of the teaching Church compelled me to do so." . . . But it will be objected, "Why and how do you believe in the Church? Does not your faith rest on a vicious circle?" Well, we own that there is no necessary reason for believing in the divinity of the Church. Let us not forget, in the first place, that faith is a gift, that it is a free act, in the ordinary sense of the word. There is no one, not suffering from a cerebral lacuna, who could not oppose himself to it, just as he could oppose himself to evidence. It would no longer be a gift, it would no longer be *faith*, if it were deduced from antecedent propositions in the way that a theorem of Euclid is deduced.

Commenting on the well-known saying of St. Augustine, quoted by the Archbishop of Albi, Mr. Lilly declares: "the Saint

believed in the Gospel because he was a Catholic; he did not become a Catholic because he believed in the Gospel," and continues:

Such was, such is, such ever will be, the attitude of Catholics toward Holy Writ. They receive it from the Church to be treated with religious reverence because of its divine authorship, for which the Church vouches. Any treatment of it lacking in such reverence, the Church condemns, especially in the case of her clergy, whose office it is to guide men in the narrow way of faith, not in the broad way of doubt. That the traditional thesis concerning it, which has come down from uncritical ages into this age of criticism, is, in all respects, tenable, can any intelligent man candidly maintain? It is for the Church to amend that thesis, in her own good time. Meanwhile she does not discourage—nay, she welcomes—loyal and temperate examination upon it.

Upon this Pius X., whom it is the fashion, in some quarters, to represent as the very type of obscurantism, has strongly insisted. While inculcating the duty of holding fast the faith, he blames those whose blind conservatism will endure no departure from medieval exegesis; he recognizes the necessity of reckoning with the results of modern research, . . . *Salva fide*,—"Faith being safeguarded." The faith of the ignorant and foolish—always the vast majority of the Christian family—was especially dear to Christ's Sacred Heart. It is always an object of anxious solicitude to the Church, in the discharge of her pastoral office. She never forgets the saying of her Divine Head concerning such as scandalize the little ones who believe in Him; and when occasion demands she repeats His warning. Compared with the conservation and nutriment of their piety, the conjectures of criticism, higher or lower, are to her as the small dust of the balance. Can any man say that she is wrong?

Apropos of the phrase, "the ignorant and foolish," is it not becoming increasingly evident that the really ignorant in matters of religion are those who neglect to study the illuminative book of the Crucifix, and that the supremely foolish are precisely those who are wisest in their own conceit?

RANK poisons make good medicines: error and misfortune may be turned into wisdom and improvement.

—Sydney Smith.

Notes and Remarks.

The failure of sixty per. cent of the grammar grade pupils of the public schools of Altoona, Pa., in an examination for admission to the high school, while every pupil sent from St. John's parochial school passed successfully, and the demonstrated superiority of public schools in the country to those in Altoona itself, was the occasion of a thoughtful editorial in the *Times* of that city. "Where does blame lie?" asks the writer. "Surely this disparity is not because the public school scholars are less alert or less susceptible to mental development than are those from the parochial and country public schools. The system which prevails here must be at fault; for how else can we account for the conditions that exist?"

In the case of parochial schools, brother, the higher efficiency is easily explained. The teachers, being religious women or men who have consecrated their lives to the cause of education, and who are thus freed from social distractions and worldly ambitions, are enabled to devote themselves more exclusively to their work. They can maintain better discipline in their schools, and they naturally exert greater influence over their pupils than secular teachers. Our parochial schools in many places are badly graded, inadequately equipped, overcrowded, and unprovided with the necessary number of teachers. Once these defects are remedied, the results everywhere will be what they are in Altoona.

A French writer, quoted in the *Annales d'Ars*, recently traced the line of conduct proper to be observed in the case of doubts against the Faith. We translate:

There is, in the first place, the state of vague inquietude about religious matters. The infidelity of the great majority of people impresses certain minds. They ask themselves whether religion is as solidly grounded and as necessary as it is said to be. This condition should be regarded as an anæmia of the reason and the heart. The sufferers should be fed, not with

discussions, but with solid doctrinal readings. Their hearts should be touched and revived by books wherein the Christian life abounds and manifests itself in frequent and real religious acts—fervent prayers and the reception of the Sacraments. . . . Then there are those who are troubled with definite objections. Their cure must be sought for in the renewal of their Christian life, but their difficulties are not to be treated contemptuously. To advise simply, "Pray," is to suggest that Catholic truth is without any real defence. The true plan is to announce the genuine Catholic doctrine, without either minimizing or exaggerating. To expound clearly is to destroy objections, which come for the most part from a misinterpretation of dogmas. . . . Here, in fine, are the arguments to which we must repeatedly have recourse: Christian dogmas are accepted by geniuses of the highest order. Despite contemporary impiety, there are minds, whose eminence is universally admitted, that humbly believe and practise the truths of Faith. Religion alone gives a satisfactory answer to the questions of our present life and our future destiny; without her, there remain only darkness and nothingness. Take religion from men, and you bereave them of light, of moral strength, and of comfort in the sorrows that afflict mankind.

These simple and luminous principles are calculated to prove of genuine worth in combating a decline of faith in Catholic minds, irrespective of geographical boundaries. They will be found as serviceable in this country as in France, in New York or Chicago as in Paris or Lyons.

Last week we quoted Newman's answer to the question, Can Faith be lost without formal sin? The foregoing passage reminds us of some other words of the great English convert, not less impressive than those of the anonymous French writer. "Either the Catholic religion," says Newman, "is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come or whither we go." Memorable words, of which every Catholic must feel the truth.

Although the eighth annual report of the International Catholic Truth Society, just published, shows it to be in a relatively prosperous condition, we should like to see

its balance-sheet freighted with hundreds of thousands, rather than mere thousands or tens of thousands, of dollars. A good idea of the activities of the organization may be obtained from the following suggestion as to personal work on the part of its members:

To one individual, the work of remaining Catholic papers and magazines to poor isolated families may appeal; another might interest himself in stimulating a demand for Catholic books in public libraries; the dissemination of our excellent pamphlets among the members of sodalities and organizations may be a pleasing task to one person, while some of our priests and laymen might willingly undertake the compiling of notes and articles which the Society has arranged to publish in the daily press of the United States and Canada.

We take this occasion to reiterate our advice as to the importance of every Catholic family's being provided with a full series of the inexpensive pamphlets issued by the various Catholic Truth Societies all over the English-speaking world. They contain not only nutritious spiritual and intellectual food, but a necessary antidote to the ubiquitous poison of the rationalistic and materialistic literature with which the world to-day is being deluged.

Although refuted innumerable times, the notion still prevails to a disheartening extent among non-Catholics that the Church is committed to all the opinions and legends found in pious books from Catholic pens. How often one hears or sees such opinions and legends referred to as the teaching of the Church! Strange teaching it would be—some of it. All Catholics should know, and lose no opportunity of assuring their Protestant friends and acquaintances, that the creed of the Church is in reality a short one,—that of a thousand things piously believed, not one may be binding upon the faithful. What we are bound to believe is laid down by the Council of Trent.

Reviewing, in the *London Tablet*, a recent sermon by the Anglican Bishop of London, the venerable Father Angus had

occasion to touch upon this subject, and thus happily expressed himself:

We are not bound to accept everything which we may find in devotional books written by pious and well-meaning persons. Some people appear to think that whenever any one who has a love of paper, pen, and ink, and has printing-press at his (or her) command, chooses to publish a book on the Holy Souls, or any other subject, the Pope and the whole Catholic Church are responsible for the same; forgetting that many books fall still-born from the press, that many more attract no attention, and that concerning a great many the Catholic world lives in profound and, perhaps, happy ignorance.

No one is obliged to purchase or read every devotional manual published, or indeed to know of its existence. . . . Moreover, there is a fashion in pious books as in other things. They appear, they pass by, they vanish. Some read them, some do not; they may or may not, here and there, make an impression and leave their mark. But, however edifying they may be, we are in no wise committed to the pious opinions which may be expressed or contained in them. These *are* pious opinions and nothing more, unless and until Authority raises them to the rank of a dogma.

Not the least remarkable of the many victories won by the German Centre Party is its triumph over the opposition of the Liberal press, which now acknowledges the great importance of the Volksverein of Catholic Germany, and bestows generous praise upon its supporters. Says an organ of the Liberal Party:

The marvellous social organization of Catholics, created by and resting upon the Volksverein of Catholic Germany, has taken hold of the masses of the people with incredible power, and has trained them into an army ready for battle. Its work of recruiting and training is splendid and untiring, and money is no consideration. The yearly reports of the Volksverein must arouse a feeling of shame and envy in every opponent of the Centre Party.

In the course of an able paper, on "The Progress of Thought and the Catholic Faith," contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the Rev. Dr. Aveling has this timely paragraph:

What, then, is the true attitude that churchmen should take up with regard to science? Ought they to neglect it altogether in all religious questions as offering neither possi-

ble support nor possible criticism. Ought our theology to be closed up in some secret part of our mind as having nothing whatever in common with our other knowledge—in something the same way that the religion of some people is shut up by itself, away from and out of touch with the other influences and interests of their lives? Surely not. While remembering that the brilliant forward march of exact science has done nothing of itself to invalidate the claims of Revelation or the truth of its teaching, we should surely not throw it over as of no possible use to theology. But, whereas upon its findings conclusions have been raised that are in the highest degree untrustworthy and dangerous, upon those same findings, correctly understood, ought to be arranged and consolidated the eternal and natural verities that are at the same time the bulwark and interpretation of God-given truth.

While the foregoing is specifically addressed to churchmen, it is equally applicable to scholarly members of the laity, many of whom, as occasional new books amply testify, are no mean theologians. In the preface of a recent volume—one of a series of manuals "for Catholic priests and students,"—Bishop Hedley expresses the hope that, while the manuals are primarily intended for the clergy, they may help the laity to intelligent knowledge.

The recent finding of a few small coins at Susa, in Tunis, recalls to *Rome* the curious and interesting fact that for a time Our Lady reigned as Queen of Genoa. "The coins found in Tunis are still known in Genoa as 'little Virgins,'" says our contemporary; "and they were struck by a decree of the Most Serene Republic in 1637, after the liberation of the city from the domination of the Savoy army allied with the French. The State had statues of Our Lady erected over the city palace, at the entrance to the port, at the gates of the city, and over the high altar of the cathedral. Her image was embroidered on the banners of the Republic; and, instead of the kingly castle and the inscription *Conradus Rex*, they placed on the coins the effigy of the Blessed Virgin with the motto *Et rege eos* ('And rule them'), to signify

that they acknowledged no other queen." And Genoa, be it noted, was, in the best sense of the word, a far more "serene" republic during the reign of the Blessed Virgin than she has ever been in the years which have followed her change of dynasty.

The fourth decision of the Biblical Commission, approved by the Holy Father, is not likely to please those of the Higher Critics who have been claiming that the Fourth Gospel was not written by the Apostle St. John but by a certain Presbyterian John, that the Christ who figures therein is not the Christ of history, that the facts related in this Gospel were invented or devised by its author, and the like aberrations. The Biblical Commission decided: (i) it is established historically that the Apostle St. John wrote the Fourth Gospel; (ii) the same truth is confirmed by the internal evidence of the text; and (iii) the facts narrated in the Fourth Gospel are historically true, and the discourses ascribed in it to Our Lord were really uttered by Him.

Time was—and not so many decades ago, either—when a good word for Catholic schools was rarely to be found in non-Catholic journals. Nowadays such good words are becoming as plentiful as roses in California. We have quoted so many of them of late years that our readers may perhaps think we are overdoing the matter; and yet we must make room for the following thoroughly sane and judicious appreciation, reproduced in the *Central Catholic* from the *New England Journal*:

There is one Church which makes religion an essential in education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which the mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose Brotherhoods and priests, Sisterhoods and nuns imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardened glass. They ingrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch.

Are they wrong, are they stupid, are they ignorant, that they found parish schools, con-

vents, colleges, in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong; if our Puritan fathers were wise, then we are foolish.

Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours we will decrease. Macaulay predicted the endurance of the Catholic Church till the civilized Australian should sketch the ruins of London from a broken arch of London Bridge. We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics, retaining their religious teaching and we our heathen schools, will gaze upon cathedral crosses all over New England when the meeting-houses will be turned into barns. . . .

The prophecy would be an easy one; in fact, it has already begun to be fulfilled.

Commenting on the pro-Catholic tone of Mr. Aroni's correspondence in the *New York Evening Mail*, we explained that tone by noting that the journalist is giving the facts, and the facts are emphatically against the enemies and oppressors of the Church. Interesting corroboration of our view is furnished by Sophia M. Palmer, Comtesse de Franqueville, in the *Nineteenth Century* for June. This Protestant lady, a resident of Paris, writes:

We have been reproached as lacking a spirit of tolerance in an article in another review. What does tolerance mean? Tolerance of evil, of anti-Christianism, of injustice, of French Freemasons? We were asked to throw such light as we had *at first hand* on the present ecclesiastical struggles in France, and unfortunately this is impossible without stating bravely (it is neither easy nor agreeable) the anti-Christian objects and methods of the present government in all its ramifications of intensely centralized administration. It is absurd to attempt to explain the situation, and at the same time to ignore the chief factors on the side of evil—Freemasonry and the atheistical, fanatically anti-Christian, elementary school-teachers, trained expressly in the *écoles normales*.

Apropos of Mr. Aroni, the following paragraphs from his twenty-eighth letter state one or two facts which it is high time for Americans to accept as indisputable:

I looked for information first from Americans resident here; then from extreme Socialists;

next from Parisians of the disinterested and pleasantly cynical type; finally from native Christians,—and let it be remembered that Christianity, and for that matter any form of religious belief, is synonymous in France with Catholicism.

It is difficult to convince the people of America that the interests of Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, agnostics, honest freethinkers, and of all men who believe in the right to worship the God and the creed of their choice in the way that they choose, are identical with the cause of the Catholics of France. Yet it is the simple truth.

A task of similar difficulty is to tell and try to convince a Frenchman that a non-Catholic American newspaper has sent over a non-Catholic correspondent for no purpose except to tell the truth. This is one country where tolerance and absence of bias are not understood. It is also one country where, despite all that contribution-seekers may tell generous evangelistic congregations in America, Protestantism is a negligible factor.

Yet the contribution-seekers will continue to paint in glowing colors the steady progress of Protestantism in France, with fully as much insistence and just as little truth as do their evangelistic brethren who are gathering shekels for the hopeless task of "converting" the sterling Catholic French-Canadians.

Under the general title "Catholics in Action," the *London Catholic Weekly* is publishing a timely and an interesting series of articles, indicating some of the spheres in social and public life open to the Catholic, layman or priest. While the following paragraph deals specifically with Borough Councils in England, its point is applicable to Catholics the world over:

Let us take a lesson from the non-Catholic bodies. The Nonconformists display a marvellous degree of keenness for the advantages that accrue to them from holding public positions; they are most zealous, and are always pushing their own interests; they act in wonderful unison to promote their own members to offices no matter how insignificant. That spirit seems ever uppermost. They have amongst them numerous and more capable speakers than others,—men who lose no opportunity of practising and improving their oratorical gifts. They seem eager and anxious to take up public work and devote considerable time to its fulfil-

ment; and all this for apparently no pecuniary reward. Whilst not altogether sympathizing with their religious ideals, we can not but be impressed with their unflagging activity. We only wish that some of their spirit and enterprise might be spread abroad amongst our diffident fellow-Catholics.

We have frequently insisted upon the advisability of our people's taking their full share in the duties incumbent upon them as members of the body politic; and we echo the *Catholic Weekly's* wish that our coreligionists would grow less diffident and more self-assertive in matters of public concern.

The University of Oxford mourns the death, which occurred in Rome on the 10th ult., of its distinguished archæologist, Mr. Hartwell de la Garde Grissell. His numerous accomplishments, membership in various learned societies, and valuable contributions to the press, caused him to be known to many men of letters as well as specialists at home and abroad, who were proud to enjoy his friendship. Mr. Grissell joined the Church in 1868, and ever remained a loyal and devoted Catholic. He loved the Eternal City, to which he made frequent visits; and was an affectionate and dutiful son of the Holy Father, to whom he was a Chamberlain of Honor di Numero. The death of this excellent and accomplished gentleman is regretted wherever he was known.

The donor of the St. Anthony Chapel Car, recently dedicated in Chicago, is Mr. Ambrose Petry, a Catholic layman, a man of means, who, says an enthusiastic member of the Church Extension Society, "is using his wealth, not in buying books and building libraries for the well and strong, for those who are able to help themselves, but for the salvation of souls."

It needs no exuberant fancy to picture an immeasurable amount of good to be effected by this latest method of carrying the Gospel to out-of-the-way localities; and there is specific aptitude in saying of the chapel car, "God speed it!"

FOR YOUNG FOLK



Summer's Best Joy.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THE pleasantest time on a summer day,
The best of all times for your work or play,
Is not when the Sun has got far on his way
Toward the western heavens' adorning;
But rather the hour before his rise,
When the dewdrop tears gem the flowers' eyes,
And the dawn's first blushes illumine the skies
In the cool of the early morning.

The life that we breathe ere the sun gets up
Is a draught from Nature's own loving-cup,
And the sweetest by far that we ever sup.

Despite all the lazy folks' scorning;
They miss quite the best of the summer joys,
And barter true blessings for false decoys,
Do the indolent young folks, girls or boys,
Who sleep late of a summer morning.


Get up with the birds, and you'll find their song
Will lighten your spirits the whole day long;
A day well begun will but rarely go wrong,—

Thus at least runs the sage's warning.
So up, and outdoors while the dew's still wet;
The dawn has a charm that dispels regret;
And the pleasantest hour discovered as yet
Is the top of the summer morning.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—PUPIL AND TEACHER.

OM'S duties began next day. They did not go on, we must confess, in the well-ordered collegiate style. Chip had been lazy and easy-going at St. Omer's; but in the mountain air of his own domain, with holiday pleasures alluring him on every side, he was restive as a young colt under an unaccustomed rein.

All sorts of interruptions broke in upon

his two hours of study, and his mind "bounced" beyond his coach's catch or hold. Tom had chosen for lessons the porch that opened from his own room; and jutting as it did far out on the steep mountainside, and with only the rocks and pines below, it would have been a delightful study place for one inclined that way.

Out on this breeze-swept nook, Chip swung a big Mexican hammock brimming with pillows for himself, and offered another to his tutor; but Tom rejected such unscholarly luxury.

"Well, if you won't, you won't, I know," said Chip, stretching himself out lazily; "but I never could see the use of taking things hard when you can take them easy, Lank. Pitch over that old algebra now, and let's see where I left off." And Tom's promising pupil turned over the leaves of his book carelessly. "Blest if I know where it was! It all seems a muddle alike. I say cut the algebra for to-day. Let's start on something easier, Lank."

"All right! We'll take Latin, then," said Tom. "You were pretty well down and out there, Father Grey told me. Here's my *Cæsar*."

"Not a pencil mark on it," said Chip, admiringly. "If you could see mine, Lank! Free hand-drawing of Mr. Gregory's high bridge nose on every page. I could catch old Greg's profile to the life, Lank. You weren't in the crowd that put snuff in his spectacle case that day and—"

"No, I wasn't," interrupted the other, gruffly. "It was a mean trick to serve a good hard-working man. Go ahead, Chip! Begin wherever you can begin, and let's see how you stand."

"Stand!" laughed Chip, good-humorably. "I don't stand at all, never did. Dick Winter and I had a horse always. Tore out the leaves and passed them

round. I say, Lank, let's read to-day,—read history, something lively and stirring that didn't happen ten thousand years ago. I never did like stale news. Dad's got a fine book downstairs about the Rough Riders and San Juan Hill."

"You don't want any coaching on that," said Tom. "Every boy knows all about it. Get to work, Chip, and don't fool."

And Chip stumbled painfully over half a page, under his tutor's guidance, and then with a sudden exclamation dropped the book and rolled out of the hammock.

"Je-ru-sa-lem! I promised that we boys would all go down to Wolf's Gulch this morning and get pink laurel for Dorothy's party. She wants a lot to dress the rooms."

"Let the other boys go without us," said Tom, who was learning his own lesson of patience with this uncertain pupil.

"They can't—they don't know the way. And Vance and Lew wouldn't dare to scramble down the rocks unless I led them on. We'll have to put lessons off until after dinner, Lank. I'm stupid as an owl in the morning, anyhow. You can catch me after dinner, and we'll put things through. I'll tackle down to work then in earnest, you'll see; word and honor I will, Lank."

And Chip, being an honest little gentleman, tried to keep his word. In the golden stillness of the early afternoon, teacher and pupil had again settled down to work; and Chip was manfully trying to keep his eyes open over the dull, half-comprehended classic page, when there came a knock at the door, and the black-browed Blake appeared with a violet-scented note that made Chip jump up wide awake indeed.

"From mamma!" he cried, startled. "She writes that Bonnibel has gone lame in one leg, and I'll have to see about it. Bonnibel lame! Here is a fine go, when I had just entered her for the pony show in Chichester next week and was sure of a prize. I'll roast some of those fool grooms at Crestmont for this. Ten to

one, they've stolen her out at night and let her stumble on the rocks. I'm awfully sorry, Lank, but I can't stop for anything now. I'll have to look up a 'vet' for Bonnibel before she's done up for good."

And Chip was off like an arrow from a bow; for his pretty pony was the pride of his life.

Tom picked up the books and put them back in place. He was beginning to understand that the position of tutor had its difficulties even in the summer camp of a millionaire.

The next day was pretty much the same, and the next. Tom did his best; but, as Chip explained, Dorothy's party broke him all up. For it had been decided by vote that the Camp would be by far the jolliest place for that yearly festivity, and everything was athrill with festive preparation. Mrs. Irving, whose palatial home was full of summer guests, wisely decided to let the young people work out their plans in their own way.

So foraging parties scoured the woods for decorations. Messengers on foot and horseback were kept on the fly. Tobe ruled over three assistants in the kitchen; and Miss Elviry was called up, according to custom, to help everybody and everywhere; for this spry little old lady, with the bobbing curls, was a very household angel in all domestic cataclysms. What "Aunt Viry" had not learned in her sixty busy single years was really not worth a housekeeper's knowing.

"Don't worrit, my dear," she said to Aunt Patsy, who, having been used to the stately, well-ordered ways of Crestmont, found Tiptop management distracting. "It's all wild and rattle-brained, as you say; but that's what young folks like. We were young ourselves once."

And Miss Patsy, who had felt the responsibilities of a party without mistress or caterer or butler or waitress, found things smoothing out wonderfully, as Aunt Viry tucked back her bobbing curls, rolled up her sleeves, and proceeded to frost cakes and whip creams and mould jellies,

to take a stitch here and give a rub there, and a shake and a polish somewhere else; chirping all the while as cheerily as if, instead of being a lonely old woman of sixty, she were a little brown bird making its first springtime nest.

After his hopeless morning efforts to hold Chip to his books, Tom turned out to help too, tramping over the rocks and down the mountain ravines, and coming back loaded with scarlet trumpet flowers, mountain laurel, wild cherry blossoms, trailing wreaths of crowfoot, and big, branching ferns. It was novel work for our Tom, into whose hard, rough life no touch of beauty or grace or pleasure had ever come; and he went at it with a will, hanging wreaths and garlands at Miss Dorothy's bidding, climbing ladders to adjust lanterns, filling the tall blue vases with nodding grasses and ferns.

"My, it looks great!" he said at last, as he stood at the end of the big living room and surveyed it with shining eyes.

"And you did it," said Dorothy. "Those other boys never would have brought me half enough. And that lovely pink laurel,—you got such a lot of it!"

"But you want just a little more over that big mantel-piece," said Tom, whose artistic taste was growing as he gazed upon his efforts. "I'll go get some right away."

"Oh, no," pleaded Dorothy,—"no, no, Tom,—not this afternoon! To-morrow morning, perhaps."

"I have to coach Chip in the morning, or *try* at it," answered the young tutor grimly. "So I had better get the laurel now. It's pretty full blown, and a rough wind to-night might scatter it; so I'm off for it now."

"Oh, isn't he just the nicest boy!" said Dorothy, as Tom disappeared.

"I'm sure he ought to be," said Grace More, "when you and Chip are so nice to him, taking him in as you have, and treating him just like the rest of us."

"And why shouldn't we treat him like the rest?" asked Dorothy, her brown eyes widening.

"Because he *isn't* like us," said Miss Grace,—"you know he isn't, Dorothy. He is poor and common and shabby, and has great, rough hands, and patches on his shoes, as everyone can see."

"That doesn't hurt him," said Dorothy, steadily. "He is the brightest boy in class, Chip says, and the strongest and the best; and that is what counts in a boy, not patches and rough hands. And if you don't like our friends, why, you just needn't stay where they are." And Miss Dorothy walked off with her pretty head high in the air, and her brown eyes flashing dangerously.

"There!" exclaimed Edna Leigh. "You have made her mad, Grace. I never would have said anything like that, no matter what I thought."

"You're the purring kitty kind, and I'm not," said Grace, who had black eyes with sullen depths in them. "And I don't think Dorothy has any business to bring a great, rough clown of a fellow up here with nice people like the rest of us. Vance says so too. Why, he called olives pickles at dinner to-day, and his collars are frayed out, and his clothes are just as coarse as they can be. I don't like him a bit, and neither does Vance."

"Dorothy does take queer fancies, as we all know; but I wouldn't mind, Grace," purred Miss Edna, softly. "This is such a lovely place, and we are having such good times all together."

"That is what Vance says, and it's such a pity to have our summer spoiled. Lew Copley feels just the same way. He says it makes him so mad to hear that big, hulking fellow bossing Chip, and calling him up to study his lessons, that he can scarcely keep in. And we were such a nice crowd before he came!"

"Don't you think there might be some way of showing him what we think of him?" suggested Edna, who had sharp little claws under her kittenish fur.

"I *have* shown him," answered Grace. "I changed my place at table, and get out of his way whenever I can. And

Vance says he and Lew hand him out 'frozen lemons,' as they call it, until he ought to be chilled to the bone. But he is too stupid to know or care—"

"Who is getting that knock down and out?" laughed Bert Neville, catching Miss Grace's last sharp words, as he came in the door near by.

"Don't tell him, Grace," interposed the wary Edna. "Let him guess."

"Stupid?" repeated Bert, dropping in a big cushioned chair. "I can't think of any one in this brilliant assemblage of wit and wisdom that word can besit. Stupid,—a boy, of course?" said Bert, resignedly.

"Yes," answered Miss Grace, who had nothing of Edna's purring diplomacy; "and, if you must know, we were talking about that big, burly Tom Langley."

"Langley!" echoed Bert,—"Tom Langley stupid! Whew! you *have* got your adjectives badly mixed. Why, we got into a talk last night about something I thought I knew all about, and in less than ten minutes he made me feel like a pumpkin-head Jack-o'-Lantern. He is about the cleverest fellow in school, or out, I've struck yet."

"Oh, Grace doesn't mean about school or books!" interposed Edna. "Just stupid: not to know that he is big and rough and shabby, and—and—not like you other boys at all."

"Not like us!" repeated Bert, who had the slow, quiet way of one who has never been obliged to move lively either in speech or step. "No, he isn't, I agree; but I tell you one thing, girls: he is the sort of boy to get there when we won't. Tom Langley has gone in to win; and some of these days you'll see him flapping his wings on the top of the ladder, while we, slick feathered folks, are scratching in the dirt below. But he sort of tires me, all the same," added Bert, half laughing. "Makes a fellow feel that he ought to be driving on and getting somewhere instead of taking things easy, as I do."

"What's the use of driving on when you know your dad has cleared the track

smooth for you?" said Ned Greydon, who had come up behind his chum and laid his hands on Bert's broad shoulders. "Girls, if it were not for me, Bert here would be a regular old grub. He gets solemn as Solon sometimes, and talks about going in for a university course and learning how to spend his money,—my! while there are steam yachts and automobiles and all kinds of jolly things to be had for the 'ready'! It won't take a college professor to give me lesson in that line, I know. Now, if a fellow had to knuckle down like that poor chum of a Langley! I tell you I'm sorry for him, Bert. Why, he doesn't know what a good time means. Hasn't the first idea of it. Never handled a golf stick or a tennis racket in his life. I believe he did shy a little at baseball and football when he was a kid, but he has never been anywhere or done anything since; just studied and worked, he told me last night; and been dull, dead, dog gone poor. I say we all ought to pitch in and give him one good rousing time while he is here."

"I say so too," said Bert, starting up with unusual eagerness.

And so, with this new world, into which he had come, wagging its various ways for and against him, Tom's life at Tiptop began.

(To be continued.)

The Stars and Stripes.

BY IDA RHODUS BENSEN.

The United Colonies had declared their independence, and were fighting to secure it. Having renounced allegiance to the flag of England, they needed a flag of their own to show that they were a free people.

We do not know with any certainty who it was that suggested the idea of the stars and stripes,—whether it was one man or a committee of men. The records do not tell us that. Probably a great many people thought about what kind of a flag would best represent the young nation. Whoever suggested it, must have looked to the skies

for help, as the flag shows the stars against the deep blue of the heavens.

It was on June 14, 1777—less than a year after independence had been proclaimed,—that Congress declared that “the flag of the thirteen United Colonies be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.” So, now, for one hundred and thirty years, the Stars and Stripes have waved as the flag of our country. From time to time, however, new stars have been added to the original thirteen, but the number of stripes has remained unchanged.

We are told that Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, of Philadelphia, was the maker of the first flag combining the stars and stripes. She made it at her home in the Quaker City, and for many years she continued to make the flags for the government. But Mrs. Ross was not the maker of the first flag of the stars and stripes that was used in a military encounter.

It happened in August, 1777, that the enemy appeared before Fort Stanwix. The garrison had no flag to flaunt in the face of the foe, but their Yankee ingenuity soon came to their aid. They cut up their shirts to form the white stripes, bits of red flannel from the different soldiers were made into red stripes, and a captain's blue coat furnished the blue field for the stars. Thus they formed a flag after the pattern which Congress had just adopted.

It was Paul Jones, the naval hero whose body, attended with such high honors, was lately returned to our country, that first displayed the Stars and Stripes on a vessel of war. He also secured for the flag the first salute which was granted it in Europe.

For thirty-one years the flag remained with its thirteen stars and thirteen stripes. But on April 4, 1818, Congress approved “that on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day

of July next succeeding such admission.” So, as each new State has been admitted to the Union, a new star has been placed in the blue field of the flag. It is fitting that the Fourth of July, the birthday of our nation, should be the time for doing this.

It is eleven years since a new star has been added to the flag, and that was when Utah was admitted as a State. But next year, in all probability, another star will be added, and it will stand for the State of Oklahoma, which will be formed out of Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

There are at present forty-six States in the Union, and consequently forty-six stars on the flag. So, in looking at our flag, we read our nation's history. The thirteen stripes, of which seven are red, and six are white, represent the thirteen original States. The stars, increased in number from thirteen to forty-six, each standing for a State, show the growth of the American Union, and proclaim to the world that, though many in number, we are still one.

Punic Faith.

One of the meanings of the word faith is: fidelity expressed in a promise or pledge; a pledge given. Thus people speak of keeping faith with one person, and of breaking faith with another. It is this sense of the word that is intended in the expression “Punic faith,” by which the Romans meant bad faith, perfidy, treachery. The phrase is synonymous with “Carthaginian faith,” or the faith of Carthage; and it records the popular belief of the Roman people that the word of the Carthaginians was not to be relied upon. It is quite possible that the Carthaginians entertained an equally poor opinion of Roman faith, and with fully as much reason; but, if so, their opinion did not become a proverb as did that of their victorious enemy in the famous Punic wars.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An imperfect copy of Caxton's "Golden Legend" (1483) brought 480*l* at a recent sale in London. This famous work was first published in 1470; it is now included in the excellent Temple Classics.

—In 1692, an English Jesuit translated, from the French of Father Boutauld, S. J., a little devotional work called "A Method of Conversing with God." A revised edition of this excellent book, edited by the Rev. W. A. Phillipson, is now brought out by Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne.

—The International Catholic Truth Society's "Catalogue of Books for the Use of Young Catholic Readers" is a laudable, if not very successful, compilation of names and titles. We note insertions of questionable propriety, and omissions rather surprising; but the pamphlet will undoubtedly prove useful.

—Three new publications of the English Catholic Truth Society should have a wide sale wherever our language is spoken. We refer to "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture," in which many of these difficulties are simply and effectively met; "Socialism and Religion," by the Rev. J. Ashton, S. J.; and "The Primacy of Peter as Indicated in the Bible," by Mr. Francis King. The two latter are penny pamphlets.

—"Thoughts from the Heart," by "Benmore" (John Clark), is a paper-covered booklet of some hundred and odd pages, issued by Messrs. M. H. Gill Sons. Its contents are a score of descriptive and biographical sketches, the latter dealing with subjects as diverse as Shane O'Neill, Rev. Eugene O'Growney, and M. Barry O'Delany. While the literary style of some of the papers lacks distinction, the patriotic sincerity of the writer is unmistakable, and atones for much that might otherwise call for unfavorable criticism.

—Many readers, we hope, will welcome the new edition of "The Gipsy Lovers" ("La Gitanilla"), by Cervantes, issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates. It was this charming story, the most popular and perhaps the best of the "Novelas Exemplares," which first inspired Sir Walter Scott with the ambition of excelling in fiction. And the novels of Sir Walter, as Cardinal Newman testifies, played an important part in preparing the way for the Oxford Movement and the Catholic Revival in England.

—Those of our readers who are familiar with "Short Meditations," translated from the Italian

of an unknown author by the late Bishop Luck, O. S. B., will be glad to learn that a new edition of the book has been brought out by Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne. It is a compact little volume of 366 pages, and contains a meditation for every day in the year. While its anonymous Italian author intended the manual chiefly for the use of religious, Cardinal Manning wrote of the first English edition (1879): "Everyone, in every state in the world, in the priesthood, and in the cloister, will find in it what is enough for Christian perfection; for perfection consists in the love of God and our neighbor."

—The publication of a volume "On the Death of Mme. Laura" led a press clipping bureau in New York, which declares that its literary department is "absolutely perfect," to address a communication to "F. Petrarch, in care of William Heinemann, Publisher, London," in which Petrarch is asked to send \$5 if he wants to know "how much publicity his work is securing." Petrarch has been dead just 533 years. Doubtless it was the same agency that addressed Izaak Walton, in care of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, upon the publication of a new edition of "The Complete Angler," soliciting an order for clippings of reviews of his "new work."

—"Harmony Flats," by C. S. Whitmore, is yet another instance of the peculiar literary legerdemain by which the introduction of two or three references to the Mass, the parish school, or Father So-and-So, is supposed to transform an utterly non-religious narrative into a distinctively Catholic story. The tale, barring its want of religious atmosphere and tone, is interesting enough; but it appeals to Catholics no more than to Nothingarians, and might be published by the Methodist Book Concern as congruously as by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. As for the literary merits of the book, they are sufficiently in evidence to ensure pleasurable reading, without being so conspicuously prominent as to call for eulogy.

—Through the Benziger Brothers, Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne, of London, present to Catholics in this country the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet's "Devotions of St. Bede," a collection of prayers and aspirations drawn chiefly from the Psalms. An admirable collection it is, and worthy of general acceptance. A beautiful intimacy between the soul and God is revealed in these outpourings, which are, as far as expression can indicate, an "elevation of the mind

and heart to God." Students of Church History will find this little book interesting as showing the method of prayer followed in the time of Venerable Bede; while the fact that the selected verses are taken, not from the Vulgate edition, but from the translation made by St. Jerome from the Hebrew, will suggest comparison.

—The notion still prevails, even among educated people, that Ireland was a barbarous and half-savage country before the English came among its inhabitants. Dr. P. W. Joyce's recent work, "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization" (Longmans, Green & Co.), describes the general social condition of Ireland from the fifth or sixth to the twelfth century, when it was wholly governed by native rulers. Readers of this interesting volume will learn that the ancient Irish, so far from being barbarous, were a bright, intellectual, and cultured people; that they had professions, trades, and industries pervading the whole population, with clearly defined ranks and grades of society, all working under an elaborate system of native laws; and that in the steady and civilizing arts and pursuits of everyday life they were as well advanced, as orderly, and as regular as any other European people of the same period. As regards education, scholarship, and general mental culture, the Irish of those early ages were in advance of most other countries of Europe; they helped most materially, not only to spread Christianity, but to revive learning all over the Continent.

- "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.

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.

- "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
 "Devotions of St. Bede." Abbot Gasquet.
 "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 50 cts., net.
 "A Method of Conversing with God." Father Bontauld, S. J.
 "Nick Roby." Rev. David Bearne, S. J.

Obituary.

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

Rev. H. J. McConnell, of the diocese of Concordia; and Rev. Henry Baselmans, S. J. Sister M. Gertrude, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. H. D. Grissell, Mr. Jacob Zahm, Mr. John Murphy, Miss Josephine Long, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Mr. J. W. Wright, Mrs. Sarah Cook, Mr. Patrick Donovan, Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, Mrs. Anna McCabe, Mr. Albert Jaquet, Mrs. Mary Gleeson, and Mr. George Brown.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Gotemba lepers:

A. T. L., \$10; S. A. G., \$5; Subscriber, \$1; J. H. (Boston, Mass.), "in honor of the Blessed Virgin," \$5; M. S. E., \$10; Friend, \$5; Mrs. G., \$2.50.



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

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

Be Strong.

BY S. M. R.

TEMPTATION comes with gentle touch
 In some toil-weary hour,
 Or floats across unguarded sense
 Like fragrance from a flower,
 That hides from us 'neath sweetest breath
 Its deadly lulling power.

Temptation comes with shades of night
 When hushed are life's alarms,
 And weaves about us webs of dreams
 And memories and charms,
 That hush the very soul to sleep
 In the enchanter's arms.

Temptation comes and leads our steps
 To lowlands of soft ease,
 Where sweet, compelling raptures press
 In every perfumed breeze,
 And forge ten fetters on the soul
 For every bond she frees.

Oh, shun the gentle touch that kills,
 And pleasure's lulling hour!
 Seek e'er stern Duty's wind-swept heights,
 With stress and strife your dower,
 He fights to win who fights for God,—
 His might is God's own power.

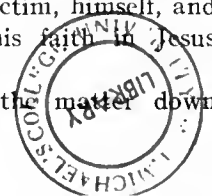
GOD is sometimes very obscure; He hides Himself, or shows Himself but faintly behind sombre clouds that veil all the beauty of His sweetness and His mercy. Nevertheless, even then we must love, adore, and recognize Him, winning this great victory over our own hearts.

—Henri Perreyve.

A Striking Parallel and a Martyr's Glory.

THE ideal life to which, in virtue of his very name, a Christian may be presumed to aspire is a measurably close reproduction of the life of Him from whom his name is derived. The imitation of Christ is in reality the appointed life-work of all who profess Christianity; and, allowances being made for the diversity of duties incumbent on persons in the various states or callings sanctioned by Divine Providence, some degree of such imitation there must be to insure either faithful service of God in this world or blissful union with Him in the next. Those who have most notably "approximated Christ," the Church and the world acclaim as saints; and among the countless thousands of the canonized, the specific saints who have approximated their Master most closely are undoubtedly the martyrs, they who gave their lives for Him even as He gave His life for them. If, even among this special class, there are some whose traits of resemblance to the Divine Master are unusually numerous and clear, it may well be martyred priests. The patristic saying that a priest is *alter Christus*, "another Christ," is intelligible enough of any minister of the altar ordained to offer the August Sacrifice which is one with that of Calvary; but it takes on a special significance when the minister in very truth becomes a victim, himself, and gives up his life for his faith in Jesus Crucified.

Were we to narrow the matter down



still further, and inquire what individual martyred priest of whom hagiology has preserved the record most closely resembled his divine Model, the answer, it might fairly be assumed, would refer us to the early centuries of Christianity, when sacerdotal victims were daily offered as sacrifices to anti-Christian fury in the amphitheatres of pagan Rome. Yet the assumption would be unwarranted. Surprising as, at first blush, the statement may appear, it is, nevertheless, extremely doubtful that any period, even in the Ages of Faith, pre-eminently so styled, can furnish a martyr between whose passion and that of Our Lord there existed so many points of resemblance as are to be found in the case of Jean Gabriel Perboyre, who suffered for Christ in China only sixty-seven years ago,—that is, within the lifetime of many a reader of *THE AVE MARIA*. Attention is called to this fact in the very Brief of Blessed Perboyre's beatification in 1889. We read therein: "Divine Goodness had reserved for Jean Gabriel a truly celestial consolation, an unequalled honor, in that, in the midst of the atrocious torments to which he was subjected, he presented particular resemblances to the Saviour of mankind."

While the story of Blessed Perboyre's angelic life and glorious death has been often retold in many languages during the past half century, and more particularly during the past two decades, the parallel between his passion and that of his Master has not often been drawn out at length; and accordingly a somewhat detailed exposition thereof may prove a not uninteresting bit of spiritual reading. For purposes of emphasis, we shall give to each point of resemblance a separate paragraph.

Like Christ who said, "I have a baptism of blood wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?" Jean Gabriel throughout his whole life longed and sighed for martyrdom.

Like Christ, whose passion began after three years of public life, Jean Gabriel,

after three years of apostolic labor in China, entered upon the last sorrowful phase that was to conduct him to the martyr's triumph.

As Christ cried out in Gethsemani, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," so Blessed Perboyre for months endured a spiritual agony, during which God seemed to have abandoned him.

As Christ was comforted by an angel on the occasion of His agony in the garden, so Jean Gabriel was favored with a vision, and the sight of the King of Angels dissipated his terrors and flooded him with a delicious peace.

As Christ was betrayed and sold by Judas for thirty pieces of silver, Blessed Perboyre was betrayed in his hiding-place by one of his neophytes, and sold by this modern Judas for thirty taels.

As Christ had "taken with Him three Apostles, Peter, James, and John," Blessed Perboyre had also in his company three friends: Thomas, who remained faithful to him, like St. John; an old catechist, who was later to deny him, like St. Peter; and Philip, who, like St. James, sought safety in flight.

As Christ in the Garden of Olives forbade Peter to use his sword against His aggressors, so Jean Gabriel refused one of his devoted disciples, who accompanied him, permission to use violence toward his persecutors.

As Christ underwent outrages at the hands of the multitude—"You are come out as it were to a robber with swords and clubs to apprehend Me,"—so Jean Gabriel was brutally ill used, loaded with chains, clothed in rags, and dragged along by the hair of the head.

As Christ was led from one judgment hall to another before Caiphas and Herod and Pilate, so Blessed Perboyre, conducted at first before a civil mandarin, was then dragged from tribunal to tribunal, from city to city, to the accompaniment of sarcasms and blasphemies, till the moment when he appeared before the viceroy of the province, who condemned him to death.

Like Christ, in the course of his sorrowful way he received the aid of another Cyrenean, a Chinese man of letters, who obtained permission to carry Blessed Perboyre in a litter.

Like Christ, he was ill treated, insulted, buffeted, spat upon, and cruelly scourged with bamboo rods and leathern lashes.

As Christ was forsaken by His disciples, so Blessed Perboyre had the sorrow of seeing the public apostasy of two-thirds of the Christians imprisoned with him. A mere handful remained faithful, to afford him consolation in his affliction.

As Christ was denied by St. Peter, so Jean Gabriel saw his special friend, the old catechist, Ly, who had been particularly intimate with the missionaries, deny his faith, and, overcome by torments, go to the extreme of cursing and striking his master, the glorious confessor himself.

As Christ was clothed with a white robe by Herod, and a purple mantle in the hall of Pilate, with a crown of thorns on His head and in His hand a reed for a sceptre, so Jean Gabriel by the mandarin's orders was robed with the priestly vestments in the very court room, amidst the jeers of the populace.

Like Christ, too, having professed his faith, he remained silent, suffering everything with equable and invincible patience. "And Jesus answered to Pilate never a word, so that the governor wondered exceedingly." Blessed Perboyre's conduct won the admiration of his judges and the people. "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and was dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He did not open His mouth."

As Christ prayed for His executioners while hanging on the cross, so Jean Gabriel, after the horrible experiences of the torture, fell on his knees in prison to thank God for having given him the grace to suffer for His name, and to ask pardon for his persecutors.

As Christ absolved Dismas, the Good Thief—"Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise,"—

so at the height of his torture Blessed Perboyre gave absolution to an apostate.

As Christ heard the impious cries of the Pharisees and the mob—"Save Thy own self: if Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross. . . . He trusted in God; let Him now deliver Him, if He will have Him,"—so did Jean Gabriel hear the blasphemous viceroy mockingly exclaim: "Now that you suffer, pray your God to deliver you from my hands."

As our Blessed Lord was plied with vinegar and gall on Calvary—"And . . . one of them running, took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed and gave Him to drink. . . . And they gave Him wine to drink mingled with gall,"—so Blessed Perboyre was forced to drink the blood of a dog whose throat the viceroy ordered cut for the purpose.

As Christ, in token of mock royalty, received a crown of thorns which the soldiers pressed upon His adorable head, so upon the brow of Jean Gabriel there were traced with a red-hot iron the Chinese words meaning "Propagator of an abominable sect."

Like Christ, who, according to St. Paul, "having joy set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame," so Blessed Perboyre hurried to the place of execution, all radiant with joy, as if going to a triumph. His countenance became resplendent, giving to his flesh a transparency that caused the crowd to wonder as at an inexplicable prodigy.

As Christ was clad in red in the judgment hall of Pilate—"And, stripping Him, they put a scarlet cloak about Him,"—so Jean Gabriel was clad in the red robe of Chinese malefactors, among several of whom, to be executed at the same time as himself, he walked barefoot.

As Christ's garments were divided among the Roman soldiers after the crucifixion, so before our martyr was bound to the cross, he was despoiled of his clothes, the ownership of which was disputed among his executioners. And as the instruments of our Saviour's Passion are

the objects of a special cultus, so the Chinese Christians brought back Jean Gabriel's garments and the instruments of his torture, to honor them as holy relics.

As Christ suffered death "outside the city," in Golgotha near a lake, so, too, Blessed Perboyre was put to death outside the city's gates, in a locality near a lake.

As Christ "was nailed to the cross when they reached the place called Calvary," so Jean Gabriel was bound to a cross, thereon to suffer strangulation.

Like Christ, he died gloriously, at the age of thirty-eight, on a Friday, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

As Christ received in His right side the stroke of the Roman soldier's lance, so Jean Gabriel received the finishing stroke from a lance of one of the murderous mob who thirsted for his death.

As, in the case of Christ, we note the compassion of the holy women, the centurion's profession of faith, and the remorse of the people, so in that of Blessed Perboyre we find similar sentiments among the pagan crowds, portions of which protested eloquently against the sentence of the tribunal.

As of Christ it is written in the Gospels that "Joseph of Arimathea . . . came and went in boldly to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus, . . . and, buying fine linen and taking Him down, wrapped Him up in the fine linen, and laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewed out of a rock," so two courageous Christians received from the executioners the precious body of Jean Gabriel; and, after carrying it into a neighboring chapel to clothe it with rich vestments, buried it on the slope of the Red Mountain, in the Christian cemetery, beyond the Oriental gate.

As Christ appeared to Mary Magdalen, to Peter, and to the eleven Apostles, so Blessed Perboyre gloriously appeared to the lettered pagan who had befriended him, and to many other persons whose testimony can not reasonably be called in question.

As the tomb of Christ became glorious through the mystery of the Resurrection, followed by the triumphal Ascension, so the tomb of Jean Gabriel soon became glorious by the multiplied graces received and the miraculous cures effected thereat.

As Christ's Mother presented a spectacle of the most sublime resignation at the foot of the Cross, so the mother of our illustrious martyr heard the news of his death with the most admirable sentiments of Christian faith. "Why should I hesitate," she exclaimed, "to make the sacrifice of my son to God? Did not the Blessed Virgin sacrifice her Son for our salvation?"

Finally, as the story of Christ reveals the miserable end of those who participated in His condemnation—Judas hanged himself in despair, Caiphas was deprived of his power a year after the Saviour's death, Herod and Pilate were deposed and exiled to Gaul, where they died in misery,—so the persecutors of Blessed Perboyre all had a tragic end; some were condemned to exile, others succumbed to mysterious diseases. Like Judas, the mandarin responsible for Jean Gabriel's arrest hanged himself, and the viceroy whose cruelty was so iniquitous was condemned to exile by the Emperor himself, on account of the troubles he caused in his province.

We have given so much space to the parallelism between the two passions, of the first and the nineteenth centuries, that we must abridge the matter justifying the second part of our title. A few paragraphs, however, will suffice to show that, if Blessed Perboyre was in a very special sense an imitator and follower of Christ, God did not delay to glorify His faithful servant by a multitude of prodigies and genuine miracles. Prodigy number one was observed immediately after the martyrdom. Blessed Perboyre's countenance was not disfigured; his members preserved their suppleness and presented none of the features that usually characterize criminals who have been choked to death. As a rule, and one suffering scarcely any excep-

tion, such criminals' bodies are a horrible sight. Their features are distorted, their cheeks are livid, blood flows from the mouth convulsively opened, and the eyes are apparently starting from their sockets. So different from all this was the appearance of Jean Gabriel's body, so unchanged was his countenance, so normal his eyes, so healthy his color, that many of the pagans advised exposing the corpse to the rays of the sun for several days to make sure that life was really extinct.

Reference has been made to the apparition of the martyr to the lettered pagan who had caused him during his agony to be carried in a litter. The compassionate old pagan in question, brought to the threshold of the grave by a malignant disease, was given up by his relatives, and was himself hopeless of recovery, when Blessed Perboyre appeared to him with two ladders,—a red one on which he himself stood, and a white one on which he invited the sick man to come to him. "You are suffering extremely, are you not? Mount up to me on this white ladder, and you will be happy. The dying man made vigorous efforts to mount as he was desired to do, but was restrained by demons. Suddenly he remembered that the Christians pronounce the names of Jesus and Mary to chase away evil spirits, and he invoked those sacred names with confidence. Then the vision disappeared, leaving him perfectly well. He took immediate occasion to summon the Christian catéchist, and was soon after baptized.

The author of "A Sister of Charity in China" mentions several astonishing cures effected through the intercession of Blessed Perboyre; and states, too, that shortly after his martyrdom he appeared to his brother, saying: "My hands are full of graces and no one asks me for them." Here is one of the favors secured in the Chinese hospital, in which the martyr's youngest sister was a member of the nursing staff, a Sister of Charity:

"At Hankow the Sisters are rejoicing

at a really wonderful cure. A military mandarin, twenty-six years of age, son of a mandarin of high position, was terribly injured by an explosion of gunpowder; arms, chest, back, face, the left arm especially, were in a frightful state. . . . Five days after this they sent for the Sisters, who found the poor fellow in a pitiable condition, flesh and clothes all matted together; nothing had been done since the accident. . . . The Sisters had him brought to the hospital and wrapped him up in a piece of Blessed Perboyre's cloak (his sister's greatest treasure). The pain from that moment ceased; he has become gradually better, and at present, though still with the Sisters, there is hardly any sign left of the accident. His father, half crazy with joy, is loading the Sisters with presents. The Tao-tai himself brought them (one of the greatest marks of honor that can be bestowed in China); and some characters traced by his orders and sealed with his seal are to be placed in the dispensary and over Sister Perboyre's door. 'Skilful hand, mother of the unfortunate,' is the translation. It is hoped that this cure will do much toward destroying prejudice."

It would be easy, did space permit, to multiply narratives of physical and spiritual graces granted to pious clients of Blessed Jean Gabriel, but we will content ourselves with recounting the visible glorification which our martyr received at the time of his glorious death. It is a page from a volume written by a French missionary long stationed in China, and "crowned" by the French Academy:

"When Father Perboyre was martyred, there appeared in the heavens a great luminous cross very regularly designed. It was seen by a very large number of the faithful in the different Christian missions, at great distances one from another. Many pagans, even, witnessed the prodigy, and a number of them cried out on beholding it: 'That is the sign which the Christians believe in! I renounce the service of idols, and will hereafter worship the Master of

Heaven.' As a matter of fact, they did embrace Christianity, Mgr. Clauzetto himself baptizing them. When the reports of the cross' appearance first reached the Bishop, he was not inclined to give much credence to the story. Shortly afterward, however, impressed by the amount and importance of the evidence, he instituted a regular canonical investigation. The result of this formal inquiry established that a great cross, luminous and well formed, had really appeared in the sky; was seen at the same hour, of the same shape and size, and in the same quarter of the heavens, by very many witnesses, Christians and pagans; and that these witnesses resided in districts far apart from one another, and could not have had the intercommunication that would suggest a preconcerted story."

The reader who has traced out the resemblances between the nineteenth-century martyr and His divine Model on Calvary, will find nothing incongruous either in the heavenly testimony rendered to Blessed Perboyre's sanctity, or in the particular form in which that testimony was given: the symbol of man's redemption and the special glory of every martyred follower of Christ—the saving Cross.

THERE are some sick persons who grieve and lament not so much for their own troubles as for what they cause to those around them, and because they can not occupy themselves in good works, and especially in prayer, as they did when they were well. In this they deceive themselves greatly; for, as to the trouble given to others, whoever is truly patient wishes for all that God wishes, and in the manner and with the inconveniences that He wishes; as to works, one day of suffering borne with resignation is worth more than a month of great labors; and as to prayer, which is better—to remain upon the cross with Christ or to stay at the foot of it and contemplate His sufferings?

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Wooing of Gratiana.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

IT was a sweltering summer's day. The grasshoppers in the sagebrush were uncommonly merry, the gnats that buzzed here and there through the misty heat-waves unusually annoying. At the base of the foothills looking upon the river, almost dry now in mid-July, save for the tiny silvery ribbon that trailed through the valley like an immense, slender serpent, stood a solitary adobe house, built after the fashion of the place and time, as though to concentrate and hold all the sunlight possible upon its dust-colored surface, with never a blade of grass or clinging vine to screen or modify its hideous ugliness.

Looking up and down the circuitous valley as far as the eye could reach, there was not another dwelling in sight. The only beautiful feature of the landscape was the river-bed, fringed on either side with stiff green *tules*, which no drouth ever entirely destroyed, or no heat withered to the brown saplessness of every other growing thing abroad on the wide plain, or above on the rugged hillside.

Behind the house the scene was not so depressing. Under a *ramada* at some distance from it, screened with morning-glories, planted closely together, and now in luxuriance of bloom, a girl sat sewing. She was very beautiful, with large, dark, innocent eyes, that hid themselves under heavily fringed lashes whenever a prolonged glance of admiration from either man or woman paid tribute to her uncommon loveliness. Shy as a fawn, modest as a lily, Gratiana Morales seemed entirely unconscious of her own beauty. With her father and her gentle, if lynx-eyed, Aunt Fanita, she had lived at Casa Robles since her birth, as sheltered and secluded as though it had been the abode of a hermit, instead of a kind of wayside inn, where

nearly every day two or three travellers paused to dine, perhaps to sleep, and some days many were sheltered. Why the place had been called Casa Robles no one seemed to know, as there had not been an oak in the neighborhood in the memory of man. But the Indians in the valley had a tradition that before the great flood which had changed the course of the river, there had been many oak trees in the vicinity.

Aunt Nita was a remarkable woman. She had once resided at Mazatlan, and was *au fait*, she believed, in modern ways of living. She spent many hours braiding rugs out of cloth of every description, dyed by her own hands, which she scattered here and there about the earthen floors of the poor little adobe dwelling. There was not another house within forty miles that enjoyed the luxury of a rug of any kind; nor, if the truth must be told, would any of the natives have appreciated such a luxury. There were also red and white curtains at the windows of Casa Robles; and the windows themselves, as well as the curtains, were always clean. Aunt Nita also took in a fashion magazine, for which she subscribed, in partnership with the cousin whom she had visited in Mazatlan. It came four times a year, accompanied by highly colored lithographs, now of exciting bull-fights, now of bewildering garden parties, in both of which the old maid had spent many delightful hours in imagining herself a participant. Occasionally a sweet-faced Madonna, holding the Infant Jesus in her loving arms, would arrive to reproach Aunt Fanita with the worldly feelings to which the other pictures caused her to give way, and which she hung upon the wall at a respectful distance from the rest, in the midst of a group of similar angelic faces, above a long, narrow shelf ornamented with lace and tinsel, and two silver candlesticks, known to all her acquaintances as "Tia Nita's Altar."

Aunt Fanita was an excellent needlewoman. She had instructed her niece

not only in the art of embroidery and fine drawn-work—accomplishments common to Mexican women of every class,—but also to make her clothes and mend them, an employment more necessary but not so common. She had also taught her to read and write Spanish, of course; the English they could muster between them was delightful to listen to, if neither very accurate nor fluent. From which it may be inferred that the women of Casa Robles were somewhat superior to their neighbors,—a fact which, while it won for them increased respect, rendered them still more isolated than even their lonely life would warrant.

But they were quite happy in their household duties, their needlework, and each other; the one disagreeable factor in their existence had become so much a matter of course that they endured it without murmur or complaint. Carlos Morales, proprietor of the wayside *posada*, and the father of Gratiana, was a man addicted to the imbibing of mescal in large quantities; in other words, he was a drunkard. While in the state of intoxication, his usual condition, he was, however, neither cross nor disagreeable; it was only when the supply of mescal failed, as it did occasionally, that Carlos became irritable and unreasonable. His wife, of a better class than himself, had been fascinated by his handsome face when he first arrived in the valley on the occasion of a *fiesta*, as a bull-fighter from the city of Mexico. Poor woman, she did not live long enough to realize her mistake; for during her lifetime her husband had still enjoyed the honor and prestige which his calling gave him among a simple and admiring people.

For several years it had been rumored that the host of Casa Robles was not averse to harboring the smugglers who are to be found in the vicinity of all frontier towns; and it was even said that Morales shared in their ill-gotten gains. Though the fact itself would hardly have been detrimental to his reputation among

the scattered community to which he belonged, to be branded publicly as a *contrabandista* was another thing. Conservative *rancheros* in the neighborhood were wont to steer clear of his company, especially in the presence of the *rurales*, or mounted police, who found it convenient, in pursuit of their legitimate game, to visit Casa Robles once or twice a week. It is but fair to say that, whatever occurred, the women were innocent of all participation; goods were never concealed about the premises, nor plots hatched there. Carlos did not trust the female sex: he thought them both stupid and treacherous; he and his companions transacted their business farther afield.

Gratiana was nearly eighteen. She had never had a suitor, and in some respects Aunt Nita rejoiced; for she did not think that any of the neighboring *rancheros* would make a suitable husband for her niece. At the same time she was aware of the prejudice existing against her brother-in-law; and, inconsistent as it may seem, she resented the absence of admirers for one in whose person she thought beauty and virtue had reached the acme of perfection. It may safely be assumed that Morales had given no thought whatever to the subject. It was only as an available asset that this phase of his daughter's situation could have appealed to him, and as such it had not yet been presented for his consideration.

We have left Gratiana sewing in the cool, shady arbor. Intent upon her occupation—that of drawing the threads in the tablecloth she was making,—she was not aware of a shadow falling across the vine-covered entrance. The sound of a masculine voice made her start. She looked up hastily and saw a *rurale* standing in the doorway. He was tall, handsome and well-proportioned, and his short corduroy jacket, tight-fitting buckskin leggings, and broad, soft sombrero were very becoming. His eyes were large, dark and pleasant. He had just dismounted from a fine black horse, with arching neck

and white breast. He still held the reins in his hand. Gratiana had already seen and admired that horse several times, but had not noticed the rider until now.

"Señorita!" he said, his hat in his hand.

"Señor?" replied Gratiana, rising to her feet, but entirely without embarrassment.

"If I may make so bold, can you tell me if your father is at home?"

"He is not at home, Señor," answered the girl.

"Do you know where he has gone?"

Something in the tone of the inquiry caused the blood to rush to the cheek of the young girl. Her intuitions told her that it savored of animosity.

"I do not know where he has gone," she said, a little haughtily. "He did not tell me, and I did not ask."

"Pardon, Señorita," rejoined the questioner, his eyes still on her face, for the first time revealed to him in all its girlish beauty. "I might have known it—and—it is as well. I thank you. *Adios!*"

Gratiana inclined her head and resumed her embroidery. But the glance from the eyes of the stranger lingered in her memory; his handsome face, becoming attire, and graceful, picturesque attitude were impressed upon her virgin mind and soul: she could not forget them if she would. And the strange thing was that she did not make any effort to forget them. She had not dreamed that a *rurale* could be so distinguished looking, so gentlemanly, even in his impertinent questioning. Her aunt had always impressed her with the belief that, although *rurales* in general were necessary for the preservation of order and the capture of criminals, in particular they were rather disreputable. Peeping through the screening vines, she saw the stranger riding rapidly away. It was impossible that he could see her behind the shelter of the morning-glories; but as he reached the top of the hill, he turned and kissed his hand. Then he disappeared on the other side. Gratiana was puzzled and somewhat disturbed; more so indeed than she had ever been in her short young life

before. After a while she went to the kitchen, where Aunt Nita was preparing the midday meal.

"Aunt," she said abruptly, for the child was no adept in circumlocution, "were you walking about the valley just now?"

"I walking about this blazing day!" answered Aunt Nita, astonished. "Why should I have been? No, child; I am in the kitchen since eleven, and hot enough it is. Why do you ask?"

"Did you see a *rurale* riding down the valley?"

"No, I did not, though it would not be an unusual thing. Again, why do you ask, Gratiana?"

"I was seated in the arbor, sewing, and one came to ask if my father was at home. When I said no, he inquired where he had gone."

"And what did you tell him?" rejoined Aunt Nita, all alert.

"That I did not know."

"Which was true. What was he like?"

"He was very handsome."

The old woman glanced sharply at her niece, and observed that her pale olive cheeks were slightly pink.

"Was that all?"

"That was all. He went away then, and—I peeped through the vines to see what road he would take."

"That was not well or wise," said Aunt Nita, gravely.

"Perhaps not," replied Gratiana. "But I was curious. And when he reached the top of the little hill yonder, going in the direction of the town, he—he rose in the saddle, looking back, and kissed his hand. And I thought perhaps you had been in the valley, and had been talking to him before, and he had seen you again—and—"

"Kissed his hand to me!" interrupted the old woman, with a merry laugh. "Yes, that would be likely,—after he had seen *you* especially, Gratiana. No, no, my dear; that homage was for yourself, although it was a great impertinence."

"But he did not know, he could not

have known, that I was looking, Aunt Nita."

"And so you do not consider it an impertinence?"

"Not in that way."

"And it pleased you?"

"I would not say that, Aunt Nita."

"But it did not *displease* you?"

"You see I did not know. I thought perhaps—"

"Yes, child,—that the impudent fellow had fallen in love with me, and was coming to-morrow to ask me in marriage?"

"Perhaps that is the fashion in the city of Mexico, aunt, to kiss one's hand."

"It may be. It was not so much amiss, my dear. What I dislike is that he should have questioned you or addressed you at all. He must have seen me in the kitchen as he passed."

"He may be a stranger, not knowing anything about us, or how many of us there are in the house."

"True, that is possible. Perhaps it is the new chief who arrived last Sunday. They say he is a cousin of the Ferraras, a family I knew well in Mazatlan. If so, he is not an ordinary common man. He would be of good blood and good birth in that case, Gratiana. But come now, dinner is ready."

During the meal Aunt Nita did not again allude to the stranger's visit, though her brain was busy. She had lived for fifteen years in constant fear that the suspicions she had held of her brother-in-law would some day be verified by his arrest. His enforced departure and perpetual absence from Casa Robles would have been more of a blessing than otherwise, could a merciful Providence have seen fit to remove him by death; but the disgrace of his being tried, convicted and imprisoned as a *contrabandista* was something the poor woman could not bear to contemplate. The former chief of the *rurales* had recently been removed for incompetency, as smuggling had increased rather than diminished under his jurisdiction. The new man had the reputation

of being very efficient; no doubt he would like to distinguish the opening of his career by the capture of one who for many years had been an object of distrust among government officials, though they had never been able to capture him red-handed. Probably the wily captain had thought to find the young girl off her guard; that would have been despicable in him, reasoned Aunt Nita, if everything were not considered fair in love and war.

Tia Nita had guessed shrewdly. The stranger was really the new captain of *rurales*, who had heard that Carlos Morales had a daughter, a beautiful but unsophisticated creature, who, because ignorant of her father's shortcomings, would be likely to assist unwittingly in discoveries prejudicial to his safety. The first sight of the lovely and dignified young girl had confused and disarmed him; he had forbore to question her further, feeling that such effort on his part would be useless and, he now reasoned, dishonorable. For he had fallen desperately in love with Gratiana the moment his eyes rested upon her, and he resolved to woo and win her in spite of every obstacle.

At the *aduana*, or custom-house, they had been informed that a party of Chinese were being smuggled over the border, and it was thought that Morales, not an adept at this particular contraband business, was preparing himself for arrest. Full of zeal in his new position, the captain had confidently predicted the speedy capture of the evaders of the law, and, as the reader has already seen, had gone down himself to reconnoitre, with what results we know. As he rode back rapidly through the valley, he reviewed the situation, fighting as he went, a desperate battle between love and loyalty. He was still in a very uncertain frame of mind when he arrived at the edge of the sleepy little town, and perceived two of his confrères riding out to meet him.

"What news, captain?" inquired his lieutenant. "Is Carlos at home?"

"I have changed my mind," rejoined

the chief. "I fear it would not be safe to question the women. They seem very intelligent: they would suspect something."

"Did you see them?"

"Yes." (He had caught a glimpse of Tia Nita through the window.)

"They are good. It is a pity," remarked the other *rurale*. "They can not help what Carlos does."

"No; let us leave them in peace. We shall try a new tack."

He said the same in substance to the *comandante*, whom, when he rode up, he found standing on the porch of the *aduana*.

"I did not believe you would accomplish anything," captain, remarked that dignified, grey-haired functionary dryly, as the captain dismounted. "Carlos Morales is a wary bird; but, as Martinez says, the women are all right. They say the girl is very beautiful. What did you think?" he continued, carelessly.

"You have never seen her?" answered Ferrara, in surprise, at the same time gaining a moment to compose himself.

"Never," was the reply. "They do not come here, perhaps, more than once a year, when there is Mass, and to Mass I seldom go."

So saying, the *comandante* turned toward his office, followed by the rest of the party, and soon began to discuss with them various plans for the capture of the supposed smugglers. If the truth must be told, not one among them was eager for the downfall of Morales. The young captain had been full of it at the start, and he still meant to be true to his trust; but the thought uppermost in his mind at present was how to accomplish the desire upon which he had set his heart, with the greatest expedition and the least chagrin to all concerned.

"I will sleep on it," he said to himself as he retired for the night. "The morning may bring counsel."

(Conclusion next week.)

SORROWS are the weight in the clock to regulate its proper movement.—*Carl Hilty*.

The Altar.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

I KNOW a spot that's far away
From the fever-fret of the busy day.
Deep in a woodland hollow cool,
By the side of a limpid forest pool,
A gray stone lies, o'erspread with moss,
And lichens its rough sides emboss.
The still, green trees arch overhead;
Below, their shade is thickly spread;
And through the strangely silent air
Creep, faintly, musky odors rare.
A forest altar is the stone,
And o'er its top a vine has grown;
While the tiger lily's tangled bloom
Like burning fagots lights the gloom.
Down at its base, where grasses green
Give back a faint, elusive sheen,
A flower's flame all dimly glows,
Inviting calm and deep repose.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXXII.

NEITHER Mildred nor Lett was in when Sydney returned from her walk, not so much exhausted as she had been the day before, but tired enough to be glad to lie down and rest.

"Where are they?" she asked as her head sank on her pillow, after she had amiably taken the broth which Jessie offered.

"Miss Lett's gone to see Mrs. Spencer and Miss Flora. O Miss Syd, they both—"

"Yes, I know all about their accident," Sydney interposed. "Where is Mildred?"

"I saw her awhile ago on the veranda with Mr. Chetwode and Mr. Brent."

"If she comes up before Lett does, I want to see her. Mind now, Mammy! Watch for her, and tell her I want to see her very much."

"Yes, honey."

"Shut the windows. I must try to sleep, though I don't think I can. And don't forget,—I want to see Mildred at once."

"Yes, honey."

The curtains were drawn, and Jessie left the room. But Sydney did not succeed in going to sleep. After some ineffectual efforts to compose herself to a state of quietude at least, she gave up the attempt, rose, opened the windows, and, taking a book, was returning toward the bed, when her quick ear was caught by the sound of steps in the corridor, then the exchange of a few words between two voices, and the next minute the door was softly opened. Mildred looked in, and, seeing her standing in the floor, entered.

"What now, Sydney?" she said good-humoredly. "Aunt Jessie tells me that you are boiling with impatience about she doesn't know what, and want to see me at once."

"Yes," responded Sydney, speaking excitedly. "I am ready to explode, and I want you to let off steam too! O Mildred, I have made such an astounding discovery, and by the merest accident,—the gossip of that girl (I don't remember her name), who makes herself so loud and conspicuous—"

"Elinor Claiborn, I suppose you mean."

"Yes, it was she who was talking. And I asked Henri about it. And, O Mildred, would you believe—can you conceive that Henri is in love with Lett?"

"Yes, I can both conceive and believe it," answered Mildred. "And, as you say that you never intended to marry him, I hope she will."

"You are not surprised?" said Sydney, wonderingly.

"Not the least. I saw when he first came to Estonville that he admired her very much. If I had not supposed that he was engaged to you, I should have thought it was love at first sight. Since he came here, I have noticed his admiration for her."

"I am amazed,—I am astounded!" cried

Sydney. "That is the only word that fully expresses my sentiments. And I am awfully disappointed."

"Not on your own account, I hope?" said Mildred, in a half doubtful tone.

"Certainly not," replied Sydney, very emphatically. "I think I told you that I never had the faintest idea of marrying Henri. But, of all people in the world, for him to fancy Lett, who has been so hateful to him! And I wanted him to marry you, Mildred,—*you!*"

"Me?" exclaimed the other, amazed. "What put such an idea into your head?"

"You're the only woman I ever saw that I thought worthy of him."

"Much obliged for your good opinion, and sorry for your disappointment," said Mildred, laughing. "But, my dear child, if you weren't strangely prejudiced, you would see that Lett is much better in every respect than I am; and you would be very anxious, for Mr. de Wolff's sake, for her to marry him."

"I am resigned to the idea, since Henri wishes it," Sydney said, in a tone which evidenced that she fully appreciated the merit of this resignation. "But it strikes me every minute with a fresh shock. Do you imagine that she can be induced to marry him?"

"Impossible to say," replied Mildred, thinking of the shock she had given Lett the night before in making her aware of this same fact that Sydney was now deploring; and secretly amused at her own position as confidante on both sides. "Until very lately she seemed determined not to marry, and she still thinks she will not. But—I sometimes think she may change her opinion in the course of time."

"It is not probable that she will accept Mr. Beresford, is it?" Sydney inquired anxiously.

"No,—oh, no! I gave him a friendly hint last night that his case was hopeless; and, like the sensible man he is, he left this morning. Mr. de Wolff has a clear field. But as to his success—that is a question."

"You know," said Sydney, "her idea

was to be a sort of lay Sister of Charity,—without any vows of obedience, you see, or restraints on her liberty of action. She intended to engage a companion and travel about, doing good promiscuously. That is what the Mother Superior of her convent told papa; and they both thought it utter, visionary nonsense. Papa meant to insist on her spending the last year of her minority under grandmamma's chaperonage; and grandmamma was to write urgently to Henri to bring him home, and arrange a marriage between them. One reason why papa was so angry at Henri for wanting to marry me, as he thought, was this disappointment about Lett. You see, Lett's future was very much on his conscience, he told grandmamma. Her father was his friend. He had counted upon settling her safely as Henri's wife, instead of leaving her to be the dupe of whoever begged charity of her, and finally the prey of some fortune-hunter. He and grandmamma discussed the subject exhaustively again and again. It would be strange—wouldn't it?—if, after all, she were to marry Henri."

"Very strange. I should think you would be anxious that she should, as your father wished it so much."

"Well, yes, since *you* are an unattainable good. But you know I could not sacrifice Henri's interests to Lett's. And I did so want him to marry you!"

"You may thank Heaven you did not get your wish, if Lett accepts him. If she does, he will certainly, as the old song says, be a most fortunate man."

"Not half so fortunate a man as she will be a fortunate woman. There are more Letts than Henris in the world. But she will make a good wife, I know. She is an embryo saint, I grant you—only she is just a little bit pharisaical."

"Sydney!"

"It is a sad fact," said Sydney in a very positive tone. "If she doesn't pray at the corners of streets, you must admit that she is much addicted to praying in the corners of rooms. And how long is it

since she left off her phylacteries—those hideously unbecoming straight black gowns? However,” with a heartfelt sigh, “one must always be reasonable, as grandmamma used to say. I am resigned—since I can’t help myself. But if I could, I should send Lett to her convent, and that Mr. Brent to the antipodes—”

“And then?” said Mildred as she paused. “What could you do then?”

“I don’t know. Nothing, I suppose,” she answered despondently. “But I do know that if Lett doesn’t accept Henri, I shall feel murderously toward her. He has had so much trouble about other people’s love affairs, or marriage affairs—his sister’s and mine—that it is too bad he should be made unhappy himself now by caring for Lett. I am afraid, too, that he is very hard hit, as people in English novels say. Do you think there is any hope for him, Mildred?” she asked again. “Can’t you persuade her to marry him? You have great influence over her, I’m sure, or you never could have induced her to discard her phylacteries.”

“You ridiculous child!” said Mildred, laughingly. “I had no more to do with that than you had. The first I heard of her intention was when she asked my advice in ordering an outfit. As to persuading her to accept Mr. de Wolff, I should be afraid to take such a responsibility, if there were any probability of my succeeding in the attempt. Mamma says that, next to breaking a match, the most dangerous and wrong thing possible is to make one.”

“Of course to make a match between merely ordinary people is a dangerous experiment,” Sydney conceded. “But Henri and Lett—good Heavens, how ridiculous it sounds to bracket their names together, in this connection! With such material there would not be the slightest danger.”

“Try it yourself, then,” said Mildred—“and you can begin at once, for there is Lett’s step in the corridor. She will be here in a minute.”

“Unfortunately, Henri says I am not to make the least move or show the least consciousness,” Sydney replied regretfully.

“Wise of him,” Mildred remarked, as the door opened to admit Lett.

XXXIII.

The month following passed with Mr. Chetwode and his party in the uneventful monotony of watering-place life. That gentleman himself and Sydney were comfortable and contented in a quiet and moderate degree. He enjoyed the leisure which as a hard-working lawyer he did not often allow himself, and also the amusement of observing under such favorable circumstances the humors and absurdities of human nature. Sydney positively luxuriated in her sense of relief from the unmerited reproach under which she had been suffering so long. More than once she said to De Wolff: “I know it is heartless of me not to be very sad, when grandmamma and papa are both dead, and poor papa dead so short a time. But how can I help it? I am like one taken off the rack. The mere cessation of my torture is almost happiness to me.”

Mildred and De Wolff found much that was pleasant in the days as they came and went; though with both there was a constant underlying sense of uneasiness, which in Mildred was caused by the indecision of her own mind, as well as the evident unhappiness of her lover; and in De Wolff by the perception that he was not advancing a step toward success in his meditated suit to Lett. While now apparently friendly in feeling and cordial in manner to him, she seemed so utterly unconscious of his sentiments as effectually to repress the slightest manifestation of them on his part.

Lett was in a state of mind at once so strange and so uncontrollable that, to the distress and perplexity it occasioned her, was added a sense of alarm amounting almost to terror at her own emotions. She had all her life, in her schooldays and afterward in her association with Major

Carrington, looked with amazement at the indulgence of anger and resentment; marvelling how any one could permit the words or acts of others to excite passions which not only destroy all comfort in this life, but imperil the safety of the soul for the world to come. No provocation, she had often thought, could rouse such passion in her own breast.

And now the resentment she felt against Warren Blount was so almost violent as to shock her. Far from pitying him in the trouble he had brought upon himself, her impulse was to say, "He who has caused so much suffering to others ought to suffer." She knew that this want of charity for him was not caused merely by indignation at his conduct toward Sydney. She did feel both indignation and contempt for his cowardice and duplicity. But she was too well accustomed to examination of conscience not to be aware that another, a personal reason, mingled with her appreciation of Sydney's wrongs. If young Blount had acted in an honorable manner, even after his grandmother's death, how different everything would have been! Sydney would not have been misjudged and made so wretched, nor Major Carrington's last days so unhappy, nor her own life so changed and miserable. For miserable she was in the consciousness, she thought, that the man Sydney loved had turned from the allegiance he ought to have held sacred, to bestow his undesired regard upon herself.

She had been shocked, incredulous, indignant, when Mildred first suggested that De Wolff loved her, resenting the thought of it both on Sydney's account and her own. All Mildred's reasoning then and later did not convince her that Sydney was not passionately attached to him; and, believing this, she considered him bound in honor to fulfil the engagement he had entered into voluntarily, and which he had, so to speak, forced upon Sydney. Not feeling at liberty to explain her own behind-the-scenes knowledge on the subject, Mildred could only argue—

but this she did energetically—from the outside point of view.

"My dear Lett," she would say, "have I not told you that Sydney has assured me more than once that she never had a thought of marrying Mr. de Wolff? And you know that, as she often declares, she always means what she says. She is strictly truthful."

"Yes, she is strictly truthful, and I don't doubt that the engagement was entered into as they both say, merely as an expedient. But—"

"When you first told me of this engagement, at the time Mr. de Wolff came to Westonville, you said you did not think she was in love with him."

"I did not think so then. She was a child when she parted from him, and felt as a child. But she is a woman now, and she loves him. It is so strange to me that he does not see it, and feel bound in honor to keep his faith."

"The puzzle to me is how you can imagine you see it!" said Mildred. "It is pure imagination, my dear Lett."

"Imagination!" repeated Lett, indignantly. "Is it imagination that she thinks of nothing in the world but this man? Until lately she never mentioned his name to me; she resented so deeply what she thought my injustice to him. Now she talks of him continually."

"And you don't know why?" asked Mildred.

"Because her thoughts are so exclusively fixed on him that she can't help speaking of him all the time—even to me."

"No. It is because she is aware of his sentiments toward you,—don't wince so! I'm sure I have put the fact as delicately as possible. And she thinks if you knew him, instead of being so prejudiced as you are, you could not fail to adore him as in her opinion he deserves you should. She is trying to enlighten you."

Lett's eyes filled with tears.

"The poor child! the generous child!" she exclaimed, with a sob in her voice. "What a self-sacrificing nature hers is!

And how she idolizes the man, while he is perfectly insensible or indifferent! I can believe now what is so often said in books—that most men are absolutely selfish.”

“Sydney would tell you, and truly I believe, that there is not a particle of selfishness in Mr. de Wolff’s composition. You are judging him very unjustly,—forgive me if I say uncharitably.”

“I don’t mean to do that. Heaven knows I don’t want to be uncharitable to any one. But this man! If it were not a sin, I’m afraid I should hate him.”

“Why?” asked Mildred in a calmly argumentative tone. “Hate him because he loves you? But is that—”

“Dear Mildred,” interrupted Lett, deprecatingly, “let us not talk of him. I—I hope I don’t really hate him. But the subject is so—if you would never mention it again, I should be very glad.”

“Of course I never will, since it annoys you so much,” answered Mildred, kindly. “And I will give Sydney a hint that her one subject of conversation is growing monotonous.”

“Oh, don’t say anything that would wound her, or that might lead her to suppose that I spoke of it!”

“Certainly not. You know she talks in the same way to me that she does to you. And she is very quick to draw an inference. She will think at once that if it is monotonous to me, it must be worse to you, and will spare you the infliction hereafter.”

This was true. But, instead of trusting to Sydney’s quickness of apprehension, Mildred said to her that same evening:

“Don’t talk so much about Mr. de Wolff to Lett, Sydney. I can see that it’s very embarrassing to her.”

“Do you think she knows that he is in love with her?” asked Sydney, eagerly.

“Yes, I think she knows it, and—”

“And—?”

“Is not at all pleased.”

“The idea!” cried Sydney, disdainfully. “Not pleased, when she ought to feel not only flattered but honored by his admiration!”

“You must remember she doesn’t see him with your eyes,” said Mildred.

Sydney tapped her foot with angry impatience.

“How I wish I were a hypnotist! I’d hypnotize her. I’d make her desperately, dreadfully in love with him.”

“And what would you have to say for yourself the next time you went into the confessional after such a performance as that?” inquired Mildred.

“Oh, of course I couldn’t do it! It would be a sin. But I really would use any legitimate influence in my power to induce her to accept him. I shouldn’t be the least afraid to take the responsibility of making that match,” Sydney replied.

Mildred faithfully kept her promise,—not mentioning De Wolff’s name to Lett, except in the most casual manner. And Sydney no longer discoursed by the hour on the text “Henri.” But Lett, to her surprise and disappointment, discovered that this silence was not the relief to her that she expected. On the contrary, it had a very damping effect on her spirits. She feared she had been ungracious and unkind in making such a request, and felt very dissatisfied and uncomfortable.

Mr. Brent, like Lett, was very unhappy. He had waited two years in the hope of finally succeeding in his suit to Mildred, and now found himself exactly where he was when he started. He must believe what he could not believe—so the case looked to him,—or she would not marry him. With exemplary intention but very distracted attention, he listened to Mr. Chetwode’s attempts to enlighten him on the subject of religious faith. But as, despite his best efforts to the contrary, his mind wandered too persistently for him to acquire any clear ideas from the instruction given, the result was not encouraging on either side. Mr. Chetwode thought, with a mental shrug of the shoulders, “He is hopelessly dull; in fact, downright stupid!” And Mr. Brent thought, “He is dry enough to choke a

man. Of all the metaphysical fogs I ever stumbled into, this is the worst."

And, unfortunately for Mr. Brent, this difficulty about religion was not his only trouble. A little disagreeable social entanglement in which he had once involved himself was now a source of not a little annoyance to him. Before his acquaintance with Mildred, he had been flirting with a Miss Hilliard, a pretty, very affected, and extremely silly girl. Attracted at first sight and irresistibly by Mildred, he had dropped what was merely a flirtation, and attached himself seriously to her. But Miss Hilliard resented his defection; and not only at the time, but at intervals since, whenever she chanced to encounter him, had exerted every effort in her power to win back his allegiance to herself. The preceding summer, at this same watering-place, she had made life a burden to him by her persistent claims on his time and attention,—claims pressed with so apparently trusting a belief in his still being her devoted admirer, that, though an eminently good-natured man, he was often exasperated almost beyond the power of self-control. When she began the same system of persecution this season, he determined, he said to himself, to cut it short summarily.

It was while he was talking to Mr. Chetwode on the veranda of the hotel, the second morning after his arrival, that Miss Hilliard issued from a side door near which they were sitting, stood still an instant to button her glove, and then looked round carelessly until her eye rested on him.

"*Mr. Brent!*" she cried, with a well-executed start of surprise, advancing toward him with both hands extended in greeting. "So we meet at last!"

Mr. Brent rose, of course, at her address. But he moved deliberately, and took only one of the outstretched hands. Bowing stiffly, he said in a formal tone:

"How are you, Miss Hilliard? I hope you are well?"

"Do you need to ask the question?" she demanded, with a coquettish air.

"Why, no," he answered, rallying to perform the distasteful effort expected of him—the utterance of an insincere compliment. "Your blooming cheeks are sufficient evidence of the fact."

If there was malice in this allusion to her artificial bloom, she did not betray the least consciousness; but smiled, and said in the manner of one who has a right to be reproachful:

"What have you been doing with yourself that I have not seen you before? To think of our having been in the same house for—how long? Nearly two days, isn't it?—and not seeing each other! What have you to say in excuse for this?"

"Is any excuse needed, when I understood that you were not in the house yesterday? I heard some one remark at dinner that Miss Claiborn and yourself had gone on an excursion."

"Oh, you want to throw the blame on me!" she cried, laughing affectedly. "But I do assure you I was not to blame. The evening you came, Elinor had dragged me off for a moonlight walk. And I had no idea you were here when I consented to go on that tiresome excursion, which broke me down so completely that I had to go to bed as soon as I returned. Elinor, who is as strong as a horse herself, can't understand that other people have nerves—"

"But, excuse me," Mr. Brent, in despair of her explanation ever coming to an end, here interposed, "I assure you I did not think of blaming you for what was a mere accident, and of no importance whatever. I—"

"Well, as you put it in that way," she interrupted in turn, "I suppose I must forgive you. And I'll be very good, and let you come to walk with me now. I was waiting for Elinor to join me, but she is so long in coming that we'll run off and leave her."

She turned to descend the steps, never doubting that he would follow. Instead of doing so, he said:

"Pardon me; I have an engagement,

and therefore can not avail myself of your kind permission to attend you. And here comes Miss Claiborn, so I will say good-morning."

He bowed, and, before she had time to say a word, was hurrying away in one direction, as Miss Claiborn approached from another.

"So you didn't capture him, after all?" that young lady remarked, with a laugh, when she came to where her friend stood looking after the retreating figure of Brent. "I told you you couldn't. Now I do hope you are satisfied, and will not waste any more time and temper on that man. There are plenty of others ready to be made fools of. Let him alone."

"When I have made a fool of *him*, not before!" was the reply, in a quick, sharp tone very different from the softly modulated accents in which she had spoken to her intended victim. "Nothing but that will satisfy me."

"You'll stay dissatisfied all your life, then," Miss Claiborn observed. "He has slipped his leash once for all—if he ever was in it. You thought he was, I thought he wasn't. But, either way, you'll never tether him again. Take my word for that."

"You shall see! I will do it at any cost," answered Miss Hilliard, turning, with heightened color and angry eyes, and walking away.

"You can't do it to save your soul," returned Miss Claiborn in an unusually serious tone, as she joined her. "The man is in love with Mildred Sterndale to the point of imbecility, and I have no doubt she will end by marrying him."

"She is welcome to marry him after he has proposed to me and been rejected. But not till then."

Miss Claiborn laughed again, this time sarcastically. But she said nothing in reply, only casting a half-pitying, half-contemptuous glance at her companion and thinking, "What a fool she is! Well, if she is determined to make herself ridiculous, it is her own affair. It will be amusing to watch her silly manœuvres,

and the poor man's helpless exasperation."

They walked across the lawn toward a group of young men who had just finished setting up a target for a shooting match Miss Claiborn had arranged. While waiting for her, they were resting from their labor in various lounging attitudes on the benches under some trees near by.

"Yonder they are at last!" cried one of the party who had been watching impatiently for their appearance.

He sprang to his feet and was off like a shot to meet them; while the others rose and sauntered forward in a leisurely manner, indulging in a few comments on the two girls as they advanced.

"Beauty and the beast," said one youngster who fancied himself in love with Miss Hilliard and disliked Miss Claiborn.

"The fat and lean kine," said another. And this was considered so good a hit that it was received with a shout of laughter.

They did rather suggest, by contrast of size, the fat and lean kine. Both were tall and blonde. But while Miss Claiborn was plump, and had the fresh bloom and glossy hair which nature and perfect health only can give, her friend was phenomenally slender in figure, and, notwithstanding her manufactured complexion, comparatively colorless in face.

That day, and for many days following, angry passions raged in Miss Hilliard's breast. She found all her endeavors and all her arts fail in the accomplishment of the task she had set herself. Brent was so determined in his avoidance of her that at last even her vanity could not longer delude her into hoping that she would ever succeed in recalling his most transient attention. When finally convinced on this point after the vain labor of more than a month, she felt it necessary to change her tone with regard to him.

"I believe you are right, Elinor, about Laurence Brent," she said one day to Miss Claiborn, with a forced laugh. "It really is not worth while wasting time on him. I confess I did want to show him that I don't share Mildred Sterndale's infatuation

for him. But I suppose he knows very well what his fate would be if he trusted himself near me again. The poor man is desperately afraid of me, and has never forgotten or forgiven"—she laughed here affectedly—"my throwing him over two years ago for Mr. Dayton."

Miss Claiborn turned, looked at her for an instant with an air of speculative surprise that was disconcerting, and then remarked:

"It is strange that I never happened to hear of that 'throwing over' before. And it is a pity that you should have waited until just as he is leaving to make up your mind to let him alone," she added dryly.

"Leaving!" repeated Miss Hilliard, too much startled by this information to be indignant at the preceding observation. "How do you know he is leaving?"

"From the best possible authority—his own lips," was the reply. "I heard him tell Mrs. Rutherford a few minutes ago that he and Mr. de Wolff are going on a hunting expedition. They start to-morrow morning, and may not return here. That looks very much as if Mildred Sterndale has rejected him. Mrs. Rutherford laughed and told him so."

"And what did he say to that?" Miss Hilliard inquired.

"He laughed too, and said: 'You don't expect a man to acknowledge a misfortune of that kind, do you, Mrs. Rutherford?'"

Miss Hilliard colored highly, as was apparent even through her powder and paint, and was silent. And if Mr. Brent could have known how bitter was her mortification as she realized the futility of her attempt to inflict on him the mortification of a rejection by herself, he might have felt that they were quits.

But he was not thinking of her. He was feeling that Mildred was very hard on him, and that the theological instruction to which he had committed himself was becoming intolerable, when De Wolff had the night before proposed a pedestrian excursion of a few weeks through the more

unfrequented parts of the neighboring mountains.

"A little roughing would do both of us a world of good," said De Wolff. "Love and theology together are making a very dull dog of you; and if I stay here much longer I shall be in an equally bad case. So I am off. Will you come with me?"

"With the greatest pleasure in life," responded Brent, eagerly.

(To be continued.)

The Sale of Glastonbury Abbey.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IT is with deep regret—a regret which Catholics all over the world will share—that we chronicle the sale of Glastonbury Abbey to a Mr. Jardine of Nottingham, for the sum of £30,000. It was at the instigation of the Anglican Bishop of Bath and Wells, with a view to its being acquired by the Church of England.

Those of our readers who are not acquainted with the annals of this ancient and venerable ruin, which occupies the spot where stood not only the first church dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God, but the first Christian church erected on British soil, will be interested in the following outline of its history.

Originally an island in the midst of marshes, this place received the name of Glastonbury (the town of glass) from the Saxons, probably from the crystal clearness of the river encompassing the island. It was also called the Isle of Avalon, either from the British word *avale* (apples), because it abounded in apple trees, or else from Avaloc, once lord of the territory.

The historian William of Malmesbury relates that after Our Lord's Ascension, when the disciples were dispersed into many lands to preach the Gospel, St. Philip (as Treclus, Bishop of Lisena, records, B. II., ch. 4) proceeded into the country of the Franks, converting and baptizing many; and, being zealous to

propagate the faith, he chose twelve of his disciples—Joseph of Arimathea, who buried the Lord, being their chief,—and sent them to Britain, where they arrived in the year 63, landing on the southwest coast. Aviragus, who was then king, in consideration of their long journey and their exceptional behavior, gave them for their habitation an island overgrown with brambles and bushes, and surrounded by marshes. There St. Joseph planted in the ground a stick which he had brought with him; it grew and blossomed at Christmas. Several offshoots from the original stem still exist in the town of Glastonbury, where they blossom in midwinter, and are known as the Holy Thorn. In days of yore, the winter thorn was held in great reverence. It was said: "If a man could touch or see it, he was healed at once by faith of all his ills."

On this island, when cleared of the wild growth of trees and brambles, the first Christian chapel or oratory in Britain was constructed by St. Joseph and his companions in honor of our Blessed Lady. The walls were of osiers wattled together; the roof was of wooden rods covered with rushes,—the only materials that they could find; it was sixty feet in length and twenty-six in breadth, and was finished in the year 65. An humble structure indeed it was, but one which Our Lord Himself, in the absence of a bishop, vouchsafed to consecrate in honor of His Blessed Mother. It is said that the twelve holy men were encouraged by an apparition of Our Lady.

In the year 166, Pope Eleutherius, at the request of King Lucius, sent to Britain two delegates, who baptized the King and his family; and in their missionary progress arrived at the island of Avalon, where they discovered the then deserted chapel erected by St. Philip's emissaries; its divine dedication to the Blessed Virgin was supernaturally intimated to them. There they dwelt, and their disciples after them, always to the number of twelve until the arrival of St. Patrick in 433, on his

return from his successful mission in Ireland. He built a stone church, likewise dedicated to Our Lady, and instructed the hermits in the monastic life.

The monastery, famous for its antiquity, was held so sacred that it was resorted to by the great and wealthy from all parts of Britain, and became the seat of learning and religion. There Gildas the historian lived a most holy life, and was buried in 512 before the altar of the ancient chapel. St. David, the patron of Wales, ended his days there in 546; and St. Paulinus, afterward Archbishop of York, caused the old oratory to be encased with wood for its preservation. The pious King Ina gave great possessions to the church of St. Mary, and founded a larger church there in honor of our Saviour and SS. Peter and Paul. This, called the Major Ecclesia, stood at a little distance from the two others. The King decorated one of the chapels with plates of gold and silver, and gave it many ornaments of the precious metals.

Chroniclers of the time describe a magnificent portable altar of sapphire, containing wonder-working relics, presented to Glastonbury by St. David, who received it from the Patriarch of Jerusalem during his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It was said to have been supernaturally conveyed to Glastonbury. During the troublous time of the wars between the Saxons and Danes, it was concealed for many years, and its hiding-place forgotten; ultimately it was discovered in a recess of the church of Our Lady. On the dissolution of the monastery it was sent to King Henry VIII.

King Ina also founded and liberally endowed the Monastery of Glastonbury, which acquired a great reputation. In the ninth century it was ravaged by the Danes, and lay waste until the time of King Edmund, who, in 946, appointed St. Dunstan abbot, and supplied him with funds to repair all that the Danes had ruined. Dunstan had been educated at Glastonbury; he introduced the strict Benedictine Rule and reformed the discipline and manners of the monks. Several

of the later kings made magnificent donations to the church and monastery.

After the Norman Conquest, the Norman abbots began rebuilding the churches and monastic edifices after their own grand manner. Henry of Blois, brother to King Stephen, while Abbot of Glastonbury restored the Major Ecclesia, and on his death left a sum of money to keep a wax taper constantly burning before an image of the Blessed Virgin in the *vetusta ecclesia*.

In the year 1184 almost the whole of the beautiful buildings were destroyed by fire. The venerated ancient chapel did not escape. It was rebuilt on the same site,—a church constructed of "square stones of excellent workmanship, profusely ornamented," replacing the original lowly structure. The Major Ecclesia, dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, was also rebuilt.

All that now remains of the splendid buildings, the hallowed precincts wherein kings and queens, archbishops and prelates esteemed it an honor and a privilege to obtain a place of sepulture, are the ruins of the greater church—a broken arch of lofty height, and part of the walls on either side, besides St. Joseph's Chapel, the most perfect and most important part of the ruins; it is almost entire, except the roof, and the great arch which separates the chapel from the portico that led to it. The style is Gothic; at the southwest and northwest angles were formerly towers, terminating in a lofty pyramid of stone, and containing a staircase within them. On the side of the south door is the inscription, IESVS, MARIA. Where the ivy that clothes the walls is cleared away, a variety of emblematic designs may be seen. Smooth turf now carpets the spot where no marble was too costly, no tessellated pavement too gorgeous to be laid, so profound was the reverence felt for it. At the beginning of the last century, close to the ruins was discovered a holy well, the water of which is recorded to have effected, even in more recent times, many wondrous cures.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, the venerable Abbot of

Glastonbury, Richard Whiting, had the courage to be faithful to his conscience. Nothing could prevail on him to surrender his monastery, or acknowledge the Royal Supremacy. He was seized and dragged up to the Tor Hill, whence he could obtain a last view of his beloved monastery; and there, after the barbarous custom of the times, he was hanged and quartered. Two of his monks were executed with him; the others were shortly after turned out into the wide world to seek their fortunes, while the magnificent Abbey, surpassing in antiquity if not in value all the abbeys in England except Westminster, was despoiled of its valuables, demolished, and left waste and desolate.

It is this property, together with the abbey mansion which it is proposed to convert into an Anglican missionary training college, that the Bishop of Bath and Wells is now raising funds to re-purchase. It is openly stated that it was the great desire of those who took part in the scheme of purchase to keep the Abbey out of the hands of Catholics, and this, unfortunately, has been successfully accomplished.

A Gratifying Change.

HOWEVER it may be with newspapers, there is a growing disposition on the part of literary journals to do justice to the Church and her members. Rebukes to bigotry and misrepresentation are now not infrequent in the class of scholarly periodicals represented by the London *Athenæum*. One forgets occasional outbursts of the anti-Catholic spirit in writers for that journal, on reading some of its leading reviews. In a recent number generous praise is given to the fifth volume of the new "Political History of England," by Mr. Herbert Fisher. But the fine style, brilliant characterization, and eminently sane appreciation of certain personages, do not blind the reviewer to the defects of the work, the chief of which is "a profoundly, if unconsciously,

Protestant attitude" in regard to those religious changes with which the main theme of the book is concerned.

"It is here," says the critic, "that Mr. Fisher parts company with some of the best authorities on the period. He blames Mr. Gairdner for his 'seeing inability to recognize that there was any popular spiritual impulse behind the Reformation.' He himself errs in the opposite direction; . . . and though he is for the most part careful to give both sides of a question, his conclusions are not always consistent with the premises. Though the essential cynicism of Henry's dealings with the Papacy is abundantly shown, there is a tendency to exaggerate the coincidence of the royal policy with the feeling of the nation. Mr. Fisher assumes the permanence and universality of an 'anti-clerical' spirit, and interprets it as a sign of the times. That such a spirit did manifest itself in certain crises is undeniable; but we have the testimony of Sir Thomas More that normally there was no such feeling before the introduction of Lutheran teaching, and there is ample evidence besides of the loyalty of laymen to their churches and their clergy."

Three other passages of this review are equally interesting, not only on account of the information which they afford, but as further illustrations of the non-Catholic reviewer's fairness. He writes:

Elsewhere Mr. Fisher expresses his surprise at the ease with which the Papal power was put off (p. 341). Surely the best explanation of this (apart from the terrorism of Tudor methods) is the bewilderment of men's minds not only at the plausibilities of argument put forth, but also especially as to the exact drift and tendency of the changes imposed by a king who boasted his orthodoxy before all things. The writer's assumptions are not borne out by his own admirable and vivid description of movements like the Pilgrimage of Grace. The neglect and abuses in the Church of the period are rightly emphasized, but their significance as the basis of an inevitable reformation is exaggerated. A reading of episcopal registers of the thirteenth century would give almost as sinister an impression as that derived from the complaints of the moralists in the early sixteenth

century. Nor does Mr. Fisher give any indication of the fact that real efforts for reform were being made (apart from the Erasmus movement) early in the century by prelates like Bishop Longland of Lincoln.

The same spirit affects the treatment of "Lollardy," and the continuity and popularity of that movement appear to be exaggerated. If the sporadic heretical movement in early sixteenth-century England was really continuous with the Lollardy of the fifteenth century, it had borne but little fruit, and there is little to show that it differed in character from those crude recurrences of popular heresy to which the Middle Ages were liable. People pronounced to be "godly women and manly martyrs of Christ" by a writer like Foxe, with his thesis to prove and his peculiarity of method, were not necessarily such to their contemporaries.

Much emphasis is laid on the economic harm done by the indiscriminate charity of the monks,—a view which rests chiefly on the reasonings of modern economists; but there is no real attempt to show from history the actual results to the country of the final suppression of the religious houses. Indeed, there is some inconsistency in the account supplied. In one paragraph (p. 370) we are told that "the monks were often strict landlords," and that probably "the lot of the peasantry was easiest on the monastic estates." It is true that evidence may be quoted to support both these views, but some attempt at judicial appraisal should have been made. On the whole, historians tend to believe that the problem of poverty was aggravated by the change of landlords. Mr. Fisher quotes the ballad literature of the day, which sometimes attacked the landed abbot; but he makes no mention of the spoken regrets of the people, especially in the conservative West and North, for their old landlords, and such requests for the restoration of the religious houses as those made by the people of Devonshire.

The important lesson which non-Catholics learn from such reviews as this—thank Heaven for the increasing frequency of them!—is that, no matter how great the scholarship of Protestant historians may be, due allowance is always to be made for their standpoint and the anti-Catholic prejudices by which they are inevitably, though unconsciously, swayed.

GENERALLY speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. Miracles of genius are miracles of labor.—*Sydney Smith.*

Notes and Remarks.

It is altogether probable that the exclusion of the Holy Father, the representative on earth of the Prince of Peace, from the present Conference at The Hague is for some such reason as caused the Holy See to be excluded from the first Peace Conference, eight years ago. The particulars of the intrigue by which this slight to the Holy Father was brought about are laid bare by a remarkable paper in the *Tribuna*, the organ of the Italian Foreign Office, the substance of which is presented in the *London Tablet* of June 22. The Italian Government so far has neither challenged nor denied the statements of the *Tribuna*. It seems that both Russia and France were strongly opposed to the exclusion from the Conference of the Sovereign who represents the greatest moral force in Christendom. Italy's own allies, Austria and Germany, were not unfavorable to the claims of the Vatican. But Italy objected. Her opposition might have been overborne had not the diplomacy of England intervened and sustained the objection. The Italian threat to withdraw from the Conference had to be taken seriously when she was able to make it clear that in that event Great Britain would follow her. And this threat on the part of the British Government to stab the Conference in the back was due, we are told, not to the blinding effects of the sort of honest bigotry which may sometimes lead the best judgments astray, but to the coldest calculation as to what was most likely to give pleasure to the Italian court, and so score a point in the great game of European diplomacy. It seems that the Italian sympathies for England had been chilled by the then recent arrangements with France in regard to Northern Africa; and the English Government thought a slight to the Pope a cheap price at which to buy back the good will of the Italians.

"The great game of European diplomacy" is not a bad phrase to describe the

intrigues which are at the bottom of many governmental actions which have startled and puzzled the world in recent years. The game is likely to become more and more interesting as the years go by. The fact that our own country has been drawn into it renders it necessary for us to watch the players at all points. And they will bear watching.

Although the Christian faith in any form appears a "baseless fabric" to Mr. Frederic Harrison, he nowhere argues against the Christian creed in his new book on "the religion of humanity." ("The Creed of a Layman.") While formulating agnostic opinions, he clings to Christian ethical ideals, and expresses contempt for mere scepticism. He assumes that "miracles do not happen." Which reminds us that another disciple of Comte, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, in specifying some of the arguments which weighed with him to accept the Catholic faith, places "first and above all" the overwhelming evidence for modern miracles and the conclusions from their occurrence.

"It is not a paradox, but sober truth," writes Mr. Paul in his "Memories," "to say that Positivism is Catholicism without God." And a non-Catholic critic, in reviewing Mr. Harrison's essays, is keen enough to observe: "They are pathetic; for in their attempt to resuscitate all the elements of worship without any of its material, and to parody the sacramental system of the Catholic Church, they appear indeed to be giving stones for bread, and striving to satisfy the eternal famine of the spirit with the most meagre of diets."

To this discerning critic, Mr. Harrison's book is evidence of the purely temporary and episodic character of Protestant individualism. "As for the religion of humanity," he writes, "we see no reason to believe that it will ever embrace a very wide circle of worshippers, or will afford more than a temporary refuge for those persons of agnostic opinions and Christian ethical ideals for whom it mainly caters. Indeed,

in our opinion, the words of its Founder on the nature of the kingdom of heaven form one of the best apologies for Christianity; and the Church will hold the field unless and until some substitute can be found equally comprehensible to childhood, and equally consolatory to old age and infirmity."

Of interest to that very large class of readers who are pleased with the business-like definiteness of statistical statement, is this from the accredited organ of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington:

Since the inception of the movement there have been given 1008 missions to Catholics, with 1,456,785 confessions; and 1468 missions to non-Catholics, with 6275 converts actually received by the missionaries, and over 60,000 left under instruction.

These, assuredly, are notable results, striking enough to inspire many a young cleric with the will to enter so fertile a field of priestly endeavor, and many a lay Catholic with the desire to further the efforts of the movement by the financial aid of which obviously it must stand in constant need.

Discussing the still unfinished state of St. Peter's, in the Eternal City, the editor of *Rome* casually remarks: "In the course of the next four or five centuries it will probably be entirely eased with marble in the interior."

We note this statement as illustrative of the difference between the European and the American viewpoint as to matters architectural. Four or five years for the completion of even a cathedral we are apt to consider a notable period; four or five decades we think of as an interminable era; and as for four or five *centuries*, that extent of time we find practically unthinkable altogether.

We are glad to see that Mr. Aroni, whose interesting letters from France continue regularly to appear in the *Evening Mail*, deems it altogether improbable that Lourdes will be sequestered, closed, or

suppressed. "The French Government," he writes, "indulges in desecration with discretion. The question has been asked in America, 'What will be done with Lourdes?' Nothing will be done with Lourdes. The anti-religionists need all the votes and all the deputies obtainable in future elections. Their fingers are still tingling from one thistle they grasped gleefully. Lourdes will be let alone. The lesson of the Chartreuse confiscation has not been lost. That one monastery not only created a demand for all the industry of neighboring communes, but brought thousands of visitors every year, who left behind money enough to make a dozen communities thrive. . . . There are no visitors now to the Grand Chartreuse, and a population stricken in purse thinks too much of 'the good old days' ever to listen in future to plausible atheistic, socialistic talk. No one has ever accused M. Clemenceau of being a fool. There will be no molestation of Lourdes."

So think we. If M. Clemenceau is no fool, he must be aware that the almost universal disquietude in France, the ill-disguised sympathy of the army with the people as against the Government, the prevalence of crime of all kinds in the Republic, the social questions which clamor for settlement,—that all this might be turned into a general revolution by a step less foolhardy than interference with Our Lady's Grotto in the Pyrenees. So the step will hardly be taken.

If Mr. Henry Wellington Wack were asked to substantiate, even in a general way, the charges against monks which so plentifully strew the pages of his recent book, "In Thamesland," he would find it a difficult task. On the other hand, it would be very easy for one moderately well versed in the history of the period with which Mr. Wack deals to convict him of prejudice and injustice by quoting from such reliable sources as "The Victoria History of the County of Oxford," or that of Suffolk, where monasteries of various

religious Orders were exceptionally plentiful. References to MSS. or printed authorities substantiate every statement. There can be no doubt as to the general purity of the lives of the numerous religious men and women of this country. So eminent an authority as Dr. Cox agrees with Mr. Arnold, the writer of the three volumes of "Memorials" in the Rolls Series, in concluding that, whatever may have been the failings of these monks in the more remote past, "they appear to have been well discharging their religious and social duties at the very time of their forcible dispersion." The same testimony is given regarding the many religious houses of Oxfordshire. The Rev. Mr. Salter has but little sympathy with the work accomplished by any of the old monastic Orders, and in writing the history of their English foundations he does not fail to let us know the worst that was revealed by monastic visitations. "But," as the London *Athenæum* remarks, "it is obvious that the monastic scandals, all of which were bound to be entered in episcopal act books, were few as compared with the visitations where no evil of any kind was discovered."

Mr. Henry Wellington Wack is one of a large class of persons who get their fiction and history badly mixed.

One of the associations most in the public eye in France—Catholic France—is that known as the Sillon (the Furrow). According to its leader, Marc Sangnier, it is a lay movement looking to the establishment in France of a democratic republic, honest, just, and brotherly. Priests owe their services to its members as to all others who seek their ministry; but, says M. Sangnier, priests as a rule should not be militant members of the association. Pius X. is of the same opinion. He recently told the Bishop of Bayonne: "I don't wish priests to enter the Sillon; they appear to be led by the laity, whereas *they* are constituted to be leaders and guides. Moreover, the movement is a purely lay one,

not at all a religious one. These young men are following a political ideal, and have placed themselves outside the guidance of the Catholic hierarchy. Priests should not be mixed up with the movement. . . . At the same time be good to these young men; they are sincere and generous." Briefly, the Sillon, being an exclusively social movement, is tolerated by the Vatican, even though the Sovereign Pontiff does not like all its tendencies. In the case of the "Autonomous Democratic Christians of Italy," apart from social work, there is the meddling with the religious reform movement; hence their condemnation by the Pope.

The celebration of the recent festival of St. Anthony of Padua was invested with peculiar solemnity at Portishead, near Clifton, England. The occasion therefor was thus referred to in the sermon of Clifton's Rt. Rev. Bishop:

This is indeed a day of joy to all of us, not only because we are celebrating together the annual recurrence of the feast of the great St. Anthony of Padua, but because we are doing our little best, in an humble way, by our presence here to-day, to testify the welcome which we, all of us, extend to that great branch of the Franciscan Order which is known as the "Franciscan Minor Conventuals," who at last, after a long absence of three hundred and fifty years, return again to the island where once they flourished so widely that, as a matter of fact, we know the whole of England was covered with the houses of these Franciscan Fathers.

Readers of English history do not need reminding of the admirable work done for the Church by oldtime English Franciscans; and the return of the Order to its former home promises well for the continued growth of Catholicity in the land that was once known as "Mary's Dowry."

Astronomical science has suffered a loss that will be widely felt by the death of Father Karl Bauer, the founder of the observatory at Kalocsa, in Hungary, and the inventor of a number of valuable meteorological instruments. He was a member of the Society of Jesus.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

The title 'FOR YOUNG FOLK' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. A cherub-like figure is integrated into the letter 'F'. A banner or ribbon weaves through the letters, containing the text 'UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER'.

The Fault of Evelyn Davis.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

HERE is nothing more reprehensible in a child, or, in fact, in a grown person, than curiosity about matters which do not concern them. I remember a little girl, who was engaging, clever, and attractive in every other way; but it seemed well-nigh impossible for her to control the spirit of curiosity, which dominated all her other traits of mind and heart. She had even formed the contemptible habit of listening outside of doors,—a practice which caused her mother great mortification and anxiety.

Mrs. Davis was a widow. She had two sons, Julius and George, beside this only daughter, Evelyn. The boys were several years older than their sister, and were away at school. Mrs. Davis herself conducted Evelyn's studies.

Evelyn's curiosity was insatiable. Often the servants found her outside their rooms, listening to their conversation, when the doors were ajar. Frequently she would stand behind the portières of the back drawing-room when her mother was entertaining a visitor. This serious defect grieved her mother, who knew that it would soon render the child an object of detestation to all who knew her.

One day, in company with her mother, and an old nurse who had been ill and to whom Mrs. Davis had wished to give an outing, Evelyn had gone to a large park, situated at quite a distance from her own home. Arrived there, they seated themselves upon a bench, where they remained for some time. A lady and gentleman who were walking in the park came and sat down at the other end of the bench. They were speaking in low tones. Evelyn,

who was watching them, gradually moved away from her mother's side and soon got herself within hearing distance of the newcomers, who did not observe her. Apparently absorbed in sticking the point of her parasol in the gravel, she was eagerly listening. After a time Mrs. Davis spoke a few words to the nurse, who concealed herself behind some shrubbery, while her mistress rose and walked rapidly away.

Some moments passed; the gentleman and lady also rose to take their departure, and Evelyn turned toward the spot where her mother had been. Amazed and alarmed at the disappearance—for she was in a strange part of the city, without a cent of money to pay her car fare,—the child began to walk quickly up and down, calling "Mamma! mamma!" But no one answered. There were not many persons about, as it was early in the morning; and she ran hither and thither, in a state of great trepidation. Finally she walked toward the entrance of the park, tears streaming down her cheeks. She was only ten years old. At this juncture the nurse appeared from the shrubbery and soon joined her. To the reproachful questionings of Evelyn she replied that her mother had wished to cure her of her obnoxious habit by frightening her. When Mrs. Davis made her appearance, she reproved Evelyn severely, and the child really seemed very much ashamed of what she had done.

But the old habit soon reasserted itself. Her brothers had returned from school, and one morning they both went up to their room after breakfast. Evelyn was about to go down town with her mother, and was partially dressed when she heard them coming. "I will hide behind the door," she thought, "and listen to what the boys are saying." Accordingly she

threw on her mother's white dressing gown, which was lying on the sofa, and stole into their room, which communicated with her-own. She hid behind a curtain which concealed a three-cornered space where her brothers kept their fishing-tackle. The skirt of the dressing gown, being very long, was spread out on the floor; and Julius, the elder of the boys, at once divined who was behind the curtain. He made a sign which his brother understood, and immediately began as follows.

"George, it is too bad—isn't it?—that mother feels compelled to take such severe measures with Evelyn as to send her to a school for the deaf and dumb!"

"Yes, indeed it is," rejoined George, almost choking with laughter. "I can hardly help crying when I think of the poor little thing in that silent place, where she will never hear a sound."

"It is a pity," said Julius. "But something must be done. She can not grow up that way. And in such a place it will be impossible for her to listen, as they use only the deaf and dumb language."

"The teachers speak to one another—don't they?—when they are together?"

"I suppose they do, but Evelyn would never be with *them*. She would be with the pupils."

"Do you think she will have to study by means of the deaf and dumb signs?"

"I suppose so," answered Julius. "It will not be very hard for her to learn the alphabet."

"How long will she have to stay there?" inquired George, still choking with laughter.

"A year at the least. And did you know, George, that while we are here during the vacation, and because she listened at the door when we were planning the picnic as a surprise, mother is going to have her hair cut off, and oblige her to wear a wadded cap, made of lace, so that she can not hear at all unless people speak to her in a loud voice?"

"No. It will make her look like a guy, won't it?"

A sob came from behind the curtain.

"What is that?" cried Julius, springing to his feet. "And see that white thing! What can it be? Stay here, George. I will be back in a moment."

Julius ran downstairs, but returned presently, followed by his mother and Catherine the nurse.

"We think a crazy woman has escaped and found her way into our room," he said. "We heard a moan, and she seems to have on a long white garment of some kind. Shall I draw the curtain, mother?"

But Evelyn did not give him the opportunity. Throwing it aside, and falling over the train of the dressing gown, she flew into her mother's arms, crying:

"O mamma, I will be good! I promise you never to listen again if you will not send me to the deaf and dumb asylum."

The mother was astonished, not knowing what the child meant. But the boys explained; and Evelyn retired, crestfallen and ashamed.

For three or four weeks all went well, but Evelyn was not yet cured. Mrs. Davis, planning a little surprise party for the child, had taken the boys into her confidence. Evelyn noticed that something unusual was going on, and her curiosity once more began to reassert itself.

One night she had been sent to bed rather earlier than usual. She heard voices in the library below, and resolved to listen outside the door. It was a dangerous proceeding, but the temptation was too strong to be resisted. She stole softly down the stairs, and placed her ear close to the keyhole, but she could hear nothing. Then she went through a short hall at the back of the library, from which a very narrow opening, covered by a portière, led into the room. There she could hear everything—the plans for the party, the children who were to be invited, and even the gown her mother was making for her.

Suddenly a door leading from the pantry opened, and the cook appeared, carrying a lamp in her hand. Evelyn shrank into the shadow of the curtain,

but not far enough to escape collision with the cook, who did not see her, and who stumbled over her crouching figure, letting the lamp fall. Uninjured, the woman sprang to her feet; but not so Evelyn. Her light night-dress at once took fire. Her brothers ran out, pulled down the curtain and wrapped it around her; but she was already severely burned in several places.

When the doctor had come and gone, and her mother sat by the bed where the child lay swathed in bandages, Evelyn said:

"Mamma, even if it had not happened I should never have listened again. I felt so ashamed when I heard what a nice surprise you were preparing for me, that I was just going to steal upstairs again, when Maria fell over me. Indeed, indeed, mamma, I was going to do it!"

"I believe you, my poor child!" said her mother. "Thank God you are not seriously burned, though you must be in severe pain. Go to sleep now, dearest, and think only of getting well."

Evelyn was entirely cured of the serious fault which had threatened to ruin her life. It is doubtful if the temptation to listen ever again assailed her; but if it did, a slight scar on her left cheek must have effectually reminded her of the unfortunate past.

Our Lady's Dowry.

That England is indeed "Mary's Dowry" is plain from the names of the churches and chapels there. Most of them bear our Blessed Mother's name or one of her titles as their special distinction. A glance into Father Bernard Kelly's book, "English Catholic Missions," shows us long lists of "St. Mary's," "Our Lady of the Angels," "of the Assumption," "of Mt. Carmel," "of the Immaculate Conception," "of Martyrs," "of Grace," "of Light," "of Ransom," and "of the Sea." It is also common to couple the name of a saint with the Blessed Virgin's, as "Our Lady and St. Joseph," "Our Lady and St. Wilfrid," "Our Lady and St. Alphonsus," etc.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—A FAIRY FÊTE.

"I don't know how to dance, and I've got no good clothes, so what's the use of my going in and making a guy of myself?" said Tom, grimly, as, on the day of Dorothy's party, he and his pupil were talking the matter over, after two hours of struggle with Cæsar and his legions, on the study porch.

"Pooh!" said Chip. "It's no dress-up affair."

"And if that's the only trouble, we're about the same height and you might get into a suit of mine," suggested Bert, who had sauntered lazily out to see if lessons were over.

"Thanks!" said Tom. "But you know what happened to the jackdaw, Bert. No, I'm not in for the dance. I'm looking for an easier job." And Tom showed his white teeth in a pleasant smile.

"Lank is the queerest old mule head!" said Chip petulantly, as he and Bert betook themselves to their own room to dress that night. "When he puts his foot down in that plaguy, good-natured way, you can't budge him."

"I wouldn't try," said Bert, quietly. "He knows what he wants and how he wants it. Boys of that pattern always do. *We* don't, Chip."

So it happened that when the festive hour arrived, Tom had vanished no one knew where. And even the pretty queen of the fête had no time to wonder; for never in all her experience of birthday parties, since that first dimly remembered one when there were only three pink candles on the cake, and Chip had chewed one of these up under the impression that it was an especial birthday dainty, had there been any festivity quite so delightful as this.

Rugged old Tiptop was a blaze of rainbow light. Japanese lanterns glimmered

everywhere through the dusky shadows, while on every pointed gable of the rustic roof a big calcium light flamed out into the night, guiding the merry guests who, after leaving the wagons and carriages that could come only halfway up the steep mountain, trooped gaily up the rocks. The camp itself was like some queer enchanted place. With its rustic pillars and balconies wreathed and garlanded, its banks of ferns and laurel, and curtains of hanging vines, it seemed built of living leaf and bloom for just such a fairy revel; while three fiddlers and a banjo, hidden in the upper gallery, filled the air with gay music that made every toe tingle.

Dorothy, with her cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling, was the very spirit of it all. True, one lace ruffle of her French gown was hopelessly gone before half the evening was over; and the brown curls so carefully arranged by Mademoiselle had tumbled loose from ribbon and pin, in a rippling flow. But such little accidents never counted with the young mistress of Tip-top.

"It's just the nicest party I ever had," she confided to Bert, as they paused to take breath and iced lemonade in a pink laurel bower. "Last year mamma had a caterer from town, and the floors waxed till we couldn't stand on them; but everything was stiff and poky and horrid."

"Nothing stiff and poky about us to-night," said Bert, surveying the scene. "It looks like a fairy story let loose."

"Doesn't it?" said Dorothy, delightedly. "And yet some of the girls and boys I invited said they couldn't come because it was such a climb over the rocks. That would never stop me."

"No, I don't think it would," replied Bert, laughing.

"Anything that is worth reaching is worth climbing for," continued Dorothy; "and I hate people who are too lazy to try things, don't you?"

"Well, I—I—don't know," answered Bert, hesitatingly.

"I do; I'd never stand back for rocks,

I am sure," answered Dorothy, with a toss of her loosened curls, as she thought of her recreant guests. "And as for climbing"—the speaker laughed a soft, silvery laugh,—"I'm good as a boy at it. If I could only find something to hold to, I believe I'd climb to the stars."

Lazy Bert felt an odd stir in his heart as he listened. Had he not been dawdling along flowery ways, afraid of a climb? Little Dorothy's laughing words were his first call to the stars.

"Do let us sit down," said Grace More wearily to the dapper boy in soldier uniform who had been her partner. "The floor is so rough I can't dance another step. It was so queer and selfish in Dorothy to have a party up in a camp like this."

"About as jolly a place for a summer lark as I ever saw," replied Rick Manning. "But don't call it a camp,—Je-ru-sa-lem, no! Chip Irving ought to turn out with us Institute fellows for a summer, and learn what a real camp is. Hot swash for coffee, cold swash for soup, hard beds, hard-tack, hard work! This a camp!" The young warrior looked around at the flower-wreathed room, where Toke and his assistants had begun to dispense gleaming jellies and rainbow ices. "I'd like to see the sort of soldiers you could turn out here."

"Doesn't Dorothy look lovely to-night?" purred Edna Leigh to Ned Greydon, as they sat near the big laurel-wreathed fireplace.

"She always does," said Ned, warmly.

"If she'd only be a little more tidy," continued Edna, softly. "She has torn her beautiful dress and her hair is all down now. Dorothy is such a tomboy. Mamma told me when I came here if I caught any of Dorothy Irving's tricks, she'd lock me up."

"Dreadful!" said Ned, with a roguish gleam in his eyes. "But you couldn't, you know, even if you tried."

"No, I couldn't," said Miss Edna,—"I just couldn't climb trees and tear my clothes and shout and run like Dorothy.

And Maude Forest is another just like her,—so careless and untidy. I don't see why she wears pink when she has such blowzy red cheeks. I'd rather be chalky white, like Lena, who never has any color at all."

"She doesn't need it," said Ned, looking toward the pretty, fair-faced cousin with whom Chip was dancing. "She is a sort of lily-kind, you know."

"People say she chews slate-pencils, but I don't believe that. She is just sickly naturally," said this "friendly" gossip. "I'd like Lena right well if she were not such an everlasting cry baby."

"A cry baby? My! I'd never think that."

"Oh, she is!" said Edna. "Boohoed right out loud in class when she heard Grace More had won the history medal last year. Sister said she had been sitting up half the night to study and was nervous. They are awfully soft on Lena at St. Mary's. She's the goody-goody kind, and Grace had cheated."

"Oh, she had!" said Ned, whose eyes were dancing wickedly at these charitable revelations.

"Awfully," replied Edna. "Had all the dates written inside her cuffs. Dates are perfectly horrid things to remember, don't you think so?"

"I suppose they are," said Ned. "I never tried anything but eating them, so I can't say."

"You horrid boy, you know very well what I mean," pouted Miss Edna, suddenly realizing that Ned was laughing at her.

"No, I don't know anything, but I'm learning lots. Tomboys, cry babies, cheats. How nice it must be for you girls to be up here together when you're such great friends!" said Ned, with a wicked grin.

"Oh, it is!" said Edna, resuming her soft, pussy purr. "And I do hope we'll keep friends, though Dorothy got furious with Grace yesterday. It was all I could do to smooth things out. They both have dreadful tempers, you know; and it would be such a pity to have a quarrel, don't you think so?"

"Well, no," said Ned, bluntly. "I don't like this claw-under-the-mitten business. Give me an honest out-and-out scrap every time,—one of your old knock-down and drag-off fights. No gloves for me, thank you!" laughed Ned grimly, as Miss Edna's partner came to claim her for the next waltz. "They scratch too deep."

"There! you've danced enough, Lena," said Chip, swinging his pretty, lily-faced partner off into a vine-wreathed corner. "You can't stand the racket like the other girls. Let's sit down here and rest."

"I am just a little bit tired," said Lena, dropping with a sigh of relief into a big mission chair. "But don't let me keep you here, Chip. There are a dozen partners waiting for you, I know."

"Let them wait," said Chip, taking a camp-stool beside her. "I've earned a few minutes' rest too. I never did care much for dancing, anyhow."

"Oh, I do! I love it!" said Lena, with a little, low, happy laugh. "We're having such good times altogether, Chip. I have to pinch myself sometimes to be sure I'm awake, and it's not all a lovely, lovely dream."

"I'm glad," said Chip, simply. "It's all right up here for boys, I know; but I have not been quite sure that you girls liked it."

"Oh, we do,—we do!" replied Lena, quickly. "How can we help liking it, Chip? You see I had been studying right hard for the examinations and needed a change, the doctor said. And, oh, I've had it! I'm just enjoying every minute from morning until night, aren't you?"

"Well, yes," said Chip, with some hesitation,—“all except this coaching business. I'd like to cut that out, I must say."

"Oh, that's too bad,—I mean I'm sorry you feel that way! Are you very, very far behind the other boys, Chip?"

"Miles," answered Chip, grimly. "Out of sight and reach except for Lank, who is trying to haul me along, as you see."

"Oh, I do see!" answered Lena, with her soft, low laugh. "And I suppose it is hard to go off and study when everybody—"

else is free and jolly. But, of course, you have to catch up, Chip. I'm only a girl, and it doesn't count so much, but it would kill me to be left behind."

"Would it?" asked Chip. "Why?"

"Oh, *every* why! For one thing, I suppose it's awfully proud and vain of me, but I'd be *ashamed*. And then, too, I want to learn—oh, about everything, Chip!—about the stars and flowers and stones and countries and people. Sister Beatrice, our teacher, says it's such a pity to sleep away our time in this beautiful world, with our eyes and ears shut. I want to be wide-awake and see and hear and know. Of course I'm only a girl, and not very strong at that," continued Lena, with a little sigh; "but if I were a boy I'd want to do things too."

"What sort of things?" asked Chip.

"Oh, I don't know exactly! Just fine, great things."

"But if—if you had plenty of money already?" began Chip, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I wouldn't care for money!" interrupted Lena,—“I mean I wouldn't think so much of that. Of course people must have it, I suppose; but I should try for something better. I'd like to be a great doctor and be able to cure people's pain and make them strong and happy and well; or a splendid lawyer, to talk up for poor, cheated, helpless people.”

"Lank is your sort, I guess, Lena," said Chip, a little gloomily. "My head is no good for anything at all."

"O Chip, yes, it is,—yes, it is! Just think how quickly you got that puzzle in the newspaper last night,—even more quickly than Tom Langley himself. And last Christmas when you were at our house, and father saw you showing the boys how to build a snow fort, he said your name certainly did suit you: you were a real 'chip' of the old block."

"And my old block of a dad is something worth chipping from, isn't he?" said Chip; "though everybody doesn't know it. Here are all these stupid dunderheads raging against him because he wants to

cut their old rotten timber down and give them an honest living working his sawmill. He's a great old dad, as you say, Lena, and it would be a shame if his namesake went back on him; and I won't, you may depend upon it!"

"You'll be a chip in earnest. Come! I'm rested now; let's finish our waltz," said Lena, who, unlike many an older partner, knew when to talk and when to dance.

But as Chip whirled his pretty little cousin away, her words seemed echoing through the soft waltz music.

"Ashamed to be left behind,—make something great of myself,—a chip of the old block."

Little, low-voiced, lily-faced Lena had sent coursing through Chip's curly head thoughts that Cæsar and all his legions had never roused.

(To be continued.)

The Great Wall of China.

This gigantic work, the great wall of China, is called in Mongolian the White Wall, and in Chinese the Wall of 10,000 Li. While at the present time much of it has been allowed to fall into decay and is only a mass of ruin, the wall was once 1250 miles long, stretching over high hills and deep valleys, and even across wide rivers. When it is remembered that the height of this defence, for such it was, is thirty-five feet, and its thickness twenty-one feet, and that it is surfaced with brick faced with granite blocks, some idea of the stupendous magnitude of the construction may be formed. As to the date of its building, recent researches indicate the latter part of the fourteenth century; although three centuries before Christ, an earthwork which in parts corresponded to the course of the present wall was thrown up against the incursions of the Tartars. The direction followed in the construction of the great wall was from the western frontier of Kiang-su, eastward, with great bends north and south, to the sea at Shan-hai-kwan.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—From the International Catholic Truth Society comes an excellent pamphlet of thirty pages, "The Mass, the Proper Form of Christian Worship," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. M. Lucey.

—Under the title "Little Helps and Daily Aids," by M. A. Riley, the Christian Press Association have brought out a 64mo. of 300 pages, made up of short meditations, pious reflections and considerations, litanies and prayers for every day in the week. A useful little volume.

—Something of a novelty in the literature of the Sacred Heart is "Consecration to the Divine Heart," a booklet of musical devotions, by Father de Zulueta, S. J. It is "offered for use at the annual consecrations of the world to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, lately decreed by his Holiness, Pius X." R. & T. Washbourn, publishers.

—We welcome the third volume of "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," by Mary E. Mannix. It contains interesting, well-written sketches of SS. Francis Xavier, Patrick, Louis, King of France, Charles Borromeo, Catherine of Siena, Elizabeth of Hungary, Margaret of Scotland, and Clare of Assisi. The little book, which is creditably produced, is thoroughly pleasing. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., of London, once printed an edition of Tennyson's works with the greatest possible care. The author and the printer's reader attended to every word and stop with close attention, and the work was passed to press with, as it seemed, no fault. A jog to the printer's elbow was the cause of a most ghastly misprint. When all was done, what ought to have been a faultless edition was marred by what seemed the grossest carelessness.

—The latest addition to the "Little Cousin Series" (Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.) is "Our Little Alaskan Cousin," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, who has written also of "Our Little Spanish Cousin." This series of juvenile books describes child-life in other lands, and is filled with quaint sayings, queer doings, and odd adventures. The volumes are attractively produced and illustrated in a way to please children. Mrs. Roulet's books are among the best in the series; but, being intended for general sale, they have no religious tone or purpose.

—A. G. Hyde contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* an article, "Reviewers and Reviewed: The New Culture," which contains much of

interest to the mighty tribe of authors and journalists. In the character of Mr. Brown, the writer says:

The assertion of those journalists who contend that the critic makes the author and his public, must be rigorously confuted; it would be more true to say that the author makes the critic and his journal as well, at least so far as its literary character is concerned. He supplies the pabulum, the basic substance, upon which the reviewer exercises such faculties as he may possess, be they acute or otherwise. The author, that is to say, places in the journalist's hands, entirely upon trust and without inquiry as to his moral or intellectual fitness, the work it may be of a lifetime, to be diffused by excerpt, epitome, or evisceration, among the thousands of average persons who read the paper he serves. Moreover, he supplies it without fee or charge,—a proceeding so contrary to all business principles that it proves him the same unmercantile creature to-day that he was before the Society of Authors attempted his sophistication. This, indeed, is the crux of the whole matter; and beside it the mere question of whether the critic makes the author, or the author the critic, or whether they make each other (which, to be just, is what they really do, or ought to do, under normal conditions), sinks into insignificance. In other words, the point is that, while the author and the critic together enliven the world's newspapers, the newspapers pay the critic for his share in the joint entertainment, but the author pays the newspapers (to the value of the book he and his publishers supply gratuitously) for the privilege of raising them above the standing of merely political or commercial sheets.

The journalist's side of the story is safe to be forthcoming in a later issue of the review quoted; but it is doubtful whether the force of the foregoing argument can be successfully broken.

—Art students the world over will welcome the reproductions from illuminated manuscripts issued by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and the British Museum. The latest addition to the former series is the Hours of Anne of Brittany, which is one of the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It contains forty illustrations representing Scriptural scenes, incidents in the lives of the saints, scenes of the months, etc. There are besides about 350 ornamental borders filled with foliage, flowers, and insects of all sorts. In the full-page pictures, the artist has reached his highest point in the Shepherds and Manger scenes with their wonderful lighting, the SS. Cosmo and Damien, the St. Luke, the St. Peter Martyr, the St. Margaret, and the Kiss of Judas. The work was illuminated by Jehan Bourdichon and finished before 1508.—The first series of British Museum reproductions is on the lines of the series issued by the Bibliothèque Nationale. Three of the illuminations reproduced are Byzantine, fourteen of the English School, sixteen of the French, six of the Flemish, two of the German, and nine of the Italian. The fine Winchester example and the tinted outline drawings of the Early English School, the Egerton

Book of Hours, and the Apocalypse, the Queen Philippa Psalter, and the beautiful initial in plate 16, are particularly good reproductions of English work; and the French School is almost as well represented. The Flemish examples include one of the Mandeville miniatures—that of the Emperor receiving the relics of the Passion,—and the fine Corbichon page, which seems to gain in value from its reduction. The Italian examples are at their best in the Aristotle title-page (plate 47). The moderate price of these admirable works brings them within reach of all who would be especially interested in them.

—A common delusion of young writers is that, in case of rejection, their productions have not been examined by the publisher, and that an introduction is necessary in order to secure his attention. Nothing could be more erroneous. The fact is that every article sent to a magazine or newspaper is sure to be attentively considered. A well-known publisher has this to say on the subject, and the general truth of his statement will not be questioned by any one who has had experience in publishing or editing: "A publisher wants authors quite as much as these want a publisher, and they may always be sure that the MSS. are fairly considered. That difference of opinion may take place is no more than likely, since it can not be expected that an author and critic will always take the same view of the excellence of a MS.; but a really good work is pretty sure of acceptance before it has gone to many publishers. The legends of first-rate works having been the round of all the publishers may be fairly rejected as having an extremely small amount of truth, if any, in them."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
 "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
 "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.

- "A Method of Conversing with God." Father Boutauld, S. J. 30 cts.
 "Round the World." Vol. III. 85 cts.
 "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 Coming of the Saints." John W. Taylor. \$3.

Obituary.

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

- Rev. John McDonald, of the diocese of Syracuse; and Rev. Michael O'Brien, S. J.
 Mother Mary Joseph and Sister Mary Isabelle, of the Order of Mercy.
 Brother Dennis, C. S. C.
 Mr. J. E. Nixon, Mr. August Schubert, Mr. Morgan McHuerney, Miss M. V. Lloyd, Mrs. E. M. Mooney, Mr. James Ward, Mr. Paul McSweeney, Miss Marguerite Davis, Mr. Bernard McDonnell, Mr. John Weber, Mr. M. O'Flahaven, Mrs. Arnold Miller, Mr. Daniel Kelleher, Mr. Philip Brown, and Mrs. Frances Balley.
Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 20, 1907.

NO. 3.

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

A Night Thought.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

NOW a million mansions are
 Each in sight of Heaven a star,
 Bright with fire and candlelight
 In the world's else murky night.
 In a million little beds
 Golden heads are sleepy heads;
 Fathers, mothers, leaning look,
 One small face this heavenly book.
 Men and women lean above,
 Silent in a trance of love;
 Sin nor selfishness may come
 Straying in this halidom.

 Children white and children brown,
 In the country, in the town,
 In hot deserts, in the cold,
 Keep the world from growing old.
 Now the mother Esquimaux
 In the ice-fields, by the floe,
 Clasps her furry babe from harms,
 Rocks all heaven within her arms.
 Indian mothers sit and sing
 To each golden baby thing,—
 Some old sleepy song was sung
 First when the old world was young.

 Chinese children, little moons,
 Turn life's discords into tunes;
 Babies black on Afric strands
 Smile: Time's sands are golden sands.
 God looks down well pleased to mark
 In earth's dusk each rosy spark,—
 Lights of home and lights of love,
 And the child the heart thereof.
 Parents kneel at evenfall,
 And one prayer the prayer of all:
 "Strike me if Thou wilt, Thy clod,
 So the child goes safe, dear God!"

Devotion to Our Lady in the Celtic Church.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

DEVOTION to the Mother of God,
 being a test of orthodoxy, is the
 special characteristic of the Cath-
 olic Church. Hence Our Lady is known
 as the "destroyer of heresy." This, per-
 haps, is only what we might expect; for
 in the opening pages of the Old Testament
 we read that her foot was destined to
 destroy the serpent's head, and so estab-
 lish victory over the enemy of God.
 Therefore, we need feel no surprise that
 the adherents of the so-called Reformation
 have always displayed considerable zeal
 in inventing arguments against the ex-
 istence of devotion to Mary in the earlier
 ages of the Church. Needless to say, their
 anxiety on this point is born of prejudice,
 which in its turn is the offspring of calumny,
 falsehood, and misrepresentation.

Many non-Catholics, apparently, imag-
 ine that devotion to Our Lady is some-
 thing taken away from devotion to Our
 Lord, and therefore is incompatible with
 that perfect worship which is His due.
 We can assure them that it is nothing of
 the kind. The only claim Our Lady has
 to our homage is her close relationship
 with her Divine Son. In other words,
 Catholic veneration of Mary is but one
 aspect of devotion to Jesus Christ Himself.

Moreover, we commend to the con-
 sideration of non-Catholics this striking
 fact—namely, that in the Church which
 has always maintained the cultus of the
 Blessed Virgin there has ever existed the

most uncompromising teaching regarding Christ's divinity. At the present day there is an ever-increasing number of nominal Christians who deny that Christ is God, and, for this reason among others, that their forefathers repudiated devotion to Mary.

PRIMITIVE TESTIMONY.

Apart from the witness of the New Testament, through which we learn that this devotion began with Gabriel's *Ave Maria*, there exists an unbroken tradition regarding Catholic veneration of Our Lady. This tradition peeps out not only in the decrees of General Councils, but in the writings of the Fathers and in many of the monuments of antiquity. Thus during the second century St. Irenæus writes: "As Eve was seduced to fly from God, so was the Virgin Mary induced to obey Him, that she might become the advocate [paraclete] of her who has fallen." St. Justin Martyr, Tertullian and St. Irenæus not only agree in declaring that the Blessed Virgin was the physical instrument of the Incarnation, but "an intelligent, responsible cause of it." St. Jerome thus summarizes the Church's primitive teaching: "Death by Eve, life through Mary." St. Augustine would seem to anticipate the definition of the Immaculate Conception when he writes: "Now, with the exception of the Holy Virgin Mary, touching whom, out of respect to Our Lord, when we are on the subject of sins, I have no mind to entertain the question. . . ."*

The position of Mary as Mother of God is certainly the highest that can be ascribed to any human being. Yet it is this which is given her in the Gospels. Therefore, when the Council of Ephesus, in the year 431, solemnly defined her title of *Theotokos*, it was no new article of faith, but it became, by Divine Providence, a means of stimulating an already existing devotion. The date of this Council introduces us to the more immediate subject of this paper—namely, the position of Our Lady in the

early Celtic Church; for it was at this very time that Christianity was being preached to the Celtic people of Scotland and Ireland by missionaries authorized by Rome.

ROME, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND.

Almost every non-Catholic writer on the doctrine and history of the early Church in these countries, has repeated the assertion again and again that the cultus of the Blessed Virgin formed no part of the faith delivered to the Celts by St. Ninian, St. Patrick, and St. Columba. In the light of the documentary evidence that has come down to us, it is difficult to understand how an assertion of this kind can be maintained.

In the first place, let it be remembered that the Celtic Church of the early centuries was in perfect accord with the rest of Christendom. The most complete identity regarding faith and Sacraments was strenuously maintained. The supreme authority, vested in St. Peter's successor, was duly acknowledged and obeyed. Hence, St. Ninian, Scotland's first apostle, was educated and ordained in Rome. St. Patrick, though trained in Gaul, was commissioned to preach to the Irish by the Bishop of Rome. And St. Columba, the famous apostle of Caledonia, was, as Adamnan tells us, venerated by the Churches of Gaul, Spain, and even of Rome. Furthermore, at the very time of which we speak schism was as yet unknown at Constantinople. The Greeks of the East were in full communion with the Latins of the West. Hence from the faith of Rome we may argue to the faith of Constantinople, and from the combined faith of Rome and Constantinople to that of distant Ireland and Caledonia.

It is interesting to recall the fact that St. Ninian was actually engaged in evangelizing the Southern Picts of Galloway when the Fathers of Ephesus were engaged in ascribing to Mary her glorious title of *Theotokos*. Pope Celestine, under whose auspices the Council assembled, was the very Pontiff who inaugurated the

* De Nat. et Grat. c. Peleg. 41.

mission of St. Palladius "to the Scots believing in Christ," and who entrusted the evangelization of Ireland to St. Patrick.

If these early apostles of Ireland, Pictland and Caledonia have bequeathed to us no written evidence of their belief in devotion to the Mother of God, other saints of the same period have done so. Listen, then, to the words of St. Poclus, a Bishop contemporary with St. Ninian, and, like him, in full communion with the Apostolic See of Rome. He is speaking to a fourth-century congregation, who have crowded the church, eager to hear from his lips Our Lady's praises. He says:

"There is nothing in this life like Mary, Mother of God. Let the whole world pass in imagination before thee, O man, and see if there be anything equal with or greater than the Holy Virgin Mother of God! Consider the earth, look at the sea, closely examine the stars, search with your intellect the heavens, think of the things not visible, and see if there be any miracle like her in all creation. . . . She is the only bridge of God to man; she is to be honored because she was the Mother, the maid-servant and the ark of God; she alone has brought healing to the anguish of Eve, alone wiped away the tears of her that was sobbing, alone has borne the price of the world's redemption."

These words express the belief and devotion of Catholics of the fourth century, and therefore of the apostle of the Southern Picts. But this is not the only testimony that has survived. St. Gregory Nazianzen, another fourth-century Bishop, in speaking to his flock, actually approved of prayers addressed to the Blessed Virgin. Evagrius, a contemporary of St. Columba, does not hesitate to express his belief in apparitions of Our Lady, in the same way as Catholics do at the present time. He relates that a certain nobleman who had befriended a wicked man named Anatolius, was rebuked by Our Lady in a vision. She appeared to him and asked him how long he intended to continue to take the

part of a man who had insulted her Divine Son.

St. Ephrem, another early writer, teaches us how he was accustomed to invoke Mary. He prayed thus: "O Virgin Mother of God, Gate of Heaven, in thee I have a secure salvation; save me out of thy pure mercy, O Lady!"

Numberless other instances might be brought forward, testifying to the universality of devotion to Mary at the time when Christianity was preached among the people of Britain and Ireland;* but the foregoing must suffice.

CELTIC SOURCES.

Among the scanty records that have come down to us, affording evidence of the faith of the ancient Celts regarding our Blessed Lady, the following are among the more important.

(1.) Gildas, the sixth-century historian, records an oath which was taken by Constantine, the Celtic King of Damonia. It was the oath of a man who evidently had been taught to invoke the Blessed Virgin; for it was uttered first in the presence of God, then before all the saints, and also before the Mother of God. Gildas himself speaks of being defended with "the donle shield of the saints," which of course would include Our Lady.

(2.) Presumably, nobody questions the constant intercourse that was maintained at this time between the Churches of Gaul and the Celtic monks. It is therefore of interest to note that the first formal feast of Our Lady introduced into the Liturgy of Western Christendom originated in Gaul during the sixth century. This would be at the very time when St. Columba and the second order of Irish saints were receiving their Gallican Mass from David, Gildas and Docus. Consequently, we have every reason to believe that this interesting festival, intended to honor Mary's divine maternity, was celebrated at Iona during the lifetime of the apostle of Caledonia.

* See Father Livins' work, "The Blessed Virgin in the Fathers of the First Six Centuries."

This important liturgical development is a clear indication, if such were necessary, that the Celtic Church took part in that great and universal outburst of devotion toward Mary which followed on the definition of the Council at Ephesus.

(3.) *Lex credendi est lex orandi*,—"The law of belief is the law of prayer,"—is a well-known saying. Hence we naturally expect to find something of what the ancient Celts believed concerning Our Lady embodied in their public and private devotions.

It is well known that several precious fragments of the Celtic Liturgy have been preserved to the present day, and it is to these that we naturally turn for evidence of the cultus of Our Lady. First among these liturgical documents must be ranked the MS. Mass Book, generally spoken of as the Stowe Missal. As to the antiquity of this volume, Mr. Edmund Bishop, one of the most eminent liturgists, is of opinion that it represents the Mass as celebrated not later than the early years of the seventh century. The Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, in a critical edition of the text of the Missal, informs us that the style of caligraphy belongs to a period anterior to the sixth century. Hence, the late Father Bridgett was probably not far wrong when he assumed that, with few variations, the Stowe Missal gives us the Mass as actually celebrated in Iona during the abbacy of St. Columba.

Turning to the pages of this most ancient Missal, we find its Canon, like that in use to-day, contains the prayer beginning with the word *Communicantes*. It runs thus: "Communicating with, and venerating in the first place, the glorious ever-virgin Mary, the Mother of God," etc. Furthermore, prefixed to the Canon is a litany, the opening invocation of which is the familiar, *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*,—an invocation which, as a matter of fact, epitomizes all our prayers to Mary.

Again, in the Stowe Mass for penitents, several petitions are made in honor of our Blessed Lady. Were this all the evidence

forthcoming from Celtic sources, it would suffice to overthrow the objections of so many non-Catholic authors; but there is much more of the same nature.

(4.) Another Missal, designated of Bobbio, is also a MS. of the seventh century. It was brought to Gaul either by St. Columbanus himself or by one of his immediate disciples. Among its contents are two Masses in honor of the Blessed Virgin,—one being in honor of her Assumption, and the other for her feasts in general. Here is a prayer culled from that for common feasts: "Hear us, O Lord, holy Father, all-powerful God, who, by the overshadowing of the womb of Blessed Mary, didst deign to illumine the whole world. We as suppliants pray Thy majesty that what we can not obtain by our merits we may receive through her protection. Moreover, we beseech Thee, O Lord, that the joys of Blessed Mary may accompany us, and by her merits may the handwriting of our sins be blotted out."

In the Assumption Mass Mary is saluted as "full of grace, the light of nations, the hope of the faithful, the spoiler of demons, a vessel of glory, a heavenly tabernacle." Then in conclusion it is said of her Assumption: "The Apostles render sacred homage to her, the angels chant her praise, Christ embraces her; the clouds are her chariot, heaven her dwelling-place, where, decked with glory, she reigns amidst the virgin choirs." Moreover, the Bobbio Canon venerates her with the usual solemn commemoration.

THE BOOK OF CERNE.

Besides the Missals just quoted, there are other monuments of Celtic Marian devotion. With a feeling of special interest we turn to the Book of Cerne, edited quite recently by the Benedictine, Dom Kuypers, from the Cambridge MS. This volume is a prayer-book which was in use in the first half of the ninth century, but it undoubtedly contains prayers of much earlier origin. Many of these ancient prayers, we are told by the learned

editor, emanated from distinctly Celtic sources. Mr. Edmund Bishop, in a valuable appendix, says that to some persons the *Cerne* prayers to the Blessed Virgin may appear to belong to either the ninth century or perhaps to the tenth. But when the matter is looked into, there is apparently no reason why these prayers should not be assigned to the seventh century, when devotion to Our Lady became so enthusiastic, especially in the East and in Spain, whence it passed over into Britain and Ireland. The following is a translation of one of these venerable Celtic orisons:

“Holy Mother of God, ever-virgin, blessed and meet to be blessed; renowned and truly worshipful; undefiled and pure; chaste and unspotted, Mary Immaculate, elect of God and well beloved; endued with peerless holiness, and altogether worthy of praise! Thou that pleadest the cause of all men in their great peril, hear us, hear us, graciously hear us! Holy Mary, pray for us, intercede for us, disdain not to succor us. For we are well assured, and we know for certain, that thou canst get thy every wish granted by thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who is God Almighty and King of all the ages, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth forever and ever. Amen.”

A LITANY.

From the treasures hidden away in the “*Leabhar Breac*,” or Speckled Book, there was brought to light not very many years ago an ancient Gaelic litany of Our Lady, which by so competent an authority as Professor O’Curry is considered to date back to the middle of the eighth century. Dr. Whitley Stokes, it is true, inclines to a later date; but Cardinal Moran, and other weighty authorities, adhere to O’Curry’s opinion. That this early date is not incompatible with such enthusiastic expressions of devotion is evident from the words of Mr. Edmund Bishop in his note to the Book of *Cerne*. The beautiful and exalted titles ascribed to Blessed Mary

in this Gaelic litany are almost Oriental in their richness of imagery, and can not fail to strike the reader as in some way resembling those of the familiar Litany of Loreto. The *Leabhar Breac* litany was brought to the notice of Pope Pius IX., who, to show how deeply he valued this old Celtic litany, graciously accorded an indulgence of one hundred days to those who devoutly recite it. As this litany is probably unknown to many readers of THE AVE MARIA, it may be of interest to quote some of its more striking invocations. The full text will be found in Cardinal Moran’s “*Essays on the Early Irish Church*”:

- O great Mary.
- O Queen of the Angels.
- O Blessed and Most Blessed.
- O Mother of Eternal Glory.
- O Mother of the Golden Heights.
- O Gate of Heaven.
- O Temple of the Divinity.
- O Solace of the wretched.
- O Star of the Sea.
- O Garden Enclosed.
- O Mother of God.
- O Perpetual Virgin.
- O Sanctuary of the Holy Spirit.
- O Virgin of the Root of Jesse.
- O Cedar of Mount Lebanon.
- O Crimson Rose of the Land of Jacob.
- O Light of Nazareth.
- O Glory of Jerusalem.
- O Beauty of the World.
- O Queen of Life.

HYMNS.

The custom of expressing in verse Catholic faith and devotion dates from the earliest ages. Christian hymns were sung as far back as the time of Pliny. It is, therefore, no matter for surprise that Celtic saints enshrined their veneration for the Mother of God in their sacred canticles. St. Cuchumíne’s hymn dates from the eighth century, and consists of thirteen strophes, each of which recalls some prerogative of our Blessed Lady. It thus begins:

In alternate measure chanting, daily sing we
 Mary’s praise;
 And, in strains of glad rejoicing, to the Lord
 our voices raise.*

* Translated by Potter.

It then continues to proclaim Mary "Mother of the great Lord, the venerable, the holy, the greatest Virgin." It declares that none before or after is found like unto her. The world has been restored through her virtue. She it was who wove Christ's seamless garment (emblem of the Church's unity); she it is who protects us from all assaults of the Evil One. The concluding strophe of this beautiful hymn, which deserves to be better known, is as follows:

Clad in helmet of salvation, clad in breastplate
shining bright,
May the hand of Mary guide us to the realms of
endless light!

The tender devotion of another Celtic poet, Sedulius by name (fifth century), has been embodied in the Liturgy of the Mass in the formula, *Salve sancta parens*,—"Hail, Holy Mother, who has given birth to the Almighty King, who rules both heaven and earth." These words have been hallowed by their use for centuries throughout the Church, and they still form the Introit for almost all Masses of our Blessed Lady.

THE PERPETUAL VIRGINITY.

As early as the time of St. Jerome, the perpetual virginity of Mary was assailed by heretics; many Protestants now dispute it. Its truth, however, is declared in the Apostles' Creed, as also in that of Nicæa, both of which, although drawn up after the departure of Our Lady from this world, style her a Virgin. That the ancient Celts held the orthodox teaching is clear from the profession of faith of St. Mochta, emanating from Ireland and presented to Pope St. Leo about the year 460. In terms most emphatic, the errors of Helvidius are rejected,—those very errors on the perpetual virginity which called forth one of the most famous works of St. Jerome.

But the Celts carry us a step higher, and not only do they fearlessly assert Our Lady's perpetual virginity, but they uphold her absolute sinlessness. Thus in a prayer ascribed to St. Brendan of Clon-

fort, who lived in the sixth century, we find the following: "Deliver me, O Lord, as Thou didst deliver Thy Mother, the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, from all corruption." And St. Columbanus thus writes on Psalm lxxvii: "Behold the Lord comes into Egypt in a light cloud. By the light cloud we ought to understand the body of our Saviour; for it was light and laden with no sin; or, certainly, we should interpret it of the Blessed Virgin; and beautifully is she called a cloud of day, for that cloud was never in darkness, but was always in light";* that is, was never involved in the shades of sin, but was ever arrayed in the beauteous light of heavenly grace.

Lastly, in the prayer of St. Colgu the Wise there is this petition: "I beseech the intercession with Thee of all the perfect virgin saints of the whole world, with the Virgin Mary, Thy Holy Mother herself, . . . from whom Thou didst receive Thy body without destruction of her virginity."

PICTURES AND DEDICATIONS.

Our Lady, moreover, was not unfrequently represented in ancient Celtic art. In the famous Book of Kells, written by St. Columba's own hand, and still preserved in Dublin, is to be seen a representation of the Blessed Virgin with her Divine Child. According to St. Gregory of Tours, it was customary during the sixth century thus to depict Our Lady in the churches of Gaul. Doubtless the practice found its way into Ireland and Scotland, and accounts for the illustration in connection with the Columban manuscript.

The Marian devotion so fondly cherished at home accompanied the Celtic missionaries when they travelled into Gaul and Switzerland and Italy. Thus at the beginning of the seventh century St. Columbanus erected at Bobbio an oratory under the invocation of the Virgin Mother of God,—*in honorem almæ Dei genitricis, semperque Virginis Mariæ*.

* Moran's "Essays," p. 233.

Another method of expressing this devotion was to place children of both sexes under the protection of Mary at the reception of holy baptism; hence the name "Maelmaire," which signifies "the servant of Mary." Furthermore, the numerous holy wells and churches bearing Our Lady's name, still existing throughout Ireland and Scotland, testify to the universality of devotion to the Mother of God in these lands from the earliest times.

Such was the faith and such were the practices of the Celtic Church. The evidence thus afforded establishes undeniable proof that the belief of the peoples of Ireland and Scotland regarding the Mother of God was, from the times of their first apostles, precisely that held now by the Catholic Church throughout the world.

CONTINUITY.

This love of Our Lady, formerly implanted in the hearts of the Gael inhabiting the western islands of Scotland by the monks of Iona, still lives. This is evident from the publication, a few years ago, of a work called "Carmina Gadelica," by Mr. Alexander Carmichael. This enthusiastic admirer of his country's ancient lore spent much time taking down, from the Highlanders of the West, their traditional hymns, verses and poems, which heretofore had never been committed to writing. And here it may be remarked that the heresy of John Knox is still unknown in several isles off the western coast of Scotland. It is in these remote regions that Our Lady's praises are still chanted in the Gaelic tongue, to plaintive tones which in all probability represent the actual music of the old Celtic Church.

But, alas! with the introduction of modern ideas most of these ancient pieces are perishing. Mr. Carmichael has, however, saved much from oblivion in his two beautiful volumes. Among so much that is quaint and fascinating it is not easy to make a choice, but a few specimens may suffice to give an idea of the whole.

(1.) Here is a portion of a poem on the

"Lord's Day." Similar compositions, we are told, may be traced back to the eighth century:

On the Lord's Day Mary was born,
Mother of Christ, of golden yellow hair.
On the Lord's Day Christ was born,
As an honor to men.

(2.) A typical Gaelic prayer runs thus when put into English:

O God,
In my deeds,
In my words,
In my wishes,
In my reason,
And in the fulfilling of my desires,
In my sleep,
In my dreams,
In my repose,
In my thoughts,
In my heart and soul always
May the Blessed Virgin Mary
And the promised Branch of Glory dwell,
Oh, in my heart and soul always
May the Blessed Virgin Mary
And the fragrant Branch of Glory dwell!

(3.) Another daily prayer is thus rendered:

From the top of my face to the edge of my soles,
O Michael mild, O Mary of glory,
O gentle Bride* of the locks of gold,
Preserve ye me in the weakly body,
The three preserve me on the just path,—
Oh, three preserve me on the just path!

Let the reader note the Gaelic fondness for repetition.

(4.) The following quaint verses are entitled "A Bed Blessing":

I am lying down to-night
With Mary mild and with her Son,—
With the Mother of my King,
Who is shielding me from harm.
God and Mary and Michael
And the Cross of the nine Angels fair,
Be shielding me as Three as One,
From the brow of my face to the edge of my soles.

(5.) Naturally, love of the sea enters largely into the folklore of the Islesmen of Scotland; and Our Lady Star of the Sea is never forgotten by her devoted clients. For instance, so frequently is she in the thoughts of the simple Catholic fishermen of the island of Barra that the

* Bridget.

Western Ocean has been termed by them "Culle Mhoire," which signifies the Treasury of Mary, a poetical allusion to the fact that to them the Western Sea is the source whence they derive their support.

Here are the opening words of the "Dawn Prayer" of the Islesmen of Eigg, in reality a tender paraphrase of the *Ave Maria*:

Fragrant Maiden of the Sea,
Thou art full of graces,
And the Great White King is with thee.
Blessed art thou, blessed art thou,
Blessed art thou among women;
Thy breath steering my prayer,
It will reach the Haven White.*

These evidences undoubtedly prove that there lives on, among a remnant of God's people in remote islands, encircled with the foam of the Western Sea, a truly Catholic devotion to Mary. They love Our Lady and pay her their daily meed of homage.

But, alas! devotion to Mary was ruthlessly torn from the hearts of Scotsmen by violent measures, over three hundred years ago. This devotion is now unknown to the majority. But there are glimmers of the dawn of a new and brighter day. The light that has been preserved among the few may yet be diffused throughout the land. It is hoped that those who read these lines will pray God of His mercy to give once more to Scotland that devotion which Ireland never lost.

* See the *Celtic Review*, Jan., 1907.

ONE of the arts which the devil employs to ruin souls; and to retard many in the service of God, is to represent to them that it is a very difficult and insupportable thing to live for many years with so much exactness, circumspection, and regularity. Now, to consider to-day only, closes the path to this temptation, and at the same time lends much support to human weakness. For who is there that can not for one day make a strong effort to do all he can that his actions may be well performed? — *Rodriguez*.

The Wooing of Gratiana.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

CARLOS MORALES returned home about midnight, to the great relief of Nita, who did not know on what new and hazardous enterprise he might be engaging: From the way in which he stumbled about she knew well he was intoxicated; and the condition of his horse next morning showed that he had ridden fast and far. Mexicans are usually very kind to their horses, never neglecting them unless under unusual circumstances. The old woman fed and brought water to the beautiful mare, whose drooping head and languid movements betrayed the extreme fatigue she had suffered the day before.

Gratiana now appeared in the doorway. Her magnificent black hair hung in one immense plait across her shoulders; she wore a clean white blouse, neatly made, and a short skirt of dark blue. She had pinned a couple of morning-glories, with their bright green leaves, in the front of her shirt waist. Gratiana looked very picturesque.

"Your father is tired; he is still sleeping. I have been feeding Luella," said Nita.

"It will be warm to-day," rejoined the girl. "There is such a haze over the valley." And she glanced downward along the shrunken river. "Some one is coming!" she continued, after a moment,—"some one on horseback."

"Well, that often happens," answered Tia Nita, making a step forward.

Gratiana disappeared into the house. Her aunt stood watching. The rider came nearer; she recognized the costume of the *rurale*, but the horseman was unknown to her. Not long, however; as he approached more closely, she guessed his identity and her heart grew apprehensive. Did he come in peace or war? She stood waiting. He smiled and dismounted.

"The Señora* Valdes?" he inquired.

"Yes, Señor."

"I am the new captain of *rurales*. I got up very early this morning, and came without even a cup of coffee. Could I breakfast here?"

"Certainly, Señor. It will be ready in twenty minutes. You are in a hurry?"

The young man glanced at the *ramada*, where, with the usual inconsistency of lovers, he hoped Gratiana might possibly be seated embroidering in the early dawn. Aunt Tia caught the glance.

"Will the Señor wait in the arbor?" she inquired. "Or perhaps breakfast there?"

"Yes, I should like it," answered the young man, quickly advancing. Aunt Tia accompanied him, pushing forward a wicker chair. But the place was tenantless, and his face fell.

"The Señor is perhaps in a hurry?" she inquired once more.

"Well, yes—no, not in a *great* hurry, though I must ride down to Rosario and back before night."

"Be seated, Señor; I will send my niece to prepare the table," she said, and left him.

A moment later he heard her calling: "Gratiana! Where art thou, little one? There is a gentleman; he wishes breakfast. He is in the arbor. Go quickly, my dear, and set the table."

"For how many, aunt?" the girl asked.

"For three!" exclaimed the impulsive young man, through the vines. "I beg that you will breakfast with me, Señora; and the young lady also," he went on, advancing to the door of the kitchen; "and your brother, if he is at home."

Tia Nita looked up at his frank, young face. She saw no treachery there. Something told her he had a purpose in this invitation, including the whole household. Aunt Nita's intuitions were marvellous; when she did not trust them she always regretted it. She resolved to follow them now.

* In Mexico, an unmarried woman of middle age is given by courtesy the title of Señora.

"My brother-in-law will be glad to make your acquaintance, Señor," she said.

"He is at home, then?" questioned the captain, in a tone that betrayed some surprise.

Aunt Nita, now satisfied that he had not expected an affirmative answer, replied quickly:

"Yes, Señor; he is usually at home at this hour in the morning," and she turned away.

But, instead of going to the kitchen, she went to a small closet in her own room, produced a fine tablecloth, napkins, some china cups and saucers, and six silver spoons. These she handed to Gratiana, bade her set the table quickly, and then went to her brother-in-law's bedchamber, where he lay, in his clothes, boots and all, sound asleep. A pitcher of water stood on the table. Without further ado, she poured it over his head and shoulders. He started up with an angry oath.

"Do not swear, Carlos Morales," she said calmly; "but get up and change your clothes. Put on a clean pair of overalls and a clean flannel shirt. Take off your boots and find your other shoes; wash your face and comb your hair. Put all the wits you have together, and come out to breakfast with the new captain of *rurales*, who has invited you."

Morales sprang to his feet, as completely sobered as was possible to one who had spent twenty years or more in a state half maudlin.

"It is a trick!" he exclaimed. "What does he mean?"

"It is a trick," rejoined Tia Nita; "but we shall have the best of it, if you, for once in your life, will only do as I tell you. Come amiably, receive him hospitably, and say but little at the table. I have the game in my hands. Will you do as I say?"

"What game are you talking about?" asked Morales, sullenly.

"All these years I have said nothing, though I have seen much, Carlos," replied the old woman. "It remains with yourself now to say whether you will go a free man

or spend some weary years in the *cuartel*. Will you do as I ask?"

"I will do it, Fanita," said Morales, who was really a great coward, and who, in spite of his nefarious practices, always quailed inwardly at sight of a *rurale*.

"Hurry, then," she said. "I will call you when breakfast is ready."

"But why?" he ventured.

"Ask no questions, only do as I say," she replied; "I am very busy."

He resolved that, so far as in him lay, he would follow her injunctions.

Meanwhile Gratiana had gone obediently into the arbor, where sat the captain, smoking a cigarette. She had tablecloth and napkins over her arm, the silver spoons in one hand, and in the other a small glass vase filled with water.

"Good-morning, Señorita!" said the young man, rising to his feet and removing his hat with the sweeping bow of his courteous race.

"Good-morning, Señor!" replied the girl, giving him the benefit of a fleeting blush and one distracting glance from her wonderful eyes, which the next moment were bent modestly on the ground.

Placing the vase on the bench, she prepared to lay the table. Aunt Nita presently appeared with the china cups and saucers, supplemented by several odd but pretty plates of various patterns, a cut-glass dish containing Mexican sweet-meats, a small, round silver coffee-pot, which Gratiana had never before seen used, and the two silver candlesticks which usually stood on her little altar. In an incredibly short time she had brightened both coffee-pot and candlesticks in the kitchen till they shone beautifully. Having rearranged the table to suit her own ideas, she took up the coffee-pot, saying:

"I will fill it in the kitchen," and was hurrying away when Gratiana whispered:

"But why the candlesticks in broad daylight, Aunt Nita?"

"Never mind, never mind!" was the low-voiced reply. "It will all be well, child; I am no chicken."

Gratiana took up the vase, and, breaking off some sprays of morning-glory, arranged them in it, and placed it in the middle of the table. In all that she did, the girl moved so naturally and gracefully, and with so little self-consciousness, that the admiring observer became still more enraptured.

"She would grace a palace!" was his unspoken thought; while, glad of an opportunity to address her, he remarked:

"You are fond of flowers, Señorita?"

"I love them," she answered simply.

"Once I read that they were God's jewels, and I always remember it."

"In my home we have a beautiful garden, and my mother and sisters also love flowers. I hope that one day you may see that large and well-kept garden."

"It is not likely, Señor," responded Gratiana, gravely, casting upon him a glance of surprise.

"She is a pearl, thought the captain, resuming his cigarette.

Now reappeared Aunt Nita, carrying a tray on which were *tortillas*, figs, guavas, and the silver coffee-pot steaming and fragrant. Behind her came Morales, well washed but red-eyed.

Introductions followed; Carlos took the head of the table, Aunt Nita the foot, and the young people sat at either side. When the coffee had been passed and the *tortillas* distributed, the captain said:

"Those are fine candlesticks, Señora. And the coffee-pot must have been long in the family. My grandmother has one like it from old Spain."

"Mine too, and the candlesticks came from old Spain," replied Aunt Nita. "I have them from the family of my mother, who was an Odenta-Modena. The carved dulces box is from my father's side. I and my sister, the mother of Gratiana, are by birth Valdes y Ferrara."

The old woman spoke rapidly. She had foreseen interruption, and was determined to compass the whole of her pedigree before it should arrive.

The captain's face at first showed surprise, then pleasure.

"You are of the Ferraras!" he exclaimed. "I, too, am a Ferrara born. And I am related or connected with all those people you have named."

"Yes," replied Aunt Nita quietly. "It is your cousin Odenta with whom I correspond."

"So we are cousins, or almost cousins!" exclaimed the captain, joyfully, with such an expressive glance at Gratiana as to be unmistakable even by so blunted an intellect as that of Morales, into whose fishy eyes came a gleam of satisfied comprehension.

But the look, involuntary as it had been, was lost on Gratiana, who sat gazing demurely at her plate.

"Yes, so it seems," rejoined Aunt Nita. "Will you have some dulces, captain? Or perhaps you have not a sweet tooth?"

"Dulces! I adore them," replied the captain, gaily, helping himself liberally. "Are these also from Cousin Odenta?"

"Yes, they are. Twice a year she sends me some by the auditor."

"You are new to the business here, captain?" suddenly remarked Morales, at this juncture.

"Yes: I was sent on a special mission, as you may be aware," said the captain, rejoiced at the opening thus made for a scheme on which, in the still watches of a wakeful night, he had resolved to venture.

"But you will remain when it is over?" inquired Nita, in a voice of some concern.

"No, I think not," was the reply. "It is optional with me to do so, should I finish satisfactorily the business in hand. However, I could never be contented in this dull region. I feel that I should be throwing my life away. And I have fine positions from which to choose at home. Still, I want to do a good job while I am here."

"Yes," observed Morales, feeling that something was expected of him, as the young man was looking directly at him.

"We have our plans well laid," the captain went on, still looking at his host. "Everything is *en train*, unless some of

the smuggling crew should get an inkling of them and turn back those yellow devils the way they came. If our plans are not discovered, I predict the chain-gang and road-making for a goodly half dozen of the lawbreakers before long. And there will be less contraband work on this part of the frontier than there has been in the past, I imagine."

Carlos Morales was a coward, but no fool. He glanced at his daughter, then at the captain, who met the glance with an *entente cordiale*. A dark red flush rose from chin to forehead of the *contrabandista* as he replied:

"I hope, Captain Ferrara, that you are more discreet among your other acquaintances than with us. If you are not, the plans will certainly be given away."

"I have spoken of them here only," rejoined the captain. "I ride as far as Rosario to-day on this business. To-morrow it will be bad for the *contrabandistas* and their goods."

No one spoke. For a moment the silence seemed ominous. Then Gratiana, looking out through the vine-covered opening of the *ramada*, said quietly:

"Señor Captain, your horse is loose. If she gets away, you will find it hard to reach Rosario to-day."

The young man sprang to his feet; Carlos followed him. Aunt Nita began to clear away the dishes. Gratiana went to the door; her father and the captain were standing near the kitchen, the mare beside them softly munching the dry alfalfa. She heard the captain say:

"You will keep your promise?"

"You may trust me," answered Carlos. "That business is over for me, captain,—all over."

"Very well. I will not go to Rosario to-day, then."

She could not hear what followed. Suddenly the captain looked toward the spot where she was standing. His eyes smiled; his lips, finely curved, smiled also. Admiration, hope, entreaty, love, beamed from his whole countenance. Blushing

deeply, she turned away. Then through the leafy screen she saw her father mount his horse and ride swiftly toward Rosario. In a moment the captain did likewise, disappearing as quickly as her father had done, but in the opposite direction. A great wave of chagrin and disappointment surged over her innocent heart. She had been mistaken, then: he had not even cared to say "Good-bye."

Too shy to ask questions, Gratiana went quietly about her ordinary duties—not without observing, however, that Aunt Nita seemed unusually elated, and wondering why it should be so. On the morning of the third day Carlos returned, and was for some time closeted with Aunt Nita in the kitchen, in what appeared to be very earnest conversation. For the first time in her life Gratiana felt lonely and neglected.

She took her work to the arbor, but played idly with the stitches. Her heart was not in it. All at once the sound of galloping feet made her start. She knew that rhythm. Soon she heard voices in the little *sala* on the other side of the kitchen. It seemed a very long time. No one called her, no one wanted her, everybody had forgotten her. She leaned back in the wicker chair and closed her eyes, from which two big tears dropped slowly down her delicate cheeks. How they came Gratiana could not have told, but they were there, with more behind them. With her customary self-repression, however, she forced the others back, though it cost her a couple of heavy sobs. The day was warm, the atmosphere somnolent: in a few moments Gratiana slumbered.

It might have been five or ten minutes later that she felt a gentle touch upon her shoulder.

"Señorita!" pleaded a voice, sonorous, musical, delightful.

Gratiana sat erect.

"I beg your pardon, Señor!" she said, all confusion.

"No, no!" continued the voice, and it

came from the lips of the captain of *rurales*. "It is I who should beg pardon. But let the hurry I am in be my excuse. Your father has given me permission to address you here. I have resigned my position as chief of the *rurales* for one of far more importance in Mazatlan. I am due there in a fortnight, and I want—I would like—O Señorita Gratiana, I love you, and beg you to marry me!"

"Señor Captain!" she exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise. "You love me? You wish me to marry you?"

"Yes, and soon."

"My father? What will he do?"

"He will leave Casa Robles and go to the mines of Socorro. I have an uncle there who will give him employment."

"He wishes that, Señor?"

"He is anxious for it."

"And Tia Nita? What does she say?"

"She is pleased."

"I could never leave Aunt Nita, Señor."

"There is no need. I would not ask it, Señorita. Our home will be hers."

"O thanks, Señor,—thanks! You are very good."

"And now have you nothing to say for yourself?" exclaimed the ardent young lover. "Can you not try to love me? I will be so good to you!"

"I can not try," replied Gratiana, in a low voice, looking down. "I do not need to try. For only this afternoon, Señor, I had found, before you came, by the lonely feeling in my heart when I had not seen you for three days, that you were to me the dearest in all the world."

In her own room, almost prostrate before the little altar where she had placed two candles of yellow wax in the old silver candlesticks, Aunt Nita was striking her breast between tears and smiles, as she repeated again and again:

"*Madre de Dios*, I thank thee! Thou hast guided the feet of my little Gratiana to happiness and safety. Now, gentle Mother of God, when He shall see fit to call her, thy servant is ready to depart."

The Vision of Fra Angelico.

To a Painting by Albert Maignan.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THE glint of seraph wings stirred all the day
 In sunshine round him; now from rapture faint
 He dreamt an angel came and caught away
 His falling brushes and began to paint.

And soon depicted on the radiant wall,
 He saw the little room where first the prayer
 "Hail, full of grace!" was heard, and knew
 by all
 That none but Gabriel's self was painting there.

At twilight to the church the Brothers came;
 Before them shone a fresco such as none
 Had ever painted. One cried out: "For shame!"
 Another knelt as blinded by the sun.

"Nay, our Angelico is surely mad!"
 The Prior mused, "Mere senseless stuff it
 seems!"—
 "Ah, 'tis Our Lady's self!" a novice lad
 Exclaimed, "'Tis so she smiles at me in
 dreams!"

Thereat the gentle master woke and saw
 The seraph painting still in pure relief;
 But at the praise and blame, the shame and
 awe
 Among the Brothers, he was filled with grief;

And, rising, took his brushes once again,
 And sighed and trembled, tracing line by line.
 "Yea, my poor human hand must make it plain."
 They looked once more, and hailed the work
 divine.



THE works of God are performed, for
 the most part, little by little, and have
 their beginnings and their progress. We
 ought not to expect to do everything at
 once and in a hurry, nor imagine that all
 is lost if success does not come in an
 instant; but we must advance quietly,
 pray much, and make use of the means
 suggested by the Holy Spirit, never
 following the false maxims of the world.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXXIV.

IN thorough accord on the point of
 a prompt departure, De Wolff and
 Brent decided to set out early on the day
 but one following the night on which
 they had resolved to go. And at break-
 fast the next morning they announced
 their intention.

Mr. Chetwode was sorry to hear of it.
 He said so cordially; at the same time,
 however, remarking that it was quite
 natural they should be tired of this indolent
 life, and find it agreeable to exchange
 it for the invigorating exercise of the sort
 of tramp they proposed.

"I wish I could go with you. And I
 would, but for this unfortunate ankle of
 mine," he said.

"O Uncle Romuald, Uncle Romuald!"
 laughed Mildred. "The idea of your going
 on a pedestrian and hunting expedition!
 I should as soon expect to see you go
 up in a balloon for amusement,—sooner
 indeed, because you could sit still in a
 balloon."

"My dear, I have always been very fond
 of walking," he answered placidly.

"Yes, at the rate of a mile or two an
 hour, on perfectly level ground," she
 answered. "Now, I really like to walk,
 and I adore adventure. I confess I envy
 you,"—she looked from one to the other
 of the two pedestrians. "What a thing
 it is to be a man!"

Sydney, who had been grave and silent
 from the time that the subject came under
 discussion, beckoned Will to her from the
 other side of the table, and said a few
 words to him in a low tone. He went
 briskly out of the room, and she turned
 to De Wolff.

"I have sent for my things, Henri, to
 take a walk," she observed.

"A walk?" he repeated. "I thought
 you said yesterday, when we found it so

warm, that you would not go out again at this hour?"

"I have changed my mind," she replied.

"I am afraid the sun is very hot now," said Lett, anxiously. "It will give you a headache, I am sure, if you go out in it. You know the doctor warned us against the September sun."

"The doctor is in Estouville, and I am here," said Sydney. "It will not hurt me. And as you have made up your mind to a 'tramp' through the September sun, Henri, I presume you will not be afraid to brave its heat for half an hour or so."

"I'll take the risk," he said. "Now, what's the matter?" he asked, looking at her with laughing eyes, as soon as they were out in the broad sunshine alone.

"Wait," she answered, and led the way to her favorite seat under the old oak,—a delightfully shady spot at present. "Henri," she exclaimed vehemently, as she sank down on the bench, and tore off one of her gloves in the nervous excitement of her feelings, "I thought you told me that you loved Lett and wanted to marry her?"

"I did not volunteer the information, but I believe I admitted the fact when you asked me the downright question," he answered, with a smile that she thought very provoking. "Well?"

"Have you ceased to wish to marry her?"

"No, unfortunately. But I have ceased to have the least hope, if I ever did have any, of persuading her to marry me," he replied. "And therefore I am going away, and shall put the matter out of my mind as soon as possible."

"But why have you given up hope?" Sydney demanded in a distressed tone. "I can't see why you should. She is very friendly with you. I'm sure she doesn't dislike you now."

"That certainly is most encouraging," he said ironically.

"It is—for her. You don't know Lett, Henri, but I do," she went on, speaking with great energy and emphasis. "She's

not just an ordinary girl,—the kind of woman who marries because she happens to fall in love with a man. She has been all her life in training for a *saint*; and saints, though they marry sometimes, never fall in love in the way that people of the world do. They marry because the affair has been arranged for them and they think it their duty. If you had let me manage the affair as I wanted to, I do believe it might all be settled now. I should have told Lett how careless you are about attending to your spiritual duties, but that you are easily influenced in the matter by anybody you care for, and that your wife will be able to do *anything* with you. And she would have thought immediately that here was an opportunity to do good. And then I should have told her how anxious papa was for her to marry you, and that would have had immense weight with her. But no! you wouldn't listen to me. And see what has come of your being so obstinate, and despising my opinion because I happen to be a child! And it wasn't my opinion, after all, but what I have heard grand-mamma say on such subjects. Now, Henri, you know this is the first time in my life that I ever questioned your judgment or opposed your will. But I see so plainly the mistake you are committing—"

She paused, and looked at him very wistfully.

"In what do you think I am making a mistake?" he asked, with more seriousness than he had before shown.

"In leaving here, and in not proposing to her at once. It would not do to tell her in so many words that you love her,—that I grant. She astounded Mildred one day by nearly flying into a passion merely because Mildred innocently said that Mr. Beresford was in love with her, as he was. But if you told her gravely and quietly (what I should have told her) that you have always been rather neglectful of your religious duties, but would like to be devout, and want a wife whose example would influence you to be so, and who

would assist you in doing all the good you can in the world,—*that* idea would be irresistible with her. I do believe she would accept you."

"Hm!" said De Wolff—and, to Sydney's irritation, he laughed. "I thought I told you that a marriage of convention would not suit me."

"I'm not talking of a marriage of convention!" cried Sydney, impatiently. "If Lett can be induced to marry you, it will be because she thinks it right, and that she ought to do it. And the moment the ring is on her finger at the altar, she will be the most devoted of wives, feeling it her *duty* to love you. Don't you know that saints are always model wives? Look at St. Jane Frances de Chantal and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, for instance. Do you know of any heroine in a novel who was more passionately attached to her husband than either of these two was to hers? Why, St. Jane Frances, when her husband was accidentally killed, was in utter despair, and said that she would give the lives of her father and her children, all put together, to restore him to life. And St. Elizabeth, pre-eminent as she was in holiness, was quite overcome when she received news that she was a widow. She ran about the house distracted for a time. Oh, you needn't be afraid of Lett's not caring for you enough to satisfy your most exigent demands! I assure you she has the highest opinion of you since I told her what a devoted son and brother you were, and how grandmamma and papa thought you perfect until that horrid misunderstanding. Take my advice and propose at once—this evening. I'll manage an opportunity for you, with Mildred's assistance. Even if she doesn't accept you at first, it will be breaking the ice, and I can be working in your interests while you are off on that ridiculous expedition which Mr. Brent—"

"Excuse me! It was I, not Mr. Brent, who proposed the expedition," De Wolff corrected.

"So much the worse!" Sydney exclaimed,

with an air of intense vexation. "To think that, having the game in your hand, you deliberately throw down your cards! And that is precisely what you will be doing if you go off without at least speaking to Lett. Do you know that Mildred has two brothers who are to be at home in October, and that Mrs. Sterndale is moving heaven and earth to get us—that is, Lett—back to Estonville, and that she made Lett promise to spend the winter there? Now, what does all this mean?" she cried, in an apprehensive, even solemn tone. "Why, a marriage for Lett with one of these Mr. Sterndales, just as surely as she returns there unengaged. One of them is phenomenally handsome, and the other (worse still) is a cripple, or something of the kind,—just the sort of man to excite Lett's interest and pity. If Mrs. Sterndale can manage to bring them together, Lett will certainly be persuaded to marry him, unless she falls in love with his handsome brother. She will not escape both—depend upon it. And I don't blame Mrs. Sterndale in the least. She would be derelict in her duty as a mother, as grandmamma would say, if she didn't strain every nerve to secure such a wife for her son. And isn't it generous of Mildred to be willing for you to succeed, instead of trying to keep Lett for one of her brothers? She has a very fine nature, Mildred has. She appreciates you, Henri, and thinks you deserve to be rewarded for your chivalrous defence of me. Now you see how the case stands," Sydney went on rapidly. "There is no time to be lost. Henri, you will speak to Lett this evening? Promise me!" she entreated.

"It would be useless," he replied.

"And you mean to give up,—retreat ignominiously!" Sydney exclaimed, with indignation.

"Yes."

"Well," she said, in a tone which showed that she thought it anything but well, "this is certainly hard on *me*! After I had made up my mind to be resigned

to your marrying Lett instead of Mildred, and had even come to think that it might be better for you, since you have the bad taste to prefer her,—to be so disappointed! I declare I don't know whether to weep like a woman or explode like a man in the very worst of bad language! Henri! is there nothing I can say to move you?"

"Nothing."

"How you will regret when it is too late having thrown away such an opportunity!" she exclaimed vehemently. "If you had tried and failed, it wouldn't be so bad. I should have been resigned to the inevitable. But—"

"You may be resigned then," said De Wolff, as she paused with a gasp of exasperation. "I proposed to Miss Hereford yesterday and was rejected."

Sydney looked at him for an instant with dumb incredulity.

"It is a fact," he said. "I would have spared you the mortification of knowing it, if you hadn't been so persistent in forcing my hand. And now I hope you are satisfied."

She did not answer, but, rising, took his arm and walked slowly toward the house, looking profoundly sad and dejected.

"It is the worst policy in the world to go away," she said, after a long silence. "On the whole, thinking it over, I'm not very much discouraged at her not accepting you at first. That was to be expected, because, you see, she has always intended never to marry. If she gets used to the idea, and you let her see that you intend to persevere—"

"Don't deceive yourself," said De Wolff. "Miss Hereford's refusal was too explicit to be misunderstood. As it is not necessary on your account for me to return here, I shall not see her again after to-night, if I can avoid it. And now I have only one word more to say to you on the subject, my sprite. Remember she is the only woman I ever—wanted to marry, and that it is no more her fault that she will not marry me than it was yours that you could

not endure the thought of marrying Warren."

"O Henri, you surely know me better than to think I would resent—"

"You resented—"

"That was different," she interrupted. "She was to blame there."

"I want you to be friends with her."

"For your sake. I understand. I will."

(To be continued.)

Some Saints who were Friends.

WHAT a wondrous life was that of St. Philip Neri! If the Church owed him nothing more than the establishment of the Oratory, which has given to the Christian world so many holy priests and learned writers, and which still continues its blessed work in Italy, France, England and elsewhere; if he had done nothing more than raise up the saintly and illustrious Cardinal Baronius, his disciple, and impose upon him the glorious task of restoring the science of history in the Church and opposing to the falsehoods of the Reformation his "Annals of Christianity," a work of prodigious erudition, remarkable power of conception and charm of exposition, St. Philip Neri would have strong claims on the gratitude of the Church, of the learned, of the entire human family. The great Cardinal Newman, whose conversion to the Church must be accounted one of the most important religious events of the nineteenth century, was another son of St. Philip. The writings of this illustrious convert, not less useful than those of Baronius, have the same admirable qualities.

We shall cite from the life of St. Philip only those traits that will show forth his kindness and tenderness of heart toward man and his charity toward God. And even then our difficulty will lie in making choice from such vast treasures.

Born in Florence in 1515, to bless the union of the Counsellor Francis de Neri and his pious wife, Lucretia Soldi, he

showed from his childhood so tender a heart that everyone called him "good Lippo," just as in his manhood his title was "good Philip" until he exchanged it for the more beautiful one of "saint." It might be said that gentleness and kindness, with piety and humility, were the corner-stone of his character. At the age of eighteen his father sent him to an uncle, a wealthy merchant, who offered him a son's place in the family and promised to make him one of his heirs. But already divine love had taken so strong a hold on the saint's soul that there was no room left for worldly ambition. He went to Rome, the centre of Catholic life, to study philosophy and theology, and soon astonished the Princes of the Church by his intelligence, industry, and sanctity.

Notwithstanding his marked bias for study, he was such a lover of the poor that he might be seen selling even his books to emulate the detachment and self-sacrifice of St. Francis of Assisi. It is said that for ten years he spent the night between the seven basilicas of Rome and the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, where he meditated, prayed, and rested a few hours in an old chapel of the early times which is still standing.

In obedience to a divine call, he left his retreat at the end of ten years, and went to spend himself in the schools and shops and public places, to win souls to Jesus Christ. Assisted by his disciples, whose number increased daily under the charm of his attractiveness, he taught catechism to children and the poor, visited the sick in the hospitals, nursing them with tender affection, spreading everywhere around him an atmosphere of peace and hope and consolation. His example was followed by so many others, clerics and laymen, that St. Camillus of Lellis, who was among his immediate disciples and attached friends, conceived the thought of founding a congregation of regular clerks for the service of the sick. But of this work we shall have occasion to speak later on.

At the time that he was accomplishing all these wonders, and exercising this beautiful apostolate, Philip Neri was still a layman, which made St. Ignatius of Loyola say of him that he was a bell calling others to church but never himself quitting the belfry. This anomaly could not last long; and, in order to put it into his power to render greater service to the Church, his confessor imposed it on him as an obligation of conscience to receive Holy Orders. He was thirty-six years old when he received the priestly unction, and from that day was destined to be a model to all the clergy. His fervor at the altar was so great that often at the moment of the Elevation he was raised an arm's length from the floor, and remained suspended in a heavenly ecstasy as if drawn and held captive by the sacred Host. With the lapse of time and the growth of sanctity, these ecstasies were so multiplied and prolonged that he was accustomed to say his Mass in a room adjoining the Oratory church, where his ravishments would not interrupt the public functions. There is still shown a hole in the door which his server bored there to be able to watch the movements of his saintly master, and avail himself of his periods of ecstasy to perform his own household duties. As soon as he saw him come back to earth, he hastened to the foot of the altar, and resumed his interrupted service.

Philip, with another holy priest, Persian Rosa, his confessor, founded the magnificent Hospital of the Holy Trinity, to harbor convalescents and poor pilgrims who came to Rome from all parts of Christendom, and who often knew not where to seek shelter. A pious confraternity of penitents, established and directed by our saint, received them and provided for all their wants. During the Jubilee year 1600, the Holy Trinity dispensed hospitality to four hundred and forty-four thousand men and twenty-five thousand women. Not unfrequently in after years the Sovereign Pontiff himself went there to welcome the pilgrims and wash their feet.

Philip was particularly charitable toward the Jews, of whom there were a great number in Rome. One day he went into the Church of St. John Lateran with a Milanese patrician; and, as both knelt to adore the Blessed Sacrament, he noticed a man standing at some distance, with his head covered. It was a Jew. "My good man," said St. Philip, "adore God, and say to Him, 'If Thou art the Christ, the true Son of God, enlighten my soul that I may become a Christian.'"—"I can not do so," answered the Jew, "because I am not permitted to doubt the truth of my religion." Then Philip turned to the patrician and the other bystanders, and said: "My brethren, let us help this good man by our prayers; for certainly he will be a Christian." Only a few days later, this true Israelite, in whom there was no guile, felt the touch of divine grace, and asked for baptism.

On another occasion, when our saint was preparing an entire Jewish family for baptism, one of the children fell dangerously ill, and the physician despaired of his life. St. Philip came, and, laying his hand on the dying child's head, said: "I do not want you to die now, because the Jews will say that the Christians killed you. I will pray for you to-morrow at the altar." He said Mass for him the following day, and the youth suddenly arose cured.

Of all the Pontiffs whom St. Philip saw occupying the Chair of Peter during his long lifetime, none showed him so deep and tender an affection as the holy and gentle Clement VIII. Nothing could be more intimate and touching than the friendship of these two servants of God. Philip's attitude had all the charm, the respectful familiarity of a son toward his honored father. Clement had very special reasons for believing in Philip's sanctity; for he had prophesied his elevation to the Papal throne, and had cured him of a violent attack of gout in a manner as touching as it was original. The disease had centred in his hands, and was so painful that the Pope could not bear even the

pressure of a linen cloth. The saint, entering his room unannounced as was his privilege (for his Holiness received him thus every day, and embraced him tenderly), Clement called out to him not to come any nearer. But Philip gave no attention to what he said. "At least do not touch me," said the Pope, extending his suffering hands. "Do not fear," replied the saint, seizing the right hand, which was the more painful, and clasping it firmly in his own. "Keep on, keep on!" exclaimed the surprised Pope, delighted at not feeling any pain. All symptoms of sufferings had completely disappeared under the saint's touch; and ever after, when a new attack of the malady seized upon him, his Holiness was wont to say: "Ah, I see that Father Philip has forgotten to pray for me!"

Several times Clement wished to make him accept the cardinalate which Gregory XIV. had also offered him; but Philip always evaded the subject and turned it off as a pleasantry, not to be forced directly to oppose the will of his august friend. The following letter written by the saint during an illness, and the reply of the Pope, will show the charming familiarity of their intercourse. It must not be forgotten that St. Philip was now seventy-eight, much older than Clement:

"Most Holy Father, what am I that cardinals should come to visit me, especially Cardinal de Cusa and Cardinal Medici, who were here yesterday? The latter brought me two ounces of manna for the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, for which he had bought a great quantity before, because he learned that I needed it. He remained until the second hour after nightfall, and said so many kind things about your Holiness that I think he must have overshot his mark; for it seems to me that the Sovereign Pontiff ought to be transformed into the very essence of humility. At the seventh hour of the night Christ came to me and refreshed me with His Precious Body. But you, on the contrary, did not vouchsafe once to come

to our church. Christ is God as well as man, and yet each time that I wish it He comes to me. You, on the other hand, are only man. You were born of an honest father and a holy mother; He, of God and the Virgin of virgins. I would have much more to say if I were to give way to my wrath. . . . I command your Holiness to condescend to my wishes, and permit me to receive among the religious of Torre dei Specchi the daughter of Charles Neri, whom you promised long ago to be a father to his children. Now it behooves the Sovereign Pontiff to keep his word. Depute the whole affair to me, that if need be I may make use of your authority; the more so as I know for a certainty that the young girl has a vocation. I prostrate myself at the feet of your Holiness."

The Pope's autograph answer shows that he was of the same bent of mind and heart as his saintly friend:

"The Pontiff says that the first part of your letter savored a little of the spirit of ambition, since you make a boast of the frequent visits you receive from cardinals, unless you want to prove them pious men, which no one doubts. Then, if the Pope has not been to see you, it is your own fault: you do not deserve his visits, since you have so often refused the dignity of cardinal. As you recommend, he readily yields, and consents that you should scold these good mothers sharply and authoritatively, as is your wont, if they do not obey your first word. On the other hand, he commands you anew to take care of your health, and not to begin to hear confessions again before consulting him; and when you receive Our Lord to pray for him and for the persistent needs of the Church and Christian commonwealth."

Although Clement VIII. was never canonized, may we not say that he possessed in an eminent degree the virtues which make up the saint, and that his soul was a worthy companion to that of St. Philip Neri? Pious, generous, char-

itable, all his time was consecrated to God and to His Church. He mourned incessantly over the afflictions of Christendom. Every day he fed the poor with his own hands, gave them to drink, and sent them the best dishes from his own table, which was set quite near to theirs. The Protestant historian Ranke says of him: "Baronius received his confession every day; he celebrated Mass every morning. The reputation for virtue and exemplary life that he had always enjoyed was raised to an extraordinary degree by his austerities. . . ; and by this reputation his efficiency as Sovereign Pontiff was increased." He died in the odor of sanctity, 1605, after a pontificate of thirteen years.

St. Philip Neri had preceded him to the tomb. He quitted this world, at the age of eighty, on the 26th of May, 1595; and less than thirty years after his death, in 1622, Gregory XV., in response to the unanimous appeal of Christendom, pronounced upon his sanctity and placed him on the altar.

The sainted Pontiff Pius V., as well as Clement VIII. honored St. Philip Neri with his friendship. This great Pope left his impress on his short reign of only six years by several important political moves, growing out of the perils of the Church from the inroads of Protestantism and Islamism. Prominent amongst these acts was the excommunication of Queen Elizabeth of England, who imprisoned and murdered Mary Stuart, and covered Great Britain with scaffolds and gibbets and funeral piles, where her fanaticism immolated thousands of her Catholic subjects. To him was due the victory of Lepanto, brought about by an alliance between the Venetians and the Spaniards to cope with the aggressions of the Turks. He it was who organized this new and final crusade, the deathblow of the variances between the allied fleets; and to his political genius, and yet more to his prayers, the success of the enterprise is attributable. On October 7, at the very hour that the Catholic fleet annihilated the naval power of the Mussul-

mans, and forever crushed the pride of the Crescent, the holy Pontiff, who was presiding at a council in the monastery of Santa Sabina in Rome, rose suddenly, and, enlightened by divine revelation, cried out: "This is no longer the time to treat of business matters, for our arms have just gained the victory!" And he hastened to his private oratory to cast himself on his knees, bathed in tears of gratitude.

Two or three historic traits of his reign show that the heart of Pius rose to the level of his great mind. His reputation for unflinching firmness in the punishment of the wicked and the protection of the good had excited some disquiet amongst the Roman people at the time of his elevation to the pontificate. His austerity of life awakened great fears at a time when there was much need of reformation. Being informed of this apprehension, the new Pope made this rejoinder: "We trust ourselves entirely to God, and hope so to reign over our people that they will be more afflicted at our death than they now are at our accession." His hope was not deceived. When he died, Rome, which he had governed with a strong hand but with an apostolic heart, wept over him as over a father who had brought her peace and tranquillity, and had been too soon snatched away from her admiration and gratitude; while all Christendom mourned him as the savior who, by the victory of Lepanto, had rescued it forever from the Moslem foe.

Pius V. never lost the memory of the heart, that so easily fails when one reaches high places. What could be more touching than the following example of his gratitude? A poor boy in the service of a Milanese gentleman was one day accompanying his master on horseback, when he met a poor friar carrying a sack on his shoulders, and overcome by fatigue and excessive heat. He was filled with compassion, and offered to let the friar ride behind him; but the latter availed himself of his kindness only so far as to lay his burden on the horse's back. They thus

walked on side by side until they came to a river, where the noble-spirited lad insisted on paying the other's passage and the transport of his sack to his journey's end. Some years after, the young boy, now grown to manhood, was greatly surprised at being summoned to Rome to fill a post of honor in the Papal household. The unknown friar was now Pius V., and his great heart had for twenty years preserved a tender remembrance of his former benefactor's humble service.

St. Camillus of Lellis, of whom we spoke in connection with St. Philip Neri's confraternity for the care of the sick, passed from a youth of dissipation, gambling, and all manner of indulgence, to a life of piety and austerity. Ruined by his excesses, and, like the prodigal, reduced to the last extremity, he was by turns nurse (not from choice but from dire necessity), soldier, and hod-carrier; and seemed marked out to end disastrously had it not been for a sudden stroke of divine mercy. Amidst all his misfortunes he had never blasphemed, which perhaps won for him favor in the sight of God. Travelling on foot, alone and penniless, the shame and guilt of his conduct and the enormity of his dishonor to the divine majesty struck him with so overwhelming a force that he fell to the ground, like Saul on his way to Damascus; and when he arose it was with an utterly changed heart, Christian and repentant, resolved to live no longer save to make reparation for his follies and crimes.

He went to Rome and offered his services gratis as nurse in the Hospital of the Incurables. There he met St. Philip Neri, who at once marked him as an object of special interest, and became his spiritual adviser and friend. The great ability and devotedness of Camillus caused him to be appointed administrator of the Hospital, and in this new capacity he displayed admirable zeal in the care of the sick. But he soon realized that he could hope for but little success unless he had assistants animated with his own Christian spirit. With the approval and help of St. Philip Neri, he united in

common life the few really pious nurses and the generous laics who wished to consecrate themselves to the service of the sick for the love of God. Their number soon became so large that they were able to extend their work beyond the Hospital of the Incurables, and found a community house, whence they could spread all over the city, and carry help to the suffering in other hospitals or in their own homes.

St. Philip Neri very soon made Camillus understand that his work could not subsist and bear its proper fruit while remaining a lay institution, and advised him to change it without delay into a religious Congregation; and urged him, despite his humility and the remembrance of his past faults, to prepare for Holy Orders. Camillus made his theological studies at the Roman College, was ordained, and soon found himself surrounded by ecclesiastics animated by the same spirit of charity as himself. From that time on he could procure for all the sick whom he attended, not only the means necessary to restore their bodily health, but the thousandfold more precious aids toward their spiritual well-being. From that time, too, his Congregation assumed such proportions that in 1586 Pope Sixtus V. approved it as a Congregation devoted to the care of the sick; and five years later, Pope Gregory XV. raised it to the rank of a religious Order, under the title "Regular Clerks for the Service of the Sick." Leo XIII. named its sainted founder, general patron of hospitals and the infirm.

Such was the great work of St. Camillus, de Lellis,—a work admirable in its origin, its aim, and its instruments. It opened to Christian devotedness a new field into which many entered with marvellous generosity. So far as it is possible for man to do, he transformed hospitals, homes of suffering, and often of desolation, into abodes of consolation and hope such as had been conceived and realized by the Basils and Chrysostoms and other great bishops and monks in the first ages of the Church. It replaced mercenary, often coarse, brutal,

or at best indifferent and unhandy nurses, by friends, apostles, brothers, messengers of love and kindness. The sick need no longer fear that, added to their illness, they would have to suffer the sadness of neglect and the bitterness of solitude; for in those who dressed their wounds and solaced their pain-racked frames they found companions and physicians for body and soul. Illness was robbed of every possible pang and danger; and even death lost much of its sadness and horror through the hopes of faith, the efficacy of the Sacraments, and the visible presence of God in the person of His ministers. Thus the Order of the Clerks of St. Camillus de Lellis spread rapidly throughout Italy, and from Italy throughout the Christian world; and even in our days it continues, conjointly with the Brothers of St. John of God, a mission of blessing to the incurable, the imbecile, and indeed to the victims of every known ailment.

St. Camillus of Lellis, with a humility commensurate with his charity, wished toward the end of his life to resign the government of his Order, and as a simple Brother return to the plane of holy obedience. To his last sigh he devoted himself to the personal service of the sick, as he had done from the moment of his conversion. His charity for them was boundless. He lavished on them the care of the tenderest of mothers, and carried his kindness so far as to furnish them with music when he thought it would assuage their sufferings. He died in Rome, July 14, 1614, at the age of sixty-five, and was canonized in 1746 by Pope Benedict XIII. His life, like that of his holy friend, St. Philip, should be read and meditated upon by everyone who has at heart the happiness of his fellow-beings, and to whom the word "fraternity" is not a mere empty sound or a hypocritical instrument of domination.

GOD is truth, and every truth won by man brings man nearer to God.

—Archdeacon Wilson.

A Chinese Convert.

RENEWING his subscription to THE AVE MARIA, a Chinese convert residing at Port Edward, Weihaiwei, gives a most interesting account of his conversion to the Faith while still a child, of his losing it again through enforced attendance at a Protestant mission school, and of his happy return to the True Fold. He is now doing all in his power for the conversion of his countrymen, as many as sixty of whom he is personally instructing. We may be permitted to quote at length from this interesting letter, which is in English and typewritten. The writer is in the employ of the Government:

Perhaps it may interest you if I add here a few lines about my conversion, which is indeed a miracle of divine mercy. I was born a pagan in Chefoo. It was in my ninth year of age that I first heard about the Christian religion, and that was only from a Chinese Protestant preacher. I went to Shanghai during the Boxers' trouble, and there I had the privilege of being sent to a Catholic school, St. Francis Xavier's College, directed by the Marist Brothers. A French Brother, who observed that I had a relish for religious topics, taught me the Catechism of Christian Doctrine. He introduced me to a European priest, who, after instructing me for a time, baptized me, as I had to return to Chefoo, where my father had a shop. There was then only one school in Chefoo where English could be learned, and it was a Protestant school. I was obliged to resume my studies there. Unfortunate to say, there I lost my Catholic Faith, and by degrees the influence of Protestant teachings had filled my mind with anti-Catholic ideas. One day I went to see the Bishop of the Catholic mission at Chefoo to argue with him on religious subjects against the Catholic Church. There Providence so arranged that I was to meet Father Wilfrid Hallam, O. F. M., the priest now in charge of the Catholic mission at Weihaiwei. I began my discussion by protesting against confession, but my arguments were too weak to refute the explanations of this priest. Father Wilfrid asked me to go and see him from time to time. I went several times, with divers arguments which I picked out from a Protestant book; but my attempts did not result in anything successful. My acquaintance with Father Wilfrid prompted in me the desire of learning some French from him, and for this end I con-

tinued to see him frequently. By degrees Father Wilfrid disclosed to me the errors of Protestantism, and by the grace of God I was shortly afterward received back into the True Fold.

Since then I began to realize the danger I was in of losing my soul during the time of my desertion from the Church, and the inestimable grace God has shown in drawing me out of Protestantism. I am thankful to say that, by the help I have received in regularly hearing Mass and frequently approaching the Sacraments, I have been preserved up to the present day in the bosom of Holy Mother the Church, in which I hope henceforth to live and die. . . . In order that the holy Faith may be widely known and embraced by my own fellow-countrymen, I hold several half-hourly meetings in the week for the explanation of the chief doctrines of the Church. There are about sixty or more adults who attend these meetings. Some of them appear to be truly in earnest, and I hope by the grace of God my endeavors may be blessed in the conversion of these poor souls. There are about 150,000 inhabitants in the Territory of Weihaiwei, but the vast majority have never heard of the Catholic Church. I beg you, dear Father, kindly to remember in your charitable prayers the catechumens and myself, that we may all become faithful and devoted children of Holy Mother the Church. Generally speaking, the people here are indifferent as regards religious matters,—the natural result of paganism. But they are so well disposed that there is every hope for numerous conversions in the near future. The harvest is indeed great, but laborers are too few.

Concluding his letter, our correspondent expresses the hope that 'in later times he may find good opportunities to promote the welfare of THE AVE MARIA, and by this means help to spread our Blessed Lady's glories in the Celestial Empire, and to cause her to be known and honored in place of a Chinese goddess who bears a title due to the Blessed Virgin only—Holy Mother, Queen of Heaven.'

MAN is not a sequestered and isolated being: he is essentially a relative and social being. The true religion should not accordingly be merely a doctrine: it must be a society.—*Henri Perreye.*

CORRECTION is a very indigestible sort of food, and requires to be well cooked in the fire of charity.

—*St. Francis of Sales.*

Notes and Remarks.

Although no immediate good results may follow from the meeting of the Catholic Educational Association last week in Milwaukee, such a gathering of earnest men and women devoted to the great work of education can not fail of beneficial consequences. The contact of kindred spirits, along with the discussion of means and ends and needs, the criticism of defects and the comparison of results,—this alone must prove of inestimable advantage, in one way or another, to all concerned. Then there were the papers read on the occasion, some of which were of exceptional interest and importance. One in particular was well worth the expense and fatigue of the longest journey made by any attendant. As always happens at such conventions, some few of little practical experience had much to say, while some others must have been brought to the realization that the information which they were prepared to impart was as nothing to what might be acquired. In spite of all adverse criticism, the annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association was not without appreciable advantages to our Catholic educationists whose fine zeal in their work is proof that they realize its high importance.

Having been named as special agent of the Census Bureau for the Catholics of the United States, the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis has addressed a circular to the heads of all the dioceses in this country, requesting exact statistics of the Catholic population in the districts under their jurisdiction. The plan to be followed in gathering this information for our government is carefully outlined in Archbishop Glennon's letter. If his request is complied with, and the plan agreed upon is closely followed, we shall, at long last, have complete and reliable statistics of the Catholic population of the United States. The figures given in the "Catholic

Directory"—through no fault of its editor or publishers—are notoriously inexact in many instances. It is a satisfaction to think that within half a year or so we shall know just how many Catholics are living under the Stars and Stripes. Heretofore there have been only guesses as to the number,—guesses wide of the mark.

From an appreciative and discriminating study of a French *littérateur* recently deceased, contributed to the *Bookman* by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, we reproduce the following as of genuine interest more especially to Catholic readers:

Huysmans, by a strangely tortuous course which lay through Satanism, Rosicrucianism and astrology, came at length within the influence of religion. The diabolical Black Mass, curiously enough, turned him by repulsion toward the purity and repose of the great Church which has among its ministrations a remedy for every wounded soul. At first it was the beauty and the haunting mystery of its externals which appealed to the artistic side of his strange nature. Then he came to feel the rest and the ineffable tranquillity of faith itself. His later books describe with infinite minuteness his slow and toilsome progress up the heights. Doubting often, despondent, tempted by the memories of sensuality, he still pursued this upward course, until at last, in life as in his books, he cast aside the burden of his sinfulness, and would, had he been strong enough, have sought to enter one of the holy Orders. But, as he said of his other self, Durtal, he was too much of a man of letters to be a monk, and too much a monk to be a man of letters. Finally he became an Oblate attached to the Benedictines, bound by no vows, yet freely offering the sacrifice of a pure life and of good works.

After this he returned no more to his former wallowings, but gave in his death an example of Christian fortitude that was very striking. Afflicted with a disease of the eyes, he spent long weeks with his eyelids sewed together, only to be told, by those who knew, that partial blindness must be his forever. Finally there developed a cancerous growth which slowly ate away a portion of his face, causing him infinite agony and making him a piteous sight to all his friends. Yet he uttered no complaint, and lived his last few months courageous and unflinching in the presence of lingering death. . . . Yet his strange books must always remain among the most remarkable that any modern man has ever

penned,—sometimes crude and sometimes nobly eloquent, replete with an excess of learning, yet animated always by genuine emotion, and giving a sure proof that the lasting things of this life and the next are those which concern, not the mortal body but the immortal soul.

It will be noticed that Professor Peck accepts, as does Mr. Vance Thompson, the reality of devil-worship and the Black Mass in degenerate France. The performance of such unspeakable rites may well be one of the crimes for which that distracted country now appears to be in a fair way of being condignly punished by Divine Providence.

A notable event is the visit—we are happy to learn that it is to be an extended one—of the Abbé Felix Klein to the United States. This distinguished French priest is no stranger here. His delightful book, "The Land of the Strenuous Life," has had a host of readers, every one of whom will be pleased to know that its author is again amongst us. Of course only a few, comparatively, of the Abbé's many friends and admirers will be able to attend the lectures which he is to give in Chicago and elsewhere; but, through some who are thus privileged, the public will learn the Abbé's views of the situation in France. In spite of all that has been said and written, there is still a general misconception of the basic, elemental facts of the existing struggle between Church and State in the Gallic Republic; and no one is able to present those facts more interestingly and convincingly than the Abbé Klein.

The Holy Ghost Apostolic College has been opened at Cornwells, near Philadelphia, with the approval of his Grace the Archbishop, for the purpose of receiving and training candidates for the missionary and apostolic life. The general age for admission is from fourteen to eighteen years. The prospectus states that, "after about three years' study in the College, such candidates as show signs of a true vocation will be received as junior scho-

lastics of the Society of the Holy Ghost, which is a religious Congregation, approved by the Holy See, and already existing over two hundred years, for the special purpose of evangelizing abandoned souls. Those who will not be considered as called to the religious life will be directed elsewhere, and encouraged to prosecute their studies for some other sphere of missionary labor."

The opening of such an institution is another indication that the need for laborers in the Lord's American vineyard is becoming increasingly evident, and that special efforts are being made to augment their number. It would be well for parish priests and all confessors of the young to exercise an additional measure of judicious zeal in prudently discovering which of the girls and boys committed to their spiritual direction have been favored with the germ of a religious vocation, and then wisely to foster the germ until it fully develops. A point worth noting in connection with this subject is that a boy may have a well-defined call to the religious, though not to the sacerdotal, life; and pastors would do well to exercise caution about diverting youths from the lay brotherhood on the ground that the priesthood affords a larger scope for doing good, is a more honorable state, etc.

The following extracts from "The Irish Battle of the Books," in the *Fortnightly Review*, are of more than ordinary interest as coming from Professor Stanley Lane-Poole, who says of himself: "As an Englishman, a Unionist, and an irreclaimable Tory, I may surely be acquitted of any undue leaning to political nationalism in the Home Ruler's sense." The Professor is discussing the Gaelic revival:

What Latin has done for Europe, Gaelic may do, as a training instrument, for Ireland. Setting aside the contents of the two literatures, Gaelic provides ample exercise for mental training, in its elaborate accidence, its beautiful phonetic system, its exquisite flexibility, and its copious vocabulary. . . . I may be allowed to remark, as a student and professor of languages, that I

know very few that possess such a charm and variety as the Irish Gaelic. There are special peculiarities of accent and phonetics that are positively fascinating to a linguist. . . . It is an extremely difficult language, I rejoice to add; for this quality of difficulty is one of the chief justifications for its employment as an educational instrument. The boy who has really mastered Irish has learned how to use the brain. No other language will seem unconquerable to him; he will have the grammatical apparatus which he needs for the easier languages, such as German; and, unless fate compels him to attack Russian or Arabic or Chinese, he may consider his linguistic preparation equal to most emergencies. He has gained the key which will pick a good many locks. . . .

The value of this literature has been the subject of very conflicting statements. Enthusiastic Gaelic scholars like Dr. Douglas Hyde set a perhaps extravagant value upon it. Others, especially those who do not know any Irish, say that there is no Irish literature worth the trouble of reading. It rather depends upon what one understands by "literature." If any one hopes to find a Dante or a Virgil or an Æschylus among Gaelic poets, he will doubtless suffer disappointment; but if a wide and varied collection of sagas and chronicles and hagiographies, and a rich and peculiarly sensitive lyrical vein, will content him, there is plenty of material in Gaelic literature. . . . Race is not the only factor in nationality: sentiment cuts far deeper; and if any one who has lived in Ireland and knows the people ventures to say that they are not a distinct people with national characteristics and an intense national sentiment—not by any means confined to any class, religion, region, or political section,—he must be blind and deaf and without understanding.

It is surely not unreasonable, on this Englishman's own showing, that "a distinct people with national characteristics and an intense national sentiment" should have not only their own language but their own government as well.

Apropos of the Jamestown Exposition, Monsig. Capel contributes to a California paper an interesting communication, in the course of which he says:

It will be remembered that the Protestant Church of England was established or created in 1533—that is five years after the first Catholic Bishop was appointed to Florida; and the "Protestant Episcopal Church" does not appear as a corporate body till two hundred and

sixty years later. An English expedition landed at the site of the present Jamestown, May 13, 1607, on which occasion the Rev. Dr. May, a member of the party, and clergyman of the Church of England, administered communion; probably this was the second time the new Anglican rite had been performed on American soil. The first occasion was by Master Wolfall, in Frobisher's expedition of 1578, which failed to get a permanent footing. . . . In 1680 Dr. Compton, another Bishop of London, had an inquiry instituted concerning the State Church of England in the Colonies. It was shown that there were only four Anglican ministering clergymen in the whole of the English colonies in North America; and this at a time when the Catholic Church was firmly planted, not only in South America but also in various parts of North America.

The "Protestant Episcopal Church" has undergone considerable transformation, not to say disintegration, since its establishment as a corporate body on this continent; and it is quite safe to say that its incorporators, were they now living, would scarcely recognize the creed which in the old days they professed with more or less zeal and sincerity.

While the question whether or not man is immortal is to Catholics of merely academic interest, it is nevertheless interesting to them to peruse the arguments for or against the doctrine urged by those outside the fold. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay contributes to the *North American Review* a paper on "Personal Immortality in the Light of Recent Science," in the course of which we find this paragraph:

The science of to-day does not undertake to prove immortality, but neither does she deny it. With the newer light of recent research before her, she goes thus far at least and says: "Scientifically, the doctrine of immortality is not an impossible delusion." Huxley, for example, in one of his later essays has this to say: "If the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physical science has nothing to say against the probability of that doctrine. It [physical science] effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute immortality by objections deduced from merely physical data." This attitude of Huxley has found even more distinctive affirmation in recent years from such men of scientific attainment as Sir Oliver Lodge,

John Fiske, Professors James and Münsterberg of Harvard,—all of whom have written sympathetically and hopefully of immortality, not from the standpoint of the Christian believer, but from that of the unbiassed scientist.

It is difficult for the Catholic to put himself in the place of the man who doubts his personal immortality, and it is practically impossible for a child of the Church to conceive the state of mind of him who disbelieves that his soul will live forever. To attempt the task is to discover additional reasons for gratitude to God for the inestimable boon of faith. What an insoluble enigma must life appear to the pitiable men and women who believe, or profess to do so, that there is no such thing as life beyond the tomb!

In a letter addressed to Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, the Holy Father praises very highly the object of the Catholic Church Extension Society, expresses surprise and gratification at the work it has already performed, blesses its members, and grants rich indulgences to all who co-operate in this new apostolate, so greatly needed and so sure of glorious results in the future. That great lover of souls, St. Philip Neri, whose zeal was no less enlightened than ardent, is named as the heavenly patron of the Society.

The Papal medal for 1907, presented to the Holy Father on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, commemorates the consecration by the Sovereign Pontiff himself, on Feb. 21, 1906, of fourteen French bishops. Never before, it is said—certainly not in recent times,—have so many priests been raised to the episcopate at the same time. The circumstances of the Pope's act, too, rendered it especially memorable.

In an appeal to the general public for assistance in recovering from the recent earthquake, the Franciscan Sisters of Kingston, Jamaica—two-thirds of them Americans,—incidentally declare: "On no occasion have we ever asked assistance

before,—a fact which shows that all our property was acquired by constant labor during the past fifty years. Next November we were to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of our convent in Jamaica." We trust that this first call of the good Sisters on the charity of the world may prove successful enough by November to warrant their feeling more in harmony with the jubilee spirit than their present desolation allows them to be.

From the report of the parish schools of the diocese of Pittsburg, the Catholic population of which is estimated at 375,000, it appears that the pupils enrolled number 37,530. About one-fourth of these figure in the first grade, while only one-fiftieth attend grade eight. Eighty-five per cent leave school before entering the sixth grade, and this accounts for the regrettable fact that the lower classrooms are overcrowded. From the pedagogical viewpoint, the most important act of the Diocesan School Board during the past year is their adoption of the course of study for the primary and grammar departments followed in the parish schools of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

At a Methodist Episcopal church in Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday evening, the Rev. Dr. Hanna delivered a somewhat noteworthy sermon on "What can we learn from Catholics?" From the fairly extended report thereof published in the *Catholic Standard and Times*, we learn that the Methodist clergyman said many things in praise of the Church, and a few just a little derogatory to the Church's children. To our mind the most interesting matter in connection with the sermon is this statement vouched for by our Philadelphia contemporary:

One fact not less significant than gratifying deserves to be specially noted. The kindest remarks regarding the Church and her institutions and the strongest condemnations of prejudice elicited the most plentiful and most fervent "Amen's."

Significant, indeed.



Two Cousins.

BY E. BECK.

OH, troubles in dozens the two naughty cousins,
Miss Place and Miss Lay, can create in a day;
Their joy's a delusion, not so the confusion
Nor bother nor grief, at each house where they
stay.

Their ways are erratic in basement and attic,
In schoolroom and kitchen, in parlor and hall;
Their hosts grow regretful, their hostesses fretful,
And weariness falls upon each one and all.

The cook seeks a ladle, the girls a doll's cradle,
The housemaid laments for a duster and broom;
Lost notes for a sonnet, lost bows for a bonnet,
No menu for dinner keeps others in gloom.

And, leaving no traces, gay ribbons and laces,
And recipes, chiffons and pins hide from view;
And searching and seeking, and fretting and
weeping,
Are caused by a visit from these cousins two.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—LIGHT AND SHADOW.

WHILE the dance music floated out into
the silent depths of the mountain, and
old Tiptop blazed in rainbow splendor
through the darkness, Tom had found the
"easier job" of which he had laughingly
told Chip. Just as the gay young guests
to whom he had given up his own little
sanctum began to arrive, and he was
wondering to what rock or treetop a
rough, shabby-looking "coach" could
retire, he caught sight of Miss Viry stand-
ing at the housekeeper's door and peering
out anxiously into the growing darkness.
"Anything I can do for you?" asked

Tom, whose first friendly feeling for this
brisk, busy old lady had grown with their
longer acquaintance at Tiptop.

"Land sakes, boy, what a turn you
gave me!" said Miss Viry, starting. "No
there ain't nothing wanted. It's just I'm
not easy in my mind. Jake Simms, that
come up from the Gap to help with the
waiting, says Cousin Marthena is down
bad with one of her spells; and that Ann
Caroline of hers is no more use than a rag
doll. Just as likely she'll rub the rheuma-
tism right into the poor old creature's
heart, and have her dead before morning.
I ought to be tending to Cousin Marthena
this minute instead of watching this
jiggling and junketing here. But it's a
good two miles by the shortest cut, and
a rough, lonely road."

"I'll go with you, if you'd like to have
me," said Tom, cheerfully.

"And leave all the fun and frolic here?"
said Miss Viry. "No indeed! I wouldn't
ask any such break up as that."

"Oh, I'm not in this racket at all!"
said Tom. "Got no head, feet, or clothes
for it. Was just wondering where I should
bolt, to get out of sight and reach."

"The land's sake! You are a queer boy!
certain," said Miss Viry in surprise. "But
if that's so, you've took a weight off my
mind, sure. We'll start right now."

And so it happened that just as the
lights on old Tiptop began to twinkle out
in rainbow radiance, and the music to
pulse through the dusky silence, Tom and
his friend were taking their way over rock
and ridge to Cousin Marthena, whose little
cottage was far down the mountain gap.

"I do hope somebody will watch them
lanterns," said Miss Viry, casting anxious
glances at the fairy height they had left.
"I ain't one to play croaking erow among
singing birds, but I've been so bothered
about that camp. There's a sort of nervous

feeling in the air this year, anyhow. I've been hearing things I don't like."

"What sort of things?" asked Tom, as he steadied Miss Viry's steps down the rocky path.

"I ain't saying what," answered the good old lady, rather sharply. "But you can't tramp roughshod over sleeping dogs and not expect them to wake up. And that's what this clearing off the mountain means. Here's old Pap Perley gone crack-brained altogether since Colonel Brent served notice on him to quit his little cabin; and Granny Bines is crying night and day about the babies she's got to leave buried in her back yard; other folks are swearing worse and wilder things still. I hain't heard nothing but buzzing and fussing since that day I came back from Cynthy Jameson's and met you on the cars. It just appears as if that sawmill the rich folks are planning has set everybody's teeth and temper on edge. It sort of gives me the creeps myself to think how it will grind and rasp things down there in the valley and tear all these fine old trees into boards and shingles."

"It does seem a pity," answered Tom, for they had entered the "timber belt" now, and the path led through the heavy shadows of oaks and chestnuts. "But we must have boards and shingles, you know; and the sawmill will bring honest work and good pay."

"Hush, boy,—hush!" said Miss Viry, nervously. "That's the talk that stirs folks' dander in the woods here. They ain't looking for that sort of work and pay up in these mountain tops. They've kept their own wild way too long. This has been called the Free State more years than folks can count, and nobody had to pay rent or toll or taxes or nothing. And now here comes this Irving-Brent business claiming they've bought the whole mountain top, and everybody has to clear out and make way for a sawmill. It is sort of riling, I must say. There's the Perley's little cabin where the light is glimmering through the cedar boughs now. They say

poor Pap Perley is lying dreadful low, a calling for his red flag, and crying the cars are carrying him off on the cow-catcher. He ain't been right for a long time, poor old Pap! Lucky he has that girl of his to take care of him. Polly Perley is a good nurse, though Jim Blake will have to walk a chalk-line when she gets him. He has been sparking her these two years. She is handsome too, but wild-cats ain't nothing to Poll Perley when her temper's up; she'd actually knife you as quick as wink."

Altogether, Miss Viry's chatter was very different from her usual cheery chirp. The shadows seemed to have cast something of their gloom upon her as she and Tom kept on their way under the big trees that had faced storm and sunshine on that mountain ridge since the far-off days when the redskins claimed those wooded heights as their own.

Here and there great gaps in the kingly ranks told where dozens of these forest monarchs had already been laid low; while the white crosses blazed on others showed that they were next to fall beneath the woodsman's axe. One could almost fancy they were stretching their great arms heavenward, as if appealing against their doom.

Boards and shingles are needed in this workaday world, as Tom had truly said to Miss Viry; but still it seemed to him, as he walked through the heavy shadows to-night, that the mountain stood fierce and rebellious at being shorn of its forest crown; while the lights of the little cabin homes glimmering here and there in the darkness shone like angry sparks that a breath or touch might kindle into furious flame. He was relieved when they had passed through the gloomy stretch of the timber belt and emerged into the open path that led down to the Gap, where Cousin Marthena's little cottage stood not very far from the banks of the canal.

Lights were twinkling along the water; a heavy canal-boat was just passing through the lock; things looked busy and cheerily familiar again.

"You needn't come any farther," said Miss Viry, bracing up into her chirpy self once more. "It was a mean thing to bring you this far, but you can get back now in time to see half the party through."

"Oh, I'm really out of all that!" said Tom. "I'm going to see *you* safe through."

And, in spite of all Miss Viry's protestations, her escort kept his post at her side until they reached the little low-roofed cottage, whose door was opened hurriedly at their knock by Ann Caroline, who was very black and shiny, and seemed stuffed into a tight blue gingham dress too small for her growing width.

"Miss Viry!" exclaimed Ann Caroline, delightedly. "Bress de good Lawd you'se come! Poor ole Miss been a crying and a praying for you ever since sundown."

Groans from an inner chamber emphasized Ann Caroline's statement.

"Land!" exclaimed Miss Viry, hastily bustling out of her Lig bonnet. "And ain't you doing anything for the poor creature, you big black gump!"

"I can't, Miss; she won't let me tech her," said Ann Caroline in a much injured tone. "My hands is too big and hard; she say dar ain't nobody Lut Elviry Miggs knows how to ease dat pain."

"Hot water and turpentine, then,—quick!" said Miss Viry, who had her sleeves rolled up and a white apron tied on in a twinkling.

"The fire's done dead out," said Ann Caroline, helplessly.

"Then make another," said Miss Viry—"quick as you can!"

"And—and ole miss dun broke the turpentine bottle whacking at me with her cane," continued Ann Caroline.

"Land! I don't wonder," said Miss Viry, desperately. "I'd whack you too. Kindle the fire! Do you hear, you stnpid owl? And—"

"I'll go for the turpentine," said Tom, who was used to such emergencies; "and the doctor too, if you say so."

"No need. Like as not he's twenty miles away. I'm all the doctor wanted here.

Just you run down to Kenny's store and get ten cents' worth of turpentine, and I'll have a kettle of boiling water while that black booby is looking for sticks."

Even while she spoke Tom was off down the towpath that stretched straight and narrow and safe through the darkness, the slow water creeping dully below, and the big boat, now past the lock, moving heavily on its upward way. It was as if he had suddenly dropped from fairy heights of pleasure to the old life of struggle and poverty and pain. And Kenny's store seemed to belong to those hard old days, too,—a poor, rough place, lit by a smoky lamp, and rankly odorous of fish and cheese and tobacco.

Barrels and kegs, on which Kenny's customers seated themselves for trade and talk, crowded the narrow passage-way; the dusty counter and shelves were loaded with a curiously assorted stock of jeans and gingham, tools and groceries, brown jars of mountain honey, boots and cartridges, butter and eggs. Though there was a post-office and a postmaster at Bolton's, scarce a mile away, Kenny's had an old-time delivery of its own. Government officials and government stamps were distrusted on the mountain; letters and packages were dropped in a box at Kenny's to be called for at convenience.

It took some time to distinguish turpentine from axle grease, varnish, horse liniment, and the various other useful commodities that formed Kenny's pharmaceutical stock; and while Tom was impatiently waiting the slow movements of a sandy-haired clerk, a tall, gaunt woman in a "slat" sunbonnet entered the store and approached the proprietor, who was perched on a high stool behind his desk, laboriously settling his day's accounts with a stubby lead-pencil.

"Have you got anything for me yet, Mr. Kenny?" she asked, anxiously.

"Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five," counted Mr. Kenny; "thirty-five, forty-five, five and three to carry over. You, Dave there, what's this here charge against Sandy

Bines? Two boys' kerridges it looks like."

"He! he! he!" tittered Dave from the back of the store. "Better put on your other spees, Mr. Kenny, It's two boxes of cartridges. He hadn't the money, he said—"

"But we ain't doing that sort of business," said Mr. Kenny, sharply. "It's cash down for all shooting stuff. I ain't running no accounts that's going to get this store into trouble. What was you saying, Mrs. Atkins?"

"Are you quite sure there ain't nothing for me?" asked the woman again, her voice trembling as she spoke. "There's a letter here in the box that looks as if it might be from Sam."

"Well, it ain't, ma'am. That letter was dropped here this morning by one of the boat hands. It's marked plain for Tom Langley. Whoever he is, I don't know."

"Eh?" said Tom, stepping up. "Tom Langley, you say? That's my name."

"Be you looking for a letter?" asked Mr. Kenny, suspiciously.

"Well, no, I wasn't," answered Tom, frankly. "Still, my folks live down the canal, and my name is Tom Langley, sure. You can send up to the cottage yonder and ask Miss Elvira Miggs, if you want proof."

"Oh, if you're down here with Miss Viry, you're all right!" said Mr. Kenny, promptly. "Here's your letter. You see we can't give letters round promiscuous these times, and we generally have to know what we're about. But Miss Viry—there ain't no better recommend than Miss Viry in this whole State."

Tom took his letter, and, while he waited for the turpentine to be bottled, broke open the envelope and by the light of the smoky lamp read these startling lines:

"deer tom—yew had better eum rite home and give up the job—theres going to be a big bust up and we aint in for that. Dont tech the three knotted rope ef you loo yure life. B B."

(To be continued.)

A Roland for an Oliver.

Roland, or Rowland, as the name is sometimes spelled, was the most celebrated of King Charlemagne's paladins, or knightly champions. His name and exploits figure frequently in medieval romances, and the "Chanson de Roland" is one long eulogy of his prowess. One is not obliged, of course, to believe all that is recorded of his deeds in the oldtime chronicles. There is probably a good deal of poetic license, for instance, in their statement that Roland's marvellous horn, Olivant, which, with the sword Durandal, or Durindana, he won from the giant Jutmundus, could be heard for twenty miles. One of the many stories about this medieval warrior is that he fought once for five days with another paladin, Oliver, or Olivier. They were very nearly, if not quite, evenly matched; and so neither gained the advantage. From this circumstance, most probably, arose the phrase, "to give a Roland for an Oliver"; that is, to give blow for blow, more especially in a battle of words, or an exchange of telling repartees.

Old Thomas Warburton, however, ascribes the origin of the saying to another cause. He states that the exploits of the two champions, as recorded by the chroniclers, are so ridiculously and equally extravagant that plain, matter-of-fact people used the phrase, "giving one a Roland for his Oliver," to signify the matching of one incredible lie with another. Our young folk will meet with the phrase often enough in the course of their reading, and the context will tell them in which of the two senses it is employed. In the meantime they will do well to repress any tendency which they themselves may feel to indulge in the practice of either giving sharp and occasionally impertinent repartees, especially to their elders, or of capping some one else's big story with a bigger one of their own.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Hon. William J. Onahan's practical lecture, "Our Rights and Duties as Catholics and as Citizens," has been issued in pamphlet form by the International Catholic Truth Society.

—Dr. Boissarie, the eminent chief of the Medical Board of Verifications at Lourdes, has recently published a new book dealing with the Pyrenean shrine and its wonders. The title is "L'Œuvre de Lourdes."

—Messrs. Pustet & Co. publish for the Rev. P. J. Hanley a brief "Treatise on the Sacrament of Extreme Unction." Within the compass of fifty-seven pages, the booklet contains a large and valuable amount of theological information not easily obtainable elsewhere, at least in English.

—The Abbé Gayrand is one of many priests who are doing good and apparently necessary apologetic work in France. Bloud et Cie, Parisian publishers, announce two new books from his capable pen: "La Foi Devant la Raison," and "La Loi de Séparation et le Pape Pie X."

—As neatly artistic a booklet as has come to our table in a long while—and one as welcome as it is artistic—is Father Paschal Robinson's "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Half of the 56 pages are devoted to 183 notes, chiefly bibliographical; and the Introduction proper supplies just the information needed by those who take up the study of St. Francis. Messrs. Tennant & Ward, publishers.

—"Daily Prayer," by Bishop Delany of Hobart, and "The Very Reverend Father Marie-Theodore Ratisbonne" (anonymously brought out) form Nos. 45 and 46 of the penny pamphlets issued by the Australian Catholic Truth Society. Mgr. Delany's tractate is replete with practical and helpful instruction; and the sketch of Father Ratisbonne will, of course, be intensely interesting to readers unfamiliar with his career.

—A new edition of Mrs. Innes-Browne's charming Catholic novel, "Honor without Renown" (Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers), is welcome on many scores. While partaking somewhat of the nature of a sequel to that other excellent tale, "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom," the present narrative is so far complete in itself that it will prove quite intelligible, and notably enjoyable, even to those readers who are unacquainted with the former book. "Honor without Renown" is a frankly Catholic story, and furnishes an excellent example of the

style of fiction which we should like to see increasingly common in the catalogues of our Catholic publishing houses. Its atmosphere is sweet and invigorating; while its plot, incidents, and character-delineation will satisfy the most exacting of those readers who believe that, after all, "the story's the thing that counts."

—A little book which we are in hopes will have a wide sale is "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests," by the Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S., translated and adapted by N. T. It deals with the fundamental truths, and is the first of a series. The translator was wise, we think, in abridging these meditations and adapting them to the temperament of English readers. The publishers (Messrs. Benziger Brothers) evidently gave special care to the production of this volume.

—We rejoice at the announcement—by the John Murphy Co.—of a new and revised edition of the Roman Martyrology. It will be brought down to date and adapted to the calendar in use in this country by a priest of the Society of St. Sulpice. The Roman Martyrology, as all may not know, is "an official and accredited record, on the pages of which are set forth in simple and brief but impressive words the glorious deeds of the soldiers of Christ in all ages of the Church: of the illustrious heroes and heroines of the Cross, whom her solemn verdict has beatified or canonized."

—An English Psalter, dating back as far as the year 970 A. D., and bearing traces of Glastonbury authorship, was recently discovered in the library of Bosworth Hall, Leicestershire, by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet. The volume is thought to have been written in one of the religious houses of the Benedictines, and at the time of the so-called Reformation to have come into the possession of Cranmer, whose name, plainly written, appears on the first page of the calendar. The work consists of 274 pages of thick parchment, bound in oak boards, and covered with a thin sheet of leather. The version of the Psalms is that known as the Romana, which in some places has been corrected into the Vulgate. The excellent workmanship of this old book gives evidence of scrupulous care on the part of the tenth-century scribes, and would do credit, it is said, to our best modern printers. The precious old volume is in perfect condition, although it bears ample evidence of constant use.

—Hawthorne had a high idea of the value of juvenile books, and deemed any author fortunate

who was able so to write as to hold a youthful audience. "Even in point of the reputation to be aimed at," he once wrote, "juvenile literature is as well worth cultivating as any other. The writer, if he succeeds in pleasing, has won readers by whom he may hope to be remembered to their own old age,—a far longer period of literary existence than is generally attained by those who seek immortality from the judgments of full-grown men."

It is matter for rejoicing that an increasing number of Catholic writers are now devoting themselves to books for young readers. The service involves sacrifice, but it is not without even temporary reward. The juvenile audience pays little attention as to whether or not a book is just out: the only question asked is whether or not it is interesting; and we could mention Catholic books for young folk which, although first published over a decade ago, are still in steady demand; for each new generation makes a new audience.

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.

- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.
- "Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.
- "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
- "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.
- "A Method of Conversing with God." Father Boutauld, S. J. 30 cts.
- "The Queens Festivals." A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cts.
- "Sunday-School Hymn-Book." Sisters of Notre Dame. 75 cts.

- "Round the World." Vol. III. 85 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 Philosoph." 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.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Simon Lebl, D. D., of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Very Rev. John McDonald, diocese of Syracuse; and Rev. J. M. Clos, O. M. I.

Mr. James Clark, Mr. M. W. Morris, Miss Mary Deasy, Miss Sara Swift, Mr. William Kenefick, Mr. Clarence Waters, Mr. William Daly, Mr. John Waring, Mr. Cornelius Callaghan, Mr. A. T. Moore, Katharine Lawless, Mr. John Smallman, Mr. Charles Fay, Grace McLaughlin, Bridget Shaughnessy, Miss Elizabeth Randall, and Mr. Robert Bates.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Gotemba lepers:

A. M. B., \$5; C. P. A., \$3; L. M. McB., \$2; M. J. Walsh, \$2.

The Dominican Sisters, Baltimore, Md.:

T. A. C., in honor of St. Anthony, \$5; M. J. Walsh, \$2.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 27, 1907.

NO. 4.

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

The Hidden Goó.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

● LITTLE shrine of white and gold,
The Lord of heaven and earth you hold!
In solitude and silence deep,
Behind your doors He seems to sleep,—
“But His Heart watcheth.”

Watcheth untiring, day by day,
For halting feet that turn that way,
For sinner vile and gentle saint,
For souls that soar and hearts that faint,—
“But His Heart watcheth.”

O Tabernacle, cold and white,
Your portals veil the God of Light!
Silent within that hidden place
Where none may gaze upon His face,—
“But His Heart watcheth.”

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN VAUGHAN.

V.—INDISCRIMINATE READING.

We find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in mathematics, acuteness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light and devotion, as so many rich metals in their proper mines.—*Bishop Hall.*

LN bygone years, when the population of the world was comparatively small, the vast majority of men were satisfied to communicate with one another by word of mouth. It is true that some few, here and there, who could wield the pen, would set their thoughts down on paper; but not one person in a hundred could have inter-

preted their calligraphy, however fairly writ, since the art of reading, like the art of writing, was an accomplishment confined almost entirely to the leisured and the learned. The means of communication, not only between country and country, but even between town and town in the same country, were difficult and uncertain, and exceedingly slow. Of course there was no post; and as the usual system, when important announcements had to be made, was to dispatch a special messenger, on foot or on horseback, it was generally left to him to convey the news and to express the message in his own rude way. It is not surprising, then, that epistolary correspondence should have been somewhat at a discount.

Gradually, as greater facilities of getting about from place to place were afforded, and as more serviceable roads and more reliable coaches, running between given places at stated intervals, were put at the disposal of the general public, the fashion of letter writing became more feasible, and consequently much more popular also. Friends began to keep up a more or less regular correspondence with one another, and thus, the “news-sheet”—the forerunner of our daily paper—came into existence. Still, there was no strong incentive to literary work.

But time wore on. Mankind kept multiplying all over the land. Hundreds became thousands, thousands were transformed into millions, and into tens and hundreds of millions. At last, with the increase of population, there arose an urgent need, such as had never been felt

before, of a more perfect, a more expeditious, and a more general system for the diffusion of thought. This need was felt in every quarter, and various unsuccessful attempts were made to meet it. Finally, after many futile efforts and impracticable experiments had been repeated throughout a period extending over several generations, the foundations of the present art of printing were securely laid. Once the discovery had been made, it grew rapidly, and became more and more developed and improved, until now, aided by the thousand mechanical contrivances of the day, it has attained a degree of perfection that has far exceeded all expectation, and leaves little more to be desired.

In our own time the printing press does its work more rapidly, more accurately, and more beautifully than it ever did before. It multiplies copies of books, periodicals, and papers at a rate that seems almost magical; and is thus able, without difficulty and in an incredibly short time, to place an author's thoughts and sentiments within reach of millions of readers. Day by day, in all parts of the world, it is turning out an inexhaustible stream of literature of one kind or another. It creates a river broad and deep, with endless tributaries that never cease to flow, and that percolate into every nook and corner of the civilized world.

In brief, from a mere nothing it has grown into a stupendous power that is ever influencing the world, and shaping and moulding the opinions of men,—perhaps, indeed, to a much greater extent than is generally realized. For while, on the one hand, persons of all conditions and walks of life now read, and read much, on the other hand, extremely few ever pause to reflect and inwardly digest the mass of matter that is set before them. Either they have not the time, amid all the hurry and bustle of life; or, if they have the time, they have not the desire or the inclination so to exert themselves; or should neither time nor inclination be wanting, then they lack the

requisite aptitude and capacity, and find it simpler and easier to let others do their thinking for them, just as they let others build their houses and cook their food. The result is, the opinions, views, judgments and thoughts of the world are colored to a considerable extent by the literature of the day, more especially by the ephemeral literature; and that, as we all know, is extremely heterogeneous. It is a strange mixture of good and bad and indifferent; and includes, in ever-varying proportions, the useful, the useless, and the downright pernicious.

To read or even to take note of everything that comes from the press has long since become an impossibility. We are constrained, from the very nature of the case, to make some sort of selection. But how? What principles should guide us? There is no doubt but that we should choose our books with the same care and on the same principles with which we choose our friends and companions. In fact, a book or a paper is a friend. The volume between our hands speaks to us just as a friend does, oftentimes even with greater freedom and straightforwardness. It informs, it argues, it influences, persuades and entreats, in precisely the same manner. Nay, more: it can attract us to virtue or entice us to vice; counsel good or counsel evil; delight us by its breadth of view and nobleness of purpose, or shock us by its looseness of speech, its immorality, its profanity, or its vulgarity, just as the living voice.

We are commanded to avoid bad company, to fly from evil associates as from the face of a poisonous serpent, and to shun all occasions of sin. This obligation to keep out of harm's way, as we value our own soul, is consequently as stringent and as binding upon us in the matter of books as of persons. How could it be otherwise? For, though the press is a tremendously powerful engine, it is quite as much at the service of the wicked as of the good; and it would seem that in these days the wicked are even more ready and more

zealous in availing themselves of it than are the good and the virtuous.

So soon as we allow ourselves to wander at will over the vast field of general literature, we find ourselves upon dangerous ground, so that great prudence as well as great self-restraint will be needed if we are to thread our tortuous way without being contaminated and besmirched. The misfortune is that there is so much to attract us in what is evil. The mere knowledge that a fruit is forbidden is almost enough, of itself, to excite an immediate desire to taste it.* The secret drawer is always the one we are most anxious to pull open; and the hidden treasure, the treasure we deem best worth finding. Besides, error is apt to clothe itself in an attractive garb of novelty and freshness, which truth—constant, changeless, everlasting truth—can never wear. To every doubt and to every problem there can be but one sound and reliable answer, but the unsound and unreliable and false answers are innumerable. They are of all colors and complexions, and may be served up so as to suit any inquirer, however perverted his taste and jaundiced his judgment. Hence, a writer, whether of history or philosophy or religion, who has a purpose to serve and "an axe to grind," and who is insensible to the claims of truth, possesses a thousand means of alluring and misleading and cajoling the unwary reader, which are not at the service of those who are ruled by higher principles.

While we rejoice greatly at the splendid opportunities afforded by modern inventions and mechanical appliances, we can not altogether close our eyes to the infamous purposes to which they are often prostituted. Cavilers and calumniators have taken a mean advantage of these

extended facilities for circulating thought, so that we experience much difficulty in arriving at the truth even about our own age and country. It has been well said that "for one paper that fosters good feeling and good understanding between nations, by trying rightly to inform its neighbors, and to study them without reservations, many see read defamation and distrust. What unnatural and dangerous currents of opinion they set in motion, and for what false alarms and malicious interpretations of words and facts are they responsible! . . . In politics, finance, business, even in science, religion, art and literature, there is everywhere disguise, trickery, and wire-pulling; one view for the public, another for the initiated."

The American-Spanish war, which many think as little honorable to the conquerors as to the conquered, is said to have been brought about by the influence of the so-called "yellow press," while some have ascribed the assassination of President McKinley to the same mischievous cause.

Mr. Georges Maze-Sencier assures us, in the *Correspondant*, that the present perturbed and fermented condition of French social and political life is due to the corruptions of the French newspapers. Editors pander to the blind passions of their readers; they arouse hatred and envy in the masses against the classes; they set forth in glowing colors anti-militarism, internationalism, and socialism, as remedies for poverty and inequality of fortune; while anti-clericalism is represented to be the sole method of escaping the so-called oppressions and exactions of the Church. The same writer affirms that it is the unscrupulous French papers that are responsible for the agitation against the Church, which is threatening to drown France beneath an ocean of infidelity and irreligion.

"These journals," he writes, "propose to procure the eternal triumph of Liberty and Reason, in order to secure the complete destruction of the Church by a relentless anti-clerical crusade. By cler-

* See Gron's "Interior Souls," p. 105.

This is so natural—so *un-supernatural*—that even *Punch* makes fun of it:

BOOKSELLER: What kind of a book do you wish, young lady?

MISS SWEETTHING: O please—ah—something one should not read, you know!

icalism they mean what they affirm to be an indissoluble league between capitalists and clericals; for the capitalists, in order to carry on their dishonest transactions, have need of clericalism, which besots the brain of the masses by preaching resignation and obedience. With unwearied reiteration, one affirmation is being dinned into the ears of the French people by the French press—namely, that the Catholic Church, far from educating the people, far from serving the people's interests, far from having organized in the country an economic system that was not insupportable, kept the peasant and the workingman up to the time of the Revolution in the direst subjection, in utter degradation and want."

Similar statements might be made concerning the influence of the press in other countries, but it is unnecessary to multiply instances. We have said sufficient for our purpose. But perhaps our note of warning will ring clearer and more effectively if, instead of speaking in generalities, we consider, under their respective headings, the specific sources of danger arising from the press, and deal with them one by one.

All books, magazines, papers, and other publications, fall under one of two heads: they are good or bad, innocent or harmful. With the good we are not now concerned, except it be to encourage their perusal as earnestly as possible. The bad, which it is to be feared are much the more numerous, may be conveniently divided into three categories. First come those which assail morals; secondly, those which assail divine Faith; and, thirdly, those which are simply frivolous and frothy,—by which we mean books which do not directly suggest or encourage evil, but which, nevertheless, waste our time, dissipate our minds, and occupy hours which might be much more profitably employed. We will speak of these first.

They consist for the most part of silly novels and novelettes, and holiday sketches, and nonsense books, and of fantastic and extravagant tales, full of

idle chatter and unilluminating dialogues between unreal persons; books which have nothing in them to arouse our better feelings, and whose heroes and heroines would never inspire us with a new idea, or add one iota to our stock of knowledge, even though they prattled on till the final crack of doom. These sentimental tales repeat, in a thousand different ways, the billings and the cooings of very commonplace persons in a very commonplace manner, unrelieved by any newness of thought, beauty of diction, or elegance of expression.

Unnumbered multitudes of these trashy narratives issue from the press every year. They exist because they supply an unfortunate demand. They are produced, like shilling razors or shoddy shoes, simply to sell. It is not even intended that they should convey any instruction or teach any lesson, but only that they should while away an hour or two, and help idle people to kill time. Most of them are vile compositions born of an imagination that has not yet learned to soar, and made up of incidents spun from the morbid conscience of some love-sick poetaster or maudlin sentimentalist.

There is no great harm in using such rubbish in moderation, and for purposes of simple recreation and relaxation of mind,—for we are not now supposing them to contain any suggestions contrary to faith or morals. The whole danger here lies in excess. And this danger undoubtedly exists. There are, indeed, persons without much vigor of mind, who find every intellectual effort fatiguing; these are apt to indulge too largely in writings whose sole recommendation is that they make no serious demand upon the attention of the reader, who will never move unless he be carried along from chapter to chapter without any exertion of head or heart.

There are many persons in these days, more especially ladies, who consecrate far too much of their time to this form of amusement. They are to be found con-

tinually poring over some inane novel or foolish romance, wholly insensible of the positive harm they are doing themselves,— a harm which is twofold. In the first place, valuable hours are squandered, and many important duties are either wholly neglected or else only hurriedly and imperfectly discharged. In the second place, a most undesirable and unhealthy craving for light, frothy reading is formed, which soon unfits them for what is good, solid, and serious. They impair their mental palate, and end by feeling as little hunger for instructive and profitable study as a schoolboy, who has accustomed himself to live on froth, soufflés, and whipped cream, feels for the ordinary strong meats of a healthy man.

The fritting away and the wasting of precious hours over foolish publications is not only deplorable in itself, but it is especially reprehensible in one who admits the tremendous responsibilities of life, who realizes that time once lost never returns, and who candidly confesses that for every misspent moment a strict account will one day have to be rendered.

To the next category of bad books belong all such as are directly immoral in themselves, or at least in their general tone and tendency. At the present day there exists an entire department of literature which openly and unblushingly attacks the most sacred obligations of Christian marriage, and which wages an unholy war upon the most fundamental principles of family life. It does not hesitate to justify practices which God forbids, and to advocate and approve means and methods which lead to race-suicide and all the abominations that are connected with it. We refer to such practices as St. Paul denounces in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans, and which it seems to be the aim of certain degenerate authors to resuscitate and reinstate. Of these unsavory subjects we shall not speak, lest we should pollute our lips and offend the modesty of our readers. Nor is there any reason. They stand self-condemned, and

no Catholic who respects himself would soil his fingers by touching a book that deals with them.

Non ragiamo di Lor';
Ma guarda e passa.

No! It is rather our purpose to put the reader on his guard against works which do not carry their own condemnation so clearly written on every page. We wish to warn him against the dangers of certain works of fiction, whose main attraction consists in long and minute descriptions of the tender passion, which for many minds possess an extraordinary power of seduction. They present to us the love-sick maiden, who is, of course, always young and fair and interesting, and her faithful or unfaithful wooer, as the case may be. A tangled web of romance and poetry and passion is skilfully woven about their young lives, which awakens our interest and kindles our imagination to the highest pitch of excitement. Then, as the plot slowly develops before our eyes, with all its varied incidents and surprises, various sentiments of sympathy or of resentment or of indignation or of anger take possession of us, and we waste our emotions and expend our strongest and noblest feelings on persons and sufferings which are as purely imaginative and unsubstantial as the creations of a dream.

In due course are represented the most harrowing scenes, in which unseemly dialogues are carried on, with the usual accessories of sighs and tears, and lovers' quarrels, and dramatic "asides," and stage settings all complete. As we are hurried along from chapter to chapter, we are sometimes invited to contemplate the most indelicate, not to say suggestive, situations. Graphic descriptions of courting and coquetting and of illicit love-making, drawn in highly colored language, fill page after page; together with highly-spiced and even improper conversations, in which an evil art administers to the morbid curiosity and stirs up the worst passions of the reader. The presumptuous, who succumb to the low

attractions of such literature, sink readily from bad to worse; they soon cease to be satisfied with the ordinary exhibitions of the affections and the attractions between the sexes, as they appear among decent people, and begin to thirst for what is more piquant and sensational, until at last they are not content unless they are wallowing in the filth and obscenity provided by the most licentious composers of the day. They speedily lose all sense of modesty, will revel in tales and anecdotes of a distinctly unsavory and highly objectionable character, and will greedily seize upon those revolting publications of the hour in which all the ordinary laws of decorum and reticence are set aside, and where vice appears enthroned, naked and unshamed.

An immense number of "shilling shockers" and "penny dreadfuls" flood the market, and find readers in abundance greedy and anxious to devour them. For there is very little of the spirit of denial in the world, and each one seems disposed to do "what seemeth good in his own eyes." Some will try to flatter themselves that they receive no harm from feeding on such garbage, but in this they do but prove their proficiency in the art of self-deception. Writings such as we refer to are exceedingly perilous. They are hotbeds of temptations, to which not even the strongest can expose himself with impunity. They arouse the passions, they heat the imagination and set it on fire, and conjure up a thousand impure and suggestive images before the mind,—those lascivious spectres which it is so immeasurably easier to call up than to lay. The least among the deplorable consequences that follow are that the heart is defiled, the senses are stirred, and the whole soul is left troubled and ill at ease.

No one possessing any experience either as a confessor or as a director of souls will deny but that an impure form or an indelicate situation, especially when it is artistically drawn, cleverly described, and vividly pictured in glowing words, will

sometimes leave an impression on the incautious reader for a lifetime, and be a source of frequent trouble and regret to the end. It will obtrude itself upon his thoughts at the most inopportune moments, distract him at prayer and meditation, and challenge his powers of attention even when assisting at Mass, and receiving the Sacraments. Even so great a saint as St. Jerome, leading a penitential life in the desert, was haunted in spite of himself, by the sights and scenes he had witnessed years before, while residing in pagan Rome. If St. Paul, speaking under inspiration, distinctly tells us that such things should "not so much as be named among you, as becometh saints,"* what would he say of Catholics who not merely name them, but who dwell intently upon them, and who do so deliberately and repeatedly and without even the shadow of a necessity? Surely so to act is to love the danger, and Our Lord declares that "he that loveth danger shall perish in it."†

In addition to the evil consequences already referred to, such reading also familiarizes us with the image of sin and sensuality, and, by accustoming us to gaze upon every description of turpitude and immorality, gradually diminishes our appreciation of the hideousness and enormity of these crimes. It dulls the keen edge of conscience, and blinds us to the stern necessity of avoiding, at any sacrifice, such dangerous occasions of offending God.

But probably the greatest peril in the path of the omnivorous reader arises from infidel books. We mean all those publications in which the truths of Revelation and the doctrines of the Church, even the most sacred and sublime, are travestied or ridiculed, or directly attacked and contradicted. In these days it is downright infidelity, rather than hybrid Protestantism, that we have to contend with. In fact, Protestantism is fast losing its hold on the great masses of the people. Its extreme Erastianism, its fatal con-

* Eph., v. 3.

† Ecclus., iii, 27.

traditions, its internal divisions and dissensions, as well as its modern and purely human origin, are facts which are becoming daily more and more clearly recognized, and render it utterly unfit to cope with modern infidelity and to withstand the attacks of the inquiring and critical spirits of the twentieth century. Protestantism has had its day; it no longer satisfies any one whose mind is on the alert, so that thousands are now lapsing into total unbelief, and falling away from it as leaves fall from a tree that is blasted and withering.

It is not so much heresy as downright atheism and godlessness that confront us, and that poison and contaminate so great a portion of the world's present literary output. There is not the slightest doubt but that an incalculable amount of harm is being done by this class of books; and the more so because even good and pious persons often fail to appreciate the risk they run in perusing them. In fact, they will go so far as proudly and disdainfully to deny that for *them* there is any risk whatsoever. Again and again Catholics may be heard asserting their right to read such pernicious authors. And on what pretext? "Oh," they jauntily exclaim, with an offended air, "if our Faith be true and well grounded, we have no cause to fear what men may allege against it!" Or they petulantly remark that the Catholic creed must be a very milk-and-water creed if it can not face the arguments of infidels and the onslaught of foes; that, in short, there can be nothing supernatural or divine in it, if it is going to totter and fall to pieces at the breath of mere men, however skilled in wordy warfare.

What arrant nonsense! Such observations are, of course, common enough; but they disclose an extraordinary confusion of thought. We can only say that those who make them must be sadly ignorant of their own innate inbecility and weakness. It is true that the danger to the reader is very great, but this danger arises

not in the least degree from any inefficiency or defect in the foundations of the Faith; for the Church stands on an impregnable rock and is absolutely invulnerable. We have the divine assurance that the gates of hell itself shall never prevail against it. No! The danger exists, but it is subjective, not objective. The danger lies wholly in the blindness and dulness of poor weak human nature, which is easily misled by specious words, and beguiled by fine-spun arguments, and which, having ventured into a contest with the agents of Satan, is as liable to be deceived and fall miserably as were Adam and Eve when they tried conclusions with the arch-fiend himself.

Such shallow excuses for flying into the very face of danger are in sober truth, but sad indications of a subtle pride and vanity, and suggest a really culpable ignorance of man's spiritual misery and dependence. Nothing is easier than to raise difficulties; nothing is more common than to suggest doubts against the supernatural. That almost any one can do without offering any claim to superior knowledge. Nor is it strange. Can not a child, with a match and a handful of straw, create a cloud which will, for the time being, hide even the stars? It is a trite saying that "a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer." And if this be true in the case of a fool, how far truer it must be when the questioner is not a fool at all, but a shrewd and clever reasoner, accustomed to dialectics, who has an object to accomplish, and who is wholly unscrupulous concerning the means he employs? How can we expect the average Catholic to read the effusions of rank infidels without receiving any harm? Has he the mental skill and training to parry every blow? Is he such a master of fence as never to be overcome by any adversary? The vast majority of Catholics are without profound knowledge either of history or theology or philosophy. They have never been trained for such encounters. They are little accustomed to the insidious ways, the counterfeit speech, the perverted sense,

the false reasonings, the innuendoes, the tergiversations, the suppression of the true and the suggestion of the false, and the other shifts of a designing writer. They indulge their curiosity, yet suspect no evil. Silly flies suspect no danger in the spider's web so deftly spread to catch their feet. In consequence, they perish by thousands. In like manner many a silly human fly apprehends no danger whatever in infidel books, and is thus allured to his doom, being entangled in the cunningly devised meshes of some sophistical argument.

To suppose that Catholics of ordinary ability, and without experience or preparation, should be able to see through and to detect all the wily sophistries proposed by some of the keenest and best practised intellects of the day, is sheer folly and madness. They seem to forget that amongst the immense number who write are to be found agnostics, materialists, positivists, and other infidels of unquestionable learning and ability. These are often men who have distinguished themselves at the universities; they are highly cultured; they possess an extraordinary command of language; they express themselves with elegance and ease, and sometimes with real eloquence; they set forth the most damnable doctrines and theories in well-balanced phrases and in carefully rounded periods, that captivate and charm the casual reader, to his own destruction; reminding one, by reason of their methods, of those exquisitely tinted tropical berries which hide the deadliest poison under an exterior of the most brilliantly beautiful forms and colors, which tempt the simple wayfarer to a deadly feast. Some, too, are past-masters of deception, and will present their views with an extraordinary show of plausibility. They will so dress up and deck out error that nine persons out of every ten will take it for genuine truth; and will surround vice itself with such a halo of virtue as almost to deceive even the elect.

The simple, self-confiding and inexpe-

rienced reader seems singularly unconscious of all this. He, accordingly, throws prudence to the winds; he refuses to curb his curiosity, and calmly persuades himself that he may safely read and study the worst publications of the day and run no risk; skate on the thinnest ice and not tumble in. Many a time have we seen beardless youths, and even young ladies fresh from the academies, thus courting disaster, and rushing in where angels themselves fear to tread. To this fact, indeed, must be in a large measure ascribed the deplorably lax views and unorthodox opinions held by not a few Catholics at the present time.

Pride, and pride alone, is at the bottom of it. For what is it that such venturesome young persons practically say? Their conduct, translated into words, bears a very sinister aspect, and may be expressed as follows: 'I run no risk. I am more than a match for all these infidels. Clever men may disguise error, but not from me. They may represent evil as though it were good, and deceive others, but me they can never deceive. No: I am far too astute to be taken in. Let them weave their subtleties and their sophistries about me, and prepare their pitfalls and their snares. Such attempts may entrap the less wise, but they are wholly unavailing before my penetrating and all-seeing gaze. I? I can see through every difficulty. I can loosen every knot. I can unravel every tangle. I can make the rough ways smooth, and the crooked ways straight; detect falsehood under any guise it may assume; drag forth error triumphantly from its hiding-place into the light of day, and put my finger on every poisonous spot without fail.'

What presumption! Alas! their pride deceives them, and, unless corrected, will certainly bring upon them some terrible calamity. "Pride goeth before destruction," says the Holy Spirit of God; "and the spirit is lifted up before a fall."* Such conceit soon receives its due punishment.

* Prov., xvi, 18.

They get entrapped in the toils of the snarer, and entangled and held fast in the twisted strands of error and infidelity, and suffer the just consequences of their rashness and disobedience. "Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools." *

We have no right whatever to expose ourselves to temptations against faith; we have received no promise of immunity if we do so. Quite the contrary. The Holy Spirit of God explicitly warns us that "he that toucheth pitch shall be defiled with it." † The plain truth is, we are not wise enough or prudent enough, or sufficiently courageous or enlightened, to sail our own fragile barque over the great sea of error and heresy which encompasses us upon every side. If we were, then Christ would never have commanded us to enter into the Barque of Peter, and to entrust ourselves and all our spiritual interests to him who alone has received the divine assurance that *his* barque will ever ride in safety, even amid the fiercest and wildest storms; and, though tossed and buffeted, will never be wrecked on the shifting sands and shallows of infidelity.

Considering the lessons with which history abounds, and the many fresh examples with which experience is continually supplying us and placing as object lessons before our eyes, it is passing strange that honest and earnest Catholics should so little realize the power of evil, and their own inherent weakness to resist it. Yet so it is. The wisest and most learned of the saints would hardly venture to do what many of us, who possess not one hundredth part of their learning or one thousandth part of their sanctity, do without scruple or hesitation.

Take a single instance. Call to mind what we are told of St. Thomas of Aquin. He is considered the greatest and the profoundest of our theologians. His treatises are known and studied by every priest and ecclesiastical student throughout the world. There is scarcely a professor,

teacher, or writer who does not refer to him or quote him when dealing with Catholic theological questions. If there ever was a man who might feel secure when treading the slippery paths of heresy, and snap his fingers at any attempt to puzzle or delude him, it is the Angel of the Schools. Yet he was most circumspect, and by no means insensible to the peril arising from contact with error. In no jaunty spirit did he approach the study of heretical works, even with the purpose of confuting them, but with caution and circumspection, as one who is traversing an enemy's country. Though his marvellous insight into spiritual things and his exceptional penetration of mind won for him the title of the "Angelic Doctor," yet his diffidence and humility were such that he would never venture to enter into the infidels' camp, or expose himself to their batteries, until he had first armed himself by prayer and penance, and thus secured the divine assistance in order to discern truth from error, and to expose false doctrine.

It is recorded that sometimes, when engaged upon his great work, "Contra Gentiles," he would be troubled by this or that heretical objection, and unable at once to find the solution. Then he would put aside his pen, and seek in humble prayer the light which was denied him in study. He would steal down to the church, and, throwing himself in great humility before the Tabernacle, or else at the foot of the crucifix, would earnestly implore help and understanding from Him who "enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."* When, as sometimes happened, the answer did not at once come, he would add fasting to prayer, until at last God rewarded his faith and piety, and lovingly opened his eyes to the truth, enabling him to detect the fallacy and to deal with it in his own inimitable manner.

If such intellectual giants and such exalted saints and Doctors of the Church

* Rom., i, 22.

† Ecclus., xiii, 1.

* St. John, i, 9.

as St. Thomas of Aquin were so conscious of the contaminating influence of heresy and of the corrosive effects of false doctrine, how immeasurably more should we fear them, and stand on our guard against them! Great and constant should be our care to avoid all unnecessary contact with what is so contagious; for otherwise our faith will become gradually undermined and our intellects perverted. "Who thinketh himself to stand, let him take heed lest he fall."

No observer, with any experience of life, can fail to note the terrible havoc that infidel and anti-religious books are causing even within the ranks of the children of the Church. The effect of these mischievous publications is often slow, and, as a rule, scarcely perceived at the time, but for that very reason only the more dangerous. "Drop by drop," it is said, "will wear away a stone." So in a similar manner the poison of infidelity and of doubt, instilled into the mind drop by drop through the medium of evil publications, will in the course of time wear away and destroy the strongest and the most irreproachable faith. The example of prudence and modesty and self-restraint set us by the saints should not be without its effect. We should distrust our weakness, deny ourselves all dangerous license, and ask God to guide and safeguard us from the snares and the fascinations of error. Then God will, in His great mercy, teach us prudence and rescue us from the effects of our own folly.

THERE is no better test by which to distinguish the chaff from the grain, in the Church of God, than the manner in which sufferings, contradiction, and contempt are borne. Whoever remains unmoved under these is grain, whoever rises against them is chaff; and the lighter and more worthless he is, the higher he rises,—that is, the more he is agitated, and the more proudly he replies.

—*St. Augustine.*

For the Doctor's Sake.

(As narrated by Joel Currier.)

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IT has been said that the Hilltop folks are a stingy lot, or, as we say, "a little near"; and so I ask you to listen to what I have to tell concerning the Doctor's wife.

When Dr. Peabody brought her home from nobody knew where, every person in Hilltop tried to like her for his sake; but it was uphill work. We could not find any particular fault with her, but she was one of those superior acting women who make you feel without saying a word that they'll try and endure your society, seeing it's the best they can have. Her kitchen table was always scrubbed a little more than any in the village; her washing was out the earliest; you never caught her with the braid of her dress frayed out, and she always sang loud in meeting; but, somehow, we never took to her.

The Doctor seemed very fond of her, and was just as jolly as she was prim, until one day when their little boy was about ten years old. Then a change came over him all of a sudden. I remember well when I first noticed it. My grey horses ran away with me; and when I picked myself up after interviewing a stone wall, I sent for the Doctor to come and look me over, fearing some of my ribs had got the worst of it. But I actually forgot my bones when I saw his face. He seemed to have grown old all of a sudden,—sort of withered, like a field of corn after an early frost.

"You'll be all right to-morrow," he said,—but he said it without the smile we had learned to expect.

"But will *you*?" I asked. "You look sick yourself, Doctor. We're always bringing forward our aches and pains, and never thinking of yours."

He turned off the subject with a light

remark, saying doctors couldn't be sick, or their patients would discharge them, and fixed me up some medicine to take in case I couldn't sleep. Those were the days of medicine that had some taste to it, before people began eating candy and imagining it cured them.

The queer look stayed on his face, and before long others began to notice it. At first it was thought that he'd had trouble with his wife; but we had to give that idea up, for he seemed more devoted to her than ever. He never wanted her to go anywhere without him. If a neighbor said, "Do come over this afternoon and bring your knitting, Mrs. Peabody," she'd always answer that she guessed she'd wait till after supper and have the Doctor come with her; or if she wanted to buy anything at the store he always managed to go along. "You'd think he did not dare trust her out of his sight," said Aunt Lois. "It's awful silly." But it wasn't silly, as we found out after a while.

One day she came into my shop, "just to look around," she said, which was natural enough; and I showed her all my best things. She seemed especially pleased with some old teaspoons I'd just got hold of. They were the apple of my eye, so to speak, marked with a ducal crest, and worth their weight in gold several times over. Well, after she'd gone, those spoons were not to be found, though I hunted high and low. Then I got mad and hurried up to the Doctor's. Mrs. Peabody was weeding her flower beds, just as calm as you please. I was as polite as I could be under the circumstances as if nothing had occurred.

"I just called," I said, "to ask if you happened to notice where I laid those old spoons." And she looked sort of dazed and put her hand in her pocket. "Why, here they are!" she said. "I must have taken them by mistake," and went on weeding the mignonette.

That was the beginning, but it wasn't the end by a long way. Everybody began to miss things. Aunt Lois' silver thimble

was the first thing to go after my spoons then Mrs. Merrill missed her grandfather's snuff-box that lay on her parlor table; and during the Sewing Society meeting one day Jane Brown's cameo breastpin disappeared from the cushion on the bureau. The next week Mrs. Pealody offered to stay awhile with old Hosea Chase, who had the lung fever; and when she went home his gold-rimmed spectacles went too. When he got well enough to read, he hunted them up. They had caught on the fringe of her shawl, she said.

At first we kept all these things from one another; but there came a time when we had to have an understanding, and we concluded not to say anything unless we had to. We were put to the test pretty soon.

Mrs. Peabody called at the minister's one afternoon, and after she had gone Mrs. Moody missed her grandfather's picture. It was painted on fine porcelain, and she set a tremendous store by it. Mrs. Moody said she didn't belong in Hilltop except by marriage, and wasn't going to shield any thief; and that if Mr. Moody didn't look up the picture, why *she* would. He quieted her down and said he'd see about it. And, sure enough, her grandpa's portrait was hanging safe and sound on the wall again the next day. The minister would never let on how he got it, and only said, "Poor woman!" when we asked him. He was awfully soft-hearted, Parson Moody was.

When Tom Peabody was about fifteen and getting ready to go to college, his father died. When he was sick he sent for me. "Joel," he whispered, the first time we were left alone, "make allowances for her. Her mind isn't right. And don't let Tom know. Promise!" And I promised.

After we laid the Doctor in the burying-ground—and if ever a man was mourned in Hilltop, he was,—I made it my business to go around and talk to the folks, one at a time. "Tom mustn't know about his mother," I told them. Most everyone

agreed to that; but now and then somebody would object a little mite, and I had to bring up what the Doctor had done,—how ready he was to go out the stormiest night that ever was, how he never stopped to think where his pay was coming from, how he had forgiven more bills than he had collected, and how he was the patient and loving friend of the whole village. “Keep it from Tom for the Doctor’s sake,” I’d end by saying.

The storekeeper was the worst to manage. He was a newcomer from up the coast. I never did like those Eastport folks.

“I’m going to bring in a bill against the estate,” he said. “She’s carried off as much as a wagon load of potatoes, first and last.”

“And what’s a train load of ‘em, you mean cuss,” said I, getting mad again, “when you think how the Doctor walked the floor with your baby when your wife was worn out taking care of him?”

“Business is business,” he answered,—though I saw he was weakening.

“But Eastport business doesn’t go in Hilltop,” said I; and when the old folks met at my shop to talk it over he was there as meek as a mouse. We mapped out a sort of a plan of action about watching Mrs. Peabody; and agreed that if she took things we’d just make the best of it, but Tom must not know.

In a few months a cousin of the Doctor’s, who lived out West, offered the boy a place in his drug store, where he could learn the business, and he was wild to go. I never could see what possesses young folks to want to live with grizzly bears and Indians, but we encouraged Tom to make the venture. Aunt Lois knit him three pairs of socks, and the Sewing Society had a bee and made him up a lot of shirts and neckties, thinking he couldn’t buy those things out in Indiana. You know the Doctor was such a poor collector that he had left almost nothing beside the house and a piece of stony ground.

Some say there’s a mortgage on it too.

After Tom left, it was harder than ever to keep track of Mrs. Peabody. He had been a sort of restraint; but, with him gone, she went roaming around, and nobody dared leave the kitchen door open for fear she’d sly in and take the knives and forks off of the table. Pretty soon he began to write about sending for her, but we knew that would never do in the world. We trembled to think of her among strangers, and we had watched her so long that we actually felt as if we should miss her if she went away. It’s a strange thing how fond we get of the folks that make us the most trouble. Now, there is old—but I’ll tell you about him some other time.

We got up all sorts of excuses to keep Mrs. Peabody in Hilltop. I don’t believe she wanted to go anyway, being probably as afraid for herself as we were for her. So things went on for four or five years, Tom all the time talking about coming home but never coming; and then one night she had a chill, and it was the beginning of pneumonia. When we knew she couldn’t live we took up a collection and telegraphed the money to Tom, and told him to come home. He got there before she died, and she knew him. He took on dreadfully, saying he never should have left her. He was always awfully fond of her, and proud of her, too; and we were gladder than ever that we’d never told him the truth. He was growing to be the living image of his father, and I don’t believe that there was a person at the funeral that had anything but a kind thought for him.

The storekeeper and I walked home together.

“I’ve been reading up a little,” said he. “She was what you call a kleptomaniac, and couldn’t help running off with things she took a fancy to any more than a squirrel can stop hiding nuts in a hollow tree. I never shall ask that boy to pay for those potatoes.”

And he was a poor man, even for Hilltop,

where everybody was poor enough, goodness knows.

Tom stayed a week after that, and when he went away he left the furniture in the house for me to sell the best I could, telling me to give some little keepsake to everybody who had been good to his mother. There was my chance to straighten out matters; for in an old trunk in the garret was everything that poor woman had—well, taken; and soon Grandsire Floyd had his old silver watch again, and Mrs. Crane's China vases were on her fore-room mantel-piece, and all the thimbles and spoons and handkerchiefs were where they belonged. But, now that you have heard how silent the Hilltop folks were for the Doctor's sake, I hope you'll take their part when you hear them called "a little near." As for Tom, he died out in Indiana, believing in his mother.

The Floating Martyr.

BY ANNA E. BUCHANAN.

THAT soft and yielding bed,
 The waves that pillow now thy bruised head,
 Are pleasant rest after the rack and strain
 Of days of torturing pain.
 They little meant it so,
 Who taunting laughed as they beheld thee go,
 Plunged in the waters,—left for hateful prey
 To things more kind than they.
 Depths could not hold thee long:
 The angel bands that sought thee were too
 strong;
 And Nature wanted to look well at thee,
 That could so steadfast be.
 And they who from the bank
 Watched thee till in the dusk thy features sank,
 With yearning, trusting hearts, shall meet with
 thee
 Where there is no more sea.
 Give me, O Lord, the grace
 The way Thy saints have trod to dare to trace,
 That with Thy saints I may, in my degree,
 Become a gain for Thee!

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXXV.

SYDNEY did not appear at dinner, but went to drive with De Wolff in the afternoon. Brent, who had counted certainly on a *tête-à-tête* drive with Mildred, was more than disappointed when he found himself obliged, instead, to make one of a quartet in Mr. Chetwode's carriage. He was walking impatiently up and down the veranda waiting for Mildred, who had engaged to go with him, when she appeared—but not alone. Lett and Mr. Chetwode were with her; and as the carriage drove up to the steps, Mr. Chetwode said:

"Send away your buggy, Brent, and come with us,—you and Mildred. Sydney and De Wolff have deserted us."

If Brent had been allowed time, he would have protested against this arrangement. But before he had time to speak, Mr. Chetwode had put Lett and then Mildred into the carriage, entered himself, and there was nothing for the other to do but follow. He sat down beside Mildred, opposite Mr. Chetwode; and there rose in his heart a burning desire to pitch that gentleman out of the window. Mildred, on the contrary, was glad of the change of programme. But she was sorry for his disappointment, and exerted herself to make the drive pleasant.

To Lett it was dull, very dull. Though she tried to emulate, or at least to enjoy, Mildred's lively humor, her mind constantly wandered—in the most idle and vexatious manner, she thought. She would find herself contrasting the handsome blonde face of Mr. Brent, greatly to its disadvantage, with another face very different in type, which to her fancy was much finer and more intellectual,—a face with features pale and clean-cut, cameo-like curling dark hair, and eyes that she considered marvellous in expression

and beauty,—very deep-set eyes, under straight, strongly defined brows, with such a flashing light in their glances that she had never found it possible to look at them long enough to determine their color.

"Why does his face haunt me so? And his voice! How could I help it? I could not do anything else!" she thought. "I will—I *must* drive him out of my mind!"

The coach which daily conveyed passengers and the mail from the outside world to the Springs generally arrived about sunset or a little later; and Mildred's first question this evening, as always when she returned from a walk or drive at that hour, was:

"Has the mail come? Are there any letters for me?"

"Yes'm. I've just carried the mail to Miss Syd. And she took yours in your room to wait for you," answered Jessie, of whom the question was asked, as Mildred and Lett encountered her on the stairs.

Sydney was sitting beside a table, on which was a lighted lamp, glancing at the pictures in a magazine, when they entered their room.

"Letters galore for both of you!" she said, pointing to a pile of mail matter. "There is a long one from Mrs. Sterndale, Mildred—judging by its two stamps,—and I waited to hear whether your brothers have come."

At this remark, Lett looked half-wondering, half-disapproving. To her surprise, Sydney had lately manifested the greatest curiosity and interest about the movements of Mildred's brothers. Her inquiries on the subject were so frank and so frequent as to shock Lett's conventional ideas of maidenly propriety.

"I'll tell you in an instant," answered Mildred, who, standing by the table, had the letter in her hand. Opening the envelope, she took out several enclosures, selected the one she saw was in her mother's writing, and put the others down on the table.

Lett had drawn up a chair and was busy with her own correspondence. But Sydney, idly watching Mildred as she waited for the promised information, was amazed to see her countenance change in an extraordinary manner. Almost as soon as her eye fell on the page when she unfolded the letter, her sight seemed glued to the paper, and every tint of color left her face, which took an expression so strange that Sydney was startled and frightened. She put out her hand and touched Lett, motioning her to look. And Lett was equally startled, but not so much surprised; for at the first sight of Mildred's bloodless face, her thought was that Mrs. Sterndale's letter announced the death of her invalid son. A very sharp pang of sympathy and pity struck her heart. She rose from her seat and made a quick movement to Mildred's side. But she stopped there, and stood silent. There was something in Mildred's appearance, as she went on reading the letter, that had a stiling influence on both herself and Sydney. They exchanged glances; they could not understand. What was it that was so legible, yet so unintelligible, in Mildred's countenance? It was not grief, which they expected to see, Sydney as well as Lett thinking of Mr. Sterndale's death as probable. It was not terror or amazement, though these two emotions were suggested dimly to their minds.

After more than a full minute of this painful tension, Mildred lifted her eyes from the letter, permitting it to fall unnoticed from her hands. Then they read what was printed on her face. It was awe,—awe so great that even the joy underlying it was as yet overshadowed and unfelt. She pressed her open palms against her bosom, bending her head until her face almost touched them, while Lett and Sydney stood quivering with wonder and excitement. It was all so unlike Mildred that, half doubting the evidence of their senses, they were bewildered. But when she lifted her head a second time, she had regained the consciousness and

self-possession which had deserted her for a time.

"O Lett, O Sydney!" she cried in a tone which thrilled their nerves electrically even before they knew what they were to hear. "*Alfred is cured! Alfred is cured by Our Lady of Lourdes!*"

She turned quickly, and walked across the room, Lett and Sydney following her. They understood now. She was going to the foot of the crucifix which hung at the side of Lett's bed.

"Speak for me!" she said to them. "Thank God and Our Lady for me! I can not pray yet. I can only feel."

She cast herself down prone, with her forehead resting on the floor; and they knelt beside her and prayed in broken ejaculations of thanksgiving. A great awe was on their souls too.

Mr. Brent considered himself a very unfortunate and also a very ill-used man when a second disappointment awaited him that evening. He and De Wolff were in the habit of meeting Mildred, Lett and Sydney three times a day, at the head of the principal staircase of the hotel, instead of waiting with Mr. Chetwode to be joined by them at the foot of it. His surprise was great, and his annoyance greater, when on this occasion he saw only Lett and Sydney approaching from down the corridor.

"Miss Sterndale?" he said eagerly. "Where is she? Surely not ill?"

"No," answered Lett, advancing and taking his mechanically offered arm, while Sydney and De Wolff preceded them down the stairs. "She is not ill; she will come down in an hour or so. She is engaged now with some letters she has just received,—letters from her mother and brothers."

"Very extraordinary!" thought Brent. Something in Lett's tone, a sort of tremulousness, struck him as strange. He half paused, midway the steps, and said: "Nothing is the matter, I hope? Her brother is not worse, is he?"

"No, thank Heaven!" Lett exclaimed so fervently that involuntarily he looked at her with surprise. Seeing which, she added in a very cheerful tone: "Mildred will explain to you about the letters."

He thought some explanation needed; for Mr. Chetwode's manner, and Sydney's as well as Lett's, were, to say the least, peculiar. Even De Wolff did not look quite as usual, he noticed, when they sat down to table. One or two attempts at ordinary conversation were made at first, but failed. After that, silence settled upon the party. The news which Mr. Chetwode and Mildred had just received affected him as it had her—with an overmastering sense of awe. He was profoundly impressed. Sympathetically, Lett and Sydney were agitated and excited. De Wolff, who had been to Lourdes and seen some miracles, was not so awestruck as the others; but when Sydney, on their way to the dining-room, told him of this cure, he was deeply moved by recollections which the subject brought to his mind.

Brent was very much surprised and puzzled, and very curious and uneasy. It was evident, from Mildred's absence and Mr. Chetwode's singular gravity, that it must be some family affair concerning her specially which caused such inexplicable conduct. His wonder and consternation reached their climax when he heard Mr. Chetwode say to Lett in a low tone as they rose from table:

"I suppose she can see me in her room. I will go up with you."

Thunderstruck by this unprecedented proceeding, Brent stood helplessly watching them as they mounted the stairs and disappeared from view.

"Letters from her mother and brothers!" he repeated to himself, as he sauntered slowly to and fro, immediately in front of the circular staircase which ran up in the centre of the hall. A dozen conjectures and speculations, some of them very wild and improbable, flitted through his thoughts. He was more unobservant

of than unobserved by the throng passing from the dining-room, scarcely noticing the jostles or responding to the "Beg pardons!" of the people he was in the way of.

It seemed to him three hours, though it was not one, before his impatient patrol of the hall was ended by Mildred's coming. Mr. Chetwode and Lett were with her; but they passed on, while she paused and with a smile took his arm.

"Miss Hereford assured me that you were not ill, but you look so," he said.

"Do I? Then never were looks more deceptive. I am perfectly well."

"You are very pale."

"I am perfectly well," she repeated; adding in a tone of uncontrolled excitement: "And I never was so happy in my whole life before. No, not to the ballroom. Let us go to the south veranda. I have a very strange thing to tell you."

He turned their course in silence. Crossing the hall, they passed out, and, walking still silently down the long front veranda, doubled the corner, and soon found a quiet nook that was not likely to be invaded by promenaders.

As they sat down, Brent's emotions were conflicting.

"You have something to tell me. What is it?" he asked.

She laid her ungloved hand on his own, pressing it hard as she made a great effort to speak calmly:

"My brother has been cured miraculously at the Grotto of Lourdes."

Brent started violently, and became aware by a sudden tingling shiver, which, beginning on the back of his head, ran down his spine and then over his whole body, that he had nerves,—a fact of which he was not often conscious. But it was an instinctive emotion, rather than an intelligent apprehension of what he had heard, which affected him in this manner.

"I don't think I quite understand," he said after a brief pause. "You mean—?"

"That my brother Alfred is cured—miraculously cured—by the intercession

of Our Lady of Lourdes—the Blessed Virgin. And not only in body but in soul," she added, speaking with evident difficulty from the agitation by which she was almost overcome. "And Roy—and mamma—mamma!"

Here, to Brent's utter dismay and distress, she burst into tears. Covering her face with her handkerchief, she sobbed convulsively though silently for a little time; while he, greatly shocked as well as embarrassed, sat rigidly beside her, with clenched hands and labored breathing, which finally culminated in a half-audible groan.

Mildred heard it; and, somewhat relieved by her tears—the first she had shed,—turned and said apologetically:

"Forgive me! I didn't think I should break down in this way. I was as much taken by surprise as you were. And it will be a lesson of humility to me. I always planned myself on not being addicted to the feminine weakness of tears, but I'll never think again that they are foolish and unnecessary. They are the safety valves of emotion to a woman, as Sydney would say. But I was going to tell you—"

Brent gave a start, and exclaimed uneasily:

"Pardon me, but—"

"What?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"Don't you think the subject is—well, rather too much for you—just now? If you would wait, and tell me another time—"

"Oh, you needn't be afraid! I shall not break down again," she said in quite her usual manner. "I have myself in hand now. You saw Alfred when you were in Estonville last, and no doubt remember how ill he looked."

"I thought him a dying man."

"We did not think that, but we were wretchedly uneasy about him; mamma at last persuaded him to go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital and consult a specialist there, who is said never to fail in diagnosis. He told mamma quite cheerfully, when he returned home, that he was glad he

had gone. The specialist advised a warm climate, or rather he told him to go to Egypt, as that driest of all climates was what he needed. Mamma was shocked at the idea of his crossing the Atlantic at that season—December,—and thought it would be much better for him to go to Florida or Colorado. But he shook his head. He did not intend to take the northern route, he said. He would go *via* Cuba to Cadiz, by one of the Spanish lines. And he would not hear of mamma's going with him. He, who had always been so regardful of her slightest wish, was obstinate now. He would let no one but Roy go with him. Mamma was dreadfully hurt, and he saw it. But he only said: 'I have always been dutiful and affectionate to you, mother, haven't I?'—'Always,' she replied. 'And that is why I wonder that you can have the heart to give me so much pain now.'—'Let me have my own way this once,' he said. 'I will never repeat the offence, I promise you.'

"They started almost immediately; but it was not until after they landed in Cadiz that he told Roy why he had acted so strangely. The professor in Baltimore had read his doom: told him that he had that awful disease—chronic laryngitis, I think it is—which ends in the gradual closing of the larynx, so that death comes from starvation and strangulation together. He was determined that mamma should not know it, and that none of us except Roy should endure the torture of seeing his sufferings. He said to Roy: 'If it had been possible, I should have spared you too, my poor boy. But you know my mother would never have consented to my having only a servant with me. It is hard on you. But you are a man: you must bear it. We will go to Paris instead of Egypt. Climate can't hurt any more than help me now, and it is just possible that medical science may be able to alleviate in a degree the suffering I must face. We must keep up the deception to the last. You will have to invent some story

of a sudden cold and pneumonia that carried me off unexpectedly. My mother must never know the truth.'

"Just before they left, I begged Roy to persuade Alfred, as soon as they landed in Spain, to go to Lourdes. But he would not promise even to try to do this. 'Don't you think it would take a tremendous amount of cheek, in such Catholics as we are, to ask a favor of Our Lady?' he said. 'It would require a great deal more than I have, I assure you. And as to proposing such a thing to Alfred, I would not undertake it. You know he is like mamma—hard when you touch on religion.'

"After Lett came, and told me more about Lourdes than I knew before, I wrote to Roy urging him again to speak to Alfred. But, as I could not get him to promise that he would, I at last wrote to Alfred himself, begging him, urging him, imploring him to go. I sent him one of Henri Lasserre's books containing an account of some of the many miracles that have occurred there; and Uncle Romuald wrote urging him to go, if only to satisfy me.

"When that letter was received, he was literally gasping his life away. The doctors had told Roy that he could not live more than a few days longer. Roy hesitated to give it to him, fearing that it would be worrying him uselessly; but then he thought he had no right to withhold it. Alfred listened while he read it, but did not say anything. Then Roy asked him if he might read some of the narratives of cures in the book, and he motioned yes. There were two cases very like his own; and Roy, while reading them, suddenly felt that if he could be persuaded to go to the Grotto, he would be cured."

Mildred paused here and remained silent for several minutes.

"I can't go on," she said. "I am afraid I should break down again. I will show you Roy's letter some time. And you must come to Estonville and see Alfred, and hear from his own lips and from Roy

all about it. They are to be at home in October. You will come?"

"I certainly will," answered Brent, eagerly.

"He seemed to be dying, actually dying, when he was carried on a couch to the Grotto. And he rose from the couch *well—cured!*"

After another short silence, she went on: "He would not write to mamma about it, or let Roy write, for nearly a month; fearing she might not believe he was cured if he wrote at once. He and Roy both went to confession and Communion the next morning. Roy in his letter to me says: 'As I knelt before the statue of our dear Lady, who obtained this great miracle for us, I made a vow, Mildred. I will tell you what it was when I see you.' But I do not need for him to tell me. I know what it was. I am sure he intends to be a priest. Mamma said in her letter: 'I am divided between thanksgiving for what, so far as I am concerned, is so undeserved a mercy, and remorse for my past unfaithfulness. I have written to Father Kenyon asking him to come to me. I cast myself in utter abasement on the mercy of God.'"

Brent listened to what she said with that strange sense of dreamlike unreality which in unusual and unexpected happenings causes one to think, "Am I awake? Is this real?" He had, during the month just past, been hearing many things from Mr. Chetwode which had taxed his powers of belief to the utmost, but nothing quite equal to this. He was perfectly aware that Mildred was incapable of deception, and believed her brothers to be equally truthful. But—well, he would have to see a miracle to believe it. There must be some imagination in the matter, he was sure.

(To be continued.)

MORTIFICATION of the appetite is the A, B, C of the spiritual life. Whoever can not control himself in this, will hardly be able to conquer temptations more difficult to subdue.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Midsummer Eve in Erin.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

At the Hill o' the Road on a Bonfire Night,
 Ah me, for the breeze's crooning,
 When the nimble feet in the flickering light
 Kept time to the fiddle's tuning;
 When some one, haunted by memories dear,
 In the midst of the gladso-me-hearted,
 Would shed in silence a scalding tear
 For sake of the days departed!

AH, that midsummer eve, that golden Bonfire Night in the long ago! How the boys and girls would talk over it and argue over it and think over it by day and dream over it by night till before the mind's eye of each one of them nothing appeared but the mighty crackling fire, whose flame leaped as it were out of the earth and ascended, until its golden tongue seemed to give salutation to the fleecy clouds moving slowly across the summer sky!

For weeks before it the boys would explore the heart of the woods, and bring forth from long concealment sundry trunks of fallen trees, bundles of fagots and light brushwood, and pile them securely and safely in secret places near the spot where the great event usually took place. Sacks and creels of turf would move mysteriously across the bog in different directions, through the dusk, and by some curious contrivance would all meet together at one of the hiding-places on the Hill o' the Road, where the bonfire was always lighted.

And the great night so long waited for, so anxiously yearned for, comes at last. And, then, the bustle and jollity and confusion of everything and everybody! Such laughing and shouting across fields and hedges and boreens! Such running, such collecting and dragging forth of the "store" from the various hiding-places, until all is gathered in one great pile on the summit of the hill, which is the spot chosen for the bonfire as long as can be remembered by anybody,—even by old Thady Hanlon, who stood with the "Lib-

erator" at the monster meeting on Tara Hill, "an' that's not yisterday nor the day afore." It is a little rise in the white, shady road, where the branches of the beeches are thicker than in any other part, and the soft mossy bank is sheltered on either side by a lofty hawthorn hedge, at this time loaded with milk-white, fragrant blossoms.

A goodly portion of the "material" is taken from the immense pile and placed on either side of the road, "in reserve." Then a gossoon comes running at top-speed from a neighboring house, with three or four lighted sods of turf in an old tin can, while a swarm of sparkles float behind him like so many golden bees. The sods are placed in the centre of the pile; a little mantle of dry brushwood is placed around them; a tiny spurt of flame starts here, another there, until the whole mantle is ablaze; then still more brushwood is piled on, then good, thick fagots, then turf, until at last a wild sheet of flame shoots upward with a roar, accompanied by a loud huzza and a cheer from all present, which means that the inaugural ceremony is over.

A shout, responsive to the cheering, comes from a field close by, which is fast becoming shrouded in the mists of night; another from a boreen on the right, another from a boreen on the left, and groups advance rapidly from all sides, and are greeted in joyous terms by those already assembled.

"Hush!"

"Listen!"

"Will ye stop rattlin' that tin can, Micky Burke, till we listen?"

"Hush, it is!"

"It isn't!"

"It is, I tell ye!"

"It is, it is! D'ye hear that?"

"He's comin',—Johnny the Fiddler is comin'. There now! He's playin' 'Kitty O'Hara.' Sure I'd know it if there were a hundred fiddlers playin' as well as himsel'. Hurrah! Three cheers for Johnny the Fiddler!"

And Johnny marches up the road, surrounded by a group of seven or eight boys

and girls like a bodyguard. He plies the bow with all his might, ending with a grand flourish, as he stands in the glare of the crackling fire, his kind old face beaming with pleasure, while the cheers that have been raised in his honor ring out across the meadows so clear and strong as to silence for one short moment even the cornerake down by the river-bank.

And now here come the old people to spend an hour or so among the boys and girls before retiring to rest. How often have they walked out here in the twilight on Bonfire Night! How long ago since they first stepped as lightly as any of you who now join hands for the dance, and who are the unconscious objects of their wistful glances!

Ah, the old people,—the kindly, homely, simple old people, with their white heads bending down toward the dust, and their tired feet moving wearily and slowly and stiffly, and their eyes growing dimmer and dimmer as the days go by! The good old people, the clean of heart! How we should honor them and love them and strive to make them happy, to take away from their paths the stones and thorns that would bruise and pierce, to clasp tenderly their trembling hands and guide them in the way which their closing eyes but dimly see! They have long since ascended the "hill o' the road" of life; they are moving slowly downward now; they have passed out of the light of youth's joyous bonfire, and soon—too soon—they will disappear in the mist of death,—in the great mist that our eyes can not pierce no matter how closely or curiously we gaze. Let us love them while they are with us; 'tis better than to mourn them when they are dead. And let us remember that we too, some day, will need a helping hand and appreciate a cheering smile and a tender word.

But there! We have wandered away from the bonfire, and in our absence the boys and girls have begun to dance. Such fun, such laughter, such unrestrained, whole-hearted enjoyment it would be

difficult to find in the cities of wealth and the halls of the great and haughty. Aye, I wonder if we were to compare the fashionable ballrooms of "Society" with that dusty country road beneath the shade of the rustling beechen leaves, and the children of fashion with those simple people, where should we find most happiness? Where should we find the greatest number of cloudless hearts and of minds untainted by the dross of earth? It is easy to answer where.

The first dance is over. The girls, blushing and almost breathless, are led by their partners to the mossy seats, protected by the perfumed hawthorns. There is complete silence for a few moments, and then it is broken—softly, gently broken—by a girl's voice singing a plaintive old song. Many a sigh floats out upon the breeze before that song is finished; many a head is turned away, and many a silent tear is shed "for sake of the days departed."

One by one the old people slip quietly away; dance follows dance and song follows song until close upon midnight. Then the fire is allowed to sink lower and lower, till at last it only smoulders and flickers; hearty words of God-speed and blessing are exchanged across its ashes, and then away by field and breen' they go again; the fiddler's music dies out in the distance, and Bonfire Night is ended.

And to-day, in this great, enlightened twentieth century, with its higher civilization and its general progressiveness! To-day,—what of it?

O'er the Hill o' the Road there's a cloud of woe,
And where are the kindly faces?

Ah, some look back toward the long ago
From foreign, unfriendly places!

Some have walked "the eternal way,"

And some, with hopes high burning,
Are waiting here for the dawning day,
And the exiles' home-returning.

The "long ago" is only a decade of years, but on a Bonfire Night now the Hill o' the Road is deserted. No fiddler comes merrily down the white shady road; no groups of boys and girls crowd along the

boreens and across the fields; no fire is lighted, and why? Because the young and the strong and the light-hearted, boys and girls alike, have boarded the emigrant ships and have gone, with false dreams, to wear out their young lives in the overcrowded cities of the West; the old people have "walked the eternal way," and some of the young people too have gone with them into the mist at the beckoning of God's Almighty hand. But—praises and thanks be to Him!—there are some who remain, "with hopes high burning"; who are confident that they will yet see, in the track of the great revival that is pulsating Ireland, the old customs spring into life again, to beautify and to imbue with a refining influence the lives of the people, to guard the young against the temptations of the emigrant ship, to gladden the hearts of the old, and to light the fires of joy and welcome when the exiles return at "the dawning of the day."

And we Refuse.

IT is related that Mendelssohn once went to see the great Freiburg organ. The old custodian, not knowing who his visitor was, refused him permission to play upon the instrument. At length, however, after much persuasion, he granted him leave for "just a few notes." Mendelssohn took his seat, and soon the most wonderful music was bursting forth from the organ. The old man was spellbound. At length he came up beside the great master and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humiliated, self-condemned. "And I refused you permission to play upon my organ!" was all that he could say.

The author of "The Every Day of Life" makes this striking reflection on this oft-told story: "There comes One to us and desires to take our life and play upon it. But we withhold ourselves from Him and refuse Him permission, when, if we would but yield ourselves to Him, He would bring from our souls heavenly music."

Notes and Remarks.

The personal creed of so distinguished a man of science as Sir Oliver Lodge is of interest,—all the more interest from the fact that in his chosen field investigation and logic and proof are absolute necessities before he forms his conclusions. In his recently published book, "The Substance of Faith, Allied with Science," Sir Oliver thus deliberately expresses his religious faith:

I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist.

I believe that the divine nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1900 years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

I believe that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way toward Goodness and Truth; that prayer is a means of communion between man and God; and that it is our privilege through faithful service to enter into the life eternal, the Communion of Saints, and the peace of God.

Thousands of non-Catholics who would unhesitatingly subscribe to this creed would doubtless be astonished to learn that it represents the very fundamental teaching of the Catholic Church.

Considering that the Holy Father receives more persons in one month than all the crowned heads and presidents together receive in a year, it should be no surprise to learn from the dispatches that people who are excluded from decent society at home are sometimes admitted to receptions at the Vatican. Those who go to Rome for the purpose of seeing the White Shepherd of Christendom are generally on their good behavior, at least for the time being; and it is obviously impossible for the Pope's majordomo always to inquire into their claims for the privilege sought. The fact that the favor of admission to the presence of his Holiness is so eagerly desired and so thor-

oughly appreciated by representatives of all ranks of society—by non-Catholics as well as Catholics, Jews and Gentiles, rich and poor, celebrities and nobodies,—is rightly regarded as proof of deservedness. The position of majordomo is not an easy one. There is the vulgarity of a certain class of tourists on the one hand, and the venality of a certain class of Romans on the other. Less than a month ago, as *Rome* relates, this official discovered that two of the attendants at the public audiences were responsible for the admission of some persons (Americans) by means of a ticket which had been used the day before. They were at once dismissed. On a more recent occasion he found that a New Yorker, unable to procure a ticket through the legitimate channel, had succeeded in intruding himself and his family into the Pope's presence by means of a handsome bribe divided between his guide and a servant at the Vatican. That servant, too, was dismissed on the spot. "It is, of course, a pity," remarks *Rome*, "that venality should have been found to exist among two or three of the Vatican servants; but what is one to think of the persons who trade on this venality, and persist in forcing themselves into the presence of the Holy Father?"

It will now be in order for the influential New York journal which lately published some bitter comments on the miscellaneous character of Papal audiences, to administer an editorial excoriation to its ill-bred countrymen whose flagrant impropriety of conduct brings discredit to the name of America.

The leading article in the July number of the *Dublin Review*, which is from the pen of the editor, considers two recent views of Newman,—one by a Frenchman, (M. Henri Bremond), the other by an Englishman (Mr. W. J. Williams). As reviewed by Mr. Ward, these two books present a very singular contrast. No one could deal with them more satisfactorily. Few persons know the Newman of tradi-

tion so well as Mr. Ward; besides, he has the patient observation which the French writer does not show; and the intellectual self-restraint lacking in Mr. Williams. The most notable passage in Mr. Ward's paper is his comment, in part as follows, on M. Bremond's treatment of Newman's defects:

Tennyson used to say: Show first that you see and appreciate the beauties of a great writer, and then you may claim a hearing when you point out his faults and shortcomings. Defects are not best found by looking for them expressly: they are most accurately seen in the course of a thorough attempt to understand and depict the whole man. There is no short cut to their correct delineation. Boswell is convincing in his account of Johnson's faults just because his appreciation of Johnson is so complete. The faults are seen in the qualities. M. Bremond, on the contrary, shows little power of analyzing Newman's real greatness, or even his charm. He misses the secret of his influence, though he professes to have a high opinion of his powers of fascination. He fails to perceive many of the "qualities"; and as for the faults, instead of waiting until they emerge in the course of analysis, he is eager to find them; and when he does not at once succeed he goes to Newman's avowed enemy, Dr. Abbott, for help.

Mr. Ward's explanation of Newman's attitude toward his friends, however, is not altogether convincing. We can not believe that Newman ever cherished resentments. He demanded certain qualities, all too rare, in his friends; and when they seemed to prove themselves lacking, he dropped them without hesitation or apparent regret. His indifference, which is the real opposite of affection, was mistaken for antipathy. As for jealousy, there is no ground for it when one has become indifferent. We begin to fear now that the portrait of Newman which Mr. Ward is expected to furnish will not be altogether faithful.

A correspondent, who says he can not secure a copy of Mr. C. Kegan Paul's "Memories" in this country, requests us to quote in full what that distinguished convert had to say on the subject of miracles. The passage is as follows:

But apart from the direct leadings of God's grace, and the general effect of the "Imitation"

and Newman's writings, it may be well to specify more closely some of the arguments which weighed with me to accept the Faith I had so long set at nought.

First and above all was the overwhelming evidence for modern miracles, and the conclusions from their occurrence. A study of Pascal's Life, when I was engaged in translating the "Pensées," directed my special attention to the cure of Pascal's niece, of a lachrymal fistula, by the touch of the Holy Thorn preserved at Port Royal. It is impossible to find anything of the kind better attested; and readers may judge for themselves in the narrative written of the facts by Racine, and the searching investigations by unprejudiced and certainly not too credulous critics, Sainte-Beuve and the late Charles Beard.

Next in importance were the miracles of Lourdes, one of which, as wrought on a friend of my own, came under my notice. I do not mean, especially in the former case, that these facts proved any doctrines; that the miracle of the Thorn made for Jansenist teaching, or those at Lourdes for the Immaculate Conception; but, rather, that the Thorn must, from its effects, have been one that had touched the Sacred Head; that the spring at Lourdes could have had its healing powers only by the gift of God, through Our Lady. It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible made these later occurrences possible, but that these, properly attested in our own days, and in times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before, adding their testimony to that which the Church bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church that I would accept the Scripture, if I accepted it at all; for surely of all absurd figments, that of a closed revelation to be its own interpreter is the most absurd.

There are two other paragraphs in the same chapter ("The End of Wandering") which we are minded to quote for the benefit of all our readers. They are striking passages, and we reproduce them entire, convinced that for one reader of Mr. Paul's book there will be a thousand readers of this extract:

Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. It has been said of marriage that everyone finds when the ceremony is over that he or she has married another, and not the bride or groom who seemed

to have been won; and Clough takes the story of Jacob as a parable representing this fact. We wed Rachel, as we think, and in the morning, behold, it is Leah! So the Church bears one aspect when seen from a distance, *ab extra*, another when we have given ourselves into her keeping.

But the Church is no Leah, rather a fairer Rachel than we dared to dream; her blessings are greater than we had hoped. I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of Penance, on that 12th of August, the fervor of my First Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the mystery of the altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, Our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly (if I dare use the word), my Guardian Angel closer to my side. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and the friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church; but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel, who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes; but this he could say with unflinching certainty: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

"Multum in Parvo" is the exactly appropriate title of some short editorial paragraphs in our much-esteemed Anglo-Roman contemporary, the *Lamp*, on the subject of so-called "Divine Healing." After remarking that one of the bitter fruits of Protestantism has been to make men forget the old truth of the sanctifying influence of pain—its power to unite the soul with God,—the writer continues as follows:

The Cross is refused by our generation; it is no longer considered the medicine of the world. Hand in hand with the effort to banish God from His creation, and to deny the Incarnation and the Atonement, goes likewise the desire to bury the Cross far out of sight! And so we watch sadly the frenzied impatience of our generation with every degree and sort of personal suffering, and likewise its mad rush after whatever prom-

ises cure or alleviation, no matter whence it comes or at what cost it is obtained. Ah, we have travelled far from the teaching of Our Lord and the practice of the Old Faith! . . .

The line of division is very closely marked between the teaching of the Church upon the subject of healing and the many humanitarian schemes of release from pain. In the latter we find sin the greatest ill and the root of it ignored, or furtively alluded to as something to be put out of sight some way or other—it doesn't matter much how,—lest perchance it retard the patient's recovery of physical well-being. On the other hand, the Church's method takes sin into consideration first and foremost, and never departs from the formula heralded by John the Baptist, repeated by Christ, and reiterated by the Blessed Apostles: "*Repent*, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Sin must be purged away first, that the blessings of the Kingdom of Heaven may enter in. And this emphasis on repentance is due to the fact that sin is the destroyer of *eternal* health, and our mother the Church considers that of far greater moment than the condition of the body physically; for, though we shall rise again in the body, yet this vesture of the soul is now but the garment soon to be folded and laid away.

Do not the two systems clearly portray their origin and their end? The one bearing the stamp, and superscription of the Prince of this World, whose subjects crumble to dust when touched by the finger of God; the other, divine in its origin and having eternity for its end. Revelation gives no guarantee of immunity from pain on the earth, which it describes as "the valley and shadow of death"; but it does guarantee, to those who follow Our Lord in the way of the Cross, everlasting citizenship in a new and better country, "where there shall be no more curse, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away." (Rev., xxi, 4.)

If the demand for dramatic presentations of a higher moral tone than those now common on the stage were more general, there is reason to believe that a great many individual actors and not a few theatrical companies would be glad to meet it halfway. The inference is obvious. Not long ago Archbishop Glennon pointed out that the law of supply and demand holds in things theatrical as well as in other things. The public

are furnished with what they are supposed to like best and seem to patronize most generously. But it is beginning to be realized that, in the interest of public morality as well as for the cultivation of public taste, there should be a regulation of the playwright's output. Prominent attorneys of Montreal having expressed the opinion that the city council has the right to exercise censorship over theatres, Archbishop Bruchési at once urged the appointment of a competent official whose business it should be to attend to this matter; and we hear that his motion has been seconded by the community at large, including actors and managers of theatrical companies.

The Archbishop's views on this important subject may be learned from what he wrote, some time ago, to the editors of the French Catholic dailies published in the metropolitan city: "Let your reports of crime be brief and summary. It is neither useful nor fitting that they should occupy the largest and best part of your space. Crime and homicide have no right to such honor. Why persist in giving them the precedence over political, industrial, social, or religious events, which are much worthier of attention?"

More and more do the people of this country appear to be emancipating themselves from their servile idolatry of the public school system. Where two or three decades ago a word of criticism disparaging to that system was a rarity, at least in our secular journals, we hear nowadays frequent outspoken denunciation of much for which the system stands, and unstinted condemnation of many of the methods associated therewith. A recent writer in the *Boston Transcript* has this to say about the matter:

There is among parents a growing dread of the big public school, where little children are herded together by the hundreds. Nor is this merely of the mamma's-darling kind. It obtains among sensible people, who desire the best possible in the way of education for their children. They do not want them to be "molly-coddled" or to

grow up to be little snobs. But they are positively afraid of the big school for little children. They are afraid of it physically, mentally, and morally.

And their fear, be it remembered, is not at all groundless. Recent investigations in Chicago disclosed a shocking state of immorality prevalent among the children of some of the public schools in that city; and similar conditions probably produce similar results in other large centres. The parochial school is undoubtedly a heavy tax on the Catholic parent; but, after all, he may well thank God for the beneficent training which his children receive therein.

M. Combes has incurred the displeasure of the French Government and their supporters everywhere. He has committed the unpardonable offence,—he has blundered. It turns out that at the very time when M. Clemenceau and his crew were declaiming loudest against the Pope, accusing him of obstinacy, perpetuating strife and what not, alleging that the expulsion of his representative from the soil of France was really in the interest of peace, etc., M. Combes was penning this curious tribute to Pius X.:

To pronounce definitely that this steadfastness [of the Pope] is obstinacy would be arbitrarily to degrade a situation which is not without grandeur, and a character which is not without strength. Not Pius X. is not acting as an obstinate man. He is acting as a Pope conscious of his office, and conscious, too, of the fundamental doctrine he is commissioned to uphold. His irreconcilableness is not that of a man: it is the irreconcilableness of a doctrine,—of a doctrine which he may not lawfully mutilate or suppress. Justly and rightly does he hold it to be a duty and a point of honor to proclaim this doctrine from the height of the Papal Chair, under pain of incurring the guilt of a real neglect of duty in matters of Catholic teaching.

It is not explained, of course, how these words happened to be published so inopportunistically. The whole affair is typically French. M. Combes is not censured for his views, only blamed for his blundering.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Little Black Dog.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

ELMER HART was passionately fond of dogs. I say "passionately," for he loved them better than anything in the world except his mother, who was very dear to him. For years they had lived together in the little frame house which was the only possession the widow could call her own. There was a garden, and a meadow belonging to her neighbor, in which the cow was permitted to graze. But the cow did not really belong to her: it had been lent to her by her stingy brother-in-law, with the understanding that if anything were to happen to the animal he would hold her responsible. Thus the tenure of the cow was held in fear and trepidation; though if the widow had not had it, she would hardly have been able to make both ends meet. It was a generous beast, far more so than its owner: it gave a large quantity of milk, the greater part of which was sold to the neighbors in the village who did not wish or could not afford to keep a cow.

It was the duty of Elmer night and morning to convey the milk from house to house, in sundry cans of various sizes, which he carried in a broad basket, without a cover, slung over one shoulder. As I said before, he was very fond of dogs; and they always, or nearly always, seemed to return his affection.

There were some exceptions, as in the case of Farmer Burton's bulldog, that did not like anybody, not even his master. But that was no wonder, as the man was very cruel. Elmer used to think, however, that he would have made a friend of the brute if it had ever been permitted to go

unchained. The boy would often stand at the fence regarding the dog, fearless of its bloodshot eyes and snarling jaws, which he considered pardonable under the contracted circumstances.

And there was another dog called Sneak, that belonged to no one, and would fraternize with no one, not even his own kind. He frequented back streets and yards, where he was most likely to obtain stray bones and occasionally stray chickens. There had been a time when, lacking a more desirable canine, the boy would have been glad to cultivate Sneak's acquaintance, give him shelter, and try to make a respectable dog of him. But, his advances having been in vain, Elmer confided to his mother one morning that he believed Sneak was a born thief and vagabond, and that he washed his hands of him. This was after Elmer had brought him home, fed him generously for three days—in captivity,—only to find him on the third morning, having broken his rope, stealing eggs in the barn.

One of Elmer's customers had a beautiful spaniel, which the boy very much admired. One morning when he went to deliver the milk he was met by the old gentleman, who had lived but a short time in Corlesville, with the news that there were eight fine puppies in the kennel.

"Isn't that a lot?" asked Elmer.

"A pretty good number, but she has always had nine before."

"What color are they?" asked the boy.

"Black as jet, like the mother. And glary as jet."

"May I see them?"

"Certainly. Come back in the yard and and I'll show them to you."

Elmer followed the old gentleman to the place where the kennel stood. The puppies were beauties. Black, shapely, and with hair slightly curling, they lay

in a little heap near their mother, who regarded them with loving eyes.

"Oh, they are fine,—they are splendid!" cried the boy. "I'd give anything to own one of them. I don't suppose you could sell me one."

"I don't suppose you could afford to buy one, Elmer," was the rejoinder. "They are worth twenty-five dollars a piece."

"Twenty-five dollars for a puppy!" exclaimed the unsophisticated country boy.

"And cheap at that," said the man. "They're pedigreed dogs."

Elmer sighed.

"I guess I'll have to take it out in looking at them while they're here," he said. "Think you can sell them all?"

"I *know* I can," was the reply. "I could sell twice as many more, if I had them, to a dog fancier in town."

"Well, this won't deliver my milk, Mr. Brown," said the boy. "But I'm glad to have seen those beauties, and I hope you'll have good luck with them."

He left the garden, which was quite large, surrounded by a box hedge; and as he went along, his basket on his shoulder, he poked underneath the hedge with a stick he carried in his hand. Once he fancied he heard a tiny whine; but, stooping to examine, he could see nothing. There was a slight rustling behind the hedge which seemed to follow his steps, but he did not pay much attention to it. He delivered the milk, and was returning by the same route when he heard the tiny whine once more, and again the rustling. As he entered his own gate, he saw Sneak running out of the barn, his tail between his legs, his head down, his bleary eyes averted.

"That dog has been stealing eggs again!" thought the boy; and, putting down his basket, he ran to the barn. Again that faint, piteous whine greeted his ears. Some straw lay in a corner: it seemed to come from there. Elmer went forward, turned the straw over, and a little black object appeared. It was a puppy exactly like those he had seen that morning. He

picked it up, put it to his warm cheek, caressing it. The puppy seemed to like the feeling of the flesh against its own. It actually burrowed itself between his face and shoulder.

Elmer was delighted for several brief moments; then he began to reflect. Sneak must have brought the dog to the spot. But where did he get it? There was but one solution: the puppy belonged to Fanny, the mother of the eight new puppies. If Elmer's own mother had been at home, he would, on the impulse of the moment, have told her what had occurred; but she had gone to town. And so came the temptation. He had no doubt, as he reflected, but that Sneak had taken the little dog, perhaps before Mr. Brown had seen the other puppies. It made the ninth, Fanny's usual litter. There was but one thing for him to do: he must take the little dog to Mr. Brown. But then something whispered in his ear:

"Nobody knows about this one. If you had not found it, it would have died of cold and hunger. The puppy belongs to you now. Feed it and take care of it; it is yours."

At first blush this looked plausible. On second thought he felt that it would not be honest. But the evil spirit still tugged at his soul, and he could not find it in his heart to drive it away. He went into the house, warmed some milk, brought it out to the barn, and fed the puppy as he has seen his mother do with the calves. It drank eagerly. Then he covered it up with the straw and went about his work. But his heart was heavy; he was not satisfied with himself. Still less so was he when his mother returned in the evening and he had shown her the puppy without having told her of the others.

"Now you have a dog of your own at last," said the good woman. "Of course there may be an owner found for it, but I don't suppose so. People are generally glad to get rid of puppies."

"Not like this one," said Elmer. "This is not a common dog."

"What do you know about it?" asked his mother, who knew nothing about dogs herself.

Elmer's cheek flushed. It was the flush of a guilty conscience. But he said no more.

A month passed. The dog grew fat and strong; it promised to be a beautiful animal. It seemed a little strange to Mrs. Hart that Elmer did not take the great pleasure in his new possession that he had anticipated. It was she who really enjoyed it.

One afternoon she went over to visit a sick neighbor. When she returned her face was very sad.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Elmer. "Don't you feel well?"

"I have never been so ill in all my life," she answered. "I have seen Mr. Brown's little dogs, and I am sure, Elmer, that ours should be in his yard instead of here. How you came by it, I do not know; but I am certain the puppy belongs to him, and that you are aware of it."

"I am not," said the boy. "Sneak brought the puppy here, as I told you, mother, and that is the honest truth."

"But Mr. Brown told me he had shown you his dogs that very day, and has wondered why you have never been over to look at them since. You said nothing to me about these little puppies, Elmer, and you know there is never a new dog or a brood of puppies anywhere about that you do not tell me of them. There is something wrong. My heart is aching with the thought that my boy, whom I so trusted, could have deceived me. And there is another thing, Elmer. Mr. Brown told me that his man said he had counted nine puppies, but he thought it a mistake."

"Mother, I will tell you all about it," said Elmer. And he told her all.

"The hardest part is to come," said the widow, when he had finished. "You must tell Mr. Brown all about it."

"O mother, do I have to?" cried the boy. "How can I do it?"

"You *must* do it. If you like I will go with you; but before we sit down to eat

this night you must take that dog to its rightful owner, and tell him how you got it."

When it came to the worst, Elmer Hart was his mother's own son. He got up from the chair on which he had been sitting, went to the barn, took the puppy from its box and carried it in his arms to the house of the owner. The old gentleman was standing at the gate smoking his pipe.

"Why, where did you get that?" he inquired. "Just like ours."

"It *is* yours, Mr. Brown,—I am sure it is yours," said Elmer. "I will tell you how I got it."

"You have a good mother, my boy," said Mr. Brown, when Elmer had finished; "and you are not a bad boy. Oh, no!—not at all a bad boy. You have done a very meritorious act this day, and one that was hard to do. I will take the pup, and forget all about it; and I assure you that no living soul will be the wiser, through me, of what has happened."

Slowly and sadly Elmer retraced his steps. But the sadness was not so much at parting with the dog as at the thought that he had offended God and grieved the heart of his good mother. She received him with the greatest kindness; and if it had been permitted them to look upon the faces of the angels that surrounded them that night in their humble home, they would have seen them full of joy and gladness.

"A happy birthday, Elmer!" said his mother one morning about six weeks later, as she placed a pretty blue necktie in his hand. "And there in the basket under the table you will find something that will please you immensely."

The boy lifted the basket, covered loosely with a piece of mosquito netting, doubled. A cord was tied to the handle on which was written:

"To Elmer, from his friend Mr. Brown, with the hope that he will now and then give him an hour's help in the garden." And nestling cosily under its cover, sound asleep, was a little black spaniel.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—A NIGHT ALARM.

For once Tom Langley's keen wits were at fault. He had worked out many hard problems, but the strange, scrawled letter which he held in his hand was too much for him. Was it a trick of the boys, who wanted to frighten him from Camp Tiptop? Vance and Lew were no friends of his, as he had already learned. Was it a warning from some one who knew of his meeting with little Liss Bines in the old mine?

These and a dozen other improbable suggestions flitted through Tom's mind as, after having delivered the turpentine to Miss Viry and Lidden that kind old lady good-night, he tramped back through the gloomy woods. High above the dark shadow of the timber belt, Camp Tiptop shone in rainbow splendor; while echoes of music and laughter floated out into the night, as if mocking the grim, sullen silence of the mountain, that stretched frowning and threatening below like some fierce, untamed monster which at any moment might rise roaring with rage at the gay, fairy revel above.

As Tom hurried on, filled with vague, anxious fears of he knew not what, there was a sound of swift footsteps through the undergrowth that choked the forest path; and, with a thought of the strange letter in his pocket and Miss Viry's warnings, he fell back in the heavy shadow of a great oak just in time to avoid a girl who came flying wildly through the woods. Her long black hair fell loosened on her shoulders, while she sped on like a hunted thing toward Pap Perley's little cabin, whose faint light glimmered just a bit beyond Tom's path. This was evidently the fierce Poll of whom Miss Viry had told him; and, all things considered, Tom felt she was a person to be avoided to-night. So he discreetly waited until she was in shelter before venturing to resume his way.

But while he paused a piercing cry rang out in the darkness; another and another followed, so shrill, so despairing, that, all his manly spirit roused, Tom sprang forward to the Perley cabin to see if help were needed there. One glimpse through its wide-open door stayed his footsteps. The light streaming out from the little cabin showed two big, sturdy men standing over a narrow cot where poor old Pap Perley lay, white and rigid in his last sleep, while the girl who had just passed Tom was shrieking and sobbing beside him.

"You let him die!" she cried. "You let him die while I was doing your work, you cowards! You sent me where you didn't dare go yourselves, and let my poor old pap die while I was gone!"

"Now, Poll, Poll, don't carry on like this!" said a voice that Tom recognized as that of the black-browed Jim Blake. "We couldn't help it, Poll; you couldn't have helped it if you had been here yourself. He went off so quick and easy,—he did indeed, Poll darling!"

"Don't call me any of your sweet names!" cried Poll, fiercely. "You are all sneaks, grannies, cowards alike, afraid to strike a man's blow for yourselves and your homes and your wives and your sweethearts,—afraid to do anything but talk, talk, talk. I oughtn't to have listened to you; pap told me I oughtn't. I oughtn't to have touched your knotted rope. I oughtn't to have left my poor old pap with you for a minute. He wouldn't have died if I had been with him,—he wouldn't have died—"

"Stop that caterwauling, Poll, will you?" said the other man, roughly. "You'll rouse the whole mountain top. Stop it, I say! Did you do the job?"

"Yes, I did,—I did!" she cried hysterically. "I'll make this a night that Tiptop will remember forever,—forever! They shan't forget the night poor old Pap Perley died,—they shan't forget!"

"Shut your mouth, will you?" interposed the second speaker again. "Do you want to give us all away, girl? Hand down

that gun! Blamed, if I don't hear something outside now!"

Tom had barely time to drop flat on his face in the undergrowth when the mountaineer stepped out, rifle in hand, and peered keenly on all sides into the darkness. For one awful minute our young listener's heart fairly stood still; for Tom realized that he had been seeing and hearing much more than was good for him to-night. But, after a swift, searching glance around, the lookout seemed satisfied, and turned back into the house, slamming and bolting the door, and shutting Tom out in a welcome darkness, through which he swiftly sped away, his feet fairly winged by fear that was not all for himself. Something had happened, he knew; what or where he could not say, but this wild girl had surely been at some desperate work.

The gay music pulsing from Camp Tiptop seemed to assure him that all was well there; but Tom felt like one who had heard the rumble of the volcano under the merry measures, and hurried on with a troubled heart; while the doomed trees above him, rustling and waving in the fresh breeze that had sprung up with the advancing night, seemed to be whispering dark secrets to each other over his head, and he felt a new chill in the air that made him shiver as he hurried breathlessly on until Camp Tiptop was in full view.

The dance was at its merriest. It was closing in a gay figure led by Chip and Miss Dorothy; and, relieved to find all was well, Tom paused in the outer shadows to look at the pretty sight. The boys and girls, formed in long lines, were weaving and interweaving, like living garlands, in the flower-decked room; the Loys waving silken flags, and the girls pretty silken scarfs tinkling with silver bells. In and out of the long windows, under the gleam of the Japanese lanterns that, swinging in hundreds from interlacing ropes, made chains of jewels in the darkness,—round the big piazza, back again, into the house, floated the pretty dancers, singing as they went:

The sky is clear and the stars are bright,
We will dance once more by their silver light;
And then good-night, good-night, good-night!

Tom had never seen a "German," and this pretty scene was altogether new to him. Standing back in the shadow, he looked on in wonder and delight, while the dancers whirled on with their fluttering flags and streamers and tinkling bells,—Dorothy, all her brown curls loosened, leading the fairy line. There was a pretty flush on Lena's lily cheek, and Maude was a very wild rose in her fluffy pink dress; while Grace's black eyes sparkled as she swung along to the tripping measure; and even Edna's little pussy-cat face glowed with unusual life and light. And then suddenly, while Tom still stood breathless and eager, half wishing he could be in there tripping it with the rest, one of a hundred gay lanterns swinging before him flashed into ruddy flame. Almost instantaneously another caught, and another, the blaze shooting like lightning along the ropes from which they swung, until half the camp was garlanded with living flame.

Fire! fire! fire on this far, wind-swept height! Fire in this mountain midnight! Fire among these fluttering, light-robed dancers! Fire that seemed to leap with strange, fierce fury, that even quick-witted, swift-handed Tom could not meet!

"Fire! Fire!" Even as the warning shout passed his lips, Tom was fighting it boldly, desperately,—tearing down, cutting down, tramping down. "The ropes,—the ropes!" The clear, boyish voice arose above the wild Babel of shrieks and cries that filled the air. "Keep the girls back,—back in the house! And tear down the ropes—the lanterns!"

And, though there were others who sprang forward, brave but bewildered, to aid him, it was Tom who did the work, Tom who led the fight; Tom who was here, there, and everywhere, battling with the leaping flames; Tom who stood at last a singed, blackened, blistered victor on the porch of Camp Tiptop, shouting his final orders through the dying smoke of the

conflict, while the last jewelled light of Dorothy's fête went out in darkness.

"Turn on the hose,—right, boys! Soak everything, so it can't catch again."

"Oh, how—where—when did it start? Lank was watching. He saved us!"

"And his clothes are nearly burned off!" went up the chorus of confusion and admiration, as girls and boys crowded round the hero of the night.

"And his hands! Oh, look at his poor, blistered hands!" cried Dorothy, tearfully.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* what a terrible night!" gasped Mademoiselle; while Aunt Patsy whisked Tom off to be salvaged and bandaged; and the guests hurriedly departed, only half a dozen or so of the bigger boys remaining to reinforce the garrison of Camp Tiptop, and watch for stray sparks.

It was far on toward another day when Chip, assured that all was safe, stole quietly up to Tom's room to see how things were going with the brave defender of Tiptop. He found him pacing the porch.

"Why, Lank, old fellow, up yet? Burns hurt so bad, you can't sleep?"

"Pooh, no!" answered Tom. "Who cares for a few blisters? 'Tisn't that keeps me awake. I'm sort of shaken up."

"No wonder," said Chip, sympathetically. "You had the worst of it. But everything is all right now. We've tramped the whole place over, and there's not a spark or whiff of smoke left. Gee whiz! it was a blaze, wasn't it? And so quick! I hadn't time to jump to your call before the whole place seemed ringed with fire. I never saw anything go like those ropes."

"Nor I," answered Tom. "They were well soaked in kerosene."

"In kerosene!" echoed Chip, blankly.

"Not all of them, of course, but those that started the blaze," continued Tom. "Paper lanterns would never go off like that, Chip. They were fixed to burn the camp."

"Fixed to burn the camp!" repeated Chip,—“to burn *this camp!* Lank, you're

dreaming, you're delirious. Fixed to burn the camp! Jing! I'd like to hear of any one trying such a game round here. What put such a thing in your head, Lank?"

But Tom hesitated; Chip's fierce, excited voice warned him that he must be cautious, or the hot-headed boy might rouse the whole mountain top into raging storm. And he had no real proof against any one as yet.

"What makes you think the camp was fired?" asked Chip again.

"I smelled the burning oil," Tom replied briefly. "And the people up here are full of hate and rage, as you know. The camp isn't safe this summer, Chip. You'd better break it up and go home."

"Break up the camp and go home," repeated Chip, indignantly, "when we're just starting in for all sorts of fun,—when we've got all these boys and girls together for a rousing good summer! Break up and go home! Why, there's not room for us at Crestmont. Mother has the house jammed now. Break up, when Bertie Neville gave up a trip to Europe, and Lena a summer in the Catskills, just to come here! It would be the meanest, shabbiest kind of shake, and just because a few paper lanterns blazed up to-night. It was blowing stiff, as you know, Lank. Break up the camp? No, sirree! I'm too much of a chip of the old block for that. Dad has given me the place for the summer, and I mean to hold it if the whole mountain bursts unto blaze," added Chip, excitedly. "Break up Camp Tiptop! Gee whiz! you must have been shaken up sure, Lank."

And Chip took himself off to bed, leaving Tom standing on his porch and looking over the sleeping mountain, wondering anxiously what he must do, what he must say. He had no proof against any one; he could not in justice accuse or condemn. And yet he felt sure that it was a vengeful hand that had fired Camp Tiptop to-night, and he must watch, since he could not warn; for the fierce hate that ruled the mountain would "try again," he knew.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Now that a cheap edition of Newman's "Apologia" has been published, we trust soon to hear that his "Idea of a University" will also be placed within the reach of the most modest purse. Few books on the general subject of education in its wider sense are at all comparable with that splendid work, which may (be it incidentally remarked) be re-read with profit every year or two.

—We found on our table the other day something of a novelty in the matter of calendars. Simply by moving a circular disk, superimposed upon a cardboard to which it is attached, one secures a correct calendar for any month desired, from the year 1500 to the year 2500. As a method of finding the day of the week corresponding to a given date in any century from the sixteenth to the twenty-sixth, the contrivance is interesting and unique. It bears the name of "Gregorian Calendar," and is copyrighted by John C. Carlin, New Castle, Pa.

—Considerable stress is deservedly laid on the difference of "atmosphere" found in the public and the parochial schools. Not so much importance, it would appear, is attached to the Catholic or un-Catholic atmosphere of the books with which our young people are provided, for the purpose of light reading. Now, books *have* their atmosphere; and it is assuredly not an exorbitant demand to ask Catholic writers and Catholic publishers to see to it that the volumes intended for Catholic children be saturated with Catholic light and color. They need not be religious tracts, but they should not, on the other hand, be aggressively "non-sectarian."

—Vol. V. of the Works of Thomas à Kempis (Kegan Paul & Co.; B. Herder) is "Sermons to the Novices Regular." The translation, which well preserves the directness and simplicity of the venerable preacher, is by Dom Vincent Scully, C. R. L., author of an excellent *Life of à Kempis*, etc. There are thirty sermons, divided into three parts, and interspersed with examples "for the sake of edification." Each discourse sets forth, with the lucidity and gentle persuasiveness characteristic of the author of the "Imitation," some principle, or inculcates some virtue, of the interior life. The charm of the book is felt in every page.

—"Heavy" and "light," as applied to books and reading, are so commonly used in the figurative sense that one scarcely ever thinks of associating them with the idea of material weight—in ounces and pounds. Yet the literal

heaviness or lightness of books is occasionally a matter of surprise, even to the bibliophile. A case in point confronts us as we write. Here are two books side by side on a shelf: "The Men who Made the Nation," and George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda." While they are practically of the same size, the former contains only 415 pages, the latter 736; and while "Daniel Deronda" weighs just one pound, its companion, with scarcely more than half the number of pages, weighs exactly twice as much.

—English-speaking ecclesiastics are under lasting obligations to the Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M., and his publishers, Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, for a faithful translation, into good, idiomatic English, of St. Gregory the Great's famous homily on the pastoral office,—that admirable homily of which Pius X. in his Encyclical *Jucunda Sane* wrote: "Read it, venerable brethren, and make your clergy read and ponder it, especially at the time of their annual retreat." Practical for all time are the lessons inculcated by St. Gregory. There is more substance in this pamphlet of twenty-three pages than in many books, as the reader may judge by a single paragraph:

But how can we reform the life of others while we neglect our own? For, through attention to secular affairs, the more we are occupied with external things, the more insensible we become to what is internal. And by application to worldly cares our mind becomes callous to heavenly desires; and, hardened by the business of the world, it can not be softened to take an interest in what relates to the love of God.

—"The Protestant Reformation" is the somewhat unhappy title of a new volume, of small bulk but great importance, by the Rev. Charles Coppins, S. J. The theme, though old, is of fresh interest at the present day, the progress of events bearing a striking resemblance to the obscuration of Christianity in France. The abuses within the Church, the promulgation and propagation of Lutheranism; the origin of the Anabaptists, Baptists, and Calvinists; the defection of Henry VIII., which drove England into Protestantism; as well as the work of the Reformers in Denmark, Scotland, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, and other European countries, are dealt with in a concise and altogether satisfactory manner. The only thing lacking is an adequate index with which all such books should be supplied. A bibliography, too, would add much to its usefulness. Mr. B. Herder, publisher.

—Mr. Ralph M. Easley, chairman of the executive council of the National Civic Federation, has our best thanks for a copy of Mr. W. H. Mallock's "Lectures on Socialism." These

remarkably interesting lectures were delivered during the past few months at five of the principal American universities, and are published under the auspices of the public lecture bureau of the N. C. F. While there is much in this volume with which perhaps the majority of readers will not agree, there is much else which will be generally assented to. They are thoughtful lectures, every one of them; and they afford ample evidence that if Mr. Mallock has not mastered his subject, he has given it more serious study than many who have ventured to write and speak upon it. We have already quoted several notable passages in these lectures. There is yet another in the lecture dealing with so-called Christian Socialism, which, as Mr. Mallock understands it, is as different from Christianity as Christian Science from the science of Mr. Edison. He says:

The Christian method . . . is not to revolutionize, still less to eradicate, any one of man's natural propensities, but to guide, elevate and ennoble them; and thus the true Christian message to the great producers of the world would be this: "Do not be ashamed of your riches; do not discard the control of them; but, since they have endowed you with the means of living and acting on a larger scale than can ever be possible for the great majority of men, let your lives on this large scale be a wholesome pattern to others; partly in the way in which you, like all other men, seek your own daily enjoyment amongst your friends and families; partly in the way in which, by means of your ample resources, you are able to assist and show your sympathy for your neighbors; and partly in the integrity which you exhibit in dealing with the great material interests entrusted to you. Let those who have only a few things in respect of which they can be faithful, find a good example in you who have the opportunity of being faithful in many things."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
- "The Protestant Reformation." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 40 cts.
- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.
- "Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.

- "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
- "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.
- "A Method of Conversing with God." Father Boutauld, S. J. 30 cts.
- "The Queens Festivals." A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cts.
- "Sunday-School Hymn-Book." Sisters of Notre Dame. 75 cts.
- "Round the World." Vol. III. 85 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.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Gadd, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. Bernard McCahill, diocese of Fall River; Rev. Michael Fitzpatrick, diocese of Wheeling; and Rev. Joseph Kellar, O. S. B. Sister Gertrude, of the Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. A. H. Jacobs, Mr. Joseph Wilhelm, Mr. Frank Sloan, Mrs. Mary Foley, Mr. Howard Goss, Mr. Patrick Birmingham, Mr. John Jennings, Mrs. Mary Walsh, and Mrs. Augusta Schabert.

Requiescant in pace!



THE TRANSFIGURATION.
(L. Carracci)



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 3, 1907.

NO. 5.

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

The Glory of Thabor.

THE two of Emmaus knew their spirit burned
 As Jesus walked beside them on the way;
 And yet their eyes were held: no kindling ray
 Of Godhead reached their hearts, that for Him
 yearned.

The chosen three of Thabor swift discerned
 Divinity, as heaven's glory lay
 Upon them like a cloud. Oh, happy they
 Who on the mount God's love and glory learned!

We, like the two of Emmaus, do not see
 Or feel the presence of the Master near,
 E'en though He bides with us our bread to
 share;

But let us to the heights of union flee,
 Where Thabor's glory shall to us appear,
 And we shall know God's blessed presence
 there.

* * *

An Ancient Abbey of Our Lady.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



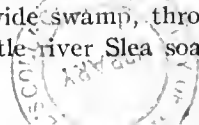
SCARCELY known but extremely interesting and beautiful monastic house, specially dedicated to our Blessed Lady, was that of Louth Park, in Lincolnshire, — one of the earliest Cistercian abbeys erected in England; in fact, this foundation was made only eleven years later than Waverley Abbey, Surrey, the first house of the Order in England.

In A. D. 1131, a little band of monks went forth from the Benedictine Abbey

of St. Mary's, York. These "dauntless men," whom a desire for a more rigid discipline and a sterner law of self-denial had led out, as it were, into the wilderness, soon raised in Skeldale the glorious Abbey of Fountains; and the young foundation had scarcely struck its roots in the new soil before its innate vitality evinced itself, not alone in its strength to contend against difficulties which would have absolutely quenched a less holy and deep-seated zeal, but in its power of propagation. Within less than twenty years Fountains had become the direct parent of as many as eight other houses, thus illustrating what a non-Catholic historian has called "the marvellous inward force, the reconstructing, reorganizing, reanimating energy of monasticism."

Louth Park Abbey was one of the earliest of the spiritual offspring of Fountains. Though not established at Louth till 1139, the colony of monks which formed it was originally sent forth from Yorkshire in the year 1137, their first destination being Haverholm ("Oat Island"), near Sleaford, where Alexander, the third bishop of Lincoln, nephew of Henry I.'s powerful chancellor, Roger of Sarum, "had consigned a certain place in the hands of the abbot for the purpose of erecting an abbey of their Order."

On Candlemas Day therefore, in 1139, a little group of monks, under Abbot Gervase, set out from Fountains to take possession of their new home; but the marsh-like island of Haverholm — nothing more or less than a wide swamp, through which the sluggish little river Slea soaked



its way—was afar from suitable site for the new foundation: both soil and climate were eminently unfavorable, and in consequence Bishop Alexander decided to transfer the community to his own episcopal park, a mile and a half east of Louth. This tract of elevated ground was raised above all danger of inundation; whilst water, so essential to all monastic establishments, was supplied by the river Lud, and also by a stream brought, through the ingenuity of the monks from a copious spring known as St. Helen's Well. The channel having been formed, it was divided into two courses; that running along the east side supplied two fish ponds—one of great size,—which, it may be remarked, were full of water some years ago, and well stocked with fish; the other, along the west side, turning northward to meet the Lud. Thus the abbey buildings were surrounded with water. There is a tradition that the sacred vessels of the abbey were thrown by the monks into the upper pond, at the time of the Dissolution, in order that they might not fall into the sacrilegious hands of the King's commissioners.

It is interesting to find that the good Bishop of Lincoln gives his reasons for making this foundation. In the charter he says: "It is very profitable and necessary, considering the malice of these days, and the troubles and temptations which daily, through infidelity, are seen to growe, to provide some deed of justice and purity in this moste miserable lyfe [life], which may be of force before the face of the Almightye, to help or procure the remission of our synnes."

He then continues to explain that, by the "council" of his clergy, and the "assent" of his whole chapter of the church of "Saynte Marie at Linkholne" (Lincoln), he proposes to found "an abbey of munkes of St. Marie of the Fountaynes" in his wood or park, "on the south side of his town called Louthe; which parke," he adds, "I have granted wholly free to Almightye God and the Blessed Virgin St. Marie, His Mother, and to the use of the

munkes who are appointed for the service of God in that place." These lands and possessions are assured to them "by good securitie," besides pasture for their swine," and "one mill forever to possess."

The new site, we are told, pleased Abbot Gervase and his brethren; they accordingly settled down on the Bishop's grant, and erected, as was the custom in the Cistercian Order, "a monastery of considerable size and high architectural excellence." As time went on, and the life and labor of these holy religious became more and more widely known and appreciated, numerous other benefactors added to the original grant of Bishop Alexander; so that, though the abbey owned but little property outside the county of Lincoln, lands were given them at Elkington, Messingham, etc.; also at Tetney, where Ralph, Earl of Chester, made gift of lands, "with their adjacents, together with waters, salterns, marshes and meadows."

An interesting fact brought out by ancient documents is that the monks of Louth Park were iron founders, like their brethren of Rievaulx. There was ironstone in Birley wood, which was worked by the community at Louth Park; and we find a grant made by Walter Abbottoft, and Walter, his son, of part of their wood of Birley "in pure and perpetual alms." This grant also assigned them the right to have two furnaces—one for smelting iron in the wood, and one for hammering and forging it in their courtyard,—together with ironstone and as much dry charcoal, and green wood for making charcoal, as was sufficient for the furnaces.

This notice is specially worthy of record, furnishing as it does abundant confirmation of the fact that, wherever they established themselves, the Cistercians were great metallurgists. We may mention in connection with this subject that there are good grounds for believing that these energetic men, who did indeed live according to the precept that to work is to pray, were the first to introduce the iron trade into the neighborhood of Sheffield.

When the permanent buildings of Louth Park were begun, can not now be stated with any degree of certitude. The first portion to be built was, of course, the church, or *oratorium*, as it was usually termed. This was cruciform, after the Cistercian plan; and, also in accordance with the prevailing Cistercian custom, was dedicated to the Most Holy Mother of God. Across the entire width of the west front was a narrow porch, like that at Fountains and elsewhere; and above the crossing was a low central tower. In the beginning only so much of the church was built as was required for divine service; but, owing to the impoverishment of the monastery by King John, in 1210, the work was not finished until the abbacy of Richard of Dunham (1227-1246).

Under the date 1210, we find in the ancient chronicle of the abbey the following remarks: "King John extorted at his pleasure a loan from all the churches of England, both regular and secular; some poor nuns alone being excepted. He robbed also the Cistercian monks." The sum total of the loss which this house of Louth Park sustained through this robbery in gifts, plunder, and losses, amounted to 1680 marks.

The completion of the church was, history tells us, probably due in great measure to the munificence of William de Thornaco, Dean of Lincoln, who became a monk of Louth Park in 1239. Master Richard Dunham, abbot, who died in 1246, also seems to have been a generous benefactor, as well as a wise and prudent ruler; for we read that "on his entrance, the dayspring from on high visited this place of Louth Park," which he "raised as it were from dust and ashes," adding to it lands, buildings, and possessions, supplying it "decently and suitably with the best books, costly vessels, valuable vestments, and other necessary articles."

His first step, on being appointed to his high office, was to build an infirmary for the monks, and "a chamber for those who were seriously ill; a kitchen also, and all

things necessary thereto." After many other improvements in the way of dormitories, chapter house, cloister, etc., he finished "the body of the church toward the west at great cost and labor." Moreover, he "made the chamber of Lord William of Tournay, the chapel of the Blessed Mary, the pond within the vineyard and the enclosure, together with other offices"; carrying out his plans "orderly and perfectly," and appearing "in the sight of his people as it were a second Moses, lovable and exceedingly meek."

It is a significant fact that the chronicler, in ending this description "of so great and pious a father," earnestly exhorts those "who read and hear of his laborious works," and especially those "who enjoy the fruits of his careful forethought daily," to pour forth their prayers "that he may be a sharer in the heavenly country."

William of Tournay, the Dean of Lincoln before referred to, became an inmate of Louth Park Abbey in 1239, and remained there until his death in 1258, "having gained the reverence and affection" of the whole community by the amiability of his character, the courtesy of his demeanor, his extreme generosity, and great personal piety. "Moreover," says the chronicler, "he procured for our house, through the regard felt for him, very many friends and patrons. And, what is still of greater importance, by his pious, holy and religious life, he set a praiseworthy example to all." The writer then adds: "During the whole time he was with us, he universally and cheerfully shewed kindness and very good solace to both upper and lower servants and strangers." He was buried "in the chapel of the Blessed Mary, in which, during the whole time of his life on earth, he spent his leisure in steadfast prayer and contemplation with Mary at the feet of the Lord."

Under the date 1255, we read the following notice: "The Jews crucified one Hugh, a boy of nine years of age, at Lincoln." In 1260, the altars of St. Leonard and St. Bernard and St. Katherine were con-

secrated in the abbey church of Louth Park. There were others dedicated to St. Hugh, St. Martin, St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Stephen. It is interesting to note that in 1281 "the Cistercian monks commenced to study at Oxford." In 1283 "was made the great bell of Louth Park, weighing 1819 pounds of metal"; and in 1287 we are told that the church of St. Peter of Mablethorpe, near Louth, "was rent asunder by the waves of the sea."

Pictures, with the exception of representations of our Divine Redeemer, were prohibited by the Cistercian rule; and the *tabulæ* behind the altars were to be painted with a single color. Two bells only were allowed,—a "major" and a "minor"; and these not too large to be rung by a single person. Towers of stone were also forbidden; and their wooden substitutes were to be of very moderate altitude, as became the simplicity which was ever the prevailing note of the Order. The huge, lofty stone towers which we see at Fountains, Furness, and Kirtall, were built or heightened at a later period, probably in the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth centuries, when the rule in this respect had become somewhat less rigid.

In 1288, the chronicle tells us that in July "a great storm of hail fell on the earth"; and in 1289 "the smaller bell of Louth Park was made." In 1306, "a small bell was made—the bell for collation; and a new picture was placed at the altar on the vigil of St. Martin in the winter." In 1309 "new work was done about the high altar, and it was painted by Master Everard." Two pictures at the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, and a picture at the altar of St. Stephen, were painted by the Brothers John of Brantingham and R. of Welton.

In 1313 Lord Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, destroyed all the castles of Scotland which were in the hands of the King of England, except Berwick; and took tribute from Northumberland, and the Bishop of Durham, and other places near Scotland. The writer adds that he took this tribute "for three years, because there was a

quarrel between the King of England and his barons." This quarrel was eventually "set at rest by the Cardinal and the King of France." We learn, too, that the King levied the twentieth penny "from the whole of England, except from the religious who pay tithes"; also that "the Lord King sold Glastonbury to the Pope for £50,000 of Florentine gold."

In 1315 there was such a flood of water and rain that the fruits of the earth were entirely destroyed, and "divers cattle, both sheep and oxen, died"; the consequence was that a famine of a most severe kind prevailed throughout the land, so that before Easter it was scarcely possible to find bread for sale; also all the substance of the house of Louth Park was ruined. In the same year new stalls were erected in the choir of Louth Park, and the good Earl of Warwick died.

Some time later we find the following curious entry: "In the year of Our Lord 1338, willows are said to have brought forth roses in winter, and it was quite true." In the same year also we learn that King Edward, having held a parliament at Westminster, "imposed on the English born a tax of the fifth part of their goods, seized all the wool, and assigned the ninth sheaf of every farm in England for his expeditions."

The Cistercian chronicler comments, too, upon the "innumerable multitude of Christians who went to Rome to obtain a plenary indulgence, which the Lord Pope Clement VII. conferred with apostolic authority on all persons who, being truly contrite, and having confessed their sins, went to Rome to visit the churches of SS. Peter and Paul, and the Lateran Church, during the year of his Jubilee."

In the year 1361, we read that "a strong and mighty wind blew from the south, for one day and night, to such an extent that its violence levelled trees, mills, houses, and many belfries"; but from that day till the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII., no incident specially worthy of note is recorded; in

fact, the history of Louth Park is, like that of many other houses of the Order, a blank, because its days were days of peace and prayer,—an existence that furnishes nothing of importance so far as the outer world is concerned.

Both the abbot and the Abbey of Louth Park had their respective seals; and the device of the latter was a representation of the Most Holy Mother of God holding her Divine Child in her arms, within a latticed niche, or recess, having flowering creepers on its sides, and a trefoiled canopy above; whilst the surrounding Latin inscription intimates that the convent is dedicated to Sanct Marie.

Records still in existence show that numerous licenses were granted at different times by the sovereigns of England, to certain persons, permitting them to give lands to the abbey. One example must suffice. It was granted by King Edward III., who gave license to Robert de Elkyngton, Adam de Wodethorpe, Robert Stynt, parson of the church of Bellowe, John de Raitheby, and Alan de Willoughby, chaplain, to "give and assign thirty-eight acres of wood in Cockerington, worth yearly thirty-eight shillings, to the abbot and convent."

An interesting proof of the piety of the times is shown in the case of one Sir Henry le Vavasour, Knight, whose medical attendant (*medicus*), by name Master Robert, counselled his patient to go to the Abbey of Louth Park, "because he would the sooner recover." This visit or pilgrimage of the sick to some religious foundation specially dedicated to our Blessed Lady was, it need scarcely be repeated, a very usual custom during the Ages of Faith. We have seen, too, how King Arthur desired to be taken to the far-famed Abbey of Glastonbury, where he died and was buried under the protection of the Immaculate Mother of God.

Sir Henry le Vavasour, acting on his doctor's advice, "of his own free will caused himself to be conveyed from the Manor of Cockerington to the Abbey of

Louth Park, in a covered iron cart." On alighting from the cart, we are told that the sick Knight "went on his feet to his chamber," where, sending for the abbot, "he shewed him his life"—in other words, made a full and sincere confession,—and told him of his generous designs in respect of land he wished to leave the abbey, on condition that Masses and prayers should be said for his soul and for the souls of all the faithful departed. "On Sunday morning, December 1, about sunrise, he passed away, being of good memory [that is in the possession of all his faculties], and speaking clearly till his death."

We read several accounts of charges brought against the abbot on account of the non-repairs of certain causeways; but it would appear that in all cases the juries found for the abbot, judgment being given that "he should not *henceforth be troubled in the matter.*"

From the traces still remaining, it is evident that both the abbey church and the monastery were large and beautiful. Of the farmery, or monks' infirmary, very little exists; but it was certainly an establishment complete in itself, with a great hall, a chapel (possibly that which William de Thormaco had caused to be built, and in which he was buried at his death in 1258); a chamber for those "grievously sick," a kitchen, and other necessary offices. The Louth Park farmery, we are told in the chronicle, was the first work of that good Abbot Richard de Dunham, already alluded to, who "delighted in increasing his good flock according to the rule of the Blessed Benedict, so that he so greatly multiplied his people [community] that nearly all his time he was the most pious father of sixty-six monks and one hundred and fifty lay-brethren, whose number was frequently rather more than less than this." The plan of this farmery probably did not differ much from that of its magnificent contemporary, built by Abbot John de Cancia, at Fountains, where the arrangements, antiquarians say, were "very perfect."

To the west of the claustral buildings are the foundations of what was doubtless one of the guest-houses; and in the north-west corner of the precincts was the gate-house,—a chapel without the gate was the usual adjunct of all Cistercian abbeys.

Before completing this brief account of Louth Park Abbey, it may be well to add that Louth is remarkable in the annals of history from the fact of its having witnessed the first outbreak of that storm of open defiance which burst forth at the time of the suppression of the monasteries. The bold spirit of the inhabitants of this country of Lincolnshire could ill brook changes which were eminently distasteful to the entire nation. No one can fail to be convinced, after a careful perusal of the accounts of the rising, that, as a well-known writer has said, the men of Lincolnshire took up arms in defence of what they held to be matters of both Christian doctrine and practice. Kendal, the vicar of Louth, declares that "all men with whom he had any communication did grudge and murmur at the new opinions touching Our Lady and Purgatory, and himself also did grudge at the same."

We learn that in the spring of the year 1537, not six months after the dissolution of Louth Park Abbey and the confiscation of its treasures by the Crown, Thomas Kendal, the vicar of Louth above mentioned, together with William Moreland, monk of Louth Park, the Abbot of Barlings, with two other priests and twelve laymen, were tried in London, found guilty, and condemned to death.

Louth Park Abbey is no more; but as one wanders over the peaceful spot once occupied by the White Monks' venerable home, one can but trust that not only the prayers of those holy religious who suffered and died for the truth, but also the voices of their living representatives, will be heard before the "great White Throne," and that at last England may be called out of the darkness of heresy into the light of faith, and become once again the Dower of Mary.

The Lost Heirloom.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

BEFORE the door of an atelier in a certain quarter of Paris, a carriage stopped, and thence descended a lady somewhat past the prime of life. Richly dressed, though with a severe simplicity befitting the occasion, she had in her whole bearing what the French emphatically call "the grand air." She belonged to that world where wealth reigns with almost omnipotent sway, transforming fancies into facts, and ideas into monuments.

Within the workshop, she was received by a tall man with deeply sunken eyes, hair slightly gray about the temples, and a countenance marked with lines which suggested rather thought and close application to study than age. The lady did not lose any time in explaining the object of her visit.

"I have been recommended to come here," she said frankly. "I know something of your history and traditions, and I feel assured that better than any one in Paris you will be able to assist me."

The man waited, smiling a little, and bending his head in acknowledgment of her words.

"I am an American," the visitor continued, "married into one of the most ancient ducal houses of the British Kingdom. I myself have no tradition of birth or of ancestry, but I come of a family which pays royally for service rendered."

The man still listened in the same attitude. His eyes were dreamy. He was desirous, indeed, of procuring money,—a large sum, which would enable him to carry out a cherished project. But money in itself did not appeal to him. He made no remark, and the lady proceeded:

"My son is about to be married to a woman who is his equal in rank and

fortune. It will be a brilliant match. I am anxious to do honor to the occasion in every possible manner. I would wish my own personal present to be exceptional, and therefore I thought—”

She paused an instant, and the smile upon the man's face deepened. The lady's frankness was engaging.

“I thought of having duplicated, if that were possible, what is known amongst us as the lost heirloom. I am told that you are almost unsurpassed as a worker in gold, that you come of a family of goldsmiths, and I should like your aid in carrying out my idea.”

Genuine interest and pleasure began to appear upon the artificer's face as he inquired:

“Of what nature is this heirloom?”

“I have brought a paper which will explain; the description is copied exactly from the archives. I fear you will find it sadly inadequate, and I trust to your ingenuity to supply the deficiency. This heirloom, which has been lost for nearly a century, is what we now call ‘a loving cup,’ of solid gold, superb in workmanship, and incrustated with jewels. It was the work of a Florentine artist—Finiguerra.”

“Maso Finiguerra!” the artificer repeated, his eyes alight with interest, his manner full of eager animation,—“the master of niello work, the renowned goldsmith of mediæval Florence!”

“Precisely. You can judge therefore of its beauty and its value. If you will undertake the task, no expense must be spared to make it equal, if it does not surpass, the original in design and execution, and in the jewelled ornamentation. My son is to be married in the spring. If you can complete the work by that time, you may name your own price; and you can draw upon me in the meantime for whatever may be necessary. I have the fullest confidence in your integrity.”

“Madame,” replied the craftsman, with an eager enthusiasm which delighted his visitor, “the task you have offered me is most congenial. If the skill of ten gener-

ations of goldsmiths which is in these fingers can accomplish it, the work shall be completed at the appointed time.”

Satisfied with his promise, and with a gratified smile upon her face, the lady re-entered her carriage and was driven homeward along the Boulevard de Clichy, where various artists and artisans have had, in times past, their abode.

The artificer, left alone, was carried out of himself by artistic delight in the task before him. His imagination went backward through the varied scenes in which his ancestors, all workers in gold, had taken part in the exercise of their fascinating avocation, in divers epochs and in many nations. Court goldsmiths in England so far back as the era of the Plantagenets, and in the stormy, picturesque days of the Stuarts, the recipients in Florence of the princely liberality of the Medici, and of the Doges in Venice, more than one of the family had penetrated to the East. They had caught the almost magical skill of those famed workers of Arabia Felix, who turned the lavish gold of Sheba into a variety of beautiful or useful objects; or they spent whole years amongst the Moorish craftsmen of Andalusia, whose work was the admiration and despair of mediæval goldsmiths. In the course of their wanderings they had met with many strange adventures, and had frequently become possessed of the secrets of kings or of those mysterious potentates who ruled the destinies of the Orient. They had spent their lives in fashioning rare and costly objects, and amongst materials so precious that one nowadays but rarely beholds the like.

In the eyes of their descendant gleamed now the fire of inspiration. His Celtic imagination was inflamed by the prospect before him. His progenitors had been Irish; the earliest of them had learned the rudiments of their art from the monks of Benchor and Clonmacnoise. They had mostly married foreign wives, however; and their very name had been Moran, Morin, or Morone, according to the locality

in which their several lots had been cast. The present descendant, whose mother had been French, and who was born on the banks of the Seine, was known to his fellow-craftsman simply as Jean, or "Jean the goldsmith." In the changes of name and of country, one thing had always remained—that brilliant fancy of the Celt, a blending of joy and melancholy; now gay as the sun of summer morning, now mournful as the sea mists shrouding some lone island, or the waves booming in rocky caverns.

Jean almost forgot for the time being the great sum of money which he was to procure by this enterprise,—the fabulous sum at which his patroness had hinted, and which would permit him to indulge once more in his dream of love and hope. He had raised his eyes to the daughter of a rich manufacturer, Julie Duval. The girl had smiled upon his suit and had promised to wait until he could make a fortune. When the artificer had ventured to approach Julie's father, the man of wealth had put a satirical and prohibitive condition to their engagement. If within a given time the suitor could obtain a prescribed sum of money, Julie would be his. If not, it would certainly be her duty to marry a man selected by her parents.

Jean had been working hard and had been saving, but the amount named had been purposely exorbitant. The manufacturer had little faith in artists or artistic workers, and there seemed scant hope of obtaining the required amount. If this work succeeded, Jean thought with a bounding of the heart, he could go to Marly, where she lived, and claim Julie. It would be spring then, with the chestnut trees bursting into bloom and the rose gardens giving forth their fragrance,—and he fell into a delicious reverie which had nothing to do with art. He saw only the face which had so powerfully attracted him,—the delicate, appealing beauty of Julie Duval, rare and fine and spiritual as that of some old miniature.

II.

Like the artists of old, like his pious forefathers whose faith had flourished side by side with their genius, Jean sought inspiration at the foot of the altar. He began his great work by a visit to Notre Dame, that mighty temple which, in a spiritual sense, is the chief artery of the city; and he recommended it in a special manner to the protection of the Mother Most Amiable. A representation of that tender Mother adorned his workshop, hanging upon the panel of a quaint oaken cabinet wherein the artificer stored his most precious possessions.

He kept a species of vigil upon the night preceding the actual beginning of his labors. He took from the oaken cupboard a pile of parchments bound in vellum covers, decorated with curious arabesques and figures in tarnished gold. He turned the pages feverishly, entranced by the strange narrative which thence met his eye. The caligraphy varied from generation to generation; and the hands of the "wise clerk" who jotted down the doings of one set of men had fallen, perchance, to dust before another had taken up the pen. Whole series of the most fascinating adventures were inscribed there,—the once carefully-guarded secrets of mighty monarchs who had become but names, the chronicles of courts melted like snow-wreaths. Many a figure long vanished from the scenes of earth woke to an instant's life in those annals, which abounded more or less in detail according to the character of the scribe or his employer. Old loves and hatreds flashed, as crossbars of light and shadow, upon the dim parchments; pageants of the long ago, stirring feats of arms, jousts and tournaments, wars, betrothals, marriages, solemn festivals in ancient cathedrals, pilgrimages to famous shrines, were mentioned incidentally or minutely described in connection with this or that piece of work, some marvel of the goldsmith's art.

Jean read with careful diligence, hoping to gain thence ideas which might be ser-

viceable, the chronicle of a remote ancestor who long had tarried on the banks of the Guadalquivir. He had been colaborer with noted Moorish artificers in superb monuments erected by the Saracen monarchs of his day. His skill had found ample employment in the wondrous Alcazar, hard by the city of Cordova, with its numberless pillars of parti-colored marbles surmounted by golden capitals, its ceilings gold and azure, its carved work in cedar and sandal wood, and its Hall of the Caliphs, with jasper fountains, surmounted by the far-famed Swan of solid gold, which hung suspended,—the single pearl of price, gift of the Greek Emperor.

He had also been amongst the craftsman who adorned the king's pavilion, set amongst pleasure gardens, upon which were expended every device of the human imagination or of artistic skill. This pavilion had excited the deepest admiration in the mind of Jean's distant ancestor; for he wrote, or caused to be written—a detailed account of its various marvels—the gold-capped pillars, the inlaid floors, the gorgeous fabrics, silken and cloth of gold, the carpets and tapestries rich with designs of landscapes and animals and flowers, seeming rather the product of Nature than of man. In the main hall, contiguous to the king's couch, where he lay when wearied with hunting, was a porphyry vase of quicksilver, so cunningly devised as to undulate after the fashion of waves, giving forth, in the light of the sun or moon, a dazzling radiance which the eye could ill endure. The whole surroundings resembled a veritable Arabian Nights' enchantment, and gave some idea of the magnificence with which this Moorish sovereign of the long ago was encompassed.

The artificer likewise assisted in the decoration of that pride of the Cordovan capital, a superb monument to Allah known as the Aljama, or house of prayer. Its nine portals were of precious metals, the centre being of massive gold, wrought with finest chisellings; its cupola, with its three golden balls, was surmounted

by a pomegranate, type of immortality, in the same costly substance. Within the enclosure thousands of lamps burned; and the Akanor, or lamp of prayer, a marvel of choicest workmanship, consumed quantities of oil and aromatic spices.

The scribe, having enlarged in somewhat prolix fashion upon these wonders, drew thence the shrewd conclusion, in the quaint English of his time, that "in these heathenish and outlandish countries were to be found such vestiges of the apostolic faith and of the worship of the Triune God as to make manifest to all men that the seed of truth had been scattered over the entire earth, and had been barbarously travestied in heathen rites." Likewise he observed the munificence of these infidels toward the temple, which was "an exemplar to those of the true Belief that they be not niggardly of their substance to the worship and service of the Most High." He concluded with a detailed account of many curious and beautiful articles in *orfèvererie*, the like of which were seldom seen, and which conveyed, indeed, to the mind of Jean new and illuminative ideas. He realized what an education it had been to his forebears thus to sojourn amongst those masters of their art, and to imbibe knowledge of it at the fountainhead.

Jean's imagination, spellbound, fascinated, revelled in that world of luxury and splendor only dimly realized by moderns, with all their fabulous wealth. He turned over page after page of those enthralling memoirs till, with a thrill of joy, he found a chapter which had a direct and very important bearing upon the work which lay before him. This was the record of one of his ancestors who had learned his art in the workshop of Finiguerra. The life in that dim Florentine interior was briefly sketched, with glimpses of the treasures of art in that city which deserved the name of "the Beautiful," and of the quaint, mediæval existence of its people, and the magnificence of its rulers. A single item, which sent the blood tingling

and glowing to Jean's finger tips, may be thus modernized:

"We are now, by God's grace and Our Lady's aid, after Matins at the abbey church, to enter upon a work which my master has much at heart, and wherein he will suffer none save myself to aid him. The same being a rare vessel of choicest workmanship, cunningly wrought in gold and precious gems, to be the bridal gift of a most high and puissant noble, an English duke, ruling over a great portion of the countries of England, to the high-born damsel whom he is about to wed."

This was followed by a technical and detailed description of the identical heirloom upon which the skill of that artisan's far-away descendant was about to be employed. A strange chain of events, Jean reflected, which had set him to reproduce one of the most famous pieces of handicraft that had ever come forth even from that renowned workshop! The description here given would enable him to carry out his patroness' idea exactly, and, while adhering in a general manner to the original model, improve thereupon, if that were possible, in any point which taste or fancy might suggest, and the improvement in modern appliances render feasible.

Jean's mind was so full of that wondrous love of the past, by which for many hours it had been permeated, that he forgot he was at the dawn of a new century, and that this was modern Paris which lay sleeping under his window. He threw up the sash and looked out. The night was far advanced; he had protracted his vigil, and the lights without shone upon deserted streets, and the Seine, lying dark and cold save for occasional glimmerings. Paris, the city of contrasts the most striking, of storms innumerable, of atrocious crime and of unsurpassed heroism, which has felt every beating of the great heart of humanity; which has touched the pinnacle of social culture, and has felt the tumultuous stirrings of a populace; which, when,

faithful to its religious ideals, dominated the world; and when faithless has sunk, like the nation at large, to comparative insignificance,—Paris, thickly overlaid with associations of the past, and yet, in most respects, probably the most modern of cities,—Paris lay there in slumber; and the goldsmith, leaning out of the window and inhaling the cold breath that stole up from the river, thought long and deeply.

(Conclusion next week.)

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXXVI.

IT was earlier than usual when De Wolff and Brent shook hands with Mildred and Lett at the head of the main staircase, and received very cordial good wishes that their excursion might be a pleasant one. They stood watching the two girls as they passed down one of the long corridors and, turning an angle, were lost to sight. Then they descended the stairs and went to their own quarters, in a remote wing of the building dedicated to bachelor accommodation.

They were in the same room to the joint occupancy of which they had been assigned on their arrival at the Springs. Finding the arrangement agreeable in all respects, no change had been made; and during the necessarily close association which followed they had become good friends. They exchanged confidences and condolences on their respective love affairs; and, much to De Wolff's amusement, Brent often expressed his distaste for the polemical lectures of Mr. Chetwode. But religion itself, as a question, had never been discussed by them.

Both were tired and out of spirits as they sat down before an open window to take a smoke before going to bed. After exchanging a few words, they were silent for some time, until Brent, who had been smoking as impetuously as he was think-

ing, threw away the end of his cigar, while that of his companion was not more than half consumed, and, having lighted another, said abruptly:

"You are a Catholic, De Wolff?"

"Yes."

"Merely conventionally so, or are you one really in belief?"

"In belief, certainly; but I must confess not as much one in practice as I ought to be," De Wolff replied.

"You actually believe the—excuse me—the impossibilities, they seem to me, that are set down here to be believed?" said Brent.

As he spoke, he took a small, paper-bound book from his pocket and held it an instant, his glance resting on it with such a mingled expression of unwilling respect and hearty resentment that De Wolff could not but smile. But he answered seriously:

"Mysteries, not impossibilities. Yes, I believe all that that book"—it was a common child's catechism—"sets forth as the teaching of the Catholic Church."

"I wish *I* could believe it," said Brent, sadly. "But I've tried in vain."

"You can't have tried in the right way, unless you are determinedly prejudiced. As Newman says, it is as easy to shut the eyes of the understanding as the eyes—"

"But," said Brent hastily,—“excuse my interrupting you—I'm *not* prejudiced—not the least prejudiced. I'm very anxious to believe; and I've tried, as hard as a man could try to do anything, to understand these things and believe them. I'm willing to take them on trust; but that won't do, it seems. I've studied over the confounded subject until my head ached. And Mr. Chetwode's disquisitions have not helped me in the least. But the fact is, I can't keep my mind fixed on what he is saying; and, not following his argument, of course I lose the point when he comes to it. For the last two days he has been hammering over what he calls the ten sacraments—why do you laugh?"

"He has added three to the number,

if he told you there were ten," observed De Wolff.

"No: I remember now. He said seven. I was getting them mixed up with the Ten Commandments."

Here the unhappy speaker threw himself back in his chair with a look of intense weariness.

"I am about discouraged," he went on. "You say that you believe these things. I wish to Heaven you would explain them in a common-sense way that I can understand. The subtleties of theology are too much for me."

"I'll willingly give you any assistance I can," replied De Wolff. "This sort of thing is not at all in my line; but if you'll tell me what your difficulties are, I may be able to throw some light on them."

"In the first place, then," exclaimed Brent, starting forward and speaking with great energy, "I want to know whether you be—"

He paused suddenly, and after a momentary hesitation added in a different tone:

"You have heard of the—miracle which Miss Sterndale says has occurred at a place in France,—the sudden cure of her brother?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe that it really occurred as they represent?"

"Really occurred?" repeated the other. "Why, do you suppose—"

"Oh," Brent interposed, quickly. "I don't mean to doubt the veracity of Miss Sterndale's brothers! Of course they *thought* it occurred. But—people sometimes—imagine things."

"Yes, and very extraordinary things," assented De Wolff, in a tone of good-natured irony. "We Catholics are often amused, for instance, to observe that non-Catholics as a rule 'imagine' that we must necessarily be either superstitious or insincere, because some of our beliefs are opposed to the only standard of the possible which they admit—the natural law. It never seems to enter into their conception that there may be more things

in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy. As to this matter we are talking of, you don't want to think that Mr. Sterndale and his brother are guilty of wilful falsehood when they say that he was miraculously cured of a mortal illness, but at the same time you do not believe the statement. So you compromise in your opinion by suggesting that they 'imagined' the cure. Now, I should like for you to tell me where in this case 'imagination' could possibly come in. I suppose you are aware that Mr. Sterndale had been ill for some time before he left home, and was told by an unquestionable medical authority what his disease was, and what the result must be. He went to Paris, and heard a repetition of this verdict from the first medical authority there. The disease ran its course as foreseen by these men; his windpipe closed gradually until, on the day that the cure occurred, he could not swallow one drop of fluid, and could breathe barely sufficiently to live. He was in an apparently dying condition when carried to the piscina. One moment his brother and the assistants thought that each gasping breath must be his last, and the next he unclosed his eyes a well man. His throat was open and healthy, and his strength restored, though he remained of course emaciated in flesh. This is what he and his brother say. You see there is no room for 'imagination' in the affair. Either the cure took place, or they are guilty of the grossest false testimony. Take your choice of these alternatives."

As he heard this ultimatum, Brent, who had been listening with the most eager and absorbed attention, again threw himself back dejectedly. And this time he groaned.

"These are the sort of things that stagger me!" he exclaimed. "I know both these men, and I don't doubt their word. But I don't understand it, and how am I to believe what I don't understand?"

"You mean that you understand everything that you believe?"

"Yes—or rather," he added quickly,

seeing De Wolff's smile, "if I don't understand a thing, I don't believe it. I just let it alone, and don't bother to think of it. That was my attitude toward religion until I became anxious to become a Catholic. Since then I have tried my best to believe these things"—he touched the catechism, which he still held in his hand,—“but I can't force my mind to accept what it does not comprehend.”

De Wolff was silent for several minutes, evidently thinking. At last he said:

“Did it never occur to you to ask God to enlighten your mind,—I mean, to pray?”

“No. I never thought it would do any good to pray, unless I believed what I was saying.”

“You have read the New Testament, I suppose?”

“Yes.”

“There is mentioned in one of the Gospels the case of a man who—like yourself, unwillingly doubting—said, ‘I do believe, Lord; help my unbelief.’ Perhaps if you—”

At this instant the stillness of the house was broken by a sudden commotion. A violent bursting open of doors, a confused murmur of voices, a rush of heavy steps, followed by cries of “Fire! fire! fire! The hotel is on fire!”

XXXVII.

De Wolff and Brent exchanged one glance, but not a word, as, starting up, they rushed out of the room. Running through the several passages intervening between them and the main building of the hotel, they gained the central hall, which was now filled with a hurrying crowd of half-dressed men and women, pouring in a stream down the broad stairway and out of the house. The air was becoming dim with smoke; but there was yet light enough from the large chandelier above to enable them to see clearly, and satisfy themselves that the faces and figures they were looking for were not among the groups before them. They inquired of

several of their acquaintances, who lodged on the floor above, whether they had seen Miss Sterndale and her friends, but obtained no information. No one had seen them. Their rooms being situated at the extreme end of the long building, the inference was that possibly they might not be awake yet. This idea occurred simultaneously to the two young men; and, as by one impulse, they dashed up the staircase. When they came to the spot where they had parted with Mildred and Lett, De Wolff seized Brent's arm.

"We must not risk getting separated," he said in a stifled voice, for here the smoke was very thick and suffocating.

"You know the rooms?" gasped Brent, as they went blindly down the corridor along which the two girls had passed.

"Yes."

Except for a dull, distant but ominous sound—more hum than roar at present—which came from the far opposite end of the house, from which they were receding, all was silence around them. They made an effort to shout, "Fire! Fire!" but it seemed that everybody thereabouts must have escaped; for they heard nothing but the echo of their own steps as they pressed on, and finally turned into the corridor upon which the rooms they were looking for were situated.

They had outrun the floating smoke a little, as was evident by greater ease in breathing; and De Wolff, pausing an instant, struck a match. By its light they perceived that the doors on each side were wide open, with no sign or sound of life in them. But they did not stop until they reached the two they had come to explore. These also were silent and empty.

"They have been warned in time, and have escaped, thank God!" said De Wolff, in a tone of intense relief. "Let us get out ourselves now as quick as possible."

Retracing their way with all haste, they were soon back at the entrance of the large corridor which extended the whole length of the main building, parallel with its frontage, and just at the centre of which

the broad, circular staircase, that has been several times mentioned, ran up from the lower hall. On emerging from the small into the large corridor, they stopped involuntarily. Even the few seconds which had elapsed since they had left it had made an alarming difference in the situation. The fire, which up to the moment before had been smouldering, had now burst into flame. Heavy volumes of smoke were streaming toward them; and beyond this smoke shone a canopy of crackling, flashing fire, raging at the other end of the house. It had started in the story above; and, having burned out that end of the roof and walls, there was now a strong draught blowing in, before which red tongues and sheets of flame were leaping along, licking the ceiling and upper part of the walls not far from where De Wolff and Brent stood.

"Is it worth while to try the staircase?" said Brent, speaking rapidly. "The fire seems this side of it now."

"Above, not below, I think," was the quick reply. "We must try it; and, failing, come back and get out of the windows at this end."

They had spoken with difficulty, and started at once for the staircase. Braced shoulder to shoulder for the rush they were about to make, they were just plunging into an immense black billow of smoke that, filling the whole width of the corridor from wall to wall, came rolling to meet them, when suddenly they found themselves in violent contact with some moving body. In the darkness they could not conceive what it was. But, whatever it was, it went down before the momentum of their rush, and the shock of the collision very nearly caused them to fall forward over it. As they staggeringly recovered their equilibrium, a faint, gurgling effort at articulation from the floor made them aware that they had knocked down a woman,—two women, they discovered, when they stooped and felt the mass of soft limbs in muslin drapery that lay in a heap at their feet. As they were trying to raise the two figures without losing

hold of each other, which they felt it would not be safe to do, they caught the broken, gaspingly uttered words:

"Must—go—back! Stairs—on—fire!"

They comprehended. Their only hope of escape was by the windows in the end of the house they had just left.

It seemed hard to separate the two forms on the floor, they were clasped so convulsively together. But by desperate efforts they were finally brought to their feet; and one of them, as soon as she found herself erect and free of the weight of her companion, seemed to recover entire self-possession, though not the power of speech. She allowed De Wolff to lead but not support her; and was careful, he could feel, not to get in his way or impede his motions. This consideration for, or avoidance of, him, as well as the full, rounded form he lifted, and the graceful slope of the shoulder he held in his grasp, was unmistakable, he thought. Chance had given Lett to his care; and, even in the desperate danger of the situation, he would have felt this to be a happiness, if an agonized fear for Sydney had not seized him. Where were Sydney and her maid? Surely Lett and Mildred would not have left them if they were not in safety.

Brent, it must be confessed, did not even remember Sydney. As they were disentangling the two forms, he had seized the slenderer, and was conscious only that he held Mildred tight clasped against his breast, and that they must strain every nerve to get air and water as soon as possible; for she seemed to have fainted.

They turned, so that they were pursued by, instead of facing, the hot smoke now pouring over them. Guiding their course in this way, they clove the choking, pungent blackness that enveloped them; and at last, gasping and almost blind, stumbled into one of the rooms which looked out over the lawn at the end of the house.

The door of this room having been open, it was full of smoke, but smoke not so thick that it could not be breathed; and as soon as they were inside they closed

the door. The rays of the moon, which was full that night, came in through the half-shut windows, affording light enough to distinguish objects dimly. Brent laid the limp figure he carried on a bed, and flew to open one window, while De Wolff sprang to another. Both of them flung wide the shutters and tore away the curtains, to let in the air,—air that, entering like a breath of heaven, soon diluted the smoke and made sight and respiration possible. And with light and sight De Wolff and Brent perceived, to the ineffable relief of the one and the as ineffable disgust of the other, that, instead of Lett and Mildred, it was Miss Claiborn and Miss Hilliard whom they had rescued.

Miss Claiborn followed De Wolff to the window, and as soon as it was opened leaned for an instant against the casement, gasping and coughing. But as soon as she had exhaled a little of the smoke she had been swallowing, and inhaled a breath or two of air, she turned alertly, and, seizing a ewer that was near by, lifted it, heavy as it was, to her lips and took a deep but hasty draught from it. By a motion advising De Wolff and Brent to follow her example, she then wet a towel and applied it to the face of Miss Hilliard, who was lying where Brent had placed her, motionless and insensible, it seemed. The application of the water roused her. She started up, coughing and trying to scream, and threw herself frantically into Brent's arms.

"Save me!—save me!" she cried in wild terror, as she clung stranglingly to his neck.

"Let us decide at once what is to be done," said Miss Claiborn to De Wolff, in a businesslike tone. "There's no time to lose."

"There's not," he answered in the same tone.

He was about to call for help as she spoke, but turned for an instant to reply. Then, leaning out the window, he shouted hoarsely to the crowd on the lawn below:

"A ladder! We are four here, and the fire will soon be upon us."

"Yes, yes," was the response from many voices. "We'll have one here in a minute."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. de Wolff, that *we* are on your hands!" said Miss Claiborn, as they stood waiting. "But for the cowardice of that silliest of human beings there"—she pointed to Miss Hilliard—"we should be out on the lawn in safety now, and not in your way, when it will be hard enough for you to save yourselves. We were on the third floor; but we could have gone down without the least difficulty when all the other people escaped, if she had not positively refused to face the smoke. I took her by main force out into the corridor; but she tore away from me, ran back and threw herself on the bed, screaming. I was not strong enough to carry her, so I pulled her off the bed to the floor, and dragged her downstairs by the feet. But it was too late then to get out. The lower staircase was on fire by that time. I thought that if we could get to one of these end rooms, we might at least jump out of a window and not be burned to death; and I dragged her along until we met you."

"Miss Claiborn, you are a heroine!" De Wolff said warmly. "I am proud of such a comrade."

"I'm not a fool, I hope," she answered. "Don't you think they've had time to—ah, there they come!"

A dozen men came running round the corner of the house, carrying a ladder. But, unluckily, it was too short to reach up to the window, which was about fifteen feet from the ground. After a hurried consultation, ropes and poles were called for and brought, to lengthen it.

De Wolff saw that this was a hopeless outlook, as it would take more time to splice the ladder, he thought, than yet remained between them and a fiery death. He cast a desperate glance around the room, and said to Miss Claiborn rapidly:

"In a minute the fire will burst upon us. There's nothing for it but to roll you and Miss Hilliard up in mattresses and drop you from the window, and then drop

ourselves. If we are any or all of us hurt or killed, it will not be so bad as being burned."

"Of course not," she answered. "Let us do it at once. Here, Harry!" she cried to Miss Hilliard. "Come here quick and be put in this mattress."

Miss Hilliard paid no attention to the request. She had not relaxed her grasp of Brent, or ceased apostrophizing him incoherently, notwithstanding that he was doing his best to free himself. Resting her whole weight on one of his arms, so that he could not move it unless he had thrown her forcibly off, she fastened her fingers with the grip of talons to the collar of his coat, and held on. If she had been a man, he would have made short work of getting rid of her. As it was, he ground his teeth in impotent wrath as he struggled vainly to loose her convulsive grasp. When, by the united efforts of Miss Claiborn and De Wolff, her fingers were finally detached from her victim, and with much difficulty she was made to understand that she was to be rolled in a mattress and dropped from the window, she very nearly went into convulsions of rage and terror. She shrieked and resisted to the extent of her ability, wasting time that might mean death for all of them.

"You idiot!" exclaimed Miss Claiborn at last. "Do you think we are all going to lose our lives because you have not a grain of sense? We'll go and leave you to be burned alive! That's what we'll do, if you don't instantly lie down on this mattress!"

"No!—no! N—o!" wailed the idiot, clutching Brent's arm again despairingly.

Miss Claiborn wasted no more words. Snatching up some towels, and motioning De Wolff to her assistance, the two literally tied the girl hand and foot (at which operation Brent smiled), and then, her convulsive protests notwithstanding, rolled her in a mattress, which was launched from the window into five or six pairs of stout arms that, at De Wolff's request, were extended to receive it.

"No time for that!" said Miss Claiborn, hastily, when a mattress was proposed for her too. "We must all get out of here, if we break our necks in the attempt. Look at that wall!"—it was blazing, the fire having by this time burned down the door and entered the room. "I'll go first, as I'm a woman. Each of you take one of my arms, so that I can swing free from the window-sill,"—she was climbing backward out of the window as she spoke. "There! Now, for Heaven's sake, follow at once, both of you! Let go!"

They obeyed, holding their breath and looking fearfully down as she fell and was caught in the arms of three men, who started forward on seeing her about to drop.

But they had no time to notice whether she was hurt or not; for at this moment there was a cry of "The ladder!" and the ladder rose in the air and moved swaying and uncertainly toward them. They stood pressed against the window, gasping with the heat, ready to seize it the instant it should come within their reach. But that was what it seemed impossible for the people who were guiding it to make it do. Three times it nearly touched their extended hands, then gave a lurch and veered aside. Brent saw De Wolff glance over his shoulder at the advancing flames, and cross himself.

"We'll have to throw ourselves out, Brent!" he exclaimed. "They can't steady it—ah, here!—lay hold!"

He had made a dart and caught it, but could not support the weight unassisted. Brent seized it, and together, with the strength of desperation, they pulled it in, resting it securely on the window-sill. In another minute they had crawled cautiously but quickly out upon it, and were inhaling deep draughts of pure air, as they descended to the ground, a ringing cheer announcing their safety.

(Conclusion next week.)

Not to retract after committing an error may itself be called error.—*Confucius*.

Angels' Tears.

BY T. A. M.

"LOOK at the angels' tears!" cried little Fred, Who sat and watched the falling flakes of snow; And when I answered that I fain would know Why tears were *white*, with artlessness he said: "To cover up our souls, which turn all red When we are bad; for God made angels so That if they cry, their tears begin to flow Pure white, and then they fall upon our head And hide our sins."—Dear little sinless child, Methought, may thy yet pure baptismal stole Be borne unsullied as those "angels' tears" Through all thy life, and may no thing defiled By touch or stain so redden thy sweet soul That angels weep for thee in coming years.

The Tramps of La Trappe.*

BY J. K. HUYSMANS.

SOME time back I was standing close to the Brother porter's lodge—in eloistral language the *porteria*—of the little Trappist house of Igny. The gate bell suddenly rang, and old Brother Arnulphe unlatched the wicket made in one of the great outer doors, admitting two visitors—a youthful Abbé and a layman of about twenty-five. They bowed to me, and I to them, and the Brother motioned them to follow him. He showed them into the waiting-room, and touched a bell to apprise the guest-master of their presence.

I made my way out of the quadrangle, and went to the promenade, where, as I walked up and down the deserted paths, I could not help pondering a good deal upon the new arrivals. Their appearance was strange, and their demeanor downright dulious. The Abbé—if such in truth he were—was lean and long, with a gaunt, tired face, ill-shaven cheeks and chin, and restless eyes, evading yours the moment you looked into them. His clothes were

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by John Kevin Magner.

sadly dilapidated. Buttons were missing on his breast, and their sites indicated by tufts of faded thread; the shabby soutane gaped under the arms, and the frayed-out trouser ends flapped over shoes laced up with ink-stained cord.

The layman was rotund, ill-built, and red-faced, with vague, expressionless, pale blue eyes, that neither shone nor sparkled. He, too, was a scarecrow,—wearing a greasy felt hat and a russet-brown overcoat, with trailing, tattered lining. Doubtless to conceal his lack of linen, he wore a scarf swathed round his neck and tucked under the breast of his waistcoat, to which it was securely pinned in position. Incongruously, he wore a great, flash watch-chain, with an imitation-gold pendant shaped like a padlock.

My imagination kept roving round these two strangers. The cleric was too young to be a priest; the other looked for all the world like an out-of-work wine shop waiter, from some district outside of Paris. Where did they come from? It must have been a long way off, for they were white with dust. Were they travellers, mendicants, intending makers of a spiritual retreat, or future novices?

As I speculated thus, I saw the pair emerging from the chapel, under the guidance of the guest-master, Père Etienne. Presently I heard him saying to them:

"You understand, do you not? Strict silence is absolutely necessary. You must not talk together except at mealtimes. Very well. If you don't wish to go back to your cells now, you can walk up and down here,—you on this side, you on *this*. I need not remind you that you are to attend the services in good time. Here is a list of their hours."

And he gave each of them a printed slip.

"You understand?"

"Yes, Father."

"*Au revoir*, then, and a pleasant stroll!"

The moment Père Etienne turned the corner, the two of them—by that time some paces apart—made a right-about turn, as if to come together again. But

they caught sight of me, hesitated—and stopped short where they were!

It was too droll. I could not help laughing outright. Thus encouraged, the layman spoke to me.

"He's none too accommodating, the good Father," he observed.

"On the contrary," I said, "he is an extremely gentle, holy man, though a trifle brusque."

"Ah! You are making a retreat here, I suppose?"

"Yes. And you?"

"We? No: we want to be clothed in the habit of La Trappe. I am a chemist and druggist by profession, Monsieur. I have practised my calling in many towns; but, knowing full well that I could not attain to heaven were I to remain in the world, and realizing that I possessed a marked vocation for this Cis-ter-cian branch of the great Order founded by St. Benedict, I made no more ado, but came hither in the company of M. l'Abbé"—to whom he bowed,—“who has left his seminary, and trusts, with me, in a few days hence, to begin his period of probation.”

I was studying him narrowly while he spoke. He was a self-listener, enraptured by his own choice periods, which he punctuated here and there with gestures. After the word “Cis-ter-cian” he had paused a moment and smiled rather sanctimoniously, flipping meanwhile the pinchbeck miniature padlock on his watch chain with his thumb nail.

The uncharitable thought came into my head that I was dealing with a lunatic. I looked at the other youth. He lowered his eyes and said nothing. At length, however, he straightened himself, stretched his arms, and sighed.

"The getting up at two in the morning is the worst of it," he remarked.

"One gets used to it," I replied. "It is simply a matter of days. But we have chatted enough. There goes the bell! It is time for church. Let us go separately, if you please."

Once within, I studied them anew, and I must say my first impressions began to fade. The apothecary, whose affected manner had been so preposterous a moment since, presented a touching figure,—his poor eyes dimmed with tears, as he prayed, and prayed earnestly, like a hapless man who feels his need of the tender aid of God. As we came out and went to our cells, we bowed to one another—no more.

Next morning, as I returned after Lauds, there was a furious smell of garlic in the passage leading to the guest-house. 'Are they making a dish of stewed snails at La Trappe, of all places?' Scarcely had I time to dismiss the fancy from my mind, when along came the guest-master, with the "Abbé" and the apothecary.

"Now, see here, friends!" Père Etienne was saying. "Will you or will you not tell me where you got that garlic you have been eating?"

They ended by avowing that they had pilfered a little in the kitchen-garden.

"Very well. You know it is against rules, but let it go for this once. Now for another matter. You mustn't be moping about to-day, like yesterday. I must find something to occupy you. Come along! Put on these aprons, and cut up the green beans here in the basket. Do you know how to cut beans for the pot?"

"O-o-oh!" said the apothecary, as if he had been asked too easy a question.

"Don't play the funny man here, my boy," said Père Etienne. "Let me see how you cut this bean. I thought as much! You know absolutely nothing at all about it. You have left the string in. *This* is the way. You see? Good! I'll be round presently to see how you are getting on."

We walked out together.

"They are postulants, then," I said, "since you have set them a task?"

Père Etienne shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"They are our Trappist gipsies," he replied. "There's a certain number of them who come here and say they want

to join us. Of course I say: 'Have you your papers?'—'No?'—'Then I can't receive you as novices. I don't know who you are.' And then it's always the same story: 'We are penniless; we don't know where to turn; let us stop here till you have made inquiries; here are references; you will soon find us to be respectable poor folks.' What am I to do? They are in the direst poverty—there is not the slightest question of *that*,—and so I *must* give them shelter. A day or two passes, while I make inquiries; and they stay in the house till the replies reach me. In nine cases out of ten, I find that my guests are incorrigible truants, restless wanderers who have worn out the patience of everybody their destitution and devout practices had touched. When that's the case, I get rid of them, with a little money to help them on to the next abbey of our Order without starving on the wayside."

"It is a regular business, then? They are your special tramps,—the tramps of La Trappe?"

"Precisely."

"But surely it is a dreadfully hard life, and the game can't possibly be worth the candle. If they went to monasteries where there is a mild discipline, one might possibly understand it. But how do you account for their pitching on Trappist houses of all places?"

"I must ask you to believe that it is precisely the austere ideal of our rule that attracts them; for our tramps never go for shelter to any but Trappist abbeys. True," he added, almost under his breath, "they would be shown the door more quickly elsewhere than with us. But still I can not possibly delve for you into the subsoil of these poor souls. All I am quite sure of is this: with all their defects, they are pious people. We simply dare not snub them overmuch, for there might well be a saint amongst them. Remember that St. Benedict Joseph Labre roamed like them from town to town and stayed at many a Trappist house, yet he never settled down with us.

"But I don't think our tramps here are saints," said good Père Etienne, with a chuckle. "No: the people I am describing are just human failures, misfits everywhere, and unable to stay long anywhere. Besides, they are undoubtedly lazy, and can't turn to anything regular, or submit to routine discipline. They are paradoxes in this way. Life without liberty is impossible to them; they pine for liberty, and yet they are always hankering to sacrifice it. Do they ever realize the absurdity of these two irreconcilable desires? I very much doubt it. It comes to this: they are forever hovering round God, but they seek Him only on the high-road and on the outskirts of the cloister. If they had to wait patiently for Him in some appointed place, without budging, they'd take to their heels. Yet they love God,—they do love Him."

"See now," I interposed, "everything comes to its end. There is only a certain number of Trappist houses, and what becomes of your tramps when the houses are exhausted?"

"They are soon killed off by exhaustion and privation," said Père Etienne. "The list of houses of the La Trappe observance is hardly gone through before most of our poor fellows are dying in hospital, or laid up for good in some hospice or charitable institution. The stronger ones begin all over again."

"But you surely don't let them in the second time?"

"Oh, yes we do! We are not allowed to refuse a night's lodging and food to any poor people, whoever or whatever they are,—only, the second time, they have no chance of staying a few days or a week with us; for of course the reference trick won't work twice. They have to keep on the move, from abbey to abbey,—one day here, and another day there. What a lot of forced marches it must mean! Poor fellows! Think of the nights slept out, to get from bed to bed, from meal to meal!"

"How does a seminarist come to figure amongst them?"

"Oh, that one? Depend upon it, young as he is, it's a good while since he was a church student. We may be pretty sure that he was sent away for want of vocation,—unruliness, laziness, lack of character. He keeps his clerical dress because it gives us a kindlier feeling for him; or perhaps because he has no other clothes to put on, poor boy! For all that," concluded good Père Etienne, "it will be just as well if I let him off cutting the community's beans,—and his companion too. They'll *never* have done, at this rate. I must find them some light little job in the garden. True, they won't do it properly; but the community won't be running any risks of finding no meal when the dinner bell rings."

Current Coins from Mental Mints.

COLLECTED BY PHILIP FREELAND.

WE need cares, as a clock needs its weights, to keep our life machinery in healthy motion.—*J. R. Miller.*

The atheistic idea is so nonsensical that I do not see how I can put it in words.
—*Lord Kelvin.*

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.—*Daniel Webster.*

Silence is the most beautiful voice in the world.—*Anon.*

Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
—*George Herbert.*

The man who keeps his religion in camphor all the week and who takes it out only on Sunday, is not true.
—*William G. Jordan.*

Even from the purely human and historical viewpoint, Jesus Christ is incomparably the most illustrious, renowned, and glorious personage that has ever occupied the memory and the heart of men. Humanly speaking, Jesus has the prerogatives of all species of glory. He has the

glory of the greatest conquerors: His conquest is the world. He has the glory of genius: He is the inspiration of doctors, poets, artists,—of all great minds. He gathers about Him all the glories of sanctity: 'tis He and He alone that makes men pure and charitable and humble.

—*Henri Perreyve.*

Nothing is more hidden from us than the illusion which lives with us from day to day; and our greatest illusion is to believe that we are what we think we are.

—*Amiel.*

Too great haste to repay an obligation is a kind of ingratitude.—*Rochejoucauld.*

We derive from nature no fault that may not become a virtue, no virtue that may not degenerate into a fault.—*Goethe.*

We tarnish the splendor of our best actions by often speaking of them.

—*Blair.*

The dangers that we know are many, but many more those that are unknown. We pray God to deliver us from our secret sins; we have need to pray that He may deliver us from our secret dangers. There is a shield over us which is turned every way, as the assault comes from all sides when we least know it to be near.—*Cardinal Manning.*

We know the truth, not only by the reason but also by the heart.—*Pascal.*

No fact in science has ever discredited a fact in religion.

—*Henry Drummond.*

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

—*Carlyle.*

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Emerson.*

Reverence for those who are above us is not only a Christian virtue, but one which in this day has special need of being preached. And admiration, too, is whole-

some and elevating. I admire the gift even where I condemn its use. The shallow spirit, which sees no greatness in man, and no great men, is irreligious.

—*Bishop Spalding.*

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

—*Confucius.*

The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

—*Wordsworth.*

We ought never to think we have done enough when there is question of eternity.

—*St. Gregory the Great.*

Habits of sin begin in cobwebs and end in iron chains.—*Anon.*

Heaven is for those who think of it.

—*Joubert.*

Kind-heartedness in our dealings with others is the great charm of life. A kind heart is the joy of everyone who comes in contact with it.—*Lacordaire.*

We impart to the smallest acts the highest virtue when we perform them with a sincere wish to please God. The merit of our actions does not depend on their importance.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The love of the world drives from the heart all true love—love of God and of heaven.—*Count Stolberg.*

Those who love the poor during life shall not be without consolation at the hour of death.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

The most ordinary temptations are pride and impurity. One of the best means by which we can resist them is a life of activity for the glory of God.

The Blessed Curé d'Ars.

Sow not wishes in other people's gardens: strive not to be different from what you are, but the very best of what you are.

—*"Golden Sands."*

Our lives ought to be as pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.—*Madame Swetchine.*

A Practical Lesson.

THE excellent article by Monsignor Vaughan on indiscriminate reading ("Dangers of the Day," V.) leaves nothing to be said on this subject; however, there is a practical lesson, admirably apropos of what our valued contributor had to say on the obligation of shunning dangerous books, in the following story related by a contemporary French author:

One rainy day, I sat before an open fire chatting with a friend, a noted lawyer. The subject of our conversation was a new book which had caused a great deal of unpleasant comment. We both agreed in condemning it. "Have you read it?" asked my host.—"No," I replied; "I have formed my opinion from what reliable critics have said of it."—"You are wrong there, my friend. You should judge for yourself," answered my host. I was about to reply as best I could, being somewhat embarrassed, when a kind Providence came to my aid. There was a rap on the door. Upon opening it, we saw outside an old peasant with a basket of mushrooms on his arm.

Now, my famous friend was very fond of mushrooms, though he could not tell edible from poisonous ones. He examined those presented very carefully; but, not feeling satisfied, he turned to me for a decision, while the old man looked on in surprise. To me all mushrooms are alike—that is, bad,—so I was powerless to advise; but I recommended calling the cook. No sooner had she looked at the cryptogams than she pronounced them deadly poison.

"Throw them away!" exclaimed the master.—"Wait a moment," I remonstrated. "Are you going to throw those mushrooms away without tasting of them? You should judge for yourself."—"Would you have the risk poisoning myself in order to make sure that they are bad?" cried my friend.—"But you just advised me to expose myself to the deadly poison of a bad book," I replied gently.

A Recipe for Holiness.

JUST as young men in the commercial world are eager to have millions enunciate formulas for the acquisition of wealth, the younger monks of olden times were anxious to receive from their elders, past-masters in the religious life, recipes for holiness. In the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert it is narrated that when the very holy Abbot John was about to die, his sorrowing disciples begged him to give them such a recipe,—to leave them some nugget of good advice about the acquisition of perfection. "Well, my children," said the dying Abbot, "this I can tell you: I have labored not according to my own judgment, but according to the judgment of others; nor have I ever commanded another to do anything without having first done it myself."

Happy are the persons (if only they knew it) who are not obliged to rely on their own judgment in the multifarious vicissitudes of life! And thrice efficient are those religious superiors who imitate Abbot John in practising themselves what they preach to their subordinates!

 The Vervain.

The "Holy Vervain," "Holy Herb," is said to have been greatly valued as a styptic and healer of wounds in olden times. Its virtue is recounted in the following curious lines:

Hallowed be thou, Vervain,
 As thou growest on the ground;
 For on the Mount of Calvary
 There thou wast found.

Thou healedst our Saviour Jesus Christ,
 And stannehest His bleeding wound;
 In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 I take thee from the ground.

In Lancashire, England, and doubtless in many other places also, it used to be the custom to pluck up some of this plant and wear it.

Notes and Remarks.

The "artistic temperament" is a phrase the connotation of which has come to be something rather unreasonable, eccentric, not to say ludicrously extravagant; but the *Gaulois* tells an anecdote in which the temperament of Gounod—an artist of some celebrity, it will be admitted—is shown to merit a different characterization. On the occasion of a First Communion Mass, at which one of his compositions had been rendered, Gounod was accosted on leaving the church by a friend, the father of one of the youthful communicants. "Master," said he, "let me introduce you to a boy who loves music very much, your music in particular. I ask you to add to all the blessings which he has just received the benediction of an artist."—"My boy," cried Gounod, "I am not worthy, to-day, to loose the latchet of your shoe. You carry God in your heart, so 'tis you who will bless me." And, suiting the action to the word, the great musician bared his head and fell upon his knees before the astonished lad.

If it be true, as many will have it, that all non-Catholic institutions of learning in the United States are hotbeds of infidelity or indifference, it must be admitted that there is honest effort on the part of some of their principals to make them something different. In a recently published collection of baccalaureate addresses, President Hadley, of Yale University, declares that one of the most important acquisitions of a student is a thorough appreciation of Christianity, and a persuasion that religious ideals mean more for him than anything else. We could quote numerous other prominent educators to the same effect,—men whose influence, nevertheless, seems to be particularly dreaded by the friends of Catholic youth. But this subject is a touchy one. We should be grateful to any person who will explain to us why it is that almost every

good Catholic is afraid that every other Catholic—not quite so good—is in danger of losing his faith when he comes in contact with those who do not share it, a great many of whom are honest inquirers, and would be glad and grateful to learn the grounds of Catholic belief.

The Seminary of Foreign Missions, Paris, publishes the annual report of apostolic work accomplished in 1906 by the thirty-two missions entrusted to its care. We note the baptism of 34,476 adults, and of 134,899 pagan children in danger of death, as also the conversion of 396 heretics. Our readers will be interested in this statement: "The Seminary has 36 Bishops, 1384 missionaries, 739 native priests, 2727 catechists, 5478 churches and chapels, 42 seminaries with 2247 students, 3955 schools with 119,441 children, 337 'cribs' and orphan asylums, with 21,461 boys and girls supported by the Work of the Holy Infancy; 474 dispensaries, and 112 hospitals, including those for lepers." While the French crisis did not, last year, very materially affect these foreign missions, it is practically certain that the continued persecution of Catholics in France will bring about a notable diminution in the funds at the disposal of the Parisian Seminary.

The State of Minnesota was hardly more than a wilderness when a few brave sons of St. Benedict settled there, and, in face of many obstacles, began the foundation of a college. The Catholic settlers, being poor and scattered, were unable to help on the work as they desired, and it was a long time before the struggling institution became self-supporting. But in God's good time faith and perseverance had their reward, and St. John's University began to rank among the most flourishing schools of the Northwest. Its Golden Jubilee was fittingly celebrated last month, and the current number of the journal published at the University is entirely filled with matter relating to the anniversary. Another

half century and St. John's University will doubtless be one of the glories of Minnesota.

Even though the proportion of murder in the United States is much greater than in any other civilized land—118 homicides to every million inhabitants, according to Judge Thomas, of Alabama,—we do not agree with a writer in the *World's Work* that the United States deserves to be called "a murderous country." Prevalence of murder is indeed a mark of savagery, but it may also be indicative of other things as well. The general circumstances of life in the United States, the miscellaneous character of the population, the unsettled conditions prevailing in many districts, etc., go far to explain the murder statistics. But the magazine referred to is quite right in saying:

The people of the United States have not been properly taught respect for law, either human or divine. The law against murder is primarily a divine law, but it is also a human law in every civilized country in the world. As such it depends for its enforcement upon the co-operation of the people whom it protects. So long as the consequences of the breaking of the law are not certain, swift and terrible, so long will the breaking of the law continue. Here, in the United States, the chances of conviction are probably less than in any other civilized country. In the first place, the police organizations in our large cities leave much to be desired. The machinery of detection is less nearly perfect than it is either in Paris or London. Of the twenty or more murders that happen every day in this country, it is probably quite safe to say that five are not followed by arrest of the slayers; of the other fifteen, ten are not followed by conviction; of the last five, not more than half bring men to the gallows or the electric chair.

The multiplication of whipping-posts and electric chairs in the United States would soon effect a great change in criminal statistics.

Among the historical autographs and papers exhibited in the department of manuscripts and in the Grenville Library, a guide to which was recently printed by order of the trustees of the British Museum,

we note a letter of George Washington to the Earl of Buchan, partly on the principle which should guide the United States—viz.: "To be little heard of in the great world of politics." One sentence of this precious letter, which is dated Philadelphia, 22 April, 1793, should have special interest at the present time to all Americans. "I believe it is the sincere wish of United America," writes the Father of his Country, "to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and unity with all the inhabitants of the earth; and this I am persuaded they will do, if rightfully it can be done."

The American Federation of Catholic Societies, as our readers are aware, is an organization whose object is to advance the civil, social and religious interests of the Catholics of the United States. It aims at the creation of sound public opinion on all important topics of the day; asserts the necessity of Christian principles; and combats all that is calculated to undermine the foundations of society. At the recent convention of the Federation at Indianapolis, all questions at present forcing themselves upon the attention of American Catholics were thoroughly discussed; and appropriate resolutions were adopted in regard to divorce, Socialism, education, mission work, the press, immigration, fraternal insurance, charitable work, child labor, etc. It is to be hoped that all the Catholic papers of the United States will publish in full the official report of the convention of the A. F. C. S. held at Indianapolis. The eminently practical character of the resolutions adopted may be judged from the following passage of the report in reference to the dissemination of Catholic literature:

Whereas, Ignorance of the truth is the chief cause of the religious indifference so frequently met with among Catholics; and,

Whereas, Misconception of Catholic doctrine and practice is the source of prejudice among so

many of our fellow-citizens against the Church; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we urge our affiliated societies, our sodalities, and kindred organizations, for the love of our holy religion, to make the apostolic work of the dissemination of good Catholic books and papers among Catholics and non-Catholics one of the most earnest and constant labors of their organizations.

It is, of course, too much to expect that all the resolutions adopted by the Federation of Catholic Societies will immediately be carried into effect; but, on the other hand, it is hardly possible for such a gathering of prominent Catholic laymen from all parts of the United States—men who love their religion and are full of zeal for its progress—to fail of lasting results of highest importance.

Some remarks of Dr. J. C. Monaghan on the subject of divorce, in an address delivered at the recent educational convention in Milwaukee, are of special interest to Catholic lawyers. The address was the subject of a thoughtful editorial in the *Sentinel* of that city, from which we quote the following passages:

The Professor lays down the dictum that no Catholic called to the bar can attain to the higher ideals of his profession and act as attorney for man or woman seeking divorce. The theatre rang with applause for the speaker's sentiment.

The rule that a lawyer shall not take a case repugnant to his personal religious views, regardless of the fact that the laws of his country sanctioned the action, brings the lawyer indeed into the broad domain of ideality. For a Catholic lawyer to say to an applicant for divorce, "My faith declares that you shall remain married for your entire life, and I can not take your case," might seem to involve heroic self-sacrifice.

Those disposed to casuistry may assert that if a Catholic lawyer refuse a client because of one church tenet, he should in consistency refuse a client who brings suit at any time in which a church doctrine is infringed, or in which his Church might declare there does not lie a cause for action. This, however, is a remote contingency; and Professor Monaghan, in his adjuration against serving in a divorce suit, makes it clear that it is because divorce is a blow at the home that the Catholic lawyer must recall one of the most stringent precepts of his religion—"The home next to God is the unit of civiliza-

tion," says the professor; and this is strong enough argument for a Protestant as well as a Catholic lawyer to seriously consider his course.

Divorce is not the only blow to the home. Why should not the standard of morality be as high for Catholic lawyers as for Catholic physicians?

The main object of a paper on "Mr. R. J. Campbell and the New Theology," contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. David Balsillie, is to show the folly of trying to derive the materials of a religious faith from any philosophical system. The religious consciousness, he declares, must find somewhere in experience some concrete realization of the religious ideal. The author of the *New Theology* defines it as the theology of Socialism. But, as Mr. Balsillie points out, nothing could be more antithetic to Christ's ideal of a Kingdom of God than the prevalent Socialistic doctrines. To quote:

Socialism, as preached by the men whom Mr. Campbell designates its prophets, is a despair of the realization of the Kingdom of God, and substitution for it of an order of things which would relegate it to the Greek Kalends. It implies that man is incapable of freely living in obedience to the golden rule of fair and honest dealing. Yet while men are in that woful moral condition, they would nationalize all capital and means of production and distribution, and of necessity entrust its administration to a bureaucracy that would have better opportunity and no less inclination than the individual capitalist to trample on the freedom of the citizens. Is that the way Mr. Campbell would aid men to evolve from humanity to divinity?

... As an ideal of justice to all men, Socialism is worthy of all praise. But as advocated by Mr. Campbell's Socialist friends it would crush individual initiative; whereas the Christian ideal is free moral amelioration of society, with steady increase of individual freedom as the citizens come more under the rule of reason in their lives, and thereby aid in realizing the Kingdom of God. Where hearty goodwill does not go with service, the constrained service is slavery of the spirit. Better that man should consider the wealth he amasses by honest and honorable industry as a trust which he ought to administer for the good of the community. The ideal citizen will lead a simple life, invest his capital in ways that will best add to the world's

store of real wealth, mental and moral as well as material; and find more enjoyment from his means the more widely its benefits are distributed. Extremists look too far into the future. It savors of presumption to draw up a paper constitution for futurity. Wiser far to follow the counsel given long ago: "Take no thought for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

We lately quoted a non-Catholic as saying of the Religion of Humanity: "We see no reason to believe that it will ever embrace a very wide circle of worshippers, or will afford more than a temporary refuge for those persons of agnostic opinions and Christian ethical ideals to whom it mainly caters." The same is said by Mr. Balsillie of the New Theology, which is nothing more than a combination of Socialistic extravagance and frothy sentimentalism. "Mr. Campbell will probably come to see that his New Theology is only a halfway house which can not be his permanent home."

The death of M. Theobald Chartran, which occurred in Paris on the 17th ult., after a long illness, removes a portrait painter of world-wide reputation. He exhibited his first picture ("St. Saturnin, Martyr") at the Salon des Artistes Française in 1872, and in 1877 won the much-valued Prix de Rome. His specialties were religious subjects and portraits, perhaps the best of which was that of Leo XIII., painted from life. M. Chartran was born at Besançon in 1849, and was a descendant of the Irish Dillons,—a fact of which (with good reason) he was very proud. He received numerous decorations, and was an officer of the Légion d'Honneur and a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

A fresh illustration of the evil effects of purely secular education is welcome. It is afforded by the *United Presbyterian*:

An education that looks only to one side of man's nature is a poor preparation for mastery. It is like some of those forest oaks which we have seen,—oaks that were wounded in their youth and the scar of the misfortune showed

to old age. The dead, black band ran from the roots to the branches, and all the sweet influences of the years had not been able to cover over the scar. They were warped, distorted, disfigured in spite of all their leafy glory, and every lumberman in the woods passed them by. Religious training should go hand in hand with secular culture, or we shall have a warped and morally distorted generation of men and women. Every warped character will show the scar of the schools. Without religion life loses its symmetry.

The Golden Jubilee of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes will be celebrated on Feb. 11, 1908. To encourage priests and people worthily to prepare for this joyful anniversary, the Bishop of Tarbes has asked and obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff special spiritual favors for his own diocese and for the faithful in general. In every church or chapel of Tarbes a votive Mass of the Apparition may be celebrated on the 11th of every month between now and February next. An indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines is granted to such of the faithful, the world over, as attend six times Masses celebrated on the 11th of the month and recite a prayer to the Blessed Virgin. Finally, a plenary indulgence is accorded to those who acquit themselves six times of these exercises preparatory to Our Lady of Lourdes' Golden Jubilee.

One is often reminded of the saying that "Error will go half round the world while Truth is fastening on her sandals." But, in spite of its slowness, Truth is sure to "catch up" in the end, and Error is crushed to earth, never to rise again. There is a whole volume of retraction in one sentence of a paper on "High Churchmen and Disestablishment," contributed to the current *Nineteenth Century and After*, by D. C. Lathbury. Quite incidentally, and with apparent unconsciousness of expressing anything unusual, this non-Catholic writer remarks: "Down to the Reformation there was but one Church; and for some time after the Reformation there was but one to which a man could belong, except at the risk of life or liberty."

PERLEY UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOUNTAIN



Little Lady Wide-Awake.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

LITTLE Lady Wide-Awake,
Ere the dawn begins to break,
Opens up her eyes, and then
Won't go back to sleep again.
Can't be frightened, can't be coaxed,
Can't be bribed and can't be hoaxed;
Let the world say what it may,
Wide-awake she's bound to stay.

Were she but content to lie
Silent, e'en as you and I;
Were she one that would remain
Quiet 'neath the counterpane,—
Why, her serfs at least could stay
Sleeping till the dawn of day;
But when she herself's astir,
All her serfs must wait on her.

Little Lady Wide-Awake!
Little lady, for thy sake,
Eyes reluctant all must ope,
Hands reluctant all must grope;
Minds reluctant must come back
O'er the drowsy, dreamy track;
All must be alert to show
That their duty well they know.
Your commands they all must take,
Little Lady Wide-Awake.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—A SUNSET HOUR.

IT was hard to hold Chip to Cæsar and his legions for the next few days. Camp Tiptop was athrill with excitement about the fire. Everybody had seen and done wonderful things,—everybody, apparently, except Tom, who, in a suit of clothes he had been obliged to borrow from Bert, and a pair of loose gloves on his blistered hands, listened to the other

boys tell how they had pulled down ropes and tramped out blazing lanterns without a singe or scorch.

Then Pap Perley's funeral was another topic of interest. Aunt Patsy and Dorothy had decided to go, and Mrs. Irving sent a beautiful wreath of flowers for the old man's coffin,—when all were startled by hearing that the funeral had been held at the Perley cabin in the dead hours of the night; and the wreath was found tramped in the dust at the gate of Crestmont.

"It was wild Poll Perley did that, I know," said Chip, indignantly. "She has been sore against us ever since father sent that precious brother of hers to jail."

"Oh, but he is not in jail any longer!" put in Dorothy quickly.

"Not in jail? Then he must have broken out this last month," said Chip.

"I don't know about that, but I saw him yesterday, I am sure," continued Dorothy. "Bert and I were down getting ferns in Wolf's Glen, when he came tramping through the woods with Bill Bines. He had his hat pulled down over his eyes, but I would know big Nick Perley anywhere. I suppose he came up to see his poor father buried. Granny Bines said it was the grandest funeral ever held on the mountain; she saw it pass her door. There were more than a hundred men all marching like soldiers, and lots of them had pine torches in their hands; and Poll set a fine supper for them afterward, and there was eating and drinking until break of day. Granny had a piece of the funeral cake, all black with spice and molasses and ginger, and baked in the shape of a coffin."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Bert.

"Oh, no, indeed! It's real good," said Dorothy. "I've eaten it lots of times. Everybody that dies up on the mountain has a funeral cake. Hurrah! here comes Blake with the mail!" cried the young

lady, interrupting her gruesome narration gleefully; for the arrival of the mail was the great daily event at Tiptop. "And lots of letters! Two for Bert, two for Lena, one for Grace, three for Chip, two for me, one for Tom."

Tom started. Another letter, perhaps from his mysterious correspondent. But a glance at the envelope reassured him. The direction was in Bobby's best printed hand, and a tender smile lighted Tom's rugged face as he read the careful and laborious lines that covered the sheet:

My deer Bruther—I rite this to tell you I am very well and hope you are well and happy too. This place is fine beter than you sed. It is most like hevin only people have not wings except the chickens and turkeys witch do not count. There is 2 hired men and Mickey, and they are grate. Mrs Ryan is grate too. She tucks me in bed at nite and I sleep fine for there is no babby to cry and kick. I ride the big horse to have his shoes nailed on. It looks like it hurt him, but Micky says horses dont care. We have lots to eat more than I can rite or spell. Micky says to eat hearty for pap doesn't have to pay for nothing it all grows on the farm even the ham witch is dead pigs. I wisht we could have things grow too, speshully chickens and strawberries and cream. Bruther Thomas was here yesterday he sed he stopt at our house and nobody was ther—Pete Madison tole him Pap had moved away and sed he was never coming back. And Mrs. Ryan sed poor lamb which ment me—I think for she patted my hed. Micky is calling me to see him milk the cows so must say good nite deer Tom

Your affeshunate Bruther

Bobby

Tom lovingly read and reread this quaint epistle, and it seemed to warm and comfort his anxious heart. It told him that his little brother was happy and safe, and in tender, motherly care that money alone could never buy. That his father had left home was nothing new. He had been a wanderer always, and his brother-in-law

had promised him work, as Tom knew. So, cheered up by his own news from home, Tom was suddenly roused into interest by the eager chatter around him.

"From dad," Dorothy said delightedly,—“dear old dad! And he is coming home. He is in New York now; could not stay away any longer, he says. But he won't break us up, he writes. We can have Tiptop all the summer. Oh, that's fine! Isn't it, girls? He is just the dearest dad in all the world. And here is a note from mamma; she is coming to bring up the whole crowd this evening for a Watteau tea at the camp. That will be grand fun; she wants supper for twenty extra. I must run and tell Aunt Patsy right away.”

And Dorothy flew off, leaving the rest to chatter excitedly over the coming of the gay grown-ups, and to get frocks and ribbons ready for fashionable eyes.

Tom cared little for the Watteau tea. He would keep out of the way, as usual. But he was glad to hear that the master of Crestmont was coming home. A keen eye, a wise head, a strong hand were needed on the mountain. Tom knew Tiptop would be safe now; he felt, with a sense of great relief, that all the dark, strange shadows would soon flit away.

He was interested enough to brush his burned hair, carefully adjust one of Bert's neckties in the proper style (Bert had dumped a whole valise full of clothes in his room to supply Tom's loss by the fire), and draw on another pair of gloves over his blistered hands in honor of the expected arrivals. Luckily, Bert, who attended a fashionable military academy, had plenty of old white gloves to lend.

And it was well that Tom had made himself thus presentable; for Dorothy and Chip had given mamma their version of the fire story, and he found himself quite a hero with the gay guests that fluttered up into the camp when the summer sunset was blazing over Tiptop, and the west was gorgeous with draperies of crimson and gold. Such a gay, beautiful throng! It reminded Tom of pictures he had seen

in the big histories in the college library,— pictures of the French court in the time of its splendor; for the ladies were all in garden costumes: short, flowered dresses, fine with laces and ribbons, and rose-wreathed hats; while the gentlemen wore knee breeches and shoe buckles, and had powder on their hair. Scarcely the costumes for the mountain top, it is true; but gay guests must be amused, and some one had suggested a Wattean tea as altogether new and charming.

"Where is that dear, brave boy that saved the camp the other night?" was Mrs. Irving's first question; and Tom, who was really looking remarkably well in Bert's good clothes, found himself for the first time in his life an object of interest in a fashionable assembly.

Chip's mother held both his gloved hands in hers while she spoke so sweetly of his presence of mind and courage; and everyone else took the cue from this charming hostess, until Tom, blushing furiously, caught the soft music of flattery echoing on all sides.

It was a little embarrassing at first, and Tom felt he would like to bolt off somewhere out of it all; but after a few moments the charm that has turned older and wiser heads than Tom's began to tell upon him. He was conscious of a strange thrill of triumph as he overheard Mrs. Irving's whisper to the lady near him:

"Up here coaching Chip, my dear! Isn't it remarkable at his age? But, as the Fathers at St. Omer's assured me, he is an exceptional boy, so clever and promising. A fine face, don't you think so?"

"Oh, very! Not handsome, of course, but so strong."

Then two or three gentlemen wanted to see where the fire had started, and Tom had to show them the exact place; and they talked about his nerve and quick wit. And a pretty, golden-haired young lady, called Miss Violet, had all sorts of questions to ask about St. Omer's, where her brothers had graduated. Altogether, Tom forgot his first impulse to bolt off, and began to

warm and brighten up amazingly, waiting on the guests with the frank, simple courtesy that was natural to him; bringing chairs out under the trees, and adjusting rugs and cushions for the ladies' comfort; for it was a part of the pretty entertainment that the young people at Camp Tiptop should dispense hospitality to the visitors. So Dorothy poured the tea at a dainty table under the pines; and Lena, Maude, and the others tripped about with plates of wafers and biscuits; while the sun went down in a blaze of glory in the gap of the mountain, and the sky seemed arched with waving banners of crimson, purple, and gold.

It was an hour that Tom never forgot: the soft murmur of voices and laughter around him; the strange, sweet perfumes floating from waving fans and fluttering ribbons; the tinkle of mandolins on the balcony, where two or three of the gentlemen had constituted themselves a summer orchestra for the occasion; the smiling glances and cordial words that greeted him on every side, as he handed around ices and fruit and made himself generally useful and agreeable.

He had just stepped up to Dorothy's tea table to have Miss Violet's cup refilled, when a sudden outburst of excited voices beyond the pines startled everyone into attention. Cries of terror mingled with boyish jeers and laughter; and two or three of the pretty little waitresses came flying back to the house like frightened birds.

"A man,—a horri'le man! He is drunk or crazy, we don't know which," explained Maude Forest, excitedly.

"He was skulking along under the trees, trying to hide," added Edna.

"And Vance hunted him out," put in Grace. "He wanted to run, but the boys wouldn't let him off."

"Trying to steal, I guess."

"Or burn, perhaps."

"Where is the scoundrel?" Half of the gentlemen from Crestmont had started from their seats, the late fire at the camp not forgotten.

"Wait,—wait, please!" Mrs. Irving rose with a pretty air of authority. "Don't let us have an excitement. I shall certainly be glad when the Judge comes home to keep these wretched people in order. It is simply dreadful that we can't have a pleasant evening in peace. My dear friends, don't get nervous. I'll go see what is the matter."

And, with half the company following her, and Chip, Tom, and Bert pressing ahead, Mrs. Irving made her way to the place whence the Loyish jeers and shouts were rising excitedly.

"Stand up, you consarned old rooster! Stand up, I say! Here, hold him up, Lew, while I get a rope to tie him."

"He can't stand,—he is over again! Get a pail of water and douse him, Vance."

"Gentlemen—young—young—gentlemen!" hicconghed a low, hoarse voice. "Young—young—g—g—gentlemen—"

"Hooray! he's going to speechify for us, boys! Prop him up, Vance! Hitch him to the tree, and let us have a regular stump speech. Go it, old Boozy!"

Lew was shouting mockingly as Tom reached the spot, where, surrounded by half a dozen jeering boys, a wretched figure was reeling and tottering under the shadow of the pines. Tom looked, and his heart gave a wild leap in his breast and then seemed to stand still; for there before him—with his clothes hanging tattered and mud-stained about his shaking limbs, his hair and beard matted and dishevelled, his dull, bleared eyes lifted in frightened appeal to his young tormentors—staggered his father!

(To be continued.)

THE largest birds'-nests in the world are found in Australia. They are made by the jungle fowl, and are immense mounds 15 feet in height and from 125 to 150 feet in circumference. They are constructed of grass and leaves, and their weight is enormous. The brush turkeys, working in colonies, build nests that are even larger than those of the jungle fowl.

My First Alms.

Owing to the imprudent generosity of a great uncle of mine, in my youth I often came near dying of indigestion from eating too many sweets. I had only a moderate taste for study, but I loved good things to eat so well that in order to obtain them I was willing to apply myself to French participles and Latin conjugations.

"Louis," my uncle said to me on one occasion, opening a secretary and showing me a little box full of new silver coins, "here is a franc for you every time you stand first in any examination whatever."

Thanks to the idleness of my school-mates more than to my own ability, it was rare that I was not first, at least in orthography and composition.

My uncle lived near the city of —, on a small estate called Mas-Bertrand. After I was nine years old I was permitted to go alone to visit him. In the summer time, I used to leave the dusty highway and take a short cut across the fields and vineyards. The path I followed was haunted with music—the rustling of leaves, the warbling of birds, the buzzing of bees—a true schoolboy's path, made for loitering. In winter, I kept to the road, breasting the snow, rain, or wind, snugly buttoned up in my greatcoat. On reaching Mas-Bertrand, I lunched beside the fire or in the arbor, according to the season; then, rested and refreshed, I started homeward, with my shining franc piece in my pocket.

One day in the month of January, when the ground was white with snow and the weather bitterly cold, I was coming back from my visit, thinking as I trudged along of all the good things I could buy with my money. I was roused from my pleasurable meditations by meeting a little boy who was sitting beside the road on a bundle of fagots, weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

The poor little fellow looked at me

timidly and made an attempt to brush away his tears with the back of his cold, stiff hand.

"Is that bundle of wood yours?" I went on.

"Yes," he replied eagerly. "I picked it up stick by stick in M. de Marmont's woods."

"Then why don't you carry it home?"

"It's so heavy I can't lift it."

"So that's the trouble? Well, let me help you. What's your name?" I asked, encouragingly.

"Pierre," was the reply.

I helped the boy get the load on his shoulders; and, as it was very heavy, I felt quite proud of my strength. He started off, but, after taking a few steps, he tottered and the bundle slipped to the ground. He began to cry again, and I really felt very sorry for him.

"See here, Pierre," I said; "you will never be able to carry that bundle alone. Let's both take hold of it."

A long stick protruded from the center, and we each took an end of it. The twigs caught in our clothes or stuck in the snow, so that our progress was not very rapid. I was not sorry, for I wanted it to be dark before we reached the city. I did not care to meet any of my schoolfellows, fearing their ridicule.

As we were struggling along, the string which held the bundle together suddenly broke and the twigs were scattered over the ground. Here was a predicament. To collect them again with our stiffened fingers was an impossibility. Pierre began to lament.

"Oh, what a pity!—what a pity!" he sobbed. "It was such a good bundle!"

"Was it worth so very much?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed. "I could have sold it for five sous."

I made no reply; but, on feeling of my coin in my pocket, I regretted not having any change so I could give the boy his five sous. Meanwhile he kept on lamenting his loss. As I listened and noted his thin, patched clothing, I came to a sudden determination.

"Hush! Don't cry any more!" I said, slipping my bright coin into his cold hand. Then I started off on the run, so as not to have to listen to his expressions of gratitude:

This was my first almsgiving. My adventure made me realize that there are other pleasures than those which come from the gratification of our appetites. I soon formed the habit of giving in charity; and the confectioner rarely saw one of my franc pieces from that time on. I still loved sweets, but they left a bitter taste in my mouth after I discovered that many children of my own age often had to go without bread. The poor little boy with his bundle of fagots taught me a lesson that I have never forgotten, though I am now an old man. X Y Z

A Rare Old Bible.

One of the "sights" of Washington is the Congressional Library; and to any of our young folks who have an opportunity of visiting it, we recommend an inspection of a rare old Bible that is numbered among its treasures. It is of Italian origin, and is supposed to have been transcribed in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but the actual date is unknown. It is written in Latin, upon vellum, in clear, bold characters that are extremely uniform. The text is in two columns, about three inches wide, with a margin of two inches. The work is embellished with 146 miniature paintings, and upward of 1200 smaller illuminations, which are beautifully executed, and are as brilliant to-day as when they were done. The initials of the different books and prologues are two and a half inches in height, and those of the chapters are one inch. This precious old Bible is in two large volumes, and cost our government \$2200 in gold when gold was at a high premium. It was purchased at a sale of the library of Henry Perkins, Hanworth Park, near London, in June, 1873.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Crawford's new book, "Arethusa," is a story of the East, and is said to be somewhat more romantic and less psychological than his recent Roman stories.

—Abundant proof of the affectionate regard in which the late Father James Clark, of New Bedford, Mass., was held by his parishioners, and of the high esteem of the general public, is afforded by a pamphlet of sixteen pages, with illustrations, printed by E. Anthony & Sons, of that city. "Faithful in all things," says the *New Bedford Standard*, "is the phrase which sums up the life and life work of Father Clark."

—Mr. Clement Shorter, travelling about in Germany, was surprised to find that the melody which is sung here as "America" and in the British Dominions as "God Save the King," is the national air of Denmark and of Prussia. Mr. Shorter should have waited longer before expressing his surprise. The tune was known to Beethoven and Weber, both of whom used it in their compositions. It is three centuries old, at least.

—Some sticklers for grammatical accuracy, we notice, still object to the locution "than whom," in such a clause as "Newman, than whom no nineteenth-century author wrote better prose." Good usage, the supreme law in all such matters, has, we think, definitely decreed that the locution is correct. While "than" is now regarded by lexicographers and grammarians as a conjunction only, in the phrase "than whom" it preserves its oldtime character of a preposition.

—That mere verse, apart from all consideration of poetic thought, affords sensible pleasure, is unquestionable. The lack, or the presence, of metre and rhyme certainly detracts from, or adds to, the effectiveness of many a sentiment. Thus: 'Side by side in beauty they grew, one home with glee they filled; far and wide are their graves severed by sea and stream and mount,' contains the same thoughts and the same words as Mrs. Hemans' quatrain, which none can fail to find more pleasing:

They grew in beauty side by side,

They filled one home with glee:

Their graves are severed far and wide

By mount and stream and sea.

—We fully agree with the writer of "Literary Notes" in the *London Tablet* that the publication of Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome" has been of great service to the Catholic cause. In the

first place, the reasons proved unacceptable to many of those for whom they were so laboriously prepared; secondly, Dr. Littledale's attack was the occasion of Father Ryder's "Catholic Controversy," one of the very best books of its kind ever published. It is a perfect mine of information regarding Catholic teaching and practice. If most of the popular objections to the Church are to be found in Dr. Littledale's volume, satisfactory answers to every one of them are given in "Catholic Controversy." It should be known wherever our language is spoken.

—We are pleased to see in pamphlet form the paper entitled "The Catholic Chaplain at the Secular University," read at the fourth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Society in Milwaukee, by the Rev. John Farrell, spiritual director of St. Paul's Catholic Club of Harvard University. This pamphlet would be worth while if only for the following paragraph, which, to our mind, embodies a suggestion of the highest importance:

I would suggest the great aid of a well-equipped library containing works to be consulted in conjunction with the student's philosophical and historical studies. A very good plan is to learn the names of the Catholic students and the courses they have chosen, then supply them with lists indicating, opposite the name of the non-Catholic author and work, the name of the Catholic author and work to be read in connection with these studies. The Catholic club library should be well supplied with these works. In this way the confusion arising from the study of philosophy as presented in these universities, will be greatly lessened, and there will be more *historia* and less *hysteria*.

—A book of serene wisdom is Selden's "Table-Talk," a handy edition of which is now included in Routledge's "New Universal Library." John Selden lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Cromwell (1584-1659). He studied law at Oxford, and then took up his residence in London, where he was associated with many eminent men, including the poet Crashaw, who became a Catholic and a priest. Some extracts from Selden's work will show his breadth and superiority of mind. Like Dr. Johnson, he doubtless did much to dissipate anti-Catholic prejudice, though he held many erroneous views regarding the Church:

In Queen Elizabeth's time, when all the abbeys were pulled down, all good works defaced, then the preachers must cry up justification by faith, not by good works.

Scrutamini Scripturas. These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spake them to his disciples, therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scripture. . . . So we pick out a text, here and there, to make it serve our turn; whereas if we took it all together, and considered what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

To know what was generally believed in all ages, the way is to consult the liturgies.

Alteration of religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stay. 'Tis like a millstone that lies upon the top of a pair of stairs; 'tis hard to remove it, but if once it be thrust off the first stair it never stays till it comes to the bottom.

—"Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions," by Bernard W. Kelly (Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Mr. B. Herder), is practically a directory of Catholic missions in England,—a sort of "Who's Who?" in the line of churches, chapels, and monasteries. The data (covering the period from Elizabeth's accession to the present time) are sufficient for a work of reference; and merely to run over the names of the restored missions is to realize the truth of Newman's words, quoted in the compiler's preface: "A great change, an awful contrast between the time-honored Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century! It was a miracle, I might say, to have pulled down that lordly power; but there was a greater and a truer one in store. No one could have prophesied its fall, but still less would any one have ventured to prophesy its rise again." Through the labors of writers like Dom Gasquet, Father Taunton, and the author of these "Notes," a fine body of historical literature is gradually forming, which must prove inspiring as well as useful to students of ecclesiastical history. But the present volume needs a careful revision, as many errors have been discovered in it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2

"Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.

"The Protestant Reformation." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 40 cts.

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1 net.

"Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.

"A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.

"Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.

"Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.

"The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.

"A Method of Conversing with God." Father Boutauld, S. J. 30 cts.

"The Queens Festivals." A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cts.

"Sunday-School Hymn-Book." Sisters of Notre Dame. 75 cts.

"Round the World." Vol. III. 85 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.

"Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion." S. A. C. \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. A. Bourgmeier, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; and Rev. C. J. Smith, O. M. I. Sister M. Scholastica, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. J. C. Schmidt, Mrs. John Hyett, Mr. Charles Vogel, Mr. Patrick Deacy, Master Joseph Leydon, Mr. George Ruger, Mrs. Timothy Calnan, Mr. Charles Armstrong, Mrs. Ellen Fealy, Mr. John Franklin, and Miss Clara Acton.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 10, 1907.

NO. 6

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

The Wilderness.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

☉ HEART, let us this sunny day explore
The boundless wilderness at our own door;
And be a moment like the happy child,
Kin of all joy, and comrade of the wild!

Here is the tangle of the meadow grass:
A fragrant jungle that we daily pass,
With striped bees basking in floral lair,
So like winged tigers darting through the air.

There is the shady woodland, where are nooks
Of fairy ferns, the silver laugh of brooks;
And in the boughs, soft stirred by every breeze,
Sweet birds, the little Christfolk of the trees.

O heart, in childhood's realm what wonders bright
At every step rejoice the eager sight;
What ageless playmates share the glad child's fun:
Winds and the lovely skies and the great sun!

A Victim of the French Freemasons.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

WE have sometimes noticed the sceptical smile with which English and American Catholics are inclined to receive our assertion that at the present moment the real kings of France are the Freemasons. It is they who hold in their hands the reins of government, who control the elections, and who dispose of every chance of preferment or advancement to which their fellow-citizens may

aspire. Examples are daily brought forward that illustrate this fact. Recent publications have clearly proved the anti-religious spirit that moves the French Freemasons, who no longer attempt to conceal their resolve to destroy religion in the hearts of the people. Made bold by success, they openly wage war against God, and use their undoubted power to crush all those who believe in Him and serve Him.

The ruthless tyranny exercised by the sect naturally appears incredible to the citizens of a free country, where, so long as men fulfil their duties toward the State, and are orderly and peaceable, they may hold, on religious and social matters, the opinions that they please. The petty vexations and cruel injustice by means of which the present French government strives to crush the spirit and conscience of its adversaries form a dark page of history, and its vileness has not as yet been thoroughly grasped by Catholics abroad.

A fresh instance of this tyranny has lately been brought before the public. The incident we are about to relate has been told in certain French papers,—in those especially whose object is to unmask the Freemasons; it was our good fortune to gather it from the lips of the hero of the tale.

Captain S. served with much distinction in the French colonies; he took a prominent part in different encounters, was publicly praised and congratulated by his chiefs, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor; in fact, rendered such signal service to his country that he

found himself entitled to claim an important civil post on his retirement from the army.

A well-known French general, one of the most prominent military leaders of the day, was keenly interested in Captain S. He brought forward his *protégé's* claims when, a few months ago, the latter decided to retire from active service. No objection was raised to the officer's demands; on the contrary, the justice of his claims and the value of his past services were fully recognized by the government, and in due course of time he was promised the important post of curator of the Château of Compiègne,—a post that brings with it a comfortable salary. His appointment was duly made known to him. It seemed absolutely certain; for he was informed that he might count upon the appointment being officially announced to the public on the following Tuesday.

A few days before this date, Captain S. received a letter from an unknown hand. It was written from 14 Rue Cadet, Paris; and under the illegible signature were the words, "*Secrétaire aux Affaires Gouvernementales.*" It merely requested the Captain to call at the foregoing address on a certain day. Captain S. had spent the best years of his life in distant lands. The words "14 Rue Cadet" conveyed no special meaning to his mind; and the lines accompanying the signature made him think that he was summoned to one of the government offices on the subject of his future post.

On the appointed day, therefore, he rang at the house, which, as the Grand Orient, is the well-known central lodge of the French Freemasons,—a fact of which Captain S. was totally ignorant. He owned to us that the aspect of the house struck him as somewhat strange; "but," he added, "I have lived so much in foreign parts that these things do not impress me as they would a Parisian." A soft-voiced, courteous gentleman received him, and began by warmly congratulating him upon the distinguished services he had rendered

to his country,—services which the government was about to reward as they deserved. This flow of compliments from a stranger somewhat astonished the gallant soldier, and, as he listened, he wondered vaguely to what his host was leading.

"Yes," continued the latter, "we sincerely rejoice that a distinguished military man like yourself should be appointed to so good a post. No doubt you fully deserve it; but, nevertheless, it is a proof that the government wishes to favor you. And you, on your side, will, we feel sure, be glad to give the government a proof of your allegiance. Your appointment will be officially announced to the public next Tuesday. You may henceforth consider it as a certainty. Only we want you to become one of us, and to give us your adhesion to-day. It is only fair that the government should demand a special mark of fidelity from those whom it appoints to posts of some importance."

"To become one of you!" exclaimed Captain S. "What do you mean? Who are you?"

"Surely you know that you are now at the Grand Orient?" was the reply.

"I know nothing of the sort," was the soldier's answer. "I came here knowing nothing of what was required of me."

"Well," continued the unknown, "the case is simple enough. You are at the Grand Orient, and we want you to become a Freemason—"

"Never! I have never belonged to a secret society, and will not do so now."

"Think the matter over, Captain. We ask for your adhesion, your name,—that is all. Surely there is nothing in what we propose that can wound your feelings. We ask simply this: that you become a member of our brotherhood. The government requires this proof of your devotion to its interests; and you can not refuse it, when you remember the favor that is being conferred upon you. You will, no doubt, say that this favor is a reward to which your services entitle you; but you can not dispute the right of the government

to bestow its best gifts on those who fall in with its views."

"My mind is made up: I will not become a Freemason."

At this juncture the door opened and another man entered. He laid himself out with consummate skill to conquer the visitor's objections; and Captain S. realized that the men before him were accurately informed of every circumstance of his situation.

"Remember," they urged, "you have not enough to live on unless you find a situation that pays well. Your two children are young, and you must educate them; the appointment that has been promised to you is all that you could wish: it means affluence, security, comfort, for yourself and your family; but it is our duty to warn you that in order to obtain it you must be one of us."

Captain S. arose.

"I undertsand perfectly," he said; "and again I distinctly refuse to become a Freemason."

"We will not take you at your word," they replied. "Think the matter over, and on Monday you will, we feel sure, give us another answer. We shall expect to see you here that day, and we are certain that by that time you will see things in another light."

"You need not expect me to return. My answer on Monday would be the same as it is to-day."

"Captain," they persisted, "remember your children."

"My children," was the firm reply, "would blush for me if I were to yield to your proposal."

And, with these words, Captain S. walked out of the Grand Orient. The soldier, who had seen much hard service, probably never fought a fiercer battle than the one from which he issued, with his conscience at rest but his earthly hopes ruined and broken.

Needless to add that the promised appointment was given to another, and that Captain S. was left to face poverty.

Some anxious months followed, during which the gallant soldier sought high and low, far and wide, for a situation that would enable him to provide for his family. He has found one at last. A society has lately been organized in Paris with a view to helping the officers and the civil officials whose religious principles have led them to be deprived of their employments. Among them are many military men who last year declined to break down the doors of the churches during the agitation caused by the *inventaires*.

This society—"Honneur, Conscience"—undertakes to find situations for the victims of government oppression; and, although it has not been in existence for many months, it has already achieved much good and useful work. One of the first to benefit by its organization was, naturally enough, Captain S., whose generous allegiance to his principles was thus rewarded by Him who has promised to crown, even on earth, those who seek above all things "the Kingdom of God and His justice."

This true story emphasizes the fact that the Freemasons no longer take the trouble to conceal their close connection with the French Government. The letter that Captain S. received was written by a Mason who openly signed himself the "Secretary of Government Affairs," thus proclaiming that the Grand Orient is now a government office.

ENDEAVOR not to appear singular, but to be so. This is done by leading in all respects the common life,—doing all things that are enjoined, but with exactness, in the time, place, and manner prescribed. We must do common things not in a common manner, but in a manner more sublime and perfect than that in which they are commonly done. This is to appear exteriorly like all the rest, and to be interiorly singular, which is a great virtue and a treasure of merit.

—St. Bernard.

Sydney Carrington's Contumacy.

BY X. LAWSON.

XXXVIII.

AMONG the first in the hotel to receive warning and leave the doomed building were Mr. Chetwode and his party. Their faithful Will was no sooner aware himself that the house was on fire than he flew to wake Mr. Chetwode, and then ran shouting the alarm through hall and corridor on his way to rouse his "young ladies," as he called them. Forgetting his ankle, Mr. Chetwode followed expeditiously.

"Put on your shoes if you can, and throw blankets or something round you, but don't stop to dress!" he called to Mildred and Lett, who had sprung out of bed and were running across the corridor to Sydney's room as he came hurrying toward them. "There's not a minute to lose."

"Will, Will, have you waked Mr. de Wolff and Mr. Brent?" Sydney inquired a moment later, when, in procession with all the denizens of this end of the house, they were rushing downstairs through an atmosphere already thick with smoke,—Will accompanying them for the purpose of assisting Jessie in carrying various impedimenta hastily gathered up.

"No'm," he replied. "They ain't in no dangah. They's a long ways off from where the fish is."

"That makes no difference!" she cried. "The minute you put down those things, run and tell them we're on the lawn. They'll be going in the house to look for us, if they don't know where we are."

If Will had obeyed this order, it would have saved De Wolff and Brent their fruitless search. But, intent on an idea he had that he could save the luggage of the young ladies by throwing it out of the windows, he returned, on that business, into the building by a back stair, sending one of his fellow-servants to rouse the gentlemen. And this man merely gave

the alarm of fire, without delivering Sydney's message.

With his contingent of half-clad humanity settled on the lawn as comfortably as circumstances permitted, not too near but in full view of the house, Mr. Chetwode congratulated himself heartily on having accomplished their exit so successfully. Will deserved, and should have, a very handsome acknowledgment for giving them such timely warning, he thought, as he watched the people who were pouring out of doors and windows now in the greatest confusion, many of them exhibiting the extremity of nervous terror.

At this moment Mildred came to where he was standing, and there was an expression of anxiety on her face as she said:

"Uncle Romuald, don't you think it strange that they—Mr. de Wolff and Mr. Brent, I mean—haven't joined us? Where can they be? I hope they are not searching for us in the house."

"Surely they wouldn't think of doing that, unless they had certain information that you were there. But, as I see that you are uneasy, I'll go and look them up."

He went, and returned presently with a very grave countenance; for he had learned that they were last seen rushing upstairs. And by this time the house was enveloped in smoke and flames. He did not tell Mildred what he had heard, saying only that he had seen nothing of them. But as they were in the end of the house fronting this part of the lawn, it was not long before their danger became known. When De Wolff leaned from the window and called for a ladder, the news that there were four people yet in the house, shut in by the fire, flew like a flash over the scattered groups on the lawn. All the men within sight or hearing gathered instantly before the window; some ran for the ladder, others consulted hurriedly as to the possibility of rendering aid in any other way. The women stood in clusters, awe-struck and shuddering; and looking weird and uncanny, half-dressed as most of them

were, in the lurid red light that flooded the scene.

Sydney was reclining contentedly on the seat to which her cushions and herself had been conveyed, when the sound of De Wolff's voice caught her ear. She recognized it instantly, hoarse and strained as it was, and though the distance between them was considerable; and at once comprehended his danger. For a minute or two she was literally beside herself. Springing to her feet, she stood motionless, gasping in dry sobs, while her eyes had the wild look of a tortured animal. Then she started suddenly to run toward the house, and fell in a fainting fit which looked so like death that Mr. Chetwode, who, after he had lifted her light form and laid it on the bench, could do nothing else in the way of rendering assistance, turned away to escape the sight of it, and went to add one more to the anxious crowd before the window at which De Wolff was standing.

It was fortunate for Sydney that she was insensible; and almost equally so for Mildred and Lett that they were unavoidably engrossed, to a degree at least, in their efforts to recover her from her dangerous-looking swoon, during the minutes of suspense that followed,—minutes terrible to the nearer spectators, as the fire advanced so rapidly that they expected every instant to see it sweep in a wave of flame over the figures within the window they were watching. Just as Sydney's eyes unclosed and she gave a start and gasp, there was a joyful cheer, then another, and then a third.

"Thank God!" "Thank God!" Mildred and Lett exclaimed in a breath.

"What for?" asked Sydney, looking at them wonderingly and a little bewildered. But before they could reply, she remembered, and, with an attempt to start up, cried, "Henri? Henri!" in a tone of agonized question.

"He's safe,—rescued, dear!" said Lett, soothingly, pressing her gently back upon the cushions. "He will be here soon, I

am sure. Keep quiet, dear,—keep quiet!"

She and Mildred watched eagerly, expecting to see three figures detach themselves from the swarm of people who were beginning to scatter a little and move back from the increasing heat of the fire, and come to join them. They were disappointed and even alarmed when presently, instead of three, they saw but one flying toward them, and perceived that it was Will. The first glimpse, however, of his glistening black face as he drew near reassured them. It was radiant.

"The—gentlemen's—safe!" he panted brokenly, out of breath with his race across the lawn. "An' Mr. Chetwode sent me to see how Miss Sydney is—an' to tell you—that him an' Mr. de Wolff an' Mr. Brent 'll be here as soon as they find out how Miss Claiborn is. They're afraid she's hurt—an' they're goin' to see."

"Miss Claiborn!" repeated Mildred in surprise.

"Yes'm," Will replied, and repeated the explanation he had heard given to Mr. Chetwode about Miss Claiborn and her friend, hurrying back then to report to Mr. Chetwode that Sydney had recovered.

XXXIX.

The next half hour passed very slowly to Sydney. Mildred and Lett were mingling with the groups standing and sitting all over the open stretch of brilliantly lighted lawn. Some piles of furniture and other effects, rescued from the hotel, supplied seats for many, who discussed the incidents of the fire, the narrow escape of their fellow-guests, and their own lamentable clothesless and shelterless condition, while watching the broad pyramid of dazzling flame which, many-tongued and throwing showers of crimson sparks up toward the zenith, rose tall and steadily from the deep-red, smoke-wreathed mass so lately a house and their shelter.

"Why don't they come!" Sydney said at last. "What keeps them so long?"

"La, Miss Syd, they'll come as soon

as they can, you mebbe sho," responded Jessie. "Will said Miss Claiborn was carried to one o' them cottages t'other side o' the hotel. It'll take 'em a long time to go there an' back."

Sydney groaned and writhed with impatience.

"I want some water, Mammy," she said. "You'll have to go and get it. What has become of Mildred and Lett? I want Lett! Go and find her, and tell her to come and stay with me while you get the water. Make haste!"

She rose to a sitting posture and looked after Jessie, who found Lett without much difficulty. "*Robes de nuit* and bare feet," as somebody afterward remarked, constituted the toilettes of the great majority of the women on the lawn that night. But, thanks to Mr. Chetwode's suggestion, Mildred and Lett were a little better off than their neighbors in this respect. They wore boots (unbuttoned), and had snatched up some light wraps, which, without affording much protection from the chill night air, gave them a comfortable sense of being quite well dressed, in contrast with their less fortunate fellow-sufferers. Lett's figure was distinguishable at a glance to Jessie, amid the general uniformity of white costumes around her; and she was soon at Sydney's side.

"Joyeuse, sit down here. I have something to say to you," Sydney began at once, speaking excitedly. "Joyeuse, when you saw Henri in such awful danger"—she shuddered and drew a quick breath—"didn't you reproach yourself for your heartlessness to him? I have been watching you closely for a month past, and I do believe you love him. Why did you refuse him?"

"Sydney!"

"I could see that you were trying your best not to love him. I suppose that was because you have always said you didn't intend to marry, and you don't want to be inconsistent. But is that sensible, or humble—as a saint ought to be? Now—"

"Sydney," interrupted Lett in a tone

that was almost haughty, "I have borne all your nonsensical talk about 'saintliness' simply because I didn't think it worth notice, though it has always been very offensive to me. But really I can endure it no longer. I must request you not to mention the word to me again in this preposterous connection."

She rose with dignity from the seat she had taken at Sydney's side; but, before she could move away, Sydney had caught her hand and was looking up at her with such mingled astonishment and reproach that she could not repress a smile.

"You, Joyeuse!—*you* showing temper! What will happen next? I promise you I will never call you a saint again. You've proved that you're not one, for saints don't fly into passions; and your conduct to Henri has been anything but saintly. No: don't go and leave me! If you are really angry, I'm—"

"I am not angry. But—"

"Then sit down again and let me tell you what I wanted to say. Papa and grandmamma, and your cousin the Mother Superior, all said that your thinking you would never marry was just what girls very often think and say before they are old enough to know what their vocation in life really is; and that your marrying was only a question of time. What they were anxious to do was to prevent your becoming the prey of some fortune-hunter, by arranging a marriage for you with Henri. Papa proposed it, your cousin warmly approved the plan, and so did grandmamma. Grandmamma meant to throw you and Henri together, and was sure she could manage it. And don't you think it strange that Henri, who knew nothing about all this, should have fallen in love with you instead of Mildred, when he went to Estonville,—when you treated him so shamefully, and Mildred was so nice to him, and he didn't know of Mr. Brent's existence then? Yet he preferred you to Mildred, which is proof positive to me that you are predestined to marry him. When papa and grandmamma were speak-

ing of it, I was as anxious for the match as they were. Papa said you were such a saint—oh, I beg your pardon! That was a slip of the tongue! I'll be more careful in future! After you acted so badly to Henri, I wanted him to marry Mildred. But you see that was impossible, and ever since I found he was in love with you I have been wearying Heaven with prayers that you would accept him, and feeling that I shall have to murder you if you don't. I—"

"Hush!" Lett suddenly exclaimed in a low tone. "They are coming."

Neither of them spoke again as Mr. Chetwode, Mildred, and their two friends who had just escaped being grilled alive, approached. But Lett had time to understand, in a flash of retrospection, how utterly she had misconstrued Sydney's anxiety and loquacity about De Wolff.

"Well, Sydney," cried Mildred, here is Mr. de Wolff, unscathed and unscorched, you see!"

Sydney started forward impulsively, extending both hands,—one to De Wolff and the other to Brent; and, though she did not say a word, her face expressed all that words could have said. Lett tried to speak, as she also offered her greetings, but was rather incoherent and inaudible,—conscious of which, she asked with nervous haste about Miss Claiborn.

"Her collar-bone is broken, and she must have been very much jarred by her fall," answered De Wolff. "But she bears it bravely, is quite herself."

"And, though she was under the hands of the doctor when we sent in to ask how she was, she insisted on our being admitted, to congratulate us on our escape," added Brent.

"And Harriet Hilliard? What of her?" said Mildred.

Brent shrugged his shoulders with an air of disgust, and De Wolff smiled.

"You surely inquired about her too?" persisted Mildred.

"As a matter of form, I did," replied De Wolff. "She was not hurt."

Mr. Chetwode was relieved to see Sydney quite recovered from her fainting fit, as she assured him. Nevertheless, he regarded her apprehensively, she saw; and, to reassure him, she said to De Wolff:

"I'm sorry to be obliged to confess that I have been conducting myself disgracefully, Henri: shrieking, I suppose—though I don't remember doing that,—and fainting. But I am clothed and in my right mind now, you perceive."

Mr. Chetwode smiled.

"Not sufficiently clothed for the coolness of the night, I'm afraid," he said, with a glance at the white drapery showing below the wrap which enveloped the upper part of her person. "I sent Gilbert at once and engaged lodgings at that little farmhouse just beyond the creek. He returned a few minutes ago, and is now getting the carriage. I'll go and hurry him; for I don't think even mountain air can be good for you at this time of night."

He shook his head as Brent and De Wolff simultaneously made a movement, intending, he saw, to offer to go in his place, and walked away.

"The air certainly is extremely cool," said Lett, arranging Sydney's coverings, which had been much disarranged during her fainting fit. "I'm afraid you'll take a severe cold."

"There's not half as much danger of my taking cold as that you and Mildred may," Sydney replied.

"That's true, you are so much more warmly wrapped up than they are," said Brent. "Wouldn't it be well," he continued, turning to them, "to keep in motion while you are waiting for the carriage? Why not walk on down the avenue, and let it overtake us?"

"A good idea," said Mildred; "don't you think so, Lett?"

Lett hesitated, glancing doubtfully at Sydney, who immediately exclaimed:

"You needn't stay on my account. Mamma can take care of me. Do go!"

Having no excuse for not going, Lett took De Wolff's offered arm, and the four

passed diagonally across the lawn to the entrance of the avenue.

From this point they had a full front and near view of the burning pile. The blaze no longer towered aloft, for the high roof had fallen in; but a sea of fire still raged from end to end of the long façade. They stopped to take a last look at it.

"How beautiful, but how terrible!" said Lett, and she turned away with a shudder. "I think we shall all remember this night as long as we live."

"I shall," responded De Wolff, as they walked on down the avenue. "I shall not forget my sensations as I stood face to face with death. I didn't see my past life spread out before me like a map, as is said to be the case with many people in similar circumstances. But I thought with regret that it had not been so well spent as it might have been. And I thought with very sharp pain what a grief my death would be to Sydney. I hoped that you and she would always be friends. And"—there was the sound of a smile in his voice here—"I wondered, Miss Hereford, whether you would not 'of your charity' say a few prayers for the repose of my soul."

Lett started so violently as almost to give a clutch to the arm her hand rested on.

"How can you talk so!" she exclaimed, with a little catch in her voice. "It is not a subject to jest upon."

"I am not jesting," he replied. "It was a consolation to me even in that desperate extremity to think that you would be Sydney's friend, and that sometimes you might remember me and repeat my name in a prayer."

"I don't deserve for you to have remembered me at such a time," she said in a quivering tone. "From first to last I have been nothing but unjust to you. If I had listened to your explanation in Estonville, or if I had believed your assurance and Mildred's that Sydney's attachment to you was only that of a child, I shouldn't have misjudged you as I did. It was something she said to me a few minutes ago,

just before you joined us, which has convinced me that you were right in your opinion, and not, as I thought, selfishly indifferent to her feelings."

"If you had known this two days ago, when I asked you to be my wife and you refused, would your answer have been different?"

"Yes," she replied, after a scarcely appreciable pause of hesitation, "I should have accepted your proposal."

"We're not keeping in motion as we ought to be, that you may avoid taking cold," said Brent in a protesting tone, as Mildred lingered to gaze, fascinated, at the broad line of flashing, scintillating flame still raging rampantly.

"There is no danger," she answered. "I never take cold. Why shouldn't we wait here for the carriage?"

She glanced back across the lawn to see if it was not coming. But a good many carriages were now beginning to appear on the scene, and she could not at that distance single out Mr. Chetwode's.

"I think I see it," said Brent,—*"yes. It has stopped, and Mr. Chetwode is getting out. They will soon be here."* He sighed impatiently.

"Is there anything more beautiful than fire!" Mildred exclaimed with enthusiasm, her eye returning to the gorgeous spectacle. "As Father Kenyon said of altar lights, 'Flame is a living thing.'"

"Yes—with an unlimited capacity for devouring all combustibles that come in its way, including other living things," said Brent, a little dryly. "If we had had to wait ten seconds longer for that ladder, flame would have made a meal of us as well as of the house and its contents."

Mildred uttered a little cry of horror, and, turning, walked rapidly away from the beautiful fire.

"Don't go so fast," said Brent, "or we shall overtake them"—pointing to De Wolff and Lett, who were about a hundred yards in advance,—*"and there's no necessity for that. Mildred,"* he spoke hurriedly

now,—“don't you think you might end my long waiting? You love me,—you can not deny that you love me a little. I saw it in your eyes when we met a few minutes ago.”

“I do deny it,” she answered, smiling; but added quickly, as she looked up and saw his face in the moonlight, “I don't love you a little, Laurence; but much, very much.”

“At last!—at last!” he ejaculated, seizing her hand and almost crushing it in his passionate grasp.

“I think I must have loved you all the time, though really I didn't know it until I saw you in such horrible danger. O Heavens! I never want to think of it again, except to thank God for your deliverance.”

“It was a bad quarter of an hour, no question,” he said. “But I shall always consider it a very fortunate happening if it is the cause of your ending my long probation. You will end it? You will trust me?”

“Yes. But—” she paused an instant; then, seeing him about to speak, added, “I'm afraid that when you think there is no longer a necessity for you to try to see the truth, you will give up all effort. And I shall be very unhappy if you are not a Catholic.”

He smiled.

“I am very glad that you were willing to trust me,” he said. “But you will not be made unhappy by my not being a Catholic.”

She looked at him eagerly.

“You mean—?”

“*Credo!*” he exclaimed, crossing himself reverently.

“Laurence!” she said, tears literally bursting from her eyes and rolling in crystal drops down her flushed cheeks. “You mean it,—really, actually?”

“Really, actually,” he replied. “No doubt my mind has been gradually, though almost unconsciously, assimilating the truth for some time past. I have always seen that the Catholic Faith was the only logical form of Christianity. But I could

not, like your uncle, accept it merely from intellectual conviction. I needed a moral sense of its verity. I didn't know this until De Wolff told me so to-night. We were talking on the subject when we heard the cry of ‘Fire!’ He asked me if I had ever thought of praying, and spoke of a man in the Gospel who said, ‘I do believe, Lord; help my unbelief.’ Just then the alarm came, and of course the subject went quite out of my thoughts in the excitement that followed. It was just before we got the ladder, when we thought we should have to throw ourselves from the window and be maimed or probably killed, that I saw De Wolff cross himself. I remembered the words he had repeated—and I thought of you. And I said, ‘I wish to believe, Lord; help my unbelief.’ The subject went out of my mind again then, as we seized the ladder at last, and were struggling with it. But a minute afterward, when I felt my feet on the ground, and looked up and saw flames rioting over the place we had just left, quite involuntarily I found myself saying ‘Thank God!’ And meaning it, and *feeling* it.” His voice told that he did feel it. “It's very strange,” he continued. “It is all as clear to me now as to you and every other Catholic. I believe by faith, though how faith came to me I do not know.”

“It was by the grace of God,” said Mildred. “You asked and received.”

(The End.)

A Blessing.

BE Christ His Holy Mass thy joy,
 Be Christ His worship thine employ;
 Be Christ His smile thy guerdon great,
 Be Christ His virtue thine estate;
 Be Christ His poverty thy wealth,
 Be Christ in sorrow to thee health;
 Be Christ His angels at thy side,
 Be Christ His Mother a fond guide;
 Be Christ His Sacrament thy love,
 Cheering the path to life above!

“THAMONDA.”

An Italian Sir Launfal.

BY PETER K. GUILDAY.

He tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

—Lowell's "Sir Launfal."

THAT two men in two different countries, with all the intellectual accomplishments of the times in which they lived, enjoying honorable positions in society and with every prospect of worldly success, should suddenly, and by the same mysterious means, leave all to follow in the footsteps of our Saviour; should so change during the remainder of their lives as to merit the praise of the whole Catholic world, the esteem of Popes and the friendship of kings; that they should become the respective founders of two religious Orders similar in origin and in name,—the one in Italy, the other in Spain; should even die on the same day, though two centuries apart, and be commemorated together as saints of the Church,—that so rare a coincidence as this is really met with in the pages of the Church's history is one of those singularly interesting facts which at first sight appear almost incredible. Then, when we are told that the latter of these two men is none other than Saint Ignatius Loyola, our curiosity is aroused to learn something about the saint who lived nearly two centuries before him, and whose life and labors, so closely resembling his own, had an unmistakable influence on the holy founder of the Jesuits in the great work he inaugurated.

It is not a long story. Giovanni Columbini was a man of the world. His parents belonged to the principal families of the beautiful Tuscan city of Siena, where he was born in 1304. He received a good education, and early in life entered into the politics of the little province of Siena, which was then a republic. In a few years he rose to the highest office in the State; and at the height of his career married Biaga, the fair daughter of the Cerretani

family, whose chief glory was that of giving to the Church one of the noblest Popes of her history—the famous Chancellor Roland of Siena, who ascended the Papal throne as Alexander III.

A lover of sports, fond of hunting, an epicurean at table, and as avaricious as a miser, the honor of becoming Siena's chief magistrate made Columbini even more harsh and domineering in manner than he had been before. And we read in his life that, coming home one midsummer's day to dinner after a morning spent in hunting, a leper threw himself in the magistrate's path and begged for an alms. Angered at the man's importunity and filled with loathing at the sight of his leprosy, Giovanni scornfully threw him a coin and ordered him out of the way. A legend has it that the leper looked at him sorrowfully a moment or two, and then walked away, leaving the coin in the dust where it lay.

When Columbini arrived home, he found the dinner unserved; and being told by Biaga that it would not be ready before an hour, he became enraged and threatened to turn his wife and the cook out of doors. In answer to this outburst of anger, Biaga brought him a book to read until dinner should be served—the Lives of the Saints. Giovanni could hardly contain himself with anger, and threw the book away from him in disgust. After his wife had left the room, however, the scene with the leper came back to him, and, regretting this second act of harshness, he picked up the book, opening it at the life of Saint Mary of Egypt. The story of her life, of her sins and her great penances touched his heart so thoroughly that he forgot all about the delayed dinner, and read it over and over till early the next morning. It pictured to him in a more vivid way than any sermon could the sad state of his own soul; and, like a mighty spiritual avalanche, it swept away forever all the miserliness, the greed and the pride from his soul.

His whole outlook on life was readjusted,

and a change immediately came over him. His harshness and avarice gave way to kindness and gentleness, and to such a liberality to the poor that many thought the wealthy aristocrat had become insane. For whole days and nights he knelt in prayer; he fasted for weeks at a time, frequenting the churches of Siena at every hour of the day, and chastening his body by austerities and mortifications that frightened all who knew him before as a careless, worldly-minded man. In all his devotions he was ably seconded by his saintly wife, and by another rich gentleman of Siena who had joined him,—Francis Vincent. Columbini resigned his magistracy, turned his beautiful palace into a hospital for the sick and poor, gave away the most of his riches, and began preparations for the formation of a lay Order which was to have these objects for their sphere of work. In a short time he gathered some sixty disciples, chiefly from the wealthiest families of Tuscany, all of whom fully acquiesced in Giovanni's plan of voluntary poverty and chastity.

His success, indeed, became so noticeable that many in Siena began to murmur against him, charging him with the malicious intention of endeavoring to ruin the State; and finally the outcry became so loud that our saint, with twenty-five chosen companions, was banished from the city and condemned to a lifelong exile. This was early in the year 1367,—a momentous one in the history of the Church; for Pope Urban V. was on his way back to Rome after the seventy years' absence of the Papacy from the imperial city. Everywhere along the route from the Rhone to the Tiber, the Holy Father was received with acclamations of joy and thanksgiving; and Giovanni, taking advantage of his exile, proceeded to Corneto, where he presented his little band to Urban. As they marched along the streets, singing in a low voice, "*Viva Gesù! Viva Gesù!*" little children who heard them cried out, "*Gesuati! Gesuati!*" (The Jesuates.) And this is the name Colum-

bini's religious Order held from its approbation by Pope Urban to its suppression in 1668, by Pope Clement IX.

When Giovanni, or Saint John, began his search in Siena for men who would aid him in his holy projects for the betterment of the sick and the poor, he found many, just as Saint Francis Assisi found, who mocked him as a fool for his love of Lady Poverty, and who scorned him as a fanatic for his unusual endeavors. Both Columbini and Francis Vincent met with many rebuffs as they went bareheaded from door to door begging alms for the poor, and they were oftentimes compelled to listen to the taunts and raillery of those who were formerly beneath them in the social scale. Naturally, such setbacks had their influence on our saint, and we are told that he felt this ridicule so keenly that he was on the point of giving up his holy designs when an incident, a miracle, happened which gave him the greatest joy, and encouraged him to persevere till the very end of his life.

One morning, toward the close of the year, Giovanni and Francis set out to the cathedral to hear Mass. As they approached the door, a leper, ill clad and weak from lack of food—the same one Giovanni had scornfully treated years before,—begged them for an alms to buy himself food and clothing. Despite the unfortunate man's desolate and filthy condition, Columbini stooped down, took the leper upon his shoulders and carried him to his home. After washing his sores and binding them up with the best linen in the house, he put him to bed and begged his wife to attend the sick man while he joined Francis at Mass. For a long time Biaga could not overcome her fear of the disease; but, finally conquering her aversion, she went to the door of the room where the sick man lay, and was astonished to find it filled with an exquisite perfume as of roses. But the leper was gone! Giovanni, on returning home, was much troubled at Biaga's story, and together they knelt down at the bedside to pray;

and as they prayed, the leper, who was our Divine Lord Himself, stood before them, and in a voice

That was softer than silence said:
 "Lo, it is I! Be not afraid."

Jesus reassured Saint John that He was guiding him in the generous sacrifice he had made for the sake of the poor, and that His blessing would bring success to all the efforts of the Jesuates. This was the secret of his joy at being exiled from his native city, and was the encouragement urging him to obtain Pope Urban's approbation of the society. Giovanni was over sixty years of age at the time of his banishment from Siena, and never returned to the city alive. He died in the midst of his spiritual children on July 31, 1367. Pius II. showered many blessings on the Church of the Jesuates in Siena, and Sixtus V. granted a plenary indulgence to all those who should visit it on the day of the saint's feast. He was canonized by Gregory XIII.

Italy has given many holy men and women to the Church, but no part of that gentle country can boast of more saintly sons and daughters than the beautiful province of Tuscany. Many of the foremost religious founders of the Middle Ages were born and educated there, and there began the preparations for those charitable institutions, some of which, like Saint John Columbini's Jesuates, served their founder's purpose for the time and were honorably suppressed by the Church; while others, like the Friars Minor, begun by Saint Francis Assisi, filled a place in the spiritual welfare of the Church which they still hold. The chief glory of Siena is the great Saint Catherine, of the Order of Saint Dominic. But there is something so dear to the people of Siena in the story of Giovanni's life and conversion that his name will never be lost to them; for the grandmothers who tell the miracle of the leper to their grandchildren heard it from their own grandparents; and so the story of this good saint will go on from year to year, gathering to itself the sweetness of

the child's belief and the love of those who can more fully realize its beauty.

The Jesuates are interesting from more than a mere historical point of view. The similarity between the conversion of their saintly founder and the founder of the Jesuits; the mysterious words, *Tolle lege, tolle lege*, which were whispered into the soul of each at the sight of the Lives of the Saints; the idea of the army which both men had in organizing their societies—Columbini called the Jesuates "Chevaliers of Christ"; the honor and the eternal homage due to the Holy Name of Jesus which both Orders strove to perpetuate; the fact that the very name, Jesuates, may have been a suggestion to Saint Ignatius, for we are told that one of his favorite books was the life of Saint John Columbini; and the still more interesting fact that there is in existence to-day, outside of the Catholic Church, a semi-religious body of men and women—too often, alas! ridiculed—whose world-wide charities consist in helping the poor and the sick, in caring for the diseased, in begging alms, and in going about the streets of our larger cities singing hymns and preaching the word of God, and whose origin has been referred to the gentle Saint of Assisi and Saint John of Siena,—these are some of the aspects of the medieval Order of Tuscany which bring us into a closer relation with the mysterious promptings of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of men whose lives and works glorify the name of Jesus, and bless all succeeding generations with the warmth and intensity of their devotion.

EVEN little actions are great when they are done well; so that a little action done with a desire to please God is more acceptable to Him, and gives Him more glory, than a great work done with less fervor. We must, then, give particular attention to the performance of little works, which are easiest, and are constantly within our reach, if we wish to advance in friendship with God.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Lost Heirloom.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

DURING those busy months, Jean shut himself up closely in his workshop, going forth only to the morning Mass, which was always the prelude to his labor. He but rarely saw Julie; only, from time to time, he wrote her mysterious, enigmatical notes, which vaguely hinted at the possibilities of happiness lying before them; and these were invariably accompanied by a bouquet, which Julie delighted to interpret in the mystical language of flowers.

Needless for the profane eye to penetrate into the atelier where Jean labored day and night, with those alternations of exaltation and despair, which are the delight and the torment of genius. When hope seemed at its lowest, and he threw aside his tools with a movement of impatience, and the idea, burning and glowing, dominated his soul and seemed to mock at the skill of his hands, a glance at the sweet face of the Mother Most Amiable gleaming out from the oaken panel of the cupboard door reassured him, and calmed the fiery impulses that threatened to interfere with the laborious and painstaking work which was required of him. And each time he set to his task again, carving, chiselling, elaborating, with that fineness of touch and of execution which had come to him from a long line of goldsmiths and *niellatori*.

The beauty of the design grew upon him and entered deeply into his being as he labored. The figures, minute and distinct, each conveyed its own story more clearly than written speech. There was the wedding of Cana, with the figure of the Maiden Mother pointing, with a gesture full of beneficence and yet of command, toward the jars which the servers were about filling with water; while standing apart, preoccupied and with the shadow of a great gravity upon His face, was the

Master about to perform His first miracle. Upon the other side of the cup was a marriage festival, with garlands of roses and of narcissus, while merry youths and maidens gathered about the bridal pair. One could almost catch the very smile of youth on their countenances, its eager, unconscious grace of attitude, and the half prophetic sadness which tempers its glory as a cloud tempers the sunlight. The intersecting spaces were filled with dainty arabesques or allegorical emblems, exquisitely chiselled, and each containing a separate thought, a wish, a prediction.

The base of the cup was a mass of flowers, varied so that one involuntarily sought for their color and fragrance; while on one handle was a covey of birds—the lark which at heaven's gate sings of perpetual spring, doves symbolical of peace and love, and the bird of paradise that sang perhaps in the "primal sweetness." The other handle bore the arms of the ducal family, with lions rampant, surmounted by the coronet, the mailed hand, and the shield of many quarterings,—the whole being encircled with a wreath of strawberry leaves.

The winter wore away, long and, for that climate, severe; sending the luxurious Parisians, shivering, to find warmth and sunshine on the Riviera; coating the surface of the Seine with a thin layer of ice, crystallizing the trees in the Bois de Boulogne with hoarfrost, and causing such misery amongst the poor as to give new impetus to that perennial stream of charity which never runs dry in the heart of this nation, even in its frivolous capital.

When the trees first began to put forth their tiny shoots of green, which Jean noted with exultant heart as he took his matutinal walk to the earliest Mass at Notre Dame, he was able to assure himself that the work would be done by the time the branches were white with blossoms. Indeed it required but a few finishing touches; and even his fastidious eye and critical taste, even the divine self-distrust of the genuine artist, permitted him to

hope that he had at least equalled the original production.

Upon a night in early May he finished the cup, and held it up triumphantly to his Mother Most Amiable. Earnestly he begged of her that she might offer it, not to his glory but to the glory of her Eternal Son. Such had been the custom of his pious ancestors,—he read it upon every page of their chronicles; such was the inclination of his own heart, knightly and chivalrous in his tender devotion to Mary, in his loyal service of Our Lord. He replaced the precious object carefully in the oaken cabinet, where he kept the records of his ancestors and other objects of value; and, committing them all to the care of the Mother whose pictured face showed upon the door, he fell asleep, and slept the sleep of one who is profoundly wearied, but happy in the consciousness of labor done.

He was aroused by a clash, a clamor, loud, ringing noises, which impressed themselves gradually upon his consciousness. But he was scarcely awake, or aware of the blinding smoke and flame, when he felt himself raised in strong arms and carried out into the chilliness of the night air. Not a moment too soon; for the roof had fallen in before he was conveyed, still dazed and bewildered, a dozen yards from the spot. The crash seemed to rouse him. He suddenly sprang to a realization of what had actually occurred, and of the possible consequences. He struggled like a madman with those who held him back; he would have rushed into the flames, to the very jaws of death, in a mad effort to rescue that upon which his hopes were centred. A very frenzy of despair seized upon him when he thought of his work, lost, destroyed; of the labor and time, the futile expenditure with which his patroness would have to reproach him. He reasoned, he expostulated, he fought with his captors, who inexorably held him back, and assured him that nothing could come forth from that ruin, and that no human being could live an instant in that fiery mass of flames.

All at once, as a moon breaking through a dark cloud, came to his troubled mind the remembrance of the Mother Most Amiable and of his boyhood's faith and his manhood's matured belief in the power of her intercession. He had placed his work under her protection: he would have confidence. Instantly he grew calm, and he declared to those about him that he had no fear for a valuable piece of work upon which he had been engaged; that he had left it in good hands. The bystanders and those of the fire service, who had restrained him, marvelled at his words. They believed that the disaster had turned his brain. Though the precise nature of the task upon which he had labored so hard had not transpired, it had been well known in the quarter that Jean the goldsmith had been busy with some unusual enterprise. Therefore many a compassionate glance was directed toward him as he stood with that new calmness upon his face and awaited the result.

Those who believed, with Jean, that the hand of the Lord is not shortened, and that the intercession of His Mother is as powerful in the twentieth century as when, at that first recorded Christian marriage she instructed the servers, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye," were not surprised when the oaken cabinet was found unharmed amidst the ruins; and the countenance of the Mother Most Amiable, scarcely blackened by the smoke, smiled from its place upon the panel.

IV.

A fortnight after the fire the newspapers of two hemispheres were busy with a wedding in the great world,—the attendant guests, including royal princes, statesmen, peers, and notables of every sort; the number and beauty of the presents, and all those additional details which gratify the curiosity of the multitude. It was an up-to-date wedding in every particular; but that feature thereof which excited universal interest linked it with a dim and distant past, a Florentine workshop,

where in mediæval days a noted worker in gold executed a masterpiece for the wedding of another English duke. Perhaps it brought with it something of that atmosphere of fervor and of faith which the ages and their immortal spokesmen, the artists and the poets, have left as their most precious heritage.

The lost heirloom—the story of its reproduction, with an added beauty and perfection, by the now celebrated goldsmith of Paris, whose ancestor had aided in the original work,—immediately caught the public imagination, and was repeated from mouth to mouth, from newspaper to newspaper. The richly jewelled, exquisitely carved cup was the success of the occasion. It was a social and artistic master-stroke, by which was signalized the alliance of one of those phenomenally wealthy families of the New World, which have replaced the oligarchies of the past, the splendors of Venice, of Italy and the Orient, with one of the most ancient and honorable lines in the British Empire. It is not surprising, therefore, that Jean's patroness should have felt a glow of gratitude toward him, while she blessed the inspiration which had sprung from her own ingenuity.

Nor was it a cause for wonder that while the great world was still astir about the incident, the carriage of the Dowager Duchess waited during a modest wedding ceremony, which, in accordance with the desire of those concerned, was celebrated very quietly at an obscure suburban church.

Nature was celebrating the festival in her own lavish way. The trees, bursting with blossoms, perfumed the air, already fragrant with the breath of a hundred flowering gardens borne on the soft breeze of the South. The bride, beautiful and spiritual in her robes of white, her face reflecting emotions as a lake reflects the azure sky, leaned upon the arm of Jean. The artificer seemed restored to youthfulness,—the immortal youthfulness of the artistically gifted. His countenance was

exultant, triumphant, though he cared less in that hour for his fame than for the love it had brought him. In deepest tenderness he led that beloved creature to the foot of the altar, there to consecrate a union of hearts, a union of earnest effort, which should lead the newly wed onward to the eternal marriage festival.

At the door, the Dowager Duchess, in the warmth of her enthusiasm, took the bride in her arms and pressed into her hand a case containing a costly offering, while she whispered to Jean:

"My friend, your work was magnificent! It crowned my son's marriage as with a diadem. You have more than realized my dream, more than equalled the lost heirloom."

(The End.)

Saint Patrick's Purgatory.—Faith or Superstition?

BY ALICE DEASE.

IS Saint Patrick's Purgatory the outcome of faith or of superstition? Personally I have no doubt as to the answer to this question; although I can not undertake to say that the former, in spite of its reality, is not occasionally tinged with the latter. The anxiety that each exercise should be carried out exactly as custom prescribes may be petty, and tinged with superstition; yet I think that the *Paters*, *Aves*, *Glorias*, and *Credos* that rise from the hearts as well as from the lips of those who fidget over the exact spot on which to kneel whilst saying these prayers are, nevertheless, pleasing to God.

Judged by the matter-of-fact standard of to-day, the pilgrimage to Saint Patrick's Purgatory is an exaggerated form of devotion, the carrying out of which may or may not be tinged with superstition; but the standard of to-day is not the standard by which it can be fairly judged. It is a piece of medievalism, one of the few, if not the only one, that has survived amongst

the colder-blooded nations of Northern Europe. Will you try to think of it as such? Will you put all feeling of aggression away from you, and read sympathetically of my experiences of the pilgrimage? Then, if you must judge it, do so if you will.

In the life of Saint Patrick it says that, when wearied with his labors, the saint used to go to lonely places wherein to refresh himself by converse with his God. Tradition asserts that the most favored of these "lonely places" was an island in Lough Derg, the little hill-surrounded lake, that lies not far from the better-known Lough Erne, but over the borders of County Donegal. Certainly he could not have found a more lonely place for his devotions. From Pettigo, now the nearest station, the road runs for six miles through low and rising moorland, which, over the water, becomes hills, almost mountains, that as far as eye can reach are bare of human habitation. When first we saw it, all looked brown,—all, that is, except the leaden sky and equally leaden waters, and the grey buildings on the Holy Island.

It lies about a mile from the shore,—a bit of rock not more than an acre in area; and when Saint Patrick landed upon it, there was, under the highest peak of stone, a cave, which served as a shelter to him during his devotions. Here again tradition, handed down through all these generations, supplies us with details.

One night whilst he was praying a vision of Purgatory was shown to him; and, to avert the sufferings that he saw depicted, he remained for nine days and nine nights "in continued prayer, fasting all the while, and humbling himself before God, with bared head and unshod feet." By his advice his disciples performed the same penances and prayers; and, out of devotion to their leader, they too chose to pass their nine days of purgatory on earth in the same lonely place where their master himself had prayed and suffered. Thus came Saint Bridget and Saint Brendan, Saint Columba and Saint Malachy, Saint Dabheoc and Saint Catherine.

How many others came in those old days of fervent Christianity even tradition does not pretend to relate; but that those I have named to you performed the pilgrimage is testified to by the six crosses that have been put up in their names, and walled round with rough stones, and that still mark the "beds," or resting-places, of these saints.

Through all the times of persecution the pilgrimage was never given up, and more than once the Pope has approved it. Tradition, ever useful, tells of the tens of thousands who have been coming through fifteen centuries of time; and less indisputable fact states definitely, in a record carefully begun in 1866, that from twelve hundred to three thousand people have, every year since then, carried out, bare-footed, the prayers and penances that were advised by Saint Patrick in the fourth century.

There is at least Papal authority and undoubted precedent for undertaking the pilgrimage; and if some amongst the thousands who do it are superstitious, I think it may be forgiven them, in consideration of the real prayers and real penance that they perform. For ten weeks every summer the two churches, poor little damp-stained buildings, and the equally bare and almost equally damp hospice, large enough to house over a hundred people, are open to the public. No one may stay on the island unless he is willing to carry out the regulations of the pilgrimage; but, to suit the rapidity—and perhaps the constitutions—of to-day, the time of penance has been lessened to three days and two nights only.

The routine of these days varies but little. There is Mass at five in the morning, and a sermon. Imagine eighty or ninety people, all barefoot, and with a larger percentage of men than of women, in a small, low, cruciform chapel, where there are benches for about twenty, the others kneeling upon the mud floor with faces upturned to the altar,—no one appearing at his or her best in the chill grey of

sunbreak, some who have spent the whole night in the chapel looking quite the reverse of attractive. But no one cares. The world, for most of the pilgrims during those three days, is just that island, their own soul, and God; and those who feel differently are ashamed.

After the second Mass, said in the other chapel, which later in the day is given up to hearing confessions, the "rounds" begin. These consist of a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, a renewal of baptismal promises, and a number of *Paters*, *Aves*, *Glorias*, and *Credos*, some of which are recited whilst walking round the church and round the six crosses that dot the island, others whilst kneeling or standing in prescribed places. All this, you will remember, is done barefooted, and the island is neither smooth nor grassy. Consequently one "round" takes an hour and a half to perform, and nine rounds constitute that part of the pilgrimage. At midday public prayers are said, and there is another sermon, or rather instruction. At six Benediction is given, and at nine every one makes the Stations of the Cross, and says night prayer in the chapel.

The penances are, first and easiest, dispensing with any kind of foot gear for three days; second, eating only once a day—at about one o'clock—as much oatcake, washed down by lake water or black tea, as possible; thirdly, spending one of the two nights in the chapel, praying all the time if you can, and if not doing your best to keep awake and follow the prayers your more pious companions say unceasingly, and mostly aloud, from ten in the evening to five in the morning. On the third day you go home, footsore, very hungry, but quite uninjured by three days of such fasting as elsewhere would be impossible. And you never speak again of the superstition of Saint Patrick's Purgatory.

Driving to Lough Derg from Pettigo, we shared our car with a fellow-pilgrim, a cattle dealer, who immediately took us under his protection; and in the boat,

after securing the best seats for us, he began to tell us various things about the pilgrimage. As we knew most of them before, our attention strayed away to an old woman who, seated in the bow, was sobbing softly, under her heavy shawl.

"You're looking at that one," our protector observed. "She's in trouble the creature; but it's to the right place she's going to get shut of it. Is it what's on her, you're asking? The good God knows. Sure haven't we all our troubles? Amn't I after losing a fine cow meself, ere yesterday?"

In duty bound we inquired the deceased animal's complaint.

"Not a sickness was there on her!" was the reply. "I couldn't say what took her—was it solid contrariness or the will o' God."

Another boat was overtaking us; and, catching sight of one of its occupants, our companion passed to a different subject.

"There's Dan Casey," he ejaculated, "and the young wife of him, no less. Well, now, be this and be that, it's himself has horrid taste!"

Mrs. Casey, evidently a newly-made bride, might have been somewhat hurt at such outspoken criticism, if she had not known that the adjective "horrid" is the English rendering of a Gaelic word meaning superlatively fine or wonderful. If one who went out night fishing with Andy Rooney, when the stars are bright, were to ask him his opinion of the sky, he would bare his head and say: "Praises be, and isn't it the works of God that's horrid!"

But if Mr. Casey's taste had been horrid in its Gaelic meaning, it struck us that the word might have been applied in its English sense to the taste of his bride. He was a big man, red-headed, with scant red beard, and a prominent nose that once had been scarlet but now had faded to the hue of a dying cabbage rose.

"D'you see Dan Casey there?" said our talkative friend. "Before ever he began coming to the Purgatory, there

wasn't a better-looking blackguard from Enniskillen to the town of Clones than himself." (Anglice: no one in that country looked to be a better, or rather greater, blackguard than he.) "You may have heard of the row in ——" (he mentioned a case that had excited some newspaper comments a few years ago). "Well, Casey was in it, hand and neck; and when he got out, off he comes to the island, and on his two knees before the prior he takes the pledge for life, and many another promise. And he kept them too—God help him!—and got the business together again. And last month he fetched home that lassie out of Fintona; and I'm proud to see the two of them in the holy place where God Almighty gave him strength to break with the drink."

We asked how often the speaker himself had made the Purgatory.

"Seven and twenty years, I'm coming," he said simply; "and me father before me; and the lads at home, please God, they'll be coming when I get back."

In the grey light of early morning we saw all our fellow-pilgrims gathered together. There were about fifty men, none looking very poor, some quite well-to-do. The women were more mixed,—a few young ones who might have been school-teachers or shop assistants; some real "voteens" of a type well known to all Irish church-goers; some prosperous middle-aged matrons; as well as a few poor old women, to whom bare feet were no novelty, and a meal of oateake no unwonted hardship.

But to all, these three days' prayer, in spite of the penances, came as a yearly rest; and I think it gave them strength to struggle on through the hardships of their lives for another twelve months. The men looked much the more peculiar, with their tidy clothes and bare feet; and though the faces of several proclaimed that, like Mr. Casey, they came to the island to ask God's help to take or keep the pledge, there were many others whose motives for coming were not to be guessed.

Our friend of the boat, in an interval between two stations, presented one young man to us as "coming as far as you ladies do yourselves,—all the way from Dublin." He was quite young and might have been a shopkeeper or a Christian Brother in secular clothes. We spoke to him in the low tone in which all conversation on the island is carried on, for fear of disturbing those who were praying; and very simply he told us his story.

As a boy he had wished to be a priest, a monk. But whilst he was still at a Seraphic school his father died, leaving a number of children. They would have retained him in the monastery, and people proposed to send some of the younger ones to orphan asylums; but his uncle offered him work in his public house, with a salary that would allow his mother to keep her family undivided.

"It was then I came here first," he said, "to find out God's will; and, though it broke my heart to give up the schooling, I felt it was to my uncle I must go. I come back every summer, and I thank God for the work He sends me to do for Him. There's plenty to be done for Him in a public house as well as in a church, and maybe I serve Him better behind a spirit bar than ever I would have served Him in a pulpit."

Two of the women also spoke to us. One was she who was weeping in the boat.

"May you never know sorrow, *acushla!*" she said as I helped her up from her knees on the lake shore; and then, being questioned, she told us the reason of her tears. For seventeen years she and "her man" had made the pilgrimage together; but in the winter she had buried him, away over the hills, and for the first time she came alone to the island. I muttered something about being lonely; but she, misunderstanding, turned almost angrily upon me.

"Lonely, is it? Why would he be lonely?" she cried. "Isn't it with the poor man's best Friend he is?"

The other old woman also had her trouble, and her story was pathetic. She

came from the coast where there are periodic epidemics of fever. One day the child of a neighbor—"a widow woman like meself"—died, and there was no one to dig the grave,—“no one at all, till my Mickeen went to do it; and the mother was that distracted that it was his two hands that laid little Katie in the coffin he'd made her. Then he came home to me, and death was written between his eyes. 'Granny,' says he, 'I've loved you better nor me own head, and I've got to leave you.' And he cried—God bless him for the best boy in Ireland!—he cried because he was leaving his old granny, and he not four and twenty years of age. 'Twas a week and no more, the day for the day, that little Katie was buried when they carried him out himself, on the sticks. You can fancy the fine boy he was, daughter, when 'twas seven feet planks they put to his coffin.”

There was no repining. It was God's will that, in her old age, Mickeen's grandmother should be “thrown on the rates.” If Saint Patrick's Purgatory is superstition, this is either apathy or philosophy; but if one is faith, so I think is the other,—or rather the resignation that comes from faith.

After leaving the island we made a short tour in Sligo and Donegal. If the reforms suggested by the authoress of the American letters to hotel-keepers, and others, were carried out, that tour would certainly have been more comfortable. Still, it is consoling to remember that if the domestic economy of other nations is more perfect than our own, we, and no others, have the faith that keeps Saint Patrick's Purgatory.

GIVE yourself in earnest to the acquisition of virtue; otherwise, you will remain always a dwarf in it. Never believe that you have acquired a virtue, if you have not made proof of it in resisting its contrary vice, and unless you practise it faithfully on suitable occasions.

—St. Teresa.

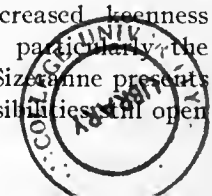
A Remarkable Community.

A VALUABLE asset in the social and industrial economy of France are the Sisters of St. Paul, of whom mention was made in these columns not long ago. They are generally known as the “Blind Sisters of St. Paul,” the larger number of them being totally blind. The story of their founding, as told by M. de la Sizeranne, himself a blind man, is full of interest. The community was established in 1853 by Mère Annette de Bergunion and the Abbé Juge, who devoted his fortune and all his energies to the work. His spirit and hers was akin to that of the founder and first members of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Mère Bergunion was reading the life of Mlle. de Lamourous to a circle of work girls, blind and otherwise, and came to this passage:

People think a great many things are necessary for founding a House of Mercy. What is really required? A house with four rooms—chapel, dormitory, workroom, and refectory. To start with, the refectory might be combined with the kitchen. What else is wanted? Enough bread for one day, work for one week, and six francs in money. That is quite enough. In my opinion that is all that is necessary to found as many Houses of Mercy as you wish. I speak of what I believe Almighty God wants of me. Others may have other views and act differently.

Mère Bergunion turned to her hearers with the remark: “Well, then, if you are willing, we too will found a community.” And, with the whole-hearted assistance of the Abbé Juge, she founded it.

A translation of M. de la Sizeranne's book has just appeared in England. It is of great interest, apart from the admirable sisterhood from which it takes its title. Writing of the blind as one of themselves, and viewing blindness from the inside, the author's words have a peculiar value and authority. Few people have any idea of the extent to which the loss of sight is compensated for by increased keenness of the remaining senses, particularly the sense of smell. M. de la Sizeranne presents an amazing proof of the possibilities of an open



to the blind through the cultivation of faculties only slightly developed in the case of those possessed of sight. He quotes from an American letter, which states that "Helen Keller recognizes the clothes of people about her, even when they have been washed. And Elizabeth R——, when standing by an open window, can tell by the smell who is approaching."

With the hearing blind, the development is less acute, but obviously extraordinary. M. de la Sizeranne quotes letters from blind women, full of sensitive and excellent description, which bear out his assertion as to the possible poetic delight of the blind in nature. The fragrance of fruits, the sound of the foot on grass or among dead leaves, odors of blossoms, the feel of sun and wind, and a keen sensibility to all natural sounds, compose viewless, yet vividly recognizable, landscapes, so to speak, in which we scarcely note the absence of sight.

Yet it is not by the hand, but by the elbow, and above all the foot, that a blind woman chiefly guides herself (though the blind, says the author, feel with the whole body). To this must be added the quick ear, while even characteristic odors may identify a given spot. M. de la Sizeranne is interestingly minute on the means by which a blind person finds his way about a room, for example, without visible groping or fumbling,—foot and ear doing most. But in a strange house or room, a preliminary tour to examine the nature and position of the chief pieces of furniture is necessary. When people kindly set a blind man on his way (he truly remarks), they invariably draw him into the middle of the road, no matter how wide, and say: "You are quite in the middle, there is nothing in your way, you can go forward quite safely, you have only to walk straight before you." Only! That is just the impossibility without sight. And, left to himself, the blind man turns straight back to the side, where there is something to guide him,—the side with houses rather than that which borders on gardens and

open fields. He is, in fact, like a seeing man in a dense fog, who (if he has any sense) does precisely the same. Snow, with changing noises, rain, high wind, loud traffic, etc., which deaden or drown his familiar guiding sounds, baffle the blind person. He can judge space traversed, and a door at a given distance from his starting-point he will enter with certainty.

The Blind Sisters of St. Paul will have many new friends as a result of M. de la Sizeranne's book; and should persecution drive them out of France, they will be sure of a welcome wherever it has found readers.

Anniversaries.

THE profession of a religious, the ordination of a priest, and the marriage of lay people, are all events that are considered notable enough to be especially remembered on the recurrence of their anniversaries. While the twenty-fifth and the fiftieth anniversary—the Silver and the Golden—are those most commonly celebrated, several others are often commemorated, the generally received designations of which are as follows:

First anniversary, Paper or Iron. Fifth, Wooden. Tenth, Tin. Fifteenth, Crystal. Twentieth, China. Twenty-fifth, Silver. Thirtieth, Cotton. Fortieth, Woolen. Fiftieth, Golden. Seventy-fifth, Diamond.

As regards this last, the seventy-fifth, it occurs so comparatively rarely that there is a tendency to call the sixtieth anniversary the diamond one. It may be noted, too, that, so far as the priestly ordination is concerned, some have held that the diamond jubilee is properly the thirty-third anniversary, inasmuch as that number corresponds with the years of Our Lord's life on earth.

Apropos of weddings, the oldtime Penny Wedding was not an anniversary of a marriage, but the original ceremony. Each of the guests contributed a penny or more toward the expense of the accompanying entertainment.

Notes and Remarks.

The drift of higher education nowadays being toward specialization, it is no reproach to a man who knows everything about something to know little or nothing about many things. A geologist is not supposed to be well versed in astronomy, or a chemist to be masterful in architecture. Indeed this is impossible except in the case of geniuses, and the genius is a *rara avis*. A learned man need not be ashamed to admit that his knowledge is scant outside of his chosen field or profession. Such an admission is calculated to increase his reputation instead of detracting from it. But men who pretend to know all about everything, who express themselves dogmatically on all subjects, even though they may have thoroughly mastered one, are generally and very naturally regarded as shallow.

The professor at one of our great universities who is wont to declare that ethics and economics are strangers should feel obliged to prove that he is well acquainted with both. One can not help thinking that his knowledge of ethics is imperfect, and that, though a professor of economics, he has yet much to learn about that branch of political science. The professor of English History in the same institution seems to be so deeply imbued with Protestant prejudice that he can not regard Abbot Gasquet as a great historical scholar (though he is considered such by the learned men of Europe), and probably has only a superficial acquaintance with his writings. His "Eve of the Reformation" alone would place him in the first rank of English historical writers. The American professor should not be so sure that he knows all about the Reformation period. An English reviewer, learned enough to speak with authority, once expressed the opinion that Martin Luther was a monster, and the Reformation a myth. Historical research is fast

establishing the correctness of this opinion, though it may still seem preposterous to certain professors of history in American universities.

Catholic students at secular universities would do well to cultivate the gentle art of raising the eyebrows. This is the most urbane manner of expressing surprise and dissent, and it is rarely without a good effect on the lecturer. If he is really learned, he will not be too sure that he has not blundered in some way, and will be curious to learn how. Many an unconscious offender has been brought to his sober senses by the gentle rebuke of an arching brow.

The *Pilot* expresses surprise and gratification over the following comment of the *Congregationalist* on the appeal of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Texas to Pope Pius X. to call a congress of all Christians in Rome, with a view to the eventual healing of "our unhappy divisions":

Is not the time approaching when Christian bodies of every name could profitably meet to consider ways of ameliorating the contentions which have greatly hindered the progress of Christianity throughout the world, and of co-operation in fields where they have common difficulties to overcome? Is not this the most opportune time of the Christian era for such a congress, when the greatest movements of history are being planned, to win the whole world to Christ? Is not Rome, the center from which the light of the Gospel of Christ radiated through the world in the first Christian centuries, the fit place for such a congress?

"What Protestant journal, even a few years ago," remarks the *Pilot*, "would have dreamed of asking a question which concedes so much to Rome as this last?"

The present discontent in India, which seems lately to increase, is attributed to what is termed the inadequacy of the Education Department,—in other words, to the divorce of instruction from moral training. The *London Times* has been very outspoken in its condemnation of the whole scheme of education in Native

India; and a Hindu—a British subject who has spent the best part of his life in a Native State,—writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, explains that

The beliefs of the students have been undermined, no new moral principle supplied; the result of the instruction given has been to destroy reverence for all authority, both family and official; the so-called educated have imbibed Socialist theories, and adopted generally an attitude of discontent, hostility, and agitation against the government. Sedition is no doubt punishable by law, but unless it is also punishable by public opinion the law is not likely to have a really deterrent effect. . . . Until the educated classes can be taught to prefer reverence for authority to sedition, education must continue to be regarded as a failure. The whole scheme of education, including the English books studied, requires careful revision.

The British public should be interested in Mr. Mitra's paper, and the British Government would do well to consider his suggestions.

To the Catholic person who scoffs at the idea of a healing balm issuing from the rocky tomb at Eichstädt, Germany, in which the relics of St. Walburga reposed, we reply, in the words of St. John Damascene: "Why should it seem incredible that a sweet ointment should distil from the relics of a saint, when, at the will of God, water rushed forth from the hard rocks in the desert? For Christ has left us the relics of the saints as health-giving streams, from which flow many blessings."

Our correspondent is also referred to these words of the Acts of the Apostles:

God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: insomuch that unto the sick were carried away from his body handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out.

It is well known that years ago the Grand Lodge of England severed all connection with the Grand Orient of France. "The Great Architect of the Universe" had been officially repudiated by the Grand Orient, thus making a bold profession of atheism. Freemasonry as practised in France is anti-religious and subversive.

In England and the United States, Freemasonry is social and benevolent in character. It is nothing strange, therefore, that at a recent provincial assembly of the Grand Lodge across the ocean, the Dean of Gloucester should have said:

I regret that one great division of the Masonic brotherhood has now ranged itself formally and openly with the declared enemies of Christianity, ranking themselves with no mere agnostics, doubters and inquirers, but with the bitter and remorseless foes of religion which alone can make a country, as it has done our England, free and great and strong. It is the deliberate conviction of grave and thoughtful men that Masonry, a powerful order in France, our well-beloved neighbor, is the seat and home of that bitter, relentless infidelity which is working such terrible havoc, which is gravely threatening the peace and well-being of that glorious France, our friend. . . . For a time the trouble which had grown up between Church and State in France was not much heeded, still less commented upon, in England. Many of us were grieved, but we grieved silently. It was emphatically not our concern. Gradually the veil was lifted, and we saw the feud was based upon grave issues. Separation between Church and State had something sinister behind it,—a grim spectre of hostility to revealed religion, to Christianity in any form.

We have frequently had occasion to refer to the variety of scientific pursuits that occupy the scant leisure of our missionaries in foreign lands. Father Guasco, secretary-general of the Central Council for the Propagation of the Faith, enumerates, in the current issue of the *Annals*, their contributions to astronomy, meteorology, geography, history, archæology, and philology. Since early in the seventeenth century, the missionaries have been prominent in every sphere of science in the great Far East. The high order of scientific research, conducted at present by the Chinese Jesuits, in the department of astronomy and natural history, is deserving of the world-wide recognition which it receives. There was not a meteorological observatory in the Orient before the foundation of Father Chauvin's in 1878. Recently Jesuit missionaries were commissioned by the governor of Indo-

China to establish an observatory in the French possessions. They have founded the post for astronomical and meteorological observation in the East Indies, and direct another at Manila in the interest of the United States. Catholic missionaries have been, and still are, the sole explorers in certain parts of the world. "Not a country of Asia," writes Father Guasco, "neither Burmah nor India, the island of Ceylon, nor the region bordering on the Eastern Mediterranean, has escaped their scientific investigations."

The scientific activity of the Orient is parallel with erudite labors in Oceanica and Africa. The Marist Fathers are doing for the history and language of the Island Continent and the neighboring isles, what the older missions have done in the East. When Cardinal Lavigerie, in 1878, sent missionaries of the Society he had founded, to spread through Central Africa the light of the Gospel, he ordered that at each mission where the dialect had not as yet been printed, one of the missionaries should devote himself for an hour or two each day to the preparation of a dictionary, as a means of communication with the natives, and, by questioning them, seek to ascertain the value of the different words. As an outcome of this industry, the well-nigh countless dialects of the African are being supplied with grammars and dictionaries. In the Vatican Library there is a worthy monument to Catholic missionary linguistic endeavor erected by the energy of Father Sire, of Saint-Sulpice. He collected, in one hundred and ten volumes, a translation in all the languages of the world of the Bull *Ineffabilis* promulgating the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

There is hardly a new book worthy to be classed as literature in which the omnivorous general reader does not find some approach to history. Lord Acton pointed out in his lectures that the Huguenots were persecuted, not in the least in the interests of the Catholic religion, but

purely and simply in those of the modern doctrine of State uniformity. The truth is that the Huguenots, like the Albigenses before them, were persecutors of their Catholic brethren and disturbers of the public peace. Nowadays they would be called anarchists. If they were sternly dealt with by the French King, they had themselves to blame, as there is abundant evidence to show. In a review of a recently published work on the "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France," the scholarly *Spectator* remarks:

The destruction wrought by the Huguenots was thorough, and can be compared only to the work of the Saracens on buildings of an earlier time. The Huguenots "ruined buildings which were the perfection of centuries of Christian architecture, at a period when ideals were declining, and the art of church-building was becoming a mere imitative and servile trade. It was therefore not only on their antagonists' hearts that their destructive work fell heavily, but on that of every cathedral-lover of to-day."

A far-away correspondent of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* enters a plea for a new Catholic prayer-book,—“a prayer-book: first, with the order of the Holy Mass; then let it be translated into strong, living English,—Introit, Collects, Epistle, Gospel, Preface, and Post Communion, the prayers of each Sunday of the year and of the principal saints. This will lead to a more intelligent following of the Holy Sacrifice by the laity, and at the same time partly open to them our faith's second great book [the Missal].”

The editor's careful reply deserves to be quoted at some length. He writes:

We have Missals and Breviaries and Sacramentaries, in large or small type, in big or little compass, arranged for the year, or the season, or month, or special occasion,—but, whatever the form, they are faultless according to the book-making art. Now, the enterprise that conceives and executes these books would surely supply for the vaster, and consequently more exploitable, field of the Catholic laity a better grade of devotional manuals, if the said laity really wanted them. But that is the question. Nevertheless, we second our correspondent's wish for the best grade of prayer-book; only we go further, and

seek the cause for the deficiency, especially in so far as it may suggest the remedy or contain a moral. The latter seems to be that it is the duty of every priest, as often as occasion may offer, to take an interest in the books of devotion in use by his parishioners, and encourage only the best, both in respect of compilation and of make-up. . . .

There are, however, several versions of the "Missal for the Laity"; and on the whole they are well-made and not too dear, although they lack the clear, strong beauty of phrase we find in the "Book of Common Prayer." There is room for improvement; but—and here we meet the old difficulty again—who is going to take the work in hand, in the face of the apathy that the supposedly prospective purchasers manifest? It may be of interest to state that the translators are ready, the publishers are ready, and the capital is ready—but the purchasers do not appear to be. Shall we again adorn the tale, and put yet another burden upon the backs of a long-suffering and hard-worked clergy by reminding them that they should encourage their congregations to get Missals in English and follow the priest at Mass? Of course that is the best way of assisting at Mass. Yet how few of the people do so!

The Breviary would furnish morning and evening prayers, if translated into English, says our correspondent. It is desirable, but it is a far cry at any rate, until the use of the Missal becomes more general. The Breviary will naturally follow in the wake of the Missal. . . .

In conclusion, let us commend this subject to the consideration of our readers. It is surely of the utmost importance that our people should be led back into the "intellectual and spiritual heritage" of our fathers in the faith; and in this campaign of education the logical leaders are the clergy. And it can not be denied that one of the ways along this home-coming lies through a return to solid and central, instead of the fashionable and pietistic, devotions—the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. And as the proper manual for Mass is the Missal, we need that book, and we want the congregations trained to its regular use—by the clergy.

Concluding in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* his beautifully written and deeply interesting articles on "The Spirit of Old West Point," Gen. Morris Schaff refers to the part played by Grant and Lee at Appomattox in a way to increase one's admiration of them and of the institution which inspired their high ideals of the soldier and the gentle-

man. The passage is long and admits of only a few lines of abbreviation:

On that day two West Point men met, with more at stake than has ever fallen to the lot of two Americans. On the manner in which they should meet, on the temper with which they should approach the mighty issue, lay the future peace of the country and the standards of honor and glory for the days to come. There was the choice between magnanimity to a gallant foe and a spirit of revenge; there was the choice between official murders for treason and leaving the page of our country's history aglow with mercy; there was the choice between the conduct of a conqueror and the conduct of a soldier and a gentleman; finally, there was the choice for these two men, who for over a year had fronted each other on so many fields, to garland the occasion by the display of what is greater than victory,—terms that the Christian and the lover of peace in all ages of the world will honor. These two West Point men knew the ideals of their old Alma Mater; they knew each other as only graduates of that institution know each other, and they met on the plane of that common knowledge. I can not avoid expressing the belief that the greatest hour that has ever come in the march of our country's years was on that April day when Grant and Lee shaped the terms at Appomattox. And then what happened? The graduates of both armies met as brothers and planted then and there the tree that has grown, blooming for the Confederate and blooming for the Federal, and under whose shade we now gather in peace. . . .

Lee's attitude has never, it seems to me, had due recognition. Had he yielded to a sense of mortification over defeat, had he been ill-natured and revengeful, one word from him and the conflict would have degenerated into bloody and barbarous guerrilla warfare. On the contrary, by his dignified, yet full and manly, meeting of Grant on his high level of magnanimity and statesmanship, he rendered a great service to his country and generation.

On that occasion he was dressed like and looked the gentleman. Grant, in simple garb stained with the campaign, bore himself and acted the gentleman; both honored their Alma Mater and both honored their country; and both little dreamed that they were marching abreast up the broad stairway of the Temple of Fame, not to take their places among the world's conquerors, but among the heralds of civilization and all the mild, brave, and blessed benefactors of the world. For their example is bound, it seems to me, to be influential hereafter when the heads of armies and governments meet to settle upon the terms of peace.



The Empire Gown.

I.

CLARA and Jennie Morton came into their mother's room, their arms about each other's shoulders. They were twins, very much alike in form and feature, but not at all similar in character or temperament.

"Mother," said Clara, "we have just met Lilly Bayne."

"When did they return?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Yesterday," replied Clara. "Lilly was at the post office, in the same little pony phaeton; and I actually believe she wore one of her last summer's piqué suits."

"And why not?" inquired her mother. "Lilly always has very pretty clothes, and so many of them that she could hardly wear them out in one season."

"I thought she looked very sweet," said Jennie; "although I didn't notice what she wore particularly. She was just as kind and glad to see us as ever."

"And why shouldn't she be?" observed Clara. "But I do think that, if I had all the money she has, I should have bought some new clothes in Paris."

"Probably she did," said Mrs. Morton. "An early morning visit to the post office in our little town is not exactly the time or place to show off one's fine gowns, Clara. That would be very questionable taste indeed."

"We saw Miss Delacaur on High Street. She is the frumpiest-looking Frenchwoman I ever saw," said Clara.

"Did you ever see any other?" asked her mother. "I believe she is the only one you know. A good soul, Clara: she is not to be taken as a representative of the latest French styles."

"I should hope not," said Clara. "She gets herself up in the queerest way!"

"She paid *us* a compliment," interposed Jennie. "She stopped and said, 'You are like unto two twin roses in your lovelee pink robes, young ladies.'"

"She is a flatterer," rejoined Clara. "These old gingham dresses!"

"You have worn them only twice," said Mrs. Morton. "I think they are very pretty, Clara."

"Of course they are," said Clara. "I guess it was mean to say that about her, mamma. And I do think the dresses are all right."

She stooped and kissed her mother, and then the two girls began to give her an account of what they had seen and done down town.

A week later Mrs. Morton received an invitation for herself and her daughters to attend a large party to be given by the Baynes. The girls were absent when it arrived. On their return, their mother showed it to them.

"How prettily it is engraved!" said Clara. "It will be a very grand affair, I suppose. But of course we can't go, mamma."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Morton and Jennie in one breath.

"We have nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear!" exclaimed Jennie. "You forget our new white dresses, Clara. We have worn them only once—to the Commencement."

"We couldn't wear *those*, Jennie," said Clara, scornfully. "They are high-necked and long-sleeved and awfully plain."

"With that lovely lace trimming!" said Jennie.

"Mamma can go, of course," continued Clara. "Her grey silk is always suitable."

"I fancy there will be gowns there neither so new nor pretty as yours, Clara,"

said her mother. "It is time for you to remember that we can not afford fine clothes, and that our friends are aware of it. I hope you will not allow yourself to be deprived of your ordinary pleasures because you can not outshine others."

"I do not want to outshine anybody, mamma," said Clara, pettishly. "But I do like to be decent."

As she left the room, Jennie looked after her reproachfully. Mrs. Morton went on with her sewing, but her daughter saw that she felt disturbed. At length Mrs. Morton said:

"This is a serious problem, Jennie. I am afraid Clara is going to make herself very unhappy if she continues to be so discontented about her wardrobe. I can say this to you, because she is really your other self, and you are satisfied with what I can give you."

"Mamma, I should much rather you would buy Clara more expensive things, and let me do with what I have always had," observed Jennie. "I do love pretty clothes—that is tasteful gowns, and nicely made, as ours always are,—but I don't want anything costly."

"It would not be just, either to you or Clara, to discriminate in that way," said Mrs. Morton. "It would only give her tastes which in the future she might never be able to gratify; and it would foster selfishness in her. With my limited income, I must be careful of every cent, and it is my duty to discourage extravagance in either of you."

"Yes, that is true, mamma," answered the unselfish Jennie. "But Clara does love pretty things so much! Still, our new dresses are light and summery, and I am sure they will do."

Presently Clara came running downstairs. She had in her hand some soft stuff, creamy white, while a long trail of lace dragged behind her.

"See, mamma!" she exclaimed. "I found this silk muslin in the chest in the attic. Did you know it was there?"

"Yes," replied her mother. "It was

wrapped in Chinese paper, wasn't it?"

"Yes, mamma," gaily rejoined Clara. "I was sure you wouldn't mind if I opened it. We have so often found just what we needed in that treasure-trove! Isn't it lovely? *Won't* you make it into dresses for Jennie and me to wear to the party?"

"Your father brought that to me on his last voyage," said Mrs. Morton. "There was a large piece, but I cut it in two and gave the other half to your Aunt Martha. It is beautiful, but there would not be enough for two dresses, Clara. Besides, I think your new white frocks quite good enough."

"Oh, dear!" ejaculated Clara, throwing herself into a rocking-chair and letting the muslin fall on the floor. "I *wish* you would let us have it, mamma! We could keep the dresses just for parties. We are sixteen now, and will be invited out more than we have been, I should say. Jennie, wouldn't *you* like it?"

"No doubt she would," said Mrs. Morton. "But Jennie is more reasonable than you are, Clara."

"She doesn't care for pretty things as much as I do," rejoined Clara,—"that is, her heart is not bound up in them."

"I should be sorry to think that yours was," said her mother.

"Well, it isn't; but I long for pretty clothes. I can't help it. Do think it over, mamma,—won't you?"

Mrs. Morton took up the muslin and measured it.

"There is not much more than enough for a good full skirt," she said,—"I mean such as they are wearing now. When your father brought me that—it was before you were born—there was a short revival of the Empire gown."

"The lovely short-waisted kind that the Empress Josephine used to wear?" asked Clara, eagerly.

"Yes, with a very narrow skirt."

"I read the other day, in the *Fashion Magazine*, that they are wearing them again—in Paris," said Clara.

"I fancy the fashion has not reached Merivale yet," said Mrs. Morton.

"No, but I'd love to go in something different; wouldn't you, Jennie?"

"I'm afraid I shouldn't," replied Jennie. "I haven't the courage to do anything like that, Clara."

"Well, if Jennie doesn't care—and I know she doesn't,—won't you make me an Empire gown out of it, mamma?" pleaded Clara.

"Suppose yours would be the only one there?" said Mrs. Morton.

"I should like it all the better."

"I have a pattern," said her mother. "That is in the old chest also, I believe."

"Do make it, mamma!"

"You will look so odd, my child!" said her mother.

"I *like* to look odd. No one there can possibly have a gown made of prettier stuff or more delicate lace."

"You are serious, Clara?"

"Of course I am."

"Do let her ~~have~~ it, if she wants it, mamma," pleaded Jennie. "People really can wear anything nowadays."

"It will be a tight fit," said the mother.

"That is the way it should be," rejoined Clara. "I'll tell you, mamma, just how I want it: a very, very short waist, with a berth of the lace; the neck half low, and the sleeves to the elbow, with a lace ruffle; and there is plenty for a flounce all round the skirt. I have my long white kid gloves that Aunt Bessie sent me for my graduation, though I couldn't use them on account of the horrid long sleeves Sister made us wear. And the white silk stockings,—I have them too; and kid slippers. And, O mamma, if you would only lend me your paste buckles!"

"I will lend them to you if I make the dress for you," said her mother.

"And my hair, mother? May I wear it high on my head, with two short curls at the back, and your brilliant comb?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Morton, slowly and thoughtfully. She was just beginning to understand how the love of dress appealed

to her daughter; and to wonder, at the same time, if compliance with her wishes might not eventually result in good for the child.

That afternoon the gown was under way, while Clara began to overhaul her mother's jewel-box, from which she selected sundry old-fashioned but pretty ornaments to be worn on the eventful evening.

(Conclusion next week.)

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.

For one moment after seeing his father all was a blank to Tom. He could neither think nor feel, so great and sudden was the shock; then temptation leaped upon him,—temptation fierce and strong.

"Deny! Disown!" it whispered. "Do not let him disgrace and shame you before all these fine, proud friends. Deny him, disown him!"

For there was no recognition in the dull, bleared eyes that turned on Tom; the weak, trembling lips made no father's claim. It was the old story Tom had known since early childhood, when he had been so often sent by his mother to lead just such a staggering, helpless father home. Now—now his mother was in heaven, and he stood in a gay, glittering world apart from his past,—in a world from which this weak, trembling hold would drag him down forever.

Breathless, bewildered, hesitating, Tom heard like one in a dream Mrs. Irving's voice.

"The wretched creature! He does not belong here, I am sure. I don't know who or what he is. For Heaven's sake, take him away! Lock him up somewhere until he is sober."

"Oh, we'll sober him!" cried Vance, gleefully. "Don't worry about that, Mrs. Irving. We were just going to do it when you came down. Hand over the pail of

water, Lew—quick! We'll give him a souse that will—"

But the pail of water was wrenched from Lew's hand and sent flying and splashing over the rocks.

"Back, you mean little snapping curs!" thundered Tom, as he sprang forward with blazing eyes. "Back, or I'll break your heads for you! I'll take care of him, ma'am." And the speaker flung his strong young arm about the cowering, reeling man, and turned to Mrs. Irving, a dauntless spirit in his boyish face and voice. "I'll keep him from harm. He is my—father!"

"Your father!" the lady's voice rang out sharp and clear in a breathless silence. "Your father! This drunken, dreadful tramp, your father! Chip," she turned flashing, angry eyes upon her son, "what does this mean?"

But Chip for once was speechless. This Tom's father! *His father!* His chum had tumbled into depths beyond friendship's reach. Dorothy and her pretty crowd stood in open-eyed horror, while Vance and Lew snickered audibly.

And Tom? He seemed neither to hear nor heed. The glittering height which he had trodden for a brief, bright while had crumbled beneath his feet. He was back again on the old place, in the old life; but all that was best, highest, noblest in Tom Langley had been saved by the fall. He stood amid this gay, proud group shamed and despised, perhaps; but true to himself, true to his helpless father, true to his dead mother, true to his duty and to God's law. And, though the boyish voice shook a little, he spoke out bravely and fearlessly to the proud lady who faced him, indignant at such intrusion upon her friends and her home:

"It means that my poor father has been drinking, Madam, and does not know what he is doing. What has brought him up here I can not say; but he shall do no harm to you or yours, I promise. I'll take him away."

"I trust you will do so at once," said Mrs. Irving. "Really if these are the

associates my son finds at St. Omer's and brings to his home—"

"I didn't want to come," said Tom, quickly. "I'm not your sort, I know, Mrs. Irving. I'm not Chip's sort, I told him so."

"That's right, mother," said Chip, rousing from his bewilderment. "He did for sure. Lank is all right, no matter what kind of folks he has. I'll stand by Lank, dad or no dad!"

"Thank you, Chip! But you needn't: I don't ask it. I'm going away with father,—going back where I belong; going back to my old life and my own place; going to work my own way in my own world. I don't belong in yours, and I know it."

"Lank, Lank!—you shan't go off like this, Lank!" Chip sprang forward, but his mother's white hand caught his arm.

"Not another word, Chip! I forbid it. Let this disgraceful scene end at once. My dear friends, I don't know how to apologize for this most unfortunate occurrence. I knew the boy was poor, of course, but I never dreamed of anything like this."

"But, mamma, dear mamma, it wasn't poor Tom's fault!" began Dorothy, eagerly. "How could he help his father drinking and being horrid? And you brought him up here to coach Chip, and he has been coaching him faithfully. He never stopped for parties or picnics or anything. And he got Jack out of the mine hole and put out the fire that might have burned us all up; and he is just the nicest, kindest, bravest boy of the whole—whole crowd!" And Dorothy's sobbing declaration broke off in a tempest of tears.

"Dorothy!" cried her mother, in shocked surprise, "I am ashamed of you. It is bad enough for Chip to form such low friendships; but you, my daughter,—*you!* Go back to the house at once, and let us have an end of this disgraceful scene. I am mortified beyond expression."

And so the beautiful Watteau tea broke up in a storm of tears and reproaches.

Meanwhile Tom was guiding his luckless parent through the forest, but one thought

in his throbbing brain: to escape the proud, pitiless, mocking eyes that had been fixed upon him and his father so cruelly. The night was falling fast, and the dragging footsteps of his helpless charge warned him that the heavy sleep that always followed his father's potations was coming on. He remembered that when he was gathering the pink laurel for Dorothy's party he had seen a deserted, half-ruined cabin in a wooded glen about a mile from the camp. He made for the place as quickly as his father's staggering feet could travel. It would be a shelter for the night at least.

And Tom, who only an hour ago was the hero of a gay and lovely scene, where all were doing him honor, led his homeless charge on through the gathering darkness until they reached a shaky little structure of logs and boughs hastily put together by some woodsman at work in the forest. In one corner was a pile of dry moss and leaves, on which his father sank heavily; and in three minutes Mr. Thomas Langley, Sr., was sleeping a dull, heavy sleep almost akin to death. It would last for hours, Tom knew; then his father would wake to reason and remorse, as he had done in the olden days, when his strong, patient wife had borne this sorrow and shame to her early grave. And with something of the same silent strength and patience the son watched to-night, while the darkness deepened on the mountain, and the stars came out one by one in the arching sky; and, stretched out under his wretched shelter, his hands clasped under his head, Tom lay thinking while he waited for his father's waking,—thinking of the past, the present, the future.

The mystery of the letter he had found at Kenny's store was cleared up now. It had been intended for his father. B. B., the writer, was Ben Billings; and the job? Ah, that troubled Tom! What was the job he must give up? What was meant by the warning against the knotted rope? For Tom had begun to suspect there was dark, evil meaning in the "sign," as little Ulysses Bines had called it; that for these rough,

ignorant mountaineers, many of whom could neither read nor write, the knotted rope was a pledge more binding than written words.

Had his poor father, driven by his stepmother's sharp tongue, been drawn into some lawless league? Ah, it was well he had found him in time! And, lying there in the silent darkness, Tom remembered the fierce, wild moment in which he had been tempted to deny and disown his father, and thanked God he had not been a coward and liar either in word or deed. His bright summer holiday was over, it was true. Camp Tiptop was shut against him; Chip, Dorothy, Bert,—all the friends he had made there were lost to him forever. He was back again in the old rough ways, the old dull, hard life. Even St. Omer's must be given up with the rest. For Bobby must be kept well and strong in good Mrs. Ryan's care; and to do this Tom must take the job on the canal Captain Dixon had offered him. This kind-hearted, rough old friend would give it to him, he knew. Tom would sign with him for any time he asked. And though these thoughts brought a dull ache to the boy's heart, he mastered it bravely. He must make his way still, slowly, indeed dully, but like the canal that found its passage where the dancing river failed. And Tom closed his eyes, perhaps to keep back the tears that rose to them in the darkness; for he was only a boy, after all,—a boy roused into strength and manhood beyond his years; a very tired boy, who, worn out with the worries and troubles of the day, at last fell asleep.

He was startled from a dream, in which he and Chip were leading the famous charge up the hill of San Juan, by a crash that outrivalled the Spanish batteries, and woke into a wild chaos of roar and blaze and shriek. One of the swift summer tempests had burst upon the mountain, rousing his father from his heavy sleep into a momentary madness of terror.

"Mercy!" he was shrieking,— "God, have mercy on me,—have mercy on me!

Oh, I am lost—lost—lost forever!" And the wretched man burst into despairing cries too dreadful to repeat,—cries indeed of a lost soul.

"O father, no—no!" said Tom, soothingly. "It's only a storm. I—I am here with you, father!"

"Tom!" gasped the terrified man, in bewilderment. "I'm mad, I'm dreaming. It isn't Tom,—poor Mary's Tom?"

"Yes, yes, father, it's Tom, right here beside you, taking care of you, father. There! there! don't be frightened, father! You're safe with me. We may get a little wet, but we're all safe."

"Safe!" echoed his father, hoarsely. "No, boy, no! It's the judgment,—the judgment on me—on me, Tom. I'll have to tell,—to tell before the Lord strikes me dead. They swore me to keep the secret, but I can't, I can't; not when death is before me like this. Tom, I drank,—drank so as to forget what I knew, what they told me; drank because I had been sworn in on the knotted rope and didn't dare speak. But, O Lord, Lord!" As a blaze of vivid lightning lit the sky, the trembling wretch fell upon his knees in a fresh access of terror and despair. "I remember now—now—now! I'd stop them if I could,—stop them, if they killed me for it; but it's too late—it's too late—too—too—late!"

"Too late! For whom, for what?" cried Tom, roused at last to some meaning under his father's remorseful cries. "Are you awake or dreaming, father?" In the new fear that seized him, he caught his father by the shoulder and shook him excitedly. "Wake up! Tell me what you mean?" And as a clap of thunder shook the mountain to its very base, Tom's father shrieked out in an agony of remorse and fear:

"It's murder, Tom,—murder, that's what it is! The boys have cut the trestles over Shelton's Gap. The boss is coming home to-night, and they're going to wreck his train."

"Boss—wreck—train!"

For one dazed moment the words con-

veyed no meaning to Tom; then, in a sudden flash of comprehension, vivid as the lightning that cleft the midnight sky, he saw all. The plot whose shadowy workings he had dimly seen and felt ever since his arrival at Tiptop was to culminate in an awful crime, a dreadful tragedy. Judge Irving was coming home to-night, and the band of outlaws bound by the "knotted rope" were going to wreck his train!

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of Mezzofanti.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the great linguist, was a native of Bologna, and in early life became remarkable for his facility in acquiring foreign languages. There are many anecdotes concerning him. A man from the north of Europe came to him one day and spoke a most difficult *patois*, which it was almost impossible to comprehend. As the Cardinal had never heard it before, he was peculiarly interested in it, and desired the man to come every day, and always to speak to him in that dialect, explaining the meaning of the different words through the medium of his scanty store of Italian. At length, to the utter amazement of the Northman, Cardinal Mezzofanti spoke to him in his own wild *patois*. "How could Monsignore have learned the language, for no other man in Rome except myself knows one word of it?" inquired he. The Cardinal laughingly said: "It is yourself who was my teacher. I never forget a word I once hear."

When he was a very young priest, he was summoned to hear the confessions of two criminals who were to die next day. Going into their deep, dark cells, he found they could not understand one word he said. Discovering what was their native land, he retired to his room, and in one night acquired a sufficient knowledge of their language to hear their confessions. From that moment, it is said, he never had the slightest difficulty in acquiring any language.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The earliest English version of the Gospels, apart from interlinear word-for-word translations inserted into Latin MSS., or traditional translations such as those of Venerable Bede or King Alfred, was produced early in the 11th century. A copy of this version on vellum is preserved in the British Museum.

—“Hints and Helps for Those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady,” by Father Mullan, S. J. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is clear, complete, and inspiring. It should strengthen weak organizations by its counsels, and give renewed impetus to those already doing good work. Too often Sodalities of Children of Mary become inefficient through lack of proper attention to aim and organization. In such cases, Father Mullan’s book should be as good as a retreat.

—In no respect are the encyclopedias, treatises, biographies, etc., of recent years so superior to those of a century ago as in the matter of the bibliographies appended to the different articles of the first-named class, and furnished at the end of the other books. A classified list of the authorities on the theme discussed is now regarded as so essential to the completeness of a volume that its absence is resented almost as strongly as that of a good table of contents or an adequate index.

—It is not surprising that the appearance of “Ouida’s” name in the recently published list of pensions on the Civil List, with those of two granddaughters of Robert Burns, the widow of Prof. Maitland, and others not less worthy, should have occasioned some dissatisfaction in England. The *Athenæum* remarks: “Cases of enduring and ill-paid work occur to us as far more deserving of official recognition than that of any prolific purveyor of flamboyant fiction. It would be interesting to know on what kind of advice these awards are made.”

—“Contemplative Prayer,” by Dom B. Weld-Blundell, is practically Father Baker’s “*Sancta Sophia*” in a modernized form. It is not intended to supersede the admirable treatise which for three centuries has led souls to heights of contemplation; indeed those who have learned to love it even in its quaint old phraseology would not take kindly to a revised version. The present work is designed to attract those who do not know “*Sancta Sophia*” to study the truths laid down in that treasury of spiritual life, and to this end Dom Weld-Blundell has reverently re-presented the principles in modern terms of thought. The object of Father Baker

was to lead souls to contemplation, which the editor of the present edition explains as the process by which “the soul without discourse, without inquisitive speculation, without the use even of the internal sense or of sensible images, regards God simply as infinite, incomprehensible Truth. It is a pure, simple, reposeful operation of the mind, by which God is contemplated in the obscurity of faith.” Published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

—The American Book Co. send as their latest contributions to school libraries—Mrs. Gaskell’s “*Cranford*,” and Hawke’s “*Trail to the Woods*.” The delightful old English story needs no recommendation; but we hope that students who read this new edition of it will not think of the questions at the end of the book while forming the acquaintance of Miss Matty, Miss Betsy Barker, Miss Jenkyns, and the other estimable characters who made “*Cranford*” famous. The “*Trail to the Woods*” is, of course, a “nature-book,” and one hesitates to speak of the stories therein until a certain high authority on such literature has given his opinion.

—The recent beatification of the venerable foundress of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame (Namur), lends renewed interest to her blessed life of activity in the service of God. The brief record of her labors lovingly presented by one of her own religious—“*The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard*,” by a Sister of Notre Dame—should have many readers; for there is no page of it without strong evidences of Mother Julie’s special call to heights of sanctity and to broad fields of charity. This noble servant of God was born in 1751 and died in 1816. Twenty-two years, from 1780 to 1802, she spent on a couch of suffering; but they were harvest years of grace for her, and when God willed that she should arise and take up the work destined for her, she was ready to carry out the divine behest. Mother Julie’s life-work needs no printed record: it is embodied in the community she founded and in the religious who call her Mother. Yet the present little book may reach some who otherwise might not know of this saintly soul. Veneration and love for Blessed Julie Billiard make us wish that her “*Life*” had been set forth in better style, from a publisher’s point of view. Benziger Brothers.

—A well-known London publisher, in a letter to “the leading literary journal of the British Empire,” suggests that Mr. Carnegie, in the case of any further benefactions in the way of

public libraries, would do well to reserve at least 25 per cent. of the total sum of endowment for the purchase of books. The occasion of the letter was an application—no isolated one—for a small present of books to help fill the shelves of a library presented by the Laird o' Skibo. The long-suffering publisher says:

A considerable number of library secretaries seem to imagine that in some mysterious way publishers bring books into the world without incurring expense, and are in a position to give away freely what has cost them nothing. Undoubtedly each such applicant thinks only of his own "modest" request; but I shall be borne out by my colleagues when I say that if all such applications were granted, entire editions would be required.

The present is a particularly flagrant instance of an application that should be sternly resisted on grounds of principle. It is admitted that the library building has been given to the town; it is admitted that a rate is levied upon all inhabitants, whether they use the library or not; and yet the producers of the very articles for the supply of which all this outlay, either gratuitous or forced, has been incurred, are now asked to provide them gratis. It is much as if the town in question should determine to give free meals to the indigent, should accept the gift of a dining-hall, should force the ratepayers to contribute, and then—should dun Smithfield Market for gratuitous beefsteaks. Is it not time that Municipal and other authorities recognized that libraries exist, not for the purpose of keeping the building trade going, not even for the purpose of paying miserably attenuated salaries, but for the purpose of disseminating and encouraging literature,—a purpose which can be best effected by purchasing what the man of letters produces? No library scheme should, I would urge, be considered unless it makes ample provision for this, the primary purpose of a library.

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.

- "Hints and Helps for Those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J., \$1.10.
- "Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.
- "Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.
- "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
- "The Protestant Reformation." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 40 cts.
- "Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.

- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.
- "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
- "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.
- "A Method of Conversing with God." Father Boutauld, S. J. 30 cts.
- "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.
- "Round the World." Vol. III. 85 cts.
- "The Religious Persecution in France." J. Napier Brodhead. \$1.35, net.
- "Indulgences, their Origin, Nature and Development." Alexius Lépiciér, 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.

Obituary.

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

Very Rev. William Rigby, of the diocese of Hexam; Rev. Francis Miskiewicz, diocese of Pittsburg; Rev. William Ahearn, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. Thomas Killeen, diocese of Newark.

Mr. George Sunderland, Mr. Arthur Judge, Mrs. Ann Hines, Mrs. Margaret Fortune, Mr. Joseph Peters, Mr. Timothy Devlin, Mrs. Catherine Dolphin, Mr. John McDonald, Capt. Leo Vogel, Mr. John Lennon, Mrs. Pauline Denk, Mr. Peter McGivern, and Dr. Charles Siegler.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 17, 1907.

NO. 7.

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

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HE did not wait in time; for He, the Lord
Of time, knows not the load of weary years.
And yet He waited, with no human fears
As those we lose when Love is fast restored
After its loss;—th' angelic hymning soared
As if she were not absent;—the Throng hears
A new tone in the singing, as she nears
The waiting throne, and sweeter is the chord
Of the vast music,—as in Galilee,
When, docile to the Master, she gavè all,
She still obeys; the course of time has run,—
Her Lord has willed it,—raptured, swift and free,
At last she rises at His tender call;—
They meet,—eternal!—Mother and her Son.

Some Bookmen and Libraries of the Thirteenth Century.*

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

TO most people it will appear eminently paradoxical to talk of libraries and book collectors before the end of the Middle Ages. Book collecting is supposed to date at the earliest from the invention of printing. We realize how much the generations of the thirteenth century did for art and education by the erection of cathedrals and the foundation of universities, yet we do not associate these landmarks of æsthetic and intellectual development with a corre-

sponding movement in the making and appreciation of books that stamps the century as one of the most interesting of all time in its bibliopolic aspects. The recent importation by Mr. Pierpont Morgan—at a cost, it is said, of \$25,000—of the famous Bible of Cluny, which is one of the most precious products of this earlier age of bookmaking, should recall attention to a great book period, and make the present an opportune moment to renew the memory of something that was done by these first bibliophiles of modern times.

As the thirteenth century begins some two hundred and fifty years before the art of printing was introduced, it may seem idle to talk of libraries, and especially of circulating libraries, during this period. Any such false impression, however, is founded entirely upon the lack of knowledge of the true state of affairs during this wonderful period. A diocesan council held in Paris in 1212, with other words of advice to religious, recalled to them their obligation to lend such books as they might possess—with proper guarantees for their return, of course,—to those who might make good use of them. The council, indeed, formally declared that the lending of books was one of the Works of Mercy. The cathedral Chapters of Notre-Dame at Paris was one of the leaders in this matter, and there are records of their having lent many books

* This article is an abstract from a forthcoming book on the "Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries," which is to be published by the Catholic Summer School Press. The book has for its nucleus a series of lectures delivered in the Winter Extension Course of the Catholic Summer School in New York city, and subsequently before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

during the thirteenth century. At most of the abbeys around Paris there were considerable libraries, and in them also the lending custom obtained. This is true especially of the Abbey of St. Victor, of which the rule and records are extant.

Of course it will be realized that the number of books was not large; but, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that many of them were works of art in every particular; and some of them that have come down to us continue to be even at the present day among the most precious bibliopolic treasures of great State and city libraries. Their value depends not alone on their antiquity, but on their perfection as works of art. In general it may be said that the Missals and Office books, and the prayer-books made at this time for royal personages and the nobility, are yet counted among the best examples of bookmaking the world has ever seen.

It is not surprising that such should be the case, since these books were mainly meant for use in the cathedrals and the chapels of the period; and these edifices were so beautiful in every detail that the generations which made them could not think of making, for use in them, books that would be unworthy of the environment for which they were intended. With candlesticks, vessels, and implements used in the ceremonials, of surpassing artistic quality; with every form of decoration so nearly perfect as to be a source of unending admiration; with the vestments and altar linens, specimens of the most beautiful hand-work of their kind that had ever been made,—the books associated with them had to be beautiful in execution, expressive of the most refined taste, and finished with an attention utterly regardless of the time and labor that might be required, since the sole object was to make everything as absolutely beautiful as possible. Hence there is no dearth of wonderful examples of the bookmaking of this century in all the great libraries of the world.

The libraries themselves, moreover, are of surpassing interest because of their rules and management; for, little as it might be expected, this wonderful century anticipated in these matters most of our very modern library regulations. The bookmen of the time not only made beautiful books, but they made every provision to secure their free circulation, and to render them available to as many people as was consonant with proper care of the books and the true purposes of libraries.

The constitutions of the Abbey St. Victor of Paris give us an excellent idea at once of the solicitude with which the books were guarded, and also of the careful effort that was made to render them useful to as many persons as possible. One of the most important rules at St. Victor was that the librarian should know the contents of every volume in the library, in order to be able to direct in their selection those who might wish to consult the books; and, while thus sparing the books unnecessary handling, also save the reader's precious time. We are apt to think that it is only in very modern times that this training of a librarian to know his books so as to be of help to the reader was insisted on; here, however, we find it in full force seven centuries ago. It would be much more difficult in the present day to know all the books confided to his care, but some of the librarians at St. Victor were noted for the perfection of their knowledge in this regard, and were often consulted by those who were interested in various subjects.

In his book on the thirteenth century,* M. A. Lecoy de la Marche says that in France, at least, circulating libraries were quite common. As might be expected of the people of so practical a century, it was they who first established the rule that a book might be taken out provided its value were deposited by the borrower. Such lending libraries were to be found at the Sorbonne, at Saint-Germain-des-Prés, as well as at Notre-Dame. There was also

* "Le Treizième Siècle Littéraire et Scientifique." Lille, 1857.

a famous library at this time at Corbie, but practically every one of the large abbeys had a library from which books could be obtained. Certain of the castles of the nobility—as, for instance, that of La Ferte en Ponthieu—had libraries, with regard to which there is a record that the librarian had the custom of lending certain volumes, provided the person was known to him and assumed responsibility for the book.

Some of the regulations of the libraries of the century have an interest all their own, from the exact care that was required with regard to the books. The Sorbonne, for example, had a regulation which inflicted a fine upon any one who neglected to close large volumes after he had been making use of them. Many a librarian of modern times would be glad to put into effect such a regulation as this. A severe fine was inflicted upon any library assistant who allowed a stranger to go into the library alone; there was another fine for any one who did not take care to close the doors. It seems not unlikely that these regulations, as M. Lecoy de la Marche says, were in vogue in many of the ecclesiastical and secular libraries of the time.

Some of the regulations of St. Victor are quite as interesting, and show the liberal spirit of the period, as well as indicate how completely what is most modern in library management was anticipated. The librarian had entire charge of the books of the community, was required to have a detailed list of them, and each year to have them in his possession at least three times. On him was placed the obligation to see that the books were not destroyed in any way, either by parasites of any kind or by dampness. The librarian was required to arrange the books in such a manner as to make the finding of them prompt and easy. No book was allowed to be borrowed unless some pledge for its safe return were left with the librarian. This was emphasized particularly for strangers, who had to give a pledge equal to the value of the book. In all cases, how-

ever, the name of the borrower was to be taken, as also the title of the book borrowed, and the kind of pledge left. The larger and more precious books could not be borrowed without the special permission of the superior.

The origin of the various libraries in Paris is very interesting, as showing that the mode of accumulating books was nearly the same as that which exists in university and other libraries at the present time. The library of La Sainte Chapelle was founded by Louis IX., and, being continuously enriched by the deposit therein of the archives of the kingdom, soon became of the first importance. Many precious volumes that were given as presents to St. Louis found their way into this library, and made it during his lifetime the most valuable collection of books in Paris. Louis, moreover, expended much time and money in adding to the library. He made it a point, whenever on his journeys he stopped at abbeys or other ecclesiastical houses, to find out what books were in their library that were not at La Sainte Chapelle, and had copies of these made. His intimate friendship with Robert of Sorbonne, with St. Thomas of Aquin, with St. Bonaventure, and above all with Vincent of Beauvais, the famous encyclopedist of the century, widened his interest in books, and must have made him an excellent judge of what he ought to procure to complete the library. It was, as we shall see, Louis' munificent patronage that enabled Vincent to accumulate that precious store of medieval knowledge which was to prove a mine of information for so many subsequent generations.

From the earliest days certain books, mainly on medicine, were collected at the Hôtel-Dieu, the great hospital of Paris; and this collection was added to from time to time by the bequests of physicians in attendance there. This was doubtless the first regular hospital library, though probably medical books had also been collected at Salernum. Before the end of the thirteenth century, Montpellier had begun its

famous library of medical books. The principal colleges of the universities also made collections of books, some of them very valuable; though it would seem, as a rule, that no attempt was made to procure any other books than those which were absolutely needed for consultation by the students. The best working library at Paris was undoubtedly that of the Sorbonne, whose books were indeed for a long time its only treasures. For at first the Sorbonne was nothing but a teaching institution, which required only rooms for its lectures, and usually obtained these either by arrangement with the university authorities or with the canons of the cathedral; and it possessed no property except its library. From the very beginning the professors gave to its library whatever books they had collected, and this became a custom. It is easy to understand that within a very short time the library was one of the best in Europe. While most of the other libraries were devoted mainly to sacred literature, the Sorbonne came to possess a large number of works of profane literature.

Interesting details with regard to this library of the Sorbonne and its precious treasures have been given by M. Leopold Delisle, in the second volume of "*Le Cabinet des Manuscrits*," describing the MSS. of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris. According to M. Lecoy de la Marche, this gives an excellent idea of the persevering efforts which must have been required to bring together so many bibliographic treasures at a time when books were such a rarity; and consequently enables us, better almost than anything else, to appreciate the enthusiasm of the scholars of those early times, and their wonderful efforts to make the acquisition of knowledge easier not only for their own but for succeeding generations. When we recall that the library of the Sorbonne was during the thirteenth century open not only to the professors and students of the Sorbonne itself, but also to those interested in books and in literature, who might come from

elsewhere, provided they were properly accredited, we can realize to the full the thorough liberality of spirit of these early scholars. Usually we are prone to consider that this liberality of spirit, even in educational matters, came into the world much later.

In spite of the regulations demanding the greatest care, it is easy to understand that after a time even books written on vellum or parchment would become disfigured or worn under the ardent figures of enthusiastic students, when comparatively so few copies were available for general use. In order to replace these worn-out copies, every abbey had its own scriptorium, or writing room, where especially the younger monks who were gifted with plain handwriting were required to devote certain hours every day to the copying of manuscript. Manuscripts were borrowed from neighboring libraries, and copied; or, as in our modern day, exchanges of duplicate copies were made, to avoid the risk of losing precious manuscripts. How much the duty of transcription was valued may be appreciated from the fact that in some abbeys every novice was expected to bring, on the day of his profession as a religious, a volume of considerable size which had been carefully copied by his own hands.

Besides these methods of increasing the number of books in the library, a special sum of money was set aside in most of the abbeys for the procuring of additional volumes for the library by purchase. Usually this took the form of an ecclesiastical regulation requiring that a certain percentage of the revenues should be spent on the library. Scholars closely associated with the monasteries frequently bequeathed their books, or, besides, left money or incomes to be especially devoted to the improvement of the library. It is not surprising that, with all these sources of enrichment, many abbeys possessed excellent libraries. To quote only those of France, valuable collections of books were to be found at Cluny, Luxeuil, Fleury,

Saint-Martial, Moissac, Mortemer, Savigny, Foucarmont, Saint-Père-de-Chartres, Saint-Denis, Saint-Maurdes-Fosses, Saint-Corneille-de-Compiègne, Corbie, Saint-Amand; Saint-Martin-de-Tournai, where Vincent de Beauvais declared he found the greatest collections of manuscripts that existed in his time; and then especially the great Parisian abbeys already referred to—Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Saint Victor, Saint-Martin-des-Champs,—the precious treasures of which are well known to all those who are familiar with the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, of whose manuscript department their relics constitute the most valuable nucleus.

Some of the bequests of books that were made to libraries at this time are interesting, because they show the spirit of the testators, and also furnish valuable hints as to the consideration in which books were held, and the reverent care of their possessors for them. Peter of Nemours, Bishop of Paris, when setting out on the Crusades with Louis IX., bequeathed to the famous Abbey St. Victor his Bible, in twenty-two volumes, which was considered one of the finest copies of the Scriptures in existence at that time. To the Abbey of Olivet he gave his Psalter, with Glosses, beside the Epistles of St. Paul, and his Book of Sentences, the well-known work with that title by Peter Lombard. Finally, he gave to the Cathedral of Paris all the rest of his books. Besides these he had little to leave. It is typical of the reputation of Paris in that century, and the devotion of her churchmen to learning and culture, that practically all the revenues that he considered due him for his personal services had been invested in books, which he disposed of in a way to insure their doing the greatest possible good to the largest number of people. His Bible was evidently given to the Abbey of St. Victor because it was the sort of work that should be kept for the occasional reference of the learned rather than the frequent consultation of students, who might very well find all that

they desired in other and less valuable copies. His practical intention with regard to his books can be best judged from his gift to Notre-Dame, which, as already noted, possessed a very valuable library that was allowed to circulate among properly accredited scholars in Paris.

According to the will of Peter Ameil, Archbishop of Narbonne, which is dated 1238, he gave his books for the use of the scholars whom he had supported at the University of Paris; and they were to be deposited in the library at Notre-Dame, but on condition that they were not to be scattered for any reason, and were not to be sold or abused. This effort of the booklover to keep his books together is characteristic of all the after centuries, though most people will be surprised to find it manifesting itself so early in bibliopolitic history. The Archbishop, however, reserved his Bible for his own church. Before his death he had given the Dominicans in his diocese many volumes from his library. The churchman of the first half of the thirteenth century seems evidently to deserve a prominent place among the bookmen of all times.

There are records of many others who bequeathed libraries and gave books during their lifetime to various institutions, as may be found in the "Literary History of France,"* and in the various histories of the University of Paris. Many of these gifts were made with the stipulation that they should not be sold, and the constantly recurring condition made by these booklovers is that their collections should be kept together. The libraries of Paris, however, were also in the market for books; and there is proof that the Sorbonne purchased a number of volumes because the cost price of them was noted inside the cover, as is the custom in our own

* "Histoire Littéraire de la France." This is the monumental work of the Benedictines of St. Maur, which was completed by members of the French Institute during the nineteenth century, because the Benedictines had been suppressed by the French Government at the time of the Revolution.

days. When we realize the forbidding cost of these books, it is surprising that there should be so much to say about them and so many of them were constantly changing hands. An ordinary folio volume probably cost from 400 to 500 francs,—that is, between \$80 and \$100.

While the older abbeys of the Benedictines and other earlier religious Orders possessed magnificent collections of books, the newer Orders of the thirteenth century—the Mendicants, though, as their name indicates, they were bound to live by alms given them by the faithful—within a short time after their foundation began to take a prominent part in the library movement. It was in the southern part of France that the Dominicans were strongest, and so there is record of regulation for libraries made at Toulouse in the early part of the thirteenth century. In Paris in 1239 considerable time and discussion was devoted in one of the chapters of the Order to the question of how books should be kept, and how the library should be increased. With regard to the Franciscans, though their poverty is if possible stricter, practically the same thing is known before the end of the century. In both Orders arrangements were made for the copying of important works; and it is, of course, to the zeal and enthusiasm of the younger members of these Orders that we owe the preservation, by means of a large number of manuscript copies, of the writings of such men as Albertus Magnus, Saint Thomas, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and numerous others.

WHOEVER has direction of souls should deal with them as God and the angels do, — with admonitions, suggestions, entreaties, and “with all patience and doctrine.” He must knock at the door of the heart like the Spouse, and try gently to open it; if he succeeds, he must introduce salvation with gladness; but if a refusal comes, he should bear it patiently. It is thus that Our Lord acts.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I.

IN a small dingy sitting-room on the top floor of a shabby lodging-house, in Adam Street, Monica Devereux and her mother sat hand in hand, an open letter lying before them on the table.

“I can not believe it,” Monica murmured huskily, her eyes brimming over with tears, her usually pale cheeks flushed, and her heart beating tumultuously, as she took up the letter and read it slowly over once more. “That I should succeed to Uncle Patrick’s fine house and property seems incredible, and I feel sure there is a mistake somewhere.”

“Yet it is all stated plainly and circumstantially, Monica,” Mrs. Devereux said, in great excitement, “by an able and conscientious lawyer. Some of the facts we know for ourselves—namely, that some months ago Sir Patrick and his two fine boys were drowned yachting; and that Hugh Devereux, your cousin, was then heir to all the property and the title. But now that he is gone, cruelly murdered in the Australian Bush, you are the rightful owner of Slievenagh House and several thousands a year, the rest of Sir Patrick’s estate going with the title. My darling, it is marvellous, glorious! Thank God for your good fortune! And from my heart” (taking her in her arms and kissing her tenderly) “I congratulate you.”

“Thank you, mother!” said Monica, her voice still trembling with emotion. “But I feel—that there must be a mistake.”

“Nonsense, child! William Usher is too clever and sensible to make a mistake of that kind. You may take his word for it when he says a thing is true. I do hope and trust you may enjoy your good fortune for many, many years.”

Monica sighed heavily, and passed her hand across her brow.

“’Tis a great responsibility, mother. A

spinster of thirty-two doesn't want so much money."

"Spinster! Pooh! You need not remain long a spinster, my dear. There'll be wooers in plenty" (gaily) "for the mistress of Slievenagh House."

A shadow crossed Monica's grey eyes, and she flushed to her hair.

"There is only one man in the whole world I could marry, mother, rich or poor," she said in a low voice. "Since he is lost to me, I'll live and die Monica Devereux."

"You have wasted your youth" (sighing heavily). "thinking of Philip Darien. Be courageous, darling, and forget him."

Monica raised her hand quickly.

"Hush, mother! That is—but" (smiling, and pressing her lips to her cheek) "I am not going to be down-hearted or gloomy. You and I will now have a thoroughly good time. I shall leave the office, of course, at once. And, oh, I hope I may never see a typewriting machine again! And I'll certainly never take down a letter in shorthand during the rest of my life. Poor Hugh! He, too, had to work and toil, and in a wild and distant country. 'Twas hard to die out there just when peace and prosperity awaited him at home. May God be merciful to him! We must pray for him, mother, and have Masses said for the dear fellow's soul."

"Yes, dear, yes! We must see to that at once."

"I wonder" (sadly) "if he knew—if he had heard of the sudden death of Uncle Patrick and those two fine boys?"

"Most probably not. News travels slowly to such distant parts of the world."

"So it does. And that" (with sudden excitement) "is what makes me fear that there is a mistake, and that he is not dead, but alive, and suffering want and privation, whilst I spend his money."

"My dear child, dismiss the thought. Such a thing is impossible, in the face of that letter from Mr. Usher."

"I suppose so, as" (glancing again at the solicitor's lengthy and business-like communication) "I see he states that he

has had the evidence of an eye-witness—a man who saw Hugh dead,—and the police who visited his lonely grave, and also the hut, in a desolate part of the Bush, where he lived, and found it deserted and empty."

"Well, after all that you need doubt no more. Poor Hugh is gone; and, since he was not married, and left no heir, you, my darling, are by right undisputed mistress of Slievenagh House, and its good rent roll. 'Tis a fine inheritance, and ought to make you both grateful and happy."

"It ought to, and, believe me, I am not ungrateful, mother. I confess I shall enjoy prosperity. But" (sighing) "this is not the happiness I've longed for all these years. I'd rather far that the Devereux had lived to enjoy their own, and that—"

"We do not always know what's best for us, Monica," Mrs. Devereux observed. "What you have looked upon as a trouble, all these years, is in reality a blessing—"

"Oh, don't, mother!" (covering her burning cheeks with her hands.) "I—I can not bear that."

"My darling, I wouldn't hurt you for worlds. But my faith in Philip Darien is not like yours."

"I know. But you liked him, thought him handsome, and, oh"—she seized her mother's hands, her eyes lighting up with sudden joy—"supposing he were to return now by some happy chance, you would not prevent our marriage?"

Mrs. Devereux changed color. Then, bending, she impressed a kiss on her daughter's quivering lips.

"I should never oppose anything that meant happiness for you, dear child."

"Sweet mother! And" (radiant and smiling) "something tells me Philip will come back."

"Your good fortune has turned your head, dear. To my mind there is nothing more unlikely. I believe" (sadly) "Philip Darien has forgotten—"

"Mother, no!" Monica's eyes flashed. "Phil is true, and the moment he can he will come back to me. That he swore when

he went away. Till I hear of his death, I'll believe in him and trust him. When he dies" (a sob choked her) "life will have little left for me."

"You have a heart of gold, my Monica, and you deserve to be happy. So for your sake I'd welcome Philip Darien."

"Mother, you are an angel! And now you'll hear no more of my woes. Happen what may, I'll keep them to myself. From to-day I'll think and talk only of my good fortune. Together we'll go to Ireland, see the old house—"

"Softly, dear child! Not yet. There will be much to be done first. There will be papers and documents of all kinds to sign. Lawyers have many things to do before an affair of this kind is settled."

"But," and Monica glanced round the dingy room, "we must get out of this, mother."

"Certainly. We must see Mr. Usher about that and other things to-morrow. There is a house that might suit us, to let and furnished, in Montagu Square."

"How lovely!" laughed Monica, the color rising in her pale cheeks. "Just fancy our living in Montagu Square! I shall feel like a princess."

"Montagu Square is very nice," Mrs. Devereux answered gaily; "and will serve as a stepping-stone to still better things."

II.

The visit to Mr. Usher's office next day was highly satisfactory, and lifted a load from Monica's mind.

"Had you been a man, Miss Devereux," the old solicitor remarked, "you would now be a baronet. As it is, the title passes to a distant cousin—a widower with one little boy."

"Poor Hugh!" Monica sighed. "And you are sure, quite sure, that he is dead?"

"Quite," he answered with decision. "I have investigated the matter thoroughly, and proved his death. I have found the place where he died, seen a photograph of his grave."

"You are sure," Monica asked, a little

nervously, "that Hugh was not married, has left no child?"

The lawyer smiled, a pitying, amused smile.

"Yes, quite sure—absolutely sure, Miss Devereux. I have made every possible inquiry, sifted the matter to the bottom, offered a large reward for evidence."

"Which was claimed?" (eagerly) "Oh, by whom, Mr. Usher?"

"By two men who gave me a circumstantial account of the poor fellow's death. He was shot by some wild bushrangers to whom he refused money. These men, friends of Hugh, arrived too late to save him. He was dead, his hut ransacked, the ruffians gone."

"Could I see these men—talk to them?"

"I think not. Such a thing would be painful, and is unnecessary. Besides, I have no idea where they are. When they were paid their reward, they spoke of returning to Australia."

"And they were sure Hugh died unmarried,—that he left neither wife nor child?"

"Quite. You may make your mind easy, Miss Devereux. You'll never be disturbed in your possessions. You may take my word for that."

"I will. I feel confident now that you are right. At first I doubted—was afraid to make any change—to spend one penny."

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Usher, "have no fear. You are the absolute owner of Slievenagh House and the surrounding property. You will, I feel sure, make a noble use of your inheritance. May you know only peace and happiness!"

"Thank you! And now," said Monica, as she blushed, and unbuttoned and buttoned her gloves nervously, "I wish—would be glad if you would make inquiries for us about a Mr. Philip Darien who went to Australia some years ago."

Mr. Usher looked at her quickly; then, with tightening lips, sat down in silence at his desk.

"I would like a few particulars, please," he said presently, taking up his pen, "as to dates and so forth; also as to what part

of Australia Mr. Philip Darien went first, Miss Devereux."

"Of course," Monica answered; and, in as quiet and unconcerned a manner as she could command, she told him all she knew of Philip Darien's movements during the last few years.

"'Tis not much to go upon," Mr. Usher remarked gravely, when she had finished. "But it is possible that before very long I may be able to tell you something of Mr. Darien."

"Thank you! I shall be grateful if you do," said Monica, her face brightening. "My mother will be pleased too. Mr. Darien's father was a very dear friend of hers."

This ended their interview, and Monica left the office with a light heart.

"Hum!" Mr. Usher closed the door, as his client passed out, and returned to his chair. "The task of looking for this Darien is not to my taste. Without knowing him, I, from the little she has told me, have formed anything but a good opinion of him. I have no desire to bring them together again. Poor Hugh! 'Tis sad to think that he is dead. Gladly would I have seen him, or a child of his, in possession of Slievenagh House. Not that I have a word to say against Monica Devereux. She is a fine creature. But this fancy, this anxiety to find Philip Darien vexes me sorely."

III.

After her interview with Mr. Usher, Monica became a changed being. There was a light in her eyes, a color in her cheeks, and a smile on her lips, that made her look ten years younger than her age, and a good fifteen less than the worn, worried woman who had been wont to spend her days typewriting and taking down letters in shorthand in a city office.

"Monica grows young and pretty again," her mother thought joyfully; "and talks no more of Philip Darien. Her good fortune has changed her just as I hoped it would."

But, though she did not mention his name, Monica's thoughts were full of Philip Darien. Since Mr. Usher had told

her that there was a chance of his being able to give her news of the wanderer, hope had been strong within her; and every day, every hour, she felt more and more convinced that he would return, that he had been true to her. This certainty made her heart beat high. It brought the color to her face, and filled her with a happiness of which she was shy to speak even to her mother.

One evening—the very last, she told herself, of the old life in Adam Street, as they were moving into the pretty house in Montagu Square next day,—she knelt before a big trunk which she was busily packing, when the maid-servant brought her a letter which, she said, a gentleman had left, asking that it might be delivered to her at once.

"A bill, I suppose," Monica said,— "something overlooked." Her voice died away; she grew red, then pale. "Mother!" she gasped,— "O mother, mother, this is from—Philip."

"Philip? What Philip, dear?"

"There's only one Philip in the world that interests me, mother,—my Philip—Philip Darien. And this letter is from him."

"Monica? After all these years?"

"After all these years!" said Monica, exultingly. "And he is coming—is in England now. He has made a little money, the dear fellow!"—her voice choking with emotion,— "and comes back to share it with me. He hopes, expects to find me here in our old rooms. Think of his remembering! And, oh, I am glad we are here still! It simplifies matters. And the dear fellow" (softly) "must be told the news very gently; for the thought of my being rich might trouble him. If all were arranged first—then" (blushing and tremulous), "he—oh, yes, mother" (laying her hand upon Mrs. Devereux's arm), "we must change our plans!"

"Monica? How?"

"By staying here a few days longer. For many reasons I'd like to meet, to receive Philip here first. He is—he was so sensitive."

"I should never have thought it, Monica," said her mother.

"But, then, you did not know, did not understand the dear fellow as I did."

"Perhaps not. But, Monica, I wish—I hate to say it—to give you pain—I do wish this man, dear one, had stayed away."

"Mother!" Monica flushed hotly. "'Tis unkind to say so when you know all that he is to me."

"That, my darling" (sadly), "is just the reason. But there! I will not vex you. Your happiness is all I desire, all I live for."

Monica kissed her tenderly.

"Dear child! Alas, 'tis a pity you should be so faithful!" said the mother.

"Hush, *madre mia!* You would not care to see me blown about, changing with every wind?"

"No, dear,—no. But still—"

"No more 'buts,' dear," said Monica, blinking away the tears that hung upon her eyelashes. "You must rejoice and be happy, as I am. And now don't you think it is best to wait—to stay here a little longer?"

"As you please, dear. But, indeed, I'm longing to get to our new home."

"Ah! Well, we'll soon go,—in a week, perhaps."

"Not for a week, Monica?"

"Well, dear, I can hardly say. Philip does not tell me where he is. I" (her lips trembling) "have no idea how long it may be before he comes—and then—"

"I understand, dear. Don't worry," the mother said soothingly. "Stay here just as long as you please."

"You are good. But will the servants—they are all in Montagu Square to-day—wonder, ask questions, if we do not appear?"

"I'll go round now and tell the house-keeper that business has detained us here."

"Very well, mother. And" (glancing at the dresses that lay upon sofas and chairs ready to be packed) "we'll put these away when you come back. I'll be more ready to take an interest in commonplace things by and by."

Mrs. Devereux kissed Monica tenderly, and, putting on her bonnet and mantle, left the room in silence.

As she walked across Gloucester Place, two men—one a ruffianly-looking fellow, with slouching gait and roughly clad; the other tall, handsome, well-dressed—passed her so closely that they almost jostled her as they went by. But, absorbed in thought, she did not notice them, little dreaming that the subject of her reflections was so near. Yet so it was. With set teeth and clenched fists, Philip Darien strode past, as unconscious of her presence as she was of his.

"This is intolerable, Davy, and must not go on," he said angrily, glaring into the red, bloated face of the man at his elbow. "Life isn't worth living with you hanging on to me like this."

"I'meazy got rid of," Davy grinned. "You know what I want. Hand it over, guvnor, and I'll leave you in peace—for a bit."

"I've no money for you. Our bond was for a sum to be paid when everything was settled, my marriage an accomplished fact."

"But I can't wait. I've got to live, drink and eat," growled Davy. "And if you will shilly-shally, and don't go near the girl, how is the marriage to come off?"

"Things had to be settled, the lawyer satisfied. Till the fact of Hugh Devereux's death was completely established, and—"

"The girl fixed up as his heiress? I understand. We've done that for you—Henry Trelawny and I. We swore to much, and" (chuckling) "kept back more. But we want our money now. England is an expensive place."

"You'll get it presently—certain. But don't hound me. Do as Henry does. Wait till—well, till things are settled up."

"Henry is a blooming ass,—does things in a gentlemanly way. Besides, he has friends,—can afford to wait. Give me a quid, guvnor, or, by—"

Darien put his hand in his pocket and very reluctantly drew out a sovereign.

"Here, take this. It's all but my last. And for heaven's sake go!"

"All right, guvnor! I'm off. But settle things up. This won't last long." And, with a wink and a nod, he went on down the street.

Watching him till he disappeared into the nearest public house, Darien's face became more cheerful-looking, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"Safe there for a bit," he told himself, with intense satisfaction; "and hasn't the ghost of an idea where I'm going. He's lost the scent, thanks to that quid and the convenient 'pub' down there. Well, we must be thankful for small mercies. It would never do to let Davy even guess where Monica lived. He's such a scoundrel there's no knowing what lies he'd think fit to tell her. What a blessing it will be when it's all settled up, and those two chaps go back to the wilds again! But here goes for my first interview! I'm a bit quick after my letter; but, pestered as I am, I couldn't wait. By Jove, it's a ticklish moment! There's no knowing how Monica will receive me. Still, I'm hopeful. She's one of the faithful sort; and the idea that I have been true—ahem!—and have returned, believing her to be poor, to share my earnings with her, will touch her to the heart. And really—well, I'm a good-looking fellow, not a bad match for" (laughing) "any heiress."

Then, straightening his collar, he crossed the street, and, ringing the bell at No. 40, asked if Miss Devereux was at home. The maid replied quickly in the affirmative, and without a moment's hesitation invited him to walk in.

As her mother had left the room, Monica threw herself into an armchair, and gave herself up to thrilling and entrancing day-dreams. She idealized the past, and cast a halo over the future. For many years she had longed for this assurance of her old lover's fidelity,—this certainty that he would soon return, ready and eager to make her his wife. She saw him, as she had seen him ten years before, slight, graceful, charming; and as his voice, sounding like sweet music, rang in her ears,

as she felt the touch of his hand, saw the love-light in his eyes, she bowed her head upon her hands and burst into tears.

"How foolish I am!" she laughed presently. "And yet—oh, the joy is almost too much!"

Footsteps on the stairs made her look up and listen. Some one crossed the landing; then, stopping at the sitting-room door, slowly opened it.

"May I come in?" asked a voice that sent the blood surging to her brain; and as a tall, broad-shouldered, elderly man appeared upon the threshold, she stood spellbound and trembling in the middle of the room.

"It—it can not be! I'm dreaming!" flashed through her mind; and, recovering herself, she took a step forward, saying: "Yes, come in. But—"

"The servant was pressed for time," the man said hurriedly. "She told me to introduce myself. So here I am, Monica! 'Tis years since we met. You have forgotten—do not recognize me. But," he came close to her side, "my name is Darien,—Philip Darien."

"Philip—you?" she grew white, then red, and white again, as she put her hand in his. "No—I have not forgotten! I am glad—to see you. Please—sit down."

(To be continued.)

A Meditation.

BY J. S. V.

1st Point—*Summer.*

THE trees are fair with Summer's green;
Each bough is decked out as a queen;
All wears a joyous, festive mien.

2d Point—*Winter.*

The trees are white with Winter's snow;
Each bough, with age, is bending low;
Leaves fall as fast as tears that flow.

3d Point—*Type of Man.*

So, boys are gay, and life's all fun;
But when at last their course is run,
They fall, as leaves fall, one by one.

An Irish Idyl.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH GUINAN.

THE old bachelors of the parish—and their name was legion—came in for a bad time of it during the mission; for in their discourses the good missionaries referred in scathing terms, again and again, to the miserable, forlorn condition, unsanitary houses, selfishness, cowardice, and spiritual destitution of these votaries of “single blessedness,”—an expression, by the way, which Shakespeare never intended to be used in such a connection. While manifestly imprudent and improvident unions were, of course, deprecated, the young people received much encouragement to put a large trust in the goodness of Providence and marry for love, in the true Christian sense of the word, and depend for the means of subsistence on Him “who giveth to beasts their food, and to the young ravens that call upon Him.” As for the custom of driving hard bargains over the lady’s “fortune,” and maybe breaking up the “match” on the question of a cow, a calf, or a sheep, more or less, it was held up to well-deserved ridicule and contempt.

The first fruits of this liberal doctrine appeared very soon after the close of the mission. A young man called at the parochial house one evening after nightfall, and asked in a whisper to see Father Devoy. He began the interview with some obviously unnecessary remarks about the weather and the crops, while he twisted his hat nervously between his hands; and then, after clearing his throat a few times, at last declared that he was thinking of getting married and had come for the “lines.” It was evident he had rather vague notions about the meaning of the time-honored expression, which, however, he knew to be the customary way of introducing such a subject. Having broken the ice, he soon regained his composure, and gave Father Devoy all the information he desired.

He was the son of a laborer who lived in a bog cabin, and his earnings ran into eight shillings a week. His bride-elect was a neighbor’s child, also of the laboring class, who had been a servant until recently in a “big house” in the next parish, but had now left her situation and come home in order to marry him. She was bringing him a dowry, he proudly declared, of seven pounds, which she managed with difficulty to save during her years in service; for of course she sent the bulk of her wages regularly to her parents. She was just twenty-one, and he a year older. On the strength of this fortune, out of which the wedding expenses were to come, they were about to set up housekeeping and begin life. This surely was taking the advice of the missionaries in the letter and the spirit.

“Where do you mean to live when you are married?” Father Devoy asked. “I understand you have no home of your own, since you are living with your parents.”

“Yes, your reverence,” he said, “I have a house of my own nearly finished,—a new bog-sod cabin that I built myself. I put the scraws on the roof a few days ago, and I’ll have it thatched, please God, before the wedding. The landlord is giving me three roods of a cutaway bog garden, not far from the little girl’s place, at fairly cheap rent, and a turf-bank at five shillings a perch. It’s a small estate, your reverence, but I’m glad to have that same; with the garden and my earnings, I expect, with the blessing of God, to be able to live somehow. My father reared ten of us on a place not much larger. Maybe we’ll be as happy as if we had a palace. I have a pair of willing hands; and, so long as God leaves me health and strength, never fear my wife won’t starve.”

“I suppose your parents consent, on both sides?” Father Devoy remarked.

“Well, your reverence,” was the reply, “I can’t say they do—exactly. They’re not for allowing us to marry yet a while, although they know we’re chatting this long time. I don’t like to see our people

falling out over it, since they are near neighbors and were always good friends; so I hope your reverence will put in a good word for us with them, and show them how unreasonable they are. In fact, that's the most thing that brought me to you this evening, barring the 'lines,' and asking you not to be too hard on me about the marriage money,—begging your pardon for mentioning such a thing!"

"Perhaps they have good reasons for objecting to the marriage," Father Devoy remarked.

"The sorra one, your reverence," he replied, "except that they don't want to lose our little earnings; although both my parents and hers have other sons and daughters working for them, and bringing them in good money regularly. We'd be long sorry, your reverence, both of us, to leave the old people in want; but they never need do a hand's turn. And it's unreasonable of them to covet our wages and object to us getting married, since they know we're bent on it. Besides, we're only taking the advice of the missionaries, God bless them! Didn't they say the whole parish was pestered with ould bachelors, and that they should be brought up on the hill of Endrim and made a target of?"

Well, Father Devoy undertook the office of peacemaker; and, having found the case to be exactly as represented by the young man, he succeeded in smoothing over the difficulty of the consent of the parents, who at length gave their blessing to the proposed union. So Kieran Kelly and Julia Condon were married, and Father Devoy was so easily satisfied in the matter of the marriage fee that the bridegroom had to force him to accept something more than the extremely modest amount he named for his services.

And a splendid couple they were as they stood before the altar on their wedding morning. In his brand-new suit that fitted his fine form like a glove, Kieran looked the very embodiment of vigorous young manhood,—strong-limbed, broad-should-

ered, and straight as an arrow, the proud and happy look of his dark eye contending with the bashfulness that betrayed itself in his open, ingenuous, boyish countenance. His bride, standing timidly beside him, in womanly grace and beauty, formed a fitting counterpart to a picture which it would be difficult to match anywhere. She was, indeed, a peerless specimen of the simple, modest, winsome peasant maiden. Dowered and ennobled by Nature with her choicest gifts, she needed not the adventitious aids of art to make her look a very queen among her sex. And, as she faltered the words in which she pledged her troth to her bold *buachaill*, there shone in her clear hazel eyes a whole heaven of truth, purity, and sweet womanly gentleness, the reflex of a heart and soul unspotted by this world. Happy is the land that has such as her for its wives and mothers; for they are its glory, its pride, and its crown.

The wedding in the new bog cabin was a right joyous one; the bride and bridegroom, two noted dancers, leading off amid a scene of wild merriment that made the frail house vibrate and dance in unison with the pleasant occasion. The new clay floor was effectually hardened and cemented that night by the "flying feet" of the light-hearted party, and gray dawn peeped in at the little window ere they had enjoyed themselves half enough. For the nonce all earthly cares were forgotten in the contagious gayety of the hour and the unrestrained abandon of innocent glee. When the blind fiddler snapped a string of his bow, an expert jigger took up the broken tune and carried it on triumphantly. The reel was varied by the lively tattoo of the hornpipe; and the song, by the droll story and the witty repartee; while the merry, silvery laughter of the girls mingled with the loud, hearty guffaws and cachinnations of the men. And of all the joyous throng none were happier than the young master and mistress of the bog-sod cabin.

It was a courageous way, indeed, for

a young couple to begin life,—a couple whose prospective income was a shilling a day, and whose estate consisted of three roods of half-reclaimed bog and a turf-bank. Trusting in the goodness of God as an unfailing reserve to fall back on in need, the Kieran Kellys and Julia Condrons of Ireland will, please God, continue to fling worldly foresight and prudence to the winds, and still marry for love and work for money on their little wind-swept patches in bog and mountain and moorland. On the beautiful principle, "Sure God is good," and with no other wealth than his health and strength and the coat on his back, the brave Irish *buachaill* will gaily undertake the task of breadwinner for wife and family, knowing full well that this means binding himself to a life of incessant and herculean toil. But his lot is sweetened and his courage sustained by the gentle, sunny-eyed colleen who has won the love of his big, honest heart; for, although she may be but a poor peasant's daughter, dowerless in the world's goods, and a child in the world's wisdom, yet is she a treasure beyond price,—another fair *Évangeline*, who

Will bring to her husband's house delight and
abundance,
Filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of
children.

Julia Condron might have had a much better home than her husband could offer her; for she refused a proposal of marriage from a man who was comparatively wealthy. He was estate bailiff to Major Wallace, owner of the "big house" in which Julia had been a servant. He had a good salary, a neat residence, and a snug farm, not to speak of other perquisites. He was young, too, and not devoid of good looks. Smitten by the girl's charms, he offered to make her mistress of his home. He was a Protestant, however; and she told him that the difference of religion was in itself an insuperable barrier. So infatuated was he with her that he finally agreed to become a convert in order to win her. It was a tempting prospect for a

penniless girl. But she knew that were she to accept him it would be a loveless union on her part; for the playmate of her childhood had long since won her young affections, and she knew that she could never be happy with any other, although Kieran was only a poor laborer earning his day's hire. Throwing worldly prudence, therefore, to the winds, she linked her lot, for better, for worse, with the man she loved; well knowing that the latter would probably predominate, so far as the material comforts of life were concerned. Hence, the marriage of our humble pair was not without its element of romance.

Needless to say, honeymoon there was none. They settled down at once to the prosaic business of making the pot boil, or rather of getting something to put in it first. A portion of the bride's fortune was invested in some turkeys; and the young husband returned to his work with the farmers at seven or eight shillings a week, laboring on his own inhospitable patch after hours until the darkness compelled him to desist. Toil-stained and weary, he would come home day after day to meet the smile, the welcome, and the creature comforts which the good, thrifty, tasty wife somehow managed to procure for her breadwinner, as if she had the genius of Aladdin's lamp always at her command. Thus, in spite of poverty and privations, they were happy in their little cabin in the "red bog."

Now for a glimpse of this simple couple a few years later, when new visitors had come to stay in the house of Kelly. We found the family out in the bog, for it was the season for converting the peat into fuel for the winter,—an operation familiar to every Irish "bog-trotter." In the present instance circumstances combined to render the scene more than ordinarily idyllic. It was a pretty picture of rural life in Ireland. Kieran was cutting the turf with a *slean*, in the use of which peculiar tool he showed great skill and dexterity. With wonderful rapidity he flung up the soft black sods out of the bog-

hole; while his wife, standing on a high bank near the edge of it, caught them in her hands deftly and gently, so as not to break them, and piled them on a low turf barrow. When she had a sufficient load, she bent to the task and wheeled it out a score of yards or more, and, by tilting the barrow over, spread the turf on the heather to dry; then she ran back, drawing the barrow now instead of pushing it,—an arrangement by which time was obviously saved. Barefooted as she was, and strong and vigorous, she gave her husband but little breathing space at his task, while she gave herself none at her own.

Their toil was, however, sweetened by the knowledge that they were working for themselves, and providing the material for a cheerful glow on their humble hearth during the long and cold winter nights. Both seemed in the best of good humor,—he singing blithely as he plied his slean, and she laughing heartily betimes at the merry pranks of their elder boy, a sturdy, rosy-cheeked urchin of two and a half years, who ran with her on her outward journey, and got a jaunt on the barrow on the return trip. The second youngest, who as yet was unable to walk, but expert at creeping on all fours, was prevented from straying too far by a novel and ingenious contrivance. A scarf was tied round the child's waist, a strong cord attached to it and fastened to a stake driven into the bog in a pleasant, level part, free from ruts or pitfalls. The happy youngster could thus disport himself within the charmed circle, the radius of which was the cord. When he cried occasionally at finding himself at the end of his tether, his fond mother would run to him with a kiss and a hug, and set him again in the centre of his orbit.

Finally, the youngest of the family, a three months' baby, was sleeping calmly and profoundly on a couch of soft bog-moss and tender sprouting heather, protected from the sun by an awning of bent willows, over which a shawl was extended. From time to time Mrs. Kelly left her work and raised the flap of the covering softly

and reverently, to see if all was well there, and feast her eyes on the cherub face of her baby girl. Perhaps she would linger a while to expel a vagrant, buzzing fly, which seemed bent on settling on the child's lips, probably mistaking them for a rosebud; or to watch her darling smiling in her sleep, and wonder what the angels were saying to their playmate. And her husband on such occasions leaned thoughtfully on his slean, and looked on with a tender expression in his moistened gaze; nor did he say a word to hurry her until it was her pleasure to return to her task. And when she did, and their eyes met, there was in them a glint of the old fond love-light that instantly recalled to both of them the well-remembered, pleasant days of their blissful sweethearting, when everything was tinted with the rose color of "love's young dream."

The turf-bank being a considerable distance from the farm, Mrs. Kelly has fetched the midday meal with her, and serves it on a smooth ledge of turf, which takes the place of a dining table. She holds the younger boy in her lap and shares her portion with him, while her husband helps the elder boy in like manner; and as the keen, hungry bog air has sharpened their appetites, they really enjoy their humble repast of griddle-cake and tea.

Nor were the strains of sweet music wanting to enliven the banquet; for a whole choir of skylarks made the air tingle with melody. Some were so high up in the blue empyrean that their song was scarce audible, and seemed like the dying echo of an angelic hymn; others were descending as they carolled with a wild, glad rapture borrowed from the skies; while more were in various stages of ascent, gradually working themselves into a fine frenzy of song as they soared higher and higher, making a grand symphony of sweet sounds, as if a troop of cherubim were going from earth heavenward. Never was feast cheered by more delightful music. Ah, it was indeed delightful to recline on the soft, warm peat, pleasant and yielding as

a pile of rich furs, and drink in the dreamy beauty of the scene; with the air, redolent of the heather and the golden gorse, fanning one's cheek like the breath of heaven.

When the frugal meal was over, the baby claimed Mrs. Kelly's maternal care for an interval; and her husband seized the opportunity to indulge in a forty-winks' nap, lulled into dreamless slumber by the languid air and the brooding silence, which, after all, the lark's trill and the plover's wail did but make more palpable. The two little boys also had fallen asleep—the busybody runner and the indefatigable creeper,—and were lying side by side on their father's coat, in close proximity to the faithful terrier who had established himself there to watch over them. And meanwhile the mother was crooning soft, soothing lullabies over the baby on her bosom, fondly watching the little blue eyes as they gradually closed, until she was the only one of the whole party wide awake. She then deposited the sleeping infant in its bower, and stirred up her lord and master to resume his work. And so the cutting and wheeling of the turf went on until the day wore to evening, when they wended their way home to the bog-sod cabin, tired and weary, but contented and happy,—ay, happier, perchance, than many a votary of fashion amid the cold splendors of a gilded palace.

Kieran and Mrs. Kelly reared a numerous family of healthful, handsome, intelligent children; and the courage of the heroic breadwinner never failed, nor did his brave helpmeet yield to despondency under her heavy, irksome burdens. The freshness of her beauty faded prematurely, no doubt; but her heart remained ever young,—young in its girlhood simplicity and innocence; young in hope and confidence in God's goodness; young in the deep, strong love of its plighted troth,—and that, too, even when he was old and broken with toil; young, in fine, with the perennial youth of a heart that is simple and childlike to the last.

A Strange Place for Confession.

IT was afternoon of the Saturday before Low Sunday. The numerous banks and large houses of business had for the most part closed early, as is usual in London on Saturdays; and the various employees—managers, cashiers, clerks, assistants of all sorts—were repairing to their homes in the outlying parts of the metropolis. The "Tube" and other electric underground railways were crowded with passengers, as were also the omnibuses on the roadway above. The vehicles that wended their way cityward were, on the other hand, comparatively empty.

On the roof of one of these omnibuses a Catholic priest was seated. He noticed that the driver glanced round several times in his direction with a doubtful, almost inquiring expression, and the conviction forced itself on him that the man was desirous of speaking to him. So as soon as the seat next to the coach-box was vacated—it was not one of the motor omnibuses—he took the opportunity thus afforded him of placing himself close to the driver, who looked round with a satisfied smile, saying:

"All right, Father!" The next moment, however, he added, with a sudden, anxious change of manner: "Is your reverence a Catholic priest,—a *Roman* Catholic?"

(It must be remembered that the so-called High Church Protestant clergy dress in exact imitation of Catholic priests, and even call themselves Catholics.)

"Yes, certainly," was the reply.

The conversation seemed destined to go no further; for the driver had to devote all his attention to his horses, as he had got into a rather congested part of the city, and it required all the skill and coolness of a practised hand to steer his way through the crowd of vehicles. When progress was again more easy, the driver once more looked at the priest, as if to invite him to speak.

What was the priest to say? He did

not care to talk of the weather or the state of the streets, so he asked whether the man was a Londoner? No; he was an Irishman. Yet even the dear land of his birth did not appear to be an interesting topic, and the priest felt sure that the man had something on his mind about which he could not begin. Suddenly the thought struck him that this was the last day but one for fulfilling the Easter precept, and, after a few more remarks about Ireland, he adroitly brought the conversation to that point, and put the question:

"Have you been to your duties this Easter?"

The man gave a sigh of relief.

"I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days I have been looking out for some priest to come up here, who would hear my confession."

"What! You would make your confession out here in all the noise and turmoil of the London streets? Why not go to the nearest church? Confessions will be heard in all our churches this evening up to a late hour."

The Irishman shook his head, and for a few minutes said nothing. Then he told the Father that he should not be off duty until midnight, so that he could not possibly go to a church. And as the next day was the last one for fulfilling the Easter precept, he was afraid it would be the same with him this year as it was last year. He had put off his confession till the last day; and, though he got up early, and went first to one, then to two other churches, he found so many persons round the confessionals that he knew if he waited for his turn he would be too late for his work. In fact, he had only just had time to hear Mass before hastening to the omnibus yard.

"If you will not hear me, Father," he concluded, "there will be little chance for me again this year."

"Have you got yourself ready?"

"Sure I have, for some days past. And I have said a 'Hail Mary' every morning that I might get the chance."

The priest hesitated no longer. He made the man promise not to put off confes-

sion again in that way next year; then he said: "Now begin at once."

On the busy thoroughfare, conveyances of every kind rolled more or less quickly on their way,—heavily-laden wagons, tradesmen's carts, motor cars, omnibuses, cabs, the elegant equipages of the rich, the trucks and trolleys of the poor. And amongst all this moving medley reckless cyclists threaded their perilous course. From the pavement on each side, above the din of the traffic rose the shrill cries of the vendors of newspapers, of flowers, of fruit, of cheap toys, and of all manner of wares, which they pressed upon the notice of the passers-by.

Meanwhile not one of all the noisy crowd and bustling throng had the least suspicion of what was passing on the top of the omnibus we know of. Only the angels of God, beside the two individuals immediately concerned, knew that the confession had been made and the absolution spoken; that a soul had made its peace with God and been restored to a state of grace. A serene smile on the weather-beaten features of the Irishman alone betrayed the gladness of his heart.

The priest had been carried far beyond his destination. Coming from the poverty-stricken East End of London, he had passed through the busiest, most crowded part of the West End, where the dwellings of the wealthy and leisurely classes are to be found. It need hardly be said that he did not regret the time thus spent. Before alighting, he asked the driver whether he had any objection to the incident being told to others; and the man said he might make any use of it he liked. Then they parted, after a solemn injunction had been given to the Irishman to be sure to go to Holy Communion early on the morrow.

Whenever the priest went by that road again, he looked at the omnibus drivers, thinking he might see his new friend once more. He never did see him; but he does not forget him, though he has long since left London, and is now in a convent on the Continent.

A Favored Family.

IN the eighteenth century there lived at Cajarc, in the diocese of Cahors, a remarkable family named Pelras. The particular generation of which we speak gave a priest and three nuns to the Church. Of the latter, all three entered the convent of the Ladies of Charity of Nevers; but the youngest, whose beauty attracted unwelcome notice, finally hid herself in the convent of Discalced Carmelites at Compiègne, little dreaming that this step was to secure for her the palm of martyrdom. Mother Emilienne Pelras became Superior-General of the Congregation of Charity; but Sister Teresa was distinguished for her bravery during the Reign of Terror.

Once when she was occupied with her duties in the hospital, a priest of her acquaintance came to the place in disguise. "Save me, Sister Teresa! I am discovered," he said. The Sister's presence of mind did not desert her; so, with a gentle "Follow me," she led him to a ward where a man had died a short time before. With surprising quickness she placed the corpse under the mattress, and, with the shroud just prepared for it, enveloped the hunted priest. Her almost masculine strength enabled her to carry him on her shoulders to the room where the dead awaited burial. In this troubled time people showed no surprise at seeing her perform such a duty. At the end of the staircase she suddenly came face to face with an angry mob, who cried out excitedly: "Citizen, we know there is a priest here, and we will have him at any cost!" Sister Teresa merely showed her burden and said: "If you want him you can take him; as for any other, I know of none; you can search as much as you please." Somewhat abashed, the rough fellows allowed her to pass unmolested; then they rushed upstairs in a further fruitless search. Soon they took themselves away, and the good priest made his escape.

On July 17, 1794, Sister Mary Henrietta,

the youngest sister of the three, suffered a glorious martyrdom with the favored community of Compiègne. Late in the evening, it is said, her brother, John James Pelras, was returning home; he saw a mysterious light which brightened his way through the hall, up the stairs, and into his room, while the houses all around were in darkness. News of the execution reached him some days later, and he exclaimed: "Dear Annette! It was you who came to visit me."

One of the Little Virtues.

A MULTIPLICITY of duties, even important duties, is no justification for lack of thoughtful regard and consideration for equals, and still less for inferiors. The man who shows irritability and impatience when interrupted at his work by importunate neighbors or dependents is no doubt acting naturally, but no doubt, also, he *should* act supernaturally.

St. Francis of Sales once gave a lesson on this point to certain of his friends who remonstrated with him about his allowing poor people to take up so much of his time in discussing matters of trifling importance. "What do you think I ought to do?" replied the saintly prelate. "These things appear great to them, and they desire sympathy as much as if their case were really important. God knows well that I desire no greater employment, and that every occupation is indifferent to me if only it regards His service. While I am engaged in this work, small as it is, I am not obliged to do any other. And is it not a sufficiently important employment to do the will of God?"

This doctrine does not, of course, mean that a busy man should not object to having his time frittered away by bores; but we may rid ourselves even of the undesirable company of a bore without violating any law of Christian charity, just as one man may refuse a request with more graciousness than another would show in granting it.

Notes and Remarks.

Human nature is ever the same. If we may credit a recent cable dispatch, the great Rameses II. was the commonest sort of clay,—as vain as the majority of men and not more sincere. Certain Egyptologists are reported to have discovered positive proof that the numerous temples and monuments bearing Rameses' name, and therefore supposedly his work, pre-existed him by one thousand years. He had a mania for seeing his name in print, so to speak; and it grew on him, just as it does with the notoriety-lover of the present day.

The vanity of women is insignificant compared with that of men, if the truth were known. Following the example of some nabob in London or some nobody in Paris, a man will turn the ends of his trousers up or turn the ends of his trousers down; wear coats that are ridiculously short or ridiculously long,—do anything, in fact, rather than appear old-fashioned. There is no vanity about this, of course. But if a woman prefers to have her hat on straight instead of sideways, and glances at a mirror to ascertain the position, she is considered vain by the superior being. (How she manages to keep the thing on at all, straight or sideways, is a mystery.) Furthermore, women often do things creditable to themselves and refrain from a word about it. But this is rare virtue on the part of men. As a rule, they will crow themselves hoarse when they have done anything that seems praiseworthy, and then assume an aggressive attitude toward any one who hasn't chimed in. The male sex is the vain sex.

While the outbreak of crime in New York city of recent weeks is deplorable enough, it can scarcely be denied that somewhat exaggerated importance has been given to it in the press—largely because of the comparative dearth of other sensations. Similar instances of sporadic criminality

occurring during a political campaign or during war time would receive notably less attention in both the news and the editorial columns of the daily papers. In the meantime, General Bingham, New York's Police Commissioner, seems to have deviated from the usual sanity of his opinions in imputing these crimes of violence principally, if not solely, to foreign-born citizens, throwing the blame on the laxity of our immigration laws. As a matter of frequently demonstrated fact, foreign-born citizens, and notably Italians, are no more given to crime, violent or other, than are Americans of the same social rank. "The most lawless place on earth," says the *Evening Post*, "is, perhaps, an American mining camp which lacks proper administrators of the law." On more than a few occasions, the *New York Sun* has borne testimony to the law-abiding spirit of the overwhelming majority of the Italians in this country's metropolis; and it is to be noted that the Negroes, among whom some crimes of violence are supposed to be peculiarly prevalent, are not of the immigrant class. General Bingham will be best acquitting himself of his duties in increasing the efficiency of New York's police; his ill-considered reflections on our immigrants are decidedly out of place, and possibly dangerous.

It would be a shock to many of our readers—a shock that we would spare them—to read the long list of errors regarding Holy Scripture, Our Lord, Revelation, the Church, the Sacraments, etc., lately enunciated and denounced by a Decree of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, approved and confirmed by Pope Pius X. These errors are so monstrous, so antagonistic to the common faith of the Church, that it is incomprehensible how any one could hold them and still consider himself a Christian. But certain of these doctrines—some are old, others new—have been widely propagated, to the scandal of many and the

distress of the majority of the faithful. It was to put an end to the scandal and to relieve the distress that the Vicar of Christ took action, condemning and proscribing the different errors, and removing all excuse for further maintaining any of them. The Church has spoken clearly, and it is for all who acknowledge her divine authority promptly to submit.

In these troubled times, when iniquity abounds and the charity of many has grown cold, when error seems to triumph and truth to lose its sway, the faithful should pray that their faith may be preserved and increased, and that all who are in danger of 'going away and walking no more with Him,' may have the grace to see the error of their course, and to say, as was said of old, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Yet again let us quote the words of that great father of souls of which and of whom one is so often reminded: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

An exceptionally interesting paper upon an unhackneyed subject is "The Spiritual Care of the Insane," in the current *American Ecclesiastical Review*. The writer, who evidently speaks from first-hand knowledge of his subject, makes this statement, as instructive to priests charged with the care of lunatics as it is consolatory to the relatives of such unfortunates: "It is my firm belief that more than half the inmates of the average insane asylum are capable of making a good confession." Even in the worst cases of insanity, indeed, there is still room for hope as to the interests of the soul; for the writer adds:

I should say a word, separately, of those patients who are completely, permanently, or violently insane. Even these are not entirely withdrawn from the beneficial influence and spiritual ministrations of the priest. It is a consoling observation, made by men who have devoted their lives to the care of the insane, that

very often before death there is a period of perfect or almost perfect sanity. Whether this is due solely to a merciful interposition of Providence, or how far it is the result of physical causes, we need not inquire into; but the fact is well known by those who have attended the deathbeds of the insane. The period of sanity may not last long, hence the necessity of attending promptly in such cases.

Insanity, partial or complete, is undoubtedly one of the most terrible of human afflictions; and no more proper subjects for unstinted charity on the part of priests or nurses can be found than its pitiable victims.

The "ex-voto" that now attracts most attention at Altötting, the famous shrine of Our Lady in Bavaria, is the one lately sent by King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugénie. At the moment when the bomb was thrown at their carriage on their wedding day in Madrid, a year ago last May, a Mass for the young couple was being said in the church at Altötting. In thanksgiving for their escape from death, the King and Queen had a splinter of the bomb which was afterward found in the wedding coach set in one of the gold medals struck for the wedding, with the inscription:

In gratitude to the Queen of Heaven, the beloved Madonna. King Alfonso XIII. of Spain and Queen Victoria. 31 May, 1906.

This medal has been placed in the treasury at Altötting, together with a notice written by the Infanta of Spain, the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria.

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joachim Adani, whose sudden death was reported last week from London, was formerly Vicar-General of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, and one of its pioneer priests. Ill health and approaching old age had caused him to return to his native Spain some years ago. He resided with members of his family at Barcelona, where, as in California, he was held in highest esteem. A slight improvement in his health during the past year increased his desire to revisit the scene of his active life, and he was

about to take passage for New York when he was stricken with paralysis. His eyes then turned toward his beloved Spain, and he longed to return thither, to die among his relatives. But God willed otherwise, and after a few days of suffering, borne with saintlike patience and resignation, he was called to his eternal home. A priest of most exemplary life, a man whose nobility and amiability of character caused him to be admired and beloved wherever he was known, his loss will be sincerely mourned and his memory fondly cherished.

Some two years ago we had occasion to comment in these columns on the excellent work that was being accomplished in Japan by the Catholic Geshikuya, or students' boarding-house, established at Tokyo by Father Ferrand. We see, by the current *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, that the success of his first effort in this direction—one hundred and seven of his pagan boarders have been converted—has led Father Ferrand to establish a second Geshikuya. In connection with these two boarding-houses, the zealous missionary has organized a Young Men's Association and a Catholic Truth Society. This latter work is on a very small scale as yet, and its development will depend upon the contributions received from Catholics outside of Japan. Apropos thereof, the *Missions* says:

We, therefore, earnestly request our generous readers to come to Father Ferrand's assistance. The apostolate of the press deserves encouragement, especially in so intellectual a country as Japan; and our readers may rest assured that Father Ferrand will make the best possible use of any funds placed at his disposal for the promotion of God's glory and the interests of our Mother Church.

Friends and admirers of the late Dr. Schell, professor of theology at Würzburg, certain of whose opinions were condemned by the Holy See, have repeatedly asserted that he never knew which of his propositions had been declared heretical, erroneous or dangerous. In consequence, much

sympathy was extended to him, particularly as his private life was known to be blameless. The *Liverpool Catholic Times* now calls attention to documents published in the *Correspondenza Romana* which prove that, not only did Dr. Schell know what propositions were objectionable, but that he had an interview with his bishop on that matter, discussed the various propositions with him, and explained away or withdrew them as he could. The document bearing proof of all this still exists; and the Holy See could at any time, had it thought fit, have produced evidence to prove that Dr. Schell knew and had accepted the condemnation of his errors. The *Times*, after making these statements, judiciously adds: "The best policy to adopt when reading statements against Rome's action is to withhold judgment till all the facts are known."

The reverend editor of the *Examiner* (Bombay) has received from a correspondent an anti-Jesuit book, with a suggestion that it be reviewed. The editor declines to give the book a free advertisement by naming it, but says of it:

The work, we are glad to say, will certainly defeat its own end by the very extravagance with which it is conceived and framed. People will be ready to believe that the Jesuits have been masterful people in their way from time to time, and have taken up an attitude in various ecclesiastical and secular matters which has provoked the hostility of other sections of the community. They will be prepared to believe that among thousands of Jesuits there have been some whose conduct was contrary to the canons of Catholic morality, and a discredit to the Order and the Church. They will be prepared to believe that out of thousands of Jesuit writers there have been some who maintained speculative propositions worthy of condemnation on subtle points of morality. But when they come across an author representing the Jesuit Order as abominably corrupt and immoral in its principles, and as putting these principles systematically into practice, and at the same time carefully concealing these tactics and their consequences from the public eye, then the very monstrosity of the conception will bear on its face the patent marks of improbability—nay, of impossibility—to such an extent

as to deprive the account of all credit. The best refutation of such a book will therefore be found in the common-sense of the reader himself. If the Order were such as it is here depicted, no man retaining the least vestige of honesty or decency in his composition would remain a member of it for a single moment. That is as much as we care to say on this theme.

And quite enough, too. If the *Examiner's* correspondent is not satisfied with the foregoing, he is lacking in discriminating taste and propriety of judgment.

The premature death last month, at his home at Hampstead, England, of Mr. Reginald Balfour is a loss to scholarship, to Catholic literature, and to the cause of Catholic education, as well as to the many friends whom his charming personality had attracted to him. A loyal and devoted Catholic, with a keen and active mind alive to the needs of the times, he was constantly undertaking fresh tasks for religion and for the social welfare of his countrymen. In spite of delicate health and arduous labors in different fields of usefulness, he gladly helped to edit the new series of the *Dublin Review*, hoping thus to win more general sympathy for Catholic ideals. Alas that so promising a career should have ended so soon! Mr. Balfour was a convert to the Church, and was remarkable for his simple faith and fervent piety. He married another convert and writer, a grandniece of Thackeray.

In an editorial on the new Papal Decree condemning the principal errors of modern writers in regard to the inspiration of Scripture, the personality of Our Lord, the founding of the Church, etc., the *New York Sun* remarks: "In the face of this list of sixty-five opinions reprov'd and proscribed by the head of the Church, a Catholic scientist will hereafter be a contradiction in terms." This, we submit, is the most ridiculous assertion that ever appeared in the *Sun*. It is altogether too ridiculous to call for refutation.

Notable New Books.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. In Fifteen Volumes. Volume I. Robert Appleton Company.

A passably thorough examination of this stately tome of eight hundred and odd pages confirms the impression derived from a cursory reading of sundry articles selected at random here and there,—that the work measures well up to the standard of excellence which both the personnel of its board of editors and the preliminary announcements of its publishers had led the Catholic public to expect. Whatever misgivings were entertained, at the outset of the enterprise, by many who recognized not only the sad need of such a work but the wealth of resources—in scholarship, organized method, and money—requisite to the adequate supplying of the need, no competent judge is likely, with this initial volume before him, to doubt that the enterprise is fated to issue in a happy success. The Catholic Encyclopedia at once takes rank among the most important reference works to be found in English, and its publication may well be considered an epoch-making event in the history of the Church in English-speaking countries.

While, however, there is likely to be practical unanimity of opinion as to the general excellence attained in this first volume, there will naturally, and indeed inevitably, be considerable diversity of sentiment as to particular details. The exclusion of some topics and the insertion of others, the apportionment of space to the subjects treated, the relative preponderance of the conservative old or the critical new theological viewpoint, the fulness or scantiness of the bibliographies supplied,—on these and similar matters individual readers will, of course, hold different opinions; but we do not believe that any educated Catholic, possessing even a moderate sense of proportion and perspective, will maintain that what he considers the work's greatest blemishes are of really major importance, are at worst anything more than spots on the sun,—inconsiderable spots on a very brilliant sun.

It is well, too, to remember that some of the defects and omissions of this first volume may, and probably will, be supplied in one or more of the succeeding volumes; and that, in any case, future editions of the Encyclopedia are likely to embody such revisions as intelligent criticism may prove to be advisable. To take a concrete instance: the article on Acadia needs supple-

menting under the title, Lefebvre, when the letter L is reached, and needs revision or amplification whenever Volume I. goes into a new edition. As it stands, that article would be lamentably inadequate in any up-to-date work of reference; in a Catholic encyclopedia, it is emphatically behind the times. With the exception of a line or two in its conclusion, this account of Acadia might have been written fifty years ago; and any one with ordinary, to say nothing of special, knowledge of the subject is aware that within the past four decades Acadia has been regenerated, that in the Maritime Provinces of Canada the French-Acadians have undergone a beneficent transformation unequalled in the history of any other people on the hemisphere. To Canadian Catholics, however, modern Acadia connotes Father Camille Lefebvre; and doubtless an adequate notice of present-day Acadians will be given, in a forthcoming volume, in the article devoted to that apostle of their race.

To mention a minor point, we could have wished that the editors had recognized the advisability of denoting the pronunciation of at least the proper names among the titles treated. The practice of the New International Encyclopedia in this respect might well have been imitated. For the rest, in typography, paper, illustrations, and binding, the book is a triumph of the printer's art, a pleasure to handle and a delight to the reading eye. On the whole, this initial volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia is a thing for all Catholics to be thankful for, and for a goodly number of them to procure.

The Holy Eucharist. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, Bishop of Newport. Longmans, Green & Co.

This second issue of the Westminster Library, the name given to a series of manuals for Catholic priests and students, merits the highest praise. While the author states that the book is presented to the reader as a useful manual, and not as an exhaustive treatise, it is comparatively safe to say that the thirteen chapters which make up the book's two hundred and seventy pages constitute a treatise notably more exhaustive than the average priest on the mission or the ecclesiastical student in the seminary has thoroughly mastered. Not that the work is meant exclusively for the clergy. As Bishop Hedley remarks in his preface: "It is hoped that books of the kind here attempted, although primarily intended for the clergy, may help the laity to intelligent knowledge without impairing the docility that the Gospel enjoins on every Christian." So far as the present work is concerned, the following applies to laymen as well as priests: "To a Catholic who enters into the philosophical war of this age, it is a subject of

intense interest to perceive how, in the Holy Eucharist, he has firm ground to stand upon, and to consider whether, in the Eucharistic dogma of the Real Presence and of Transubstantiation, he can find any sort of lever to move the dead weight of sceptical speculation from which the most brilliant mental work of the age is so plainly suffering."

The first eight chapters of the book, comprising about one-half its contents, deal with the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, the Holy Eucharist as a sacrament, Its use as such and Its effects, and frequent Communion. The latter half of the volume deals with the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Mass as a liturgy, the Mass at the present day, the fruits and effects of the Holy Sacrifice, and the cultus of the Blessed Sacrament.

The convenience of this admirable handbook is materially increased by a detailed table of contents, a fairly copious bibliography, and a discriminating index. Our clerical readers especially will do well to add "The Holy Eucharist" to the collection of books which they have within easy reach.

In the Footsteps of the Good Shepherd. By Katherine E. Conway. The Stanhope Press.

This interesting story of fifty years of devoted labor on the part of the Religious of the Good Shepherd in New York city is a worthy tribute to the great Order of women who are engaged in a Christlike work, and will, we hope, awaken practical interest in the Golden Jubilee which the mother-house will celebrate on October 2 of this year. In this excellently presented history, Miss Conway sets forth the object of the institute and the mode of life followed, incidentally pointing out the qualities needed in workers in this field—namely, strong-mindedness, common-sense, and self-sacrifice. This preliminary outline leads to the record of achievement in the half century since the foundation of the Sisterhood in the metropolis; and a splendid record it is. It must be read in full to be appreciated. The make-up of the book is good, and the illustrations add to the effectiveness of the word-pictures presented by Miss Conway.

The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys. By Margaret Mary Drummond. Angel Guardian Press.

The history of the upbuilding of the Church in Canada in the seventeenth century is coming to be known, and much which makes up that history emphasizes the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." In the records of those days we find names that stand not only for heroism in the way of human courage, endur-

ance, and self-sacrifice, but for that higher heroism of the soul which springs from true sanctity. One of this class of saintly pioneers was the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, a woman who, noble in aspiration, though of humble family, was inspired by that love which knows no obstacle to labor all her days for the salvation of souls.

It was in November, 1653, that Margaret Bourgeoys began her active career of charity in Montreal, which in that same year became a permanent settlement, instead of a garrison. She carried on her arduous work through the foundation days of that splendid religious organization, the Congregation of Notre Dame, through its years of expansion, through trials and through successes, always firm in her confidence in Him to whom her life was dedicated, and always an inspiration and a rock of confidence to those who labored with her. In 1700 this servant of God went to her reward, her hands laden with good works. Such lives should stimulate us to greater efforts in the cause of winning souls,—efforts that consider not the difficulties, but the end.

A Mirror of Shalott. By the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Benziger Brothers.

The title which Father Benson has given to this, the latest of his rapidly multiplying books, is clearly allusive rather than descriptive. Readers of the lamented Tennyson will of course be reminded of "The Lady of Shalott," who was wont to weave

—by night and day

A magic web with colors gay;

and will recall the triplet:

And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

For readers unacquainted with Tennyson—if there be any such—the quality of the book, and the distinctive character of the stories which make up its contents, would be more specifically indicated by some such title as 'Glimpses of the Supernatural,' 'Quasi-Ghost Stories,' or 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.'

The narratives have already appeared in serial form in one of our Catholic magazines—the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, we think,—and they impressed us from month to month as being singularly powerful and effective tales, vividly exemplifying various modes in which the preternatural, if not indeed the supernatural, enters into and strangely disturbs the humdrum monotony of everyday life. 'Tis a question indeed, whether such stories are not best read a monthly or weekly intervals. Like the humoristic disquisitions of Mr. Dooley, they are

perhaps most enjoyable when taken singly; although, like those same disquisitions, Father Benson's tales are likely to be read, once the opportunity is afforded, one after another till the book is finished. It may be as well to add that some few of the stories furnish, not milk for babes, but meat for strong men; and we can readily understand that, to a certain class of minds, they may occasion not a little nervous disquietude. In the meantime, the author's reputation as a literary artist will suffer nothing in the estimation of those who peruse "A Mirror of Shalott."

The Flower of the Mind. A Choice among the Best Poems, made by Alice Meynell. Chatto & Windus, B. Herder.

Collections of poems rarely appeal to lovers of poetry. There is something of reverence in the attitude of a cultured mind toward the expressions of favorite poets, and one resents their association with even brother poets in the ordinary anthology. However, this choice of poems, made by Mrs. Meynell, has all the charm of exclusiveness that one could wish. The compiler, a poet herself, has kept to a very high standard in her selections, and has run the gamut of poetry from the "Cuckoo Song" of the thirteenth century down to Shelley, Keats, and Hartley Coleridge.

The introduction makes the book personal,—a rare thing in anthologies; for Mrs. Meynell shows her catholicity in the way of appreciation, as well as her firmness to principle in rejecting, in the case of some of her own prime favorites in the world of poetry, notably Carew, Fletcher, Cowley, and Skelton.

Pauline Marie Jaricot. By M. J. Maurin. Translated from the French by E. Sheppard. Benziger Brothers.

"Pauline Marie Jaricot was born at Lyons on July 22, 1799,"—these are the opening words of an intensely interesting biography; and the expectancy aroused by the date, 1799, is fully justified by all that follows. The devout servant of God whose life is herein portrayed was from childhood singularly pious, and singularly impressed with the idea of self-immolation. The form taken by her piety and zeal gradually shaped itself in her beautiful mind and soul, and to-day we behold it in two of the great associations or confraternities of the Church—namely, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and that of the Living Rosary. The life story of this holy woman, with its setting of France and Rome, its never ceasing activity, its untiring self-sacrifice, is as interesting as it is edifying; and biographer and translator deserve well of the Catholic public.



The Lesson of the Lilies.

BY S. M. R.

PAIR legends tell us, Mother dear,
That, 'neath thy blessed feet,
The earth in rapture blossomed forth
In tall white lilies sweet.

And when Death touched thy virgin form,
Earth veiled its heart of gloom;
Its tears were fragrant lilies white
That filled thy sacred tomb.

A lesson in these legends hides
That we thy children see —
Our hearts must pure as lilies grow,
Would we have part with thee.

The Empire Gown.

II.

MERIVALE was a small and very conservative town; the Baynes were the wealthiest and most important people in it. They were quite democratic, however; the whole of Merivale, one might say, was invited to the party. All the lower rooms of the house were thrown open to the dancers, except a small conservatory at the end of the drawing-room.

When Mrs. Morton and her daughters arrived, the rooms were full of young people. Dancing had already begun. Mrs. Morton looked very handsome and lady-like in a gray silk gown, trimmed with fine black lace; Jennie, very sweet and pretty in her dainty gown of sheer Persian lawn. The sleeves had been shortened,—that was the only change. She wore her hair simply braided in the usual manner, ornamented by a half-wreath of pink rose buds, in honor of the festive occasion. Clara looked quaintly pretty in her Empire gown, very short in the waist, full in

the sleeves and narrow in the skirt. Her beautiful hair was arranged in a sort of pyramidal coil on top of her head. A large comb set with brilliants added to the effect of height. She might easily have stepped from an eighteenth-century picture.

"Mamma, look at Clara Morton!" said Lilly to her mother. "She is coming toward us. Do you think they could have made the mistake of thinking it was a fancy-dress party? How awkward if she did!"

"No, dear," replied Mrs. Bayne. "For there is Jennie, looking very sweet and natural. But what could have possessed Clara to get herself up in that fashion?"

After greetings had been exchanged, Mrs. Morton and her daughters took seats in the background, as a dance was in progress. Jennie did not remain there long, however; her list was soon full. But, strange to say, no one appeared to be anxious to dance with Clara. To tell the truth, her young friends were so surprised at her attire that they hesitated to ask her into the middle of the room. They were only boys, and rather bashful. Her costume had given her an air of dignity and aloofness which deterred the bravest among them from approaching her.

As time passed and she remained seated, her countenance began to look somewhat troubled. She was very fond of dancing, and had not calculated upon being a wall-flower. Moreover, no one had said a word in praise of her gown; not even her best friend—after Jennie—Marcia Doolittle, whose new pink organdie was very pretty, and Clara had praised it.

For nearly an hour Clara sat disconsolately beside her mother, wondering what she had done that her friends should so avoid her. Mrs. Morton herself also began to feel uncomfortable, and to divine the cause of the neglect. After a while the situation became intolerable.

"Come into the conservatory with me, dear," she said. "It will be cooler there; my head aches a little."

Clara rose, followed her mother, and presently they were seated near one of the fountains, partially hidden by some tall ferns. A low, narrow gallery ran around the place, and soon they heard some one above them saying:

"What a ridiculous thing for Mrs. Morton to allow that girl to come here in such an absurd costume!"

It was the voice of one of Merivale's society leaders, and was at once answered by another, a near neighbor.

"Yes, it is certainly ridiculous. Usually Mrs. Morton shows remarkable judgment. She has brought up those girls beautifully on a very limited income. I hope she is not going to spoil it all, now that they are young ladies."

"I hope not," was the rejoinder. "My Eunice tells me that Clara is crazy about dress. Fancy what that must have cost! The muslin is exquisite, and the lace worth at least three dollars a yard,—there are yards and yards of it. I can't imagine what has come over Mrs. Morton."

"And the whole thing is so unsuitable," continued the first speaker. "If it were a play or a fancy-dress party instead of a little gathering of neighbors. Mrs. Baynes thought at first they had mistaken the invitations for a fancy-dress ball."

"Our Edward—you know how gawky boys are at his age, and how timid,—well, as I was saying, he wanted to dance with Clara, but hadn't the courage to stand on the floor with her."

"John said the same thing to me," remarked the other. "I whispered to him and told him to ask her. I felt sorry for her. But he said she was a goose, and one goose in the room was enough at a time."

"Doesn't Jennie look sweet!" said the other. "She is such a dear girl, and she seems to be enjoying herself immensely."

"They are both sweet girls," was the response. "But Clara is a little silly."

The two now got up and moved away.

Mrs. Morton and Clara shrank behind the thick shrubbery, fearful of being discovered. Neither spoke a word. The next moment Mr. Baynes appeared in the doorway.

"Mrs. Morton," he said, "will you not come and make up a party for whist?"

"Go, mamma,—go!" implored Clara. (Mr. Baynes had not observed who was Mrs. Morton's companion.) "Leave me here: I can not bear to go back now."

Not wishing to attract attention, and feeling that Clara would feel better in the seclusion of the conservatory, her mother left her, promising to return as soon as she could find some one to take her place at the whist table. Clara took the wisp of a lace handkerchief that hung at her girdle and wiped her tearful eyes. Then she dipped her fingers in the fountain and began to pat her burning cheeks. As she turned away, she saw an old lady she knew very well coming toward her. She was an eccentric person.

"Well, Clara," she said, "I have been wanting to speak to you. I know your dear mother so well, and you so well, that I am sure this rig you are got up in to-night was your choosing, not hers. She is too sweet and good to you: she is too indulgent."

"Yes," said Clara, frankly. "I wanted my dress made this way. I begged so hard that mamma consented. And now everybody is laughing at me. But I don't care for myself, only for mamma."

"That is very nice of you, Clara," said Mrs. Flanders, who, after a moment's reflection, added, somewhat abruptly: "Would you like to come home with me now? I'll be going presently."

"Yes, Mrs. Flanders, I would, if mother and Jennie knew."

"I'll tell your mother," said the lady, beginning to move away; "then I'll come back, and we'll go together. Phœbe is outside with the other servants, waiting for me. I will whisper to your mother that we are going. Fetch your wrap, and we can steal away unnoticed."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Flanders! You are so kind!" said the now weeping girl.

In a few moments the old lady returned, and they slipped out undiscovered.

Clara was neither ignored nor avoided on the next or on any other subsequent occasion. Simple and pretty like her sister's, her dress was such as any young girl should wear. Mrs. Morton had no further anxieties on that subject. Though at the expense of great mortification to herself and not a little to her mother and sister, Clara had learned and profited by a salutary lesson.

(The End.)

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

To wreck the train! To wreck the train! The words seemed to thunder in Tom's ear above the din of the storm. His father was still moaning his abject confession.

"I didn't know,—I didn't know what they were after, Tom. Ben Billings got me up here to buy their whiskey—moonshine whiskey for him,—and—and—they had given that all up, they said; but if I'd join them—Perley, you know, he that broke out of jail, and Bines and Blake, and the rest of them—if I'd join them, Tom, they'd give me a boost; and—and they got me down in the mine—there are twenty of them, Tom,—and swore me on the knotted rope. But I didn't know what they were going to do, Tom,—I didn't know! O Lord! Lord!" and the trembling speaker fell down upon his knees again, as a blaze of lightning rent a huge pine to its roots before the hut. "If I live through this night, I'll never touch a drop again, Tom! I swear it to you, to your dead mother, never again, boy,—never again!"

"But the train,—the train! They are going to wreck it, you say, father! It may not be too late to save it yet. Did you hear when—where—what they decided—what train they were waiting for?

Was it the two-thirty, father? Try to think, for God's sake! One passes Bolton Ridge every night. I have heard, seen it often from my porch. Was it the two-thirty, father?"

"Oh, I don't know,—I don't know! It was to-night,—late to-night. That's all I can tell. They were to cut the trestles over Shelton's Gap—Perley, Bines, and the others. Blake told them when the boss was coming, and they all swore on the knotted rope he shouldn't reach the Ridge alive. And—O Tom, you're not going—you're not going to leave me, Tom, in this awful storm! You're not going—"

"I must!—I *must!*" cried the boy, with fierce impatience. "I *must* go, father, and save the train!" And he broke away from the weak, clinging hands that would have held him, and rushed off into the darkness, heedless of the roar and flash and tumult around him, of shivering trees and shrieking wind, and flooding rain; the one thought in his mind to reach the telegraph office at the Ridge and send swift warning to the doomed train.

Ah, it was well that our Tom had learned to travel the hard, rude ways of life; well that he was strong of limb and swift of foot and clear of head; well that he was the "rough sort" to-night! Lew, Vance, Ned, Chip, even big, wise Bert, would have been bewildered, helpless,—lost in this wild chaos of storm and darkness; but Tom knew where the path turned, the road forked, the track lay, and made for it boldly. But even as he reached the railroad he stumbled over a great pole that lay shivered in his path,—a telegraph pole. A blue gleam of lightning flashing over the tangled wires told the dire tale. It would be useless to keep on, useless to speed on the two miles to Bolton: no warning message could flash over those broken wires to-night. Tom paused, panting and hopeless, as he confronted the despairing situation.

He knew Shelton's Gap; he had seen it often from Tiptop,—a deep, black, jagged rent in the mountain, spanned by a

dizzy trestle that, seen in the sunlit distance, seemed a mere thread over the fierce chasm that went down sharp and steep at least two hundred feet below. And—the trestle was cut to-night! Tom shivered and sickened at the thought of the heavy-laden cars reeling over and over to destruction in that black abyss, with Chip's father among the crushed, shrieking victims,—the dear old dad for whom Dorothy was lovingly watching! Oh, what heart-breaking anguish to-night would bring to that happy home, those gay, loving, untried hearts!

He must warn, he must save, Tom thought desperately; at least he must try, try, *try*. And, with the word ringing in his ears, he drew a long breath of resolve and started on a swift run down the track. The way was clear at least now; stern and straight it cleft the darkness without bend or break, but there was no kindly shelter here. The rain swept down in fierce torrents upon the runner's head, the wind tore at him like an angry demon. Ah, it was worse than the forest with all its terrors, this bare, iron way cut by the hand of man over cliff and peak and gorge!

Drenched, panting, sweating, Tom at last reached the spot where the track leaped boldly out upon the trestle over Shelton's Gap. Thank God he was not too late,—not too late! The storm swept through the black gorge below; far, far beyond, through the wild darkness, faintly glimmered a crimson spark—the light of the little station where the train would stop for a moment before it thundered on to the Gap. Oh, that he had voice—wings to reach that little crimson spark! But, alas! the Gap yawned between—black, deep, impassable save for that bridge of death.

Should he dare the trestle? Would it bear his weight? That it had been cut, weakened, so that it would crash down beneath the train, he felt sure. The truth that terror had forced from his father's lips had only confirmed his own doubts and fears. He had felt treachery, hate,

vengeance in the air ever since he came to Tiptop. Should he dare the trestle? Tom paused on the dizzy verge, perplexed, irresolute. It would be madness to venture, he felt,—madness, death. There was but one other way. He must brave the wild, unknown depths of the gorge below; a reckless attempt even in daytime, but to-night—to-night, through the darkness, the storm, with unseen dangers threatening every step! Tom paused, as well he might, his brave, boyish spirit daunted by the terrors of the passage. But there was no other way; no watching angel stood there to help and save; there was only Tom—rough, brave Tom—to bear the word of warning across that black abyss, to hold back the doomed train ere it rushed to its destruction on the broken trestle. There was only Tom to try, try, *try*, as he had tried rough ways and climbs and troubles all his young life.

Whispering the simple prayer he had learned at his mother's knee, Tom began the dread descent of the gorge—slipping, scrambling, groping his way—through tangles of vine and brier and undergrowth; over fallen logs and broken boughs, sharp, jagged rocks, *débris* of rack and wind and tempest that Dame Nature seemed to have swept out of sight in this pathless cleft.

Down, still down, while the darkness grew blacker and heavier, and the roar of thunder reverberated from cliff back to cliff, and the forked blaze of the lightning showed wilder depths below. Down, still down—there seemed no bottom to this yawning chasm,—until at last the sound of rushing waters came to Tom's ear. He knew he was close to the little streamlet that murmured through the Gap. The thought quickened his steps imprudently; his foot slipped, he caught himself, reeled over and went down, striking his head against a sharp rock below. For a moment he lay sick and dizzy,—blinded; but he staggered to his feet, brushed the drops, that he did not guess were blood, from his eyes and brow. He was at the bottom of the gorge; the little mountain streamlet

foaming through the pass amid stepping-stones of rock was only a few feet in width. His sight, grown used to the darkness, enabled him to cross it in safety, and he began to climb the other side.

Fortunately, it was less precipitous than the descent, or strength that was not his own sustained Tom; for that climb seemed to him then and ever after like a fever dream. Strange lights flashed before his eyes, strange sounds were in his ears: the song of his dead mother as she rocked Bobby to sleep in the twilight, the dull lap of the canal as it crept by the window of the old boat cabin; the chant of the college choir, the gay lilt of Dorothy's dancers as they swung in and out of the flower-wreathed room. But over and above—pulsing, throbbing through ear and brain, growing louder and louder as he kept on his upward way—rose the cheery note of St. Omer's boating song:

'We'll win, win, win, if we try, try, try!

And the words burst in wild triumph from his lips as he leaped at last to the bank above, and saw the iron path stretching sure and straight to the crimson light burning in the near distance,—the light that meant Tom had not "tried" in vain.

Panting, trembling, bleeding from a long cut in his temple, he dashed up to the little roadside station with his story.

"Hold the train, you say!" echoed the station-master, staring blankly at the bleeding, white-faced boy. "Wreckers ahead—the trestles cut—good Lord! then how did you get over?"

"Down through the Gap!" answered Tom, faintly.

"Through Shelton's Gap—to-night! And you're all cut and bleeding, boy! But if your story is straight—good Lord! Just in time, boy,—just in time!"

"In time!" echoed Tom. "Thank—thank God!" and he reeled over in a dead faint at the words.

The way had been hard, too hard even for "rough" Tom to-night. Stretched on a pile of empty wheat sacks in the corner, he lay unconscious, while the Two-Thirty

train thundered up to the station, and, amid clanging bells and shrieking steam whistles, the excited passengers poured from the cars to know the meaning of this unusual stoppage and alarm.

"Wreckers at work! Trestle cut over the Gap! Would all have been dashed to death in another mile!" The startling tidings went from lip to lip.

"Where are the dastardly devils?" asked a clear, commanding voice. "Have they been caught?"

"No, Judge,—no!" replied the station-master, excitedly. "I don't know who or where they are. This boy here brought the warning, sir, and dropped down, as you see, almost as it passed his lips."

"Run for a doctor some one,—quick!"

"Who is he? What is he?" were the eager murmurs, as the excited crowd pressed around prostrate Tom.

"Back, if you please, my good friends,—back! Give the boy air. There's a doctor here." Again the clear, strong voice arose in command, and the crowd made way for the physician who had chanced to be on the train.

"I feel this villainous attack was aimed at me. This poor boy brought the warning, you say?"

"Yes, Judge,—yes!" replied the station-master. "He crossed the Gap, he said, for the trestle was cut,—crossed it God knows how! It is three hundred feet deep, as you know, Judge; and I wouldn't take the climb for a thousand dollars under the noonday sun; and to-night—through all the storm, sir! The boy must have had wings, gentlemen," concluded the man in bewilderment. "To cross that Gap to-night he must surely have had wings."

And Tom, slowly returning to consciousness under the doctor's treatment, caught the words and smiled faintly.

"Coming to all right, I hope?" asked a voice that had a ring like Chip's in its deeper tone.

"All right, Judge. Pretty bad cut on the temple, but not deep enough to be serious. Too sturdy a chap to be knocked

out by a little thing like that, aren't you, my boy?" continued the doctor cheerily, as Tom opened his eyes.

"Good!" said the deep-toned voice again. "Look up, my fine fellow! You've done a good night's work. Saved three hundred lives and earned Charles Irving's gratitude forever. There! don't try to talk; just keep him in charge, doctor, until all danger or risk is entirely over. My boy and girl owe this brave lad their father's life to-night,—a bigger debt than we can ever hope to pay. But there are dark accounts due for to-night's work," continued the Judge, grimly, "that I can settle and *will*."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Dog and the Law.

Boys and girls, as a rule, have somewhat vague and indefinite notions about law. It is, accordingly, rather doubtful whether, even among the brightest of our young folks, there are many who understand the legal status of the dog,—that is, what the law will and won't do about one's keeping a dog, recovering it if stolen, killing it if vicious, and so on.

As a matter of fact, for many years, centuries indeed, the common law did not regard the dog as the subject of property; which means that if I coaxed your "Ponto" or "Gyp" to stay with me instead of with you, the law wouldn't make me give him back to you, at least while he was alive. If he happened to die, and you went to law about your ownership, you could recover his skin. Then, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was laid down that the law takes notice of some particular kinds of dogs—greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, and tumblers. The owner of such a dog could force a thief to give the animal back, though the law wouldn't inflict any punishment for the stealing. Some two hundred years later, however, during the reign of George III., it was enacted (1770) that the stealing of any dog was

a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, imprisonment, or whipping.

In only a few States in this country have statutes similar to this English one been passed; and the result is, says an authority on the subject, that "in general the dog retains his inferior common-law status in this country, as not the subject of larceny." For the benefit of the small boy, this statement may be translated as meaning that, so far as the law is concerned, 'tis no more harm to take a dog than to catch a squirrel, a bird, or a butterfly. What is not a subject of larceny can't be said to be stolen, and the one who "takes" it can't be called (in law) a thief. It is consoling, however, to know that this same authority adds that in most of our States the law would help the owner of a valuable dog to recover the animal, if it were stolen; and of course every dog (at least every one owned by a boy or girl) is "valuable," even if it has never won a prize at a dog-show.

People who live in the country are better off in the matter of keeping dogs than those who reside in cities and large towns. These latter are obliged to pay a dog-tax, or procure a dog-license; while the former can generally keep as many dogs as they wish without paying a cent for the privilege. It is well to know that the owner of a dog is not responsible for injuries inflicted by the animal, unless the dog is of a vicious or savage temper, and the owner knew or had reason to believe that the animal was dangerous. In this latter case the owner is responsible, even if there is no proof of special negligence on his part. Moreover, the owner of a dog whose vicious temper or "crossness" makes it a common nuisance, can be prosecuted. And, even in England, or in those States of this country in which the law recognizes the dog as property, a savage dog may be killed in self-defence; so if our boys and girls own any canine pets that are inclined to be cross, they should try to improve the animals' tempers. An excellent way to do so is—never to be cross themselves.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Burns & Oates' announcements include "The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book," edited by Sir Francis Burnand.

—A library edition of "The Dream of Gerontius," with portraits and illustrations, including a facsimile page of Sir Edward Elgar's music, is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. The manuscript of this famous poem is now in the British Museum.

—The summer number (July) of *Church Music* is No. 5 of Vol. II. The magazine (a bi-monthly) is once more under the control and management of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, and is issued from the Dolphin Press, Philadelphia. Its contents are as usual varied, helpful, and most attractively presented.

—A precious, two-page autograph letter of Cardinal Newman, presented to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Indiana, by a priest of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, concludes with these tender and gracious words:

I trust God will give you a long life and many years of happy and successful service in His vineyard, long after I have gone hence; and I know you will not forget me then, when I most need your remembrance.

—A real interest attaches to stories like "The Bell Foundry," by Otto von Schaching (Benziger Brothers). There are adventure and romance, home-life and a tinge of mystery about them all; and there is also a good moral, which is no blemish if used artistically. Gerold, the hero of the story, may be a trifle too good, and Gatterer, the villain, a trifle too wicked for ordinary life; but, then, what is fiction for if not to idealize somewhat?

—W. D. Howells and Mark Twain have both received the degree of Litt. D. from the University of Oxford, Mr. Howells having been given his degree three years ago. Besides his degree from Oxford, Mark Twain has degrees from Yale and from the University of Missouri; and Mr. Howells, in addition to his Oxford degree, holds degrees from Harvard and Yale; all of which, in addition to the literary skill of both these men, makes it of striking interest that neither of them had a college education.

—No. 19 (July, 1907) of the useful and interesting series of "Educational Briefs" issued by the superintendent of parish schools in the archdiocese of Philadelphia is an historical study on Catholic elementary schools in the United States, by the Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., reprinted from the *Catholic University Bulletin*. It will form the introduction to a forthcoming book

on this subject. The library of every Catholic teacher should be supplied with a set of these "Educational Briefs," all of which are distinctly worth while.

—We have often recommended the purchase and dissemination of the penny pamphlets of the various Catholic Truth Societies; and the following numbers, just issued in London, impel us to reiterate our advice: "Pantheism," by William Matthews; "Socialism and Religion," by the Rev. John Ashton, S. J.; "The Primacy of Peter," by Francis King; and "Faith-Healing in the Gospels," by the Rev. R. H. J. Stuart, S. J. Each of the foregoing will be found to contain just the sort of information that the average Catholic man on the street will welcome, understand, and appreciate.

—The stories of the Nativity, of Holy Week and Easter are told with sweet earnestness in "Stories of the Great Feasts of Our Lord," by the Rev. James Butler (Sands & Co.; B. Herder). The simple but telling words of Holy Scripture are closely followed, and in such a way as to appeal to our young people, boys and girls. The illustrations are good copies of some of the world's acknowledged great paintings, ranging from the "Madonna del Gran Duca," by Raphael, to the "Ascension," by Scheffer. Surely, books of this kind are the ones which should be used in Catholic schools as "supplementary reading."

—"Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture" is a compact booklet of one hundred and fifteen pages, by "M. N." The contents include discussions as to the Old Testament and the New. Concerning the former, we have sections dealing with Moral Difficulties, Internal Contradictions, Historical Difficulties, and Scientific Objections. About two-thirds of the booklet is devoted to New Testament Difficulties, under the captions: Retranslation, Literary Method, Antiquarian Research, and the Harmony of the Faith. An excellent summarized reply to many of the objections which disturb the unscholarly believer of the Bible. Catholic Truth Society, London.

—We have already noticed the admirable series of ascetical works for the use of the clergy, edited by the Rev. Father Lehmkuhl, S. J., and published under the patronage of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne by B. Herder. They constitute the very cream of ascetical literature, are excellently edited, and admirably produced. The latest addition to this series (*Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica*) is Blossius' "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis," consisting of five beautiful opuscula,

which should be as familiar to the reverend clergy as the "Following of Christ" is to the pious laity. The writings of Ven. Blosius, as we learn from the brief notice of him prefixed to this volume, were much esteemed by St. Ignatius of Loyola and St. Francis of Sales.

—An exhortation to New Worldlings, as Coventry Patmore used to call us, to read Dante, coming from the editor of the *Outlook*, is a gratifying surprise. And he gives good reasons why the men and women of this busy, unpoetic age would do well to sit at the feet of the great Catholic poet, whose masterpiece "o'ertops the poetry of the world":

It would be well if the preoccupied men and women of to-day would take time to read Dante's "Divine Comedy"; to climb from time to time that great peak which o'ertops the poetry of the world. Probably no form of expression could be further from the habitual thought and speech of the day than this report of the journey of the soul through three worlds; but no modern writing is so clear and authoritative in its setting of the life that now is in definite and unescapable relation to the life which is to come. In this sublime epic of the soul of man in all conditions there is no idle dreaming, no vague and easy speculation concerning the growth of the spirit and its union with God; on the contrary, the poem stands foursquare to all the winds of shifting opinion, based on an eternal order, pervaded throughout by a vivid realism. . . .

No other poet of the heavenly vision has dared to give his interpretation of the life of man such massive reality, and none has touched it with such compelling power. For this reason, among others, Dante is a teacher at whose feet the men and women of this busy age ought to sit; he is no master of beautiful dreams, no magician dexterously spinning a web of iridescent words over the abysses. He sees real things with clear and fearless glance; and he teaches us not to evade, to escape, to renounce, to comfort and mislead ourselves with idle visions, but to look at the great facts of life, to accept its duties, do its work, live in its relation, in the light of the world to come.

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 Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
 "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.
 "The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.

- "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.
 "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blosius. \$1.10, net.
 "The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell. \$1.25, net.
 "The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeois." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.
 "Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net.
 "A Mirror of Shalott." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.
 "Hints and Helps for Those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$1.10.
 "Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.
 "Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.
 "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
 "The Protestant Reformation." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 40 cts.
 "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.
 "Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.
 "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.
 "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
 "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
 "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.
 "A Method of Conversing with God." Father Boutauld, S. J. 30 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joachim Adam, Barcelona, Spain; and Rev. William Quinlan, diocese of Fort Wayne.

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

Mr. Charles Maruchcau, Mr. Reginald Balfour, Mr. William E. Ryan, Mr. James Young, Mrs. Marie McKerrow, Mr. M. C. Lyjan, Mr. Joseph A. Peters, Mr. Frank Portman, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Mr. Denis Casey, Mrs. Mary Ollwell, Mrs. Teresa Moffitt, Mrs. M. Nolan, Mr. Henry Winter, Miss Maria O'Brien, and Mr. Charles Gillespie.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 24, 1907.

NO. 8.

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

Beloved, it is Morn!

BY EMILY HICKEY.

BELOVED, it is morn!
 A redder berry on the thorn,
 A deeper yellow on the corn,
 For this good day new-born.
 Pray, dear, for me,
 That I may be
 Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is day!
 And lovers work, as children play,
 With heart and brain untir'd for aye.
 Dear love, look up and pray,—
 Pray, pray, for me,
 That I may be
 Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is night!
 Thy heart and mine are full of light,
 Thy spirit shineth clear and white.
 God keep thee in His sight!
 Pray, dear, for me,
 That I may be
 Faithful to God and thee.

A City of Marvels.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

NORTHERN Italy is a land of historic cities. To name them is to call up memories of famous deeds, of artists whose work is still the delight of the world, of saints honored by the Universal Church. Genoa, Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Ravenna,—these are only a few names of places that were once

capitals and centres of independent life, playing their part in the affairs of Europe. Most of them have a history that began more than two thousand years ago. They are now provincial cities of the Italian Kingdom, but the local spirit is intensely strong in Italy. A man thinks first of his city or even his village. Ask an average Italian what is his country, and he will answer not by naming Italy, but by telling of the place where he was born, perhaps some obscure country town; and this local feeling is naturally strongest in the cities that have a great historic past.

And each has its own peculiar character, almost an architecture of its own. Bologna is a city of cloister-like porticos. They form long arcades in front of shops and public buildings, and around the open squares or the courtyards of old houses, giving welcome shelter from the fierce rays of the summer sun or from the rains of winter. There is a colonnaded street, which every visitor to Europe knows,—the long line of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris; but its endless arcade was planned by a government department and built by a contractor. Hence its dull monotony. The porticos that are so characteristic of Bologna were built at various times, the oldest of them in the days when workmen were artists. Hence endless variety in column and capital and arch, and much beauty and dignity. The pointed Gothic arch is frequently used, and supported by clustered columns; but, as one naturally expects in Italy, the rounded arch is also often to be seen.

There are more than a hundred churches

and many *palazzi*; for in Italy the great house of an old family is called a "palace." In the stormy days of the Middle Ages, when the leading families of an Italian city formed a little aristocracy, and at times each, with its dependents and partisans to back it, was more like an armed clan than a political party, no great house was complete without its fortified towers. Florence once boasted a hundred and fifty of these towers. Bologna had no less than two hundred,—a solid proof of its wealth, for only the great people could afford to build a tower. Most of them have been levelled long ago, as the government became more centralized and times more peaceful; but fifteen of them remain. The two most remarkable of these towers stand almost in the middle of the city, in a busy, narrow street. As in the case of the more famous belfry tower of Pisa, the foundations have sunk and the towers are out of the perpendicular,—one leaning very slightly, the other so much that it looks as if it would fall. The subsidence must have taken place while it was being built; for it is unfinished, and it looks as if it would have come crashing down if the builders had ventured to add ten feet more to its height.

The finished tower, which is only slightly out of the perpendicular, is the older of the two. It is a square brick-built structure no less than 320 feet high, built by Gherardo degli Asinelli in 1109—eight centuries ago. A portico built three hundred years later surrounds it, and proves that by the fifteenth century there were more peaceful days in Bologna; for the projecting arcade spoils the original plan of defence. The base of the tower was originally made solid. The doorway was many feet from the ground, and accessible only by a ladder, or by a drawbridge from the adjacent house. The only possible method of attack would be by undermining, and to prevent this there was an overhanging battlement at the top of the tower. Crossbows could be used against assailants; but when they ventured near the base, heavy missiles

would be sent crashing down on them with the impetus of a fall of 300 feet. The only way of reducing the tower would be by starving out its little garrison. Times have changed since these towers were built. Nowadays a few pounds of dynamite would bring them down in a mass of ruin.

The unfinished tower of the Garisenda family was begun the year after the Asinelli completed theirs. It is 130 feet high, and the top is eleven feet out of line, but the contrast with the almost erect tower of the Asinelli makes it seem to lean to a much greater degree. As it was a point of honor with a noble family to have a taller tower than its neighbors, one can imagine the disappointment of the Garisenda brothers when they had to stop building, and the pleasure Gherardo must have taken in looking down on the failure of his neighbors from a superior height of nearly 200 feet. New York millionaires are carrying on something of the same kind of rivalry with their sky-scrapers of to-day. One wonders if the world is changing so much, after all.

And there is another feature of Bologna that suggests the same reflection. To listen to some of our modern advocates of "women's rights," one would suppose that the higher education of women was invented in the second half of the nineteenth century, and that learned ladies were an exclusive product of modern days. Yet in the University, which is the pride of Bologna, ladies have held at various times professorial chairs and taught literature and science to classes of men. Local legend says that the University was founded by Theodosius the Great in the fifth century. It is certain that early in the eleventh century there was a school of Roman law, but the real founder of the University was Pope Alexander II. (1061-1073.) It was chiefly renowned as a school of law, but other branches of learning were not neglected. Students flocked to it from all parts of Europe. At one time in the thirteenth century there were nearly ten thousand of them. The city was known as

Bologna la dotta ("Bologna the learned"), and inscribed on its coins *Bologna docet* ("Bologna teaches"). The professors had to take an oath that they would never lecture or teach elsewhere, and the city enriched them in life and honored them in death. The tombs of many of them, decorated with the characteristic arcade of Bolognese architecture, are among the monuments of the old city.

Here it was that human anatomy was first publicly taught, though it was at Louvain that Vesalius first ventured to dissect a human subject before the class. Another service to science that the world owes to Bologna was the discovery of galvanism by one of its professors, Luigi Galvani, in 1789. Yet another famous professor was Ugo Buoncompagni, born at Bologna in 1502. As a young priest he was a professor in the faculty of law for many years. Later he was one of the theologians of the Council of Trent (which, by the way, held one of its sessions in his native city). Then came the cardinalate; and in 1572 he was elected Pope, and reigned as Gregory XIII. He was a great benefactor of education, but his greatest service to science was the reform of the calendar. The statue of the great Pontiff stands above the doorway of the Palazzo Publico, the city hall of Bologna; and the Bolognese tell an interesting story of it. When the French occupied their city in the year 1797, a Jacobin official declared that he had heard they had a statue of a Pope somewhere, and it must be destroyed. The Bolognese city council had foreseen this possibility, and had removed the tiara from the head of the statue and replaced it by a mitre. "That a statue of Pope Gregory!" they said to the Jacobin commissioner. "Look at the mitre! It's only a bishop, St. Petronius, the patron of the city; so you may leave it as it is." The ruse was successful; and after the Concordat, the mitre was removed and the tiara again crowned the statue.

Amongst the learned women who have won fame as professors at Bologna there

was Novella d'Andrea, who taught law in the fifteenth century; and at the close of the eighteenth, Laura Bassi, professor of mathematics; the Signora Mazzolini, a lady doctor who taught anatomy; and Clotilda Tambroni, professor of Greek for many years.

Of the artists of the Bolognese school, the greatest was Francesco Raibolini, better known as Francia. His *Pietà*, one of the treasures of the London National Gallery, is known all over the world, it has so often been reproduced in engravings and photographs; and there is little doubt that it is the most beautiful work of the kind in existence. Francia was born at Bologna, and did not do much work as a painter till he was nearly forty years of age; but he was an artist long before this. For he kept a shop, and was a goldsmith and medallist, and for some years engraved the dies for the coinage of Bologna and other Italian free cities and States. Even when he had won fame as a painter he still kept his shop and worked at vessels for the altar, plate for the rich houses, medals for the University, coins for the city mint. His son, Francia the Younger, was brought up in his workshop and studio but never produced pictures that could rank with the best of his father's.

Francia was a friend of Raphael; and when the great master sent his picture of St. Cecilia to one of the churches of Bologna, it was forwarded from Rome to Francia's studio, and Raphael wrote asking him to look over it carefully and retouch it wherever he thought it might be improved: a high tribute to the Bolognese artist. A story reproduced by Vasari says that when the picture arrived, Francia saw at once Raphael's superiority to him, and was so disappointed at the sense of his own deficiencies that he fell ill and died,—dying so suddenly that some thought he had taken poison. One is glad to know that the oft-repeated story can not be true; for Francia survived for some years the arrival of the *St. Cecilia* at Bologna.

Francia was evidently inspired by the

older artists, hence the simple dignity of his work. The later painters of Bologna had more of the spirit of the Renaissance, and one sees the influence of Raphael in their style. The greatest names among them are Guido Reni, Caracci, and Domenichino.

One of the churches of Bologna takes its name from a picture. It is known as the church of the *Madonna di San Luca*, and its greatest treasure is a picture of our Blessed Lady brought from Constantinople in Crusading days,—a very old picture, in the archaic Byzantine style with which the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor has made us familiar. The local legend says that it was painted by St. Luke. Each year it is carried in solemn procession to the cathedral. There it remains for four days; then it is borne to the church of St. Petronius, the patron of the city, where it remains till the end of the week, when there is another procession back to the church of the Madonna.

In another church, the chief treasure is not a painting, but the miraculously preserved body of the artist, one of the earlier painters of the Bolognese school—Caterina dei Vigri, better known as St. Catherine of Bologna. She died on March 9, 1463, when Francia was a boy of thirteen; and her studio was a cell in the convent of the Poor Clares, adjoining the church of the Blessed Sacrament—*Corpus Domini*,—a church which she herself founded in 1456. One of the best-known guides to Northern Italy notes that “the interior contains the tomb of the saint at the second altar,” but gives no hint of the wonder that has been going on there for more than four centuries.

The best account of the shrine of St. Catherine that I have ever seen is contained in one of the articles on the holy places of Italy which the late Father John Morris, S. J., contributed to the *Month* nearly twenty years ago. I make no apology, therefore, for reproducing a few paragraphs. I had the privilege of knowing Father Morris well, and can safely say that he was a careful, accurate

observer, who weighed his words, and was the last man in the world to be carried away by mere enthusiasm into loose exaggeration. He visited Bologna on his way back to London from Rome in 1850, arriving there on a Sunday morning.

“I went up to the first man I saw in the piazza,” he writes, “and asked him kindly to tell me where I should find Santa Caterina di Bologna. ‘*La Santa!*’ he called out, indignant that in her own city she should require to be more fully named. I followed his directions, made my way into the church, and, mindful of the lesson I had received in the piazza, I asked in the sacristy whether I might say Mass at the altar of *La Santa*. The vestments were given me, and I followed the server into the church till he brought me to a transept altar. I did not know in the least what to expect, and thought that St. Catherine was reposing at full-length beneath the altar, and that after Mass I should be allowed to see her. I was arranging my chalice for Mass when I noticed that above the altar-card was a large oval opening or window, barred with gilt iron bars, and on the other side of it a light red silk curtain. As it caught my eye, I heard the curtain rings run back, and there I stood face to face with St. Catherine.

“I have seldom been more startled, and it certainly was not without reason. In the room beyond the transept, exactly opposite to the altar and facing toward it, St. Catherine was sitting up in her chair,—the only dead body I ever saw not lying at full-length. It was a very moving thing to say one’s Mass there, and whenever one raised one’s eyes to see the calm figure of the saint sitting like a queen on her throne.

“After my Mass and thanksgiving, I was, by special permission from the Archbishop, taken into the room where the saint is. The permission was necessary, because the room was part of an enclosed convent of Poor Clares, whose first abbess was St. Catherine. The nuns have access to the room, as they have full charge of

their wonderful treasure. They constantly make new habits for St. Catherine, as the only relics that they can give away are portions of vestments that she has worn. The body of the saint is intact, so that no portion of her is to be found elsewhere,—except indeed that there is, in a glass case not far from her, a vial of blood which years ago was drawn from her veins long after death. There sits the saint, and there she has sat for four hundred years, unchanged, except that her face, her hands and her feet are almost black. On her lip is a white mark, which is thought to show the place where in a vision one Christmas night the Infant Jesus kissed her.


“The saint is said to be sitting up in her chair without support, not leaning back. If so, it is very wonderful; for her hand is perfectly flexible. To that I can testify; for they said to me: ‘You are a priest, take her hand in yours.’ I did so, and raised it reverently to my lips. My memory of the flexibility of that sacred hand is confirmed by a friend. She tells me that the ring she wears was placed on the finger of the saint. This flexibility without corruption is very wonderful; for, as every doctor knows, it is the commencement of putrefaction that naturally relaxes the *rigor mortis*. Now, St. Catherine died on March 9, 1463.”

In the room Father Morris was shown some things that had belonged to her—her Breviary and paintings by her hand of our Blessed Lord and His Holy Mother. A recent biographer of St. Catherine, the Protestant author of a book on some of the women artists of Italy, suggests that the marvel is due to embalming. But embalming was not practised in mediæval Italy. If it had been, we should now have the unchanged bodies of princes and rulers of the old cities, of noble dames, and of famous artists. This attempt to explain away the preservation of the body of St. Catherine only shows how marvelous is this standing miracle, enduring through the burning heat of hundreds of Italian summers.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

IV.

“ HIS is glorious, Phil!” Monica Darien, in her warm travelling dress and rich furs, her sweet face bright with happiness, stood upon the steps of Slievenagh House, and, leaning upon her husband’s arm, looked round her in delight. “‘Tis beautiful! Truly a home worth coming to! Ah, dearest, I am a proud and happy woman to-day. Phil, isn’t it wonderful that you and I—think of it!—that you and I should, after all our years of miserable separation, be at last husband and wife, master and mistress of Slievenagh House?”

“Wonderful, so it is! And”—patting her hand, Philip gazed up at the old house, and then across the smooth lawns and the beautiful bay,—“it is a fine place.”

Monica laughed.

“You’re not enthusiastic enough, Phil. There’s a ‘don’t-very-much-care-about-it’ sort of tone in your voice.”

“Nonsense, Monica!” with a shrug of his shoulders. “But you expect too much. I can’t keep on forever answering enthusiastically that it’s all wonderful, and the place beautiful. Ever since we’ve been married you’ve asked the same questions at least two hundred times a day. That becomes a little boring after a while; and, now that the honeymoon’s over, I must beg you to take my happiness for granted, and ask nothing about it.”

The color slowly ebbed out of Monica’s cheeks and her eyes filled with tears.

“Forgive me, Phil, for tormenting you so much! But it has taken me so long to realize that this place and property belonged to me that it was a satisfaction to talk of my—our wonderful good luck in succeeding to it all.”

“I know. But you might have been accustomed to the idea by now.”

“Last night I dreamed it was all a mis-

take," she said, in a voice that trembled. "It was so vivid, so clear, Phil, that I awoke bathed in perspiration, my heart heavy as lead."

He laughed derisively.

"A slight attack of indigestion often causes nightmare."

"Yes, nightmare,—that's what it was; for I thought—believed that Hugh's child was living and that—"

"For goodness' sake don't tell me such silly dreams! If you think about them, you'll end by believing them true. Hugh had no child."

"No, I am aware of that; and" (her eyes wandering round once more) "I thank God for it. It—it would break my heart now, Phil, to give this all up."

"Possession is nine points of the law," he answered lightly. "If Hugh had left fifty children, we'd never do that now."

She pressed his hand.

"One child would be enough, dear. If I were convinced that Hugh had left one child, Phil, much as it would cost me, I'd give this all up to him to-morrow."

"Then you'd be a fool. But run in and get ready for lunch. 'Tis folly to waste time discussing wholly impossible things. I'll follow you in a moment. I must first speak to Davy."

Monica started and turned pale.

"Davy? Surely that horrid man is not here?"

"Surely he is. He's living in a cottage outside the gates. He's a friend of mine, and" (setting his teeth) "likes to be near me. So I'll ask you, Monica, to treat him civilly at least."

"I dislike him very much! He's a—"

"Try to conquer your dislike," he interrupted quickly. "He's very dangerous if angered. So beware!"

"Philip, you terrify me. Do please send him away."

"Don't be foolish. Davy's been a good friend to me. I must allow him to stay. ut you need hardly ever see him. So pray forget he's there."

"The thought that he is close by has

spoiled my coming home. But" (seeing an angry frown upon her husband's brow) "I'll say no more. Come in soon, Philip."

She tried to speak cheerily, but the light had gone out of her face, the joy out of her eyes, as she turned and made her way into the house.

"Two months since our wedding day," she sighed; "and the home-coming that I dreamed of, an accomplished fact. But Philip" (she shivered) "is odd. When he looks like that, and calls that odious Davy his friend, I tremble. But I am silly. Prosperity and—everything has made me sensitive. I'll forget my fears—if I can."

As his wife left him, Philip Darien's face grew black as thunder, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he strode off down the drive.

"Now for Davy!" he hissed from between his teeth. "Monica wishes him to go. I would give worlds to get rid of him; and yet, since he has chosen to settle here, I must submit, pretend that he is a friend."

"Is this Slievenagh House?" asked a woman coming slowly in at the gate,— "the home of the Devereux?"

Philip Darien stared at her superciliously, his head thrown back.

"The home of the Dariens now. Mrs. Darien has just arrived at Slievenagh House. But please move on. Beggars are not allowed in here at any time."

The woman breathed heavily and a faint color rose in her pale cheeks.

"I am not that—I—but" (drawing herself up proudly) "I must go on to the house,—must see Mrs. Darien."

The woman was tall, and, in spite of the evident traces of suffering and ill health, very handsome. Her voice was soft; she spoke English correctly, though with a somewhat unusual accent. And as she stood before him in her long black cloak and bonnet, mud-stained skirt, and well-worn shoes, there was an air of good-breeding about her that surprised Philip Darien; and he became suddenly con-

vinced that her face was familiar, and that somewhere before he had seen her and heard her speak.

"Mrs. Darien is unable to see any one just now," he said frigidly, but his manner was less rude than at first. "She is tired after her journey, as we arrived only a few hours ago. But—I am her husband, Philip Darien, and will take her any message."

"Philip Darien? Monica's husband?" she cried, wondering and excited. "I—I am glad to meet you. Hugh often spoke of you" (putting out a trembling hand). "And Monica's name is so well known, so familiar to me that I feel as though she were my sister. My husband, Hugh Devereux—Monica's cousin, you know—loved her well."

Philip seemed turned to stone; every vestige of color had left his face; his hands were like marble. He stood, his eyes staring, his lips apart, his tongue dry and parched.

"So now," the stranger added gently, "she will see me. Even to-day, Monica will be glad to welcome her cousin's widow and his little child." And, smiling, she threw back her cloak and, with a proud glance, displayed a pretty sleeping baby of six or eight months old. "Hugh's daughter," she whispered,—"my one comfort since my dear husband was cruelly done to death—murdered before my eyes. My darling is heir to all this."

"You lie! Hugh had no child, no wife!" he yelled, his face livid. "You are an impostor." And he raised his hand as though he would strike her to the earth.

But, terrified and trembling, she sprang aside, crying out:

"'Tis true indeed: this is Hugh's child."

"Hugh and all his belongings perished in the Bush, when the hut he—they lived in was attacked. I know all about it. Begone, or I will turn the dogs upon you! Away! How dare you come here with such a story?" And he drove her down the wide avenue before him.

Without a word, her heart throbbing, her pulses flying, burning all over with

anger and bitter humiliation, the woman pressed her babe to her breast and staggered blindly toward the big entrance gates. Here, making a great effort, she turned and faced Philip Darien.

"I go now, for I am weak and ill," she said, with flashing eyes. "But I go to return—to assert my daughter's rights. Here" (laying her hand upon her bosom) "I have papers—my marriage certificate, the record of our child's birth and baptism, and many letters—to show that I am Hugh Devereux's wife. Father McBlaine, of Carrigart, was Hugh's friend. He will see justice done. For now I feel" (a sob choked her) "it is near to the test. But God is good and powerful. He will defend the rights of the innocent." And drawing her cloak more closely round her, she went out of the gate, and away down the road.

Philip Darien reeled, gasped for breath, and, clutching the railings of the big wrought-iron gate, steadied himself. Then, after a moment, he uttered a deep growl, and in a loud, angry voice cursed the disappearing woman.

A boisterous, noisy laugh, then a low, amused chuckle fell upon his ear, stinging him almost to madness as he realized that it was Davy.

"Friend Philip, you surprise me," Davy said jeeringly, his rubicund countenance, if possible, more beet-root hued than ever. "A sorry sight you are for a bridegroom, and a bridegroom whose ladylove has brought him such a splendid dowry! Man alive, it's shouting with joy—"

"Stop! Curse you! Don't you see I'm upset, maddened by that—"

"Beggan woman? Dear, bless you, there'll be hundreds gathering round you before long! There's crowds of that sort in Donegal, and the Slievenagh folk were always good to the poor."

"She was no beggar,—not by any means! Listen, Davy."

He put his lips to the man's ear and whispered a few hoarse and scarcely audible words. But, low and indistinct though they were, they drove the smile

from Davy's face and filled his eyes with horror and alarm.

"Alma Devereux alive,—the woman we left for dead?" he muttered, the cold perspiration standing out in great drops upon his brow. "And the child,—with papers too! 'Tis ruin—blank, staring ruin for you and me."

"The creature's an impostor. Alma Devereux, her husband and child are dead. But if this woman has found papers" (Philip's lips were blue, his face haggard), "and the priest, Father McBlaine, takes up her cause—"

"You and I may pack up. Mistress Darien may go back to her mother. All will be over. These priests are powerful, and they'd fight to the last for any poor creature they believed to be badly treated. Oh, I have heard a lot about them since I came to Donegal."

"If I had only—" (Darien muttered something under his breath), "I'd surely have—"

"And get landed in the county jail for your pains, and swing high before the end of the month? No, no, friend Philip; 'tis well you did nothing so rash. But cheer up. Davy has an idea, and that is to follow this impostor and quietly draw her teeth; that is to say, in the politest, gentlest but firmest way take the papers from her. Then all the priests in Donegal, Father McBlaine included, couldn't" (with a loud laugh) "set Humpty Dumpty up again. Yes, without her papers, Alma Devereux, impostor or not, is powerless. Round the whole countryside, she'll be looked upon as a mad woman."

"She'll never give them up."

"Two thousand pounds down, when the deed's done, and the papers are yours before night."

"You'll have your pound of flesh. Nothing for nothing" (fiercely) "is always your motto. But I haven't the money."

"Pooh! You'll easily get it. Monica Darien is a loving and a wealthy wife. I'll take your I. O. U. for it."

"All right, since you will." He tore a

leaf from his pocketbook, and, scribbling the three binding letters upon it, signed it with his name, and duly dated it. "I must have those papers, cost me what it may. And, Davy, remember, when you see Mrs. Darien, not a word or a whisper about this woman or her child!"

"You bet! I know a thing worth two of that. Ta-ta! Keep up your spirits, friend Philip." And, laughing hilariously, Davy put the piece of paper carefully away in an old leather purse, which he buttoned up tightly in his trousers' pocket. "My affectionate greetings to the precious, loving Missis, and break it gently to her that she'll not see me to-night." And he strolled away, singing light-heartedly as he went.

V.

As evening came on, the wind grew cold, and after a while snow began to fall,—not heavily, but in thick white flakes, that drifted, and lay here and there in deep piles upon the roadside.

Driving along in the face of the storm from the station at Creeslough to the village at Carrigart, eight miles away, Denis Galagher sets his teeth, and, shivering and blue with cold, urges his horses to a faster trot. He is anxious to get home, and thinks longingly of his mother's cosy cottage and the cheering turf fire that will smile so pleasantly upon him by and by, when his work is done. Denis goes this road twice every day, to meet the express trains from Derry, and bring visitors and their luggage in the wagonette to the Rosapenna Hotel. This evening there had been but few passengers by the Lough Swilly railway, and not one had descended at Creeslough. So, as Denis rattled along through the bitter wind and blinding snow, his conveyance was empty, save for a few parcels and a couple of sacks of meal, to be dropped at various cottages, as he made his way to the hotel stables through the village of Carrigart.

"God help those without home or fire!" he sighed, making the Sign of the Cross. "Sure it's the dreadful night entirely!"

Suddenly one of the horses shied, and, plunging violently, dragged the wagonette dangerously near a deep ditch at the far side of the road.

"Steady now!" Denis said soothingly, then gently urged the horses to go on.

But they both refused to move; and, wondering, he scrambled down from his high seat to examine the harness and discover if possible what was wrong. But everything was in its place, strong and firmly fastened; and, promising the restive steeds a goodly application of his whip, he was about to mount the box once more when a low, deep moan made him start and shiver.

"Some one ill—dying! Ah, where? I must look."

Soon his eyes fell upon a dark object; and, on approaching nearer, through the mass of snow that enveloped her like a shroud, he saw that it was a woman.

"Wirra, wirra!" Denis groaned. "Sure she's stone cold. The poor creature, who is she at all, at all? And" (as her cloak was torn aside by the raging wind) "her baby at her breast!"

As the child began to cry, he took it in his arms and rocked it gently to and fro. The little one nestled close to him, and, holding it tightly, the kind-hearted fellow uttered many soothing words, and tried to warm it with his breath.

"Sure they must come home, the pair of them," he muttered after a while. "They're both half dead. But a warm drink and a good turf fire will soon set them on their feet again."

With great difficulty, he raised the half-frozen woman, and lifted her into the wagonette; then, covering her and the baby with a big warm rug, he clambered up on to the box-seat, and, slashing the horses into a brisk trot, drove off down the lonely road.

Upon reaching the village of Carrigart, Denis drew up at a low, whitewashed cottage; and, putting his finger in his mouth, gave one loud, sharp whistle. The door opened quickly, and a woman's voice called out:

"What is it, avick? Sure the bit of tea would do when you came for good and all. The wind is that strong—"

"Come out, mother dear!"—Denis was swinging himself down from his seat. "Come out quick!"

"Out in the snow and the bitter wind? Och!" (shivering) "Sure it's my death I'd be getting. What's wrong with you, Denny Gallagher?"

"With me? Sorra hayporth. But there's a sick woman here, and a wee baby just perishing with the cold. Sure it's yourself that'll warm them up a bit; in the name of God and His Blessed Mother this dreadful night."

"Aye, to be sure!" And, diving out of the cottage, Mrs. Gallagher received the now shrieking, struggling baby in her arms, and sped back into the cottage, telling Denis to be quick and bring the poor mother in also.

"I'll make her a cup of tea and put her feet to the fire," she cried, her kindly soul full of compassion; "and she'll soon be well and hearty, the creature! Sure it's only the cold has numbed her."

But all their efforts to rouse the stranger were in vain. Nothing they could do would bring back warmth to her half-frozen body. She neither moved nor spoke, and gave no signs of returning consciousness. Terrified, Mrs. Gallagher at last sent Denis off to fetch the doctor. But before the latter reached the cottage the poor soul had passed away. All her troubles were at an end forever.

Uninjured either by cold or exposure, the baby throve splendidly; and, tenderly cared for and looked after by good-hearted Mrs. Gallagher, she grew rosy and plump, a perfect picture of a happy, healthy child.

"I love her already as if she was my own, and sure Denis has her just idolized, Father dear," Mrs. Gallagher told her parish priest one day, about a month after the mother's funeral. "But sure something must be done to find her friends. Denny and I are too poor to keep a child, and it would break my heart" (her eyes filling

with tears) "to send her to the poorhouse."

"There was nothing about her to say whence she came—I mean the mother,—or what her name was?" asked Father McBlaine, thoughtfully. "No papers or card?"

"Not a blessed thing, Father. I've her wedding ring and her clothes. Her dress, cloak and bonnet are respectable but worn and dusty. Her underwear, as I stated at the inquest, is good—fine I might say,—and marked 'A. D.' That's all."

"No purse or money?"

"Nothing. And, somehow, my heart misgives me about that same. Sure only it was my own Denis—as honest a boy as ever walked—that found her, I'd say something had been stolen off her. The body of her dress was open,—torn open, I feel sure; for her hand was clutching it tight. But sure I needn't be repeating it, Father. You heard it all at the inquest."

"Aye, every word. But no one seemed to think much about it. It's all a mystery. And there's nothing to prove that the woman had met with foul play in any way. The storm was too much for her. She had walked far. Who she was and where she came from God only knows. She's at peace, poor creature; so we need not trouble any more about her, beyond a hearty prayer for her soul. But the child is on my mind. I can not bear to think of her being sent to the poorhouse and brought up a Protestant."

Mrs. Galagher started and made the Sign of the Cross.

"God save us all. No, no, your reverence! That would be awful!"

"It's what will happen if she goes there. She belongs to no one. 'Tis unknown what was the religion of her father or mother, so she's bound to be registered as a Protestant."

"Oh, the darling!" Mrs. Galagher hugged the baby to her breast. "I couldn't bear that, Father McBlaine. I'd give my eyes nearly to get keeping the wee thing. But I'm old, and Denis may be marrying and then—"

A tall figure stood in the door, and a strong, manly voice said cheerily:

"Maybe, indeed? Troth and that same's far from his mind, *asthore machree!* Your reverence" (with a respectful, yet affectionate glance at the priest), "'tisn't matchmaking for me, I hope, that brings you here to-day?"

Father McBlaine laughed, and grasped Denis warmly by the hand.

"Far from it, my boy,—far from it. For I believe you'll choose for yourself by and by, Denny. 'Twas about the child there, the little stranger, I came to speak. I'm anxious to know what is to become of her in the future."

"Oh, that's all settled and done for!" Denis cried gaily; and, taking the baby from his mother's arms, and looking lovingly into the rosy, laughing face, he added: "She's mine!"

"Yours?"

"Aye, for good and all. Two of us wanted to adopt her,—a stranger, one David Lindo living near Slievenagh House beyond, and myself. No one likes Lindo or trusts him, so the child was given over to me, and I've adopted her as my own."

"God bless you!" Father McBlaine said, with emotion. "You're a fine fellow, Denis Galagher."

"My son,—och, Denis avick!" Mrs. Galagher exclaimed. "Sure it's the happy woman you've made me this day." And, throwing her arms round his neck, she gave him a glad and sounding kiss.

(To be continued.)

The Gold of God.

BY WILLIAM HENDRIX, S. J.

⊙ GIVE o'er your search, ye seekers! Ye are vain:
 Pure gold gleams but above,
 The riches that ye view with chill disdain,
 The Gold of God—His Love.
 Nor toils endure, but lift the lowly heart;
 Wring not the stubborn clod;
 Lo! in a land from death and pain apart
 Ye'll find the Gold of God.

Some Bookmen and Libraries of the Thirteenth Century.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHILE the existence of libraries of various kinds, even of circulating libraries, in the thirteenth century may seem definitely settled, it will appear to most people that to speak of book collecting at this time must be out of place. That fad is usually presumed to be of much later origin, and indeed to be comparatively recent in its manifestations. We have said enough already, however, of the various collections of books in libraries, especially in France, to show that the book collector was abroad; but there is much more direct evidence available from an English writer. Although Richard de Bury's "Philobiblion" is well known to all who are interested in books for their own sake, few people realize that this book practically had its origin in the thirteenth century. The writer was born about the beginning of the last quarter of that century, had completed his education before its close; and it is only reasonable to attribute to the formative influences at work in his intellectual development as a young man, the germs of thought from which were to come in later life the interesting book on bibliophily, the first of its kind, which was to be a treasure for book-lovers ever afterward.

"Philobiblion" tells, among other things, of one of Richard's visits to the Continent on an embassy to the Holy See, and on subsequent occasions to the Court of France; and the delight which he experienced in handling many books which he had never seen before, in buying such of them as his purse would allow, or his enthusiasm could tempt from their owners, and in conversing with those who could tell him about books and their contents. Such men were the chosen comrades of his journeys; they sat with him at table,

as Mr. Henry Morley tells us in his "English Writers" (Vol. IV., p. 51), and were in almost constant fellowship with him. It was at Paris particularly that Richard's heart was satisfied for a time because of the great treasures he found in the magnificent libraries of that city. He was interested, of course, in the University, and the opportunity for intellectual employment afforded by academic proceedings. But above all he found delight in the books which monks and monarchs and professors and churchmen of all kinds, and scholars and students, had gathered into this great intellectual capital of Europe at that time. Any one who thinks the books were not valued quite as highly in the thirteenth century as at the present time should read the "Philobiblion." He will rise from the reading of it with the thought that it is the modern generations who do not properly appreciate books.

One of the early chapters of the "Philobiblion" argues that books ought always to be bought, whatever they cost, provided there are means to pay for them—except in two cases: "when they are knavishly overcharged, or when a better time for buying is expected." That sun of men, Solomon, Richard says, "bids us buy books readily and sell them unwillingly; for one of his proverbs runs, 'Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom and instruction and understanding.'" Richard, in his own quaint way, thought that most other interests in life were only temptations to draw men away from books. In one famous paragraph he has naïvely personified books as complaining with regard to the lack of attention men now display for them; and the unworthy objects, in Richard's eyes at least, upon which they fasten their affections instead, and which take them away from the only great life interest that is really worth while—books.

"Yet," complain books, "in these evil times we are cast out of our place in the inner chamber, turned out of doors, and our place taken by dogs, birds, and the two-legged beast called woman. But that

creature has always been our rival; and when she spies us in a corner, with no better protection than the web of a dead spider, she drags us out with a frown and violent speech, laughing us to scorn as useless, and soon counsels us to be changed into costly head-gear, silk and scarlet double dyed, dresses and divers trimmings, linens and woollens. And so," complain the books still, "we are turned out of our homes, our coats are torn from our backs, our backs and sides ache, we lie about disabled, our natural whiteness turns to yellow; without doubt, we have the jaundice. Some of us are gouty; witness our twisted extremities. Our bellies are griped and wrenched and are consumed by worms; we lie ragged, and weep in dark corners, or meet with Job upon a dunghill; or, as seems hardly fit to be said, we are hidden in abysses of the sewers. We are sold also like slaves, and lie as unredeemed pledges in taverns. We are thrust into cruel butteries, to be cut up like sheep and cattle; committed to Jews, Saracens, heretics and pagans, whom we always dread as the plague, and by whom some of our forefathers are known to have been poisoned."

Richard de Bury must not be thought to have been some mere wandering scholar of the beginning of the fourteenth century, however; for he was, perhaps, the most important historical personage, not even excepting royalty or nobility, of this era. He furnishes, besides, a striking example of how high a mere scholar might then rise quite apart from any achievement in arms, though this is usually supposed to be almost the only basis of distinguished reputation and the reason for advancement at this time. While he was only the son of a Norman Knight, Aungerville by name, born at Bury St. Edmund's, he became first the steward of the palace and Treasurer of the Royal Wardrobe, then Lord Treasurer of England, and finally Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal. While on a mission to the Pope he so commended himself to the Holy See that it was resolved to make him the next English bishop.

Accordingly, he was soon after made Bishop of Durham. On the occasion of his installation there was a great banquet, at which the young King and Queen, the Queen-Mother Isabelle, the King of Scotland, two archbishops, five bishops, and most of the great English lords were present. At this time the Scots and the English were actually engaged in war with each other, and a special truce was declared in order to allow them to join in the celebration of the consecration of so distinguished an individual to the See of Durham near the frontier.

Before he was consecrated Bishop, Richard de Bury had been, as stated above, treasurer of the kingdom. Before the end of the year in which he was consecrated he became Lord Chancellor at a time when the affairs of the kingdom needed a master-hand, and when the French and the Scots were seriously disturbing English peace and prosperity. He resigned his office of Chancellor, as Henry Morley states, only to go abroad in the Royal service as Ambassador that he might exercise his own trusted sagacity in carrying out the peaceful policy he had advised. During this diplomatic mission to the Continent, he visited the courts of Paris, of Flanders, of Hainault, and of Germany. He succeeded in making peace between the English King and the Counts of Hainault, and Namur, the Marquis of Juliers, and the Dukes of Brabant and Gueldres. This would seem to indicate that he must be considered as one of the most prominent men in Europe in those days.

His attitude toward books is, then, all the more noteworthy. Many people were surprised that a great statesman like Gladstone in the nineteenth century should have been interested in so many phases of thought and of literature, and should himself have been able to find time to contribute important works to English letters. Richard de Bury was at least as important a man in his time as Gladstone in ours, and occupied himself as much with books as the great English commoner.

This will be the greatest source of surprise to those who in our day have been accustomed to think that the great scholars deeply interested in books, who were yet men of practical worth in helping their generations in its difficult problems, are limited to modern times, and are least of all likely to be found in the heart of the Middle Ages.

In spite of his many occupations as a politician and a bookman, Richard de Bury was noted for his faithfulness in the fulfilment of his duties as a churchman and a bishop. It is worthy of mention that many of the important clergymen of England who were to find the highest church preferment afterward were among the members of his household at various dates, and that in particular the post of secretary to the Bishop was filled at times by some of the best scholars of the period,—men who were devoted friends to the Bishop, who dedicated their works to him, and generally added to the reputation that stamped him as the greatest scholar of England and one of the leading lights of European culture of his day.

This is not surprising when we realize that to be a member of Richard's household was to have access to the best library in England, and that many scholars were naturally ambitious to have such an opportunity; and, as the results showed, many took advantage of it. Among Richard of Durham's chaplains were Thomas Bradwardine, who afterward became Archbishop of Canterbury; Richard Fitzraufe, subsequently Archbishop of Armagh; Walter Seagrave, later on Bishop of Chichester; and Richard Bentworth, who afterward became Bishop of London. Among the distinguished scholars who occupied the post were Robert Holcot, John Manduit, the astronomer of the fourteenth century; Richard Kilmington, a distinguished English theologian; and Walter Burley, a great commentator of Aristotle. Burley dedicated to the Bishop, who had provided him with so many opportunities for study, his commentaries

upon the politics and ethics of the ancient Greek philosopher.

That Richard's love for books and the time he had necessarily devoted to politics did not dry up the fountains of charity in his heart nor cause him to neglect his important duties as the pastor of the people, and especially of the poor, we know very well from certain traditions with regard to his charitable donations. According to a standing rule in his household, eight quarters of wheat were regularly every week made into bread and given to the poor. In his almsgiving Richard was as careful and as discriminating as in his collection of books, and he used a number of the regularly organized channels in his diocese to make sure that his bounty should be really helpful and should not encourage lack of thrift. This is a feature of charitable work that is supposed to be modern, but the personal service of the charitably inclined in the thirteenth century far surpassed in this respect even the elaborate organization of charity in modern times. Whenever the Bishop travelled, generous alms were distributed to the poor people along the way. Whenever he made the journey between Durham and New Castle, eight pounds sterling were set aside for this purpose; five pounds for each journey between Durham and Stockton or Middleham, and five marks between Durham and Auckland. Money had at that period at least ten times the purchasing favor which it has at present, so that it will be easy to appreciate the good Bishop's eminent liberality. He was no eccentric bookman interested only in his literary collection.

That Richard was justified in his admiration of the books of his time we know from those that remain; for it must not be thought for a moment that because the making of books was such a time-taking task in the thirteenth century they were not therefore made beautiful. On the contrary, as we have hinted at the beginning of this article, probably no more beautiful books have ever been produced than were

made then. This of itself would show how precious in the eyes of the collectors of the time their books were, since they wanted to have them so beautifully made, and were satisfied to pay the high prices that had to be demanded for such works of art. Very few books of any size cost less than the equivalent of \$100 in our time, and illuminated books cost much higher than this, yet they seem never to have been a drug on the market. Indeed, considering the number of them that are still in existence at this time, in spite of the accidents of fire and water and war, and neglect and carelessness and ignorance, of which Richard de Bury complains so feelingly, there must have been an immense number of very handsome books made by the generations of the thirteenth century.

While illumination was not an invention of the thirteenth century, book decoration then reached that stage of perfection which artists of the next century were to improve only in certain extrinsic features, the essential qualities remaining those which had been determined as the all-important characteristics of this branch of art in the earlier time. The thirteenth century, for instance, saw the introduction of the miniature as a principal feature, and also the drawing out of initials in such a way as to make an illuminated border for the whole side of the page. After this development of the art in the thirteenth century, further evolution could come only in certain less important details. In this the thirteenth century generations were accomplishing what they had done in practically everything else that they touched—laying foundations broad and deep, and impressing upon the superstructure the commanding form which future generations were able to modify only in a slight degree and not always with absolute good grace.

Humphreys, in his magnificent volume on the illuminated books of the Middle Ages, which, according to his title-page, contains an account of the development and progress of the art of illumination as a distinct

branch of pictorial ornamentation from the fourth to the seventeenth centuries,* has some very striking words of praise for thirteenth-century illuminations and the artists who made them. He says:

“Different epochs of the art of illumination present widely different and distinct styles; the most showy and the best known, though the least pure and inventive in design, being that of the middle and end of the fifteenth century; whilst the period perhaps the least generally known, that of the thirteenth century, may be considered as the most interesting and original; many of the best works of that period displaying an astonishing variety and profusion of invention. The manuscript of which two pages are given on the opposite plate may be ranked among the most elaborate and profusely ornamented of the books of that era; every page being sufficient to make the fortune of the modern decorator by the quaint and unexpected novelties of invention which it displays at every turn of its intricate design.”

The illuminations of the century, then, are worthy of the time and also typical of the general work of the period. It is known by experts for its originality and for the wealth of invention displayed in the designs. Men did not fear that they might exhaust their inventive faculty, nor display their originality sparingly in order that they might have enough to complete other work. As the workmen of the cathedrals, the artist illuminators devoted their very best efforts to each piece of work that came to their hands, and the results are masterpieces of art in this as in every other department of the period. The details are beautifully wrought, showing the power of the artist to accomplish such a work; and yet his designs, at least in the best examples of the century, are never overloaded with details of ornamentation that obscure and minimize the effect of the original plan. This fault

* “Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages,” by Henry Noel Humphreys. Longmans, Green, Brown; and Longmans, London, 1848.

was to be the error of his sophisticated successors two centuries later.

Nor must it be thought that the high opinion of the century is derived from the fact that only a very few examples of its illumination on bookmaking are now extant; and that these, being the chosen specimens, give the illumination of the century a higher place than it might otherwise have. Many examples have been preserved, and some of them are among the most beautiful books ever made. Paris was particularly the home of this form of art in the thirteenth century; and indeed the school established there influenced all the modes of illumination everywhere, so much so that Dante speaks of the art with the epithet "Parisian." The incentive to the development of this form of art came from St. Louis, who was, as we have said, very much interested in books. His taste as exhibited in *La Sainte Chapelle* was such as to demand artistic excellence of a high grade in this department of art, which has many more relations with the architecture of the period, and especially with the stained glass, than might possibly be thought at the present time; for most of the decoration of books partook of the character of the architectural types of the moment.

Among the most precious treasures from the century are the three books which belonged to St. Louis himself. One of these is the Hours, or Office Book; a second is his Psalter, which contains some extremely beautiful initials; a third, which is in the library of the Arsenal at Paris, is sometimes known as the prayer-book of St. Louis himself, though a better name for it would be the prayer-book of Queen Blanche; for it was made at Louis' orders for his mother, the famous Blanche of Castile.

Outside of Paris there are preserved many books of great value that come from this century. One of them—a Bestiary, or Book of Beasts—is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. This is said to be a very beautiful example of the illumination

of the thirteenth century; but it is even more interesting because it shows the efforts of the artists of the time to copy nature in the pictures of the animals as they are presented. There is said to be a keenness of observation and a vigor of representation displayed in the book which is highly complimentary to thirteenth-century art.

Even these brief notes of the books and libraries of the thirteenth century will serve to make clear how enthusiastic was the interest of the generations of this time in beautiful books, and in collections of them that were meant for show as well as for practical usefulness. There is, perhaps, nothing more amusing in the attitude of modern generations with regard to the Middle Ages than the assumption that all the methods of education and of the distribution of knowledge worth talking about are the inventions of comparatively modern times. The large universities, as we have them at the present time—with their departments which train in the liberal arts in the younger years, and then offer the student the opportunity to devote himself to a practical department of knowledge which is to be his life's work in law, medicine, theology or science,—were the creation of the thirteenth century. Even this is seldom recognized. The fact that libraries were also a creation of that time, and that most of the regulations which are supposed to be the fruit of quite recent experience in the circulation of books had been adopted by these earlier generations, is, as a rule, utterly ignored; though it is a precious bit of knowledge that can not help but increase our sympathy with those bookmen of the olden times, who thought so much of their books, yet wished to share the privilege of their use with all those who would employ them properly; and who, in their great, practical way, succeeded in working out the scheme by which many people could have the advantage of consulting treasures so highly prized, without risk of loss or destruction, even though use might bring some deterioration of value.

Mrs. Windom's Whim.

BY MARY CROSS.

"SHE'LL let me have the money; she has no one else to spend it on. And if I don't get some fun when I am young, I certainly shan't when I am old—"

At this point the soliloquy was interrupted by a tipsy musician, who, swaying along the deck of the Rothesay-going steamer, fell into the arms of the well-dressed but not ostentatiously sober young man, who was making plans for his own further enjoyment at the least possible expense to himself.

The result of the collision was an exchange of personalities progressing toward violent action, until a looker-on interposed a strong arm, and an emphatic "Don't be a fool!" addressed impartially to both persons; whereat the musician became tearful, and the young man turned his wrath on the brown-eyed, broad-shouldered other.

"What business is it of yours?" he challenged.

"None whatever, except that I'm a doctor; and if you are subject to these attacks, I would prescribe the permanent use of cold water as a remedy."

To that thrust the young man succumbed, and dropped into a seat, whilst Dr. Eric Scott cast a glance, half pity, half contempt, upon him.

"Somebody's heartbreak," said the doctor to himself; and, for sake of that unknown somebody—mother, wife, or sister,—he decided to keep the heartbreak in sight until he was out of danger either of falling overboard or under the wheels of a motor,—a resolution that involved the following of the slightly unsteady steps from the quay and through the town, along a road and up a green, secluded lane to a grey-white dwelling with "Craig Cottage" painted on its gate.

It was a melancholy little house, its forlorn aspect emphasized by a tangle of

grass where flowers might have been,—not at all the sort of abode one would have expected so smart a youth to enter; but he did so with the air of being thoroughly at home. And then Eric was free to think about his tramp through Bute, which, terminating at Rothesay Hydropathic, would constitute his well-earned holiday,—a welcome change from the strain of a city doctor's life.

When, a few weeks later, his tour came to an end at Rothesay, he found it crowded with summer visitors; the Hydropathic was overflowing with joyous life; he saw familiar faces at every turn. "Let music and song be our pastime" was the motto of the night; and the recreation room had been turned into a *café chantant*, with pretty girls playing at waitresses, and amateur minstrels seeking to soothe the savage breast. One of the latter ceased his warbling to shake Dr. Scott's hand.

"Halloa, old chap! Glad to see you! You are in for a good time. Lots of people you know here."

"Who is that?" asked Eric, indicating a slim, dark young man who was exhibiting a banjo to a group of admiring maidens.

"He? Oh, Bertie Railton, which is all I know of him, except that he's a jolly sort, and spends money freely. He is quite gone on our leading lady, Mrs. Windom, a widow, young, charming, wealthy, and well aware of her possessions. She has all the men pining away for her, though I think she cares for none."

"You are describing just the type of woman I dislike," Eric said. "However, my scalp will not be added to her trophies."

"Don't boast, Doctor!" was the laughing warning.

Another acquaintance saluted Eric; and, in turning to respond, he brought himself face to face with—her. He had never seen her before, yet he felt as if all this were old,—as if in some previous state of existence he had seen that exquisite face with its deep, pathetic eyes, that slender, graceful figure detach themselves from the gay groups, and, for him, from all the rest

of the world. Hitherto he had travelled along life's road heart-whole and fancy-free. Now, having reached a "sensible age," he had fallen in love at first sight, like a schoolboy.

"Dr. Scott, Mrs. Windom," said the acquaintance, retiring with the suggestive information that there would be dancing.

"May I have the pleasure—" Eric began; but she interrupted with:

"Sorry, but I am engaged for every dance, extras and all." She favored him with a smile of bewildering sweetness as she added: "Doubtless I shall have other opportunities of acquiring your scalp."

The unhappy man blushed to the back of his neck. That she should have heard his atrocious remarks, based on total lack of acquaintance with their subject, seemed to him a dire calamity.

"That was 'catty,' wasn't it?" she said, pitying his confusion. "Still, you scratched first. Don't apologize, I implore! I find great comfort in the thought that my faults and failings give other people something to talk about, though the position of only sinner in a world of saints is not without its disadvantages."

"You promised the first waltz to me, Mrs. Windom!"

The banjoist had suspended his wholesale flirtation, and crossed the room to Mrs. Windom's side. There was a mutual and not altogether pleasant recognition between himself and Dr. Scott, who had scarcely expected to meet the hero of the scene on the steamer in this environment, aspiring to win a woman so refined and beautiful. The obvious fact that he did filled Eric with a wild longing to throw him out of the window.

"We have met before. You were very kind to me one day on board the *Columba*, when I was suffering from the effects of the voyage," he observed, with a smiling audacity that took Eric's breath away.

Half-involuntarily, he thought of the shabby little cottage in the back lane, wondering if there were more in Railton's visit to it than met the eye; but he was

honest enough to admit to himself that he was now in the mood to suspect things to the other's disadvantage.

"Do come out, Mrs. Windom," said Railton, as some one began singing "My Queen." "Not even the total absence of a voice can justify the infliction of that song on suffering humanity. All one can do with those who sing it is point the way to the better land, and urge them to 'hurry up.'"

Forth they went to the cool, soft air of night. The pallid blue of the sky deepened into purple overhead; lights on motionless yacht and steamer repeated themselves in the smooth, still water; far above the bay a star trembled in "lonely splendor." The tranquil scene filled Lilius Windom with a vague unrest and a nameless longing, a consciousness of her worse than empty life and heart; worse, since both held bitter memories of the mistake of her girlhood—the marriage with an utterly unworthy man. But this was holiday time, and why should she brood over "old, unhappy, far-off things"? She thrust thought and remembrance aside to attend to her gallant wooer, much of whose persuasive pleading she had not heard; she admitted the fascination of his airy good-humor; his devotion to her seemed very real, and she was lonely, and had all a woman's longing to be the whole world to some one. But the past made her distrustful of both present and future; there was always the danger that history would repeat itself.

"Why won't you say 'Yes' to me?" he persisted. "I am sure we should get on with each other."

"I must have time to think about it."

"All the time we all of us have doesn't amount to much, so why waste any of it in thinking?"

"Well, I believe that if I did care for you, I should not have any hesitation at all about giving you the answer you want," she frankly confessed.

"I am willing to take the risk," he declared.

"But I am not," she said; and at that he was obliged to leave it, meanwhile.

The pleasant summer days went on, and Liliás discerned that she had another admirer, a lover as earnest as, if less self-assertive than, Railton. Eric Scott never seemed very far away from her. She liked his face, with its mingling of strength and sweetness; but, alas! experience had taught her what cruel rocks may be hidden beneath the smoothest sea.

A faint haze of heat hung over the land, and the slimmering radiance of the bay; a band discoursed popular music on the Esplanade, where gaily-dressed throngs had gathered; steamer after steamer released new holiday-makers. Mrs. Liliás Windom occupied a basket-chair in the Hydro garden, and a magnificent grey cat was arranging itself on her lap, with the condescending air of making the best of things only one of that species can assume; whilst Bertie Railton hovered near with tribute in the shape of strawberries, declaring that he felt like a chop being frizzled for some one's luncheon. He was on the verge of a more sentimental utterance when the gravel crunched under a steady step, and Dr. Scott appeared.

"I am one of a search party, Railton," he said. "It appears that you volunteered to drive the Crawfords over to Ascog, and—er—"

"Whc-ew! I had forgotten all about it," confessed Railton; but he did not look specially pleased at the reminder.

"They are waiting," added Eric; and the other had no alternative but to depart.

Mrs. Windom raised her eyes slowly to Eric's.

"Are you guardian of Mr. Railton's scalp?" she inquired.

"Will you never forget or forgive my ungenerous words?"

"If you will forgive that ungenerous reminder. Still, it is curious how often you warn Mr. Railton off; though, of course, it may be accidental."

Eric did not reply, except by a slight increase of color; he could scarcely put

into so many words his determination to protect her against a man whom he regarded as an adventurer. He could not stab a rival in the back.

"Perhaps I presume overmuch in inflicting on you the society of a solemnity like myself?" he said.

"I am not wholly frivolous, Dr. Scott. There are intervals of solemnity in my history, when I wish that I had not spoiled my life at the outset."

"The best of it is to come, I hope," said he. "How much more the best of mine if you would share it! I am not eloquent, not very well able to express what I feel, but I love you truly and fondly, and I would be tender with you always."

The words seemed simple, manly, and straightforward as he did himself. But that fear of future disillusioning which had its roots in past experience came like a cloud over her; once deceived, it was difficult to trust again.

"Will you think of what I have said, and tell me if I may hope?" he asked, as she remained silent.

"Yes, yes, I will think of it; that is the utmost I can say yet," she replied. She realized that soon she would have to make her final choice between two men, and her confidence in her own judgment had long ago departed.

She rose slowly; and Eric, divining her wish to be alone, left her. She walked up the narrow, winding path to the woods, longing for some quiet, solitary spot where she could think out, undisturbed and undistracted, the problem presented to her; she was tired of flattery and folly, of the unbroken round of amusements, of the blare of trumpets when she desired the ripple of harps.

Mrs. Windom did not appear at lunch; her place at the dinner table was vacant; no one had seen her since the morning, and a whisper went round that she had been suddenly called away,—to a sick friend, said one; on important business, said another. It was ascertained that she had left the Hydro; but, as the manager

had instructions to reserve her rooms, her absence would be only temporary. There was amongst the visitors a sense as of stars blown out; no one had realized before how much enjoyment depended on her presence, nor how she had promoted the pleasure of all.

Eric was greatly troubled by what seemed to him a mysterious disappearance, but Railton accepted the position with smiling calm.

"She will return to the Hydro," he told Eric, whose flags were all half-mast high; then he inserted the sting; "but not whilst you are here."

"Do you mean that she has gone away on my account?"

"Exactly. If you will tell me when you mean to withdraw the light of your countenance from this establishment, I will let her know, and she can come back then."

"You know where she has gone?"

"Why, of course I do!" laughed Railton, leaving Eric to chew the cud of bitter reflection.

But his mind regained its balance, and refused to receive Railton's assertions as truth; they were rather to be regarded as a ruse to bring about his own departure from the place.

"If she had found me so utterly objectionable, she would have refused me at once," he reasoned. "I will stay on until I hear from her or see her again."

Only a few days later his rival's statements received what appeared to be only too ample confirmation. Eric was wandering solitary through the woods; for, like Maud in the poem, there was but one with whom he had heart to be gay; he was out of tune with all others. Picnic parties invaded the leafy glades, so he forsook them for less beaten tracks, strolling idly and aimlessly on, until by devious ways he arrived unintentionally at Craig Cottage. Naturally he was favoring it with a passing look, but what he saw brought him sharply to a halt. A woman was tying a ragged and neglected creeper to the porch, and she was Liliás Windom.

At that everything seemed to stop, even the beating of his heart. When he recovered from the blow, it was to retreat swiftly and silently, whilst wave after wave of emotion chased each other through his mind, all crested with the questions: "Is she married to Railton? What is she doing in his house?" At least, Railton had some connection with the house, and had boasted that he knew her whereabouts, and—well, it seemed to Eric that the only thing left for him to do was to return by the first boat to Glasgow, and to administer to himself the chloroform of hard work to the forgetting of her existence. He was actually halfway to the quay before he came to his senses, and remembered how deceptive is the evidence of circumstances. He would abide by his first resolution to stay on, and await developments.

The suspense was not to be a prolonged one. On that bygone day Liliás had walked hand in hand with disquiet and uncertainty, not heeding much whither she went, so long as she escaped the madding crowd, until chance or fate led her into a narrow green lane with a solitary cottage on its crowning slope. A card inscribed "Apartments" was displayed in a window; and at the gate stood a faded, thin, elderly woman, the patient, wistful expectancy of whose expression revealed much to observant and sympathetic eyes. A plan suggested itself to Liliás, sufficiently romantic to please her; for she did not always remember that romance has its perils. Indeed, the yielding to its impulses had led to the disaster of her marriage. The whim took her to hide herself in this quaint, queer dwelling, to be dead to the world whilst she calmly considered and decided which of her two lovers she should accept, if either; it was wiser to settle the matter away from personal influence and persuasion. At the same time she would be helping one who she thought stood in need of help. So, without further reflection, she saluted the wan old maid, and presently was inspecting a dingy parlor, and a bedroom with a fine view

of a barrel surrounded by nettles. She engaged the rooms; she would send a private message to the Hydro later.

Miss Bryce brought her some weak tea, and bread and butter cut with a view to quelling appetite by force; and she settled down to enjoy "the simple life," and the piquancy of being "so near and yet so far," where her friends were concerned.

A sudden crash, followed by a dead silence even more alarming, ended her musings. With her heart in her ears she listened, but there was not a sound. Repressing a desire to shriek, she tiptoed from her room, to find her landlady lying prostrate in the lobby. Miss Bryce had fainted; and, as Lilius noted the sharpened features and attenuated figure, she attributed the weakness to the old lady's not always having sufficient food. Gently she ministered to her. It was many a day since any one had done even a small thing for Helen Bryce; and that this radiant stranger should nurse her, tend her, with such cheerful kindness seemed like a wondrous dream. She was moved by Mrs. Windom's goodness to speak to her as otherwise she never would have done; and thus Lilius learned that the idol of her heart was a nephew who had been "rather unfortunate" and "a bit foolish,"—mild phrases which covered the fact that the young man had an aptitude for idling, and had been discarded by every relative but the little old maid, on whose affection he played, absorbing the greater part of the precarious income she derived from letting her rooms. Lilius interpreted the story much more accurately than Miss Bryce suspected.

"He comes to see me sometimes," the old lady said, as proclaiming his virtues. "Poor boy! he's going abroad if the lady he wants to marry will not have him."

"He hasn't anything to marry on," said Lilius, trenchantly.

"No, but he says she has plenty. And he is really very handsome, and quite the gentleman, so she might do a great deal worse."

It was the same everywhere, thought Lilius: man was the tyrant and woman

the slave. She would be done with the stronger sex who preyed upon the weaker,—done with one and all forever; and, in obedience to that drastic resolve, she wrote a formal refusal to Mr. Railton, dating it from her house in Edinburgh, whence it should be dispatched without delay. She deferred the sending of a similar epistle to Dr. Scott for reasons she avoided trying to define.

Meanwhile he was being profoundly miserable, though his faith and love were standing the sharp test which Lilius had unconsciously applied. Craig Cottage held a magnet whose power he could not resist, and one night he wandered thither to gaze upon the stones that contained her. The sky was dull, the air soft and warm, with a slow drip of rain through it. As he looked at the cottage, he wondered if her thoughts were akin to his, if they turned to him at all.

Through the stillness came the sound of a woman's sobbing and a man's angry voice; the thick sweetbrier hedge hid the two from sight, but every word was audible.

"Oh, for goodness' sake go in, and don't make a scene! You say you can't give me the money. Very well: I can't pay my bills. And that woman has said 'No' to me; so if you ever hear from me again, it will be from Natal or Cape Town!"

It was Railton's voice; and Railton, white with wrath, banged the gate, and sped past Scott, unseeing. What did it mean? Eric asked himself. What was the relationship between the woman he loved and the ne'er-do-weel who was running away from his debts? For several minutes he stood in painful silence; then, obeying his heart's suggestion that he might help her, and, for her sake, even Railton, he entered the garden.

There came the rush of silken skirts down the path, and she stood before him, to recoil with a faint cry. The indignation and scorn of her expression changed to an almost agonized dismay. By what she suffered at sight of him she knew how much he had become to her in so short a time, and felt that endurance had reached

its limit. But pride came to her assistance; he must not know that he had broken her heart.

"Your aunt is rather in distress," she said, in cold, matter-of-fact tones. "I think if you can give her any comfort at all, you should."

"The only aunt I ever had has been dead five years," he replied, wondering whether it was his brain or hers that had given way.

"Then—who was here five minutes ago?"

"Don't you know? Robert Railton."

The relief was so tremendous that she burst into tears, faltering through them an outline of Miss Bryce's story, and adding that to-night the graceless nephew had come for fresh supplies, and departed in anger because they had not been forthcoming. "She had never told me his name," Lilius went on; "and when I saw her so unhappy, I ran out to try to overtake him and bring him back to soothe her, and—"

"You found me. You thought I was that sort of man! Mrs. Windom, good-night, and good-bye!"

"Oh, how cruel you are!" she sobbed,—
"how cruel!"

"It is you, who are cruel. Why are you here at all, with a relative of his? He told me that he knew where you were, and why."

"That is absolutely false. Do you believe me?"

"Against him, of course. He is nothing to you?"

"Nothing. Do you believe that? Eric?"

"Let us defer explanations," he said, after an interlude following her imploring utterance of his name. "If Railton does leave the country, so much the better for it, and, let us hope, for himself. We must take care of poor Miss Bryce between us."

"Perhaps it is for that I have been brought across her path," said Lilius, thoughtfully.

"And I across yours for a similar purpose," he added; and the fragrance of the sweetbrier closed round them.

Fortifying the Young.

THE assertion, so often repeated, that Catholic students attending secular universities are no credit to their religion, and that, in most cases, they drift away from the Church is harmful as well as reckless. The effect of it is to dishearten these young men and to alienate them from those who would strengthen them in their faith and encourage them in the performance of their religious duties. It should be remembered that not a few of these students are the children of careless parents, and have never been instructed in their religion or grounded in the practice of it. Contact with priests ready and willing to do all in their power to supply for this deficiency and association with Catholic students who know their religion and live up to it would doubtless confirm many of these weaker brethren. But if they are denounced as being "of no credit to their religion" and treated as seceders, it will be natural for them to come to regard themselves as such.

Catholic young men in secular universities are like Catholic young men everywhere else: they are what their home influence and early religious education have made them. Of the Catholic students at Harvard University the Rev. John Farrell says: "I find a fair proportion strong in the faith and faithful to its practice. . . . I have frequently found vocations to the priesthood, which proves my contention that there is a fair proportion of noble Catholic youth whose faith, if anything, has grown stronger under the test and whose practice more fervent under temptation."

If instead of only a "fair proportion," there is not a large percentage of Catholic young men of this stamp, the reason is not far to seek. Lack of home training and religious education explain the dearth. Some one has divided Catholic boys into three classes: very good, bad and "molly-coddles." The last are perhaps the majority, young fellows, who have had excellent

fathers and pastors, but whose spirit has been crushed out of them by hearing so much about the dangers to which they are exposed of losing their faith and so little about the glory of possessing it and of propagating it. A priest noted for his zeal and the success of his efforts in behalf of young people contends that children nowadays are not fortified and encouraged, as they should be; in other words, we presume, that they are not properly prepared for Confirmation, and taught what it means to be a soldier of Jesus Christ. He says:

Let parents and pastors do their whole duty in the matter of preparing the child to meet the dangers he will have to encounter, to fight the battle of faith he will have to fight, and teach him that his faith will overcome the world; that he must fight and overcome for Christ and his salvation; and let him feel they have confidence in God and faith in him. Dangers should not be minimized; but they should be prepared for, not exaggerated. May not the tendency of Catholic youth to weaken in faith be attributed to the fact that they so often hear of these dangers, are so constantly taught to fear and shun them, that they unconsciously feel that they are unequal to them, and so give up, having lost confidence in themselves? Presumption is of course to be guarded against; but like St. Paul, any youth can overcome in Him who strengtheneth him. If we mistrust a young person we shall soon have reason to do so unless he is a most extraordinary young person; for seeing our want of confidence in him, he will actually become untrustworthy.

We should have something more to say regarding preparation for Confirmation, if we could be sure of expressing ourselves freely without giving offence. We have known children to be rushed to church to receive this sacrament without the slightest immediate preparation, and apparently no thought of the grace about to be bestowed upon them. The sermon on one such occasion that we recall was a discourse on the alleged conflict between science and religion, with a perfunctory reference at the close to the Sacrament of Confirmation; and even this was "over the heads" of the children, all of whom were weary and some of whom seemed to be fast asleep.

Notes and Remarks.

In some of our British exchanges we occasionally read of proposed legislation for the inspection of Catholic convents, orphan asylums, homes for the aged, and other institutions conducted by Sisters. The logic of the matter is obvious. Wherever the State contributes money for the full or even partial support of such institutions, it is clearly within its rights in satisfying itself as to how that money is being expended, judiciously or otherwise; wherever these institutions receive no aid from the State, it is a distinct impertinence for the latter to claim any special supervision over their methods or any right to intrude upon their privacy. Not that the Sisters have any reason to fear the visits of government or other officials. If the average State institution were as free from abuses as is the average establishment managed by Sisters, there would be, the world over, considerably fewer sensational investigations of civil service laxity, graft, and fraud. Such is the opinion, in any case, of Senator Price, of the State Board of Examiners for California, the body who make the appropriations for the orphans of the State. He visited Grass Valley recently; and, without previously notifying the Sisters in charge of St. Vincent's and St. Patrick's orphan asylums (State-aided institutions) inspected both establishments. As a result, he "was more than pleased" with the conditions at the institutions conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. "The grounds and buildings are clean and airy, and there seems to be an air of home comfort about these institutions that is lacking in many places of such nature. The children appear happy and contented, and clearly love the good women who make daily sacrifices for them."

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Monitor* submits a plan for the raising of \$1,000,000, as a jubilee year gift to the

Sovereign Pontiff, the sum to be expended for the most pressing needs of the Church. Assuming that one-third of the estimated 15,000,000 Catholics in this country would be non-contributors, the correspondent remarks that ten cents apiece from all the rest would furnish the amount required. As to its division, he offers the following tentative proposal: \$200,000 each for Peter's Pence and for the support of the French clergy; and \$100,000 each for the Propagation of the Faith, the Catholic University, Indian schools and missions, the Negro missions, the Extension Society, and the Associated Catholic Press. That the scheme could be carried out successfully, provided the right kind of organizers took it in hand, we are quite ready to believe, though we must confess that we are not optimistic as to the speedy appearance of said organizers. In the meantime, should the fund happily be collected, perhaps one, or even two, of the hundred thousands might profitably be expended in furthering Church progress in the Philippines, where the Protestant denominations are making insistent efforts to proselytize the natives. Presbyterians in this country, we see, are making gifts of \$6000 and \$10,000 to their missionaries in the Islands, and American Catholics might well help to neutralize their influence.

A writer in the *Freeman's Journal*, (Sydney, N. S. W.) having admirably referred, a few weeks ago, to the large number of workmen who arose at five o'clock in order to attend Mass at six during a mission at Waverley, a correspondent asks: "What would our old friend 'Flaneur' think of some of our Catholic workmen who sometimes lose a whole week's work to attend a mission? And what would he have to say if he had witnessed (as I have done) families rise at 3 a. m. to have their milking, etc., finished in time to get to Mass, sometimes having to travel eight, ten, or fifteen miles to the nearest church after finishing their home work? The writer has often seen

this done, and many of the members of the family fasting; and as there is only one Mass in our country churches on Sunday, usually at 11 o'clock, this means a fast at least until 1 o'clock p. m. . . . In some districts where there are only monthly visits I have seen old ladies over eighty years of age attend regularly every month, always fasting. We in the country would think ourselves clever if by rising at an earlier hour than 5 we could get to Mass at 6."

It would appear from the foregoing that human nature is much the same at the antipodes as among ourselves. Catholics in the rural districts, in order to attend Mass, put themselves to inconveniences which would very certainly deter a number of city church-goers. And yet, as the Mass is incomparably the greatest as well as the most beneficent function performable on earth, who shall say that the country-folk are over-zealous in the matter?

In a recent public address the Rev. J. S. Simon, a prominent Wesleyan minister in England, president of Didsbury College, Manchester, reminded his hearers that John Wesley always built schoolrooms in connection with his meeting-houses. "From the outset he saw that it was not enough to preach the Gospel to the crowd: he knew that he must educate the children, or, as he said, the revival would last only the life of a man."

If the wisdom of those words of John Wesley could be borne in upon his numerous followers in the United States, Methodist parochial schools would spring up all over the country, and State aid for the support of them would be demanded as a right.

Discussing in the current *Month* "The Garibaldi Centenary," the Rev. Herbert Thurston recalls an interesting bit of newspaper history dating back to 1864. Cardinal Wiseman having in one of his Pastorals pointed out that Garibaldi, in an open letter expressly directed to the

English people, had identified himself with the anti-religious principles of the French Revolution, and had expressed regret that those principles had not enjoyed a more lasting triumph,—the *London Times* and *Daily News* fell foul of the Cardinal for “garbling” Garibaldi’s letter to suit his own purpose. Said the *News*:

He [Cardinal Wiseman] has furnished bigoted Protestants with another striking instance of that dogmatic weakness of garbling texts and falsifying evidence and dressing up odious inventions. . . . We can not find the words, “the Goddess Reason” or the “ruins of the Temple of Reason” in any part of the address.

And the magisterial *Times*:

To us the invention of such profanities to damage a political enemy seems quite as shocking as the honest utterance of them; but then our Goddess, as the Cardinal would call it, is not dogmatic orthodoxy but Truth.

The sequel came a few days later when the *Times* found itself obliged to withdraw and apologize. The Cardinal’s quotation had actually been taken from the translation which appeared in the *Times’* own columns, while the *News’* translation had quietly suppressed Garibaldi’s more violent expressions. Wilfrid Ward commented thus upon the incident:

The episode was a considerable moral victory for the Cardinal. Not only was the attack on him withdrawn, but the tables were turned. Wiseman had been accused of garbling his quotation to blacken an enemy; Garibaldi’s English supporters were convicted of garbling to white-wash him. The fact was brought to light that Englishmen were so ashamed of the language of the man they were idolizing, that they had suppressed it in their translations.

Let us remark, incidentally, that Father Thurston pretty effectively discounts the rather extravagant eulogies recently passed upon the red-shirted hero of Caprera.

Dean Mathews, of the Divinity School of Chicago University, has been scoring the churches at the Chautauqua assembly. “High-class culture clubs,” and “purveyors of esthetics and soporifics,” he deems the proper names for a good many of them. In the midst of much that was

platitudinous, Mr. Mathews gave out this faithful saying:

We have only too often seen how different is the code of morals which a man prescribes for himself as an individual and himself as director of a corporation. Individually, he may be delightful, a generous citizen, a good father, interested in religion and culture; as a member of a corporation, he may be guilty of bribing legislators and diverting funds to illegal uses, of manipulating accounts and of heartless methods in the achievement of his ends.

The Dean’s reference to tainted money is worth reproducing:

The devotion of ill-gotten wealth to spiritual ends is undoubtedly a just social restitution, but it is the rankest hypocrisy if it be not accompanied by an abandonment of illegitimate methods of producing wealth. It is one thing for a repentant thief to contribute his plunder to human well-being, and it is quite another thing for a thief to steal in order that he may be charitable.

Catholic readers, however, will fail to see the appropriateness, so far as *the Church* is concerned, of the following:

The dangers which assail the Church are obvious. One danger is that the preacher shall be controlled by men whose ideals are materialized by the standards of an unethical commercialism. The preacher is bidden to keep silence on the larger questions of morality and to confine himself to the sort of sins of which church attendants are seldom guilty.

We should “admire” to see a Catholic priest bidden to keep silence on any question, large or small, of morality. The Catholic pulpit, as every one knows, deals precisely with the sorts of sins of which the church attendants are oftenest guilty.

Apropos of the increasing number of priests who betake themselves to Ars for the purpose of making a spiritual retreat, the *Annales* of that town states that in an audience accorded by His Holiness to Canon Monestès [of Ars], Pius X. expressed his lively satisfaction over the growth of the sacerdotal novena to the Blessed Curé d’Ars, and congratulated the Canon upon his presenting, at retreats to priests, the image of the model of pastors. “Go to Ars,” added the Holy

Father, "and pray well to the Blessed Vianney." Assuredly the time has arrived for the clergy of France to enlist the sympathy and service of all their best friends in heaven as on earth; for there is no question that they have against them all the powers of hell, and of hell's most efficient agents in this upper world.

The thoroughly practical mind of the Sovereign Pontiff reveals itself in the introductory paragraph to the new programme of studies for the seminaries ("little" and "grand") of Italy. He declares that, since seminarians are ordinarily unable to decide their vocation till they reach more mature years, the seminary courses should be so arranged that if the seminarist leaves the seminary for some secular vocation, his studies should prove a help rather than a hindrance to him.

Commenting on this declaration, the editor of the Newark *Monitor* appreciatively remarks:

How many a bright and promising young man who has left the seminary because he realized that his vocation was not to the priesthood, has found himself handicapped in life by the peculiar and technical training of the ecclesiastical educational establishments! How kindly the touch of the big-hearted Pius, who would smooth down the way already hard enough!

Many of the errors condemned in the new Syllabus being antagonistic to the faith of any denomination of Christians, the document, as the London *Tablet* observes, is important to non-Catholics as well as to ourselves:

While certain of its condemnations can apply in conditions obtaining only in the Catholic Church, others are of the most vital interest to whomsoever calls himself a Christian. The attacks upon the Sacred Scriptures and traditional beliefs that have made possible so extraordinary a form of "Christianity" as the "New Theology," have so undermined orthodox Protestantism that it can be said to-day that the Catholic Church—strange irony of history!—is practically alone either in the wish or with the power to uphold the authority of Holy Writ and the truth of revelation. Once more the

Church of Rome exercises her high office of banishing error and proclaiming truth. The Decree condemns what the Church has always condemned, and enforces what she, as the Interpreter of Scripture and the Guardian of Revelation, has ever taught and will ever teach her children. . . .

The Decree comes appositely, in time to warn those who have set sail without the compass or rudder of the Barque of Peter, that the Scylla of scepticism on the one hand, and the Charybdis of vain opinion on the other, threaten those who presume to attempt a voyage on the boundless sea of human speculation with regard to things divine, with such poor aids as science and history and self-confidence can give. It comes in time to warn those to whom "Modernism" is yet little more than a name—an attractive name, it is true—that certain of its tendencies are as dangerous as some of its already enunciated conclusions are false.

Having been accused by the London *Tablet*, on the strength of a newspaper report of a recent speech, of prejudice against the Catholic clergy, Dr. Emil Reich promptly addressed a letter to our e. c., in which he says, with evident indignation: "If you mean to impress people with the idea that I have 'a poor opinion of the Catholic clergy,' then I must tell you that you talk wild nonsense. Both as an historian and a private man married to a Catholic woman, and father of a Catholic child, I entertain the greatest admiration for the Catholic Church, and have always expressed myself to that effect in public. This, however, does not exclude stating that in Catholic countries people eat better, and therefore drink more moderately, because the Catholic clergy set them a good example."

A pithy comment on the degree of civilization prevalent among the Filipinos is that recorded by Lydia Whitefield Wright, in an account of a trip to the Jamestown Exposition: "As we were quitting the reservation, a Protestant gentleman was heard to remark: 'Well, I don't believe I'll pay out any more of my good money to send missionaries to the Philippines.'"



A Giant.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

HERE'S a giant that wanders the wide world
o'er,

Through many a clime and by many a shore,
'Neath cloudless skies or skies of gray
He roams and wanders by night and day,
And whether he meets with the high or low,
To every one he is friend or foe.
In sunny places and gloomy shades
There are some he hinders and some he aids;
On some he smiles and on some he frowns
In camps and cities, in courts and towns.

He seeks the hovels, he seeks the halls,
On poor and wealthy alike he calls.
On mischief bent, in kindly mood,
Inflicting ill or bestowing good.
He wanders oft 'mid the wintry snows,
And in tropic lands where the firely glows,
Where the bulbul sings, and where blooms the
rose.

Eastward and westward, and poleward far,
'Neath Southern Cross and the Northern Star.
He is blessed and blamed, too, in many a tongue,
By the old and wearied, the fair and young.
But for praise or blame he little cares,—
Habit's the name that this giant bears.

Camp Tiptop.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—A DAY OF JOY.

JUDGE IRVING "settled accounts" for that dreadful night's work, as he said he would. The leaders of the Knotted Rope gang were arrested at once, and many things were discovered by the keen eyes of the law, of which the dwellers on Tiptop had been blissfully ignorant. The old mine chamber into which Tom had unwittingly wandered proved to be the headquarters of these

plotters. Nick Perley, when he broke jail, had been hiding there for weeks; and little Liss Bines had mistaken Tom for him when he gave him the rope with the message to count his fingers and toes, twenty being the number of the sworn band.

Mr. Thomas Langley, Sr., after telling all that he knew, was removed from all future danger from the miscreants by Judge Irving, who sent him to one of his ranches out West, where, having "sworn off" again—and this time forever,—he became a sober, industrious citizen, and after a few months was able to support his wife and the fat-legged Dicky in comfort and respectability.

With the Knotted Rope that was binding together the lawless spirits of the mountain broken, its fierce, rebellious powers were soon tamed. Poor Poll Perley lost her wild wits completely and had to be sent to a sanitarium, but most of the others settled down quietly under the new régime. The sawmill in the valley gave honest work and honest pay; and, although many of the great trees were cut into "boards and shingles," enough were left to shade the neat little cottages that sprang up in the timber belt, where in a few years a pretty church raised its cross-crowned spire as a beacon on the mountain; and in the little schoolhouse beside it Liss Bines and his mates are learning lessons the trees and rocks alone could never teach. A strong iron bridge soon replaced the broken trestle over Shelton's Gap, but the deep gorge still yawns fierce and untamed below.

Miss Viry, who nursed Tom through the brief illness that followed his daring exploit, never wearies telling how the brave boy crossed the Gap in storm and darkness to save the train. And Judge Irving, too, has remembered the debt, which, as he said, no money could pay: his strong

hand has been held out to Tom, helping him to climb and win.

Four years had passed since the opening of our story, and again old St. Omer's stood in festal array, the college colors fluttering from tower and gable, the Stars and Stripes waving high from its flagstaff, grove and terrace and campus gay with holiday crowds. For it was again Commencement, and the college had opened wide her doors and bidden the great, the wise, the good, and the gay to witness the triumph of her student sons.

It was a right "goodlie companie" that gathered in the great hall that, decked with flags and fair with flowers, was a fit setting for the brilliant scene. There was the purple of stately prelates; and the glitter of soldiery epaulets and buttons gave a touch of light and color to the grave, reverend groups on the platform, where sat statesmen and jurists and scholars whose names were known far and wide.

Crowding eagerly into the seats below were proud fathers and mothers in a happy flutter of expectancy, pretty sisters and cousins galore. Mrs. Judge Irving, lovely and gracious as of yore, led in a girlish group that made a picture in itself. Lena, fair as a lily in her Commencement dress, the golden honors of her own Alma Mater gleaming at her pretty throat; Maude, fresh and bright as a June rosebud; Dorothy—ah, words quite fail to describe Dorothy to-day,

Standing with reluctant feet

Where the brook and river meet,—

Dorothy in the first sweet blush of maidenhood was the radiant incarnation of the poet's dream. It was little wonder that three young Freshmen ushers, rushing forward to seat this bewildering combination, stumbled over old Captain Bill Dixon's toes, utterly oblivious of his huge six feet four.

"Oh, thank you! These seats are perfectly lovely!" murmured Dorothy, who was still the sweet, unspoiled girl of old. "And, if you would be so kind, I see two

young gentlemen there by the door in uniform! They are great friends of ours, and are looking for us, I am sure."

And the young Freshman who had been lucky enough to catch this smiling command dashed forward into the crowd by the door, and in a moment more was back, piloting our old friends, Bert and Ned, "braced up" as only West Point can brace in their cadet gray.

"Oh, thank you again!" said Dorothy, with a radiant smile that rewarded the usher. "Isn't this fine, boys, to be all together? I was so afraid we should miss you in the crowd, and I want Tom to have the Tiptop bunch out in force."

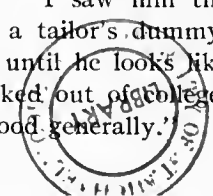
"Dorothy, dear,—*bunch!*" said her mother, reprovingly.

"Well, bouquet, then, mamma, if that's the French for it. But I'm just so happy I can't talk straight to-day. Oh, boys, I've heard such rumors! Tom is going to just—well, sweep everything," said Dorothy, with a comprehensive wave of her Paris fan. "And Chip has pulled through, which is really more than we dared expect. There is dad up among the old boys on the platform, so puffed up with pride he can scarcely see. He had his heart on Chip's getting a degree."

"Tom is behind that degree, I'll wager," laughed Bert. "He is the kind to force a march. I believe it was that summer with him at Tiptop that forced us into line, Ned. We felt we must right about and do something too."

"And you have," said Dorothy, approvingly. "If you only knew how perfectly stunning you boys look in uniform! Don't they, girls? I'll tell you the Tiptoppers are turning out fine. Even Vance, they say, has waked up since his father failed. It was pretty hard on Grace living on a ranch out West, but it's making a man of Vance."

"Which is more than we can say of Lew," interposed Ned. "I saw him the other day dressed like a tailor's dummy. Has smoked cigarettes until he looks like half-baked dough. Kicked out of college, I understand, and no good generally."



"Oh, that's too bad!" said Dorothy, softly. "And you heard about poor Edna, too? Her uncle that used to give her everything has married again, and the new wife has turned dead against her; says Edna tried to make mischief in the family, and she won't have her in the house; so she had to go home to her mother. And there are six other children, and her father is sick, and they can't afford to keep servants, and Edna has to do nearly all the work."

And Dorothy chattered on about poor Edna's misfortunes while the great hall filled up, and distinguished guests were ushered to places of honor on the platform, and the orchestra tuned up for the opening march.

Out in the side corridor Brother Thomas stood in the midst of a rosy group. Mr. Ryan and Mickey in their Sunday best; good Mrs. Ryan in a bonnet wreathed with lilacs, and at her side—Bobby! Could it be Bobby? That sturdy little fair-haired fellow in spotless sailor white, with a blue tie that just matched his sparkling eyes, and roses almost equal to Mickey's on his pretty cheeks! Bobby, indeed; Bobby, after four years of buttermilk and potato cake; Bobby, whom all the charms of Crestmont and Tiptop could not lure from his happy home at Valley Farm.

"In with you all now, or you'll miss the fine seats I bid Johnny Nolan save for you," said Brother Thomas. "It's the great day for us, Bobby; but we mustn't let pride into our heart. I'm telling no secrets, but a little bird whispered to me that Tom has beaten everything that has been done in this college for twenty years. Glory be to God for that same!"

And Bobby, with his kind guardians, pressed on with the rest to the great hall, where the music was already pulsing in triumphant measures, and the faculty and graduates marching in, amid an outburst of welcome and applause.

Judge Irving's dark eyes kindled with pride as they fell upon his boys,—Chip, bright and handsome as of old, his eyes

flashing merry greetings to the dear ones in the audience; and Tom, wearing his student gown and cap with a new dignity and grace,—Lanky Tom no longer: the tall angular form had filled out, the rugged features smoothed, the touch of time and thought and gentle life showed in face and bearing. But it was only the polish on the native granite; beneath was the strong, simple Tom of old, facing triumph as he had faced trial, unspoiled and unchanged. For it was an hour of triumph that might have turned wiser and older heads than our student Tom's. Prize after prize was awarded to him. His oration, strong, earnest, eloquent, held his audience in breathless interest; the crowning honor of his Alma Mater, "Summa cum laude," was bestowed amid thunders of delighted applause.

Old Captain Dixon's big knotted stick thumped the floor in approval; Bobby stood up in the seat, speechless with exultation; Dorothy cried and laughed together; while the great hall rang with college cries and cheers. But Tom, standing in a very barricade of flowers, met this storm with the same unshaken equilibrium that he had shown in the fiercer storms of the past. Only when Judge Irving grasped his hand did the manly tone break a little.

"I owe it all to you, sir," he said.

"Tut, tut! Not at all, my boy. If it's a question of debt, I could never even up with you. To say nothing of that night at Shelton's Gap, you've stood by Chip from first to last. He would never have pulled through without you."

"Never," added Chip, frankly. "And when it comes to pulling, Tom is right there; isn't he, Bobby Boy?"

"Yes," answered Bobby, who held proud possession of his brother's hand. "He pulled me through, too,—didn't you, Tom?—when I was most dead."

"Nothing dead about you now," said Tom, a radiant smile brightening his face, as he looked down on the sturdy little chap beside him. "You'll soon be able to do your own pulling, if you keep on like this."

"Keeping steady under it all, Tom?" said Father Grey, as a little later he met his pupil emerging from a congratulatory crowd on the great porch.

"Yes, Father," answered Tom. "No prize ever turned my head so completely as the first medal you gave me down by the river when I was washing Bobby's shirts."

"Good!" said Father Grey, approvingly. "I am glad to hear you say that, Tom. You've kept up the record of that day well, my son, as I felt sure you would. And this," the kind voice grew softer, graver,— "this, too, is, after all, only a commencement. The end lies far, Tom, even beyond the stars."

(The End.)

The Deer Hunter.*

In Mexico, where Nature is so lavish with her gifts, is the little city of Huacana, the capital of Michoacan. In the surrounding country live the descendants of the early Spaniards and Indians, who, because of the bounty of Mother Earth, are very indolent; but at the same time they are simple, hospitable, generous, and brave.

Toward the end of 1868, the new Archbishop of Michoacan visited for the first time the parish of San Juan de Huacana. The simple folk came down from the mountains in crowds, some on foot, others riding, happy with a childish delight to see the Archbishop, and all bringing some poor gift to him.

He received them as his children, and was much affected by their generosity, which he knew had cost them many sacrifices. Because of their poverty, he could not accept their gifts; and, fearing to wound their tender hearts by a refusal, he hit upon the plan of asking them to give him instead some of the fruit which grew in such abundance, and which they had only to reach out the hand to gather.

One day, when the prelate was admin-

istering the Sacrament of Confirmation, he saw at some distance a poor cripple patiently waiting to speak to him. The Archbishop called him to his side and began questioning him as to his knowledge of the Christian doctrine, and then added in a gentle voice:

"Where do you come from?"

"Padrecito," answered the cripple, with the loving diminutive used by these people, "I come from a mountain fifteen leagues away."

"And how did you come?"

"On mule back."

"Are you married?"

"I am a widower with two little daughters, Padrecito."

"And what do you do?"

"I am a hunter, Father."

"You a hunter!" said the prelate, trying to keep back a smile.

"Yes, Father," answered the cripple, very gravely.

"What do you hunt?"

"I hunt deer."

"Deer? Oh, man, that can not be!" said the prelate, wondering if it was a knave or a fool with whom he was talking; but his doubts were soon dispelled and his curiosity was aroused when the cripple shrugged his shoulders and answered:

"Certainly not, if our Heavenly Father did not aid me."

Surprised at this reply, the Archbishop begged him to tell of his life.

"Your Grace," he said, with the same simple earnestness, "as I said before, I am a widower—it is now some years,—and I have only my little girls. I pass the days which the Lord gives me in this way. On rising in the morning I say a prayer to our Father in Heaven, eat the breakfast my little ones have prepared for me, and then, carrying my gun, I drag myself out into the field. When I have gone a short distance from the house, I find the deer I have asked for. I kill it; my daughters come and carry it to the house; and from the meat and hide we sell we get enough money to keep us."

* For THE AVE MARIA, from the Spanish of Luis Coloma, by Catherine Malloy.

The Archbishop, impressed by the simple story, asked him to tell him the prayer which he offered up daily for the deer; but the cripple would not repeat it, saying he was ashamed to do so.

"But, my son, you say this prayer before God."

"Ah, yes, Father; but this prayer I have not learned from a book, nor has any one taught me."

"I beg you to tell me," said the prelate, more gently.

"Then, *Padrecito*, if you wish it so much I will tell you. When I kneel down in my little *jacal*, I say: 'Dear Lord, Thou hast given me these little girls, and Thou hast also given me this infirmity, which will not allow me to walk. I must care for my children, so they may not do anything to offend Thee. Dear Heavenly Father, send a deer near my hut that I may kill it, and so this family will be sustained.'"

The Archbishop listened attentively, admiringly; and the poor cripple concluded simply:

"That is the prayer, *Padrecito*; and when I have finished it and go out to the field, I am sure to find what I have asked our Heavenly Father to send. In the twenty years in which I have not walked as other men, this aid has never been denied me, because God, in whom I trust, is so merciful."

Solomon's Temple.

What wonders we read of concerning Solomon's Temple,—of ten thousand men employed continually in cutting down cedars in Lebanon; of eighty thousand men hewing stones in the mountains; of seventy thousand men bearing burdens; of three thousand six hundred men as overseers merely of the work! And yet the unceasing labors of this great multitude of workpeople could not accomplish the building of the temple in less than seven years!

And again we read that, before a stone of it was laid, David had provided means for it to which the world can find no parallel,—means that would annihilate our national debt in a moment; for he laid by for it, in the first instance, a hundred thousand talents of gold, which, at 5075*l.* the talent, would amount to 507,578,125*l.*; a thousand thousand talents of silver, at 355*l.* 10*s.* each—353,591,666*l.* Not judging even this sufficient, he, two years subsequently, gave of his own proper goods three thousand talents of gold—15,227,265*l.*; seven thousand talents of silver—2,471,350*l.* And so effectually did he at the same time exhort the chiefs and princes to give liberally, that they also contributed five thousand talents of gold—25,378,750*l.*; ten thousand talents of silver—3,535,000*l.*; total, 907,782,156*l.*

The Gardens of Jerusalem.

These celebrated gardens extend along a valley which runs from El-Bownach to Bethlehem. It is the most charming spot in all Palestine. There are murmuring streams, winding through verdant lawns; there are the choicest fruits and flowers—the hyacinth and the anemone, the fig tree and the pine. Towering high above the gardens; and contrasting grandly with their soft aspect, are the dark precipitous rocks of the neighboring mountains, around whose summits vultures and eagles scream and describe spiral circles in the air. The rare plants and flowers which Solomon collected within these gardens were protected from the north wind by the mountains. Every gust of the south wind was loaded with perfume. With the first breeze of spring the fig tree puts forth its fruits and the vines begin to blossom. It was, in the words of Scripture, "a garden of delights." The vegetations of the north and south were intermingled. One part of the garden was called "The Garden of Nuts"; another was known as "The Beds of Spices."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Lethielleux, Paris, publishes a fine work by the Abbé Delmont. It is entitled "Ferdinand Brunetière, the Man, Critic, Orator, Catholic." The Abbé's style is fresh and attractive, and his study of Brunetière is a thoroughly sympathetic one:

—Among the books announced for October by Mr. Murray, London, is "The Letters of Queen Victoria," a selection from her late Majesty's correspondence, 1837-61. The work will be in three volumes, edited by Arthur C. Benson and Viscount Esher.

—"A Maid of Many Sorrows," by a Sister of Mercy; and "George Leicester, Priest," by Emily H. Hickey, form Nos. 47 and 48 of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets. As usual, the penny's worth is an exceedingly generous one.

—Nos. 56 and 57 of the "Catholic's Library of Tales" contain six interesting short stories by the Rev. G. Bampffield. A bound collection of such tales would be well worth a place in the family library, and their inexpensiveness—a penny per number—renders the binding quite feasible for even the slimmest purse.

—In a lecture recently delivered at the Summer School on "The Poet of the Habitant," the Rev. Gerald McShane, S. S., paid a glowing tribute to the late Dr. William Henry Drummond. "No artist," said Father McShane, "has ever drawn a more delicately faithful picture of the home life sanctified and ennobled by the influences of Roman Catholic Religion. No poet, even of our own belief, has sung so sweetly the beauties of our Church, the impressiveness of our religious practices; none has eulogized more eloquently the mission of devotedness and self-sacrifice of the Catholic clergy."

—Many others, as well as the Knights of Columbus, to whom the author dedicates his book, will welcome Mr. Joseph Taggart's "Biographical Sketches" of the eminent American and Catholic patriots, Carroll, Taney, Rosecrans, Barry, and Sheridan. With a preliminary chapter of the early history of Maryland, these sketches fill a good-sized, illustrated volume of three hundred pages, printed by the Burton Company. Mr. Taggart, who is a prominent member of the Kansas City Bar, says in his preface: "There are writers of history who would minimize or obscure the work of these citizens, overlook their early training, and ignore the faith that was the

basis of their character. . . . These sketches are not written, however, to vindicate those national sages and heroes, but to provide a convenient manual of their lives." This purpose amply justifies the publication of the work, and the efficiency with which the author has accomplished his task entitles his book to a place in all American Catholic libraries.

—The *Sacred Heart Review* quotes a remarkable appreciation of the "Following of Christ" by the *London Spectator*. "No varying opinions can affect the place of *De Imitatione Christi* in the literature of the world. Ever since monastery walls first saw it written, its universal appeal to all spiritual minds has removed it from the atmosphere of criticism, and lifted it to a level only short of the highest."

—A Catholic work which deserves more general reading nowadays than it probably gets is Allies' "The Formation of Christendom," a cheap edition of which has been on the market since 1894. Writing, at that date, to the director of his Seminary, the late Cardinal Vaughan said of the work in question:

I strongly recommend you to press the perusal of this book upon your ecclesiastical students, and not only upon them, but, as you have opportunity, upon the attention of laymen and women also. In proportion as they take a serious view of life they will become braced and encouraged by this noble portraiture of the Church's life and action in the world, on the individual, on society, and on philosophy.

A good companion volume to "The Formation of Christendom" is the late Mr. Devas' "The Key to the World's Progress."

—It is now something more than a score of years ago since Maurice Francis Egan's "The Life Around Us" first delighted the Catholic reading public by furnishing a collection of short stories which, in addition to all the artistic excellences rigorously demanded in that particular form of fiction, possessed the thoroughly Catholic tone and atmosphere so grateful to Catholic taste and so absent from the typical short story to be found in those days in the popular magazines. The coming to our table of a fifth edition of the book is welcome evidence that our people—and possibly a good many not of the fold—have not been slow to appreciate the good things provided for them by Dr. Egan's facile pen. In the improbable case of any of our readers' ignoring this volume, it may be pardonable to inform them that it contains nineteen excellent tales, as interesting in matter as they are graphic and fascinating in the manner of their telling. Among the nineteen, especially

good are "A Measureless Ill," "Philista," "A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow," "A Virginia Comedy," and the "Jaws of Death." The general title of the book is felicitous; the stories are really vivid representations of the life around us, though Dr. Egan's realism is tinged with the artistic coloring that spares one the sight of the gross and offensive. As brought out by Messrs. Pustet & Co., the book makes a handsome volume of more than four hundred pages. It is entirely safe to assert that not one of its purchasers will regret its being added to his collection. American Catholic literature is notably enriched by such wholesome, sane, and readable books as "The Life Around Us."

—A good story of Edmond Rostand has begun the rounds of the press. During a visit to a friend in the provinces the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was requested to accompany him to the town hall in order to register the friend's newly-born infant. The registrar, a conscientious little man, booked the infant, and then turning to M. Rostand, as the first witness, said:

"Your name, sir?"

"Edmond Rostand."

"Your vocation?"

"Man of letters; member of the French Academy."

"Very well," said the official, "you have to sign your name. Can you write? If not, make a little cross."

The witness burst into roars of laughter, in which the father joined. The registrar had not "tumbled" to the humor of suggesting to a member of the French Academy the alternative of making his mark.

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.

- "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
 "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
 "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.
 "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.

- "The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.
 "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.
 "The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell. \$1.25, net.
 "The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.
 "Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net.
 "A Mirror of Shalott." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.
 "Hints and Helps for Those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$1.10.
 "Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.
 "Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.
 "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
 "The Protestant Reformation." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 40 cts.
 "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.
 "Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.
 "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.
 "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
 "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
 "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.
 "A Method of Conversing with God." Father Boutauld, S. J. 30 cts.
 "The Queen's Festivals." A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 60 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Guyot, of the diocese of Dallas; Rev. Charles Collingridge, archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. P. Morrin, Walnut, Iowa; and Rev. Joseph Roduit, S. J.

Mr. H. R. Clark, Mrs. Margaret Marshall, Mrs. Katherine Marrin, Mr. Joseph Schnee, Mrs. Mary Cusick, Mr. Merrill Jones, Mr. John Shannessy, Mrs. O. C. Kirk, Miss Eliza Gerrity, Mrs. Barbara Reich, and Mr. J. W. Kent.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 31, 1907.

NO. 9.

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

Heaven and Hell.

(From Latin verses by St. Bruno.)

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

ALL men one God hath made, and giv'n them
light

That they should walk along the heav'nward
way.

Ah, happy he that, watching night and day,
His soul from sinning keepeth ever white!

Nor he unhappy whom the Tempter's might

Hath vanquished, so his tears have washed
away

All guilty stain; who ceaseth not to pray
God's pardon. But they live in evil plight
Who live as if this life did finish all;

Deem heaven and hell a fable; will not learn
Till Death itself the awful truth will show.

So let us live that, free from sinful thrall,

We shall not fear in those dread fires to burn,

But at the last His crowning mercy know.

Lindisfarne.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

HERE are perhaps few English-speaking Catholics who have not heard of the small tidal island off the Northumberland coast known to our Saxon forefathers as Lindisfarne. The name means "the place of retreat by the Lindis," a little stream that runs into the sea on the opposite coast of the mainland. Since Norman days the equivalent name for Lindisfarne has been Holy Island. Not many, comparatively, have ever trod its

shores; and yet to a Catholic few spots in England are more full of entrancing interest or of sacred association. The present writer has known the island for many years; and on its northern shore this short article is written, in the hope that it may prove not wholly without interest to some fellow-Catholics in that New World of the very existence of which the saints of Lindisfarne did not dream.

There seems no doubt that in pre-historic times the island formed part of the adjacent Northumbrian coast. From that coast, at its nearest point, it is now separated by a stretch of sand a mile across, which at high water is covered by the sea. Readers of "Marmion"—and we trust there are thousands to whom Sir Walter's is still a name to conjure with—will remember how the Abbess of Whitby came here for the trial and condemnation of Constance Beverley and the brother who, like her, had broken his religious vows. The "Wizard of the North" has, in this instance, certainly used a poet's license to the full. At the time in which the scene is laid there was no Abbot of Lindisfarne, nor had there ever been one in that Benedictine house. The priory was a "cell" of the great Monastery of Durham. Again, there never was a dungeon, much less an immured nun, in Holy Island. The fiction, however, gave Scott the opportunity of some fine word-painting; and the stanzas that tell of the nun's voyage to the North form one of the most graphic descriptions which even that master-hand ever penned.

Very few visitors now approach the

island by sea. During the summer an excursion-steamer occasionally runs from Berwick, and now and then a small boat will cross from Beal at high tide; but the regular way of approach to-day, as it was a thousand years ago, is across the sands at any time not less than two and a half hours before or after high water. In a light carriage, and with an island-trained horse, it is possible to cross at any time except at the spring tides. It is, however, much preferable to walk; though pilgrims must remember that when Sir Walter writes,

Dry-shod o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way,

he is again using a poet's freedom. Everyone crosses barefoot, and would be in a sad state of discomfort if he did otherwise. Even in the driest state of the sands, there is always the Lindis—known popularly as "The Low"—to be waded. Visitors hardly feel they have the freedom of the island until they have "taken the sands" on their bare feet; and on a fine day one can scarcely cross at any hour without meeting at least a few—men, women, boys, and girls, islanders or visitors, of every condition—going over as their forefathers have gone for some fourteen centuries.

For the beginning of the history of Lindisfarne one must go back to the dawn of the Catholic Faith among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The first gleam of light had been given by St. Paulinus, who in the early part of the seventh century had converted Edwin, King of Northumbria. A wave of heathenism had swept over the North through the victorious arms of Penda, the pagan King of Mercia; and Edwin's son Oswald had found a refuge for many years in Iona. When he grew to man's estate, and had reconquered his father's kingdom, the first care of the Christian king was for the souls of his subjects, the immense majority of whom were still avowed pagans. He naturally turned to the monastic house where his childhood and dawning manhood had been passed, and a priest was sent by the abbot to evangelize Northumbria. He proved,

however, too stern and harsh in his methods to win converts to the Faith; and his place was taken by Aidan, another monk from Iona.

Aidan was consecrated bishop of the Northumbrians; and to him King Oswald gave the island of Lindisfarne, where the Bishop fixed his see and built a church and monastery in 635. The account given by St. Bede of his apostolic labors is well known, and a simple reference to it is enough. The picture St. Bede draws of the Bishop going from place to place, preaching, baptizing, saying Mass and hearing confessions, is singularly beautiful. Aidan was not at first familiar with the English tongue; and the King, when his duties permitted, loved to act as his interpreter, his long sojourning in Iona having made him as completely master of the Erse or Gaelic language as of his own.

Oswald's court was fixed at Bamburgh, the great castle founded by Ida in the fifth century. The King was accustomed to cross to Lindisfarne on great feasts, especially for the Paschal solemnities. It has been remarked that, while of the long line of Northumbrian fortresses built in that early age every other one is now a ruin, Bamburgh Castle, from which the light of Faith went forth to illuminate and scatter the heathen darkness, is standing to-day not less strong and far more magnificent than when St. Oswald ruled within its walls, and St. Aidan offered Holy Mass upon the altar of its church. It forms one of the great landmarks of the coast as viewed from Holy Island, and can easily be reached by boat, or, after crossing a narrow strait, by some five miles' walk along the coast.

Space does not permit me to trace even briefly the history of the Church in Northumbria. I can only mark a very few of the leading events that have reference to Lindisfarne. After St. Aidan's glorious episcopate, two other monks from Iona followed him as bishop; then came the famous Council of Whitby, at which Catholic custom prevailed against local

prejudice. It was natural, no doubt, for the Scoti of Iona to cherish a computation with regard to the date of Easter which the superior astronomical knowledge of Rome had long since discarded, and to prefer, on sentimental grounds, an appallingly ugly fashion of clerical hair-dressing. A more accurate calendar and a more seemly tonsure were, however, bound to prevail; for the Saxon Church could not possibly bind herself to the anachronisms of the good monks of Iona. Bishop Colman, of Lindisfarne, felt the decisions of Whitby so keenly that he resigned his See and went back to I-colm-kille. The Church, notwithstanding, has no word of condemnation for his action—misplaced sentiment though it was that guided him,—and his name is enrolled among the saints. The Scottish Proper, in use in the province of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, gives Mass and Office for his feast on February 18.

The sixth Bishop of Lindisfarne was one whose name even now, in spite of devastating ignorance and heresy, is beloved and honored outside as well as within our northern Church. The very mention of Lindisfarne or Durham brings to the mind of every North-countryman the memory of St. Cuthbert. The shepherd boy of the Eildon Hills, the novice and prior of Mailros, the guest-master of Ripon, the Abbot and afterward Bishop of Lindisfarne, the hermit of the Farnes,—there is none held like him in veneration among the saints of Northumbria. A learned Protestant, the late Dr. Lightfoot of Durham (who, all unconscious surely, sat as a usurper on St. Cuthbert's rightful throne), well said of the saint, in an eloquent panegyric, that his must indeed have been a marvellous character and a mighty influence for good whose short episcopate, of two years only, has left so indelible a mark and so undying a tradition in the land over which he ruled as pastor. He was consecrated in 685; and on March 20, 687, he went to his reward, dying in his beloved cell on the Farne.

There can be no doubt that the later priory, with its glorious church, covered the ground where the first church and monastery stood. And there is one spot which recalls, by the foundations of a cell and chapel, and of what appear to be the remains of a storehouse and protecting wall, the very age of St. Cuthbert himself. This is the little islet called by his name, a few hundred yards from the western shore of Holy Island. To this, we are told, the saint retired when a monk of Lindisfarne, with the permission of his superiors; but, finding it too near the haunts of men for the solitude with God for which his soul was longing, he chose a more suitable retreat on the Farne. St. Cuthbert's Islet, it is recorded, was later on used during Lent as a place of retreat for one of the religious at a time, although each was no doubt accompanied by a brother who could serve his Mass in the tiny chapel. The islet is accessible to the barefooted pilgrim at low water, and no Catholic would willingly lose the opportunity of there invoking the great patron saint of Lindisfarne and of the present Catholic diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

The sacred relics of St. Cuthbert lay for one hundred and eighty-eight years in his cathedral church at Lindisfarne. It is needless to retrace the familiar story of their wanderings from place to place, when the monks had to save their most cherished possession from the threatened sacrilege of the invading Danes; how they rested at Chester-le-Street for many years, and then, after further wanderings, St. Cuthbert

Chose his lordly seat at last
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear.

In the eleventh century, the body of the saint again found a resting-place for a few months in his beloved Lindisfarne, when the monks of Durham feared, after the Norman Conquest, possible devastation and sacrilege from the troops of the conqueror, who were reducing the North to obedience by un pitying severity.

Where are those sacred relics now? Certainly in his desecrated minster of Durham; but, with almost equal certainty not beneath the outraged shrine, all forlorn and dishonored, that was once the magnet drawing reverence and devotion from countless English hearts. There can be little doubt that the monks, when the shrine was violated, followed the example of their predecessors and concealed the body of the saint from the risk of further sacrilege. We know they had time in which to do this. The general consensus of Catholic writers is quite against the belief that the body, clad in episcopal vestments, exhumed by certain Protestant dignitaries in 1829, could be that of St. Cuthbert.

To return to Lindisfarne. After the flight of Bishop Eardulf and the monks from Lindisfarne in 875, the church and monastery were sacked and burned to the ground by the Danish pirates; and the island remained desolate until 1093, when the priory and church, the ruins of which still remain, were founded by the Benedictines of Durham. The architecture of the church is so remarkably similar to that of Durham that the tradition which assigns the same architect to both is not improbably true. It was about this period, or shortly after, that Lindisfarne began to be known as Holy Island.

The priory church was consecrated in 1120. In the middle of the fifteenth century a second-pointed choir was substituted for the Norman apse. The monastic buildings were on a large scale, and can be traced with considerable completeness. The monumental "Life of St. Cuthbert," by the late Archbishop of Glasgow, gives the best account of the spiritual history of the island that we possess. Here the sons of St. Benedict served and praised God, and gave Catholic education to generations of boys, as their monastic predecessors had done, until the royal adulterer and robber, Henry Tudor, trampling underfoot the rights of God and man alike, dispossessed the religious in 1541.

The parish church, adjoining the priory, was also built in 1120. It was well restored nearly fifty years ago, but a glance shows that it was designed for one worship only—the worship that for three centuries and a half has been banished from its rightful home. In the north aisle several generations of the Catholic family of Haggerstone are buried; happily, though they have sold their castle on the opposite mainland, they still hold place among the most honored county families of Northumberland.

It is cheering to record that the Faith has once more a foothold in Holy Island. His Lordship the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle owns there a house with a chapel attached. The house is let to a family almost entirely Catholic, and during summer Holy Mass is often said and Benediction given by various priests. There are almost always a few Catholics on the island; and these, when there is no priest staying here, have to seek spiritual privileges at Lowick, eight miles away, where the Catholic "parish church" of the neighborhood is situated.

On August 11, 1887, there took place a Catholic pilgrimage to commemorate the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert. More than one hundred priests, regular and secular, with some seven thousand (or, according to another computation, ten thousand) of the laity marched in solemn procession, barefooted, across the sands to Holy Island, carrying cross and banner, while singing such familiar hymns as "Faith of Our Fathers," and "Hail, Queen of Heaven!" and reciting the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. Those who were present speak of the pilgrimage as a most wonderful experience. High Mass was sung in the ruined priory church. Another much smaller pilgrimage, of a similar character, was made a few years ago; and our Anglican friends—always desirous of copying the Church so far as they dare—have also, on one occasion, organized a "pilgrimage" of their own.

Considerations of space permit only a

few words as to the attractions of the island other than its ecclesiastical charms. Yet, for those who love an unconventional holiday, no better place could be found than Lindisfarne. There are many acres of wild sand dunes, inhabited by countless rabbits; and it is a joy to wander amongst the hillocks, carpeted with reedy grass and numberless small wild flowers. St. Cuthbert's Island, in early summer, is a mass of the yellow "shoes and stockings" and the blue sea daisies. The North coast possesses a great stretch of splendid sand, ideal for bathing; while at one part the line of rocky cliffs is penetrated by some small and interesting caves known as "The Coves." To reach them requires a good bit of fairly stiff climbing; and if the visitor is prepared for a little wading, so much the better. Near the northeast end of the island, known as the Snook, is a salmon fishery, where the writer has enjoyed sundry delightful hours in the kindly keeper's boat, while he and his men examined the various nets and half filled the boat with gleaming fish.

The island also possesses a castle, built on a solitary rock at the southeast point, and strongly reminding one, on a small scale, of Edinburgh Castle. It was built about 1540, and served as a military station until a few years ago. In 1715 two brothers, bearing the good Catholic name of Errington, took the little fortress, and held it—for a few hours only—in the name of King James, third of England and eighth of Scotland. The castle is now leased from the War Office by the wealthy proprietor of a London newspaper, who has restored it most admirably and furnished it most artistically, and—is scarcely ever there. To its other attractions, the island has lately added a very "sporting" golf course.

The people of the island are mostly fisher folk. They are, as is usually the case in small and remote places, intensely clannish, and seldom marry out of the island. For a long period many of them have been in most friendly relations with

the writer. May the merits and intercession of St. Cuthbert, and of all the saints who have served God in Lindisfarne, prevail to banish from among them the dismal mists of heresy, bringing them back to the old Faith, and to obedience to the Church beneath the gentle sway of Christ's Vicar! Then may St. Cuthbert's Isle be indeed Holy Island once again.

The Instinctive Barrier.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

SHE had made none but bowing acquaintances among the other visitors of this delicious resort. In her gentle way she put aside different attempts at more intimate intercourse, and yet she was popular. She was known to be English, and to have sought out this little haven on the western coast of Ireland in pursuit of absolute quiet. At first, owing to her assiduity at the religious services, she was supposed to be a "Roman Catholic"; but her indifference to the regulation Sunday worship proved this assumption a mistake. She preferred the evening services. The mourning garments, which accentuated her pale, refined beauty, enshrouded her in the halo which fresh bereavement calls forth from all kind hearts; and her unassuming demeanor caused her reserve to be forgiven. At the end of a fortnight the "young widow lady" had become a favorite at the hotel and in the village. People wondered that she could wander about alone all day and not feel bored or lonely. Her sister and her sister's husband came to pass one week's end with her, and that was all. The cliffs, the sea-gulls and the breakers fascinated her, and she seemed to desire no other company. Gradually her cheeks grew ruddier and her eyes more lustrous. Mother Nature was effecting her wonted cure.

One night she stepped into the little church after the worshipers had gone, and

remained seated in a side aisle until it grew almost dark. The sound of an occasional footstep told her there was as yet no necessity to depart; and, unconsciously, she kept her eyes fixed on a distant kneeling figure, whose presence admitted of her own. The sacristan came round with a hint of jingling keys, and the figure bent its head lower preparatory to departure. Mechanically she, too, rose and turned regretfully to the door. She felt happier here than in her solitary room at the hotel, or in the crowded dining-room amid friendly but strange faces.

As she paused near the holy water font, the figure that had been near the altar approached and made a last genuflection, which lengthened into a renewed prayer. She recognized one of the inmates of the hotel whom she was accustomed to meet, too, in her distant walks; and at the same moment she observed an expression of contrariety on his face as he saw her. She felt guilty of indiscretion at having witnessed his devotions, and turned away. At the portal, however, a shower barred her exit. The man stepped out, turned up his collar, drew down his hat, plunged his hands into his pockets and disappeared. She remained in the shelter of the doorway waiting until the storm passed. But her companion of a few minutes before suddenly reappeared, carrying an umbrella, which he presented mutely, with a bow.

"Thank you!" she said, in surprise. "But I am in no hurry. The storm will soon be over, I think. The gusts have died down."

He placed the umbrella near her, and was retiring, still mute, when she stopped him.

"Do not go back without it," she said. "I fear you are already drenched. Either take it or—wait."

She made way for him in the narrow shelter of the doorway. He hesitated, then accepted the invitation, and leaned back against the lintel.

"Hallo, Gerald! Upholding the church?" called a cheery voice from under a dripping

umbrella. Then the speaker, catching sight of the lady, touched his hat as he hurried past.

"It is you, Father Dominic, who are the pillar," said the voice near her, and the rich, full tones fell pleasantly on her ear. She recognized the voice as one she had often heard on the sea late at night, and sometimes from a small boat with a sole occupant that started on a fishing expedition in the early hours of the morning. "There! it has become a drizzle," he said now; "and a drizzle that will last all night. It's no use staying on here. Allow me to hold the umbrella over you." And he suited the action to the word.

She gathered up her skirts and moved off. Afterward she remembered that, as they made their way together through the darkened and deserted streets, he had never offered her his arm, although the footpath was narrow and the crossings slippery. They exchanged, at first, a few commonplaces; but gradually the conversation took a personal turn, to the pleasure of both.

"It was you who spouted Browning for a quarter of an hour yesterday under my ledge on the White Cliff," she said.

"Since when *your* ledge?" he laughed. "It was mine five weeks before you came. And how was I to know the ledge was occupied?"

"I do not protest," she said. "I suppose I came on as you were finishing. How you manage to carry all that about with you I can't conceive."

"Nor I how you can haul that big volume of Tennyson from cliff to cliff," he retorted.

"I can't read novels near the sea," she said. "One requires but a line or two that contains something."

"Therefore my way is best," he said. "Commit to memory the few that always suffice, and don't haul along books."

"One must have patience and a good memory," she remarked.

"Rather a great need of a favorite poet," was the answer.

They reached the hotel already old acquaintances, with the familiarity that suddenly springs up between people who have met every day without speaking, and are at last fortuitously thrown together. She left him, with a friendly warning to change his wet clothes; and, as she went upstairs, suddenly discovered that her life had been hitherto too solitary in this quiet spot. Inanimate nature could not forever supply the place of humanity. A chat with a kindred mind would be a pleasant relief at times. Thus she reflected, while he—?

II.

Subsequent days of constant association in perilous ascents, excursions to the neighboring isles, talks in the gloaming on the bench facing the sea, the ever-present enchantment of Nature at her best, soon worked the inevitable in the hearts of these two.

"After all," said the onlookers, "it was bound to come. They were made for each other. Why should Mrs. Wickham have said good-bye to happiness at her age? She was of too tender a disposition to get well through the world alone, even though she had relatives and plenty of money. Young Rorke was just the man to suit her. Cultivated, handsome, not badly off either. Only—what was that about his studying?"

Here the hotel proprietress broke in peremptorily, refusing to allow a light word on what is in Ireland the most sacred theme. Gerald Rorke had been studying for *the law*, and any talk of other aspirations was mere conjecture. If a man were pious, that did not always mean a priestly vocation.

Weeks passed, and the link became more pronounced. But he made frequent absences of a day or two, and on returning gave no explanation. It was on these occasions that the Englishwoman felt how empty would be her days without his cheery, protective company; how aimless her life without his decisive judgment to appeal to; how dreary all undertakings that had not the rich, harmonious sound

of his voice as an accompaniment. Where did he go when he left her? She suspected that he communed with himself and also sought advice. He was too frank to hide that he was often troubled. It seemed to her that he fought with his inclination. Alas! he was so young,—so young and good and true! Only twenty-four—in Ireland a mere boy,—and she was twenty-two, but old in sorrowful experience.

One evening, after he had left her for two days, he jumped from the old jaunting-car that stopped before the hotel door and, coming to where she sat in the little garden, asked point-blank:

"Are you going out early to-morrow as usual?"

The lovely head, with the gently reproachful eyes, was lifted to his as she answered quietly:

"Yes, I go out as usual."

"May I come too?" he asked, in a lower, graver voice.

She nodded, and a great wave of joy swelled her heart. She felt that what life held for her would be offered to her on the morrow, and she was prepared to grasp it with the eagerness of one who had been cheated hitherto. That evening she wrote to her sister:

"DEAR GLADYS:—In seeking forgetfulness I have found happiness. Since I came here I feel nearer to God and I am reconciled to humanity. The unhappy past fades like a bad dream, or serves to heighten my appreciation of the pure and good around me. After darkness, light. I am about to become a Catholic and to wed a being who is the embodiment of virtue. I know little of the Church he belongs to, but it is enough for me that it produces such types of manliness and spiritual aspiration. His purity of soul fascinates me. Dear sister, there is a beautiful world in our midst that we ignore. The people here are a revelation. I feel myself, though innocent, unworthy of him and them; for, alas! I have been contaminated by the knowledge of others' vice. Pray for my peace of soul."

III.

The morning broke clear and fair. Gerald Rorke never missed the early Mass; and the woman who loved him hastened, too, to bend her knee before the shrine where she hoped they would through life kneel together. Yet in that holy place a sudden dread, a poignant misgiving seized her. What was it? She tried to pray, but strange memories rose rapidly before her, and her heart sank.

"Why do I feel this,—I who have never knowingly done wrong?" she murmured. "Enlighten me, O kind God!"

But the depression continued. She stood up and hastily regained the bright world outside. All nature seemed bathed in an ecstasy of satisfied longing. The blue waves lapped the rocks tenderly, the sun sent his glad beams over the plains, a faint "Hullo!" from a fisherman's boat broke the stillness for a moment only. Seated in her favorite nook, under a huge overhanging rock, she watched the beauteous sky, the water at her feet, and thought: "This is the happiest moment of my life." For across an intervening chasm, eager to join her, he was springing from rock to rock.

Again the hideous doubt, the nameless fear, sickened her. Why should she dread his coming? Was this a forewarning that she had deceived herself? Perhaps he meant only to ask for a book, to lend her another? He had led her into the field of Christian philosophic thought, and was well pleased at her swift conception of old religious truths in pleasing modern garb. She watched him as he took a moment to pause and doff his cap, before pursuing his way with redoubled ardor. Soon he was on the ledge beneath her, and, steadying himself on hand and knee, paused again, breathlessly, to look up. She tried to say something, but could find no trite word of greeting; and the only sound that broke the universal hush was the quick panting of the tired climber.

"You are so sweet!" broke from him at last; and then she leaned back, almost afraid of her own joy.

A last spring, and he was at her side.

"Forgive me," he said, in some confusion. "I could not help it!"

She looked at him and smiled.

"You must be excused," she said, "as it was so very spontaneous." And then they both laughed in childlike unison.

"After that," he said, "nothing remains but to make a clean breast of it. I had composed many preludes; but, after the doubts and struggles I went through lately, I am impatient to know my fate. Will you join your life to mine,—or, rather, am I worth in your eyes the sacrifices it would entail? This is abrupt, and therefore I expect you will need reflection."

She paused, puzzled at first, and then said tremulously:

"It seems that you are trying to convey your desire to make me happy under certain conditions which I must fulfil?"

Again the boyish laugh rang out.

"How very crudely you put it!" he remonstrated. "But we have been ever straightforward with each other. I love you very dearly; I have never loved another woman, and life without you does seem intolerable; but I am alive to what you must lose if you return my affection. My wife could not afford a house in London, she would miss the opera, for instance; she should stay with me and live as I do. I am beginning, you see, with the minor difficulties."

She lifted her shining eyes to the simple, honest face.

"Go on!" she said encouragingly.

"You are on the road, I know, to become a Catholic?" he said, in a lower tone.

She bowed her head, and there was silence for some moments.

"So you are satisfied?" she asked, in pretended mockery. "You will condescend to marry me at present? This is novel wooing indeed. Now, tell me, how did you know I cared for you?"

"But *do* you? Tell me!" he pleaded.

There was no answer, but they sat with joined hands, happy in the full happiness that goes before disaster.

IV.

"We have much to say to each other," she began. "You spoke just now of a struggle you had gone through lately. What was it?"

His face grew grave.

"It was connected with other aspirations," he replied. "Before I met you I believed life held for me a higher, nobler task than the gratification of my own selfish ambitions and the formation of family ties. That is all over now."

Her eyes grew moist.

"It is my turn to speak," she said. "Your love comes to me as a compensation from God; for I have been very unhappy."

"I gathered as much," he answered tenderly. "But do not think of it any more. Forget the past, dearest."

"But I must tell you," she said, "at least who I am."

"One who has suffered much," he continued; "and the sweetest, most lovable woman I ever met. Isn't that enough?"

"No," she insisted in a low voice; "for you seem to ignore all the sadness connected with me. I was Lady M——"

The name told him nothing at first.

"You have not an idea of how backward we are in these parts," he apologized. "But why did you conceal your title?"

"It is no longer mine, thank Heaven!" she said. "I know scandalous cases do not come into your papers, and yet I am astonished that Lord M——'s notoriety has not penetrated even here."

"Of course I remember now," he said, with a start. "But what has that brutal scoundrel to do with *you*?"

"Nothing any more, thank God!" she said, fervently. "I was his wife, alas! Let us, as you say, forget it."

She stretched out her hands toward him; for he had drawn off, and was staring at her with eyes of dumb agony.

"Gerald!" she whispered, "you frighten me. I tell you I am free,—free by the court's decision, by the canons of my church, by the world's pronouncement, by my own conscience—"

Gerald lifted his head and looked into her face.

"No," he said, in quiet, sorrowful tones, "not before your own conscience, and never, never before mine!"

Her face blanched, and she clasped her hands tightly together.

"Is this your Christian pity?" she said. "I am blameless in the sight of God and of men. Is it true, then, that your Church is relentless toward innocent victims?"

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "It is not for you or me to be judges in our own case. The Church's laws are right because immutable. You have strangely deceived yourself. And you are lost to me,—lost!"

She sobbed despairingly, and his heart smote him.

"Beloved," he said, with trembling lips, "you are beyond and above me in virtue and goodness of all kinds. I am unworthy of you, but I have been trained in sounder principles. I can tell you what your own instinct would sooner or later reveal: our paradise of a moment ago is now hideous sin. Your oath stands between us. The vileness of its object does not release you. Ah, God! This had to be,—it had to be!"

He covered his face with his hands, and the hot tears trickled through.

"Gerald," she said, after a while, "I want to tell you that a message came to me this morning in church. I had the intuition that I was not free to make new ties. I stifled it, and I am punished. It was because I loved you so," she added brokenly.

"We are both weak," he said, with averted face, his fingers plucking in agitation at the crumby rock. "But neither of us could do grave wrong. We must separate forever."

She rose to go, and together they descended toward the beach. Carefully he guided her over the crags, pointing out the safest turnings, the narrowest crossings, but never once offering her his hand, as had been his wont, to steady her over the slippery rocks.

"Tell me," she said mournfully, as they stood once more on the level sands, "has my misfortune tainted me in your eyes?"

He looked at her reproachfully until her own fell.

"Do not ask me," he said, "how I feel toward you; for all that is now forbidden. Let me tell you only what I think of you the sweetest apparition of womanhood that ever crossed my path. Your charity, your gentleness, your pious leaning, your nobility of soul,—these were what drew me to you. They are innate and ineffaceable."

"I will justify your opinion," she said firmly. "I have not known what to do with my life since my divorce, but I see clearly now. I will work here among your people."

"And I," he said huskily, "will start to-morrow to put a thousand leagues between us."

"Surely that is not necessary!" she exclaimed.

"It is," he affirmed, with downcast eyes. "How can I trust my own baseness? Already I have wandered from my appointed way. This was the awakening."

They walked a little farther in silence.

"And shall I never hear from you again?" she asked sorrowfully, as he stood and held out his hand to say good-bye.

"Yes, dear soul!" he answered. "You will hear of me through Father Dominic. God keep you!"

And he was gone.

.

But it was fully five years later when the first letter in his handwriting reached her from Africa. It bore the date of his profession in a new religious Order for the regeneration of the Dark Continent. By that time her wealth and her constant work had transformed the little fishing village, as well as the humble church where grace had touched her heart. And the memory of Frère Augustine, who within a twelve-month fell a victim to his zeal and charity, brightened all her days.

Life's Meaning.

BY I. M. MELICK.

COULD I but see and know and understand

The fullest meaning of life's mystery:

That every moment of my time is planned

By One who cares for me,—

If I could see that every deed is fraught

With beauty, true and vivid, though unknown:

Beauty surpassing every human thought,

Perfect in God alone,—

If I could know with surest certainty

That underneath each sacrifice is gain,

That sometime, somewhere, there will surely be

The end of doubt and pain,—

If I could understand that true joy lies

Within the depths of my heart's loneliness,

That every cross is in itself a prize,

Each sorrow God's caress,—

Then I am sure that death itself would seem

His fairest angel, clad in stern disguise,

And earth's sad life would be for me the dream,

True life—e'en Paradise.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

VI.

THE Galaghers' cottage was a low, one-storied dwelling, standing back a few yards from the village street. Its walls were whitewashed and it was roofed with slates. At the side was a patch of grass, providing somewhat scanty grazing for one cow; and a small garden, in which Denis cultivated cabbages and potatoes; whilst leaning against the gable was a big stack of brown turf. A wooden partition, running the length of the cottage, divided it in two. At one side was the kitchen or general living room, with its earthen floor and open fire; on the other, two small bedrooms, separated one from the other by a curtain of green baize. In the larger of these slept Mrs. Galagher; in the smaller, Denis, her only son.

In this simple home the little foundling grew and flourished; and as the years went on she became a lovely child, delicate and dainty in all her ways. From an early age, in bare feet, a plaid shawl over her golden head—to wear it so made her feel quite grown up,—she watched the cow, fed the hens, or ran gaily, full of her own merry fancies, along the shores of Sheep Haven Bay, and up and down the hilly, sandy heights and dunes of Rosapenna.

A ways treated by the Galaghers, mother and son with great love and affection, and petted and smiled upon by the good people in and about Carrigart, Mave was a happy, fearless little creature, who, taking it for granted that everybody liked her, was never shy or ill at ease, and spoke frankly and brightly to friend or stranger wherever she happened to meet them. Upon the golf links, where the visitors from the hotel spent many hours of the day, she was well known; and more than one artist had introduced into the foreground of his picture her dainty figure, in its short red skirt, blue checkered pinafore, and sunburned, well-shaped legs.

One day, when Mave, barely six years old, was dancing lightly over the grass, singing softly to herself, she ran full tilt into a tall, soldierly man, holding by the hand a delicate, thoughtful-looking boy.

"Steady, young lady!" the gentleman cried pleasantly. "'Tis bad and dangerous not to look where you're going."

"Yes, your honor." Mave dropped a curtsy, and smiled roguishly at the boy, who reddened and turned away his head. "Dear Granny often told me that same."

"Granny is a wise woman." And, patting her on the head, the stranger looked at her admiringly, and slipped a bright new sixpence into her little hand.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" Mave raised her beautiful blue eyes full of gratitude to his face.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked, touching the golden curls lightly with his fingers. "And where do you live?"

"My name is Mave Galagher, called for

Granny Galagher's wee daughter that's up in heaven with the angels, your honor," she answered brightly. "And I live in that little white house beyond, with Granny and Uncle Denis. He's a grand driver, and drives the big wagonette at the hotel."

"I know Denis!" chimed in the small boy, forgetting his shyness at the mention of the good-natured driver. "He lets me hold the reins when I sit beside him on the box."

"Deed and he'd do that same," Mave answered, with a proud smile. "He's a real kind man, is Uncle Denis."

"Tell him Mr. Stephen Cardew and Master Brian were pleased to meet his niece," said the tall man, shaking the child's little brown hand. "And now, Brian, come along. Our car will be waiting."

"I wish we were going in the wagonette," Brian said peevishly as they passed on. "I'd rather drive in it than on a car. I'd love to talk to Denis, about his niece."

"Denis is on his way to Creeslough, so we must content ourselves with the car."

"I suppose so. But need we drive at all to-day, daddy? I'd like to have a game with that Mave."

"You may play with her to-morrow, dear. I've arranged to drive to McSweeney's Castle this afternoon."

"You like Mave, daddy?"

"Like her? Oh, yes! She's a lovely little creature,"—looking back at the fairylike figure in the short red skirt; "more like a princess in fancy dress than a peasant. And she reminds me, curiously, of some one—a man, too; for now I remember."

"Some one I know and like, daddy?"

"No, dear: you never knew him. 'Tis strange how likenesses crop up,—bewilderingly so. That a barefooted girl in Donegal should resemble Hugh Devereux is absurd. Yet really she might be his daughter."

"He must have been a pretty man, daddy."

"What an awful idea!" Mr. Cardew laughed. "Hugh Devereux was a fine, manly fellow. 'Pretty' is not the word, Brian, to apply to a man."

Brian sighed.

"Would you hate a pretty man, daddy?"

"I'm afraid I shouldn't like one much, Brian. Why do you ask that?"

"Well, you see," he stammered, reddening, "I heard a lady say yesterday in the hotel that I was a pretty boy. Supposing I grew up a pretty man?"

"My dear Brian," Mr. Cardew answered gravely, and warmly pressing the little hand that had been slipped into his own, "I'd always love you, whatever happened. But" (smiling down upon him encouragingly) "don't be afraid. When you grow strong and big, you'll not be pretty. No Cardew ever was that. So cheer up."

Brian drew a long, deep breath.

"I'd like to be just like you, daddy, when I grow up."

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery; so" (laughing) "I hope you may be, dear lad! But see! There is the car waiting. Let us start for our drive at once."

It was a lovely afternoon; and, as Brian sat beside his father on the outside car, and watched the sure-footed little mare as she bore them swiftly along over the stony, hilly roads, his spirits rose, and he confessed that this was quite as good as—indeed, almost better than—the big, lumbering wagonette.

"If Denis was the driver," he said after a while, "I'd be happy. But really" (with great condescension) "this man manages his horse well."

After a delightful drive through varied but always beautiful scenery, they turned in at an old rickety gate, along a narrow, shady lane, and in by another and still more tumble-down gate, into a wide field stretching away to the rocky shores of Sheep Haven Bay. Here, on an eminence looking across the blue waters to the caves and golf links of Rosapenna, stood Doe Castle, in days gone by one of the strongholds of McSweeney, but now a neglected ruin. Still, overgrown in many places with ivy and wild roses, its castellated walls and towers rising majestically toward the sky, it was a picturesque and pleasing

object, and Mr. Cardew looked at it for some time admiringly.

"Let us climb up and peep in at those queer windows, daddy!" cried Brian. "I'd love to see what it's like inside."

"It will be a climb," laughed Mr. Cardew; and, holding the boy by the hand, he drew him toward the walls of the ruined castle.

When they had scrambled up grassy slopes, and down over rocks slippery with wet seaweed, craned their necks round difficult corners, and peeped into large rooms without floors, their walls all wet and mouldy, and gazed up winding stairs fast crumbling into dust, Mr. Cardew declared himself tired, and begged of Brian to sit down and rest.

"Very well, daddy. Here!" the boy cried, pulling him round an immense boulder. "This will be a delightful spot."

At that moment his foot slipped, and, losing hold of his father's hand, he rolled over a patch of wet, slimy seaweed, and was precipitated onto the lap of a somewhat portly and elderly lady, who sat reading in the shady shelter of the big rock.

"Heavens, boy! You might have been killed," the startled woman exclaimed, as he scrambled onto his feet. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"From up there," Brian stammered. "I'm sorry. But, daddy, I'm here all right. I was with my father, ma'am,—Mr. Stephen Cardew."

VII.

"Stephen Cardew!"—the lady sprang to her feet. "Well, this is a surprise. What in the name of all that's wonderful has brought you to Donegal?"

"My dear Mrs. Devereux," Mr. Cardew answered, coming to her side, "this is charming. I am at Rosapenna for golf and the fine air. But you? I must repeat your question, for I am full of wonder. Why are you in Donegal?"

"My daughter lives at Slievenagh House close by."

"Sir Patrick Devereux's place?"

"Yes. Ah, Stephen, I see you know nothing of what has happened whilst you have been in India!"

"Very little. I did hear that Sir Patrick and his sons were dead, and I knew of old that Hugh Devereux was his heir."

"So he was, but the poor fellow died in Australia years ago."

"Unmarried?"

"Yes, and so Monica succeeded to all the property that was not entailed. Sir Patrick left to the new baronet nothing that he was not absolutely obliged to leave."

"Lucky Monica! So of course she married?"

"Yes, she married her old lover, whom you remember, I'm sure—Philip Darien."

"Quite like a fairy tale, I declare."

"It was certainly romantic."

"But, I confess, I'm sorry her hero was Darien. I never liked him—much."

Mrs. Devereux changed color, and with difficulty suppressed a sigh. But Cardew did not notice. He was looking out thoughtfully over the bay.

"Poor Hugh!" he exclaimed after a pause. "We were great friends at one time. He was one of the best of men; I'm grieved to think that he is gone. 'Tis curious that, although I have not met or thought much about him for years, this is the second time to-day I have been reminded of him in this out-of-the-way place,—first by a pretty peasant child in bare feet, and then by you."

"It is strange! Who was the child?"

"One Mave Galagher, with eyes like the bluest forget-me-nots."

"The little foundling at Carrigart? Oh, nonsense, Stephen!" (laughing). "I know her well. She's a charming fairy, but not at all like Hugh."

"Still, there must be a likeness. She reminded me of him strongly."

"Father sees funny likenesses," chirped Brian, now quite recovered from his fall. "He's always telling me some one's like some person he knows."

"A lively imagination is a dangerous

thing, Stephen," observed Mrs. Devereux, stroking Brian's pale cheek with one hand, "and sometimes leads to mischief. But now you and this dear boy must come to Slievenagh House. Monica and Philip will both be delighted to see you again."

"I am sure Monica will be. She is one of the faithful sort who never forget a friend. I am not quite so sure of Darien."

"He was true to Monica. After many years he returned, having made a little money, to marry her."

"Knowing nothing of her change of fortune?"

"Nothing, I believe."

"The best thing I ever heard of him. So I trust Monica is happy?"

Mrs. Devereux looked away, as something like a shadow crossed her face.

"Oh, yes! Why not? She has married the man she loves, and is wealthy beyond her wildest dreams."

"That does not always spell happiness. When I knew Darien his principles were somewhat loose, and he was an avowed unbeliever. To marry a man like that and expect to be happy would be as foolish as to build a house on a heap of sand and expect it to stand the storm and rain."

"Stephen, hush! Monica knew Philip better than either you or I. I warned her, told her much of what you say now, but" (covering her face with her hands) "she would not listen. And really" (looking up a little sadly) "Philip is not quite so bad as you appear to think. He has his faults and—but he has settled down fairly well. Don't let his past prejudice you too much."

"I won't. And I am something of a pessimist, so don't mind me. Has Monica a houseful of children?"

"Oh, no!—only one girl of five, little Marjory. She's often dull enough, poor child, and will be charmed to see your boy. You'll come and play with her, Brian?"

"If daddy'll take me," he said shyly. "I never go to strange places alone."

"Quite right. But daddy will bring you, I know. How like your wife he is, Stephen!"

"Yes. Poor Essie was timid. For some

time before her death she saw no one, would go nowhere."

"Don't allow that to grow with Brian."

"Not if I can help it."

"Then you'll come to Slievenagh House to-morrow?"

"With the greatest pleasure possible."

"Well, *au revoir!* And now I must hurry home."

The next morning Mave and Brian played gaily together on the dunes round Rosapenna. They turned fairies and witches, highwaymen and robbers, in such quick succession that Brian was worn out with excitement and exhaustion when his father appeared to take him in to lunch.

"It's been lovely, lovely!" the boy panted, a scarlet spot on each cheek. "Mave knows about two thousand games, daddy; and, oh," (mopping his hot face with his handkerchief) "I am dreadfully tired!"

Mave laughed, and tossed her golden hair in the sun.

"You're a peaky wee boy!" she said a little contemptuously. "I could play like that all day. Maybe the young lady you're going to see will be quiet, and let you lie on the sofa."

Brian flushed to his hair and looked ready to cry. Mave threw her arms round his neck.

"Don't cry, avick!" she whispered sweetly. "Sure 'twas funning I was. Take that" (giving him a sounding kiss) "to comfort you." Then, before he had time to speak, she danced off over the grass, singing merrily.

"A little witch!" laughed Mr. Cardew. "Her airs and graces are astonishing. I wonder where she gets them?"

"From nowhere, daddy!" Brian cried, with a wise shake of his head. "But, oh, indeed she is a perfect darling!"

Stephen Cardew and his little son received a hearty welcome at Slievenagh House; and, tired though he was after his exertions of the morning, Brian enjoyed himself thoroughly. There were wonderful and interesting things to be seen

both inside the big mansion and in the stables and farm; and, although Marjory was not the attractive little person that Mave was, he found her a very pleasant companion. Her knowledge of country things struck him as something wonderful in a child of her age, and her quiet ways were restful and agreeable to him in his present fatigued condition.

As they walked sedately, hand in hand, round the greenhouses and through the rose-garden he told her about Mave.

"A common child in bare feet!" she exclaimed, a look of disgust in her dark eyes. "There are plenty of them about. But surely Mr. Cardew doesn't allow you to play with her, Brian?"

"Surely he *does*."

"My papa would be angry if I even spoke to one of those poor children. I play only with ladies."

"But Mave *is* a lady—daddy calls her one of Nature's ladies,—and she has sweet ways."

"That's a new sort of lady," Marjory answered, in surprise. "But if she were a lady of any kind, Brian, she'd surely wear shoes and stockings."

"She's got the dimpiest little feet. Her granny likes her to show them."

"That's silly. Ah, there's my granny, Mr. Cardew and mother! Let's run to them. I'm off! Who loves me follows!" And she tripped away down the garden path.

Brian went slowly and a little sadly after her. Her remarks about Mave vexed him exceedingly, and he felt for a moment that he almost hated Marjory Darien.

"She may be a lady, with her smart frock and brown shoes," he thought indignantly. "But she's not half so pretty or so clever as little Mave. She's stuck up and proud. So, to pay her out, I'll say nothing more,—not one word about Mave and our merry games at Rosapenna."

Meanwhile Stephen Cardew was also suffering from a growing feeling of irritation and sadness of heart that was difficult to conceal. On his arrival at Slievenagh

House, Mrs. Darien and her mother received him in the morning-room, and welcomed him as an old friend whom they were indeed glad to meet.

"Philip is out," Monica said, shaking his hand warmly. "He will be sorry to have missed you."

"Yes, Philip will be sorry to have missed you," repeated Mrs. Devereux, with a glance that said plainly that she, for one, did not regret his absence. "But he's very often—always, in fact—out at this time of day."

"Doubtless. Most men are," Cardew replied, resolving to make a point of coming to Slievenagh House at that hour, and so avoid meeting Darien, for whom in bygone days he had always felt an aversion, and whom now, as he watched Monica and noted the sad change that had come upon her, he cordially disliked.

"She's thin, pale and sadly aged," he thought, as they talked. "The lapse of even ten years would not have made such a difference, given her such a careworn, anxious look, had she been really happy. Evidently she is far from that. God help her! She indeed made a mistake to marry such a—"

The door opened and Philip Darien, boisterous and jocose, strode into the room, followed by Davy Lindo, looking more red-faced and truculent than ever, and wearing a rough frieze suit and big clumsy, hobnailed boots. As her husband and his companion appeared, Monica grew white as marble, and sank back, clutching the arms of her chair with trembling hands.

"Well, here we are, starving!" Darien cried, in a loud voice. "Shall we have tea, Davy, or something stronger in the library?"

"Something stronger. But be quiet, Phil" (nudging his elbow). "Your wife has a visitor,—don't you see?"

"Philip, Mr. Cardew," Monica said, in a strangled voice. "You have met him, I fancy?"

"Stephen Cardew? Of course. Why,

old fellow" (catching his hand), "I'm right glad to see you! Going to make a long stay?"

"I can hardly say," Stephen replied coldly; "although I like Rosapenna."

"Well, you're easily pleased. Davy, don't you think Rosapenna a God-forsaken place?—My friend Mr. David Lindo, Mr. Cardew."

The men bowed,—Stephen rigidly, with a scornful, curling lip; Davy with obsequious politeness.

"I wouldn't say that, Darien," Davy grinned,—"that is, if I were a golfer as" (looking at Cardew out of a pair of bleary eyes) "I suppose you are, Mr. Cardew?"

Stephen bent his head.

"Yes, I play golf a little."

"Oh, if you do that" (Darien guffawed) "I give you up! It makes me laugh to see fellows going round the links like lunatics out with their keepers. But don't look annoyed. It's only my joke. Hotel comfortable?"

"Very," Cardew answered stiffly. "My boy and I find it distinctly so."

"Boy? Lucky man! So you've a son? Where is he?"

"Out somewhere in the grounds with your little daughter."

"That's right. Marjory will take care of him, and bully him too."

"I think" (smiling) "Brian will hold his own. Then he's five years older than your little girl."

"Bring him here often. We'll all be glad to see him and you. Eh, Monica?"

"Certainly." The color rose in Monica's pale cheek. "It is always a pleasure to see old friends."

"But not new ones. That's one for you, Davy." Darien clapped Lindo on the back. "Come along, old brick! Your room is better than your company."

"I'll go when I choose," snarled Davy, shaking him off angrily. "At present I stay where I am."

"Oh, it's liberty hall!" laughed Darien. "I'm going to the library. Good-bye, Cardew! Hope to see you soon again."

And he went quickly away, leaving the door standing open behind him.

Davy glared round, but no one seemed aware of his presence. He waited a moment; then, muttering something under his breath, strode out of the room, shutting the door with a loud bang as he went.

Mrs. Devereux laid her hand gently on Monica's arm.

"Don't be afraid, mother," she said bravely, though her lips quivered. "I'm not going to break down. Mr. Cardew has seen us at our worst. Perhaps it is as well—if he comes here often, as I hope he will. My husband's particular friend" (flushing hotly) "is rough and a trial. But there's no use complaining. We must bear with him. And now" (smiling) "let us go into the garden and find the children. This room is suffocating. I must have fresh air."

(To be continued.)

Old Catholic Jamestown.

BY LAURENCE J. KENNY, S. J.

ON May 13, three hundred years ago, the Virginia colony, whose memory the nation is celebrating this year, disembarked on the peninsula of Jamestown. Two years later, Eeija, the pilot-in-chief of Florida, was sent out by Spanish officials to ascertain what the Englishmen were doing and where they were located. He sailed along the Atlantic coast, measuring his distances with great accuracy, and he brought back word that the new English settlement was on the very site of Guandape. Historians like John Gilmory Shea, who have taken the trouble to examine Eeija's calculations of distances, admit his testimony as indisputable that Jamestown and Guandape are the same spot. Guandape is the old Catholic Jamestown. A colony of six hundred souls—perhaps the greatest that Jamestown ever knew—was settled here eighty-one years before John Smith reached the Virginia shores. It is quite possible that when the English colony sailed up the James

River on that eventful morning in May, the clearings, the levellings, the old foundations, and other remains of the former settlement, may have determined them on the selection of this place for their future home.

The story of Guandape is all too briefly told, but it should not be passed over entirely by any historian. For as the name of Raleigh gives permanent place in our nation's story to the lost colony of Roanoke, so the name of Anthony Montesinos should be sufficient to save from oblivion the memory of the old Catholic Jamestown. Montesinos issued America's First Emancipation Proclamation; and the presence in Virginia of the man who was the first to raise his voice in America against the institution of slavery forms so striking a coincidence, when contrasted with the subsequent history of that State, that no story of Virginia can be complete without the record of his career.

In what follows I intend to speak rather of him than of the colony itself; hence I must carry my reader back to the island of Santo Domingo on the first Sunday of December, 1511, just nineteen years after Columbus' first landfall. At that early period, the enslavement of the red man had been carried on to a great extent in the various colonies of the New World. It was a source of great wealth, and all the grandees who had embarked in American enterprises seemed to think an Indian better in slavery and labor than in the savagery of his forest life. Callousness led many to treat the natives as very beasts of burden. The example of such Christianity destroyed hope of the conversion of the Indians; and the little community of four saintly Dominicans, who had recently arrived on the island, prepared themselves to attack this abuse before undertaking the work of evangelizing the aborigines. Father Anthony Montesinos, one of these, prepared a declaration of the rights of the Indians, which he promulgated from the pulpit of the cathedral of Santo Domingo on the first Sunday of Advent,

1511. The Viceroy, Diego Columbus, and the niece of King Ferdinand were among the auditory, as well as men of every stage and level of civilization. There was a general outcry against the innovator, and it was demanded that he retract. On the following Sunday he emphasized his words.

The story of Montesinos' philippic against slavery is long to narrate. Years ago, Sir Arthur Helps, in his "Spanish Conquest of America," gave it with sufficient fulness. Father Dutto, in his later "Life of Las Casas," tells it with lively detail and charming interest. For Montesinos' attack was not a mere speech: it was the first shot of a great struggle. Before its delivery, he had shown his manuscript to his fellow-Dominicans, who all signed their names to it in token of their resolve to adhere to him and his cause whatever might be the outcome. They well knew the momentous issue in which they were involving themselves. The whole of America of that day was aroused into hostile camps over the subject. Spain herself was moved. Montesinos crossed the ocean, and, against the most powerful and interested forces at the Spanish court, brought King Ferdinand to see and approve the justice of his course. Notwithstanding the good-will of Ferdinand, however, the struggle continued until every one of these sons of St. Dominic who had signed the sermon sealed the cause with his blood, Montesinos with the rest.

I can not here pass over a very pertinent remark of Father Dutto. Is it not strange that the Dominican Order, which, according to our poets and romancers, were the terrible Inquisitors of the Spain of that day, were in reality, on our own continent at that very time, the foremost champions of humanity and freedom?

Among the many converts to the Dominicans' way of thinking was Bartholomew las Casas, who from a slaveholder himself became a Dominican, and the standard-bearer of the struggle for three scores of years, advancing the cause in his old age so as to include the black

man as well as the Indian in his demands for human rights.

Another friend of the sons of St. Dominic was Lucas Ayllon, at that time one of the most eminent personages of the New World. Possessed of great wealth he was ambitious of the honor of colonizing and civilizing some hitherto unoccupied land. In 1521 he sent out his first expedition to explore the Atlantic coast. During this trip, his employees seized and carried into slavery some of the Indians. The story of this act is told in most of our histories, and its guilt is attributed to Ayllon, but most unjustly; for he disavowed the act of his lieutenant, and had Diego Columbus declare these and other Indians from Virginia free men. After five years of preparation, early in the June of 1526 he set sail from Santo Domingo in three large caravels, having on board six hundred persons of both sexes, with abundant supplies and horses. Father Anthony Montesinos and another Dominican priest and a Brother were with the colony.

Entering the Chesapeake Bay, they directed their course into the James River, as we now call it; and on the site of Jamestown, began the establishment of the short-lived colony of Guandape. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was here offered up for the first time within the limits of the thirteen original States. Houses were erected and being erected, when a pestilential fever broke out, which carried off, among others, Ayllon himself, who died in the arms of one of the Dominican priests on October 18, 1526. With him died the soul of the colony. The winter was very severe, and in the spring the survivors, taking with them the remains of Ayllon, set out on the return to Santo Domingo. The vessel carrying Ayllon foundered, and just one-fourth of the original six hundred—one hundred and fifty—reached the West Indies in safety.

Montesinos continued his good labors for but a short time after that. He was slain by the natives of Venezuela, who mistook him for one of those who were carrying

them off into slavery,—perishing, like his Divine Master, by the very hand of those he came to save.

This story is not glorious, save with the glory of the Cross. It will not be appreciated save by the children of the Church. But surely they should be familiar with it. Now that they hear on every hand of Jamestown and the many historic associations that cling about the spot, let them know that here first within the limits of our old States the Holy Sacrifice was offered up; that on this spot trod the blessed feet of one who gave his blood for Christ; that here lived for a time the man who was the first in America to raise his voice against slavery; and that he who offered up that Sacrifice, he who gave up his own blood for Christ, and he who so loved the lowly and the slave, was the Dominican priest, Anthony Montesinos.

Our Forest Service.

BY ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

THE great American Peril is not an outside foe nor an internal enemy nor a microbe, but the loss of our forests. And the danger is not impending nor threatening, but it is actually upon us, necessitating measures more active than the destructive agencies at work, more persistent than the enemies marshalled against the trees for the twelve months of the year.

Chief among these enemies are the wind, insects, stock (which devour and trample young growth), fire, and worst of all the Man with the Axe. He is an honest fellow; he represents the brawn and pluck of the country; but he is the working partner in the fourth largest industry in the land, and as such has to supply the great lumber trade of the United States; and in so doing he becomes a daily menace to its agriculture, its manufacture, its irrigation and its navigation.

This is no exaggeration and no figure

of speech; statistics show he annually furnishes: "Enough flooring to floor the State of Delaware; enough shingles to shingle the District of Columbia; enough laths to load a train extending from Chicago to Memphis; enough fuel wood to make a pile a half-mile square; enough railroad ties to build a road around the world and back across the Atlantic"; in a word, enough to meet a billion dollar consumption.

To do this he must get the wood wherever he finds it; and so, from the giant timber to the red cedar, he cuts his clean but devastating way; and in his trail arable land vanishes, the desert reclaims its own, sand storms bury wheat land, rivers roll down their detritus, harbors choke with it, floods burst through natural and artificial barriers, and Ruin tramples out a vintage of loss.

On the plains, where the problems are wind and unequal stream-flow, I have seen a strange dun sea whose rolling waves lie fixed beneath a summer sun; but when the wind calls, they move in a flying scud of stinging particles, and after each gale its currents of sand have overflowed still farther into the grazing land or the wheat fields. And few of the people of the Kaw Valley will be apt to forget the wild pranks of their river when it went on the rampage in 1903, and cost the packers and railroad men, agriculturists, manufacturers, and other dwellers on its banks, twenty-two millions of dollars before it spent its rage and settled down into the new channels it had torn out. The fight now going on between the Colorado River, and the Southern Pacific is another case in point, with the sum of loss expressed by *plus*.

The connection between forest and rainfall is too well established to need reciting; but the line of direction followed by the rain in a forest is so good a lesson in Nature's plan of filtration that it bears what Kipling would cheerfully call "retelling and tre-telling": "... the force of its fall is broken by the leaves, and the drops trickle down the branches and

trunks of the trees to the ground; . . . the forest mulch absorbs them like a sponge; and through it the water percolates slowly, to be again absorbed by the open porous soil of the woodland; and then, carried by underground circulation to the springs on the sides of the hills and mountains, it feeds the brooks and rivers. *Rivers thus supplied maintain a comparatively equal volume of clear, healthful water the year round.*" (The italics are my own.)

The contrasting storm on a denuded mountain or hill side is familiar to us all. If we have studied it from a car window, we have often seen, besides the torn soil and wrecked gardens and fields in the valley, a washed track or weakened bridge; and in the car, a group of distracted business men trying to mend by telegraph the gap in their business engagements, as the crew of the wrecking car heave away with jack, lever and track tools, to save the schedule from smash, and the oncoming trains from disaster.

The River and Harbor Bill is perhaps the best document annually published as to the expense imposed on the government and people by treeless river-banks and ravaged forests, while the huge sum consumed in the arid-region work is an eloquent object-lesson as to the ultimate cost of a treeless region.

But Americans can always cope with disaster, even when self-created; and the remedy for all the conditions cited can be found at Washington, where a few clear-headed men who are able to reduce money to its proper value—i. e., dependent on and secondary to the public good—have given their time and thought to the successful building up of a service devoted to this interest. Their work is an inspiring chapter in the Blue Book. We owe them the national reserves; and since 1891, when Congress endorsed their policy and authorized them to proceed, the reserve area has grown larger than New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined.

"The Forest Service exists to perpetuate and extend the forests of the United

States," is their modest statement of their great task; and few can guess the wide field covered by these thoughtful workers, who see, beyond the needs of the moment, the profit of the hour, and by whose sagacity Commerce is made the partner, not the ravager, of Nature. Their administration of the national reserves illustrates this: it is no hedging in of great areas by a law which deprives the citizen of his legitimate profit; but it is reserving for his best benefit these same areas (which would otherwise be absorbed by hundreds of self-centered small holders), and devoting them at government expense to the general good.

Within their boundaries, wood ready for cutting is sold and removed, giving the young trees room to breathe and thus grow to full girth and height. Grazing is permitted; and, as it is minus the sheep and cattle war that desolates the ranges and breeds murder, its advantages are apparent; where deposits of ore are discovered, mining is permitted; and where the soil is rich, farming goes on,—all three, of course, under proper restrictions. In these havens of safety drought is unknown; for the forest is preserved, patrolled, inspected, and tended with zeal and intelligence; and the rivers in them, regulated by tree and plant, are tamed to a gracious service that makes plenty in their path and life in their flow.

The Forest Service is the elder brother to the private forest owners; and few things are more interesting than the goodwill with which the subtle secrets of the woods—Nature's wage to those who truly love her—are passed from the adepts to the students.

The practical nature of the information arrests attention at once; for the American test-question, "Does it pay?" is answered from every treetop. It teaches (1) the management of land as permanent forest tracts, and a profitable lesson it is; (2) the meaning of the periods of growth, and the number of cuttings, with their intervals, which it is judicious and most profitable

to make in a given time and place; (3) the reason for and method of planting and preserving trees in treeless regions; (4) the benefit bestowed by individuals who plant even one tree a year during their lives; (5) the benefaction each farmers' organization can bestow because of their superior knowledge of plant and tree growth; (6) how to bridle a river with reeds and hobble it with osiers; (7) how to secure riparian fields from the clutch of the flood; and (8) how to guard against fires.

Arbor Day is one of the picturesque outgrowths of the efforts of the Service; but only a study of the industries dependent on the forest can reveal what it has done and is doing for agriculture, commerce, and the crafts.

Then there is a yet higher and finer duty it has rendered, which no nation of the world can ever afford to ignore,—the duty to Art and Literature. In preserving the Forest it has preserved Nature's great Primer in which her favored children learn to read. The architect sees in its aisles and leafy arches the temple of his dreams; the poet listens to its dryads, and meditates upon their legends until drama and tale spring glowing from his brain; the land-painter finds in its light and shade the most elusive charm of his inspiration; the ballad-makers learn their songs from the hidden brooks; the musician gathers his *motifs* from the wind as it harps among the pines, or from the little choristers of God (the "brothers of St. Francis") who sing in their green choir-loft.

Good luck to the Chief Forester! We may not share his labors nor his rewards, but we can cheer him on his way by approval. And this we owe him; for the man who keeps alive beauty, and teaches the world there are better things than gold, and happier paths than the treadmill of fortune, has served his neighbor and his country so well that he deserves the support and co-operation of everyone of us in whose memory blooms some imperishable vision of the forest.

Appreciations of Plain Chant.

CHAPTER XI. in "A Clerical Story of 'Sixes and Sevens,'" a serial running in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, contains some interesting extracts from non-Catholic appreciations of Plain Chant. Thus Mr. John F. Runciman, an eminent English musical critic, says:

The old Plain Chant . . . links the present to the past as with bands of steel; it is the full and perfect expression of the words to which it is set, and with which indeed it grew up; it prepares us for the change which is now coming over the services with the reintroduction of truly devotional music. Its melodies are lovely beyond description in words, often they are sublime, and in them the sincere spirit of an earlier day is incarnate. We are aware that many of us Anglicans, especially if we have been accustomed to what are called "bright and cheerful" services, find these tunes dull and meaningless; and so much the worse for us. "Brightness and cheerfulness" have their place in religion; but there are solemn moments when they are not wanted, and suggest only buffoonery. Much of the Plain Song is cheerful enough, but its cheerfulness is that of a stained-glass window, not of a cut in a comic paper; its subject is religious, not the sighings of a "nigger" for his love.

Equally appreciative are these extracts from Mr. Edward Dickinson's recent work, "Music in the History of the Western Church":

There is a solemn unearthly sweetness in these tones which appeals irresistibly to those who have become habituated to them. They have maintained for centuries the inevitable comparison with every other form of melody, religious and secular; and there is reason to believe that they will continue to sustain all possible rivalry, until they at last outlive every other form of music now existing. . . .

The Catholic liturgical chant, like all other monumental forms of art, has often suffered through the vicissitudes of taste which have beguiled even those whose official responsibilities would seem to constitute them the special custodians of this sacred treasure. Even to-day there are many clergymen and church musicians who have but a faint conception of the affluence of lovely melody and profound religious expression contained in this vast body of medieval music. . . .

The tendency toward sensationalism in church music has now begun to subside. The true ideal is seen to be in the past. Together with the new appreciation of Palestrina, Bach, and the older Anglican Church composers, the Catholic chant is coming to its rights; and an enlightened modern taste is beginning to realize the melodious beauty, the liturgic appropriateness, and the edifying power that lie in the ancient unison song.

We commend these passages to the attention of those Catholics whose "enlightened modern taste" still rebels at the thought of doing away with the ultra-elaborate, not to say operatic, masses which the Sovereign Pontiff condemns. Plain Chant—properly rendered—needs no apology.

If, to the foregoing appreciations from non-Catholic sources, we were to add others from those of our own faith who are eminently qualified to speak authoritatively as to what is and what is not congruous church music, we should be at a loss where to begin and where to make an end of quoting. Just as one specimen of the critical estimates that could be indefinitely multiplied, let us give the following from Perosi:

I have always had a great predilection and a profound esteem for Gregorian Chant. Among all the editions, I have always had a marked preference for those which approach nearest to the venerable manuscripts handed down to us by the piety of the monks. To my knowledge, no edition surpasses that of the Benedictines of Solesmes. I could also wish that the obligatory and necessary study of the liturgical chant in the seminaries should be based upon the Graduale, which was my guide and consolation in my musical studies. In my quality of composer I could appropriately extol the beauties of these melodies, so pure and so simple, so religious and so austere; but the word of an artist should not have weight in comparison with that of a Pope. Leo XIII., of holy memory, has recommended and praised in noble accents the study of Gregorian Chant. His Holiness Pius X., a name so dear to those who love the splendors of churchly art, has manifested clearly his will and desire.

Perosi is, of course, a priest; but he is a musician as well. Some of the decriers of Plain Chant are also priests, though not all of them are musicians.

Notes and Remarks.

"Those, therefore, whom you have chosen to solicit for your Society the kind favor of those nations, will go forth accompanied by Our strongest commendation; and all who, in the English Colonies and in America, have hearts conformed to the charity of Christ, We most earnestly exhort to come to the aid of your Society, and so to earn Our gratitude, and to deserve well of their country." The Society in whose behalf the Holy Father makes this plea is "The Crusade of Rescue," of London. It exists for the purpose of saving the helpless Catholic children of the London slums from destitution, and from that loss of faith to which the conditions of their lives are constantly exposing them. Wherever it is possible to utilize the various State institutions without endangering the children's faith, they are placed therein; where this can not be done they are provided for in the Society's own Homes, of which there are at present, in London and its suburbs, six, harboring no fewer than nine hundred inmates. The emigration of the children to Canada is perhaps the most important and most successful feature of the Society's work. Since 1904 over three hundred children have been settled with Irish Catholic farmers in Canada—in a few cases also with French Canadian families,—and there are on the books of the Catholic Emigration Association, at the Society's headquarters in Ottawa, over two thousand children under the age of eighteen.

Thus far, we are told, the operations of the Society have been limited to the care of those children making application for admission. Want of funds has made it utterly impossible to attempt any kind of missionary effort amongst the thousands of children helplessly perishing in the streets of the great English metropolis. As the Society has, nevertheless, made it its motto that "No Catholic child who is

really destitute, or whose faith is in danger, and who can not otherwise be provided for, is ever refused admission," the financial position of the Society has assumed a very grave character, and the annually increasing deficit has put the very work itself into jeopardy. The British Catholics, the majority of whom are very poor, are giving what they can to the good work; but it is evident that it can not prosper without help from the world outside the British Isles. Hence the warm sanction of Pius X., quoted above; and hence, too, we trust, the generous assistance that will be given to the Society's accredited representatives now in this country.

We admire the foresight and practicality evidenced in the following communication of the Bishop of Liverpool to his clergy:

The next general election will be a most critical one for the cause of Catholic education in England. For that reason it is of the highest importance that the Catholic vote in each constituency should be thoroughly organized. I would, therefore, urge upon all the rectors of missions to take up *at once* the question of the registration of the Catholic voters. . . . It would be well for the rectors of the missions in each town and in each Parliamentary area to meet, and that immediately, to concert measures, by means of small committees of workers, for having the Overseers' lists examined, for having a survey of the Catholic voters, and for pursuing to the Revision Court the claims of those Catholics who are entitled to be on the list. After all the agitation of the past year, your people will readily be got to understand the importance of their voicing their convictions at the poll, and thus of protecting, so far as they can, the highest interests of their children.

We shall not be surprised to hear that some British politicians, among those opposed to the Catholic educational cause, accuse the Liverpool Bishop of exerting "undue influence," "besmirching his purple with the mire of politics," etc., etc.; but that sort of fallacious nonsense is fast dropping into innocuous desuetude. The prelate is a British subject, and as such has every right to influence, as far as in him lies, his fellow-subjects in the matter

of what he considers good government. Moreover, he is the accredited shepherd of his flock; and it is not merely his privilege, but his duty, to direct their action in matters directly touching upon their faith and the future morality of their children. Interested opponents may deplore what they will probably style his "pernicious activity"; but if the like activity had been manifested during the past half-century by the bishops of France, the Catholics of that country would be to-day the rulers, not the victims, of its government.

The district of Shanghai, China, contains a large Catholic population—upward of 60,000. Many of the inhabitants are of old Catholic stock, dating back two or three centuries. This explains their fervent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and their tender love of the Blessed Virgin. A correspondent of THE AVE MARIA writes: "I have just heard from China that in the pilgrimage chapel of Our Lady of Zo-ce, about twelve miles from Shanghai, there were more than 2500 Communions for the opening of the month of May, and more than 7000 in the course of the month. On the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, transferred this year to a day in June, there were 2000 Communions more, thus raising the number to about 12,000 for the May devotions and pilgrimages."

In spite of the proverb regarding the ingratitude of republics, no country has ever shown more generous gratitude toward its veteran soldiers than the United States. The amount of money annually expended by our government in pensions and for the support of old soldiers is enormous. Foreigners are often heard to express amazement at Uncle Sam's munificence, and to declare that empires rather than republics are to be charged with ingratitude. It was stated a few years ago that no fewer than six survivors of the Balaklava Charge—that incident

celebrated in Tennyson's familiar poem—were in British workhouses; and one story was very circumstantially told of a Balaklava veteran who made his way to the door of the town mansion of the War Secretary of the day, only to be kicked from the steps by a liveried footman. A letter from Mr. T. H. Roberts appears in the *Tribune*, in which he states that £300 is needed to keep from starvation and the workhouse twenty-five veritable survivors of the Balaklava Charge. "This sum," he says, "will keep these twenty-five men until 1908 dawns; and perhaps the government may by that time see fit to relieve me of my self-imposed task of looking after these veteran soldiers." Mr. Roberts should have requested the editor of the *Tribune* to reproduce Lord Tennyson's poem, and to retell the story of the famous Charge which inspired it.

Sooner or later, genuine heroism is safe to win the plaudits of the world that for the nonce may ridicule it as extravagance or fanaticism. John C. Van Dyke, writing in the *Desert*, pays this tribute to a band of heroes who in their day received from the great world of commerce and art and industry more scoffs and sneers than words of praise:

What of the padres,—were they not here? As I ride off across the plain to the east, the thought is of the heroism, the self-abnegation, the undying faith of those followers of Loyola and Xavier who came into this waste so many years ago. How idle seem all the specious tales of Jesuitism and priestcraft! The padres were men of soul, unshrinking faith, and a perseverance almost unparalleled in the annals of history. The accomplishments of Columbus, of Cortez, of Coronado were great; but what of those who first ventured out upon these sands and erected missions almost in the heart of the desert; who, single-handed, coped with dangers from man and nature, and who lived and died without the slightest hope of reward here on earth? Has not the Sign of the Cross cast more men in heroic mould than ever the glitter of the crown or the flash of the sword?

Those good padres have gone, and their mission churches are crumbling back to the earth from which they were made; but the light

of the Cross still shines along the borders of the desert land. The flame that, through them, the Spirit kindled still burns; and in every Indian village, in every adobe hut, you will see on the wall the wooden or grass-woven cross. On the high hills and at the crossroads it stands, roughly hewn from mesquite, and planted in a cone of stones. It is now always weather-stained and sun-cracked, but still the sign before which the peon and the Indian bow the head and whisper words of prayer. The dwellers beside the desert have cherished what the inhabitants of the fertile plains have thrown away. They and their forefathers have never known civilization, and never suffered from the blight of doubt. Of a simple nature, they have lived in a simple way, close to their Mother Earth, beside the desert they loved, and (let us believe it!) nearer to the God whom they worshiped.

What the padres were in their day, hundreds—nay, thousands—of Catholic missionaries in foreign lands are in ours: genuine heroes, spending themselves in the beneficent work of winning souls to Christ and planting Christian civilization in the desert wilds of darkest paganism. A hundred years hence, and many a name now unknown to the world will be cited as instances of sublime self-sacrifice that illumined the historic scroll of this first quarter of the twentieth century.

In the address of Lord Halifax at the annual meeting of the English Church Union, we find a paragraph which, we opine, the famous Royal Commission would experience no little difficulty in answering in a manner at all satisfactory to people of ordinary good sense. "What difference is there," asked Viscount Halifax, "between the authorized doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church as laid down by the Council of Trent,—namely, that there is a place of purgation after death, in which the souls of the faithful can be helped by the prayers of those on earth; and the prayers for the rest, refreshment, and peace of the dead in Christ, which the Commission itself admits are in accordance with the teachings of the Church of England? In what respect does the teaching contained in the 'Dream of Gerontius,' or that of St. Catherine of

Genoa, differ from the teaching, say, of the Bishop of Lincoln or of the late Canon Bright?"

The principal difference, in the minds of the unscholarly members of the Church of England, is probably that the Council of Trent and St. Catherine of Genoa were Catholic, and for that very reason worthy of condemnation. But is it not about time for Church of England people to acknowledge and remove a number of inconsistencies in which their system abounds and of which the foregoing furnishes only one example?

Many a reader whose interest was recently aroused by a description of St. Anthony's chapel car will be pleased to see this item, clipped from *Extension*:

The bishop who is with it writes enthusiastically concerning its work. Let us whisper that the St. Anthony car is not to be alone in its mission. Before the year is out it may have a companion, and even another later on. The car has justified itself. Out of the eight places visited during the first month, in five places Catholic churches were arranged for. The car is putting life and spirit into the people. Mr. Petry's generosity has been productive of much good.

'Five Catholic churches arranged for in a month' is a statement that assuredly does justify the action taken by those who were instrumental in securing this latest aid to missionary enterprise. May the coming months all be as fruitful, and "St. Anthony's" companions increase and multiply!

From an article entitled "The Deaths of the Marshals," in the current issue of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the *London Tablet* quotes a striking story of how Marshal Ney was led to reconsider his refusal to see a priest before his execution:

When the Comte de Rochecouart, into whose keeping he had been entrusted, "entered Ney's room in order to read to him the letter containing the instructions as to the several persons with whom he was permitted to have interviews, he found him guarded by two grenadiers à cheval of the Royal Guard. After the letter was read

the Marshal said: 'I will first confer with my notary, then I will see my wife and children; as to a confessor, let them leave me at peace; I have no need of the priesthood.' At these last words one of the veteran grenadiers, standing at attention, said: 'You are wrong, Marshal'; and, pointing to his arm, ornamented with several chevrons, 'I am not as illustrious as you, but I also am an old soldier. Well, never have I gone so boldly under fire as when I first recommended my soul to God.' These few words, pronounced by the gigantic grenadier in an agitated and solemn tone, appeared to make a strong impression on the Marshal. He went up to the old soldier, and, patting him on the shoulder, said with emotion: 'Perhaps, *mon brave*, you are right; you give good counsel.' He then inquired: 'What priest can I summon?' And being told that the Luxembourg was in the parish of St. Sulpice, of which the curé, l'Abbé de Pierre, was very highly thought of, he said: 'Beg him to come to me. I will receive him after my wife.' The grenadier's advice had borne the desired fruit."

It occurs to us to remark that if there had been anything of the "mollycoddle" about that old grenadier, Ney would probably have died in his sins.

The third annual report of the Columbian Club of Montreal conveys the gratifying information that the past year has been an entirely successful one. It is noteworthy that the Club has developed, since its inception in 1904, a real *esprit de corps* among the Catholic students of McGill University. During the entire college session, the club rooms have been fairly alive with a spirit of hearty good-fellowship, and the students have now come to consider them as their "Home" in Montreal. Prospective Catholic students of McGill will do well to communicate with the organization, addressing the Secretary of the Catholic Club, McGill University, Montreal.

We have examined with some interest a novel statistical table published in the *Freeman's Journal* (Sydney, N. S. W.) It shows the number of signatures by mark, in 1895 and in 1906, to the marriage-register for each of the principal religious denominations in the country. The table makes

clear the distinct advance in the education of the Catholics who were married. In 1906 the proportion of Catholics who signed the marriage-register by mark was 1.72 per cent of the marriages in that denomination, as against 6.07 per cent in 1895. In 1895 the proportion of Catholics showed the highest proportion of mark signatures in any of the principal denominations; in 1906 they were a good second, being ahead of both the Methodists and Presbyterians. In 1906 the Presbyterians actually made a worse showing than in 1895, and the improvement among the Methodists was not nearly so great as among the Catholics.

"This splendid result," comments the *Journal*, "is largely owing to the grand work done in this State, in the cause of education, by his Eminence Cardinal Moran and his colleagues in the hierarchy during the last quarter of a century."

Middle-aged readers will recall the statement made only a few decades ago that Catholics were the most illiterate people in the Australasian countries. It is gratifying to learn that the statement is no longer true. If progress continues on the same scale for another quarter of a century, indeed the converse of the statement will be the fact: Catholics will be the least illiterate of all the denominations.

While the existence of demonolatry and of cases of demoniacal possession is a commonplace among Catholic missionaries in some countries of the Orient, it appears to be somewhat of a novelty to non-Catholics. David Kelley Lambuth writes of the matter in a recent issue of the *Independent*, and quotes from Protestant missionaries in Korea these among other statements:

In a country where the evil spirit is so dominant and so tangible, one comes to a vital sensation of his presence.—Certainly I am more conscious of the real presence of the devil in Korea than in America. Many of the missionaries have been acutely conscious of his palpable presence in the very room with them.—The consciousness of a real personal devil is as vivid

as the sense of God's presence, though infinitely removed in kind. In Korea you feel him in the atmosphere.—In our work in Korea we are continually coming in contact with the most extraordinary cases of apparent demoniac possession and cure, containing all the phenomena that characterized demonized minds in the days of Christ.—If you had lived in the midst of the native quarter with me and heard at midnight the cries of terror of those appealing to the evil spirits for help or being tortured by them, veritable possessions by devils would then seem no impossible thing to you.

The flippant materialist of this progressive twentieth century has of course relegated the belief in a personal devil to the limbo of outworn superstitions; but it would be at least interesting to notice how he would conduct himself in some pagan lands where the powers of darkness have never been restrained by the salutary sight of the Cross, the tremendous efficacy of the Mass, and the manifold protecting influences of Christianity. There are more things in hell, not less than in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in the materialist's philosophy.

As indicative of Ritualistic opinion concerning the inevitable cleavage of the two great parties in the Church of England, we clip the following from the *Lamp*:

The Catholic and the anti-Catholic forces in the Church of England are both of them growing more and more eager for intercommunion with their brethren outside the Anglican pale; but, whereas the anti-Catholics are looking with fond desire toward that "united and triumphant Nonconformity" of which the Bishop of London speaks, the Catholics are looking with ever clearer vision toward the "Rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were digged." It is this trend of two irreconcilable elements in diametrically opposite directions which forecasts a split of the Anglican communion in the not far distant future, and human foresight can not see any escape from it.

"United and triumphant Nonconformity" is a somewhat hyperbolic expression. Nonconformists are one in opposition to Rome; they are myriad in so far as positive dogmas are concerned. Division and disintegration are inherent in all the sects.



A Summer Joy.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

THESE are lots of ways in summer days

To have a jolly time,—

Full many a game well known to fame

And played in many a clime;

Of course each sport will get support

From lads with joy o'erbrimming,

But as for me, I fail to see

The fun that equals swimming.

When the sun gets hot in every spot

On street and field and grove,

And earth and sky just torrefy

The folks like heated stove,

'Tis sheer delight, delicious quite,

To go through water skimming

In lake or bay or river—Say!

There's *nothing* equals swimming.

To be afloat in pleasure-boat

Is nice enough, perhaps,

And fishing's fine with hook and line—

At least for quiet chaps;

But, first of joys for lively boys,

All other sports bedimming,

On summer days when the sun's ablaze

Is just to go in swimming.

A Golden Gift.

I.

ERNA stood at the window watching the rain, which dashed against the panes as though it would shatter them. A fire was burning in the grate; her mother sat near it, sewing. At the long library table her father was writing. It was a pleasant, comfortable room; while outside the wind blew and the rain fell heavily.

Suddenly the child turned from the window.

"Mamma, papa!" she cried. "Two such pretty little boys have just run across the street! One of them has a monkey in his arms. The other is carrying an accordion and a guitar. Now they are running up the steps. I believe they are taking shelter in the vestibule from the rain."

"Poor children!" said the father. "It is large enough to shelter them. I think this is only a passing storm; they can soon resume their journey."

He turned once more to his correspondence, but his wife left her seat and went to the window. The shower was already abating; a blue streak of sky shone like a jagged turquoise through a rift in the clouds.

"Listen, Erna!" observed her mother. "They are playing."

"In the vestibule!" exclaimed the little girl. "I wish I could go down."

"We will both go," replied Mrs. Perrin. "I am as fond of monkeys as any child."

When they reached the vestibule they found the boys leaning against one of the side walls, playing with all their hearts,—one an accordion, the other a small guitar. The music might have been better, it could have been worse. At their feet a monkey, in scarlet turban and coat, lay blinking and scratching himself. As the door opened the boys removed their caps, bowed, smiled, showed their white teeth, and went on with the performance. Presently the monkey hopped on Erna's shoulder and began to pat her curls.

"Not afraid?" said one of the boys, encouragingly. "Tito no hurt."

"No, I am not afraid," said Erna. "I like monkeys. I wish papa would buy me one."

"Do plenty mischief," replied the older boy. "Make tear things."

"Play some more, please," said Erna.

They resumed their music; and the monkey, recognizing his duty, began to

dance. After performing several capers, he snatched the cap from his head and presented it to Mrs. Perrin.

"Run up to papa, Erna, and get some change," said her mother.

A moment later the little girl burst into the library.

"Some pennies, papa, please, for the little musicians!" she said; and her father, putting his hand in his pocket, drew forth a number of coins.

"I did not know what to do with these this morning when I was counting my cash," he said. "Give them to the little musicians."

"I will wrap them in this old envelope," said the child. "They can carry them better that way."

Hurriedly putting them into a small packet, she ran downstairs, and placed them in the monkey's cap.

"*Merci*,—thanks!" said the musicians; and, bowing politely, they passed into the street.

Mrs. Perrin and Erna went upstairs, and, from the window, saw them counting their pennies at the corner opposite. Then Mrs. Perrin returned to her work; and Erna, going into the drawing-room, began to practise on the piano. She had not been there more than a moment when she heard the bell ring below, and then the voice of the maid telling her father that two little beggar boys desired to see him. "They have a monkey," she said.

"What can they want?" Mr. Perrin asked. "Shall I have them up here, Erna?"

"Yes, do, papa," replied the little girl.

The maid retired, reappearing shortly after, and ushering in the two boys, caps in hand. There could be no doubt that they were brothers.

"What is it, my little fellows?" inquired Mr. Perrin. "Auvergnats? I see!"

"*Oui, mon bon Monsiou*," replied the elder in his native patois, "*dans lou petit paquet de sous*."

"Can you not speak English, my boy?" inquired the gentleman. "I am from Auvergne myself, but my wife and daugh-

ter do not understand French very well."

"*Excusa, bon Monsiou*," replied the boy. "I will, then, English speak. In the little packet of cents I have found a piece of gold, and come to return it to you; for I know you did not weesh to geev it to me."

"A piece of gold?" repeated Mr. Perrin, in surprise. "Now, how was that? Yes, I remember. I had it in my pocket since yesterday, and forgot all about it. And so you have brought it back? You are an honest boy. There, lay it on the table, and come to the fire both of you. The rain has soaked your clothing."

Simply and gratefully, the boys, still smiling, approached the fire, and seated themselves on the rug.

"Where is your monkey?" asked Mrs. Perrin.

"In the hall," replied the younger boy.

"Shall I get heem?"

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Perrin.

The boy disappeared, and Mrs. Perrin rang the bell. When the maid came, she told her to fetch some sandwiches, cheese, fruit, and tea. The monkey was brought, and his chain attached to the leg of an easy-chair. When the food came, the two boys, sitting at the corner of the table, did full justice to it. After they had finished, Mr. Perrin inquired how long they had been in America.

"Two years," said the elder. "We came with a man."

"Have you parents?"

"No, Monsiou. They have died. We are orphans."

"Who was the man?"

"He came from the 'Nited States. He was Italian. He said he would be good to us. But he was bad."

"Did he beat you?"

"Every day, Monsiou."

"And starve you?"

"Yes, Monsiou."

"Where is he now?"

"With the devils, I think,—in the hale-fire."

"He is dead, then?"

"Yes, Monsiou. He fall downstairs and

died. And then we come here with the monkey, and play the music."

"Where were you before?"

"In the New York. But we like better the place where it is not so cold."

"With whom do you live?"

"With ourselves—alone."

"And do you make money?"

"Sometimes yes, sometimes no."

"What do you call a good day?"

"Fifty cents. In the summer time maybe we do more."

"Do you intend to wander about in this way forever?"

"No, Monsiou. We weesh to save some money, to buy some needles and pins and threads, and sell them on the streets; and then maybe keep one little store, *mon bon Monsiou*."

"You seem to be good boys. If you like, I will take this piece of gold and go with you to the wholesale house, and help you select a stock of goods."

"What is the wholesale house, Monsiou? And what is the stock of goods?"

Mr. Perrin explained.

"That will be very good, Monsiou," said the boy. "For that we will thank you much. It is what we want, my brother and me. When shall we go? The sooner to buy and sell, the sooner to pay you back."

"Do not think of that, my boy," said Mr. Perrin. "I do not wish you to repay me. As a reward for your honesty, I do this. I shall be glad to help set you on your feet. What are your names?"

"I am Adrian, my brother is Louis."

"How old are you?"

"I am twelve, Louis is ten."

"Very good. What will you do with your monkey if you should turn merchants?"

"Plentee boys will buy heem and go round the streets. Our music we play in the nights."

"Very well. Come to-morrow, after nine o'clock, and we shall set about our business," said their kind host and fellow-countryman. Then, after exchanging a few words with them in their own tongue, he dismissed them.

II.

When the boys had gone, Mr. Perrin turned to his daughter.

"Erna," he said, "your mother already knows my history, but I will now tell you why I take so much interest in these brave little fellows. I believe them to be exactly what they say. I was once a poor boy like them. My good mother died; my poor father, the village schoolmaster, ambitious for me, his only child, thought he could do better by coming to America. Unfortunately, he died on the voyage, and a fellow-traveller—an Italian image seller—offered to give me a good home, if I would go with him. I agreed. We landed in New York, and for two years I led a miserable life. But at length I ran away, came to Nashville, and step by step achieved a fortune and a good reputation. It is natural, don't you think, that I should feel interested in these children?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Erna, warmly. "Now, papa, I know why you are always so good to the orphans."

The boys came next day, according to promise. Mr. Perrin went with them to a large wholesale dry-goods house, and purchased for each five dollars' worth of goods. Then, by his advice, they took stands in different parts of the city, as he believed that would be the better way; and so it proved. They fulfilled all his hopes for them, winning and retaining purchasers for their wares by their obliging manners and strict honesty. From time to time their benefactor would pay them a visit on their respective street corners, where he was always welcomed by the brothers, who never failed, they told him, to ask God's blessing daily on their *bon Monsiou*. Thus passed a year, when the Perrin family left their home, expecting to spend some years in Europe; and Adrian and Louis saw them no more.

A very old man, leaning heavily on a cane, and also supported on the other side by a handsome woman approaching middle age, were walking slowly along

one of the principal business streets of Savannah. They were neatly but poorly clad; privation and patience looked forth from their faces. From time to time the lady would pause and gaze into the shop windows, apparently looking for something she could not find. At length she stopped in front of a store which bore in large gilt letters over the entrance the sign: "Ducrôt Brothers. Laces, Worsteds, Embroidery Silks."

"This looks promising, papa," she said. "See, there is a beautifully worked luncheon cloth in the window."

"Shall we go in?" asked the old man.

"Yes, we may as well. It will do no harm to try," rejoined the daughter.

They entered. It was early in the morning, and the store almost empty of customers. Behind an opposite counter stood two men, looking so much alike that a stranger could hardly have told them apart. Both had round, happy, sun-browned faces; both had tight curly hair, slightly grizzled, with laughing eyes and flashing white teeth.

"Those are the faces of Auvergnats," whispered the old man to his daughter. "God grant that the omen be a good one!"

"Can I serve you, Madam?" asked the one to whom the strangers turned.

"I am looking for work—embroidery," replied the lady. "I see a luncheon cloth over in the window. Do you give such employment?"

"We do," said the proprietor. "Our difficulty is to find good work-women. And the pay,—you may be aware it is not at all in proportion to the labor; though we try to be just, on a moderate profit."

"I think I could satisfy you as to my being competent to do the work," observed the lady. "I have some specimens here in my satchel, which, with your permission, I will show you."

"Please do so," said the merchant. "I shall be glad to examine them."

The lady opened her satchel.

"Will you not sit down, sir?" asked the

other proprietor, bringing a chair, which he placed in front of the window for the old man, who took it gratefully.

Meanwhile the samples of embroidery were being carefully examined, and pronounced highly satisfactory.

"I have a large order for a bride, which I could give you at once, provided I had references," said the elder Ducrôt. "But we could not let the work go out to an entire stranger. No doubt you have friends, Madam?"

"No, sir, we have none." replied the lady, sadly. "I will be frank with you. We arrived here only last week. My father was advised to come, on account of the climate. He has had sciatica for several years, and can no longer endure the severer winters farther north. We are from Nashville, Tennessee."

"My first good luck came from Nashville," said the merchant.

"We have a small income," continued the lady,—"just enough, I might say, to keep the wolf from the door. But we have anticipated some of it in making this change, and it is absolutely necessary that I find work immediately. I could send for references."

"To Nashville?"

"Yes. I have lived there all my life."

"Perhaps, then, you can tell me something of the family of Mr. Claude Perrin, who was formerly a banker there."

"I am Miss Perrin, and yonder is my father."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the merchant. "You are Miss Erna?"

"Yes. I do not remember you, sir."

"See, then, if your good father does not!" cried the merchant, hastening to the side of the old man, where his brother was already standing.

"*Mon bon Monsiou!*" he exclaimed, as he seized the hand of the white-haired invalid in his own. "You do not forget us—Adrian and Louis?"

"Then I was not mistaken," said the younger brother. "I suspected it from the moment they entered. O Monsiou,

how good it is to see you once again!"

Mr. Perrin was deeply affected. They led him forthwith to their little office.

There Mr. Perrin related how unwise speculation just before the war had ruined his fortunes; and the brothers Ducrôt told the tale of their successes. The old man rejoiced at the good luck which had attended his former protégés; while they commiserated the sorrows that had been his portion, not the least of which was the death of his wife.

At last Erna said, laughingly:

"Now, Mr. Ducrôt, it will not be necessary for me to furnish references, I suppose? If you will kindly show me the work you have to be done, with instructions, I will take it home with me. I assure you I sew very rapidly."

"Tut, tut!" said Adrian. "Do not speak of it, do not think of it, Miss Perrin. I have a pressing business engagement at eleven; but my brother will go with you in a cab, and fetch your belongings from that wretched quarter where you have been staying to the house of the brothers Ducrôt, where you will find every home comfort, two good servants, and the prettiest garden in Savannah. In that house there is room for a dozen, and henceforward it is yours as much as ours. No, no, do not say you will not, or we shall be very unhappy."

So the end of it all was that the Perrins and the Ducrôts took up their residence together, to the great happiness of both families. And there, in "the prettiest garden in Savannah," the old man spends the long, dreamy summer days, as carefully tended as though he were its wealthy owner; and Erna, sad no longer, reads or embroiders near the plashing fountain, producing exquisite creations with her clever needle; for she declines to eat the bread of idleness. And together, in the long evenings, they often speak of the mysteries of Providence, dwelling with gratitude upon the reminiscence of what has proved to each and every one of them "a golden gift."

How a Celebrated Abbey was Built.

Eight centuries ago, in the year 1103, Duke Leopold and his wife Agnes, who was the daughter of Henry IV., the Emperor of Germany, were standing on the balcony of their mountain castle overlooking the Danube, talking of their wish to build a home for the twelve good priests who were going from town to town in their dukedom doing all the good they could in their kind, Christlike way. But where to build a home for them was the question. The Duke seemed to think Vienna would be a good place, but his wife said: "No: the hills to the north, with the woodlands above the river, would make a more peaceful home."

As they were arguing thus, the wind arose, and, lifting the veil of the Princess (or Margravine, as her title became), the light gauze thing floated off toward the northern hills.

"We will build the home where that veil rests," said the Duke.

Couriers were sent out; they searched the woods day after day, but the veil could not be found.

Three years passed; and one day the Duke, who had almost forgotten about the abbey home he had intended to build, was hunting in the woodlands beyond the Kahlenberg, the mountain next the Leopoldsberg, where his castle stood. He stopped to rest under the shade of a lilac tree, and, looking up, he saw something white, all spangled with gold. He drew it down with the hilt of his sword,—and, behold, it was the lost veil! Instantly he gave orders for the ground to be cleared, and the foundations of the abbey to be laid. There it stands to this day.

The home begun for twelve poor priests is now the world-renowned Klosterneuburg, one of the largest monasteries in Austria. In its treasure-room is the old lilac tree upon which the veil rested; and in a crimson-velvet lined, golden casket lies the veil itself, tarnished golden knots twinkling through its creamy gauze folds.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In a diminutive penny booklet, issued by the English Catholic Truth Society, Father De Zulueta, S. J., makes a strong and convincing plea for "Frequent and Daily Communion."

—In spite of the violent opposition roused by his well-known work on the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, the death of M. Edmond Demolins is widely and sincerely mourned in France. He was the author of several other learned works, a valued contributor to the *Univers*, *Science Sociale*, etc., and the founder of the *Ecole des Roches*.

—Recent numbers in the Biographical Series of the London C. T. S. are "Blaise Pascal," by the Rev. G. O'Neill, S. J.; "Ven. John Nutter," by John B. Wainwright; "The Brothers Ratisbonne," and "Lady Amabel Kerr." The first of the four is a reprint of a lecture delivered at University College, Dublin, and is exceptionally interesting; as, indeed, is the sympathetic sketch of Lady Kerr, whose death occurred only last year.

—As evidence of the growing interest in modern Irish as spoken in the different districts in which the language still lingers, the *Athenæum* mention the visit of Dr. Rudolf Trebitsch to Ireland, for the purpose of taking phonographic records of the Irish language for the Imperial Academy of Sciences in Vienna. Another distinguished German scholar, Prof. Osthoff, is studying the living Irish speech in the Aran Isles; and M. Marstrander, of Christiania, is studying the Kerry dialect in Dingle.

—The excellent "Commentary on the Catechism," by the Rev. Father Faerber, C. S. S. R., translated and edited by the Rev. Father Girardey, of the same Congregation (B. Herder), abounds in illustrations and anecdotes which should make it a treasure-trove to catechists. Everyone knows the importance of stories in the instruction of children, how the attention of old folk even is always roused when a preacher relates an anecdote, in order to deepen the impression of his discourse. The following, taken at random from Father Faerber's book, is intended to exemplify the lesson of keeping the Sunday holy:

Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire, one Saturday evening ordered all his employees to come back Sunday to finish unloading one of his ships. All agreed except one young man, who said to him: "Sir, I am willing to work for you any time, but not on Sundays; for it is against my conscience."—"Go," said Girard to him, "get what is owing to you; for now I discharge you." The young man got his money and left. He tried for some time in vain to get

work. About three weeks after a banker came to Girard, asking him if he knew of a reliable and honest young man to fill the position of cashier in his bank. "Oh yes!" said Girard, and he mentioned the name of the young man he had lately discharged. "But did you not discharge him from your employment?"—"Yes, I did, because he would not work on Sundays. But a young man who will give up a good position like the one he had for the sake of his conscience is most reliable and deserving of the best position you can give him." The banker engaged the young man and gave him a large salary; and he prospered ever after.

A well-known priest, whose zeal and industry, are commensurate with his appreciation of needs and literary skill, proposes to make a large collection of such anecdotes from the volumes of THE AVE MARIA. Though intended especially for younger readers, they will be of a kind to please older ones as well.

—Words of truth are immortal. In "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord," by Thomas à Kempis, translated by Dom Scully, C. R. L. (Messrs. Kegan Paul; B. Herder), we have the teachings of an humble monk of the fifteenth century on the Incarnation of Our Lord. The instructions are in meditation form, and embody presentation of the picture, reflections and affections. There is much of the element of "The Imitation" in these pages; and for private devotions, during a retreat, for instance, the devout soul should find food for the promotion of practical piety in its old, yet ever new lessons. The tone of the book and its savor of A Kempis are evident in the following passage:

Collect, therefore, thy senses, and abide with thyself: shutting out all tumult. Then take up a little portion of My Passion, and diligently think it over according to the time and season. For this, brought back to memory each day, will more and more savor, strengthen and inflame him that meditates. For all spiritual progress and perfection will be found therein. But these good things are not tasted save by them that love and desire to imitate it. To the carnal and worldly it seems bitter and hard; but to the pious and devout, sweet and comforting. For who aim at honors or at gaining earthly possessions, everywhere seeking their own interests, these are not in agreement with My Passion, nor can they attain its internal sweetness. But who seeks to despise the world, and to crucify his flesh with its vices and concupiscences, he discovers the greatest consolation, and he shall experience singular devotion in My Passion.

—Less than a year ago we had the pleasure of commending Miss Grace Keon's "Not a Judgment" as a thoroughly good Catholic novel; and it is a genuine gratification to state that the same phrase fittingly characterizes her new story, "When Love is Strong." (Benziger Brothers.) By "Catholic novel," readers of this magazine will understand that we mean something more than a novel written by a Catholic author and brought out by a Catholic publishing

house. Experience has taught us that members of our faith will write, and other members publish, novels that no more deserve the distinctive epithet, Catholic, than do the Fables of Æsop or the scientific romances of Jules Verne. We have fairly frequent occasion to read such novels—and to regret the time so wasted. Not that the books are anti-Catholic or irreligious; but they are emphatically *non-Catholic* and *unreligious*, lamentably and inartistically so. Literature, even fictitious literature, is, or purports to be, a reflection of life; and the author who tells a story of Catholic characters with scanty mention, or none, of prayers, Mass, the Sacraments, sermons, devotion to Our Lady and the saints, and such like matters, is presenting a caricature, not a portrait, of Catholic belief and conduct. We are not pleading for the "goody-goody" story, or asking our youthful fiction-writers to parade the religious *motif*; we are simply stating that the absence of religious tone in what professes to be a reflection of Catholic life is bad art.

Miss Keon is guilty of no such mistake. "When Love is Strong" is a frankly Catholic novel, in which religion plays just about the same role that it would actually do were the fictitious scenes real. The ordinary reader of our pages will assuredly not find that the role is excessive, and still less that it interferes with his enjoyment of what is an exceptionally interesting story, altogether apart from its moral flavor. We shall welcome the future books of Miss Keon with marked pleasure, and so may our readers.

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.

- "Not a Judgment." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
 "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
 "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
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 "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
 "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Cyril Dodsworth, C. SS. R.
 Sister Octavia, of the Sisters of Christian Charity; Mother Ignatius Aitken, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Rose Marie, Daughters of Charity.

Mr. Robert A. Johnston, Miss Mary Aileen Hingston, Mr. E. J. Sheehan, Mr. Henry Spaunhorst, Miss Helen H. Smith, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mr. Charles Hintze, Mrs. Julia Clarke, Miss Mary Quirk, Mr. T. J. Bell, Miss Mary Coen, Mr. Anthony Kunzler, Mr. F. W. Mausmann, Miss Mary Lanigan, and Mr. John Erne.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1907. NO. 10.

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

Sunset at Notre Dame.

(June 27.)

THE shadow-surpriced trees are acolytes
Before a host of fire,
The gathering opal clouds are incense-praise,
The homing birds the choir.

Across the emerald lake, a path of gold
Leads to the temple stair,
And on the stillness falls a silver sound—
The evening bell for prayer.

God's blessing is upon the silent land,
The mystic rite is o'er,
The tabernacle of the Day is closed,
And Night hath locked the door.

When lo! swung out by angel hands,
Behold a gleam afar—
The jewelled sanctuary lamp of night,
The faithful evening star!

C.

Our Lady's Nativity.

FROM time immemorial, in the practice of empires, kingdoms, and republics, the days set apart for special honor to the memory of pre-eminent national heroes or heroines have been the anniversaries of these glorious sons' or daughters' birth. Ecclesiastical practice, on the contrary, fixes upon the day of their death as the appropriate anniversary on which to commemorate the valiant heroes of the Church, the canonized saints of God. The reason therefor is intelligible enough, and discloses a practical identity of motives underlying

the apparently opposite procedures of the State and the Church. The latter very properly regards the death of the just man as his birth into the veritable life that counts, his entrance into the true country of the soul,—a life and a country to which one's earthly sojourn is but a transient preparation, and earth itself but an outer approach.

In only three cases does this practice of the Church depart from the general rule of celebrating the entrance into immortal rather than mortal life; and all three are intimately connected with the ever-blessed Mother of God. Christmas commemorates the birth in time of Mary's Divine Son; on June 24 is celebrated the earthly birthday of John the Baptist, sanctified in his mother's womb on the occasion of Mary's visit; and on September 8 the Church joyfully solemnizes the entrance into this sin-darkened world of Mary herself.

This festival of Our Lady's Nativity was early inscribed in the ecclesiastical calendar, as is evident from the fact that it is found among the Oriental sects that separated from Rome more than twelve hundred years ago. One need not be surprised at its antiquity when it is remembered that, as early as the fourth century, bishops spoke of our Heavenly Mother in such enraptured accents as characterize this glowing panegyric of St. Epiphanius: "What shall I say or how shall I speak of the glorious and holy Virgin? God alone excepted, she is above all beings. More beautiful than the Cherubim and Seraphim and all the angelical army, an earthly voice or even that of

an angel is too weak fittingly to praise her. O Blessed Virgin, purest dove, celestial spouse! O Mary, heaven, temple, throne of the Divinity, you possess the Sun which illumines heaven and earth, Jesus Christ. . . . The angels accused Eve, but now they glorify Mary, who has rehabilitated fallen Eve and opened heaven to Adam expelled from Eden. For Mary is the mediatrix of heaven and earth, uniting these two extremes. . . ." The beginning of a life so glorious and blessed, the birth of the only child of Adam who left the hand of God absolutely free from every taint of sin or imperfection, was assuredly an event the anniversary of which the Church would early mark out for signal thanks and rejoicing.

As for the precise date of the event, the place of its occurrence, the fortunate couple who were God's immediate instruments in bringing it about, and the like interesting details, we are indebted solely to tradition. The silence of the Gospel concerning these points has often been referred to as remarkable. Omitting, as a matter of fact, all reference to the Blessed Virgin's birth and infancy, the Gospel contents itself with stating that she was called Mary, that she was the spouse of Joseph, and that of her was born Jesus Christ. "She is brought before us," says D'Argentan, "all of a sudden as the Mother of Jesus—'Mary, of whom was born Jesus,'—without our being told who she is, where she comes from, or when and how she entered the world; it is as if she were created for the occasion without any one's having previously thought of her." Yet it would be the reverse of the evident truth to construe this taking no account of her birth and parentage as belittling the Blessed Virgin, or derogatory to her honor. On the contrary, Holy Writ has neglected in Mary's case that which she holds in common with all other children of Adam, to go at once to that which is her unique honor unshared by any. It considers in her this one quality, which is everything: she is "the Mother of Jesus." In that consists her whole

being. She constitutes a sort of mysterious apparition, a special creation, all the more luminous in her character of daughter of heaven as she is obscure in that of daughter of earth.

It is interesting, in this connection, to note that the silence of the Gospel about Mary's origin recalls that of Genesis about the origin of Melchisedech. King of Jerusalem and a priest of the Most High, Melchisedech, at whose feet Abraham prostrates himself, is a mysterious personality. Genesis, commented by St. Paul, represents him "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." It was congruous, say exegetists, that this pontiff king, the most august figure of the eternal priesthood of Jesus Christ, should appear in history isolated and existing alone. Not less congruous was it that the Gospel should imitate, with regard to the spotless Virgin, the silence of Genesis about Melchisedech. A mysterious priest prefigured Him who was to be the Eternal Pontiff: a like mystery envelops the Virgin who awaits, as a temple, this Pontiff of eternity.

It does not at all follow, however, that, because the Evangelists tell us little or nothing concerning the parentage of Mary, or about her birth and infancy, we have no knowledge as to these matters. Tradition supplies what the Gospel narrative lacks, and there is no good reason to question the substantial accuracy of the history of Our Lady drawn from centuried legends and the apocryphal books. In the Middle Ages, the Gospel of St. James and that of the Nativity of Mary were publicly read in the churches; Constantinople heard these legends issue from the "golden mouth" of her most illustrious Bishop; St. John Damascene, Melito of Sardis, and Pope Innocent I. used them in their discourses; the first ecclesiastical historians cited them in conjunction with the most thoroughly authenticated facts; and Gregory of Tours invested them with the charm of his naïve and graphic pen.

It should not be forgotten that, while the apocryphal writings are not canonical, they are none the less a treasury of pious traditions whence, during long centuries, art as well as religion drew sweet and ennobling inspirations.

About the birthplace of Our Lady the oldtime traditions differ. As was not unnatural, several towns and cities claimed the honor of having harbored the parents, and witnessed the birth, of the Mother of the world's Redeemer. Sepphoris, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Nazareth,—all asserted their rights to that distinction; but the pretensions of the first-named two have generally been considered groundless; and, while the claims of Jerusalem and Nazareth are more evenly balanced, the consensus of historical opinion seems to favor the latter place. Nazareth was a rather small but beautifully situated town of Lower Galilee, that portion of ancient Palestine which lay between the Lake of Genesareth and the Mediterranean Sea. The town was built upon a hill in the district formerly occupied by the tribe of Zabulon, and within about two hours' journey of Mount Thabor. Shut in by hills, it was somewhat isolated from the world,—a circumstance not without its bearing on the question of Our Lady's being born there.

At the period, indeed, when Palestine was governed by Herod, a King of Idumean family, jealous of his sovereignty and oftentimes cruel, many of the descendants of David abandoned Bethlehem, their native district, and betook themselves to Nazareth, where the environing hills afforded them greater security. Among their number were Joachim, and Anne his wife. Joachim was a descendant of David; Anne, of Aaron. Both walked with simplicity in the way of the divine commandments, and lived in the hope of the future Messiah. With the inheritance received from his father, Joachim bought a farm, which he cultivated with his own hands. Anne devoted herself to the care of the house and the comfort of her

husband. They had only one mind and heart, and also only one unsatisfied longing—the desire for a child. Twenty years had elapsed since their marriage, and no little one had yet come to ensure for them the patriarchal benedictions, and to give grounds for the hope that, being descendants of David, they might have the Messiah among their posterity.

Both husband and wife had addressed frequent prayers to Heaven, asking that their union might be blessed with offspring; and as the years sped by their petitions only became more fervent. Finally they promised God that, should He give them a child, they would consecrate it to His service. On one particular day, when they had repaired to the Temple in Jerusalem, on the occasion of a Jewish feast, they reiterated both prayer and promise with unwonted ardor and vehemence. Some time afterward, seeing that their request was still ungranted, they submitted in humble resignation to the will of Providence, and made up their minds to importune Heaven no longer, but to descend peacefully into the tomb of their fathers with the faith and hope of the just who die in the Lord.

Then it was that God had compassion on His steadfast servants and accorded to them the desire of their hearts. "And so," says an old author, "in the dawning of a Saturday, when all Judea was crowding Jerusalem on the occasion of the Feast of the Tabernacles; the temples and porticoes of the Holy City and the gardens which surrounded it being dotted with leafy tents sheltering the people of the old alliance; priests, levites, sacrificers, virgins, and musicians being engaged in enhancing the pomp and splendor of the ceremonies,—the holy spouse of Joachim gave birth at Nazareth to her who was to become the true temple wherein the God of Israel would reside."

The precise year of Our Lady's birth has been the subject of fully as much discussion as has been the town wherein it occurred. Without going into the dis-

cussion, let us proffer here the opinion of Dr. Stepp, Professor of History in the University of Munich. According to him, it was the year 733 of Rome, twenty-one years before the Christian era. This date coincides with the reconstruction of the Temple of Jerusalem undertaken by Herod, who had already, for two decades, borne the usurped sceptre of David. Evidently, then, it was at hand,—the accomplishment of Jacob's prophecy announcing the coming of the Messiah at a period when the sovereignty would have passed from the house of Juda. Daniel's prophecy, likewise, left little doubt of the speedy coming of the Son of David, Saviour of the world; and the whole universe was expecting extraordinary events. Augustus had closed the Temple of Janus; peace reigned over all the earth; the Virgin, Mother of God, was due to appear.

Less uncertain than the year of her birth are the month and day that witnessed the thrice-blessed occurrence. From the old menologies of the Greek Church, from the edict of Manuel Comnenus wherein are set down the principal festivals and the days assigned to each, from the Ephemerides edited by Assemani, from the Grecian Martyrology, and similar Oriental sources, not less than from the records of the Western Church, we learn that Our Lady's birthday was the eighth day of September. The fixing of the date is thus accounted for by some pious authors: "The Church militant ignored for a long while the glorious day of Mary's birth. A holy hermit, whose life, hidden from men, exhaled beneath the eye of God like the perfume of desert flowers, heard every year, on the night of September 8, angelic harmonies floating down from heaven. Astounded at this prodigy, he begged God to tell him the meaning of these concerts. Then an angel appeared to him and said: 'The Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, was born on this night. Men ignore it, but the celestial spirits celebrate her Nativity in paradise.'"

Well, indeed, might they commemorate

her birthday, the Queen whom God had given them, the fairest creation that had ever issued even from His omnipotent hand. "Mary's cradle," says M. Olier, the founder of the Society of St. Sulpice, "is the school of these heavenly spirits; they learn from her in a moment more of the wisdom and the perfection of Jesus Christ than from St. Paul during the whole course of that Apostle's life. The angels thronged around that cradle, all in admiration at the sanctity of this soul and her incomprehensible elevation."

Not merely the blest inhabitants of heaven, however, nor chiefly these, had, and still have, adequate reason to glorify Our Lady and celebrate her birthday. As the Church tells us in the anthem for the *Magnificat* in the Office of the festival, her Nativity announces a great joy to the whole universe; for from her rises the Sun of Justice, Christ our Lord. The original curse gives way at last to blessing, and the prospect of death is replaced by that of life eternal.

"We rejoice," exclaims a modern writer, "in the birthday of Mary; for she was as the morning star giving promise of the dawning of a happy day. A long, long night had passed. Four thousand years since man had fallen! Four thousand years since the gates of heaven were closed! Four thousand years during which the ransom was promised, but not paid! All was hope and longing; but hope deferred, and longing without enjoyment. What bliss, then, after such a night, to see the first glimpse of morning twilight, to feel the freshening assurance that the day was near! This joy was given to man when Mary was born. Then the Lord began to move the heavens and the earth; for He was about to descend from heaven, and the earth was about to receive Him, and He sent into the world this Chosen One as the harbinger of His coming. When we contemplate Mary born, we see in spirit the darkness which enveloped the world rolled back like a cloud, and then the sun of justice bursting upward, and soon

shedding floods of light on all that was so dark before."*

It remains only to be said that the congruous celebration of Our Lady's Nativity implies on our part something more than a mere perfunctory participation in a rejoicing that is general, coextensive with the domain of the Church, not to say with all humanity, outside as well as within the fold. Our personal, individual joy should differ both in degree and in kind from the exhilaration experienced on the occasion of a civic or even an ordinary religious festival,—a Washington's Birthday or a St. Patrick's Day. September 8 is not merely a gala day of the Universal Church: it is the birthday of our Mother. The most fitting manner in which we can individually celebrate it is to imitate in all simplicity and fervor the procedure of the loving child: to proffer our Mother the earnest assurance of our unchanging affection; to voice the gratitude which overflows our hearts for all the loving-kindness she has shown us; and, best of all, to tender her, in token of our sincerity, a birthday gift,—a work of spiritual or corporal mercy, an extra hour of praise or prayer, an act of mortification or of penance,—anything, in fine, which embodies that unailing concomitant of all genuine love, all true devotion—the spirit of sacrifice.

* Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

AMONG all those who are included under the title of neighbor, there are none, be it remembered, who deserve it more, in one sense, than those of our own household. They are nearest of all to us, living under the same roof and eating the same bread with ourselves. They ought, therefore, to be one of the principal objects of our love; and we should practise in regard to them all the acts of a true charity, which ought to be founded not upon flesh and blood, or upon their good qualities, but altogether upon God.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Heroism in a Soutane.

FOR twenty years Abbé François had been at the head of a modest parish in the diocese of Mans. Ambitious only for the salvation of his flock, he dwelt among them in peace and piety, content to preach the Gospel, to remind them of their duties, and to show them the way to paradise. Then came the "Terrible Year." On a freezing morning in January, the Curé of St. L. had just finished Mass; praying God to put an end to the lamentable epoch of blood which had begun at Sedan. He had hardly taken off his chasuble when a woman, all dishevelled, burst into the sacristy and threw herself upon her knees, while she cried aloud:

"Ah, what a misfortune, M. le Curé! They are going to shoot him!"

"Whom, my good Justine?"

"My husband, my poor Clement! Save him, M. le Curé! He is innocent."

"But why? Explain yourself."

He lifted the poor creature to her feet and placed her on a chair.

"You know, M. le Curé," she continued, "that three Uhlans were killed by some one last night in the village. The Francs Tireurs did it, no doubt; and this morning the Prussians have been arresting people all over the country. Three of them are going to be shot at once, my Clement among them. Save him,—save him, M. le Curé!"

"Ah, how I should like to! But can I?"

"Yes, yes, you can. Save the father of my poor little children!" she cried, falling on her knees once more, with a fresh burst of tears.

The Abbé François, greatly moved by her profound sorrow, bent his head in reflection. Every grief which touched his people touched him also; but what could he do against enemies so powerful, so persistent, and so implacable as the Prussians? It seemed to him that some little words of comfort were all he had to offer.

This Clement Dufour, he knew him well. He was a carpenter, a *mauvais sujet*, who

had finished his apprenticeship in the city, there imbibing Socialistic theories. In vain had the Abbé François repeatedly endeavored to bring back the wandering sheep to the fold. Dufour clung obstinately to the standard of anti-clericalism, as much through egotism as ignorance. But all this was forgotten in the present emergency; the Curé saw that it was necessary to act immediately.

"Come, Justine," he said,—“come to the Blessed Virgin.”

He led her into the church and bade her kneel before the altar. Then, without waiting to break his fast, he hastened to the mayor's office, where a captain of Uhlans was installed, giving orders at that moment to a couple of subalterns.

"I am the Curé of St. L.," began the priest, with some timidity.

"What do you wish?" inquired the captain, disdainfully.

"I have come to ask your forbearance for some of my parishioners," said the priest. "They are innocent, poor children."

"Labor lost, M. le Curé. Your people have given shelter to the Francs Tireurs; they must be punished. It will be a lesson to those who are too ready to offer hospitality to these tramp-soldiers, incapable of fighting in a regular campaign, and who day after day kill some of our men, not like warriors, but cowards. Besides, I have my orders and I must execute them."

The Abbé François implored, argued, insisted. The captain was inflexible.

"Give me Dufour's pardon at least," he said at last. "He is the father of five children."

"I would like to do it, M. le Curé," replied the captain, in a softened tone, "but I can not. I have orders, as I have already told you, from Prince Frederic Charles himself. They have killed three Uhlans; three Frenchmen must be shot. Man for man: it is the order."

The priest looked at the soldier a moment in silence; then he answered slowly, as one who has taken a grave resolution:

"Man for man, you say, captain? Very well. Take me, then, in the place of Dufour. What does it matter to you who pays the penalty?"

The officer looked at him in evident astonishment.

"That is a very fine offer, M. le Curé. I admire your spirit of self-sacrifice; but I prefer to execute the men who have already been chosen. Return to your presbytery."

"The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep," said the priest, with a gentle smile. "Captain, I entreat you."

The officer seated himself, wrote a few lines in German, and, handing the paper to the priest, said in a grave voice:

"Here is an order restoring to liberty the man Dufour, whose place you are to take. And now permit me to shake your hand. It is that of a hero."

A few moments later the Abbé François found himself at the schoolhouse where the prisoners were confined, presented the order to the sergeant in charge, and asked him to call Dufour. The poor fellow soon appeared, his eyes swollen and red with weeping. He seized the hands of the priest as he cried:

"Pardon me, M. le Curé,—pardon me for the evil I have done toward you. I have always been wicked and ungrateful to you, who were so good to me. I am caught in my sins, which look very black to me at this hour, when I am about to meet my death."

"Do not say anything about that now," replied the priest. "I am here to tell you that you are free."

Taking the astonished man by the arm, he left the impromptu jail and soon was at the door of the carpenter's dwelling. The family were all on their knees, crying and praying.

"Do not weep any more, Justine," said the Curé, as he opened the door. "God has heard your prayers and those of your little children. Clement will not be shot: he is here."

Husband, wife and children did not

know how to express their joy and gratitude. When their first emotions had subsided, Justine turned to the priest.

"How shall we ever thank you, M. le Curé? What can we do for you to show you how grateful we are, and shall always be? Alas! we can do nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed the husband. "And yet to you, M. le Curé, I owe my life and liberty."

Profoundly affected—for at that moment there were many thoughts crowding one after the other in his mind,—the priest quietly answered:

"Your great happiness is my recompense, good friends. Always love each other as you do now. Be good and faithful Christians. Ever remember that God never abandons those who trust in Him, and pray sometimes for your pastor."

Warmly shaking a hand of each, and blessing the children, the priest left the reunited family and hastened back to the schoolhouse. There he found old Vasseur, an ex-gendarme, and young Dacheux, a farmer's boy, both shedding copious tears.

"Tut, tut! bear up cheerfully," said the Abbé François. "No complaint, no more tears! Let us show them that we are true Frenchmen and not afraid."

"What!" cried Vasseur. "Is it possible that they are going to make you stand with your back against the wall, as well as we?"

"Yes, in Dufour's place," rejoined the priest, calmly. "You see, he has a wife and five children; I have no one but my flock, and they can soon find another shepherd."

Carried away by admiration of the heroic deed the Curé was about to perform, Vasseur threw his arms about him and pressed him to his bosom.

"*Dieu!* but that is splendid!" he cried. "That reconciles me forever to the priests. Until now I had no use for them. I did not believe in them. But after this there must be something in religion. For you—what a glorious thing! Ah, you will be a martyr!" Then, suddenly recollecting the ignominy which was awaiting himself,

Vasseur exclaimed: "But for me, what an end! To have escaped the Arabs and the Austrians long ago, only to fall at last beneath the bullet of a miserable hireling, without being able to defend myself! If it were in battle, now—"

The Curé gently interrupted him, leading the conversation by easy stages to the things most important in that solemn hour. He told of the Incarnation, of the Redemption, of God who had died on the cross the most ignominious death possible to man; and then he spoke of eternity, of the necessity of dying well.

"And for that what must one do?" inquired the old soldier, simply.

"Have you forgotten so much?" asked the Curé, sadly. "Don't you know, Vasseur?"

"I must make my confession?"

"Yes, surely, with contrition for all the sins of your life."

"I have forgotten how. It is a long time since I have 'scoured my kettle,' M. le Curé; but if it will please you—"

"It will please me very much, but that is not to be considered. It will please Almighty God. As for me, if I have been unable to save your body, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have helped you save your soul for all eternity."

Without further ado, Vasseur then and there knelt down and made his confession. Dacheux followed his example. Then, having obtained permission—for none of the officials appeared to have the slightest doubt of his honor,—the Abbé François returned to his home, where he had leave to remain until five o'clock in the afternoon, the time set for the execution.

Having hastily taken some nourishment, he set about writing a few letters and putting his worldly affairs in order. Then, wishing to escape the questionings of Gertrude, his old housekeeper, he retired to the church to pray. It was now two o'clock; the man of God prostrated himself before the tabernacle.

"In three hours I shall be dead," he

reflected. . . . "O Jesus, Thou who hast suffered the agony in the Garden of Olives, grant me strength to die well, courageously; and accept my sacrifice for the remission of my sins and the salvation of France!"

It was a feast-day, and Vespers began at three. The village knew that something mysterious was impending: everyone was filled with anxiety, though no one could explain its cause. The dreadful news had not yet been communicated; but it was known that three men were to die, and that fact alone caused the villagers to turn their sorrowful steps toward the church. The Vespers were sung as usual. After the *Magnificat*, the Abbé François pressed through the immense crowd and ascended the pulpit.

"My very dear brethren," he said, in a deep voice filled with emotion, "I am happy to see you here in such great numbers. It is a solemn hour, and you have realized it. Let us be united, heart and soul, praying fervently for those who are about to expiate a crime of which I believe them to be innocent. I have been able to obtain pardon for only one of them. The others, already reconciled to God, will, I feel confident, die like good Christians and true Frenchmen."

He went on to describe to them the nothingness of all earthly things; he spoke to them of heaven, of eternity; he exalted the Christian heroes and martyrs; he pictured the reward of those who should persevere to the end. He also reminded them that the Christian should be, after the example of his Divine Master, a man of duty, of abnegation, of self-sacrifice; ending his discourse with, *Sursum corda,—En haut les cœurs,—*"Lift up your hearts."

When he had finished speaking, the Curé prayed aloud for all prisoners and for those about to die. Then, amid the sobs of the multitude, he gave them his blessing, laying it upon them as a sacred injunction that they should go directly to their homes and remain within doors until the execution was over. This he did

that they might not learn what was in store for their pastor, thus avoiding all excitement, perhaps a serious outbreak.

When the crowd had slowly and silently dispersed, the Abbé François said one last fervent prayer at the foot of the altar, then left the holy place, traversing the deserted streets of the village until he came to the schoolhouse, where he once more rejoined his unfortunate companions.

But at five o'clock word came that the execution had been postponed until the following morning. This postponement was the salvation of the doomed men. About midnight a company of *Frances Tireurs*, guided by an intrepid countryman, made their way into the village, overpowered the Prussians and released the prisoners.

It was not until morning that the villagers learned the truth: that their pastor had offered himself as a substitute for Clement Dufour, and that the sacrifice had been accepted. Dufour had been as ignorant as the rest of the price which had been paid for his liberty; and now, as soon as he became aware of it, with tears streaming down his rugged cheeks, he put himself at the head of his neighbors and led them to the presbytery. It was a large and enthusiastic crowd that presented themselves before the house, greatly to the astonishment of old Gertrude, who told them the Abbé was in the church.

"I do not know what we are coming to these days," she said. "M. le Curé is so absent-minded that he goes off after Vespers without saying a word to me. I prepare his supper: he does not return. I wait for him all night long: he does not come. Then I feel certain he is passing the few remaining hours with the poor fellows who were to die to-day. So I go to bed. This morning he comes hurriedly in, and I ask him: 'M. le Curé, have you been with Dacheux and Vasseur?'—'Yes,' he answers me. 'But they will not die now.' And off to the church without another word. And now the whole village seems to be crowding to early Mass. Faith,

a little wholesome fright is good for us now and then."

At this moment the Abbé François, hearing the commotion, appeared at the door of the church. Seeing the crowd assembled in front of it, he divined that his secret had been discovered, and, extending his hands above them, he said:

"God bless you, my people,—God bless you! But be calm,—be calm! Do not cheer and shout so wildly so close to God's altar. It is to Him only that we must give thanks, but in a manner reverent and fitting. It is He alone, who is Master of life and death, who has preserved me to your grateful affection. Let us praise Him and bless Him for all His gifts."

Then, intoning the *Te Deum*, followed by the people singing at the top of their lungs, the Abbé François re-entered the church so dear to him, to which yesterday he thought he had forever bidden adieu.

The Constant Heart.

BY MARION MUIR.

I SEE the ripe grapes drooping on the vines,
The peach glow warmly through its slender
leaves,

And every morn the climber's bounty twines
Imperial wreaths about my cabin eaves.

But yet, but yet, when eastern breezes blow
Chill, rainy gusts from heights of snow afar,
I see again the harebell swaying low
Above the glens where mountain berries are.

I see again the beautiful bare hills,—
Gray-green where autumn's thorny herbage
grows,

Bright where the sumach, as it fades, distils
A wine of color redder than the rose.

I breathe again the fragrance of the pine
Blent with the crimson-tufted balm's perfume,
And see the cherry's jetty clusters shine
Across September's banks of golden bloom.

But the same stars immortal rise and fall
Above the changes of this rolling sphere;
And Love and Friendship, constant over all,
Send greeting from the distance to me here.

Heroines of the Home.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

ELIZABETH CANORI MORA.

IN this age when, outside the Catholic Church, marriages are dissolved on the flimsiest pretexes, and the civil so often supersedes or ignores the divine law, it will serve to illustrate the superiority, even from a social point of view, of the relationship between the sexes under Catholicism over that which exists where the ethics of the Gospel no longer prevail, to outline the life of one of those heroines of the home who, bravely enduring the most crucial trials to which a married woman could be subjected, both sanctified herself and effected the conversion of an unworthy husband, who after her death became an exemplary priest.

She was a Roman matron, and inherited that strength of character, will-power, and nobility of soul which have often characterized the Roman matron under both paganism and Christianity; only that under the latter the natural virtues of the race have been supernaturalized, and elevated to a higher degree of excellence.

Her parents, Thomas Canori and Theresa Primoli, both of Roman origin, were of that type of Italians who are imbued with the Catholic sense of the baptismal rite. Unlike many other Catholic parents, who select from the latest fashionable novel such names as may please their fickle fancy, they gave their daughter, at the font, the names of Mary Elizabeth Cecilia Gertrude; thus placing her under the guardianship of the Blessed Virgin, upon the feast of whose Presentation (November 21, 1774) she was born, and the protection of the great saints whose intercession, in their simple, confiding faith, they felt assured would never fail her.

Their hopes were not deceived. From her earliest childhood, Elizabeth astonished everyone by the maturity of her reason and her precocious piety. The

nuns of Santa Euphemia, to whose educational training she was first entrusted, soon discerned in her extraordinary gifts. Pecuniary losses, involving the family in difficulties, having compelled her withdrawal from the convent school, a wealthy relative fortunately undertook to provide for her education and that of her sister, Benedetta. They were sent to the Augustinian nuns of the convent of Cascia, where Elizabeth remained two years and eight months. Her entrance into this cloister she regarded as a special favor of the divine mercy.

"Once within this sacred enclosure," she told her confessor, "I gave myself entirely to God by continual prayer, the practice of penance, exercises of piety, and above all by fidelity to interior recollection, which was increased by solitude and mortification of the senses. Very often Our Lord loaded me with favors,—sometimes during Holy Communion, sometimes during prayer."

"No cross, no crown; no mortification, no glorification," said one who, though not a Catholic, had a glimmering perception of the great fundamental principle of saintliness. Elizabeth's early and rapid progress in virtue, while it merited for her special favors, was followed by the inevitable cross, which was to train her soul in heroic patience and abnegation, and ensure her further advancement. A false accusation, to which even her confessor gave credit, and which turned everyone against her, put her virtue to a severe test. Ignorant or forgetful of the lesson of the Cross, in which is contained the secret and the sense of suffering, most people, even very good people, resent such accusations and seek to justify themselves, instead of leaving their justification to God. Not so with this young heroine. It only made her more recollected, and helped her to attain a high degree of union with God, which greatly edified the community.

A further trial, more severe because more insidious, awaited her. Her sister

Benedetta, wishing to become a nun in the convent of St. Clare of Montefalco, in order to leave Cascia, induced her father, on the plea of Elizabeth's failing health, to withdraw them from the Augustinian convent and bring them home.

While the tender care bestowed upon Elizabeth in the home circle restored her health, the atmosphere of the world, into which she was thrown back, had an enervating effect upon her spiritual growth. She fell into a state of tepidity, and lost her attraction for the religious life. Worldly pleasures, harmless to others, and from which she had hitherto been completely weaned, became alluring; and, though her conduct was outwardly irreproachable, her thoughts were diverted from the higher life upon which they had been previously fixed.

Later on, casting a backward glance at this epoch, when her piety had suffered a temporary eclipse, she could not imagine how she had been stopped on the brink of the abyss, or how she had had the happiness to preserve the purity of her soul in the midst of a corrupt world, to which she had imprudently given herself up with the simplicity of her character, and with all the enjoyment of her age. Whilst she was filled with these thoughts Our Lord appeared to her and said: "My child, I have seated Myself at the door of your heart, so as to defend it from the entrance of evil passions. I have commanded My angels to shed over your soul a precious infusion, which has the effect of communicating to you a supernatural simplicity, to preserve you from evil and to render you inaccessible to the corruption of others." *

One of the means used by Our Lord to detach her from the world, and preserve her guileless soul from all evil, was the state of poverty and distress to which her family were still reduced. Their home had become a very purgatory since luxury

* "Life of the Ven. Elizabeth Canori Mora." Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. pp. 7, 8.

and comfort had vanished from it; for her brothers, who had been the cause of all these trials and losses, showed the greatest irritation and impatience under their misfortunes.* This state of things had continued for six years, when the idea of re-entering religion again presented itself to her mind. She and Benedetta offered themselves to the Oblate religious of St. Philip Neri in the Piazza dei Monti; but Providence, who had special designs regarding Elizabeth, brought it about that these nuns accepted Benedetta † but refused admission to her sister.

Repulsed from the cloister, Elizabeth fell into her former desolation of heart; no convent would open its door to her, and, to her great regret, she bade adieu to the religious life. ‡ She resolved on marrying and settling down in the world; and as soon as her intention was known several suitors sought her hand. The one who gained it was Christopher Mora, son of Dr. Francis Mora, and heir to a considerable property. The marriage took place on the 10th of January, 1796, when she was twenty-one.

Youth, to which the future opens up alluring perspectives, is the epoch of pleasing illusions. Elizabeth was under an illusion when she fondly imagined she was exchanging a state of pinching poverty for a condition of social ease and enjoyment. I think it is Thomas à Kempis—whose spiritual insight penetrated to the depths of the mystery which lies hidden in the commonest lives, and still more in lives preordained to be lived for a special purpose—who says that we never seek to rid ourselves of one cross without having another and heavier one imposed on us. Elizabeth Canori Mora unwittingly exchanged the cross of poverty for the cross of still keener suffering. The path she was beginning to tread, though gaily

strewn with roses and orange blossoms, was in reality a Via Dolorosa. Her mother had a presentiment of it. In the midst of the marriage feast, where everything breathed joy and happiness, secretly praying, she felt her heart stricken with a sudden sadness; and, seized with a melancholy foreboding, she exclaimed: "Alas! I feel my child will not be happy."

Her fears were soon verified. Elizabeth had been happier in the poverty-stricken home of her parents than she was to be in the superb Vespignani Palace, where rich and sumptuous apartments had been prepared for her, and where she found everything associated with modern luxury, so that she fancied she had secured true happiness and was entering a sort of terrestrial paradise. Her heart, as was quite natural at her age, and in the sunny clime in which she was born and reared, was again captivated by the world which seemed to smile upon her. A desire to shine in society, as became the mistress of a beautiful and luxurious residence, took possession of her mind, and she set herself to fill with *éclat* the position to which she had attained. But, as the Irish poet says,

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

The first thorn that pricked and pained Elizabeth was her husband's unfounded jealousy,—“the green-eyed monster,” as Shakespeare says, “which makes the meat it feeds upon.” In order to preserve peace, she lived in complete retirement, restricting her visits to her own family. Her father's house, which she had before been able to endure only by patience and daily victories over herself, became now her one refuge. But she was at last deprived of even this. Her jealous husband forbade her to speak even to her own parents. Unable to find any consolation in creatures, she sought it in God, and gave herself up to meditation and prayer, in which she recovered some of her former fervor and peace. She also received a sensible sign of the divine protection.

* Op. cit., p. 8.

† She remained many years in the convent, where she lived and died holily, and where her memory is still held in veneration.

‡ Lady Herbert. Op. cit., p. 9.

One day Christopher Mora amused himself by playing with a pistol in her presence. Elizabeth, knowing it was loaded, begged him to fire it off, so as to avoid any accident. He complied; but subsequently, turning the weapon toward his young wife, pretended to fire. At that moment a mysterious voice said to him, "Stop!—stop!" And simultaneously an invisible hand violently turned the direction of the shot. The ball struck against a picture of the Crucifixion, shattering the glass but leaving the image untouched. The pistol had been loaded with two bullets, unknown to Christopher, who remained paralyzed with fear.

The birth of their first son softened her husband's heart and for a time dispelled his jealousy. She now thought she was going at last to enjoy domestic happiness. But soon her fickle husband's jealousy gave place to dislike and estrangement. He went further: he abandoned himself to dissipation with such recklessness that he did not hesitate to despoil his own family and expose his wife and children to all the sufferings of poverty.

To compensate her in some sort for the loss of her husband's affection, two pious sisters-in-law took a great liking to her, and begged their parents to let her come and live with them. Christopher Mora meanwhile falling ill, his father, seeing that he required constant assistance, united the whole family in the same house. Elizabeth had to submit to the authority of her father-in-law, leave the Vespignani Palace and install herself in the little apartment assigned to her, thus ceasing to be mistress of her own house. Foreseeing the difficulties which would arise from so delicate a position, and in order to overcome them, she resolved to forget that she was a daughter-in-law, and to comport herself toward everyone as if she were the youngest child of the family.

(To be continued.)

IF not occupying the office, devise not the policy.—*Anon.*

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

VIII.

MUCH as he disliked Philip Darien, and resented the ungentlemanly way in which he thrust on his sweet wife the uncouth and vulgar creature, Davy Lindo, Stephen Cardew went frequently to Slievenagh House. Mrs. Darien and her mother had been friends of his in the past, and to the lonely man it was a great happiness to renew a friendship interrupted by his long absence in India.

"I am not strong,—have not, I fear, many years to live," he told Mrs. Devereux, sadly, one day. "When I am gone my boy will be alone. Providence has led me here and allowed me to meet you again; for I know that, if the worst happened, you would be a friend to little Brian."

"The worst will not happen for many years, I trust," Mrs. Devereux replied in a kindly, reassuring way. "But if it should, you may count on me—and Monica."

"Thank you,—thank you! But I look to you and you alone. Monica is not her own mistress; and Philip Darien is—well, I'd like my son removed as far as possible from his influence, dear friend,—at least whilst the boy is growing up."

"I'll do my best. But I must always be a good deal at Slievenagh House. I could not desert my dear daughter. And, then" (smiling as Marjory and Brian chased each other across the lawn), "who knows what may happen in the years to come? Many an affection begun between children such as those ripens in later years into something warmer and deeper, and ends in a happy marriage."

"Brian will have but little money. He will have to work for his living, and the heiress of Slievenagh will look higher—"

"But, perhaps, may not find. Dear friend, Philip Darien's daughter will never be exactly smiled upon by the best people in the county. He, I regret to say, is far

from popular. In spite of her wealth and position, Monica goes out very little. She shrinks from society, and is far from worldly. Indeed, her life is a life of prayer, and she thinks more of the next world than of this."

"God bless her! She is a good woman, and a child of hers would—ought to—make a good wife, in the years to come, for my Brian. But, alas! Marjory also is her father's daughter. And—but I'll say no more. You know my feelings as regards Philip Darien. I suspect and dislike him. I may be wrong, but between him and that fellow Davy Lindo there is some dread secret. Darien is afraid of him, is in his power, and some day—"

"Hush!" Mrs. Devereux grew pale, and looked round uneasily. "I—I fear you are right, but we must not let any one know that we think so. My poor child lives in terror of the odious man, and has besought Philip to send him away. But it is useless. She, too, believes that, for some reason unknown to us, he dare not do so. He hates him,—that we see plainly; but he is bound to him. Oh!" (covering her face with her hands) "I sometimes wish Monica and I were poor again, back in our little lodging, she working, I—but it's foolish; and, please God, things will improve. I heard Davy talking of going to London. If only he would, and stay there forever!"

"And Philip Darien with him? Is that likely to happen?"

"I fear not; for he has invited another of his strange companions, not to a cottage near, but to stay in the house,—a man he knew in the Bush, called Trelawny. He is a gentleman and a nice fellow, he declares. So, perhaps, in some ways he may be better than Davy."

"I trust so. When does he arrive?"

"To-morrow. Come over and have a look at him. He'll be here by lunch time."

"I'll come without fail; though 'tis always a trial to sit at Darien's table."

"'Tis not his but Monica's, after all," she said quickly. "True to him in every-

thing, the dear thing would not allow me to say so. But apart from her he is a pauper."

"And spends her money freely?"

"Alas! yes,—not only on himself—"

"Not surely on Davy Lindo!"

She bowed her head and sighed heavily.

"Assuredly he does, most lavishly; and not for worlds would Monica stay his hand. As her husband he has a right to her money, she says; so he may take what he requires."

"He will ruin her. Dear friend, is there nothing you can do to save Monica and her child from such a man?"

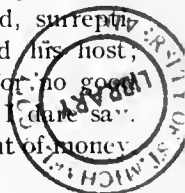
"Nothing,—I am utterly powerless. I must only wait and hope for the best. You'll come and see Trelawny?"

"To please you, yes. Good-bye!"

A very dressy, up-to-date gentleman Henry Trelawny proved to be. He was tall, with a slight figure, and small hands and feet. His features were good; his hair, somewhat grey, was thick and curling. He wore a black mustache, so heavy as completely to conceal his mouth; and his eyes, though large and dark, were not straight: never did he look at any one with an open, frank glance. Yet his manners were refined, his voice and accent agreeable; and, as he addressed her courteously, and made a point of talking upon subjects likely to interest her, Monica was pleased, and told herself that he was a man she approved of as a friend for her husband,—a vast improvement upon Davy Lindo.

But, watching him closely from the other side of the table, Stephen Cardew was appalled. Davy Lindo was a common, uneducated lout, dangerous, and to be avoided; this man was a sneak, sly and untruthful, treacherous to the very core.

"He, too, has Philip Darien in his power," he thought, intercepting a series of glances and grimaces passed, surreptitiously, between Trelawny and his host; "and has come here, I fear, for no good purpose. A case of blackmail, I dare say. The elegant gentleman is in want of money



What a cunning look he has! And Philip Darien is not too well pleased, or at ease in his company. No wonder. Despite his suave manners and air of good breeding, I like him least of the three. Whilst he is here, Brian and I shall make ourselves scarce. Indeed, I think I had better say good-bye to Donegal and go back to London to-morrow."

But next morning, as Mr. Cardew sat studying the railway guide, Brian bounded into the coffee-room, his eyes dancing, his cheeks glowing with excitement.

"Dad," he cried gaily, "there are races at Bunbeg! Do let us go to them!"

"Bunbeg? My dear boy, miles away!"

"A drive in the wagonette to Creeslough, then train to Gweedore, then a car on to the races,—not a long way. And it's a glorious day, daddy!"

"How pat you know it all! Still I think—"

"Oh, I'm sick of Slievenagh House!" grumbled Brian. "And the Smith boys are going to Bunbeg. An uncle of theirs, who lives at Gweedore, gets up these races to amuse the people."

"Very good and interesting. And I was not going to Slievenagh House to-day, Brian—unless for a moment, to say good-bye,—but home to England."

"O dad, wait till to-morrow! Do—do! And come to the races."

"Very well." Stephen Cardew smiled indulgently. "But remember, come weal, come woe, we go to London to-morrow."

"All right! I'm off to tell Denis to keep us two places in the wagonette!" cried Brian.

The races at Bunbeg were very amusing. In a pretty glade among the hills, reached by crossing the sands when the tide was out, some hundreds of well-dressed and respectable-looking country folk, young and old, had gathered together to see about twenty untrained horses—generally used in carts and cars, ridden now by their owners in their working attire,—scamper round this beautiful, naturally formed race-course. There was no betting, but

plenty of fun and excitement; and Brian shouted with delight and clapped his hands gleefully as the animals dashed past, covered with foam, their riders holding on tightly by the reins; or, having been shot forward off the slippery bare back—for no rider had a saddle,—clinging on wildly to the horse's neck.

When the races were over, and Thady McSweeney, the great Irish piper, who had won name and fame at the Chicago Exhibition for his fine playing, struck up an inspiring jig, and the boys and girls began to dance, Mr. Cardew took Brian by the hand and with some difficulty succeeded in dragging him away from this scene of wild excitement.

"O dad, so soon?" the boy wailed. "I can not bear to go. It's just lovely."

"It's late, Brian, and we have a long way to go. The sky, too, looks black. If I am not mistaken, the rain will soon come down. Besides, dear boy, I'm really very tired."

"Oh, that's different!" Brian gazed into his father's pale, weary face, with an anxious look in his grey eyes. "So of course we'll go. You're not getting an attack,—going to be ill, dad dear?"

"I trust not, little man,—I trust not. But come along quickly. Ah, the rain is beginning! I'm very much afraid we're in for a bad wetting."

IX.

From Bunbeg to Creeslough the rain was light, hardly more than a drizzle; but as the party drove off in the wagonette, with eight miles to traverse before reaching the hotel at Rosapenna, it came down in torrents, and in a short time their summer coats were very wet, almost soaked through.

"It's not cold, dad,—that's one good thing," the boy remarked, drying his streaming face with his handkerchief. "But, O dear, it is disa—halloa, Denis!" as the horses shied suddenly and sent him flying to the other side of the wagonette. "What's wrong? I—I thought you were

too good a driver to let that happen."

Denis set his teeth, and, tightening his hold on the reins, brought the evidently frightened horses back gradually to their usual jog-trot; then, turning a white, scared face toward the occupants of the wagonette, he stammered out:

"Mortal power couldn't stop them doing that, Mr. Cardew! Sure it's some one they see there always, as on that day six years ago."

"What day, Denis?"

"The day I found little Mave clasped in her dead mother's arms, lying there in the snow."

"Mave, — Fairy Mave?" Mr. Cardew smiled. "So she's not your niece really, Denis?"

"Deed no, sorra one of her. But sure I thought you knew that same, sir."

"Mrs. Devereux did speak of her as a foundling, I believe. Who was her mother, Denis?"

"Sorra one of me knows, sir. She was a lady, I'd swear; and she was beautiful as an angel. She was lying there covered in snow, with nothing—not a scrap of writing even—to say where she came from or who she was."

"Very strange. Did you make inquiries, Denis,—advertise?"

"Father McBlaine did, sir, but got no reply. And sure I'm glad of that same; for some one might have come and laid claim to baby Mave. At first I shouldn't have minded, but after a time it would have broken my heart."

"You might give her to us, Denis," Brian said roguishly. "She ought to be brought up as a lady, and I want a sister."

"Do you, then?" Denis flicked the now steady-going old horses with his whip. "Sure, then, you *may* want her. Anyhow, it's not Mave Galagher you'll be after getting."

"Somebody will take her from you some day, Denis," Mr. Cardew said, smiling, "no matter what you may do or say."

"The wee colleen is only six, your honor" (his eyes twinkling). "Sure it'll

be many a long year before any one will want to marry her."

"True. But the years will pass quickly, and she'll be a lovely girl."

"The Lord love her and keep her!" Denis raised his hat reverently. "She's the makings of a fine woman."

"I'll marry Mave when I grow up," Brian declared with decision. "She's the nicest girl I know, dad."

"For the moment, dear," observed Mr. Cardew, laughing and pinching the boy's cheek; "but you may have different ideas by and by."

"Never!" asserted Brian.

"Then it's single you'll remain, I'm thinking," Denis laughed. "But we won't argue about it now. And here we are at the hotel."

All through the night Stephen Cardew was restless, ill and feverish; and when morning came, though anxious to get up and prepare for his journey to England, he was obliged to lie in bed and send for the doctor. A severe cold, brought on by the wetting of the day before, developed rapidly into violent pneumonia, and before night his life was despaired of.

Banished from the sick room, Brian wandered, next morning, disconsolate and lonely, over the hillside. The poor little boy, though not knowing the worst, was alarmed and miserable.

"If I might only stay with him!" he moaned, his tears falling down like rain. "O dad, dad, to be near you is all I want! And you are never happy without your little son. Yet they drove me away,—drove me away!" And, flinging himself face downward upon the grass, he sobbed bitterly.

Presently a small, soft arm stole round his neck, a warm, chubby cheek was laid against his, and a sweet, childish voice whispered soothingly:

"Oh, don't cry! Be brave. Men, Denis says, never cry."

"I know." Brian sat up resolutely, but his lips quivered. "O Mave," he stammered hoarsely, "I'm not a man, only a

sad, unhappy boy! My dad, my darling dad, is ill, very ill, and they've sent me out of his room!"

"A crowd is bad" (Mave's little face looked very wise and solemn) "when any one's ill, and makes a room hot. When Granny Galagher was very sick last year, Uncle Denis told me that, and made me sit in the kitchen; and then the doctor and Father McBlaine came, and dear Granny" (smiling into his streaming eyes) "got well, and I was allowed back to her."

"Dad has two or three doctors," sobbed Brian, "and Mrs. Devereux from Slievenagh House, and—"

"And Father McBlaine. O Brian!" (clasping her little hands) "sure Father McBlaine's better than all the doctors, I hear people say. He's God's doctor, and when he comes and prays the sickness often goes right away."

Brian sprang to his feet, his eyes shining and full of hope.

"Yes, I know. Let's go for Father McBlaine, and he'll cure dad,—I know he will."

"And then you won't cry any more, but be glad and happy?" Mave slipped her small red hand into his. "That's just the way Uncle Denis and I were when Granny Galagher got well."

"Dad's more to me than ten—" a sob choked him. "But come, Mave,—come!" And, tightening his hold of the child's hand, he dragged her, all breathless and panting, up the road toward the church that stood at the top of the hill, a little way out of the village.

"Father McBlaine is away on a sick-call," the priest's housekeeper told them. "He's been gone this hour and more."

"To the Rosapenna Hotel?" asked Brian, his heart in his mouth. "Oh, was it there he went?"

"I never ask any questions, little boy," she answered, looking him up and down with a sad yet kindly glance. "But it might be there he's gone. The carriage from Slievenagh House took him off—"

But Brian had heard enough. He knew

now that all was well. Father McBlaine had gone to the hotel, was even now with his beloved dad.

"Thank you!" he murmured, smiling and heaving a deep sigh of relief. Then, turning, he dashed away, leaving Mave staring after him, open-mouthed and astonished.

"The poor wee boy!" the good-natured housekeeper said, after a while. "Sure it's only sorrow lies before him down there, and he's running for all the world as if he'd heard the best of good news."

"He's glad Father McBlaine's gone to his daddy," Mave said, her innocent blue eyes raised to the woman's face. "I told him how the holy anointing cured Granny Galagher, and that's why he's pleased, and so am I. He's a kindly gentleman, God bless him! And Brian loves him well."

"The Lord love you! But you're the old-fashioned little lady, Mave Galagher!" said the housekeeper, laying her hand caressingly upon the child's golden head. "You're wise, very wise, for your age. But you don't know everything. How could you? So I won't try to explain. It's great friends you and Master Brian have been this while back."

"We play games and dance, and his daddy—he's a fine, good gentleman—always pats me on the head. And one day he gave me a beautiful bright sixpence."

"I always heard he was good. Everyone round about loved him. But he's ill and suffering now, child. From what the footman told me, the holy anointing will be for his death. Nothing could save him, he said. Poor Master Brian will soon be an orphan, God help him!"

Mave's blue eyes filled up with tears.

"Same as me; for he has no mother and I have none,—the poor wee boy!"

"Same as you? Och, sure it's very different! Master Brian has money, and money means friends and plenty."

"But he loves his dad," sobbed Mave, "and hates to know he's sick and suffering, and—and—so do I."

"To be sure you do, for you're a kind

little thing. But dry your tears, alanna! You're too small to fret and cry like that. It makes my heart sore to see you. So now get on home with you as quick as you can. Sure it's lost they'll be thinking you are."

Mave turned away obediently. Her little heart was heavy as lead, her cheeks were streaming with tears.

"I've got the sixpence Mr. Cardew gave me, and another Uncle Denis gave me at Christmas, and twopence Father McBlaine gave me one day, all in a box; and I love them and like to look at them," the child told herself, sobbing, as she went slowly down the road to the village. "But if Granny was ill and dying, I'd not care one bit that they were there. Money is nice enough, but I'm sure Brian would rather have his daddy than all the money and all the friends in the world."

As she drew near her home, Mave paused for a moment, and, taking up her pinafore, began to dry her eyes.

Up the road toward her, a tall, broad-shouldered man came swinging along, a driver's whip in his hand. On catching sight of the little figure in the short red petticoat, and bare brown feet and legs, her hair all golden in the sunshine, he smiled and called out cheerily:

"Acushla machree,
Sure me heart beats for thee!"

"O Uncle Denis!" Mave exclaimed joyfully, running quickly to meet him. "I am glad—"

Then, as a pair of strong arms raised her, and a pair of loving eyes gazed anxiously at her tear-stained cheeks, she began to weep once more.

"Hush! hush!" he said soothingly. "My little girleen, what is wrong?"

"I'm done, Uncle Denis. I'll cry no more," she stammered. "But I'm not naughty" (shaking her head) "indeed, indeed! I'm only sorry for—"

"Sorry? Wirra, if my wee Mave isn't naughty, what for should she be sorry?"

"It's for Brian and his dad, kind Mr. Cardew, I'm sorry, Uncle Denis. He's

ill,—suffering past anything, they say."

"The tender-hearted wee darling!"—kissing her softly rounded cheek. "But sure Mr. Cardew's better, alanna! I heard it at the hotel just now. He'll never know sickness nor suffering again."

Mave's eyes grew bright, and, heaving a deep sigh of relief, she laid her sunny head on Denis Galagher's broad shoulder.

"Is it cured he is, then, Uncle dear?"

"Quite cured,—cured in the way that's best and surest; for God has taken him to Himself, alanna! Mr. Cardew—God rest his soul!—died about an hour ago."

Then, pressing the trembling child tenderly against his breast, he carried her into the cottage.

(To be continued.)

The Consecrated Virgins of China.

THE reported withdrawal of the French Protectorate from the China missions has necessarily attracted to the Flowery Empire the anxious thoughts of Catholics. Nothing in the history of the spread of the Faith and the conquests of the Cross is more thrilling or more wonderful than the story of what the Church has done in China. The foundation laid by St. Francis Xavier and his heroic associates—that missionary saint's triumphant labors which recall the marvels of the Apostolic days,—the long roll of martyrs and confessors, stretching down three and a half centuries even to our own days,—all combine to make a record unsurpassed for supernatural endurance and magnificent self-oblation.

It is instructive everywhere, but nowhere more strikingly so than in China, to contrast the halting, limited efforts of other religious bodies with the splendid breadth and thoroughness of the Church's missionary work. It is not the fault of the non-Catholic bodies. Water can not rise above its level; and outside the Church there does not exist the motive power for the great victories of faith. There is

often real devotion and sacrifice; often also a strange inability to risk all, a clinging to spheres of European influence, an attachment to domesticity and comfort, which can not coexist with successful missionary effort.

Again, the Church alone can enter into, take up, and sanctify, all that is peculiar in national life and characteristics that is not, *per se*, opposed to Christian faith and practice. One of the mightiest evidences of her world-wide mission, of her note of catholicity, is the way in which she becomes all things to all men, that she may win all to Christ. She alone can adapt herself without compromise of principle.

So we find an infinite variety of institutions in the various lands where she is extending her sway, each suited to its local environment. A recent number of *Die Katholischen Missionen*, published at Freiburg-im-Breisgau, under the editorship of the Jesuit Fathers, calls attention, in a long and interesting article, to a form of Christian devotion peculiar, so far as we are aware, to China—the institution of consecrated virgins, girls and women, who have vowed themselves to the service of God, but who are not religious, nor necessarily living in community. The institution goes back to the beginning of the China mission in the sixteenth century; from that time onward, though we have but little information of its exact working in the earlier period, the idea of dedication of virginity to the service of the Church has fallen on most fruitful ground.

So far as is known, Mgr. Martiliat, Vicar Apostolic of Yun-nan and Se-tchuen, was the first to give these devoted women a rule of life, about 1739. M. Moye, one of the Sulpician priests on the mission, revised this rule thirty years later; and, with the help of the consecrated virgins, established the first regular girls' schools, under the jurisdiction of the Sulpician Fathers. In 1784, on the application of the Vicar Apostolic, the Propaganda laid down the conditions under which the work

was to be carried out. The first Chinese Synod of Se-tchuen, in 1803, strictly enforced the decisions of the Propaganda. It is laid down that no one who is bound by an engagement to marry, or who has not sufficient means of livelihood, is to be permitted to enter on the three-years' vows of the consecrated virgins. The missionaries are not to undertake their support or the care of their temporal affairs. The rules formulated at this time constitute the groundwork of the institution to this day.

The Jesuit missionaries speak of the work done by these devoted women and girls as beyond praise. As long ago as the year 1846, one of the Jesuit Fathers at Shanghai wrote that "in every Christian community there are found a number of girls who, without being bound by the vows of any Order, have of their free will vowed a virgin life. They provide for the hosts and candles, and make the adornment of the altar their care. They do this quietly and unseen, like angels. One recognizes in them the flowers of the community in very truth, and flowers that do all honor to God's garden. With what exultation one sees the lily of Christian virginity shining forth in the midst of the waste of heathenism!. In my district alone, in which there are nine hundred Christians, there are more than three hundred such virgins. . . . They are also extraordinarily helpful to us in instructing the ignorant, in providing for the baptism and upbringing of exposed children [cast out by their parents to die], and in attending the dying pagans in their last hour. And even where their instruction and admonition fall on deaf ears, people are compelled to recognize their zeal and to esteem their virtue."

Most of these dedicated virgins live at home, occupied in manual labor and good works; others, in a kind of community. There are a number of these communities in China, the oldest having been founded in 1884 by Mgr. Delplace, Apostolic Vicar of Peking.

The institution has supplied many members to the various religious Orders and regular communities. It is wonderful how, in the last few years, the number of Chinese religious has grown. In one convent of Carmelite nuns, numbering thirty-three members, twenty-one are Chinese. A house of the Sisters of Mercy has three native members. In one mission (in Kiang-su) there are to-day 341 Sisters, of whom 230 are Chinese.

Since Christmas, 1904, there has existed at Ning-po a wholly Chinese community of Sisters of Mercy, now comprising forty-eight members, with its own rule and a Chinese superior. The Sisters take each year the three simple vows. They are the first of their country to adopt the dress as well as the manner of life of European nuns. Mgr. Renaud, Vicar Apostolic, can not sufficiently praise their good spirit, their faithfulness to rule, and their piety.

There are to-day in China about 600 European Sisters, already nearly 500 Chinese nuns, and between 3000 and 4000 virgins dedicated, in the world, to the service of God and of the mission. It is not easy to exaggerate the good work done by these last. They fill a place which could not, in their country, be filled by religious; and are a signal example of how our holy mother the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, can lay hold of the capacities and special gifts of every nation, as of every individual, and consecrate all to the furtherance of the Divine Kingdom and the salvation of souls.

NINETY-NINE hundredths of the work which chiefly blesses the world, which makes the bulk of human happiness, and which most sets forward the Kingdom of Christ, must always be inconspicuous, along the lines of common duties, in home relationships, in personal association, in neighborhood helpfulness. It is in these lowly spheres that consecration must prove itself. It is here, too, that the noblest lives of the world have been lived.

—J. R. Miller.

An Imitable Work of Charity.

IN a sympathetic and appreciative vein, the Hon. Maude Stanley discourses, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, on "Working-Girl's Clubs in Italy." The particular organization which she discusses is one with the rather ponderous title, "The National Society of Patronesses and Mutual Help for Young Working Girls":

The ladies who work in this Society are called "Patronate," a name which accords well to the Italian ideas, as they have always spoken of their institutions as being under the patronage of different saints. These ladies have been influenced by a strong benevolent and loving feeling toward the working girls; they have become acquainted with the sorrows and real miseries of the poor, and they have worked hard to bring support and happiness into their lives.

The Society helps the girls in their difficult times of sickness; the doctors voluntarily give their services on Sunday afternoons to see the girls who are ailing, and prescribe for them. One chemist at Milan gives all the iron needed for anæmic patients. The classes for education which are held on Sundays enable them to improve their working condition; the dancing and little plays acted by themselves, the walks and picnics taken with the ladies on the Sunday, all give them one bright and happy day in the week. The health-giving country holiday, called in Italy *villeggiatura*, gives fresh energy when they return to their work. When I was in Rome I heard of a party of twenty-three girls and five ladies going to Naples and Pompeii from Friday to Monday. . . .

The Society is now well established, and is under the distinguished patronage of the King and Queen of Italy, the queen mother Margherita, the Princess Letitia of Savoy, and the Duchess of Aosta. The King and Queen were present at a general meeting of the Society in June, 1906. The Queen made a speech to the girls, and, calling one of them to her, embraced her, saying: "I am giving you a kiss, as I can not kiss all the members; and you must pass it on to the others from me." The very kind and loving welcome that the Queen gave to the members afforded the greatest pleasure to them all. The Pope takes the keenest interest in this great work.

Here is some interesting information incidentally given:

The reason that Sunday is the only day when the girls meet at their centres is that in Italy it is not the custom for them to go about alone in

the evening. I was told that in Florence the father or mother will fetch them home from their workshop when they are kept late at work; therefore they could not have clubs as we have in England, where they stay till half-past nine or ten o'clock.

I was introduced to a lady who is employed all the week under the government as the inspectress of schools, yet she gives three hours every Sunday afternoon to teach the girls in classes. She told me it was delightful to see the eagerness with which they wished to learn, and their appreciation of the poems of Tasso which she had read to them. I remarked to her that there seemed to be much more ease and friendliness amongst the Venetian girls than amongst all the others that I had seen. She said that she thought it was because Venice had been a republic, and that the people were more like one large family; and that, having no carriages, they were more in contact one with another. Both rich and poor had always a kind word for each other.

Some idea of the extent to which the conditions of the working women in Italy have been improved by the efforts of the Society, and of the practical good sense which governs its action, may be had from the following paragraphs. What a blessing it would be for workgirls in this country if ladies of wealth and social prominence were thus to emulate the example of the noble ladies in Italy! Only those who are familiar with the conditions of working women can have any idea of the hardships which often fall to their lot, or of the suffering that results from strikes, especially when prolonged and when workers of both sexes unite for the redressment of oppression:

In many cases the working girls have desired some improvement in the conditions of their work. These were reasonable demands, and for which formerly they would have gone on strike. Now the Patronate have gone to the employers and explained what was desired. In many cases the requests have been granted, the employers saying: "We have done this for you ladies, which we should not have done if the girls had gone on strike." In this way many improvements have been made in the conditions of the working women. Another great benefit of this Society is that the ladies are often asked by employers for workgirls. These they are most glad to provide, as they have on their registers the names and addresses and trades of all the girls who belong

to them. At the beginning of the Society they had in the first year found work for five hundred and seventy girls; and in the years 1903 and 1904 more than nine hundred had again been placed out in service and factories. This must be a great advantage to the employers, who thus get their girls recommended by those who know them; and the girls themselves would be much more likely to make good workwomen when they feel that behind them are their kind friends who take an interest in their welfare.

In April of this year I visited three of the principal centres to see how the work was carried on. At Florence I met many of the ladies belonging to this Society. They were all engaged in different parts of the work. Some always attend the doctors' visits to the girls; others undertake the duty of visiting those who are on the sick list, taking to them their weekly payments during illness; others attend at the office, keep the books, and receive the new members; many look after the Sunday classes. The teachers are either voluntary or paid. The ladies provide the entertainments for the girls on Sundays. The books which I was allowed to look over were admirably kept; no paid accountant could have done them better. I was much pleased with the system they had there of a small paper book given to each member, where her attendance at one class or more was duly entered throughout the session; and this book the girls are allowed to take home to show to their parents every week. I visited the classes for French, arithmetic, reading, Italian, typing, and drawing. The members do not all attend classes; they are at liberty to do so or not.

The *Nineteenth Century* writer gives probably a truer explanation than she herself is aware of when she accounts for the incentive to this admirable work of charity:

The brightness and the vivacity of the Italians, both rich and poor, seem to impart a gaiety to life which we do not meet with in our Northern countries. But, above all, there must be a divine inspiration which has given to the Italian ladies so fervent a love for the working girls, and enabled them with such great zeal and perseverance to establish in so few years, on a wise and firm basis, the Society of Mutual Help for the Young Working Girls.

Italy is "indeed the Virgin Mary's land," and the tender devotion to the Mother of Fair Love and of Holy Hope that exists among Italian ladies translates itself into just such beneficent charities as delight their Heavenly Queen.

Notes and Remarks.

Some time ago a correspondent of the *London Tablet* made the suggestion—not a new one, however novel it may have seemed to the generality of readers—that Catholics should approach the Holy See, through their bishops, with the view of asking that the matter of our weekly abstinence be changed from meat to alcohol. The writer contends that, while maintaining the advantages of a disciplinary rule, the change would be an incalculable moral and physical benefit; that the promotion of self-control in the use of alcohol, if only for one day of the week, would carry some of its lessons into the other six. 'Alcohol is something which a far larger number of people in northern countries can do without than is the case with meat, and is therefore the better fitted to be the subject-matter of restriction. . . . Every Catholic is aware that abstinence from meat on the days of abstinence and fast throughout the year is merely a convention, a disciplinary act of obedience, as well as a small privation by way of penance and self-control. In these times and in these islands the privation is of the slightest, and in our colder climate not always consonant with health. If this canon of obedience were transferred from flesh-meat to alcohol, there would be a very real privation and a material and measurable act of obedience in which every true Catholic would rejoice.'

The Archbishop of Dublin writes that he is inclined to fall in with this suggestion,—one quite as appropriate to the United States as to the British Isles.

A new story of President Lincoln is always welcome. The following is told in the current number of *Harper's* by one who knew him well,—a personal bodyguard:

I remember one afternoon, not long before the President was shot, we were on our way to the War Department, when we passed a ragged,

dirty man in army clothes, lounging just outside the White House enclosure. He had evidently been waiting to see the President, for he jumped up and went toward him with his story. He had been wounded, was just out of the hospital,—he looked forlorn enough; there was something he wanted the President to do; he had papers with him. Mr. Lincoln was in a hurry, but he put out his hands for the papers. Then he sat down on the curbstone, the man beside him, and examined them. When he had satisfied himself about the matter, he smiled at the anxious fellow reassuringly, and told him to come back the next day, when he would arrange the matter for him.

"A thing like that says more than any one could express," concludes the narrator. So it does. The great man of many cares, over whom the shadow of Death was already hovering, seated on the curbstone beside a ragged, dirty petitioner, is a subject for the painter and the poet.

Students of political thought will find strange opinions in Mr. John Neville Figgis' new book ("From Gerson to Grotius"); for instance, that loyalty to a small corporate society is incompatible with loyalty to the State. On the other hand, Mr. Figgis justifies Matthew Arnold's famous dictum that Luther was only a "Philistine of genius." Mr. Figgis declares that Luther's opinions "helped to usher in that vulgar contempt for poverty, and the placing of comfort before character as an ideal, which is so distinctive of the modern as compared with the medieval world." It was York Powell who said that the Reformation "ruined Art and divided Society." In one of his Oxford lectures Ruskin expressed the same opinion.

A personal letter recently received from Bishop Ferrant, Vicar Apostolic of Kin-Kiang, China, contains the following information which will prove of general interest:

The Vicariate which Providence has confided to my unworthiness is a very fine mission,—fine because poorer and in certain respects more difficult than some other missions; fine, too, because, despite these difficulties, it gives abun-

dant fruits of salvation, especially since 1900. In that year many of our establishments were destroyed and twenty-five of our Christians were massacred by the Boxers. Four years later, however, the number of our Christians had increased from five thousand to eleven thousand, and our catechumens were almost countless. Last year (February, 1906), as you doubtless know, a terrible disaster again fell upon our mission. One priest and five Little Brothers of Mary were massacred at Nanchang, and our four large buildings in that place were burned to the ground. . . . We are still suffering from that disaster; but, far from being discouraged, we are convinced that once more the blood of martyrs will prove the seed of the Church. Our missionaries have valiantly resumed work at Nanchang. They have installed themselves amid the ruins, and have begun by erecting a provisional church, a sort of big shed, to which Christians and catechumens betake themselves in greater crowds than ever.

The optimistic trust in Providence and the unflinching courage evinced in the foregoing extract furnish an incidental explanation of the success which, as non-Catholic writers testify, characterizes our foreign missionary enterprises.

The ultra-extravagant eulogies of John Knox that have been written during the past few years by Scotch panegyrists have rather surfeited a world that is not particularly averse to the apotheosizing of national heroes. That these eulogies have in addition exasperated such as are fairly well read in the history of the Presbyterian magnate and his times is quite intelligible; and we are not at all surprised at the vigorous language with which, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the Rev. M. H. MacInerny, O. P., castigates the Scottish idol with the feet of clay. Even Robert S. Rait, himself rather a complacent admirer of the idol in question, admitted two years ago in the *Fortnightly Review* that—

Some of the popular works relating to Knox, which have appeared in recent years, indicate only too clearly that the blind are still to be found engaged in their old occupation of leading the blind.

As for Father MacInerny's estimate of the Scotch Reformer, it is the reverse of

favorable. "Far from being a saint or a prophet," he says, "Knox was a ruffian in the fullest sense of the term. He declared it the bounden duty of every Protestant, with a call that way, to assassinate his Catholic fellow-citizens if he only got a favorable opportunity. In his appeals to the sword of the exterminator and the dagger of the assassin, Knox outran the most violent and fanatical of modern anarchists. He proclaimed it the duty of kings and chief rulers to massacre their Catholic subjects. His principles led logically and inevitably to the commission of the sin of murder. He was almost certainly an accomplice in the 'slaughter of Davie' (Rizzio); and he glorified the murderous deed as 'a just act and worthy of all praise.' . . . Knox was a worthy coreligionist of the cruel Calvin and of the bloodthirsty Beza. The manner in which he has been transformed into a beneficent saint, an inspired prophet, and a national hero, is surely entitled to rank as one of the disedifying curiosities of history."

Some day a critically competent Catholic historian will do for John Knox what Father Denifle has done for Luther,—dissipate the glamour with which impassioned partisans have bewitched the general eye, and show that worthy as he really was—as far removed from sanctity and heroism as was Martin Luther himself or Henry VIII.

By the death, on the 30th ult., of Archbishop Williams, of Boston, aged eighty-five, the Church in this country loses her patriarch. A bare outline of the career of this truly great prelate would fill many columns. The change of religious conditions in New England and throughout the United States which he witnessed and did much to effect is marvellous in the extreme. He himself never ceased to wonder and to rejoice thereat. A man of striking personality, a character moulded by high ideals, a prelate whose sole ambition was to spread the Kingdom

of Christ, Archbishop Williams won the fullest confidence of his own flock and commanded the deepest respect of all non-Catholics. No one could doubt his absolute sincerity, his singleness of heart; and these, with his prudence, justice and piety, were the secret of his influence, of the extent of which his humility prevented him from having any idea. At the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the already venerable Archbishop of Boston was consulted and appealed to with that confidence which only tried virtue, long experience, and ripe judgment can inspire. He will be sorely missed as a friend, adviser, leader, and exemplar, by a host of the hierarchy, clergy and laity, whose path through life he smoothed and lightened by encouragement and sympathy, but above all by the example of his beautiful life, the prolongation of which was a blessing to the American Church. One precious and imperishable memory of him will be his declination of the cardinalate.

Two Catholic ladies of our own times deserve to rank with Laura Maria Bassi, Maria Gaetana Agnesi, and other learned women of bygone centuries. We refer to Miss Agnes Mary Clerke and her sister, Miss Ellen Mary Clerke. From an appreciation of these two celebrities, written by Lady Huggins and printed for private circulation, the writer of "Et Cetera" in the London *Tablet* quotes several interesting passages, supplementing them with further information:

Miss Agnes Clerke was only fifteen years of age when she designed a "History of Astronomy"; and the fact that she contributed over fifty articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, mostly on scientific subjects, is in itself a sufficient tribute to her great powers. Lady Huggins has a reminiscence concerning one of these: "Well do I remember reading an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1880, on 'The Chemistry of the Stars.' I admired it much; I wondered who had written it, for it seemed to me to be unlike the work of any one then known in the scientific world. Five years later I solved my puzzle; for in 1885 appeared 'The History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century'; and I

had not looked far into it before I exclaimed: 'Now I know who wrote that article in the *Edinburgh Review*.'"

There was one feat in particular of Miss Agnes Clerke's which Lady Mary would have specially approved. As part of her preparation for an *Edinburgh* article on "Don Sebastian and His Personators," she set to work to learn Portuguese, and in six weeks was able to read the whole of the "Lusiad" in the original. From the bibliography we see that for thirty years this lady had at least one article a year in the *Edinburgh* without any intermission.

Of her sister, Miss Ellen Clerke, the same story is told. She mastered languages for something more than the sake of their grammar. She knew the thing behind the word. A pamphlet she wrote in German, and a story in Italian. Her knowledge of Arabic was considerable. But the sentence in Lady Huggins' monograph which we quote with particular pleasure is this: "Assuredly Ellen Clerke always used her opportunities as a journalist for noble ends. For the last twenty years of her life she wrote a weekly leader for the *Tablet*—usually on subjects connected with the Church abroad,—and on several occasions during the temporary absence of the editor she filled his place at his request."

It is to be hoped that Lady Huggins will be prevailed upon to elaborate her memoir and give it to the public.

Not all the interesting details of missionary life and activities are confined to foreign lands. A good many priests in our own country are habitually leading lives of heroic self-denial not less meritorious, though possibly less picturesque, than those of their brethren in China, Japan, Africa, or India. Writing in *Extension* from Cameron, in Southern Louisiana, the Rev. C. P. Cambiaire says:

Some missionaries complain that Protestant preachers are proselytizing in their districts. Many preachers have come here, but when they became acquainted with the mosquitos, malaria and typhoid in the marshes, one after another would leave. Conditions here did not tempt their zeal very much. But it may be well to mention that while they stayed (which was not very long) their salary was three times larger than mine, and they had less territory and considerably less work. There are many Protestants in my parish, and they have several churches, but they can not keep a preacher longer than two months. When I first came, they had five

ministers; for over a year now they have had none at all. Hence a number of the different creeds come to my chapel and find everything very satisfactory. I answer their questions and treat them like members of my flock.

The preachers would probably remain longer were they not hampered by wives and children, sisters and sisters-in-law. Celibacy is a decided advantage in the missionary field. Father Cambiaire incidentally mentions one disadvantage to which he is subject:

Secular missionary priests are in some respects in a less favorable position than those belonging to religious Orders and laboring in foreign countries. The latter get help from their Orders, have a companion or two, and a lay-brother with them. We have nothing of the kind; very often we have to do our own housekeeping, and work with our own hands for a living; at least I do, and I doubt that I am an exception. My neighbor priest is many miles distant. It would take four days at least, if I should get seriously ill, for him to reach me; and in case of sudden death, I should be deprived of ecclesiastical sepulture.

It is well to think occasionally of such lives as these. It is apt to quicken one's zeal for the salvation of souls, and to engender a salutary disquietude about the trifling sacrifices one is personally making for the glory of God.

Apropos of a discussion, going on in the London papers, as to how the walls of Jericho fell down, a Protestant clergyman, a divine of the "New Theology" school, has suggested that the Biblical story of their falling had better be rejected altogether. Thereupon the *Homiletic Review* pertinently remarks:

The fact should steadily be kept in view that the Bible, from beginning to end, claims to be a supernatural Book, and that it is itself a miracle in literature. Without its miracles it invalidates its own claims; and the constant effort to eliminate them, in order to exhibit naturalism in a favorable light, to the disadvantage of supernaturalism, is a constant failure.

"Quite so," comments the *Catholic Times*; "and a constant failure it must ever be. If you are to cut out, or allegorize, or explain away all that is

miraculous in the Bible, you will end by doing away with the Book itself. It is a pity that the Established Church has not some authority which could lay down the law for these opponents of supernaturalism, and maintain the old traditional teaching about the Bible for Protestants in general."

In the absence of such authority, it might not be amiss for Protestant editors to reproduce, and for Protestant pastors to quote, some few of the paragraphs devoted to the Bible in the recent Syllabus of one whose authority is incontestable—his Holiness Pope Pius X.

The following comment on a recent article in the *English Churchman* is from the *London Tablet*. The inconsistency of Anglican journals is apparent to all save their editors:

The *English Churchman* is a little difficult to please. It is fond of explaining to its readers that the Catholic Church flourishes upon ignorance and obscurantism, and now it is alarmed because pupils from convent schools do so well at public examinations. It is "struck" with "the large number of names from Roman Catholic convent schools" which appear in the list of successful candidates at the Oxford Higher Local Examination. The devout Protestant faithful are invited to "invest their tens of thousands to maintain the Protestantism of the country,"—which appears to be threatened because convent schools are able to teach successfully.

The August issue of the *Salesian Bulletin* contains the gratifying announcement that Don Bosco has been declared Venerable, and that the Cause of his beatification and canonization has already been introduced. Catholics throughout the world will rejoice that the seal of the Church's solemn approval has been set on the beneficent work of this devoted servant of God (a saint of our own day), whose many claims to the gratitude of humanity include the care of innumerable orphans, lepers, and prisoners, and missions to benighted flocks in many parts of Christendom and pagandom.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Longed-for Birthday.

BY NEALE MANN.

BURDENED full sorely with sin and sorrow,
Long had the children of Eve made moan;
Age followed age, but the sunlit morrow
Promised in Eden was yet unknown.
Dark was the night of their wistful waiting,
Sombre the clouds o'er the world thick spread,
Save for one star, still their woe abating,—
Faith in God's pledge: "She shall crush thy
head."

Then came a dawn when the darkness lifted,—
Dawn clad in glory ne'er seen before;
Golden-hued clouds o'er the heavens drifted,
Wondrous as daybreaks in Eden of yore.
Edenlike, too, was the world's rejoicing;
Sorrow took wings on that gladsome morn,
Fleeing from angels their rapture voicing,—
Mary, the Mother of Christ, was born.

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE breath of spring was warming
the young beech leaves into life,
casting a tender veil of green
over the group of trees that waved their
thick branches in the hot summer days
above the swift little stream that ran on
the edge of the town of Melloden, long
famous for the potteries which formed its
chief industry, and on which most of the
inhabitants depended for their living.

It was an ideal town of its kind; the
work was clean, the streets were clean,
the houses were clean, the people were
clean. It had no slums, no hovels, no
eyesores in the shape of neglected gardens
and unsightly ash heaps. The poorest

laborer in Melloden lived in a neat little
cottage in the midst of flowers, with
vegetables growing thriftily in the rear
of his dwelling. Those in better circum-
stances had better houses, as was to be
expected; but while all were comfortable
and well-kept, none were pretentious.
Even that of Mr. Melloden himself, the
son and successor of the man who had
given the place its name and its prosperity,
did not by its appearance indicate the
wealth of the owner. It was large and
convenient, standing in the midst of a
beautiful garden, but neither within nor
without was there any pretence of gran-
deur. It stood on a slight elevation, a
little removed from its humble neighbors.
Beyond it, on the other side of the stream,
were the potteries, built in a circle, and
guarded by old trees which would have
entirely hidden them from the passer-by
had not the sound of mighty hammers
by day, and the red, flaming eyes of the
furnace fires by night, gleaming through
the foliage, betrayed a force that was
never idle, either winter or summer.

Melloden the elder would probably have
been a horticulturist if he had not been a
chemist and scientist; he loved all green
and growing things. His incessant re-
searches and experiments had led to the
discovery and blending of different sorts
of clay in the neighborhood, and the
subsequent establishment of the potteries.
The site on which they stood had once
been covered with trees, which had been
hewn down to make way for the buildings,
with the exception of those on the outskirts
already mentioned, left there to give shade
and seclusion. The swift but narrow river
that furnished water-power to the manu-
factories also bounded the garden of the
proprietor on the south; and it was here
the beeches grew, as well as an occasional
willow,—that lovely, old-fashioned tree,

whose most appropriate home seems always to be the water side.

A light wind was sweeping through the budding leaves on this delicious afternoon in early spring. In a rustic swing hanging between two ancient oaks, that for some reason or other had preferred making their home a little closer to the stream than their fellows, sat a child of twelve,— a girl who was quite small for her age. Her cheeks bloomed with the roses of health; her wavy hair hung loosely over her shoulders; the hat that should have been on her head hung from her arm; and as she swung lazily backward and forward, she seemed the very incarnation of girlish abandon, content and happiness. After a time the breeze died away altogether; it was very still then amid the beeches and willows, and in the wood behind them. From where she sat, the child could see the mountains in the distance, still white with snow. As she gazed upon them, her red lips parted, her blue eyes smiled, and she began to sing:

There was snow on the mountain
And snow on the plain,
I thought we should never
See springtime again,—
Tra la la, la la la!
I thought we should never
See springtime again.

But, hark, in the forest
The tiny cuckoo!
Quite early this morning
I heard him, did you?—
Tra la la, la la la!
Quite early this morning
I heard him, did you?

Still snow on the hilltop,
But none on the plain.
I'm glad that the springtime
Is coming again,—
Tra la la, la la la!
I'm glad that the springtime
Is coming again.

With the lively little song, the child had thrown off her lazy mood. She jumped from the swing. Following the winding of the river till the bank dropped into a valley, she crossed a bridge, then ran up the hill upon the other side, where there

were only a few scattered dwellings, and soon found herself in front of a small frame house. A whitewashed fence ran all around the enclosure, which was not very large; a broad porch extended across the entire front. Three steps led up to it. The door was open, and before the child ascended the steps she began to call out:

"Martha! Martha!"

There was no answer. By this time the little girl was standing in the doorway.

"Martha! Martha! Where are you?" she cried. "Come out here into the air. It is not good to sit by the fire such a day as this."

The door of an inner room opened, and a grayhaired woman made her appearance. She had a kind face and a pleasant smile; from beneath rather heavy dark brows a pair of soft brown eyes looked forth. She was dressed in gray, a white kerchief pinned across her bosom.

"Well, Whirlwind! What is this?" she inquired, taking the child by the hand and drawing her into the room. "Don't you know that I sit by the fire very little? I have no time to do it, and I don't care for it."

"I hate the fire too," rejoined her visitor. "I love to be out in the cold in winter. But I love spring best, I think. To-day it is lovely; the air is delicious,— just the thing for old people like you. Martha, come sit on the porch a while, won't you?"

"Yes, to be sure I will."

The old woman drew the little girl to a rustic bench at the side of the house, and they sat down.

"Haven't you noticed the soft spring wind, Martha?" continued the child. "It has dried up the muddy pools and the snow, and now the leaves are coming out on all the trees. I heard two or three different kinds of birds this morning. Oh, if I were the wind, Martha, do you know what I would do?"

"What would you do, dearie?"

"I should climb higher and higher. I

would hurry up and sweep the snow from the hillsides; I would not be so slow. And then I would fly quickly to the very tops of the mountains and melt the snow in one day,—yes, in one day, Martha! I would not take weeks to do it."

"And do you know what would happen if the snow were melted in one day, my dear?"

"No. What?"

"It would run in terrible streams down the mountain side; all the houses and gardens in its path would be injured and destroyed; here in our valley there would be a flood that might sweep everything away,—potteries, houses and all. And you and I and hundreds of others would have no home; the people would have no work; your papa would lose thousands and thousands of dollars. Perhaps we should all be drowned."

"I never thought of that," answered the child, with a shudder. "It would be awful, wouldn't it? Don't let us even think of it. Go as slow as you please, Mr. Wind. Let us sit here on the porch and watch the clouds."

For a time they sat in silence, but at length the old woman took her knitting from her pocket.

"What do you do with all the stockings you knit?" asked the little girl.

"I sell them to the men that work in the potteries," was the reply.

"I hate knitting and sewing," said the child.

"So you are not learning to hem, as you promised me you would!" replied Martha, in a reproachful tone.

"No: Minnie *would* make me wear a thimble, and I couldn't do it. So she got impatient, and so did I—and—"

"That put an end to the sewing, then," said Martha. "You can never learn either to darn, mend or embroider, Whirlwind, if you do not wear a thimble."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried the child, clapping her hands. "Now I shall *never* learn to sew."

"I think I shall have to speak to your father and ask him to let you come here

every day. I will teach you to sew. I taught your mother," said Martha.

The face of the child grew serious.

"Did she wear a thimble?" she inquired.

"Yes; one can never learn without a thimble."

"Did she like it?"

"I do not remember that she ever complained of it."

"Did she ever stick her finger?"

"Perhaps she did."

"I *always* stick mine."

"Children do at first. Think, Whirlwind, you are nearly twelve, and you know so little that a girl of your age should know!" The child sighed.

"That is what everyone tells me," she said. "I love reading, though."

"That is one good thing," rejoined Martha, "provided you read something besides stories. But every woman should be taught household affairs."

"When I *am* a woman it will be time enough," said the child.

Martha shook her head, yet she smiled.

"Poor little Whirlwind!" she murmured, drawing the child closer to her side. "But see, dear!" she continued. "Your hair is terribly out of order. Have you had it combed to-day?"

"Oh, yes!—this morning. Minnie was busy, so I did it myself."

"Come in and let me brush and plait it," said Martha.

"You may brush it, but I won't have it plaited, Martha. I like it loose on my shoulders."

"Well, let it go, then," said the old woman, "if you will not have it plaited. It would be all tossed about again before you flew home. You make me think of a bird. You seem to run on air."

"That is true. I feel as though I were flying sometimes. And then my hair flies with me."

Again Martha shook her head.

"You are not angry,—you are not angry at your little Whirlwind?" the child asked.

"No," replied Martha, stooping to kiss her. "But I wish she were not so *much*

of a whirlwind. I wish she were more like her sweet name, Angela."

"Well, what can I do? I *hate* Petronilla, my middle name. I *won't* be called that; and papa does not like Angela, because it makes him think of mamma. It makes him feel sad. It was he who called me 'Whirlwind,' Martha."

"Yes, I remember, on account of your hasty ways; and now everyone calls you so. It is not so very bad now, but when you are older—"

"Papa says I shall always be one."

"Be what?"

"A whirlwind."

"Do not cultivate that wild spirit of yours, dear. Try to calm down a little. Perhaps your father may think of sending you to school after a while."

"I would never go. I should die,—yes, Martha, die of loneliness. I hope you will not put it in his mind. Another governess would not be so bad, though they are bad enough. Miss Krupp ought not to have got married; I liked her very well."

Martha laughed.

"You are a wayward child," she said. "Yet it is impossible to be angry with you. And now it is time to go back. It still grows dark early. It will soon be your supper hour."

"Yes, I am going, Martha. Now give me a kiss."

The old woman stooped and kissed her on the forehead, watching her as she ran down the steps, until she was out of sight. From the distance came back the refrain of the little song:

Tra la la, la la la!

Spring is coming again.

Tra la la, la la la!

Spring is coming again.

When she could no longer discern the slender, flying figure, Martha went in and closed the door.

"Poor little thing!" she said mournfully. "I do not know what is to become of her if she is not sent to school. She grows more and more wilful every day."

Whirlwind's swift little feet flew over

the pathway, beneath the beeches and willows, till she reached the foot of the garden which sloped down to the water. She crossed the bridge, hastened up the path, still singing, still swinging her hat on her arm; and, coming to the dining-room windows, leaned forward to peep inside. The table was set for supper, but her father was not there. Presently she saw him come in from his study, which was next to the dining-room. He observed her, smiled and shook his finger. She ran lightly through the side hall and was soon in his arms.

"But where have you been, my little Whirlwind?" he asked "Supper has been ready some time."

"Esther is always in such a hurry," answered the child. "She ought not to have supper so early these lovely evenings. I have been out all the afternoon in the garden. And I went over to see Martha. She sent me home."

"She generally does send you home, doesn't she?" asked her father.

"No, not always. But to-night she thought I had better go. And I came. What have *you* been doing, papa?"

"Well, several things," rejoined Mr. Melloden, touching the bell, and seating himself at the table.

"You forgot to say grace," said Whirlwind gravely, standing behind her chair.

"So I did," was the reply, as he rose to his feet again. "But I should have remembered it before we began. I always do, don't I?"

"Yes," said the child, mischievously. "I just wanted to have 'tit for tat,' because you told me I was late for supper."

Grace was said. The maid entered and placed the dishes on the table. At supper time father and daughter waited on themselves. Mr. Melloden preferred this.

"You asked me what I have been doing," he said. "Among other things, I have been writing a letter."

Whirlwind looked up from her plate.

"Don't you write letters every day?" she asked.

"Yes, but not this kind."

"What kind?"

"An invitation."

"We are not going to have a party?" the child inquired, in a tone of disgust.

"No, not a party. A visitor, I hope."

"A visitor! A man?"

"No: a lady."

"A lady! I did not know you were acquainted with any ladies."

"Yes, I am acquainted with several."

"I meant away from here. Who is it, papa? Cousin Ellery?"

"Yes. After much hesitation, I have decided to make that Southern trip I have been talking about so long, and I can not leave you here alone."

"O papa, take me with you!"

"That would be impossible. I am going on business; I shall not be long in any one place. I shall be meeting only business men. I must go, and I can not leave you here without a companion."

"Esther and Minnie are here."

"They are not companions, my dear."

"Martha would come over and stay. She is going to teach me to sew. O papa, let Martha come!"

Mr. Melloden shook his head.

"I shall be more contented during my absence, knowing that Martha will be near you," he replied. "But you need some one—some one—well, I might say a lady who will cure you, I hope, of your wild little ways."

"O dear!" she said at last,— "O dear!"

A hasty reproof trembled on the father's tongue. But he restrained himself, and the remainder of the meal passed in silence. Whirlwind felt no inclination to speak, and Mr. Melloden concluded that further discussion of the subject was unnecessary.

When they had finished supper, he arose and returned to his study. Whirlwind stood for a moment in the twilight, by the window. Then she opened the door and walked quickly through the garden to the river-side, where she had been during the afternoon.

(To be continued)

The Wicked Count of Valdecoz.

It was in the month of September. The Count of Valdecoz, lord of the stern and apparently impregnable castle that looked boldly out upon the ocean, was returning joyously with his men-at-arms from a most victorious expedition. He had just carried by assault the château of a neighboring baron, his sworn enemy. The latter, loaded with chains, and reduced to impotence, was being conducted to the dungeon of his victor. He walked proudly, his head well up, disdaining to make any complaint, and quite free from illusions as to his fate. Hanging was what he had to expect,—to be suspended from the stone eagle that perched on the top of the Valdecoz tower.

The Count's son, Ferrant, called the Good (as his father was called the Wicked), pleaded the prisoner's cause in vain. It was useless to remind his ruthless parent that the fairest crown of victory is clemency to an overthrown enemy. The Count knew no other law than that of Brennus: *Væ victis*,—"Woe to the conquered!"

The inhuman sentence was duly carried out, and, by a refinement of cruelty, the body of the baron was to hang before the castle entrance until the vultures had cleaned its bones. Shocked by so barbarous a spectacle, Ferrant the Good retired to his own chamber and threw himself on his knees. For a long time he implored Heaven to be merciful to both the executioner and his victim. Then, in the silence of midnight, with muffled footsteps, he went up to the top of the tower and lowered the body till it rested on the ground. Descending with equal precaution, he shouldered the corpse, bore it to the seashore, and buried it in the sand at the foot of the hill on which the castle was built.

On the following morning the Count was furious when he learned that the body had disappeared. His vassals and men-at-arms trembled at sight of his rage.

Ferrant, however, came to his father and frankly told him what he had done.

Dumfounded for a moment, the Count's fury burst out anew.

"Wretch!" he cried, "how dared you disobey my orders and brave my anger?"

"My lord, you inflicted death on your living enemy. I wished to give peace to the dead," answered Ferrant, respectfully but firmly.

"Peace to the dead!" blustered the Count. "I command you to dig up the body of that traitor and replace it where you found it."

Ferrant refused. He knew that paternal authority has its limits, and that God's law does not oblige us to obey palpably unjust orders.

As a result of his failure to obey, he was driven from the castle by his father, who swore that he should never look upon him again. The young lord accordingly left the home of his ancestors to wander over the world. He took with him merely a flower culled from the grave of his beloved mother.

To stifle the voice of his protesting conscience, the haughty tyrant sought to distract himself by war and hunting; but it was all in vain.

One morning Valdecoz the Wicked, more sombre and taciturn than usual, pursued a wild boar into the recesses of a dense forest. His attendants awaited his return for long hours, but they never saw their master again. Some time afterward the rumor spread that in the hushed stillness of midnight a voice was heard to utter this mournful plaint: "Peace to the dead! Peace to the dead!"

Years passed, and everything was changed round about Valdecoz Castle. Children had become men, the soldiers of other days were old men, and the old men had become dust and ashes. The lordly edifice was deserted; it seemed as if a curse had settled upon towers and turrets. And from the depths of the forest, in the silence of night, came still that lugubrious cry: "Peace to the dead! Peace to the dead!"

After more than a score of years spent in fighting the Arabs, Ferrant the Good returned to his domain of Valdecoz. As he traversed the forest, in the middle of the night, the mournful cry fell upon his ear. Brave as he was, he could not but feel that nervousness which even the most courageous experience in the presence of the supernatural. Recommending himself to Our Lady, however, he resolutely pierced the jungle whence the cry appeared to issue. He soon found himself in a clearing, the aridity of whose soil formed a strange contrast to the luxuriant foliage of the surrounding trees. By the light of the moonbeams, Ferrant beheld the decomposed body of his aged and unfortunate father. The eyes were staring, wide-open, as if death had something to ask from the living.

Penetrated with sorrowful respect, Ferrant approached, fell on his knees and gave way to abundant tears. Relieved by this outburst of natural grief, he endeavored with his battle-axe to dig a grave in which to deposit the corpse. Useless trial: the earth, hard as had been the heart of the Count, dry as had been his eyes when he used to be implored to pardon his enemies, forbidding as had been his arms to those who addressed themselves to him for succor in their adversity, was as impenetrable as granite to the blows of the axe. The earth itself apparently refused to receive the wicked Count of Valdecoz.

Ferrant saw in this circumstance the finger of God. Yet, after all, 'twas the body of his father; so he prostrated himself and prayed fervently that the curse might be removed. And prayer, as usual, was effective. Ferrant beheld the ground open of itself and slowly there was formed a grave, into which, while shedding many bitter tears, he lowered his unfortunate father's remains. Thereafter none of the peasants of the district ever heard the night air disturbed by the once familiar plaint: "Peace to the dead! Peace to the dead!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New volumes of the Library of Art (Duckworth & Co.) are Antonio and Piero Pollainuolo, Correggio, Pisanello, Giotto, and Verrocchio.

—A helpful discussion of a perennially important question is Robert J. Smythe's "Religious Instruction in Schools," one of the recently-published pamphlets of the English Catholic Truth Society.

—The first year book for 1908 to make its appearance is "Der Familienfreund, Katholischer Wegweiser," issued by the *Herold des Glaubens*, St. Louis, Mo. It contains a variety of interesting reading in prose and verse, and numerous attractive illustrations. The frontispiece is an imported picture, in colors, of the Grotto of Lourdes.

—The *Propagande du Livre*, an excellent enterprise for the dissemination of good literature in French Canada, has received a flattering notice from the *Renaissance*, a Parisian bi-monthly review. The Canadian work is along the same lines as the *Croisade Francaise*, whose object is to offset by free, popular Catholic libraries the influence of gratuitous Masonic publications, spread broadcast throughout France.

—"The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book 1908," edited by Sir F. C. Burnand, soon to be published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, is announced to contain "brief biographies of Catholics in the United Kingdom and the Colonies distinguished by their abilities, their character, their rank, or even their riches. Prelates, judges—present and to come,—journalists, peers and peeresses, politicians, Colonial premiers, novelists, poets, magnates of finance, theologians, preachers, lords-in-waiting, officers in the services, social workers, diplomatists, privy counsellors, doctors and *dilettanti*,—these, and many more, meet in its pages, sometimes possibly with surprise; and Sir Francis Burnand is Master of Ceremonies."

—The reverend clergy whose libraries do not contain a collection of sermons "written to meet objections of the present day," by the Rev. James McKernan, of the diocese of Trenton, will welcome a new edition of this volume, which is excellently produced by F. Pustet & Co. It is a 12mo of 291 pages, and includes forty-five sermons on as many different subjects. A few titles will give an idea of the scope and practicality of the book: Temperance in Speaking and Hearing, The Angelus, Holy Water, The Fast of Lent, The Month of Mary, Prayers for

the Dead, The Bible, Old Year Reflections, The Mass—the Sacrifice of the New Law, Morality and Reading, The Holy Rosary. These sermons impress us as being just the right length for the average congregation.

—Few American Catholics presumably know much about that prolific fifth-rate English novelist, the Rev. Joseph Hocking, and still fewer have ever heard of his "The Woman of Babylon"; but those who enjoy a thoroughly executed bit of destructive criticism will find it worth while to procure and read the pamphlet in which James Britten, K. S. G., takes the anti-Catholic fanatic to task, and pulverizes the preposterous statements which abound in his "story" with the foregoing title. Published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—The thoroughly interesting and informative series of articles which Professor Frederick Starr contributed a few months ago to the *Chicago Tribune* have been reprinted in pamphlet form under the title "The Truth About the Congo." In view of the tomes of hysterical jeremiads with which during the past few years the world has been plagued in connection with this subject—jeremiads not entirely disassociated, it is thought, from political chicanery—this record of what one competent observer has seen, instead of imagining, makes refreshing reading. That Professor Starr's conclusions do not harmonize with those of a good many emotional Americans is their misfortune rather than his fault; and in weighing the respective conclusions, one must bear in mind that Mr. Starr has the advantage—trifling as it may be considered by some not inconspicuous debaters—of knowing what he is writing about. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

—The appearance of a new edition (the third) of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders," by "Viator" (Messrs. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers), is a literary event of genuine importance. We feel certain, however, that if the merits of this book were generally known in this country, it would now be in its thirtieth instead of its third edition. It is a volume of rare power and pathos, with many passages which have all the charm of Newman. The reasoning is clear and convincing throughout, the interest absorbing, especially so in the last five chapters. "Ten Years in Anglican Orders" should be known to all converts,—particularly converts from Anglicanism, to whom it will bring strength and joy and consolation. Catholics to the manner born will experience a quickening of faith and fervor and

gratefulness in reading this narrative of a painful pilgrimage to the City of Peace from the City of Confusion. But instead of writing about this precious book, let us quote from it. The following extracts should tempt the reader:

Those alone who have passed through similar conflicts, and who have stood face to face with this serious step under similar circumstances, can form a true conception of the nature and strength of these conflicting feelings,—how they agitate the mind, how they undermine health and shake the entire moral and physical constitution to their very foundation. And in the hour of weakness, when our knees tremble and our hearts are faint, when we look about us for some means of escape from the severity of the conflict, it is then that the tempter approaches us with conventional sophistries and the seeming reasonableness of half-truths, and makes a last supreme effort to divert us from our God-imposed task. . . .

I need but point to the Anglican Church and the bodies which have again dissented from her,—to the chaotic state of Christendom outside the Catholic pale. Where is unity? Where is peace? Where is *certainty*? A thousand voices are in our ears, each with an equal claim to inspiration and authority. And meanwhile Christian Truth is dissolving itself away, and it is becoming more and more difficult to ascertain what God has really revealed. The very primary claim of the Christian religion is vanishing before the advance of rationalism and free thought.

And the Roman Church is abused and assailed because of her rigidity, and because she will not become an additional element in this world of contending and mutually antagonistic factions! Why, it is *because* of her rigidity that she is what she is, and that she can still claim to be the authoritative teacher of the nations and the guide of the human soul into the light of Revealed Truth. Her rigidity is the rigidity of God and of Truth, against which the waves of human error and of arrogant presumption have beat, and will ever beat, in vain.

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.

- "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.
 "Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.
 "When Love is Strong." Grace Kcon. \$1.25.
 "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
 "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
 "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
 "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.
 "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.

- "The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.
 "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.
 "The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell. \$1.25, net.
 "The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.
 "Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net.
 "A Mirror of Shalott." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.
 "Hints and Helps for those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$1.10.
 "Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.
 "Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.
 "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Francis Bouchu, of the diocese of San Antonio; Rev. Maurice Clear, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. William Dollard, diocese of Portland; Rev. P. M. Flanagan, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Otto Jeron, O. M. Cap.

Mr. Frederick Meyers, Mrs. Thomas Millott, Mrs. Margaret McKenna, Mr. George Leezer, Mrs. Mary Dowling, Mr. Albert Felder, Mr. Maurice Flynn, Mrs. George Goss, Mr. William McLain, Mr. Walter Smith, Mr. John Kennaugh, Mr. Louis Good, Mrs. Mary Clyne, Mr. W. T. Seaborn, Jr., Mr. Thomas Driscoll, and Mr. John Waters.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Gotemba lepers:

Friend, \$5; F. R. Quinn, \$1; M. A. D., \$1; Miss S. E. M. and friends, \$14.50.

The Franciscan Sisters, Jamaica:

M. J. Walsh, \$5; M. C. H., \$5; F. E. Flattery, \$5.

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

J. G., 50 cts.; M. J. Walsh, \$2.

The famine sufferers in China:

Traveller, \$20; B. H., \$1; C. C. C., \$1; A Catholic, \$1.



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

VOL. LXV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1907. NO. 11.

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

Mother Most Powerful.

After the Italian of Dominici (1356-1420)

BY RODERICK GILL.

THAT thou so often held Him in thine arms,
 So often pressed His infant lips to thine,
 And in thy bosom warded off the harms
 That came with flesh e'en to the Child Divine;
 That thou hast clothed Him, felt Him cheek to
 cheek,
 In dreams and waking; in thine ear hast
 known
 His first lisped "Mother"; marked His soft hands
 seek
 Thine aid with glances cast on thee alone,—
 That thou hast known such countless ecstasies
 Of love through that sweet hidden time of
 yore,
 And yet thy heart held strong, spite all of these,
 Shows thou wert mortal, Mother,—yea, and
 more!

THE philosophers of old had a light,
 and they communicated it to their disciples
 who were learned; but they could not
 communicate it to mankind, for the bulk
 of mankind can not be learned. Christ
 brought a light that all men can see.
 The crucifix is a book that the unlearned
 can read, and the spectacle of the Cruci-
 fixation has done more for the consolation
 of the human race than the wisdom of
 all the philosophers. Christian wisdom,
 according to St. Paul, consists in nothing
 else than a knowledge of Jesus Christ,
 and of Him crucified.—*Rev. J. Duggan.*

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

VI.—DANGER CONNECTED WITH LEARNING.

The labors of the Church have not had for their
 purpose to spread abroad knowledge or cultivate reason,
 but to avert sin and to save the souls of men, compared
 with which the value of the whole world is but dust
 and ashes. For it is not the things of time that she
 places first, but things of eternity; and literature, science,
 and art are things of time.

—“*The Key to the World's Progress,*” Devas, p. 80.

I.



HE gifts of God to man are
 both numerous and varied.
 Yet neither their number nor
 their variety strikes one so
 forcibly as their individual
 beauty and intrinsic worth. So soon as
 we look carefully into and examine their
 structure and finish, even the commonest
 amongst them fills us with admiration,
 and a thousand questions leap unbidden
 to our lips,—questions, for the most
 part, that no man can answer. Who,
 for example, will explain the mysteries
 connected with the daily exercise of sight
 and of hearing? From earliest childhood
 we employ our eyes and ears and other
 organs of sense, with the utmost accuracy
 and ease. They are our first tutors and
 instructors, and convey to our minds more
 information concerning the great external
 world around us than any other teachers.
 Yet old age and decrepitude steal upon
 us before we can understand their opera-
 tion, or unravel the processes by which
 they carry on their marvellous functions.

Each gift is precious, and contributes

much to our comfort and well-being; but amongst the very greatest, in the natural order, must be reckoned reason or intelligence. In this, indeed, we contemplate the chief factor in man's earthly progress and perfection. Intelligence gives him an undisputed pre-eminence over all other visible beings. It more than compensates him for his physical weakness and insignificance. It is not only a far nobler but a far surer and better defence and protection, even against brute force, than would be the horns and pachydermatous hide of the rhinoceros.

The light of reason shines only as a tiny spark in the undeveloped child; but it admits of wonderful increase, and may be continually improved and strengthened so long as life lasts. And, since every increase of knowledge adds to a man's present influence, and renders him better fitted to cope with the difficulties and to fulfil the functions of his social state, and to carry on the business of his trade or profession, it is greatly to his interest, and to the interest of the whole community, that he should cultivate and improve those talents which God has bestowed upon him, 'to trade with till He comes.' *

The Catholic Church has always acted upon this view, and helped to foster a love of knowledge. It was she who, in times past, established renowned universities, and caused every monastery to glow like a beacon, radiating light and learning. She it was who founded schools and colleges, and gathered the multitudes around her to receive instruction, not only in religion, but in the arts and sciences,—in fact, in all branches of knowledge, whether sacred or profane. The Popes throughout the entire world, and the bishops in their respective dioceses, are acknowledged to have been among the most glorious promoters, as well as the most enlightened and zealous patrons, of learning.

All honorable men, acquainted with

the history of civilization, whether Catholics or not, admit the enormous debt that society owes to the Church, and readily confess that, were it not for the industry and labor of the monks* and friars of old, the most valuable writings and the priceless literary masterpieces of antiquity would have long since disappeared and been as utterly buried in oblivion as the literature of Babylon and Phœnicia. Before printing had been invented, holy men, clothed in the black garb of St. Benedict or wearing the coarse brown habit of St. Francis, laboriously copied out, on vellum or parchment, not only the Sacred Scriptures and many learned commentaries upon it, and profound treatises on theology and history, but all else that was best worth preserving among the writings of Christians and pagans alike, both in Latin and Greek.

In short, the Church has proved herself a true lover of wisdom and a most earnest advocate of learning in every age. This is undoubtedly true, and it is necessary to insist upon it; for, in spite of this, she is often accused of being an obscurantist, and of desiring to keep her children in darkness and ignorance. How are we to account for so strange an anomaly? The answer is clear. It is simply because, however great her love of knowledge, there is something she loves better still, and that is virtue and moral goodness. Yes, it is because she prefers her children to be good rather than clever that she is represented as an enemy to intellectual progress.

* "In the old days," observes A. Jessopp, D. D., "the monks were *mutatis mutandis*, what in our time would be called cultured gentlemen—courteous, highly educated and refined, as compared with the great mass of their contemporaries; a privileged class, who were not abusing their privileges; a class from whence all the arts and letters and accomplishments of the time emanated, allied in blood as much with the low as with the high,—the aristocracy of intellect and the pioneers of scientific and material progress."—"Studies by a Recluse," pp. 30, 31.

* St. Luke, xix, 13.

It is a sad testimony to our present state of probation that even knowledge has its pitfalls and its dangers,* and it is with this aspect of the question that we are now chiefly concerned. The advantages of learning are obvious to all,—they lie on the surface; but the disadvantages few seem even to suspect. Yet they undoubtedly exist, and should be clearly recognized by all who are anxious to guard themselves against disaster and spiritual ruin. In order that we may form a correct estimate of the dangers connected with learning, we shall do well to consider the teaching of the Church on the point, as well as the precise office that our intellect is intended to fulfil. We spoke of it as "one of our greatest gifts," and as "the chief factor in man's *earthly* progress and perfection." And no doubt intellect does contribute more than anything else to man's purely natural progress. But here, it must be understood, we are limiting our consideration, and taking man simply as a rational animal, living and moving among his fellows in this world; that is to say, we are contemplating man with the eyes, not of a Christian, but of an enlightened and respectable pagan, whose loftiest ideal scarcely rises beyond the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

But this purely physical and mental perfection, though very real and very excellent, so far as it goes, is, nevertheless, essentially earthly and of a low type. There is another perfection of an immeasurably higher order, to which man may, through the merits of Christ, also aspire, and to which every other perfection is wholly subordinate. We refer to man's moral perfection—that to which we gen-

erally give the name of sanctity. It is of faith that sanctity constitutes man's supreme perfection. He can aim at nothing higher, nothing grander. It is the only kind of perfection to which God, in His infinite wisdom, attaches the smallest possible value.* On man's progress in sanctity depend his real worth in God's eyes, his future position in heaven, the nature and measure of the reward awaiting him, and all else best worth considering. These things depend not at all on man's mental or physical equipment, but solely on his personal holiness. Sanctity is so essentially man's *one and only final end* that the value of all else is determined by its relation to that end. What promotes it is of value; what hinders it is valueless, or rather positively harmful.

With these principles to guide us, we may easily weigh, from a Catholic point of view, what degree of importance is to be attached to secular knowledge even the most exceptional, and to learning even the most extensive. What is the supernatural worth of the most intimate acquaintance with philosophy, history, and the sciences? How far, in respect of man's highest good, will the subtlest metaphysician obtain the advantage over the simple, unlettered lay-brother?

The answer may be gathered from the fact that man's whole moral worth and supernatural perfection is seated, not in the intellect, but in the will. Directly, the intellect has nothing to do with it. In itself, secular knowledge weighs no more in the balance than does physical strength or muscular development. To say that a philosopher of the highest rank, or the most renowned scientist the world

* In the first days of his pontificate, Pius X. was obliged to condemn five books of the Abbé Loisy, because they were "full of most grave errors concerning the primitive Revelation, the authenticity of the facts and teachings of the Gospels, the divinity and knowledge of Christ, the divine institution of the Church and the Sacraments," etc. The recent *Syllabus* condemns similar errors of students and learned men.

* Thus, as Cardinal Newman so forcibly expresses it: "The Church holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin."—"Anglican Difficulties," p. 199.

has ever seen, is necessarily a more perfect man, in the spiritual sense, simply because he is in possession of a larger number of facts than any other, and can handle them more dexterously, is obviously absurd. It would be as true to say that a man with a strong digestion must be holier than a dyspeptic. The first is more perfect physically, but such organic perfection is in no direct way connected with holiness. In fact, holiness generally lives in a very humble dwelling, and is more at home with a St. Benedict Labre in his rags and tatters than with a Solomon "in all his glory."

Learning is, of course, a great power, but the greatest power may be misapplied and abused. It may tend even to make the wicked worse. If a man be a thief, then learning will but serve to make him a more skilful and a more dangerous thief. If he be a tyrant and a despot, a rebel or a murderer, the only effect of learning will be to render him at once more formidable, more successful, and a greater scourge to society. Knowledge puts weapons into his hands to aid him in his nefarious designs. It multiplies his opportunities of doing evil, and decreases his chances of detection. The blackest scoundrels the world has ever known, the greatest monsters in human form that have ever blotted the fair pages of history, the most notorious heresiarchs and cruelest persecutors of the Church of God, have come, almost without an exception, not from the ranks of the uneducated and the unlettered, but from the ranks of the educated and the worldly wise. Crime, under any circumstances, is odious enough, but there is no crime so detestable and so revolting as crime that is hatched in the council chambers of the learned, and devised by the prudence and cunning of the wise. Ignorance may sometimes excuse a fault or even a felony, while the measure of guilt keeps on steadily increasing with every increase of knowledge.

Perhaps the chief danger is that which is pointed out by the Spirit of God

Himself, where He declares, by the lips of St. Paul, that "knowledge puffeth up."* In some respects, knowledge resembles riches. In reality, it is the riches of the mind. And, just as a man who owns great possessions and much material wealth is apt to grow conceited, and to flatter himself that he is superior to, and of a nobler cast than, those who are poor and destitute of all worldly goods, so is it with him whose mind is well stocked with the riches of knowledge, and who has been endowed with exceptional mental gifts and powers. As the gift of reason places every man above the level of the beasts, so a highly cultivated and developed reason places its possessor above all those whose reason is of an inferior order, or less exercised and trained.

In fact, learning secures for its possessor a certain pre-eminence. It enthrones him on a sort of pedestal, from which he can always look down disdainfully upon the less gifted. He feels himself their superior. He can correct their misstatements, smile compassionately at their errors, comment upon their ignorance, and show a hundred times a day that he has the advantage over them. He may humble an opponent by a display of greater ability, and wither an objector by a word of irony or a biting sarcasm. Besides this, he finds himself constantly referred to as an authority, and consulted almost as an oracle; while multitudes will love to listen to his speeches, to read his books, and to await his verdict upon almost any subject of public controversy.

A truly great man will not be much affected by such attentions, since he will realize his own shortcomings, and be the first to see that the sum total of his acquired knowledge is but an infinitesimal grain dug out of the vast universe of truth, that may be drawn upon forever without exhaustion. But one without this broader view, who readily draws in the fumes of adulation that are so liberally

* Cor., viii, 1.

offered to him, will gradually become intoxicated by the draught, and will, sooner or later, fall as proud men always fall. He will not merely take complacency in his strength, and look with pitying annoyance, perhaps with actual contempt, upon all who differ from him: he may easily become so strongly wedded to his own opinions as to refuse to yield to any authority, however competent and legitimate. At this point his danger reaches an acute stage, and nothing but the absence of the occasion can avert disaster. *

There is no pride so imperious and so overbearing as intellectual pride; there is none so subtle or so difficult to conquer: there is none that so closely resembles the pride of Satan, none that has wrought such havoc in the Church. Further, it is, without exception, the very worst condition for the ready exercise of divine faith, which lies at the foundation of all religion, and 'without which it is impossible to please God.' This is a point worth developing, since it will account for certain defections that the Church has to deplore at the present day, besides serving as a valuable warning to ourselves.

No one can be received or can remain in the one true Fold, of which our Blessed Lord is the Shepherd, unless he submit his mind and his heart absolutely and unconditionally to the authority divinely constituted; and all submission means humility. God exacts obedience to His law; and in obeying it we offer Him the service of our wills. That is to say, we do not what we wish but what God wishes. But in addition to our free will we possess another stupendous gift from God—viz., our intellect. Is that to pay no fealty? Is that to acknowledge no master, to submit to no authority? Most assuredly. As our intellect comes from God as truly as our free will, it also must be made to recognize the same authority and to yield to the same guidance. How do we submit

our intellect? By accepting, on the authority of God, whatsoever He proposes to our belief, and with equal readiness, whether the doctrine be expressed *directly* by His own divine lips, as the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist; or *indirectly*, by the mouth of His Church, as the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Thus humility is a condition of entry into the true Church. It is what St. Paul calls "the bringing into captivity every understanding to the obedience of Christ."* Our Lord's own words upon this point are yet more direct and emphatic. He tells us plainly that "unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." † That is to say, unless we have the meekness and the unquestioning trust in our Teacher that a little child has, we can be no followers of Him. To do His *bidding* without murmur, is obedience,—i. e., the submission of the *will*. To accept His *teaching* without demur, is faith,—i. e., the submission of the *intellect*. Both are essential, for both will and intellect come from God. From this it follows that whatever interferes with humility and engenders pride, renders faith and obedience more difficult.

(To be continued.)

* II. Cor., x, 5. † St. Matt., xviii, 3.

THE Angelic Doctor teaches that Jesus Christ, in coming down from the mountain to preach to the multitudes, shadowed forth two things. First, that He had come down from heaven, which is called "the mountain in which God dwells," and that He had lowered Himself even to the condition of a servant, to teach other servants their master's will. Secondly, that on the mountain He explained to His disciples "the height of doctrine," which in the Psalms is also compared to a mountain; but, descending thence, He adapted His discourse to the capacity of the multitudes who were in the plain.

—Mgr. Scotti.

* Thus, the decree of the Vatican Council, 1870, was the occasion of Dr. Döllinger's lamentable fall. He was excommunicated in 1871.

Félicité.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

HE was of the bluest blood of France. The fury of the Revolution had spent itself, and he had returned from exile, an orphan, to his own country, having buried his father and mother, worn with trouble and sorrow, in the land of the stranger. They had married somewhat late in life, and he was their only child.

He went first to Arras, hoping to find there the only friend he could remember,—a man whose father had been steward to his grandfather, the Comte d'Auguisson, and who had remained faithful to the fortunes of the exiled family. He was a notary, M. Bonnaud by name. It had living? Had they not, perhaps, also fallen been the custom of the Bonnaud family to pass their vacations in the village of Auguisson, the old home of the father; and the young Count had often played with the children of his father's devoted retainer and friend. But were they still into misfortune?

With uncertain footsteps he sought the dwelling of M. Bonnaud. He had been absent nearly ten years. What changes might have taken place during that time! But his hopes were not to be disappointed. When he knocked at the once familiar door, it was opened by a fair young girl, whom, in spite of the years that had intervened, he recognized at once.

"It is Félicité!" he said, extending his hand. "How rejoiced I am to find you here! Do you remember me?"

"Very well, M. le Comte," was the reply. "My father, too, will be very glad. Only yesterday he was speaking of you."

M. Bonnaud was delighted to see the son of his old master, grown to manhood, though the meeting was fraught with pain to both. After a few moments the Count said:

"Félicité! how beautiful she has grown!

Yet she has changed very little; she was always sweet and lovely."

"Yes, she is a fine girl," said the father; "the flower of a flock."

"How many are there?"

"We have ten. Five born since you left Arras."

"A goodly number. The first five I remember. May I see them all?"

"Certainly, M. le Comte. And you must dine with us—or, rather, I beg that you will."

"It will give me great pleasure. And Madame Bonnaud? Is she well?"

Here the good woman entered. Had she followed the dictates of her motherly heart, she would have embraced the young man. As it was, she laid her hands on his shoulder and looked into his eyes.

"Welcome home!" she said. "Thank God, we see you once more!"—turning away to hide her tears.

One after another the boys and girls came trooping in,—Félicité at the end, leading the youngest.

"But where are you stopping, M. le Comte?" inquired the notary, suddenly. "At what inn?"

"Alas! I know of no inn," was the reply. "I came directly here. I am a stranger in my own land."

"If M. le Comte would honor us," said Maître Bonnaud, glancing at his wife, "we should only be too glad to offer you hospitality while you remain."

"I am delighted beyond measure," replied the young man. "It will be like home."

And so it was settled. The Count was not one to put off any necessary business, and the next morning he consulted Maître Bonnaud as to his future plans.

"I do not know what I am to do," he said. "The property is there; his château is there, but I have no money."

"You are mistaken," said the notary. "I have in my possession one hundred thousand francs belonging to you."

"To me! How comes that?"

"At the time of the departure certain

properties belonging to your esteemed father passed into my hands. The transaction was general, so far as it went; but all the time my intention was to preserve them for the family,—your father, if he should return; yourself, in case that happiness should not be granted him. They are at your disposal whenever you see fit to use them. In your place, M. le Comte, I should return to my ancestral acres. Have patience, do what you can, and in time all will be well again.”

“I do not know how to thank you,” said the Count, seizing the hand of his benefactor. “I seem to live again.”

Considerable time was occupied in arranging the affairs of the Count. In company with Maître Bonnaud, he made a visit to his property at Auguisson; and it was finally decided that a sum of money might be borrowed, which could, if things went satisfactorily, soon be repaid. The young man was an adept learner: he soon mastered every detail of business as far as was necessary; and almost before he realized it all things were in readiness, and it was time to leave the hospitable roof, which for six happy months had so kindly sheltered him. And now, when his residence with the happy and cultured family that had ministered to his loneliness was almost at an end, he began to realize that one member of it especially had become very dear to him,—that he had learned to love Félicité, the beautiful, gentle, serious girl, who was the idol of her fond parents and younger brothers and sisters.

Born and educated in a period of trials, anxieties, and most terrible and revolutionary changes, she had early reached a maturity beyond her age, for she was only twenty. Her judgment was excellent, her refinement great, her disposition amiable. Many a time, as, seated at a little distance from the group, the Comte d’Auguisson watched her, surrounded by the younger children, reading to them, playing some interesting game, or perhaps working on the beautiful embroidery in

which she excelled, he had said to himself that nowhere could he find a more suitable or accomplished wife.

The strongly marked lines of caste that in other times had separated the nobility from their fellow-countrymen had been somewhat obliterated in France by reason of the exile and sufferings of the unfortunate *émigrés*, who had been brought to recognize the loyalty of their former retainers in some such instances as the one we are relating. Thus, for the Comte d’Auguisson an alliance which would never have been countenanced by his parents did not seem to him at all out of place, if he ever gave the objection a thought, which is doubtful. In short, he had resolved to make Félicité his wife.

As for the girl, the situation was different. She had never been out of France; she had been born and reared in the tradition of the supremacy of the nobility; anything approaching equality in their relations was utterly beyond her thought. Belonging to a race which her family traditions and the loyalty of her father had led her to look upon as far above her, her feeling toward the young Count was that of deep admiration, mingled with profound reverence. But after a while the handsome presence, joined to the exquisite courtesy of Paul, and the half melancholy, half boyish temperament which made him still more charming, the heart of Félicité began to experience a new sensation,—one which she hardly dared to confess to herself, and which she would sooner have died than reveal to a human soul. At the same time she had not the slightest idea that her affection was returned; or, were she satisfied that he shared her own sentiments, would she ever have imagined that the attraction could go any further. She loved him, yes. At length she no longer concealed it from her own thoughts; but it was with a holy, reverential love, for which she could indeed sacrifice her whole life in loneliness, but for which it never occurred to her

that there could be any possible return. And this love did not make her unhappy; on the contrary, it colored her days with wonderful, beautiful lights, and sent her roseate dreams. Count Paul was an exceptional young man, but Félicité idealized him until he seemed but little lower than the angels to this innocent worshipper without the gates of paradise.

Thus the two lived side by side, in the closest daily intercourse, neither suspecting what was taking place in the heart of the other; while the parents had not the slightest idea of the situation,—to them, indeed, one too preposterous to be imagined or conceived. But at last the day, almost the hour, of separation had arrived. On the morrow the Count was once more to enter into possession of his ancestral domains, which lay about forty leagues from Arras.

Everyone felt very sad that evening,—M. and Mme. Bonnaud at parting with the young man who had grown so dear to them; the children because they were going to lose an amiable and beloved friend and companion. And Félicité, though she strove to conceal her sorrow, felt her heart bleed with regret, knowing well that with the departure of the Count her dream of love would be but a memory. On that last night, two or three times she had met his gaze, eloquent, pleading; and it told her that the love she had allowed herself to feel for him was shared by its object. This thought filled her with a vague happiness, yet so akin to sorrow that it was with difficulty she could pursue her task of embroidery through the blinding tears which would force themselves to her eyes, despite all her efforts to repress them.

The Count, on his side, was grieved. He dreaded the ordeal of finding himself alone in the once happy home where he had lived with his father and mother, now buried in exile across the sea. And then his fancy drew another picture,—that of a sweet, pale face beside him in the great salon in front of the huge fire-

place; perhaps a bit of embroidery in the pretty hands, perhaps a book from which she would be reading to him at the close of a happy day. Then and there he decided to speak that evening,—he could not depart in a state of uncertainty.

"Ten o'clock," said Maître Bonnaud at last. "It is time for bed. Félicité, light the candles."

The younger members of the family had already retired. The girl arose to do her father's bidding.

"She may not return," thought the Count. "I shall wait no longer. Pardon, Félicité!" he said, rising. "One moment, I pray you! Your father and mother will permit you to remain and hear what I am about to say." Then, turning to Maître Bonnaud, while Félicité stood near the table in the shadow, he continued: "Monsieur, to-morrow I leave your hospitable roof, which received me when I had no other shelter, and beneath which I am about to ask you for one more mark of your great kindness, and a favor the greatest you could possibly grant."

Maître Bonnaud, surprised and perplexed, was about to speak, but the young man lifted his hand in deprecation.

"I came here," he repeated, "without home, without friends, without a single relative to welcome me. So far as I knew, and as I firmly believed, I was entirely without fortune. You have restored to me the domain of my ancestors; you have enabled me to place it in order; you have so directed all things that the future holds out full hands to me, if I follow your counsels. Help me now, as you have helped me in every other way, to re-establish a hearth as well as a home. Give me Félicité for my wife—if she is willing."

He leaned forward. Involuntarily the girl came a step toward him; their eyes met, both full of love and tenderness. Hers seemed to him like stars; her sweet lips trembled and a soft flush hovered on her cheeks. One instant only, and she shrank back into the semi-darkness,—

one brief, sweet, delicious instant, the happiest Félicité was ever to know.

Maitre Bonnaud, profoundly moved, saw the movement,—the exchange of glances, the brief revelation of each young soul. His wife, a little behind Félicité, clasped her trembling hands together on the shining mahogany table. Poor woman! she knew what was coming.

“M. le Comte,” said Maitre Bonnaud, “I am touched, deeply touched, by the noble and generous expressions to which you have just given utterance. Your appreciation of my efforts in your behalf is beyond all my deserts. Your parents left their affairs in my hands, and I will admit that I tried to fulfil my trust. That, M. le Comte, was only my duty. But do not forget, as I have never forgotten, that I am but the servant of your family, occupying in that regard the same place that my father and grandfather filled before me. I am profoundly honored by the proposition you have been so kind as to make me to-night, M. le Comte. But to grant the favor you have asked—to give you the hand of my daughter—is utterly impossible. Once and for all time I say it, such a thing is utterly impossible.”

With a gesture of surprise, the Count sought to interrupt the notary; but, without heeding it, the good man went on slowly:

“My daughter may be worthy of you in so far as virtue, beauty, and, I might say, education are concerned; but she is not your equal in rank or by birth; neither is she your equal in fortune or position. What you fancy to be love for her, M. le Comte, is only a feeling of gratitude, honorable and beautiful in itself, but prompted by the kindness of your heart and the proximity of its object. If, by any aberration of mind, I should consent to this *mésalliance*, the time would be sure to come when we should all regret it. Say no more on the subject, I beg; let us end it here. Never shall it be said that Maitre Bonnaud restored to you your fortune in order to enrich his daughter

and give her the honor of your name. In accepting your offer, M. le Comte, I should not only abase you, but myself and family, and earn the just censure of the world. Once more, with all my heart I thank you, M. le Comte, for the honor which I must firmly and finally decline.”

But the Count would not be silenced. With all the eloquence of which he was capable, he pressed his suit, seeking to lay aside every objection that the notary had interposed; but the worthy man was inflexible. At length the Count, spurred by opposition, and feeling that the more distant grew the object of his desires the more he wished to possess it, exclaimed:

“It is not gratitude but love that I feel for your daughter, Maitre Bonnaud. My life will be empty without her. Take back the fortune you have saved for me: I do not want it. Give me only Félicité, and we will go forth and begin the world together.”

“Ah, youth, youth, youth!” responded the notary, not able to repress a smile at the romantic enthusiasm of the lover. “No more, no more, I beg! The daughter of Maitre Bonnaud is not for the Comte d’Auguisson.”

Once more the Count leaned toward the shadow of the candles. There stood Félicité, two crystal tears upon her cheeks. She did not lift her eyes.

“Félicité!” he cried, impetuously. “By the memory of our childhood, of the few happy months we have just passed together, by the love I have long felt for you, and which I believe is returned, plead with your father for our future, for our happiness!”

Maitre Bonnaud turned to his daughter, fixing upon her a look more severe than she had ever before seen in his eyes.

“I hope,” he said, very slowly, in a tone that froze the heart of the girl within her,—“I hope that my daughter will not, for the first time in a life of loving and dutiful obedience, cause me the undying mortification of believing that for one instant she could be capable of resisting,

even in thought, my unalterable decision, which is, as time will prove to all concerned, the only one possible to a wise and loving father, a faithful steward, and an honest man. Madame, take your daughter. It is very late."

Hand in hand the two women left the room. Neither then nor at any other time was the subject mentioned between them, and what had taken place that evening remained a secret in the hearts of the four who had participated in it.

"I wonder that your sister-in-law has never married," observed a visitor to young Madame Bonnaud, as he watched a tall, slender, gray-gowned figure pass into the little sitting-room where the old man, Maître Bonnaud, spent most of his time. They were standing outside the window, waiting for some others of the walking party which had been arranged for the morning.

"Oh, Tante Félicité!" laughed the sprightly sister-in-law. "Somehow one can't associate her with love or marriage. She is too saintly, too detached, too—and yet," she continued, "I do not wish you to have a wrong idea of her. She has no old-maidish ways; she is the very personification of unselfishness. I don't know what the children would do without her—not only mine but those of the other sons and daughters,—at least part of the year. If any one falls sick it is 'Send for Tante Félicité.' Should a child cut his finger, it is she who binds it up. Are any of us going on a trip, we leave the young ones in her care. Why, even at the château they don't seem to be able to get on without her assistance. When the Count was thrown from his horse and lay for weeks between life and death, it was Félicité for whom the Countess sent, preferring her methods to those of the trained nurses from Paris. When the Countess herself was ill on two or three occasions, it was Félicité who, the Count declares, literally brought her back to him. By the way, I have never seen such

affection as there is between those two. She was of the D'Auvicé family; the old Baron is her father."

"Yes?" said the visitor:

"And when they lost their only child," resumed the young woman, "it was dear, good Félicité who consoled them both. She sits with her father half the time; he is blind now, and she reads to him. In short, he would not be able to get on at all if he had not Félicité. Oh, no, M. le Danmon! It is impossible to think of her as married. She has never thought of it. This way is best."

Beside the ingle nook, where every word that had been uttered in the garden had been heard, Félicité sat with her father. As the voices died away, Maître Bonnaud laid his hand upon the soft hair and asked in a low, tender voice:

"Félicité, my treasure, have you ever doubted that it was best?"

Across the chasm of five and twenty years, never crossed until that moment by word or allusion of her father, Félicité glanced steadfastly with one swift, all-embracing glance.

"Never, father,—never!" she said, in a voice that carried its own conviction; and, drawing the tremulous old hand to her lips, she kissed it tenderly.

Who Knows?

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

HE died last week, you say. Ah, me!
 Could I but think 'twas only then,
 Less haltingly would drag my pen,
 My tears would flow less bitterly.

Last week? Nay, years ago, alas!
 He died, that nobler self we knew,
 The soul to God and conscience true,
 Indifferent to things that pass.

And yet who knows what may betide
 Ere mortal life ebbs quite away?
 God grant of him the angels say,
 'He lived again before he died.'

Heroines of the Home.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

ELIZABETH CANORI MORA.

(CONTINUED.)

HAVING once marked out her line of conduct, Elizabeth courageously embraced it, and never deviated from it. She was obedient and docile, and claimed for herself no authority over any one, not even over the servants. Placed in the society of more than thirteen persons of different characters, she had to please all, to accommodate herself to all; yet, by force of patience, humility, and meekness, she succeeded in gaining the cordial esteem and love of the whole family.

As time went on, her husband, instead of reforming, went from bad to worse; and, to add to her sufferings, the Mora family ended by blaming her for his misconduct, reproaching her for leading too retired a life, and alienating his affection by her excessive austerity. Cross followed cross. After the birth of her fourth and youngest child, she was attacked with the deadly Roman *perniciosa*,—against which medical science at that time was powerless. When all human hope was abandoned, and she had received the last sacraments, having been given up by the physicians, the fever left her.

"This," she said, "was the last gift of grace, which rescued me from the mortal lethargy in which my poor soul had been immersed. The idea of eternity, where I believed myself to be certainly passing, occupied all my thoughts. The grief which I experienced for my sins was excessive. All my hopes were in the merits of my crucified Jesus, whose image I held clasped in my hands. I consecrated myself anew to Him in life and in death. . . . During the five months of my convalescence, my confessor came frequently to see me. He led me to consider that the life which Our Lord had miraculously restored was no longer mine but His. The words of His

minister touched my heart. I offered myself entirely to Our Lord, and I began to go to confession and Holy Communion every week. At length a desire to receive Communion more frequently took possession of me; but, not daring to say so to my confessor,* I recommended myself to Our Lord and to the Blessed Virgin, so that they might inspire him. And, indeed, he one morning said to me: 'A particular inspiration obliges me to give you Holy Communion three times every week.'

This was the crucial point in her life. Thenceforward she turned her back upon the world, renouncing all its vanities and pleasures. Costly dresses, the trappings of pride, were cast aside; and she drew nearer to God, the Virgin Mother, and the angels and saints, in proportion as she withdrew from the world. Again she was called upon to "embrace the Cross, despising the shame." The change in her mode of life drew down upon her a cruel persecution both from her friends and her family; her husband alone left her in peace, and allowed her to live according to her own tastes and inclinations.

On the morning of September 7, 1803, while suffering from doubt and uncertainty regarding her new way of life, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her, holding in her hands and caressing in her bosom a dove, from which issued on all sides rays of light, and which bore under its wings marks of bleeding nails. One of these rays of fire struck the heart of Elizabeth, and made so severe a wound that she fainted away. When she recovered, she found herself completely changed: her heart was on fire, and, in the excess of her transport, she exclaimed: "At last thou hast conquered, O holy love of my God!" The wound which she had just received in this vision of the heavenly Spouse had given her a violent palpitation. She feared lest any curious eye should

* The Rev. John James Pegna, formerly a Jesuit (up to the time of the suppression of the Society), and Penitentiary of the Basilica of St. Peter.

penetrate the mystery of her illness, and begged of Our Lord the grace to keep His favors concealed from the eyes of men. Instantly the loving palpitation ceased, to return only at the time of prayer and Holy Communion.

An ecclesiastical dignitary having told her that she was mistaken in adopting such a method of life—that she should leave such constant solitude and assiduous prayer to cloistered religious, that her duty was to please her husband and give satisfaction to his family, and that in acting otherwise she made herself responsible for all the evil of his misconduct,—she was greatly upset and implored God to make known to her the divine will. Our Saviour immediately appeared to her and said: “My daughter, why do you grieve? Do you not remember that you are consecrated to Me?” Conscious that these words conveyed a mystical meaning, as yet not understood, her mind was enlightened when Our Lord again appeared and thrice repeated: “Remember that you are consecrated to Me.” She then recalled the vow of perpetual virginity she had made when a child in the convent of Cascia. Disturbed at the thought of her apparent infidelity, she consulted her confessor, who consoled her by telling her that she had not sinned in taking a mortal spouse, because she had forgotten her vow and acted in all sincerity; adding that he would obtain a dispensation in her favor from the Sacred Penitentiary.

The same confessor was inspired to admit her to daily Communion, after she had prayed to the Blessed Virgin to know the divine will, and had seen Our Lady and a procession of blessed spirits during a rapture she had on the eve of the Immaculate Conception. This was the first of an uninterrupted series of graces and favors of the highest order,—miraculous Communion, in which she received the Sacred Host from St. Peter or an angel, or in which Our Lord visibly visited her. Once, when in adoration before the tabernacle, she was rapt in spirit and saw

her soul under the form of a temple in which a majestic altar was raised. St. Felix of Valois and St. John of Matha, appearing to her in the centre of this mysterious sanctuary, took with extreme reverence a Host from the ciborium and placed it on a golden paten on the altar of her soul; while simultaneously from the Host issued a luminous ray which went direct to her heart, enkindling therein such ardent love that she did not know how to bear it. The saints then united their spirit to hers and offered it to the Most Holy Trinity.

All her devotion was centred in the Blessed Sacrament, and the greatest favors she received were ordinarily granted to her after Holy Communion. During a retreat preparatory to Pentecost which she made in the convent of the Infant Jesus, near Santa Maria Maggiore, Our Lord revealed to her that He designed to make her a great saint, imparting to her a grace which enabled her to enjoy almost continually His sensible presence and the company of blessed spirits.

Her new director permitted her to renew every three months the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; she being at liberty to bind herself by a vow of chastity because her husband had entirely deserted her. She did not, however, omit any of the duties incumbent on her as a mother, looking after the education of her two daughters, whom she presented and consecrated to Our Lady during an extraordinary ecstasy she had before a picture of the Blessed Virgin. She had the consolation of receiving the divine assurance that her zeal in forming these young souls to virtue was pleasing to God, our Saviour saying to her, “These two souls are Mine, because you desire that they should be”; adding: “One day your example will serve to confound many mothers who have not fulfilled their duties.”

But it was in her conduct as a wife, afflicted with a bad husband, that her heroism shone most conspicuously. When

his culpable extravagance made him bankrupt, she gave up all she had to pay his debts and appease the anger of his family, who bitterly reproached her with having been the cause of all these misfortunes. After ruining his home, stripping his wife of all she possessed, and reducing his two daughters to poverty, he had robbed his father of a considerable sum. When Dr. Mora discovered that all his money was gone, he fell into an apoplectic fit, and was restored to health only by the prayers of his saintly daughter-in-law. Offering herself to God as a victim for her sinful husband, she had to suffer for his guilt.

On his return to his family, Christopher Mora became worse than ever. There was no ill treatment to which he did not subject his virtuous wife. He went so far as to require her to give him permission in writing to continue his former course of life. She replied that such an act would be a crime, and that she would prefer death a thousand times rather than consent. He gave her the alternative of giving him the document or dying by his hand. The threat failed to shake the resolution of the heroic woman. Furious at her invincible firmness, he seized a dagger and prepared to execute his threat. In this extreme peril, she fell on her knees, recommended her soul to God, prayed for her murderer, and courageously waited for the blow to be struck. At this moment God came miraculously to her aid. Her husband suddenly found himself seized with terrible fear and deprived of all his strength. Frightened at so visible a chastisement, he threw himself at the feet of his victim, and asked her pardon. This she granted at once, and his strength immediately returned.

Still, even this did not change him. He was no sooner delivered from danger, than he poured insults upon his deliverer. He told his family that he would commit suicide if she did not give him the writing he asked; and his mother so far forgot herself that she actually besought her

daughter-in-law to accede to his wish, to avoid such a catastrophe. But Elizabeth remained unshaken in her resolution. "My heart," she said, "was incapable of fear. Being always absorbed in God, I enjoyed an ineffable union with Him. My husband might have torn me into a thousand pieces: I should not have felt it."*

This conflict lasting for an entire month and becoming intolerable, her confessor advised her to seek for a legal separation, but first to pray for light to know the divine will. Our Lord thus replied: "I desire you not to abandon these three souls—those of your husband and your two children,—because I wish them to be saved by your means." Whereupon she wrote to her confessor: "Lay aside all thoughts of separation. I prefer the salvation of these three souls to my spiritual comfort. It is more advantageous to the glory of God to co-operate in the salvation of these three souls; and this will place no obstacle in the way of my perfection."

Elizabeth's courage, sustained by prayer, penance, silence, humility, and unalterable patience, prevailed after a three months' conflict. This victory was followed by yet another combat, in which she was assailed by her sisters-in-law,† who accused her of being the sole cause of her husband's misconduct, and treated her as a false devotee. Moreover, Dr. Mora confided the management of his house to one of his daughters, a woman of a hard and capricious character, who subjected Elizabeth to great humiliations, and finally expelled her from the house, where she had been reduced to work as a seamstress to provide for herself and daughters. As a concession, she and her children were allowed to go every day to dine at her father-in-law's table and to carry away secretly what was wanted

* Lady Herbert. *Op. cit.*, p 41, et seq.

† Not the sisters-in-law who came to live with her and sympathized with her, and who had meanwhile died, but others of the same family.

for their supper. Even this was withdrawn after Dr. Mora's death on August 25, 1813, when Elizabeth was told that she should in future regard herself as a stranger to the Moras and seek another home.

Meanwhile her wretched husband had been lured into one of the secret societies. Heedless of the warning he received from his watchful wife, he was one day thus referred to by Our Lord, who said to her: "If your husband does not at once withdraw from these abominable societies, where My divine majesty is daily outraged, I shall punish him with death." Shortly afterward, while she was in prayer, Our Lord said to her: "Run in spirit to the aid of your husband, who is on the point of receiving a mortal wound." A member of the secret society was just then waiting in a lonely place to kill him as a traitor, when his wife miraculously came to his rescue and arrested the assassin's arm. While yet in a state of partial ecstasy, Elizabeth called her children and said to them in an agitated tone of voice: "Come, my daughters, and let us give thanks to God. Your father has been in danger of death, and the divine mercy has spared him."*

A few moments later, Christopher, quite distracted, came into the house. The fright he had got brought on a fever through which Elizabeth nursed him as the most tenderly loved wife might have done. Believing himself to be at the point of death, he consented to make his confession and be reconciled to God. Her prayers, however, obtained his recovery, which everyone regarded as miraculous. Delivered from danger again, he once more relapsed and returned to the companion who had been his social and moral ruin.

(To be continued.)

* Lady Herbert. Op. cit., p. 51.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

X.

BRIAN was an orphan. The worst had happened,—the worst as foreseen by Stephen Cardew for many years.

Still under eleven, a frail, delicate child, Brian was a lonely, unhappy little waif; and the sight of his pale, sad face, and eyes heavy and red from much weeping, filled everyone in the hotel with pity.

"What will become of him? Where will he go?" one lady said to the other. "The poor darling, I can not bear to look at him!"

"Nor I," replied her companion, sighing. "And they tell me he has but little money. I suppose he'll have to go to some institution. It's very sad."

But, happily, Brian was not so destitute of friends as these good people fancied. Mrs. Devereux had not forgotten her promise to his father. In the event of his death, she had declared herself willing and ready to look after and care for the boy to the best of her ability. So, immediately after the funeral, she packed up Brian's belongings and took him off in her daughter's carriage to Slievenagh House.

Here Monica received him with open arms; and, kissing him tenderly, told him that he was very welcome, and that henceforth he must be as her little son and Marjory's dear brother. Brian clung to her, sobbing; and, though touched and comforted by her kindness, he cried himself to sleep that night; and for many lonely days and weeks he mourned for the dear father who had been so much to him, and was now lost forever.

But, fortunately, at Brian's age tears are soon dried; grief passes, and life, that had seemed dull and wretched, in a short time becomes bright and full of interest once more. To a boy of ten, Slievenagh House was, in many respects, an ideal home. The fine old mansion was roomy

A MAN'S nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—*Bacon*.

and cheerful; the park, grounds and farm were large and extensive. There were horses and dogs, cows and sheep; so that to a lover of animals, such as Brian was, the outdoor amusements and interests were endless, and his days flew by rapidly and pleasantly.

Brian's coming had been at first a great joy to Marjory. A constant companion was a boon to the lonely little girl, and for some time she was his adoring slave. Everything she had was his, to do what he liked with. His merest word or look was her law. For Brian to speak was enough: Marjory was eager and willing to obey him in all things. But, alas! this state of bliss did not last. Naturally quarrelsome and greatly spoilt, Miss Darien began to give herself airs, and, turning the tables completely, insisted upon Brian's giving in to her and doing exactly as she ordered him. This the boy sturdily refused to do, and the Angel of Peace fled from nursery and schoolroom.

"You're not half so nice as Mave Galagher!" Brian cried, indignantly, one day. "If Rosapenna weren't so far away, I'd always play with her, and never with you. She is so sweet-tempered and so pretty!"

"She's only a peasant with bare feet," said Marjory, tossing her small head in scorn. "I am a lady."

"Are you?" Brian reddened. "Then behave as one. You're not half the lady Mave is, and it's only by accident she isn't just as well dressed as you are."

"Such nonsense! You're a silly boy, Brian Cardew."

"I'm not. And when I grow big I'm going to marry Mave, and look for her friends. I'll hunt the world till I find out who she is."

Marjory gave him an angry push, and scowled at him from under her thick dark brows.

"You're a horrid boy! I wish you weren't here, and I shan't play with you any more." Then, catching sight of Davy Lindo ambling slowly in their direction,

she called out: "Come here, Davy! I want you."

Davy grinned, and his round red face assumed quite an agreeable expression.

"My pretty dear!" he answered. "Why, I declare you look vexed. Has that youngster dared to affront you?"

"He says" (Marjory's eyes flashed passionately) "that that barelegged little peasant girl over at Carrigart, Mave Galagher, is more of a lady than I am, and that when he's big he'll look and look till he finds her friends, and—and marry her."

Davy laughed loudly, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, stood over Brian, glaring at him, with a menacing look in his small bleary eyes.

"You young viper!" he hissed. "If you'd dare meddle with things that don't concern you—"

"But they *do* concern me." Brian shrank back, but faced the truculent Davy with a bold front. "Mave is my friend. Denis says her mother was a lady, and that he has things belonging to her to prove it; and so, as dear daddy used to say, with a little trouble one ought to be able to find out where she came from, and where she was going when she died on the roadside. If father had lived, he would have done this. When I grow up, I'll do all I can to discover Mave's friends."

Davy blenched; then, purple with rage, he raised his shut fist as though about to strike Brian to the ground. With quick agility the boy avoided the heavy hand; and, suddenly recovering himself, Davy let his arm fall to his side, saying with a hoarse laugh:

"I frightened you? Did I? Well, you're only a kid, so, of course, don't see a joke. Grow up fast, and look for Mave Galagher's friends. It will give you something to do. But" (laughing wildly) "it will be a great work."

Then, wheeling round, Davy Lindo strode off down the avenue, fury in his eyes, fear and anger in his soul.

"Pooh! I'm a born fool to mind," he

muttered. "The boy's a baby. What harm could he do? But" (he clenched his fists) "out of this he must go. Away from here, he may, will, forget. Here—"

Through the big entrance gates, Philip Darien, well set up and handsome, rode proudly in on a spirited young chestnut. Without a word of warning, Davy flung himself upon the horse's neck and clutched tightly at the bridle.

"What the—" exclaimed Darien, raising his whip angrily, as the terrified animal reared and plunged so violently that he kept his seat with difficulty. "Are you mad, Davy, or drunk?"

"Neither. But listen! You can quiet the beast if you like. I must speak now, at once."

Darien muttered under his breath something not complimentary, and then, telling Davy to stand well back, he gradually quieted the beautiful mare, and rode her slowly up to the hall door. Here a groom awaited him; and, springing to the ground, he threw him the reins and hurried back to meet Davy, his face black as thunder.

"Your conduct was monstrous," he declared, slashing at the shrubs with his whip. "Pray don't behave in such a way again. Had I been pitched on my head, all would have been over."

"For you, certainly. But such a thing could not happen. Your Australian life taught you many things, good and bad," Davy answered, looking him straight in the face,—“how to stick on to a horse, for one. So I'll stop your fine animal when and how I please."

"You'd hardly" (with a sneer) "weep if I were killed?"

"You are wrong. Believe me I have every wish that you should live. You're far more use to me living than dead. I have much to get out of you yet."

"You're a cool card!" Darien shivered, and clutched his whip more tightly in his twitching fingers,—“though it seemed to me you were in a fever of mad rage just now. Well, what do you want this time? More money?"

"No: something more important for us both,—something that must be attended to at once."

Philip Darien looked the pudgy, red-faced man slowly up and down.

"And pray," he asked, with set teeth, "what may that be?"

"Brian Cardew must be sent away, and never allowed to darken the doors of Slievenagh House again."

"In the name of all that's wonderful, why? He's a fine boy."

"A serpent, a—but listen and take heed." And, lowering his voice, he repeated all that had passed between him and Brian a few moments before.

Darien changed color and bit his lip.

"Only a boy's boasting nonsense. How could he find Mave's relatives? Nothing was left on the woman that could guide him or any one else to do that?"

"Not that I know of. But even an inquiry would be unpleasant, perhaps dangerous."

"Pooh! The boy will forget."

"If far from here, never seeing the girl, he may."

"My wife and mother-in-law are set upon keeping him. Marjory loves him."

"They fight like cat and dog. Marjory wants him to go; and as for your wife and mother-in-law, they" (shrugging his shoulders) "are quixotic enough for anything. They'd help him in a moment in his hunt for Mave's friends, and resign every blessed thing in her favor when they discovered the truth."

"I believe you're right. But it's deuced awkward. I've been bleeding Monica disgracefully of late" (under his breath), "and I'd like to let her keep this boy. I wish" (aloud) "Trelawny hadn't gone."

"Trelawny! There are things he doesn't know, remember,—things best kept to ourselves. I've stuck to you well, Philip Darien—"

"You have," said Darien, clenching his fists and groaning,—“a little too well!"

"And" (not hearing his muttered remarks) "I'll stick to you still, if—"

"Oh, leave it! Of course I'll take your advice" (fiercely). "I'm bound to do that, worse luck!" And he turned and strode back toward the house.

Davy Lindo watched him till the hall door closed and hid him from view.

"I hold him in the hollow of my hand," he exclaimed, kicking the gravel about with his feet. "He must do what I wish or—well," with a sudden chuckle of satisfaction, "his safety is my safety, which is lucky. Otherwise, Davy Lindo, you'd be in a sorry plight. Trelawny's a thorn, I'm worse; between us, by Jove! prosperous and successful as Philip Darien is, his life is hardly worth living."

That evening, feeling sure that his wife would be hurt and indignant at the thought of parting with this boy, for whom she appeared to have developed a real affection, Darien informed her that Brian must go.

"He is not a drop's blood to either of us," he said in his most bullying voice, "and I have no intention of allowing you to adopt him. He is noisy and troublesome about the place, so I must request you to make arrangements to have him sent away at once."

"He is going," Monica, to his surprise, answered quietly. "My mother is taking him to London to-morrow. She will send him to a good school; and so, knowing him to be well cared for and looked after, she will still be able to spend a great deal of her time with me here."

"I'll not have him coming back for his holidays either, remember!"

"No: mother thinks that would be unwise, for many reasons. Perhaps Brian may never come back. Indeed, I feel certain that he never will."

"Good! It is better for us all that the boy should go. You have no idea how his presence here annoyed and worried me."

"You never liked his father, Phil."

"No, never. That, of course, is the reason why I can not stand the son." And, kissing his wife in an unusually affectionate manner, Darien hurried away.

"Mother was right," Monica reflected, her eyes filling with tears. "Philip hates the child; but Davy Lindo has poisoned his mind against him. Oh, if only I could send *him* away, how glad I'd be!"

XI.

The pretty dining-room in Mrs. Devereux's London flat—with its wide window, hung with rich crimson curtains, looking across York Place, and away down a long, broad street into Gloucester Place; its green walls making a pleasant background for some good mezzotints and fine engravings; its floor covered with a bright but harmoniously colored Indian carpet,—had an air of cosy comfort and simple elegance that was both restful and pleasing.

"The dear little home!" Mrs. Devereux thought, one cold morning in January, as she seated herself at the breakfast table and glanced round her with a happy smile. "Truly I'm a fortunate woman. Any kindness I ever did for Brian Cardew has been amply rewarded. The dear lad, now that he is of age, and his money is all his own, has but one idea—to make me happy. Together, our incomes do well; and so, in many ways, we help each other; and he—God bless him!—is like a son to me."

The door opened, and a tall, refined young man, with a bright, intelligent face, dark grey eyes, and brown hair waving back from a broad, low forehead, entered the room, and, bending, kissed Mrs. Devereux affectionately, and cheerily bade her good-morning.

"Late as usual, mater, I'm afraid," he said, taking his seat at the table. "I hope the bacon is cold, just to teach me punctuality."

"You're not late, dear. I've only just come in."

"Good! I was abusing myself and thinking what an incorrigibly lazy fellow I am. But what a pile of letters you've got there! Anything unusual going on?"

"Only a bazaar at the convent, for which I'm furnishing a stall, greatly helped by many willing and kind friends. These

are answers to my various begging notes."

Brian Cardew laughed gaily, and helped himself to bacon and eggs.

"You're a wonderful woman! Always some good work on hand. But that letter doesn't please you somehow. I declare you're frowning! What is it, mater? Some rude refusal to help you with your stall?"

"No, dear. It's from Marjory Darien, and is just a little annoying."

Brian's face grew grave, and he glanced quickly across the table.

"More trouble there?"

"Not more than usual, I think. But Marjory is bored at Slievenagh House, and wishes to come to London."

"Poor girl! And why not? We could put her up, mater. Our spare room is tiny, but a little—" (he laughed). "What a goose I am! Marjory is seventeen, quite grown up."

"And dying for excitement. She'll turn us topsy-turvy, Brian, and expect to be taken about and amused."

"Of course. And it will be delightful to run round with her. We're too old—you and I, mater,—and want shaking up. Write to Marjory by return of post, and tell her to come up at once. I'll get tickets for ever so many theatres; and—happy thought!—she'll work hard for you at your stall. She and I will take pots of money, you'll see."

Mrs. Devereux smiled, then read Miss Marjory's letter slowly over again.

"Marjory is not quite so obliging as you are, Brian," she said presently. "She's a very spoilt young person."

"Is she? It's twelve years since we've met, and my recollection of her ways makes me think she was always that. She and I used to quarrel fearfully. But, then" (smiling), "we are older and wiser now. If she likes me better than she did then, we'll get on all right—for a while."

Mrs. Devereux glanced affectionately and admiringly at the clever, handsome face of her beloved Brian, and smiled.

"I feel sure she'll like you, dear. And

Marjory is very good-looking, in a showy way."

"That sounds all right. It's nice to go about with a good-looking girl. And I'll get her to sit to me for her portrait. Does she know I'm an artist—or rather going to be one?"

"Certainly. She knows all about you. She and Monica are perpetually questioning me about you when I visit Slievenagh House."

"That's kind. But Mrs. Darien was always kind. I'd love to go back to Slievenagh just for a short time, mater dear,—next holidays."

Mrs. Devereux flushed, and she looked deeply pained.

"Those men, Brian! They dislike you, and would be rude and disagreeable."

"Pooh!" Brian laughed, and threw back his head with a proud, disdainful curl of his lip. "I shouldn't mind that. I'm no weak boy now, remember, to be frightened into fits, but a man with a strong will and a good tongue in his head. I'd keep them in their places, never fear."

"You've no idea what they are, Brian. Lindo is well-nigh—in fact, altogether—unbearable. His impudence and self-assertion make Monica's life a misery. He gets worse and worse every day, every hour, and Philip is evidently afraid to say a word."

"It's a mystery. For some reason, Mr. Darien must fear him. There is a secret in his life that Lindo knows of, I am convinced."

"I'm sure you're right. Trelawny! O Brian, he—except that he visits the place only occasionally—is almost worse than Lindo! The latter is vulgar, openly truculent; but Trelawny, with his politeness and mock gentility, is appalling. His sneaking ways and fulsome compliments rouse all Marjory's worse qualities. When he is there the girl is like a mad thing. He is to arrive soon now, she thinks, and so longs to get away."

"She must come. Write at once; or, better still, mater, wire."

"No, dear. A telegram might never reach her; or, if it did, it would surely have been opened and read, and, for some reason or other, Lindo might declare she was not to go. Her father would lock her up, if necessary, rather than contradict him."

"Such tyranny is awful. Marjory will have to marry, mater, and get away from it all."

Mrs. Devereux started, and glanced quickly at Brian; then, busying herself with her letters, she said quietly:

"I've often thought of that, dear. In fact, I've already thought of the very man I'd like her to marry."

"Oh, what a matchmaker!" Brian laughed. "Marjory can afford to marry a poor man. But who is it you fancy as her husband?"

"Sir Leonard Devereux's son Frank."

"And so unite title and property once more?"

"Exactly. Don't you think it's a good idea, Brian?"

"Capital! If it only comes off without coercion. Frank Devereux is certainly one of the best."

"And Marjory has her attractions."

"I dare say. Well, good-bye, mater! I'm off to the studio. And mind, you must write to Marjory at once. But" (quickly) "what if she doesn't get her letters?"

"Oh, she gets letters all right! And she'll say nothing about the invitation, except to her mother, but just come."

"And supposing they—Lindo is angry?"

"Monica must bear it. Poor soul!" (Her voice broke.) "O Brian, she has a hard time! But, guessing, fearing, Philip is in that brute's power, she says nothing and bears it like a martyr. If ever there was a saint on earth, my Monica is one."

"Dear friend,—dear, kind friend, and you suffer too!"

"Bitterly,—but not as she does; for Philip is not my husband. I get away from it all. And, dear boy, I have you."

He caught her hand and carried it to his lips.

"God bless you!" he whispered with emotion, his handsome, boyish face lit up with loving reverence. "Since my father's death, twelve years ago, you have been my dear, devoted mother."

"And will always remain so. Till you love and marry, Brian, I'll never leave you long."

"Then, please God, we have many, many years together."

"No, no, Brian! You'll marry some sweet girl."

"I was born" (laughing) "to be an old bachelor. I'm anything but a lady's man, mater."

"You'll mend of that, Brian,—sooner than you think, perhaps."

"Don't imagine such a thing. I'm not made that way; although" (smiling) "in my early youth I was rather susceptible. At the age of ten, I vowed I'd marry Mave Galagher, aged five and a half, or no other."

"Mere childish nonsense, forgotten long ago."

"Marjory and I fought about it; and Davy Lindo almost slew me because I said I'd find the child's friends when I grew up, and make her my wife. I never saw any man so angry as he was that day."

"Poor little boy! He did frighten you horribly. I was glad to get you away from the creature."

"And I to go; though I've often longed to go back to Donegal for many reasons. It is sacred to me, as the place where my dear father died; and" (thoughtfully) "I'd give a good deal to see little Mave again."

"She has left Carrigart, I believe; and was doing extremely well, Father McBlaine told me,—probably as lady's maid or upper housemaid."

Brian reddened to his hair and his eyes grew dark.

"I can not believe it. Mave was fit for better things."

"Dear boy, a little barefooted peasant, educated at the national school—
The sound of voices in the



her pause suddenly; and a moment later the door was flung open, and a tall, handsome girl, pale and weary-looking, wearing a dark travelling dress and carrying a small bag, stood, smiling nervously, upon the threshold.

"O Marjory? You!" Mrs. Devereux sprang to her feet. "In the name of goodness—"

"Don't scold me,—pray don't, grand-mamma dear! I simply had to come." And, sobbing, Marjory Darien threw herself into Mrs. Devereux's arms.

(To be continued.)

Emigrants and Emigration.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

"WHAT of the Pilgrim Mothers?" said an American ambassador at a social function. "We are going to drink the health of the Pilgrim Fathers: let us by all means include the Mothers." Even so. The papers often speak of the omnipresent Irishman: let us not forget the pure and faithful Irishwoman who cares for the home and tends the children, saying many a fervent *Ave* meantime.

"A sower went forth to sow." To-day the sower is often an emigrant who, with an all but empty pocket, his sole possessions love of the Faith of his fathers and two capable hands, has found himself standing on virgin soil *somewhere*. It may have been amongst the maples of Canada, in the Rockies, in the Far North, under the midnight sun. In all these places he has had to sow good seed, to build another nest.

Some years ago a Catholic Member of Parliament came to a log house on the skirts of a great virgin forest in America. In the wooden house were a widow and her sons. They were Catholics, who had built a nest amidst the pines. They were miles from a settlement and a church, and returned from Mass in fear of wolves, as the faithful of Uganda do in fear of lions.

Sometimes they could not get to the Holy Sacrifice for weeks and weeks; but, all the same, they tried to keep church at home: knelt and prayed, recited the Rosary, sang the beautiful litanies. So the love of the Faith was kept burning by these pioneers, these nest builders, these witnesses in the wilderness, even as it had been by others ever since the Penal Days.

"Who," asks a writer, "have been the world's colonizers,—have made the desert places blossom like the rose, have given us the music of the voice and the instrument instead of the yell of the savage; have founded cities, given bread to the hungry, made room for the out-of-work, the submerged, the hopeless?" Who but the men who have left cold hearths behind them, who have turned away from their own land, trusting in God to guide them,—modern children of Israel journeying through the wilderness?

In the Australian *Southern Cross*, quite recently, I read of the passing of a most notable nest builder, one Grannie Finn, at the age of one hundred and five. This grand home-maker had come to the land of the Golden Sign in her youth. Green Erin was but a loved memory when she died, asking, it may be, the old pathetic question:

Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to
its God?

Grannie walked several miles to Mass within a few weeks of her call. What scenes must she have witnessed, have taken part in, since the big ship brought her from where the shamrock grew! Her dim eyes had seen cities, "cloud-capped towers," rise; she had shaken hands with hundreds of emigrants, had lived to hear of, if not attend, the grand service in honor of the founding of the Knights of Our Lady of the Southern Cross.

In the obituary notices you often meet with this kind of announcement: "On May 2, at his residence, John, the beloved husband of Ann Connell, leaving a wife, one son, two daughters, and fourteen

grandchildren to mourn his loss. Arrived in the *Nimrod*, 1856. *R. I. P.*" I dare say it was the old story with regard to dead John Connell: a little low cabin; rack-rent, and then the crossing of the waters. Simply an Hibernian rendering of that painted drama, "The Last of England." The aspiration of the Catholic emigrant is:

Teach me to hold Thy hand till I can see!
Thou guidest stars: my soul is safe with Thee.

In a volume of THE AVE MARIA * I once read a most beautiful and touching anecdote of some Irish emigrants and the late Cardinal Taschereau, the first Canadian Cardinal. In 1847 hundreds of emigrants crossed the waters to become nest builders in alien lands. Many of these came to French Canada, and were received with sweet and gracious hospitality by their more fortunate co-religionists, who fed the hungry, harbored the harborless, succored the fatherless and the afflicted; in other words, followed in the footsteps of their holy brothers and sisters, the saints of God. Many of the emigrants were down with ship-fever—a malignant and very infectious form of typhus,—and were taken to Grosse Isle, the quarantine station of Quebec. Rev. Fathers McMahan and McGauran came to the aid of these poor birds of passage, ministered to them spiritually and physically. Strangers in a strange land! Yes, but the soggarth aroon was there,—who

Came to my cabin door,
And on my earthen "flure"
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon!

When the health of these brave priests gave way, they appealed for aid to the Canadian clergy, and amongst those who nobly responded was Father Taschereau.

Of the Irish emigrant in England it is almost needless to speak; for we all know him,—have all seen Pat pause, hod on head, when the Angelus bell rang; have all seen him in the chair at some public meeting, when he has climbed up the

* "The First Canadian Cardinal," by Anna T. Sadlier. Vol. xlv, p. 589.

social ladder; have seen him going on his charitable round as a Brother of St. Vincent de Paul; have known him also as a lay apostle leading others to the feet of Peter. Surely the Sacred Dove hovers over the head of many a Catholic emigrant, even as the dove of promise hovered over the Ark when the flood abated and Time itself was young.

One word more. Every year there is a mighty army of exiles led by the Holy Spirit, a host of willing emigrants sent by the Church to other lands, in the shape of missionaries and Sisters of various religious Orders. They go forth to teach, preach, nurse, sow golden grain; having no country save that fair country which is above. And in many cases the ground has been prepared for this mighty host by emigrants who have gone before,—by men and women who long since have looked their last on the mother country; who have found new worlds for the Church's enterprise; who say in effect to the persecuted, "There is room for ye here. Come over and bless us."

"I found myself in a strange place," said a Catholic widow to me. "Husband, sisters, children, friends,—all slept in the old familiar place; but I made my way to the church and found *home* there." Ah! she could say, as many an Irish nest builder has said, with his empty nest behind:

Saints of Erin,—saints of Erin!
Ye have held your children's hand
When they lonely stood in exile,
Strangers in the stranger's land.
Ye have led them to the soggarth,
Led them to the church's door,
Where the solemn, grand old Latin
Made them feel at home once more.

PRAYER is the essential weapon of all religions. He who can no longer pray because he doubts whether there is a Being to whom prayer ascends and from whom blessings descend,—he is indeed cruelly solitary and prodigiously impoverished.

—*Amiel.*

The Regeneration of History.

SIGNS of the regeneration of history continue to multiply. Reviewing a history of the Reformation (Vol. II. "In Lands beyond Germany") by T. M. Lindsay, D. D., principal of the Free Church College, Glasgow, the *Athenæum* remarks:

We seem to discern a lack of depth in Dr. Lindsay's knowledge of some subjects, such as the Counter-Reformation and the Tridentine theology; while his prejudice against everything Catholic is more apparent in this volume than in the earlier one. It remains a great improvement on D'Aubigny, but it is not an adequate history. . . . The account of Knox and Calvin shows bias mainly by its carefully calculated omissions. Knox's character must be judged by his approval of the murders of Beaton and Rizzio, by his savage love of persecution, by his hatred of all that goes by the name of culture. To say that he was a democrat may doubtless have a certain truth,—the same truth that the term has when applied to Cæsar, Cromwell, Mohammed, or Napoleon. All were essentially governing minds—and Knox was as much a born ruler as any of them,—and all used democratic forces only so far as they were instruments for their own ideas. Does Dr. Lindsay really suppose that Knox would have respected the religion of Spain or Italy, which was eminently "popular," had he had a chance of suppressing it? The same term is even more of a misnomer applied to Calvin; for the latter distinctly avows his belief in aristocracy. The fact is that Protestantism in its Puritan forms is, and always was, essentially aristocratic in feeling and method; that is, it rests on a notion of the power and virtue of a particular class.

In a review of a new Life of St. George, the champion of Christendom and the patron saint of England, the same scholarly journal has this to say:

Although Calvin emphatically declared his disbelief in the existence of any historic St. George, it is impossible to accept his cheap scepticism, which has been rashly followed by later writers as sound; for St. George's name is venerated up to the present time in the East by both Christian and Moslem. The Greek Orthodox Church honors him as the Great Martyr, and an actual majority of the churches and monasteries of the East are dedicated in his honor as the Victorious One, or the Trophy-Bearer. A century after Calvin's time, Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, started the theory that

the original St. George of England was the schismatical Archbishop of Alexandria, a man of mean origin and coarse life, but endowed with great force of character and natural abilities. Gibbon took a particular delight in following the line originated by Reynolds; and it is owing to the influence of his pen that English literary opinion tended to believe that our St. George had been in reality an undertaker, a pork-butcher, a fraudulent army contractor.

Nowadays we are for the most part content to follow the belief of the Middle Ages, whilst rejecting many of the apocryphal legends which have grown up round the subject. Pope Gelasius, when he reformed the calendar in 494, adopted a safe and humble attitude with regard to St. George, whose slaying of the dragon was already held in doubt, by including his name amongst those "whose names are justly revered among men, but whose acts are known only to God."

Rebukes of anti-Catholic prejudice and cheap scepticism in secular journals twenty years ago were decidedly few and far between. Nowadays such rebukes have become almost common.

The Music of Human Lives.

IN "The Every Day of Life" a story is told of a German baron who stretched wires from tower to tower of his castle, to make a great æolian harp. Then he waited and listened to hear the music from it. For a time the air was still and no sound was heard. The wires hung silent in the air. After a while came gentle breezes, and this harp sang softly. At length came the stern winter winds, strong and stormlike in their forces. Then the wires gave forth majestic music, which was heard near and far.

There are human lives that never, in the calm of quiet days, yield the music that is in them. When the breezes of common care sweep over them, they give out soft murmurings of song. But it is only when the storms of adversity blow upon them that they answer in notes of noble victoriousness. It takes sore trouble to bring out the best that is in them.

Notes and Remarks.

The death of M. de Prandières, honorary president of the Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith, at Lyons, has called forth a letter from Mgr. Vidal, of the Fiji Islands, to all the missionaries and religious of his vicariate. This passage therefrom merits reproduction:

Never was M. de Prandières happier than when he could oblige "his missionaries" by coming to their assistance. On the other hand, he was deeply distressed whenever he found it impossible to aid them. I had occasion once to tell him, and his fellow-members of the Central Council, about the terrible damage done to our mission by a furious cyclone; and, according to the usual custom of missionary bishops, I concluded my narrative with an appeal for financial help to repair the ruins. "Alas, Monseigneur!" came the reply, "your request comes too late; for our funds have already been distributed, and our treasury is empty. We will come to your aid, however, just as soon as possible." I could not keep back my tears as I listened; for I thought of the suffering of my dear neophytes, whose necessities were urgent. Yet I was a little consoled by the evident concern visible on the countenances of these gentlemen, and especially by the sight of the tears which filled M. de Prandières' eyes as he was forced to give the refusal. Then, as I left the room, he accompanied me to the stairway, and whispered as he pressed my hand: "Monseigneur, I shall call on you this evening." Sure enough, he came a few hours later; and, presenting me with a generous offering, said: "The president could give you nothing a while ago, but here is the personal gift of the friend. Say nothing about it, Monseigneur; only pray for me."—"Let me," concludes the Bishop, "reveal at his tomb this instance of his paternal kindness which he forbade me to make known during his life; and let me add my conviction that what he did then for me he did time and time again for others."

Could a more beautiful or fragrant wreath of spiritual flowers be placed on the bier of a Catholic layman?

Although Mr. Richard Harding Davis has given sufficient proof of his ability to produce novelettes, it will require more than his letters to a New York journal

from the Congo Free State to establish a reputation for serious literature. Something written by him during the Spanish-American War led us to think that fiction is his forte, now we feel convinced of this. If Mr. Davis were a judicious person, he would have hesitated to repeat statements regarding the King of Belgium and the Government of the Congo Free State which have been frequently refuted—quite satisfactorily to all unprejudiced minds. The reliability of anything written by Mr. Davis from the Congo may be judged by the fact that, whereas one of his letters was dated from Stanley Falls, in the interior of the country—one thousand miles up the Congo River,—he was never within two or three weeks' journey of that place. The authority for this statement is Consul-General Whiteley himself, who accuses Mr. Davis of gross deception also in the use of photographs as evidence of atrocities on the part of Belgian officials. Mr. Davis indulged in denunciation that doubtless impressed many of his readers as being courageous and well-grounded; but Mr. Whiteley shows that, on the contrary, it was frothy and unfounded. Let us close these strictures with a word of praise. Mr. Davis writes very satisfactorily when he does not intend to be taken seriously.

It is a sad yet an indisputable fact that to many Catholics, as well as to the majority of non-Catholics, Holy Scripture has ceased to be all that it once was. Something of its impressiveness and mysterious power has been lost to thousands. The story of God and His love, of creation, of redemption and of sanctification, as told in the two Testaments, is certainly less attractive to present-day Catholics, as a body, than it was to their forefathers in the Faith. Many reasons have been assigned for this deplorable change, but the most convincing of all to our mind is one given by Bishop Hedley in a pastoral letter exhorting his flock to make use of the Bible for the profit

of their souls. After reminding them that in the Scriptures God's revelation is enshrined for all time; that they contain the Christian faith, and are the source, not only of theological science, but of all moral teaching; that in them are to be found all the discipline of a virtuous life, his Lordship observes that one thing in particular which has hindered modern Catholics from reading the Bible as God's letter to His creatures is the use of the Sacred Text for purposes of controversy. We quote the Bishop's words in full:

The great effect, as we all know, of the revolt against divine authority which people call the Reformation has been to spread far and wide the habit of looking to the Bible for texts to throw at an opponent. This, even if it did not lead to the abuse and misinterpretation of God's word, would naturally dry up devotion and banish peace and piety. Where Protestants lead the way, Catholics are to some extent obliged to follow. If the Scripture of God is employed to propagate what is false, it is necessary to challenge what is wrong and to argue for what is right. But nothing can be more foreign to the spirit of the sacred Word of God than the heat, the contention, and the perpetual limitations and distinctions of controversy. It is little wonder if the calm and serene words of Christ and the deep and burning phrases of the Apostles have lost, for many hearts, their impressiveness and their mysterious power since they have been so ruthlessly handled, for contentious purposes, by the hot hands of more or less reckless disputants.

Let us hope that one effect of the recent decree of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, approved and confirmed by Pope Pius X., will be to render the inspired words of the Bible as sacred and dear to all professing Christians as they were in the Ages of Faith.

A publication of which Minneapolis should be proud is the *Bellman*, edited by Mr. William C. Edgar, of that city; it is distinctly superior to any journal hailing from the Northwest. Especially commendable are its breadth of view, liberality of sentiment, and resolute independence. Mr. Edgar is not afraid to assert that the strength and vitality of the Church

are cause for general rejoicing, and that America needs her influence. He says:

Never in the history of this land was there greater need than now for the great restraining, conservative influence which that Church is able to exercise upon the wayward spirit of the nation. It is doing what no other religious body of less inflexible standards and inferior power of organization can attempt to do successfully,—a service to mankind the value of which is beyond all power of estimation.

It stands immovably in a world of mutable, changing purposes; pointing steadily to the value of law, discipline, and order; proclaiming the beauty and worth of self-sacrifice and service; teaching the lessons of obedience and humility. With its strong arm it gently but firmly restrains its people from following the dangerous paths which lead to chaos, and bids them find their anchor for the present and hope for the future in the quiet and sanctity of the Church's influence.

"Paris in 1851 and in 1907," a paper contributed to the *Nineteenth Century and After* by Mr. Frederic Harrison, contains a number of interesting paragraphs. Here is one, quite in line with the view more than once expressed in these columns:

I followed closely the two extraordinary strikes—that of the seamen and that of the Southern winegrowers. Both have the almost unprecedented quality of being directed against the legislature, not against employers; and concerned with laws, not with wages. They reveal a sinister condition of modern industry, and may be the precursors of unexpected social convulsions. They point to disintegration and anarchy, class wars and economic manias. Altogether, I came away from France with uneasy forebodings as to European peace and order.

There is a tinge of sadness, as well as of admiration, in this concluding paragraph of Mr. Harrison's article:

On Trinity Sunday I joined the service in Notre-Dame in Paris. How sublime is that survival of the great age of Catholic Feudalism! What miracles of devotion, chivalry and art does it not record! What endless revolutions of thought and art, of government and of society, have those soaring vaults looked down on unchanged and unyielding! I have always loved the massive dignity of Notre-Dame, which I have known for fifty-six years,—long before its eight centuries of masonry and sculpture

had been modernized by pedants. I came back to it last May, and found its fabric, its ritual, its outward form the same; but, save for the tourists, it was almost deserted. The worshippers within its enclosure were fifty-two women and twenty-five men. But as I listened to the grand music swelling up into those exquisite arcades and traceries, I felt it still to be the most beautiful thing in all Paris,—almost the only thing of true and pure art.

And because its art is true and pure, typical of the faith which built it and of which it is an enduring monument, Notre-Dame, fifty-six years hence, will still be unchanged and unyielding. Long before that period, however, we like to believe that the native worshippers within its walls will be so numerous that on Sundays, at least, the tourists will perforce remain outside.

Apropos of the relative efficiency of Catholic and Protestant missionaries in foreign lands, the preponderance of impartial opinion undoubtedly favors the former. An Australian contemporary mentions a case in point. A correspondent, writing of certain non-Catholic missions in the Samoan Islands, denounces what he calls "a kind of auction or competition in giving. Somebody, say A, gives ten dollars, B gives twelve, and so on, increasing, until some poor fellow gives fifty or one hundred dollars, and gets into debt for some years to pay off the amount. Most of this money leaves Samoa to support Melanesian missions." The correspondent states that the only churches which do not practise these abuses, and which endeavor to better the Samoans in a sane way, are the Mormon and the Catholic. "These make no exactions, and endeavor to teach useful industries. The Roman Catholic Church has obtained land in various places. On each property they have established a church and a school and a plantation. The young people are taught reading and writing, planting, making copra, washing clothes, mat-making, and many other arts useful in life. The more intellectual are taught math-

ematics, French, German, English; and, if girls, music. I met a Catholic chief at Sabapatu who spoke English and French fluently, as well as a little German. He also had a fine cocoa plantation of seven acres, which he tended himself. Everything was taught to him by the French Catholic priest, Father Mcuel."

Of similar import is the following comment of an agnostic writer in the *Socialist Review*:

At the outbreak of the volcano in Savaii, during one night, in 1905, the natives from the whole district rushed to Mananto to the mission stations. The Protestant missionary got out of bed and prayed all night with the terrified gathering, and pointed out that the "fire" was a sign of God; and by this means he made the natives more afraid than they were before. The Catholic priest was similarly besieged, but behaved differently. First, he comforted the multitude; next, he organized a relief party; and in the dead of night, in spite of his weight of seventy years, through the roadless jungle, he made for the violently active volcano, to rescue the natives living near.

Discussing "The Disposal of Africa," in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. H. H. Johnston appears to treat the black man with more respect and sympathy than one is accustomed to find displayed by the average magazinist. Mr. Johnston's forecast of African history, whether probable or the reverse, is not without interest. He says:

The Negro may have remained undeveloped in mind, but he has for the most part developed a splendid body, and one admirably adapted to the land in which he lives. The Negro is going to play a great part in the world's history yet, and we shall be well advised in dealing fairly with him. His domain in Africa is marked on the north by the southern limits of the Sahara Desert, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic; and on the south by the southern limits of the Zambezi basin, and by the coast-lands of German Southwest and Portuguese Southeast Africa. North Africa is emphatically a white man's country in its existing indigenous inhabitants, who will in course of time be considerably reinforced from other Mediterranean regions. The Sahara Desert, as it becomes recovered little by little from its present aridity by man's skill, will be the home of hybrid races, brown and yellow. There will be a considerable Asiatic

element on the east coast of Africa. There will be small patches of white men's hill colonies in Eastern Equatorial Africa between the Zambezi and the White Nile. South of the Zambezi basin, the ultimate future of the land is for the white man. But this eventuality must be prepared for in the most gradual and gentle manner by a rigid respect being shown for the black man's rights between the Zambezi and the Sahara Desert.

Mr. Johnston apparently believes that it will be possible as well as advantageous to draw the descendants of the Kafirs and Basuto back to the more tropical lands of their ancestors. The ideal settlement would be for white, black, and yellow to grow up together with equal rights and equal possessions in that healthy part of South Africa which is suited to the white race. But although the black man and the yellow man may, and no doubt will, mingle their blood in the future, it is doubtful whether the white race will consent to fuse into a hybrid type. But it seems to me, with what practical knowledge I have of Africa, that it is doubtful whether black and white can coexist in the same community with equal rights. The white man is not bidding for a very large share of the Dark Continent. The rough justice of this little planet will probably accord him that share without the permanent stain of wrong-doing, if he will safeguard scrupulously the almost exclusive right of the Negro to the possession of the soil and the greater share of the profits in Tropical Africa.

Apropos of the black man, Mary Church Terrell contributes to the *Nineteenth Century and After* an informative paper, "Peonage in the United States," which has to do with some of our own Negroes. "In the chain gangs and convict lease camps of the South to-day," she says, "are thousands of colored people, men, women, and children, who are enduring a bondage, in some respects more cruel and more crushing than that from which their parents were emancipated forty years ago."

As explanatory of the process by which this system of servitude, much worse in many respects than the oldtime slavery, has become recrudescant, the writer says:

The Negro was armed with the suffrage by just and humane men, because soon after the

War of the Rebellion the legislatures of the Southern States began to enact vagrant or peonage laws, the intent of which was to reduce the newly emancipated slaves to a bondage almost as cruel, if not quite as cruel, as that from which they had just been delivered. After the vote had been given the Negro, so that he might use it in self-defence, the peonage laws became a dead letter for a time, and lay dormant, so to speak, until disfranchisement laws were enacted in nearly every State of the South. The connection between disfranchisement and peonage is intimate and close. The planter sees the Negro robbed of his suffrage with impunity, with the silent consent of the whole country, and he knows that political preferment and great power are the fruits of this outrage upon a handicapped and persecuted race. He is encouraged, therefore, to apply the same principle for profit's sake to his business affairs. The politician declares that the Negro is unfit for citizenship and violently snatches from him his rights. The planter declares the Negro is lazy, and forces him into involuntary servitude contrary to the law. Each tyrant employs the same process of reasoning to justify his course.

The whole question of the Negro's future in the United States is one that causes thoughtful statesmen no little anxiety. The one thing certain about the matter is that the policy most conducive to the prosperity as well as to the peace of the country will be one that is informed with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount.

Pearson's is classed as a cheap magazine, but it would still be too dear if it were sold for half the price. It is a periodical of many advertisements. An article on lotteries in the September number concludes with this statement:

Perhaps the most remarkable lottery of all was held at the city of Mexico in 1897. The tickets were a dollar (*peso*) each, and the Church—this was a church lottery—guaranteed that numbers eight hundred and forty-one, and forty-one, and seven hundred and sixty-two, respectively, should release from purgatory's fiery torments the "bleeding and tortured souls" of Señora Calderon, Señora Parras, and Don Diego Vasquez.

This is a clear case of invincible ignorance. We acquit both the writer and the editor.



"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.—TWO LETTERS.

ESTHER the cook was standing by the wicket gate, looking out upon the river. Whirlwind slipped under her arm without a word, and began to walk toward the potteries.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked Esther. "It is too late for you to be out alone, and there is a storm coming up."

"I am going to see Martha," was the reply.

"Can't you wait till morning? See how dark it is growing!"

"No, I can not wait a single moment, Esther," rejoined Whirlwind, impetuously. "I *have* to see Martha this very night. I *must* tell her something."

"Does your papa know?"

"Of course not, Esther. I should never dream of telling him, because he knows I go to see Martha every single day of my life. And he would not care at all. It won't be dark for an hour yet. And there is not a sign of a storm."

"All right; have your way, then," said the cook, very well aware that further expostulation would be useless. But she could not resist a parting shot at her little mistress, who was already beginning to run. "I think old Martha spoils you!" she cried. "She is too easy with you."

"Well, *you* are not!" shouted the child in reply. "You and Minnie almost persecute me with your 'don'ts' and 'dos.'"

"I wonder what is wrong?" soliloquized the cook. "The child seemed to be almost crying. Probably herself and the master had a little tiff at the table and she has gone to pour her woes into Martha's ears. Well, no one will hurt her if it does get a

little dark; and, with all her faults, she's a poor, motherless creature, after all. God help her! But it's getting late on myself. I'd better be going in to my supper and my dishes."

The evening had grown cool. Martha had built a fire on the hearth, and was sitting in front of it musing, when the door flew open and Whirlwind flung herself into the room. She wore no hat; her hair was more disordered than ever.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked the old woman, who knew that something must have happened to bring the little girl back again at that hour in the evening. "Papa is not ill?"

"No; he is going away," replied Whirlwind, a little sullenly, as she seated herself on a footstool near the corner of the fireplace.

"Oh, if that is all, I must tell you something, dearie!" said Martha. "It is not polite to enter a house or a room without knocking. Surely you know that, my child."

"Yes, I have heard it often enough," rejoined Whirlwind, in no amiable tone. "But I didn't think *you* would mind. I didn't think *you* would begin to persecute me too, Martha."

"Persecute you, child! I love every hair of your head, and you know it. But I want you to be polite and ladylike. Certainly it would not matter to me at all, but I wished only to keep you in mind of the proper things to do. As I said before, I want you to be polite and ladylike."

"So does papa," said the child. "That is why he asked her to come."

"What do you mean, child?" asked Martha, quite mystified.

"Papa is going away; he has to travel on business, and he has written to Cousin Ellery to come and stay while he is gone. Do you know Cousin Ellery, Martha?"

"No, I have never seen her."

"I think it is horrid, don't you?"

"Not at all. Your papa is beginning to see that you are growing a great girl and need different care from that you have had till now. I think it is a wise thing to have invited your cousin to come and stay with you while he is away."

"I thought *you* would console me, Martha," said the child, in an aggrieved tone. "That is why I came."

"You did not think I would go against your papa's wishes in any way, I hope, my dear?" replied Martha. "I have never done that yet, and I trust I never shall."

"Everybody is against me!" exclaimed Whirlwind, dropping her head on her knees and bursting into tears. "Papa might let me enjoy myself while he is gone; but instead of that, he invites an old cousin, that I do not know at all, to come and turn me into—into a fine lady."

"I am sure he never said that, my dear. Every word that you have spoken since you came in shows me more and more plainly that you need some strong hand over you, my little Whirlwind."

"Do you mean that you would like to have me beaten?" cried the child, springing to her feet. "O Martha, how can you be so cruel?"

"Sit down, my child,—sit down," said Martha, drawing the footstool closer to her. "It is because your papa loves you dearly that he wishes you to grow up to be a lady. Understand that, or try to; at least take his word for it, and mine, who love you tenderly, that it is only for your best good that he is asking this cousin to come and stay with you. Do not make him unhappy by pouting or sulking. It may lead him to take harsher measures, dear,—perhaps to send you away to school."

"Oh, that I *could* not stand!" said the child. "Never, never!"

"Then do not anger your father, my child. Ask God to help you to-night when you say your prayers. See, it is getting late and there may be a storm. It is time to run home now, my dear."

"Very well; I will go, Martha," said the girl. "But I just had to come to-night, I felt so dreadful."

"Yes, yes, that is all right," answered Martha. "And to-morrow morning, if you have time, come over again and see me. I have a little plan of my own and you can help me with it. I was considering it when you came in, and had just made up my mind to ask you. I want you to write a letter for me, my dear."

"I never wrote a letter in all my life," said Whirlwind, "except in copy-books to dictation."

"But you know how?"

"Oh, yes, I know how! I mean to write to papa when he is away, of course."

"Well, in the morning I will tell you about my letter."

"Tell me now, Martha."

"Not to-night, dearie. It is time for you to go."

Throwing her arms about the old woman's neck, the child kissed her two or three times.

"I shall be here *very* early in the morning," she said.

"Oh, not too early!" rejoined Martha. "I must do my work, you know."

"Well, at ten o'clock, then?"

"Yes, at ten o'clock. But your lessons, dear?"

"Oh, I don't have any lessons now! Papa is too busy, and I can't seem to get interested in them by myself."

"Fetch your sewing, then, and stay to dinner with me. Ask papa."

"Yes. That will be splendid. Good-night, sweet, dear, good old Martha!"

Another violent embrace and she was gone. The prospect of to-morrow had banished her ill-humor, and it was a very pleasant little face that, an hour later, lifted itself to be kissed to her father as he sat writing in his study. He had rewritten the letter to his cousin twice during his daughter's absence. The first draft had seemed too stiff, the second too confident. It was many years since he had seen her, and they were not well acquainted, as

few letters had passed between them. But he knew her to be a philanthropist, and therefore judged he would make no mistake in entrusting his child for a few months to her care. Finally he decided on the following:

MY DEAR COUSIN ELLERY:—I wrote you last year that I was thinking of taking a journey to the South, principally on business, with a view to establishing agencies there for our works, and perhaps a "plant" in one of the Southern States, which I am not at liberty to name to you, as the secret of the discovery of suitable clay for pottery is not mine to disclose. This is prefatory to asking you if you could not so arrange matters as to be able to come to Melloden and remain during my absence with my little daughter,—my "Whirlwind," as I call her, she is so restless and so wild. I know this will not frighten you, as you have long been interested in children and the proper way of bringing them up. I feel, my dear cousin, that your womanly and beneficent influence on the child will compensate you in some measure for the loss of the more agreeable summer vacation you no doubt have already planned.

I have two excellent servants, but there is something more needed. The cook, our good Esther, whom we have had with us for many years, and Minnie, her niece, a kind and capable girl, do all they can for the child in their own way; but you will understand that is not enough. However, their conduct in our regard is sufficient surety that they will be equally agreeable to you, and will render, as far as they can, your stay in the household both pleasant and free from housekeeping anxieties. Then there is old Martha, the former nurse of my dear wife, who lives not far from us, and who is devotedly attached to my daughter and to me. She is a capable and amiable woman, familiar with all kinds of illness, and could safely be relied upon in any emergency.

Now, my dear cousin, will you not come to us and take charge of my little daughter,

who has so long lacked a mother's care? There could be no greater misfortune for a child than that of being deprived of such a mother as my Angela would have been; but can not endure even to think, much less to write, on that sorrowful subject.

Pity our loneliness and our need, dear cousin, and send, as soon as possible, a favorable answer to

Your affectionate

FREDERICK.

To this letter Mr. Melloden promptly received an answer as follows:

MY DEAR FREDERICK:—In order to oblige you, and help you in your present necessity, which appears to be great, I have decided to accept your invitation and renounce all other plans for the summer. My friend, Miss Allen, will, with your permission, accompany me. To be entirely alone in your house without any familiar or congenial companionship would be intolerable to me.

Do not be discouraged about your daughter's education: it is not yet too late to sow the seed in such responsive soil as that of her mind ought, from her antecedents, to be. Hitherto she has only vegetated, or, more likely, grown up like a weed. I shall be glad to think that I shall probably be the first to undertake her real education. The aged nurse, the good cook, the obliging and amiable housemaid are all very well in their place; but, as you say, "there is something more"—I venture to add, *a great deal more*—needed.

With kind regards to your daughter, and the promise of going to you about the last of June, I remain,

Your cousin,

ELLERY PINE.

Mr. Melloden read this letter twice.

"She signs herself, 'Your cousin,'" he said. "I wrote 'affectionate.' She seems to be a little formal and rigid. But some people are not at their best in letters. I hope it is the case with Cousin Ellery.

No doubt she has that which Whirlwind needs most—a great deal of system. I have heard somewhere that old maids make very good substitutes for mothers, when they are not too eccentric. I hope my Cousin Ellery may not prove to be of the 'crank' variety."

He did not read the letter to his daughter, but awaited a favorable opportunity for telling her of its contents.

(To be continued.)

The Red Sea.

The student of nature is daily impressed with the tremendous importance, in the aggregate, of particles of matter, organic or inorganic, which, taken separately, are quite inconsiderable, indeed are often invisible to the naked eye. As a striking instance of this, it is curious to find from how minute a plant the Red Sea obtained its name. "This plant is often of a size microscopical," says an anonymous writer. Freycinet and Turrel, when on board the corvette *La Créole*, in the neighborhood of Tajo, in the Isle of Luçon, observed an extent of thirty-five square miles tinted a bright red. This color proved to be due to the presence of a minute plant, so small that in a square inch there were 25,000,000 individuals. As this coloration was extended to a considerable depth, it was, of course, quite impossible to calculate the number of living organisms. In the Red Sea this curious coloration is seen in certain circumstances, and hence its name. In this case, as in the other, the color is due to a microscopic seaweed.

"On the 10th of December," says M. Ehrenberg, "I saw from Mount Tor, near Mount Sinai, the whole bay, of which the village is the port, red as blood; the open sea, beyond the coral reef which fringes the shore, kept its ordinary color. The wavelets carried to the shore during the heat of the day a purple mucilaginous matter, and left it upon the sand, so that in about half an hour the whole bay at low

tide was surrounded by a red fringe. I took some of the water in a glass to my tent. It was easy to see that the coloration was due to little flocks, scarcely visible, often greenish, and sometimes of an intense green, but for the most part a deep red, the water in which they were swimming being perfectly colorless. Upon examining them afterward with a microscope, I found, to my great surprise, that the flocks were formed of bundles of fibres, which were rarely as much as one-twelfth of an inch long. This seaweed is called the *Red Trichodesmium*."

A Curious Escutcheon.

The escutcheon of an ancient family in Denmark bears the strange figure of a half-filled bottle. This singular device owes its origin to the generous conduct of one of the ancestors of the family who was a soldier in the frequent wars which his country carried on with the Swedes.

On one occasion, at the close of a successful battle, he was stationed as guard near the scene of the conflict. He felt very thirsty, and with much difficulty succeeded in procuring a bottle of beer. He was just in the act of raising it to his mouth when he heard a piteous cry from a wounded and famishing Swede in the immediate vicinity. Forgetting his own great thirst, the noble-hearted warrior hastened to the relief of his enemy, whom he found lying on the ground, deprived of both legs. The Dane leaned over him and placed in his hands the precious bottle. Far from being touched by this chivalrous act, the old and inveterate hatred of the Danes once more took possession of the wounded Swede, and, seizing the opportunity, he drew his revolver and fired at his benefactor. Happily, the shot missed its mark. Then the Dane quietly took the bottle, saying, "Now you shall get only half of it"; and, after drinking half of its contents, he handed the bottle back to the treacherous Swede, and returned to his post.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among the treasures of the splendid library at Monte Cassino, a correspondent of the *Nation* mentions a bound fourteenth-century copy of the Divine Comedy, transcribed by one of Dante's sons; and an exquisite illuminated music book of Guido d'Arezzo, the inventor of the musical scale now in use.

—It is now an open secret that the author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders" ("Viator") and of "Back to Rome!" ("Scrutator") is Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert. They are books of superior merit, deserving of the widest sale. A cheap edition of the former was lately issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates, and we may expect a new and improved edition of "Back to Rome!" in the near future.

—The first instalment of "Anecdota from Irish Manuscripts" has just been published by the School of Irish Learning. The pieces, which are almost all in Old Irish, are from "The Yellow Book of Lecan" and other sources, and include: "The Dispersion of the Decies," the colloquy between Fintan and the Hawk of Achill, the poetic version of the voyage of Maelduin, and the adventures in Ireland of Cano MacGartnan.

—We are in receipt of new editions of two of James J. Treacy's excellent compilations: "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," and "Conquests of Our Holy Faith; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts." While it is quite possible to magnify the importance of non-Catholic tributes to the Church, there is no doubt that the everyday Catholic reads such tributes with genuine interest, —and no reason, indeed, why he should not feel such interest. Protestant approval or disapproval of our doctrines does not, of course, affect our belief therein; but we like to hear the beauty of our mother praised, notwithstanding. Much contained in each volume will be familiar to the general reader, but its presentation in so attractive a dress as has been given to it by Messrs. Fr. Pustet & Co. will more than repay the cost of the books.

—Competent critics have not been misled by the show of learning in Dr. Putnam's latest work, "The Censorship of the Church of Rome," the second volume of which has all the characteristics of the first. The author has proved himself to be lacking in the qualifications for an historian. That his work calls for revision, that many of his facts are more than doubtful,

is plain from the following passage of a review appearing in our foremost literary journal:

As we turned over these pages we have often felt, ourselves, like the cave dwellers in Plato, trying to reconstruct the facts from the shadows of them before us. We read here of "text-books" where the whole context cries out for jest-books; of the canonization and recognition as a Doctor of the Church of Coneina, where his rival Liguori must be substituted; of La Mennais always instead of Lamennais; of a book printed by Nicholas Wohlrab in 1439,—i. e., before the invention of printing; of Henry Nicholas of Leyden, who reappears unsuspected on the same page as Henry Nicolai of Münster, and is really Hendrik Niclas; of James I.'s "Book of Sports" being burned by the hangman in 1619 (while he was still reigning); of Mr. Ashbee's privately printed bibliographies as being "prepared for commercial purposes"; of the "Historia Suevorum" as printed in 1459, based on the fact that this book, printed one hundred and fifty years later, mentions something that happened in that year; of the ignorance of Greek by the Roman censors and all the scholars of Europe until Aldus began printing Greek, as if the typical publisher which Aldus was would have printed anything unless a large demand for it was already in evidence; and similar odd remarks

Consultation of the sources from which Dr. Putnam drew his information on many points will afford evidence that he is as unreliable an author as his contemporary, Dr. Lea, a man of similar tastes and like prejudices.

—While there may not be much in a name, there is undeniably a good deal in a dress. A rose by any other name would doubtless smell as sweet; but a philosopher in the apparel of a tramp is distinctly less attractive than in the habiliments of a gentleman. And so "The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room," arrayed in the neat typographical dress given to it by B. Herder, is a much more enjoyable literary production than it impressed us as being while it was coming out serially in the somewhat dingy columns of one of our British exchanges. The book, the sub-title of which is "Conversations on Some Matters of Moment," is by Francis Aveling, D. D. The setting of the conversations is the smoking-room of an ocean steamship; and the chief talkers are the Priest, the Doctor, the Parson, and the Poet. The subjects discussed are in the main philosophical and theological—rather more so than are the topics usually tossed about on an ocean voyage,—and while there is a laudable attempt to lighten occasionally the seriousness of the discourses, the book in no sense of the word constitutes light reading. It makes very instructive reading, however, and that is doubtless what the author aimed at. As a specimen of the style in which the Priest discusses some of these "matters of moment," we reproduce this paragraph:

"It is not quite a simple thing," he said, "to take an impartial view of spiritism. Our prejudices of character stand in the way. We are scoffers or believers; we fly to natural causes for an explanation, or we invoke diabolical agencies; we embrace and practise it, or we anathematize. But if we begin by disabusing our minds of prejudice, and accept the facts as we find them, and then try to piece together an explanation in the light of the knowledge we have from any other sources, we shall not be far wrong. Discount the sham and the trickery. Make every allowance for forces of nature possibly coming into play—the nervous mechanism of the body, thought-transference, auto-suggestion, tricks of memory, and so on,—as being in the vague borderland of the scientifically explainable. It is with what remains that we have to deal. From what we know, it is the work of intelligence. The question is, what are the intelligences concerned? They may be living human beings—ourselves, for instance. Some people explain all the phenomena thus. But all can not be, and are not, as a matter of fact, explained so simply; and, consequently, such an explanation is of little worth. They may be the souls of those who are dead, or they may be angels. But such beings, supposing they were allowed to communicate with us by rapping upon tables, or taking possession of 'mediums,' or making use of slate-pencils—most improbable on the face of it—would hardly tell us lies or do us harm. And yet we know, if we believe in the Christian revelation, that they lie; for they deny its truth under the appearance of teaching the love of God or the brotherhood of man. More than that, they lie; for they contradict themselves continually. One would hardly expect that of an angel or a soul from Paradise. And we have already seen how they do us harm. The Doctor has only confirmed what I myself know by report. It remains, then, to say that if there are communications of this kind from another world, they come from beings of a malignant and evil nature. They are devils, not angels; and if human souls at all the souls of the lost."

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 Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D.D. \$1.
- "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.
- "Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.
- "When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
- "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
- "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
- "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
- "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.

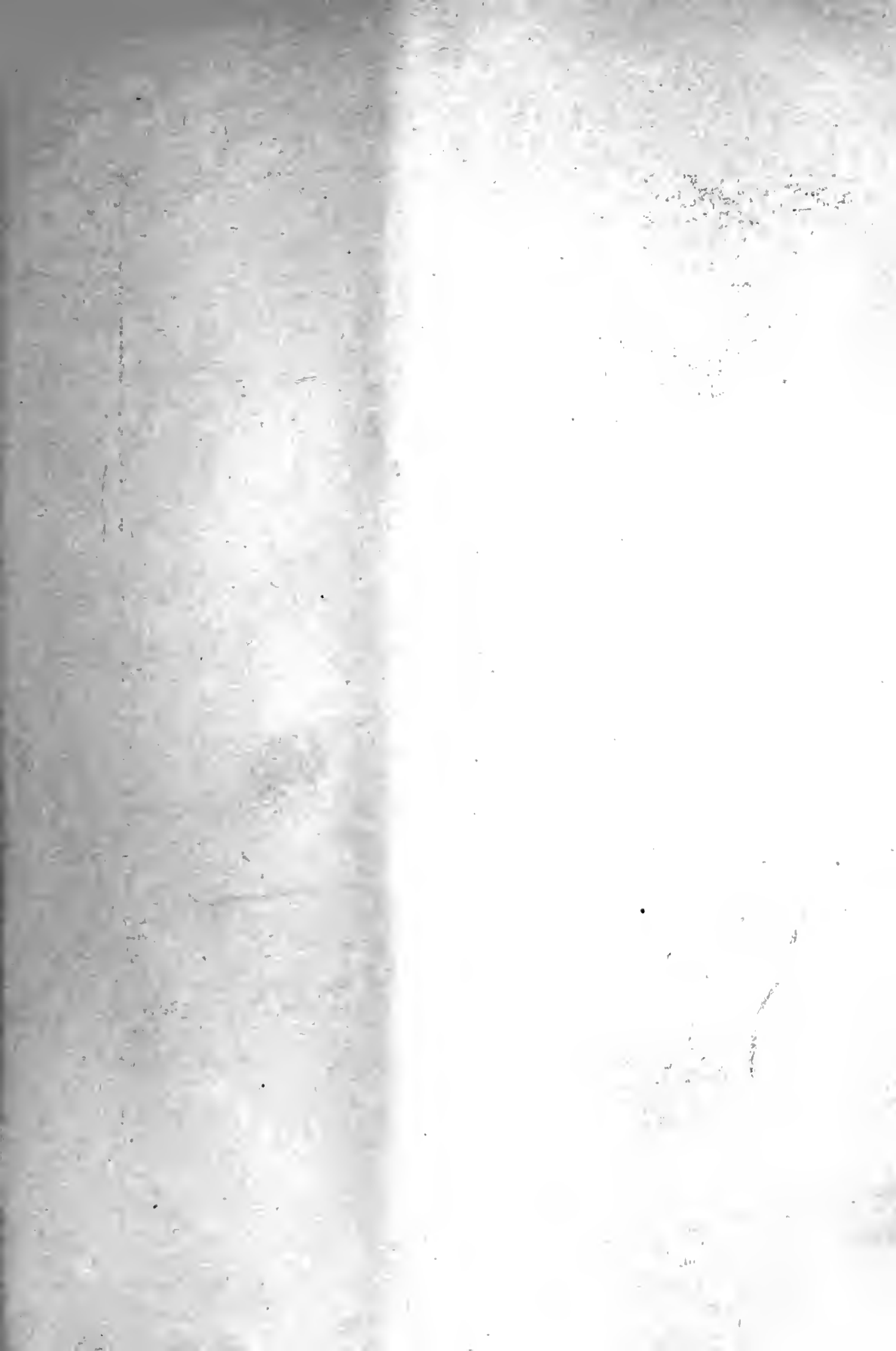
- "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.
- "The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.
- "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.
- "The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell. \$1.25, net.
- "The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.
- "Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net.
- "A Mirror of Shalott." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.
- "Hints and Helps for those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$1.10.
- "Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.
- "Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.
- "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
- "The Protestant Reformation." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 40 cts.
- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.
- "Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.
- "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.
- "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
- "Short Meditations." From the Italian, by Bishop Luck. \$1.60, net.
- "The Story of Ancient Irish Civilization." Dr. P. W. Joyce. 30 cts., net.
- "The Moores of Glynn." Rev. J. Guinan. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Very Rev. Hyacinth Epp, O. M. Cap.; Rev. Francis Prelato and Rev. Angelo Coltelli, S. J. Sister Mary Basil, of the Order of St. Ursula. Mr. George Stahl, Mr. S. G. Eline, Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Mrs. Anna Schwaerzler, Mr. John Adams, Miss Ellen Savage, Mr. F. H. Curtis, Mr. John McCormick, Mr. Henry Schantz, Mrs. Ellen Fogarty, Mr. John McDonald, Mrs. Ellen Engel, and Miss Rose Phillips.

Requiescant in pace!





SÜSSES HERZ MARIAE,
SEI MEINE RETTUNG!



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

VOL. LXV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER, 21, 1907. NO. 12.

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

Mother of Sorrows.

BY E. BECK.

HADST thou not been, O Mary,
 The Maiden pure and mild,
 Thy hands had ne'er with loving care
 Tended thy God and Child;
 Thou ne'er hadst seen the Shepherds kneel,
 Nor seen the Magi bring
 Frankincense, gold, and myrrh, that told
 Thy Son was God and King.
 Hadst thou not been, O Mary,
 The Maid Immaculate,
 To be the Mother of thy God
 Had never been thy fate!

 Thou never hadst been Queen, Mary,—
 Thou never hadst been Queen
 Of heaven and earth and all the worlds
 That lie in space between,
 Hadst thou not stood when thy Son's blood
 Ran in a crimson tide
 Down Calvary's steep upon that day
 When He for sinners died.
 Hadst thou not been the Mother
 Of Sorrows here below,
 Thou wouldst not be the Queen to whom
 The sad and wretched go.

WE know that God wills for us all necessary good; that nothing in Providence or in grace will be wanting for our welfare in this life or for our eternal salvation. We are always exacting from Him the signs of His good-will before we trust Him. But when we see proofs there is no room left for confidence.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Memories of Saint Germain.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.



WHEN the spreading branches of the giant trees in the grand old forest fade from darkest green to russet brown and changing yellow,—when sharp shots shatter the stillness, and startled birds whirl upward from the sheltering bushes, then it is that Saint-Germain-en-Laye, of historic memories, is at its best and brightest. In the mellow month of September now, as in the centuries gone by, the famous Fête-des-Loges is held beneath the stately trees there, to the joyous accompaniment of much light-hearted laughter, jesting and singing, and amidst a general buying and selling in the neighborhood of the gaily-decked stalls. And when the shadows lengthen, and lamps and paper lanterns shine, like many-colored glow-worms, through the branches, and strains of lively music mingle with the rising breeze, the young people yield to the spell of the hour, and dance with as much native grace and ease, upon the leaf-strewn grass, as did knights and ladies on polished floors when the ancient Chateau of Saint Germain was the favorite resting-place of the sovereigns of France.

The history of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and of the origin of the Fête-des-Loges, speaks well for the piety of the French kings, and for the ardent and childlike faith of the people they governed. Through

centuries, now bright with the glory that made France the first among the nations of the earth, anon dark as if charged with the thunders of an approaching doom, the sovereigns of Catholic France ever upheld the crucifix.

Saint-Germain-en-Laye takes its name from a monastery erected in the forest of Laye, in 1020, by King Robert, surnamed the "Pious," and dedicated by him to Saint Germain and Saint Vincent. He made a gift of the monastery to the Benedictine monks of Coulombes, in the diocese of Chartres. The King accorded many privileges to the new monastery, and gave large sums of money toward its support. The work thus generously begun was carried on through hundreds of years by his royal successors.

Henry I. not only confirmed the gifts of Robert the Pious, but also made over to the monks of Saint Germain the *dime*, or tenth part, of the wine, corn, wheat, and vegetables coming from the towns of Poissy, Triel, Auvers, and Oregeval. It was this King, too, who gave to the monks the forest of Montfort and the ground known as Gaudine, as well as certain rights on the forest of Laye for the use of their servants and cattle. His son Philip, who succeeded him in 1060, made several important improvements both in the monastery and church of Saint Germain, all at his personal expense.

In 1110, Louis VI., in order to defend the approaches to Paris against the various enemies who threatened the capital, resolved to erect a fortress at Charlevagne, or Carlavanes, as the site now occupied by the Chateau of Saint Germain was then called. But Prior Robert, the superior of the neighboring monastery, resented the innovation, fearing that it would entail some loss upon his convent. He, therefore, went to the King and reminded him that the ground on which he was building his fortress was the property of the monks, who had received it from his own royal namesake, of pious memory, the holy King Robert. Louis listened attentively,

and, having examined the claims of the prior, admitted their justice. He added that, far from wishing to diminish in any way the gifts made to the Benedictines by his ancestors, it was his intention to augment them. And he was true to his word. There and then he signed papers making over other lands to the monks, and conferring many additional privileges upon their Order. He gave these papers to the delighted prior with his own hand, charging him at the same time to have them carried in procession by the monks to the altar of Saint Germain, where they were to be placed in his name, and in the names of his wife and son, Queen Adelaide and Prince Philip.

Queen Blanche of Castile often stayed at the Chateau of Saint Germain. It was also a favorite residence of her illustrious son, Saint Louis. In April, 1228, and again in 1230, this holy King ordered the preparation of two documents, which prove the deep interest he took in the welfare of Saint Germain, and both of which were signed with his own hand. One of them ran as follows: "For the repose of the soul of Louis VIII., his father, and for that of Queen Blanche, his mother, and for his own soul, he rids and discharges the inhabitants of Saint Germain, the monks of the monastery of Pecq, the inhabitants of this locality, and those of the valley of Fillancourt, of the obligation, to which they were bound, of furnishing the beds, mattresses, pillows [*coussins*], and other objects necessary to the King's suite, whenever they slept at Saint Germain, or made a stay there."

Both the Emperor of Constantinople and the King of Jerusalem were the guests of Saint Louis at the Chateau of Saint Germain. It was on the occasion of their visit that they transferred to the French King the right to redeem the Crown of Thorns from the Venetians who held it in pledge. It was also at Saint Germain that, before starting for the Crusade, Saint Louis made his will, dated 1248; and it was there, too, that he received a letter from

Hacon, King of Norway—who had also taken the cross,—requesting permission to land on the French coast for the purpose of laying in a store of provisions for the voyage. Louis not only gave a gracious assent, but he even offered the Norwegian monarch the command of the French fleet. This invitation was couched in the most flattering terms, and it must be admitted that King Hacon's reply looks blunt in the extreme beside it. "My nation," he wrote, "is impetuous, indiscreet, and not over-enduring; and the French are vain-glorious and given to jeering; it is better that each should go its own way."

It was at the Chateau of Saint Germain that, in June, 1316, Philip V. drew up the regulations which were afterward confirmed by Parliament, and in virtue of which women were excluded from the throne of France. This King, like his predecessors, was a generous benefactor and kind protector of the monks of Saint Germain.

But, alas! darker days were in store for the good Benedictines and for France. In 1346, during the disastrous reign of Philip VI., founder of the House of Valois, Edward III. of England passed like a plague through France, leaving ruin and desolation in his track. He took advantage of the absence of Philip at the siege of Pontoise to cross the Seine, devastating the towns of Vernon, Mantes, and indeed every town and village that he entered. When he was staying at Poissy, he sent his son, the "Black Prince"—a boy of sixteen,—with orders to march to the gates of Paris and destroy everything in his path. These commands the prince gladly obeyed. He seized the Chateau of Saint Germain and established himself there for a week. Then, by order of his royal father, this youthful Nero set fire to the fine old palace and to the monastery as well. He left Saint-Germain-en-Laye a smouldering heap of ruins.

News of these fiendish exploits reached the French King at Pontoise. His indignation and disgust knew no bounds, and he

hurried back to Paris with a small portion of his troops, collected in haste, hoping to be in time to arrest the work of destruction. When the English monarch heard of his approach, he burned the chateau and town of Poissy, and then fled with all speed across the Seine, in order to put the river between him and Philip's anger.

The town of Saint Germain was rebuilt soon after, and the monastery was in part restored. But the expenses of the war—the celebrated *Guerre de Cent Ans*—had emptied the royal purse; and, notwithstanding the good-will of King Philip, it was long before the convent could accommodate more than a few monks at a time.

At length, however, the tide of fortune turned in favor of France. The gallant Bertrand du Guesclin expelled the English from Paris; and, in the period of comparative peace that ensued, stately buildings rose phoenix-like from the ashes of the ruin worked by the ruthless invader. The then reigning King of France, Charles VI., did much to restore Saint Germain to its former beauty and importance, while Paris itself was extended and refortified.

When Henry V. of England revived his great-grandfather's pretended claim to the French crown, the fair and smiling land of France was once more overrun by English soldiers. Once again the torch of the incendiary flared, sparing neither the house of God nor the saintly homes of His consecrated servants. Churches and monasteries flamed and smouldered in the midst of smoking towns and ruined villages. It was in 1429, however, that Henry's troops perpetrated the last and most cowardly of their incendiaries, when they fired the funeral pile of their girl-conqueror,—when they burned the saint and martyr at the stake.

Then was the measure of their iniquity filled up. They had lit their last brand in France,—they had sealed their own doom. The smoke that curled above the blazing pyre on the market-place at Rouen had scarcely cleared away when the long-delayed vengeance of an offended Heaven

fell like a thunderbolt, and the murderers of the Maid of Orleans were driven from the land they had made desolate.

When Francis I. came to the throne, in 1515, he devoted much of his time to Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and practically rebuilt the chateau there. In spite of some additions and alterations that have been made since then, the building as it stands to-day is, in all essentials, the same as it was when King Francis celebrated therein his nuptials with Claudia, the daughter of *Le père du peuple*, as Louis XII. was affectionately styled by his subjects. Several of the children of Francis and Claudia were born at Saint Germain, and among them their son, afterward Henry II. This prince was baptized on the 25th of July, 1519, and was held at the font, in the chapel of Saint Germain, by Henry VIII. of England, the future renegade sovereign of an apostate nation.

Most of the children of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis were also born at Saint Germain; and the festivities that attended the birth of their son Charles were probably the most magnificent ever seen there. The kings of Bohemia and Navarre and numerous other royal and noble personages were present, and the whole town was *en fête*. A fountain was erected in front of the parish church, in commemoration of the birth of the boy who, though not the heir to the throne then, became King of France—under the name of Charles IX.—upon the death of his brother Francis. This fountain was built in the shape of a pyramid, and was surmounted by the royal arms. During the whole of the 27th of June, 1550—the birthday of Prince Charles,—it flowed, not with water, but with good red wine. This custom was continued for several generations, at the birth of all the royal children of France.

Charles IX. went frequently to Saint Germain; but his mother, Catherine de Medicis, took a violent dislike to it toward the close of her life, and for a sufficiently singular reason. Nostradamus, the celebrated seer, was physician in ordinary

to her royal son. He professed to be well versed in astrology; and, as the queen-mother was inclined to be superstitious, he drew for her, at her earnest request, her horoscope. His interpretation of it, however, came as a shock to Catherine; for he predicted that she would die at Saint Germain. From that hour she could not bear the sight of the palace, and used to stay at the Chateau de Blois instead. While there she was stricken with her last illness, and expired, in her seventy-first year, on January 5, 1589. She was attended in her dying moments by the Bishop of Noyon, whose name, by a strange coincidence, was De Saint Germain.

It was at Saint Germain that Henry IV. had his garden of mulberry trees, on the leaves of which he fed the silkworms of which he was so fond. Both he and his Queen, Marie de Medicis, did all they could to make Saint Germain the fairest country-seat in France. They brought from Italy the celebrated Francini, whose mechanical genius made him one of the wonders of the age. It was under his instructions that, "as if at the stroke of an enchanter's wand," were created those marvellous grottoes that transported the visitor to Saint Germain to a veritable fairyland. There were in these grottoes numbers of artificial wild beasts and other animals that, for lifelikeness of form and action, vied with the real animals in the royal menagerie close by. Artificial birds flew about and sang so as to deceive the keenest eye and most sensitive ear. There were also all sorts of quaint and grotesque figures in the grottoes, and from them jets of water spouted unexpectedly, deluging the unwary visitor, to the amusement of the King. A life-sized figure of Orpheus played upon a soft-toned lute; and birds, beasts, and reptiles came and crowded round, listening, apparently, with rapture to the music. Nothing could have looked more natural; yet it was all artificial,—a triumph of mechanical skill, set in motion by the water-power pent within the grottoes.

But the Grotte des Flambeaux, or Grotto of Torches, was the most extraordinary of all. Its marvels, however, could be seen only by torchlight, hence its name. There one saw the sea in a calm, with surface smooth as glass, and dotted with green islands lit by the rays of the rising sun; while fish swam peacefully about, and sea-monsters reposed upon the shore. Then the scene changed. Wild waves heaved and lashed in fury; thunder rolled and lightning flashed; ships were dashed to pieces against the rocks, and wreckage strewn the beach. Again the sea gave place to a smiling land, covered with happy homes and sweet-scented flowers and shrubs; only to be succeeded, however, by a vast and dreary desert of waste ground, from the midst of whose crumbling ruins reptiles, loathsome insects, and fierce animals came forth and roamed at will, while a fairy of human size played upon a lute, indifferent to the universal desolation.

The desert faded in its turn and other marvels followed. The appearance of the Chateau of Saint Germain, in perspective, with the royal family walking there, and the Dauphin—afterward Louis XIII.—descending from heaven in a triumphal chariot supported by angels, was, of course, the signal for bursts of applause. The angels carried a royal crown resplendent with light, and placed it on the young prince's head—perhaps as a gentle reminder to *le bon roi Henri Quatre* that even he was not immortal. The vision faded to the strains of delicious music, and the courtiers rubbed their eyes, and realized at length that they had not been transported to some enchanted land, but were indeed in calm and stately Saint Germain, where King Henry and Marie de Medicis ruled benignly.

During the long minority of Louis XIII. the grottoes were neglected; and later on no one could be found clever or ingenious enough to restore the work of Francini,—to set once more in motion his wonderful machinery, and give life and action to the rust-eaten and crumbling figures.

And so the marvellous grottoes of Henri Quatre were allowed to pass away like a tale that is told.

It was at Saint-Germain-en-Laye that, after a childless union of over twenty years, a son was given to Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. The future "Roi Soleil" was a veritable child of prayer,—the recompense of his mother's devotion to the holy Irish hermit, Saint Fiacre. The royal infant was born in the Chateau of Saint Germain on September 5, 1638. All France went wild with joy over the happy event, and never did the generous wine in the fountain of Saint Germain flow more freely, or the town itself wear a gayer or more festive aspect. During the reign of Louis XIII. the half-forgotten monastery of Loges came once more into notice. It had once been occupied by the Augustinian monks; and its church, which was dedicated to Saint Fiacre, was attached to the parish of Saint Germain. It is on the site of this long-famous monastery that the annual *fête* of Saint Germain, known also as the *Fête des Loges*, is held.

Louis XIII. died in the Chateau of Saint Germain; and, after his death, his wife lived there less frequently. She retained, however, her old affection for the monastery of Loges. Indeed, it was under the protection of Anne of Austria that a large community was established there, and the whole convent, including the chapel of her favorite saint and patron, Fiacre, was restored. A large garden surrounded with high walls was added; and the Queen caused a pavilion to be erected in a corner of the garden, and detached from the monastery. Here she preferred to stay when she came to Saint Germain after her husband's death. The pavilion of Anne of Austria is still standing, and is known as the *Maison des Loges*. It was purchased by Napoleon Bonaparte, and, after various vicissitudes, was devoted to its present use—a branch of the celebrated school for the daughters of members of the Legion of Honor, that has its headquarters at Saint Denis,

Anne of Austria's will, dated August 3, 1665, was written at Saint Germain. It contains the following curious paragraph: "The very high, very excellent, and very pious Princess Anne, by the grace of God Queen of France and of Navarre, mother of the King, being ill in bed at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, orders that her body be carried to the Abbey of Saint Denis, and placed near that of her lord, the late King Louis XIII., of glorious memory, after her heart has been abstracted through the side, she absolutely forbidding that any other part of her body be opened."

This dead heart she bequeathed to the Benedictine Abbey of Val-de-Grace, Paris—founded by her husband and herself, in thanksgiving for the birth of Louis XIV.,—with instructions that it was to be placed in the chapel of Saint Anne there. She desired furthermore that her funeral should be of the simplest kind, and that the money thus saved was to be expended in good works for the repose of her soul. She was carried from her sick bed to the Louvre, where she died some months later, charging her son with the fulfilment of her last wishes.

The partiality shown by Louis XIV. for Saint Germain attracted vast crowds to the place; and, in order that it should be able to afford accommodation to them all, the King, with characteristic munificence, spent over a hundred thousand *livres* in enlarging and improving the town. Prior Desaleux warmly co-operated with his sovereign in the plans for the welfare of Saint Germain. He gave a considerable portion of the lands belonging to his monastery as a site for the new buildings. As the prior, however, only held these lands in trust for his convent, and had, consequently, no power to make a gift of them, the difficulty was got over by the parish of Saint Germain's being condemned to pay a nominal yearly rent of five pence to the monastery for the use of the ground; and, besides, to have a High Mass celebrated every year, on the

1st of May, for the intention of Prior Desaleux and his successors.

The first stone of the new church of Saint Germain was laid with great pomp in March, 1682, in the name of the King, by the Duke de Noailles, governor of Perpignan, and first captain of his Majesty's guards. And on the eve of Palm Sunday, April, 1683, the Archbishop of Paris gave Benediction there for the first time. Never was the name of Louis XIV. more popular at Saint-Germain-en-Laye than then; never did the "Roi Soleil" shine with a brighter lustre, never was his fame encircled by a purer halo than in that memorable year, when he proved himself indeed a worthy successor of Robert the Pious, whose glorious sceptre he held untarnished and undimmed. Nor did the good people of Saint Germain prove ungrateful. In an assembly of the churchwardens and clergy of the town, it was unanimously decided that a general procession should take place on every 5th of September—the royal birthday—at nine o'clock in the morning. It was to be headed by the priests of Saint Germain, and was to walk around the parish church and traverse the town, High Mass being sung upon its return. At six in the evening the great bell was to be rung and a *Te Deum* chanted. Finally, a huge bonfire was to be lit in front of the principal entrance to the church.

After the death of Louis these joyful ceremonies were to be replaced by a general fast, followed by three High Masses for the repose of his soul. This decree was approved by the Archbishop of Paris, who exhorted the faithful to enter heart and soul into the 5th of September demonstrations. The Archbishop was present on the first occasion, and lit the bonfire with his own hands, in the presence of the Marquis de Montchevreuil and an immense concourse of people.

When James II. of England and his Queen lived in exile at Saint Germain they never failed to assist at the royal birthday ceremonies, James himself lighting the

bonfire. Nothing in all his glorious reign redounds more to the credit of Louis XIV. than his truly regal hospitality to this unfortunate monarch. When William of Orange hoisted the banner of Protestantism and usurped the throne of his Catholic father-in-law, the King of France received the hapless exile with open arms. The homeless wanderer, deserted by his own subjects, and even by his own daughter, the wife of William, found home, friends, and kindred with the chivalrous and generous French. Louis went in person, accompanied by his entire court to meet the royal fugitives. To the Queen who carried the young Prince of Wales in her arms, he said, as he bowed low: "Madam, I render you a small service to-day. I hope I shall be able to render you greater services later on." And to James, who arrived soon after, he said: "Your cause is the cause of all kings."

Never, say his contemporaries, did Louis seem so grand as on this occasion—nor James so small. But, whatever the fallen monarch's faults, he was a sincere and fervent Catholic, and his private life at Saint-Germain-en-Laye caused him to be revered almost as a saint by the people. They regarded him as a martyr, too, while his faithless English subjects called him a bigot who had "lost three kingdoms for a Mass."

Louis never faltered in his friendship for his unfortunate guest. When the expedition fitted out by him, with the object of placing James upon the throne of his ancestors, resulted in the disastrous defeat of the *Boyne*, Saint Germain was once more placed at the service of the fallen King, who, by order of Louis, enjoyed there all the privileges due to his high rank. The last scene is the most touching of all. James lay dying in the Chateau of Saint Germain. Louis, one of the most powerful of the then reigning sovereigns, came to bid the poor, sceptreless monarch a sorrowful farewell. The young Prince of Wales (or Chevalier de Saint George, as he was called by courtesy) clung weeping

to his dying father,—that helpless father whose heart was wrung with anxiety for the future of his loved ones. The French King's generous nature was touched to the quick. Deeply moved, he turned to the courtiers standing sadly by, and pledged his royal word that he would recognize the claim of the Chevalier de Saint George to the throne of England. James was overcome with emotion, and, raising himself in his bed, struggled to speak; but sobs, in which all present joined, choked his utterance, and expressed his gratitude more eloquently than words.

The body of King James was embalmed and taken to the monastery of the English Benedictines at Paris; the heart was sent to the convent of Chaillot. Some relics were divided between the Jesuit novitiates of Paris and Saint Ouen, and the remainder were buried beneath the high altar of the parish church of Saint Germain, where George IV. subsequently erected a monument to the unfortunate monarch whose throne his own ancestors had usurped. This monument was restored by Queen Victoria.

The Terrace of Saint Germain is one of its principal attractions. It rises to a considerable height above the winding valley of the Seine, and is a mile and a half in length. From it can be seen the tower and cathedral of Saint Denis, the burial-place of the Kings of France. This sight had so depressing an effect upon Louis XIV. that, toward the end of his life, he forsook Saint Germain altogether for Versailles, where he died. He was buried, as he had foreseen, at Saint Denis.

With the passing of the "Roi Soleil" the sun of Saint-Germain-en-Laye may also be said to have set. Neither his successor nor the ill-fated Louis XVI. favored it as a residence. They preferred Versailles, which became the permanent headquarters of the court till the outbreak of the Revolution. The First Napoleon established a school for cavalry officers

at the Chateau of Saint Germain. After some years it was turned into a military prison. It is now a museum of Gallo-Roman antiquities,—a fine, indeed an almost unique, collection, dating from the early Stone Age to the Carolingian period.

As a concluding memory of this famed locality, let us state that it was by way of Saint-Germain-en-Laye that, on the 5th of September—the birthday of Louis XIV.,—the Empress Eugenie fled from Paris after the fall of the Empire. The late Dr. Evans, the well-known American dentist, who planned the escape, and accompanied the Empress on the journey, thus described their arrival at the custom-house of Saint Germain:

“The officials, when we reached the gate, permitted our carriage to pass almost without stopping. They had no suspicion of the character or quality of the travellers who with so much anxiety awaited the result of their inspection; it was quite enough for them to know that we did not look like persons who wished to smuggle chickens, cheese, wine, vegetables, or other similar articles, into the worthy city of Saint Germain. I will confess that I was greatly relieved when we had left the toll-gate behind us; for I was afraid that my house had been watched, or that our movements after leaving it had attracted attention, and that a telegram might have been sent ahead of us to Saint Germain to stop us there.”

No such ill luck happened, however. The carriage drove on unmolested, the good people of Saint Germain little dreaming that it contained the fugitive Empress of France.

THE old fable of the harp of Memnon, that it began to breathe out sweet music the moment the morning light swept its chords, has its true fulfilment in the human soul, which, the instant the light of divine love breaks upon it, gives forth notes of gladness and praise.—*J. R. Miller.*

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XII.

MRS. DEVEREUX tenderly kissed and soothed the weeping girl, whose unexpected arrival was neither pleasing nor convenient. Her first sensation upon seeing her had been one of annoyance and surprised vexation. But Marjory's tears and great distress touched her to the heart, and made her forget her own feelings in her anxiety to comfort and reassure her unhappy granddaughter.

“There's nothing very wrong at home, dear?” she asked after a while, as the girl's sobs subsided. “Your mother—”

“Is all right, grandmamma. Don't be alarmed about her. She sits like ‘Patience on a monument,’ bearing everything. I can't live on such a cold perch. It doesn't agree with me. Ah” (raising her head and looking curiously round with bright, dry eyes), “what a dear little place,—a doll's house! It is” (clasping her hands rapturously) “so cosy and nice! Such a change after big Slievenagh House—”

“Don't talk foolishly!” Mrs. Devereux interrupted. “The flat is small, and the room—the only one I can offer you—is tiny.”

“My dear Mrs. Devereux,” Brian started forward, speaking for the first time since Marjory came in, “Miss Darien must have my room. It is not immense, but it is the best in the flat. You can easily have my things removed, and arrange it to suit a lady's requirements.”

“Brian! No!” Mrs. Devereux flushed. “You are most kind, but Marjory would not allow you to—”

“Oh, but Marjory would!” the girl exclaimed turning her handsome eyes upon his face. “She never refuses a good offer, and a man does not require a large room. Thank you! You, of course,” holding out her hand and smiling radiantly, “are Brian Cardew. Dear, what ages it seems

since we last met! And you have changed. Only that I met you here, I'd never have recognized you. Yes, you have both changed and improved."

Brian smiled and bowed, thinking, as he pressed her hand, what a very good-looking girl she had become.

"I think," he said, "I may return the compliment, Miss Darien. I should never know you to be the little—"

"Termagant?" she observed sweetly. "Oh, yes, I was certainly that! But I'm pleasanter and nicer now, so I promise not to quarrel as I used to do."

"We have both outgrown that sort of thing," he answered, smiling. "And now I'll leave you and your grandmother to yourselves." He bowed, smiled pleasantly, and withdrew.

"I came as I am, grandmamma, without any luggage except" (lifting her bag from the table) "this."

"Marjory!" Mrs. Devereux looked at the girl in horrified astonishment. "How did your mother allow you to do such a thing?"

Marjory laughed a little bitterly.

"Mother's will is weak, mine is strong. After years of constant crushing and giving in, she has almost ceased to oppose any one. The dear soul is too good for this world. O grandmamma," her voice breaking, and tears welling up in her beautiful eyes, "mother is a martyr! She takes everything as from the hand of God. Her face has grown like the face of an angel. But I—ah, Mr. Cardew has left the house! Perhaps it is as well. I forgot for a moment what a stranger he is to us all."

"My dear Brian a stranger!" Mrs. Devereux exclaimed, as the outer door closed upon the young man. "Marjory, Brian is as dear to me as though he were my own grandson."

"Yet he need not know all the miseries of the Darien household; for, dear as he may be to you, grandmamma, he is a stranger to us."

"You are right. And now, Marjory," drawing her down onto the sofa beside

her, "what is the meaning of this escapade? Tell me, why did you leave home in such a hurry?"

Marjory crimsoned to her hair and clenched her fists.

"To escape Trelawny. Grandmamma, that man is detestable. His compliments, his—his—yes, I must say it—his love-making maddens me. I am seventeen, he is—well, as old as papa. And, do you know, he" (her breath came thick and fast, and she trembled all over) "he—O grandmamma, he, I feel sure, wants to marry me!"

Mrs. Devereux grew very pale, and she pressed the girl against her breast.

"My darling, your father would never give his consent."

"He" (shuddering) "would have to. For, oh!" (her voice dropped to an almost inaudible whisper) "in some way poor papa is in this man's power. Davy Lindo and that brute Trelawny rule him. What they wish has to be done. Mother, in her angelic patience, submits; I can not, will not!"

"Hush, dear! You must be patient. And I don't believe Philip would sacrifice you even to save himself. His love for you, Marjory, is strong. You are his greatest treasure on earth."

"Yes, but—oh, I hate to say it of my father, whom I love dearly!—but he is a coward. He dare not call his soul his own,—dare not oppose those men in the smallest thing. If I were in his place, weak young girl as I am" (Marjory spoke with passionate vehemence) "I'd hunt them, banish them, no matter what it cost me, and let my wife and daughter live in peace. But he is a slave, a coward, and his shameful conduct is killing my beloved mother." And, flinging herself face downward amongst the sofa cushions, the girl sobbed as though her heart would break.

Sad and depressed, her soul filled with sympathy, Mrs. Devereux caressed the girl's dark hair and softly murmured words of consolation and encouragement.

"Till I hear that Trelawny has left Slievenagh House, I'd like to stay here,

grandmamma. May I?" Marjory asked after a time. "I like your little flat, and Brian seems nice. You'll keep me here and cheer me up, will you not?"

"Yes, dear. But we live quietly, remember. Brian is at his work all day."

"Work?" Marjory sat up. "What work? I thought Brian was well off and did nothing."

"You thought wrong. Brian has a small income. But he is studying to be an artist. He has considerable talent and will get on, I am sure."

"How delightful! There is something quite romantic about being an artist." Marjory's woes were forgotten; her eyes sparkled, her face grew bright. "You and he are a charming pair. Oh, I am glad I came! But I wish you had told him to take us to the opera or the theatre to-night. I'm just wild for a little amusement. I'm sure he could have got three stalls easily for something nice."

"Stalls? My dear Marjory, in that attire you could not go to the stalls."

Marjory laughed gaily, showing a perfect set of dainty white teeth.

"Of course not, you old dear! And I have no luggage. But, grandmamma, I have money. Mother gave me a bundle of notes and a cheque. So I'll run off and wash, and then we'll sally forth, and spend our morning and afternoon amongst the best shops in town. Somewhere I'll easily get a frock fit to wear in the stalls."

"But you must be tired?"

"Tired? Not at all! I'm as fresh as a daisy. Come, grandmamma, take me to a room where I can wash my face and do my hair."

"Certainly. But won't you have something to eat first? A cup of tea—"

"No, thank you, grandmamma! I breakfasted well in the train. I want only a little warm water."

"Then you must come to my room now. The maid will arrange Brian's for you, while we are out. It was very unselfish and kind of him to give it up to you!"

"Not at all, grandmamma! It was only

polite. He'll do more than that for me before the end of the week. I mean" (laughing merrily) "to captivate Brian. But don't let us waste time discussing him. I'm panting to be off to the shops. I could scarcely sit in my cab coming from the station, they looked so fascinating. After the wilds of Donegal, fancy the joys of the London shops!"

And she swept after Mrs. Devereux across the narrow landing to her bedroom, swinging her bag. She went gaily and with light steps, her eyes beaming with pleasure and happy expectancy.

Having provided everything necessary for the girl's comfort, Mrs. Devereux left her to perform her ablutions alone, and went back sadly to the dining-room. Sinking into a chair, she sighed heavily and covered her face with her hands.

"The poor, passionate, undisciplined child!" she murmured after a while. "God help her! What will her future be? Spoiled and pampered on the one hand, tyrannized over and tormented on the other; proud and strong-willed, driven to rebellion and insubordination by her father's injustice, her mother's weakness! For, good as Monica is, she has no strength of will. She dare not oppose Philip in anything. And he—the unfortunate man! He is not wholly bad, but is a slave,—completely in the hands of those two men, who continually levy blackmail upon him, and make his life a misery. For some sin, some grave sin" (she shivered), "Philip Darien is suffering now. What it is I know not. His past is a sealed book. But, alas! alas! he can not suffer alone. My sweet Monica, this poor child also, must pay the price. Innocent as they are, their lives are overshadowed, darkened—"

"Grandmamma, I'm ready!" cried a blithe young voice in the little passage. "I hope you are not going to keep me waiting?"

"No, no, dear!" Mrs. Devereux sprang to her feet and quickly opened the door. "I've only to put on my bonnet and cloak, and I shan't be long."

XIII.

That evening Brian came home somewhat earlier than usual. He was feeling a little curious and a good deal excited. Mrs. Devereux and he generally led a quiet and humdrum kind of life, though cosy and comfortable,—he with his books, she with her knitting; one evening after the other being almost the same. Now, he told himself, things could not go on in that way. A breezy, lively young girl in the flat must surely make a difference; and he wondered whether the change would, on the whole, be pleasant or not.

As he opened the door with his latch-key, and, entering the hall, switched on the electric light, Marjory Darien came hurrying out of the drawing-room to meet him. She was looking very handsome, a perfect vision of loveliness, in a pink chiffon velvet dress, her dark hair drawn softly back from her forehead and arranged in a series of elaborate curls and coils on the top of her head.

"Then, your luggage has arrived?" he said, gazing at her in surprise and admiration. "I thought you said you had left home without any?"

"You thought right. That" (laughing and twisting herself round in front of a long mirror that hung on the wall at the end of the little hall) "is exactly what I did say. But, being well supplied with money, and possessing a figure which in the shops is called 'stock size,' I soon found plenty of smart things to fit me. I hope you approve of this simple evening frock? It becomes me? Now, doesn't it?"

"Certainly. But to me it seems far from simple,—rather too magnificent for the flat. The mater and I are quiet, easy-going folk. Evening dress is not at all in our line."

She looked at him, her head on one side, her handsome eyes full of merriment and fun.

"You'll excuse me for saying it, but it seems to me you and grandmamma have

been living like a pair of good old frumps. No, don't frown! It's true. And, though it's all very well for her at her age, it's exceedingly bad for you."

"Really, Miss Darien—"

She raised her hand quickly.

"I'm not 'Miss Darien': I'm 'Marjory.' I couldn't call you 'Mr. Cardew' for the life of me. I've always thought of you as 'Brian,' and 'Brian' you must be. I'm sure, in your own mind, I was never anything but Marjory?"

He laughed, and hung up his hat.

"Never, I confess."

"That's right! And now run up—I beg your pardon! I forgot we live in a flat,—round to your room and get into your evening dress as quickly as you can. You and grandmamma are dining, as my guests, at the Carlton Hotel, and coming afterward to the opera. I took tickets for 'Madam Butterfly' this afternoon."

Brian's lips tightened, and he grew red.

"Excuse me, but that does not seem right," he said, in a tone of annoyance. "You are our guest: we should entertain you."

"Oh, so you shall, as much as ever you like, after to-night! But, you see, you had gone before I thought it all out, and I simply couldn't waste an evening,—that is" (smiling), "I'm panting for amusement. I'm only a country lass, so forgive me if I've done anything you don't approve of, and come. Grandmamma thinks it is all right. And" (clasping her hands) "it really will be delightful. So pray forgive me!"

"Oh, I forgive you, of course!" (still irritated and ruffled, but trying to control himself and speak quietly). "If the mater approves, I suppose it's all right."

"It is more than 'all right.' It is splendid. And now away you go! You have just twenty minutes to dress in."

"Ample time for me," he said coldly, and passed her without another glance. "My toilet is never an elaborate one."

"Huffy!" Marjory shrugged her shoulders. "But he'll soon get over that. In

a few days he'll be only too glad to do my will in all things."

"She's handsome, one can't help admitting that," Brian told himself, as he flung into his room and began to dress. "But, in spite of her fascinations and obvious desire to please, she irritates me. It will be as difficult to keep from quarrelling with Marjory Darien now as in the old days. Thank goodness, however, she won't be long here! Meanwhile I must remember that she is a lady and my guest."

But before long, Brian was inclined to change his opinion about Marjory. The girl was charming in every way. Her bright presence made itself felt at all times and in all places. Everything interested and amused her. She was happy to go where she was taken; and, whether at concert, opera, dinner or play, enjoyed herself with a freshness and simplicity that was delightful to see. After that first evening, when she had played the hostess at a *recherché* and expensive dinner at the Carlton, she did not again suggest entertaining her grandmother and Brian. She was anxious to conciliate, not to vex, them; and, noticing that they did not approve of her lavish hospitality, she had tact enough to give it up, and quietly accept what they provided for her in the way of amusement.

Such meekness in the spoiled, pleasure-loving girl filled Mrs. Devereux with amazement, and Brian with admiration.

"How long will this go on?" the grandmother asked herself, wondering. "And what does it mean? Knowing Marjory as I do, I feel sure she believes she will gain something by this extraordinary demeanor. It is delightful, but not natural."

"I never saw any one so changed," Brian would think, as he watched her. "What a conceited ass I was that first evening! Because I was cross and vexed myself I threw the blame on her, and felt convinced we'd fight as we used to do. But, as it takes two to make a quarrel, and I am the only bear in the flat, things

will, I hope, go smoothly and pleasantly. I must keep myself well in hand, and not let my temper run away with me. I was absurdly huffy that night,—I really was; mistaking kindly simplicity and thought for show and vulgar display of wealth."

Having come to this conclusion, Brian laid himself out to be agreeable. Anxious to atone for his surliness and ill-temper, he was attentive, kindly and watchful. Marjory's merest wish was obeyed at once. From morning till night he thought of ways in which he could give her pleasure; and, without appearing to notice anything unusual in his conduct, the girl congratulated herself, and grew more amiable and gentle every day.

"If only he were not away from breakfast till dinner time," Marjory would reflect, as the weeks passed by, "I might get on better. At present Brian likes me and is polite. But I" (flushing to her hair) "want more than that. I'd do anything, sacrifice anything, to win his love. He is poor, but what matter? I shall have enough and to spare. So marry Brian I will, and—oh, joy!" (covering her face with her hands) "escape from Slievenagh House and the terror of that odious Trelawny. But, as things go now, it is slow work. By some means I must see more of Brian. He is too proud and haughty, or I might ask him to paint my portrait, offering him a good sum of money for the picture. But I dare not; he would huff as he did over the dinner at the Carlton and the stalls at the opera. And yet—happy thought!—grandmamma will arrange it. It shall be a birthday present for my mother. And, after all, most artists accept orders from their friends. It is a very usual thing."

Mrs. Devereux highly approved. The idea was an admirable one, and it was most kind and thoughtful of Marjory to suggest it. She knew from several remarks made recently by Brian that he would be more than delighted to paint her portrait.

"I will arrange everything, dear child," she said, kissing the girl affectionately,—

"price included. So, beyond going to the studio, where I will, of course, accompany you, you need not trouble about anything."

This was even better than Marjory had dared to hope for or expect; and when Mrs. Devereux came to her room before dinner that evening, to tell her that Brian was greatly pleased, and anxious to start her portrait next day, her joy was unbounded.

"All will go well," she told herself, with a radiant smile and a bright blush. "It will be strange, indeed, if I can not win him now. With such an opportunity, I can not fail. I must succeed."

The first sitting took place the following afternoon. Brian questioned Marjory as to her various dresses, and at last decided to paint her as she was, in her velvet walking costume and rich furs. This great point agreed upon, he posed her gracefully in a big carved oak chair; and, charmed with his arrangement, made a rough sketch in pencil, just to give her an idea of what he meant the portrait to be. That done, and seeing that the girl looked tired, he suggested a rest and a cup of tea.

"Delightful!" Marjory sprang joyfully out of the big chair. "There's nothing in the world I'd like so much; so please order it at once."

"'Order'? How magnificent!" Brian laughed. "My dear Marjory, I always make tea here myself. I have no servant, remember."

"Of course not! How silly I am! This is Bohemia. And" (throwing aside her furs) "I'm going to help—cut the bread and butter, or something."

"That will be capital," he said gaily. "And the mater must just sit still and watch us."

Mrs. Devereux smiled and settled herself comfortably in her snug chair.

"It's a new thing to see Marjory useful," she answered; "and I am quite content to look on. It's the privilege of age."

The young people were soon very busy. They set the tea-table, cut bread and

butter, and made some delicious-looking toast.

"This is great fun!" exclaimed the girl. "If I were an artist I'd live in my studio. Do—"

A knock at the door interrupted her; and, setting the kettle on the hob, Brian ran to see who his visitor might be.

"Oh, don't let any one in!" Marjory frowned. "A stranger would spoil all."

But she spoke too late. The door was open and Brian was greeting the newcomer with evident pleasure.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "you've come in the nick of time! Tea is just ready."

"That is what I thought," was the cheery reply. "But"—pausing a little shyly—"you have company. Perhaps I am *de trop*?"

"Not at all!" said Brian, catching his arm and drawing him into the studio. "You know the mater, and you ought to know Miss Darien. Marjory, may I introduce Mr. Frank Devereux?"

Marjory started, flushed slightly, and held out her hand.

"We are relations, Mr. Devereux," she said smiling, "and so ought to know each other."

"Yes." The young man looked at her with frank grey eyes. "We are related, though distantly. I am very glad to meet you, Miss Darien."

(To be continued.)

PRIDE is the greatest obstacle to believing in God, for it will not suffer the intellect to become the slave of Faith; "bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." Faith requires that all pride of soul should be brought low and humbled before the majesty of a God who speaks and reveals His mysteries in order to receive from us that sacrifice of the understanding which is first in order; "destroying . . . every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God."—*Mgr. Scotti*.

Exiled Nuns.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

A LITTLE house is all they ask,
 A garden with a plot of flowers,
 Where they may ply their daily task,
 Giving to God the simple hours.

The morrow comes, the morrow goes;
 Each day the selfsame work and prayers,—
 Under the shrouding veil, who knows
 The silent suffering that is theirs?

A quiet broods within their wall,
 It is the quiet of the tomb.
 No novice comes to the Master's call,
 None comes to take the empty room

Of her they laid away last year
 Under this alien grass and dew,—
 Ah, were not Autumn hopeless drear
 If 'neath old leaves slept not the new?

But these, their name will drop away,—
 Oh, bitter cup the exile sips!
 Yet martyr-like they wait the day
 With patient heart and prayerful lips.

These lilies of the fields of France,
 Rich roses of the Breton sod,—
 No word of mine can e'er enhance
 The fragrance of their life for God.

Dangers of the Day.

BY THE RT. REV. MONSIEUR JOHN VAUGHAN.

VI.—DANGER CONNECTED WITH LEARNING.

II.

KNOWLEDGE is in itself an admirable thing. It is power, influence, and prestige all at once. Yet it is a source of extreme danger unless accompanied by deep self-distrust. It is a gift, but not a gift that everyone can profit by. It is a sword, but not a sword that everyone can wield. In fact, knowledge is related to a man very much as a sail is related to a boat. It is the secret of his usefulness, and he can make no steady advance without it. But it is a danger as well as a help. It is almost safer to have none than to

have too much. As every sailor knows, a boat that is designed to carry a large quantity of sail must carry her keel deep down in the water, and must be heavily weighted with ballast. The heavier the ship, and the lower she lies below the watermark, the greater the amount of canvas she will bear. To hoist an enormous sail on a tiny boat is to doom it to certain destruction; for the slightest breath of wind will topple it over, and send it at once to the bottom.

In a somewhat similar manner, knowledge will be an undoubted help to one thoroughly grounded in humility. It will increase his opportunities of doing good; it will give him a deeper insight into divine things; it will render his meditations and his spiritual reading more profitable, and serve him as a devoted handmaid in a thousand important ways, because his humility will safeguard him, and keep his soul, as the ballast keeps the ship. But if his knowledge puffs him up, and fills him with pride, conceit, and vainglory, then, bereft of the necessary ballast, he will soon suffer shipwreck and become a sport of the devil.

Of all the lessons taught us by history and experience, there is none sadder than that of the disintegrating power of intellectual pride. All through the centuries, from the earliest dawn of Christianity to the present day, are found instances of gifted and learned men who have suffered shipwreck of the faith through their unwillingness to bend their proud intellects to the decisions of authority. They clung obstinately to their own personal views, and refused to conform to the ruling of the ecclesiastical courts. They had more confidence in the dictates of their own fallible reason than in the judgment of the infallible Church; and when once they had committed themselves to any particular view, they grew so self-opinionated and so wedded to it, that they would uphold it and maintain it against the Pope and the whole council of bishops and cardinals. The fact is, self looms so large before the

mind of a proud man that it seems to exclude all else, and to prevent his recognizing the true proportion of things.

The fallacy that deludes some otherwise sane persons is that when they differ from the Church they do but differ from certain ecclesiastics who, however exalted and eminent, are, after all, but men as they are. They permit themselves to think and talk and argue just as though it were a question of purely human dialectics, in which mind is pitted against mind, and man against man. Though this indicates a singular ignorance of the very constitution of the Church, which is the infallible mouthpiece of God, it is an ignorance which often darkens counsel, and blinds the eyes of those who see clearly enough in purely worldly matters.

It is not so many years ago that a distinguished scientist displayed such ignorance in a letter addressed to the London press. He had denied some tenet of Catholic doctrine; he had published articles in defence of his heretical opinion; he had in consequence incurred the censures of the Church. What was the result? He began to question, not only the right of the Church to interfere in such matters, but her very ability and capacity to determine the point at issue. When face to face with the condemnation, he became indignant. "The Church?" he cried. "What is the Church? Well, when we put on one side the glamour and prestige and bewitchery that have come to surround the word, and calmly analyze it, we find that the Teaching Church is nothing more than a body of ecclesiastics possessing no more enlightenment or education or intellectual ability than is possessed by us laymen, who differ from them. Why should we, then, renounce our liberty, or deem it necessary to accept their solution of a difficulty or their explanation of a text when it fails to satisfy us? We have the same means of judging as they, and access to the same documents. Our intellectual gifts are as reliable, our reason as keen, our memory as retentive," and so forth.

Such men ignore the essential character of the Church. They treat it as they would treat any other learned body, whereas it is radically different from all other bodies. They confound the issues and miss the whole point. They knock very long and very loudly, and arouse the whole neighborhood; but they keep ever knocking at the wrong door. An appeal to one's own individual judgment in opposition to the judgment of the entire Church would be absurd enough, even on the supposition that the Church were but a human society endowed with mere human intelligence. A man must needs possess a fine assurance who will claim to surpass all his teachers, including the subtlest and the saintliest. But even this is not the point here. In the case before us we are not contemplating a little child pretending to teach its grandmother; nor are we considering a discussion between one mind, however feeble, with another, however strong; for in all such cases the difference is only one of degree. No: we are contemplating a conflict where the difference is radical and measureless. We are contemplating feeble man resisting and contradicting the very Oracle of God,—the puny creature in revolt against his Creator.

The Church established by God has a divine as well as a human side.* It is, of course, composed of various members, just as a human body is composed of various members. But as in the human body there is an invisible spirit that acts on and through the members, and animates and pervades them, so there is likewise in the Church an invisible Spirit that acts on and through her members. And that Spirit is no other than the Spirit of God, the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity; so that who fights against the Church, fights against God. Christ promised that the Holy Ghost should abide with His Church forever, to teach her all truths,

* It is, to use Newman's words, "informed and quickened by what is more than intellect—viz., by a Divine Spirit."

and to protect her from all errors. He declared her to be indefectible. He guaranteed, on the authority of His own word, that the gates of hell (i. e., the powers of darkness) should never prevail against her. He even commanded us to listen to her voice as to His own, and would allow no distinction to be drawn, in this respect, between her and Himself. "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." * Nay, more: He threatened with eternal damnation any and every one who should wilfully refuse to hear and obey her infallible voice. "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." †

Though truth be enunciated in human language, it is none the less truth; though it reaches us through material channels, it is none the less divine; though God addresses us by means of His Vicar, the Pope, it is still the voice of God rather than the voice of man, and the doctrine proposed to our belief is infallibly true. Not only is this fact set forth with the utmost precision in the inspired pages of Holy Writ, ‡ but it forces itself upon our acceptance, as a dire necessity, so soon as ever we pause to consider the object and purpose for which the Church has been called into being. It was established for the express purpose of teaching. Its very object is to bear witness. It exists to point the way, to guide the faltering steps of the benighted pilgrim, to lead the wanderer safely home. It endures century after century, that it may enable the humble Christian to thread his way in safety amid the entanglements of error; that it may safeguard him from the cunning and deceits of insidious foes; that it may supply him with a steady beacon amid the gathering gloom of an infidel world, and be, in one word, a light to his feet and a guide to his steps.

* St. Luke, x, 16. † St. Matt., xviii, 17.

‡ St. Paul gives thanks to God because the Thessalonians received his words "not as the word of men, but (as it truly is) the word of God." (I. Thess., ii, 13.)

If its guidance be unreliable, if it be anything less than absolutely infallible, it can serve no such purpose, and Infinite Wisdom must be at fault. For of what possible use is a leader that can not lead, a teacher that can not teach, a light that does not enlighten, a compass that does not point, or a messenger that knows not how to deliver his message? If the Church of God is not able to teach revealed truth to the scientist and to the philosopher as well as to others; if, on the contrary, it be a leaking vessel that can not hold the precious liquor of divine truth until it has been tinkered and soldered and put to rights by them; if, in short, it is incompetent to carry out the special task entrusted to it by the almighty and infinite God, then surely it is no church of His. Better far set up a man of straw and let that be our guide; that, at least, will not lead us astray.*

We can understand depreciation of the Church by men who see nothing in it but a mere human institution. But to such we make no appeal. We address ourselves to Catholics: to those whose very principles oblige them to acknowledge that Christ, the Son of God, founded the Church for the special purpose of handing down, undefiled by error and untouched by heresy, the sacred deposit of Faith. These are in no position to doubt her prerogative. What conception of the power and veracity of God, we wonder, can they have who imagine that He has ever failed or ever can fail in the execution of His prom-

* Writing, even before his reception into the Church, Cardinal Newman delivers himself as follows: "If the very claim to infallible arbitration in religious disputes is of so weighty importance and interest in all ages of the world, much more is it welcome at a time like the present, when the human intellect is so busy, and thought so fertile, and opinion so manifold. The *absolute need* of a spiritual supremacy is at present the strongest of arguments in favor of the fact of its supply. Surely, either an objective revelation has not been given, or it has been provided with means for impressing its objectiveness on the world."—"Development of Christian Doctrine," ch. ii, sec. ii, § 13.

ise; who fancy that they may correct the supposed errors of that Church with which He abides forever, and who are so ready to direct it with their superior wisdom? When the Ark of God seemed to lean to one side, we are told that Oza, fancying that it was about to fall, dared to stretch forth his hand as though to save it,* and he was at once struck dead in punishment for his rashness. Yet the worldly-wise are constantly imagining the Catholic Church is about to fall, and stretch forth their hands to hold it up, all unconscious of any rashness or presumption. Scarcely a century passes but some impatient individuals may be found applying themselves to this singularly thankless task. Such are not to be reasoned with. They are Catholics in name only; for by their very action they clearly deny either God's most explicit promises, or else His ability to keep them. They exceed their powers, and would fain teach the swallows how to fly, and the sun itself the way to shine.

It is the Catholic Church alone that puts our intellectual submission really to the test, and, by demanding assent to her wondrous dogmas, secures the absolute sacrifice of private judgment. First, she bids us offer as a holocaust to God the gift we most prize—namely, our own personal opinion; and then she rewards us by disclosing to us the most admirable and the most consoling doctrines. He who will not believe in the Real Presence can never know the comfort and the joys that the Blessed Sacrament enshrines; and he who admits not the position assigned to Mary by the Catholic Church in the economy of divine grace, can never experience what it is to possess so powerful an advocate and so loving and devoted a Mother. These and hundreds of other inestimable advantages are purchased by the exercise of faith. They are rewards bestowed on those whose trust in God, through good report and through evil report, never fails, and whose confidence never wavers.

It is well for us, who enjoy the great gift, to reflect on our privileges, and to remember that we honor God by subjecting our reason to the teaching of His Church. To trust God only so far as we can understand, is not to trust at all. When we constitute our reason the supreme judge, it is our reason, and our reason alone, that we honor and enthrone. So far from accepting the decree or the definition on the solemn assurance of the Church, we proceed to summon it before the tribunal of our own mind. We submit it to a critical cross-examination; we sit in judgment upon it. We sift and weigh the arguments so far as our poor little intellect is capable, and then we decide to accept or reject it. But, whether accepted or rejected, it is ourselves and not the Church which we obey. It is we who actually pass the sentence. There is here no real obedience to a divinely constituted authority. There is no submission of the intellect; no "bringing into captivity every understanding";* no humble renunciation of our private judgment; no yielding without seeing to another; no prostration of our whole being before the dread sovereignty of God; in a word, no true exercise of divine faith.

From this it is clearly seen that high intellectual gifts are not without danger to poor fallen man, and that none can be prudently entrusted with them but such as are fully sensible of their own inherent weakness and blindness in spiritual things. Even the most devout will scarcely keep his footing on the dizzy heights of doctrinal decisions until he comes to realize that religious truth rests upon higher grounds than any the world has to offer; and that the mysteries of God and the facts of revelation are not arrived at by human argument, but by the guidance of the indwelling Spirit of God, who is so infinitely lifted above the world that not merely its folly, but even its very wisdom also, is but folly in His sight. "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." †

* II. Kings, vi, 6.

* II. Cor., x, 5.

† I. Cor., iii, 19.

Heroines of the Home.

BY R. P. O'CONNOR.

ELIZABETH CANORI MORA.

(CONTINUED.)

ELIZABETH'S virtues, practised in so heroic a degree, were rewarded by the gift of miracles. Many were wrought through prayers offered before a picture of the *Ecce Homo* given to her by a pious priest, Andrew Felici. One of the most notable of these miracles was the deliverance of Canon Mastai Ferretti (afterward Pius IX.) from epileptic fits, as attested on oath by her daughter, Mother Mary Josephine Mora, at the judicial process in Rome.* Pius IX., who was then vice-rector of the establishment called Tata-Giovanni, frequently alluded to this miracle.

All that had befallen her hitherto was, however, only preparatory to the fulfilment of a special mission assigned to her by Providence, which was, by her sufferings, corporal and spiritual, to make reparation for the sins committed in her time. In these latter ages especially, chosen souls have been raised up to lead expiatory lives,—to become voluntary victims to atone in some measure for the evils which afflict the Church and the world. Elizabeth Canori Mora was one of these. This life of self-immolation was foreshadowed in a succession of symbolical visions. Divinely assisted, her heroism triumphed over diabolical tortures, as it had triumphed over human vexations.

One Christmas night, after she had expressed to God an ardent desire to suffer in order to please Him, the Divine Infant appeared to her and showed her the horrible chastisement with which He was preparing to smite a guilty world; she then offered herself as a victim of reconciliation in union with our Saviour. The expiatory suffering on this occasion took the form of mysterious maladies, of which

she had beforehand apprised the daughter who acted as her secretary and took part in all the favors which were granted to her mother. There is a touching trait of the human in the fact that Elizabeth was at first frightened at the sight of the fearful sufferings which awaited her,—which is not surprising, as the Divine Humanity itself in Gethsemane recoiled from the approaching torments of Calvary. The fear was only momentary; for, "once fortified by divine grace," she said, "from being weak as a baby, I became full of courage. I went into the battle in the Name of the Lord."

The combat began on the 25th of January, the day dedicated by the Church to the commemoration of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. The tortures she endured at the hands of demons for nine days and nights terrified her family and filled those present with horror and pity. Knowing that she was suffering for the Church, her confessor, moved by compassion, threw himself at the feet of Pius VII. and begged him to use his authority as Vicar of Christ against the demoniacal assailants. On hearing the narrative of the terrible sufferings endured by her for the common cause of Christianity, the venerable Pontiff was greatly affected, and promised to use all the authority given him by his dignity as Vicar of Jesus Christ to repress the rage of hell. His Holiness fulfilled his promise; and, what is worthy of remark, he foretold to the Rev. Father Ferdinand that the venerable mother would be freed on the day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, which exactly happened.* On the morning of the feast, Our Lady appeared to her, with numerous virgins and martyrs, whose healing touch removed all physical traces of the tortures she had so heroically endured.

In obedience to a divine intimation, Elizabeth became a Tertiary of the Order of Discalced Trinitarians, taking the name in religion of Jane Felicia of the Blessed Trinity. Our Lord several times gave her

* Lady Herbert. Op. cit., pp. 66, 67.

* Ib., p. 81.

to understand that He wished through her to give a new impetus to this Order, formerly so celebrated and now so little known.

During a rapture on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1820, Our Lord revealed to her the sacrilegious intrigues of the impious, even in Rome, for the destruction of the Catholic religion; and signified that it would entail upon the world terrible punishment, and the removal of the Apostolic See. Counsell'd by her director, to whom she revealed the vision, she prayed for the Church and sinners with more than ordinary fervor, again offering herself as a victim of expiation; receiving from Our Lord the assurance that her sacrifice, united to His, would appease the anger of Infinite Justice.

Then ensued another of those mystical maladies, during which she suffered the cruelest tortures that demoniacal rage could devise, including all the torments of crucifixion. But she again triumphed over the powers of hell, and was rewarded with visions and an infused knowledge of the mystery of the Trinity; hearing from the lips of the Saviour these consoling words: "Your brave and generous sacrifice has done violence to My irritated justice. For the present I suspend the merited chastisement, as I still wish to show mercy. The Church will not be dispersed, nor Rome deprived of the Apostolic See. I will reform My people and My Church; I will raise up zealous priests; I will send My Spirit to renew the face of the earth; I will reform the religious Orders by the aid of wise and holy souls; they shall possess all the spirit of My beloved son, Ignatius of Loyola. I will give to My Church a new and learned pastor, holy and filled with My Spirit; in his ardent zeal he will reform the Church." *

Shortly afterward the Italian revolutionists brought about an insurrection in Naples; and, having accomplices even among the Pope's counsellors, got the latter to suggest to Pius VII. the propriety

of leaving the Eternal City and retiring to Civita Vecchia, alleging as their reason that he ought to place his precious life in safety. The real reason, however, was that, in the absence of the Sovereign Pontiff, it would be easier to foment a rising in Rome. Elizabeth knew by revelation of this plot; and, anxious to warn the Pope, told her confessor, and begged him to go to the Quirinal. But, thinking it would give publicity to a design it was most necessary to keep secret, he directed her instead to pray to God to enlighten His Vicar.

"Our Lord," she told her confessor, "at once vouchsafed a favorable answer to my poor prayers. He immediately gave such an impulse to my spirit that in an instant I felt I could penetrate into the Quirinal Palace. There I was permitted to speak in full freedom to the Holy Father, and to tell him all that the Spirit of Our Lord had dictated to me. I gave him all the reasons necessary to prove that he ought not to leave Rome. He instantly acted upon what my poor mind had made known to him, Notwithstanding all that his counsellors could say to him, and in spite of his own previous convictions, although the carriage which was to take him away was already prepared, he left the council, saying that 'instead of starting he would go and lie down to rest.' The Austrians were charged with the duty of repressing the rebellion in Naples, and this was the end of a revolution which had seemed likely to overturn everything."

The exile of the Sovereign Pontiff and the dispersion of the College of Cardinals took place soon after a vision in which Elizabeth beheld the ever-blessed Virgin praying to the Divine Infant for the Church, and heard the latter reply: "My justice will no longer support so many abominations. You are my Mother, but you are also My creature." On another occasion three angels conducted Elizabeth into a subterranean place, where, in secret and in darkness, impious men were plotting the ruin of the Church. She saw there persons

* *Ib.*, p. 92.

covered with a mask of hypocrisy, who, under the specious pretext of doing good, secretly favored the designs of the Church's enemies. For her consolation there was foreshown to her the restoration of the Society of Jesus, by the intercession of St. Ignatius Loyola, as well as the resumption of its zealous defence of the rights of the Church. She also foresaw many martyrs who were to shed their blood for the faith.

Praying ardently for a cessation of this persecution of the Church, she saw divine justice visited upon the persecutors in a manner so prompt and terrible that for several days her mind was troubled. She experienced throughout her whole body a sensation of the most intense terror, and for a long time felt an icy coldness in all her limbs. She had a vision of the Church standing before the throne of God, supplicating Him to spare her children, especially the priests, secular and regular. But God refused to listen, and said to her: "Take the part of My justice, and judge your own cause." At these words the Church stripped herself of all her ornaments, aided by three angels, executioners of divine justice. Reduced to this sad state, she became so weak that she could not support herself. Then Our Lord gave her a staff and a veil.

The Church, in her desolation, bitterly sobbed, and deplored the solitude in which her children had left her. Suddenly the Spirit of the Lord invested her with a bright and intense light, which, spreading itself in four different directions, accomplished great and wonderful things. In the mild rays of this glory, those who slumbered in error arose and re-entered her bosom, surrounding her with homage and respect. The Church appeared more beautiful and resplendent than ever. Six of the principal religious Orders appeared as so many firm and strong columns supporting her. But before this triumph she had to pass through evils so frightful that Elizabeth's confessor was terrified by them. At his instance, she made an entire

offering of herself, and wept continuously at seeing God prepared to discharge upon the world the vials of His wrath, to appease which for two months she gave herself up to the practice of all sorts of austerities.

When she heard of the return of Pius VII. from his exile in France, she prayed to obtain for him a prosperous journey. She saw him several times surrounded, as it were, by ferocious animals; but guarded by two angels, one on his right hand and the other on his left, both, even when he had re-entered his capital, being in tears. When she inquired the cause of this weeping, they cast a sorrowful glance over Rome and said: "Ah, unhappy city, ungrateful people! The justice of God will overtake you and punish you. An ungrateful people indeed, if such ever existed! An insubordinate nation, which has continually revolted against the Pontiffs, its august and legitimate sovereigns! Yet a fortunate nation, which, amid all its excesses, always finds some generous soul to sacrifice herself for it, and to rescue it, as it were in spite of itself, from the perils which threaten it."

She was instrumental in miraculously obtaining the complete cure of Pius VII. after a fall from which fatal consequences were feared, and of procuring the deliverance from purgatory of the soul of his predecessor, Pius VI. "On the 17th of June, 1814," relates her daughter, Mother Mary Josephine, who was her intimate and faithful companion for over twenty-five years, "my holy mother had just come from church; and, having returned home, she was occupied with household affairs, when her spirit was suddenly rapt in God. In this condition, which lasted for about three hours, she received sublime communications and signal graces. At the end the holy Pontiff Pius VI. appeared to her and told her to pray for him, because he was detained in purgatory for negligences committed in the exercise of the Sovereign Pontificate. My venerable mother, astonished to the last degree at

seeing so illustrious a personage claim the aid of her poor prayers, exclaimed: 'What do you expect from me, soul blessed by God? Do you not know that I am the vilest and most miserable creature of all who inhabit the earth? Go and find those who are the spouses of Jesus Christ, and they will obtain for you the grace which you desire.'

'Then, seized with the thought of her poverty and want of virtue, she began to weep bitterly. But the holy Pontiff, far from being moved by these humble representations, only renewed his request, and begged for her mediation in a more pressing manner. The venerable mother, moved with compassion for the sufferings of so august a personage, asked him what he wished her to do to deliver him from the torments of purgatory. The holy soul replied: 'Go and find your spiritual Father. Obedience will teach you what you should do to open for me the gates of the blessed. On my side, I promise you that I will never desert you, but that I will be a powerful protector to you in heaven.' After saying these words, he disappeared.

'Early in the morning of the following day my virtuous mother went to her confessor, related to him all that had passed, and asked him what she should do. The Rev. Father Ferdinand ordered her to go five times to visit the tomb of St. Pius V., and the holy martyrs who repose in the church of St. Pudentiana. The servant of God obeyed without delay. Arrived at the tomb of his Holiness St. Pius V.; she was rapt in spirit, and saw that God, in His sovereign goodness, deigned to accept her prayer and comply with her request. A result so favorable inspired her with a respectful boldness, and she began to solicit the deliverance of the eminent Pontiff. Our Lord replied to her: 'I leave the deliverance of this soul to your own choice.' Surprised beyond expression by so remarkable a favor, she knew not at first what to reply; then she said: 'O my God, Goodness Infinite, let me go and

submit to obedience the favor which Thou dost me, and allow the day to be appointed by my spiritual Father.' This act of submission very much pleased Our Lord, and He agreed that the day should be named by her confessor.

'Early on the following morning she went to her spiritual Father and explained to him all that has been related. Her confessor said: 'I command you to beg of Our Lord that this soul should not pass this day in purgatory.' He repeated the same command in these terms: 'Take care that this soul does not pass another night in purgatory. Say to Our Lord that this is the obedience which is imposed on you, and conjure Him to hear you.' The servant of God left her confessor, threw herself on her knees, and, whilst shedding a torrent of tears, she prayed in this manner: 'Most amiable Jesus, Thou hast heard the order imposed upon me by Thy worthy minister. Grant me the favor to be able to obey it.' Our Lord revealed to her that she was heard, and that at the hour of Vespers this soul would enter the realms of eternal bliss. At the hour of Vespers, she understood that the divine promise was accomplished, and began to praise, bless, and return thanks to God for all His mercies.

'On the morning of the next day, after Holy Communion, she saw the august Pontiff before the throne of Infinite Majesty. Then, turning toward him, she began to beg of him to remember her and the Church, in the following terms: 'O holy and venerated Pontiff, pray for the Church, and pray especially for the city of Rome! I unite my poor prayers to the fervor of yours. God shows himself to us filled with a just anger on account of the monstrous sins which outrage Him. He is especially angry with your city of Rome on account of its ingratitude. The chastisement which He has destined for us is already prepared. After chastisements of all sorts, He will deprive us of the privilege of possessing the Apostolic Sec. Oh, unhappy city! to what a distance from thee will the Holy

See be taken without the prayers of this just and holy Pontiff! Rejoice, O city of Rome, because, owing to him, the Apostolic See will not be ravished from thee! Thou wilt not, however, escape from the scourges which are the just punishment of thy violation of the divine commandments.' Then the holy Pontiff spoke. He returned great thanks to my venerable mother for having abridged his sufferings, promised to aid her with all his influence with God during the remainder of her life, and assured her that her continual prayer had greatly contributed to preserve Rome from the misfortunes that threatened it."

(Conclusion next week.)

An Ill-Supported Judgment.

THE actual conditions in France, so far as the clergy are concerned, render timely enough the following authentic narrative of an incident that occurred nearly fourscore years ago. It was just after the Revolution of July (1830), when the cross was being torn down, when the rabble crowd sacked the Church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, and many Catholics were forced to hide themselves, that a priest was on his way to Lyons. He travelled as a layman,—a precaution necessary at that time, in order to avoid insult; and, for that matter, a precaution not entirely useless in some parts of France, and more particularly in some quarters of Paris, even at the present day. Seven other passengers, all strangers to each other, took their places with him in the diligence, and the conductor made no scruple of forming the ninth of the miscellaneous company.

This conductor was a rabid Revolutionist, and had, withal, no mediocre opinion of himself. He scoffed at the coach driver, a modest young fellow, who had begun the study of Latin in a little seminary, but was forced to return home. From the driver, formerly an altar boy, and later a seminarian, the conversation turned on

the clergy; and, once started, the criticisms were endless. The clergy were the enemies of light, the enemies of the people, the enemies of liberty. Priests were ambitious, avaricious, etc. The whole body of clerics were as black as crows. They should be exiled, banished from the country altogether, shipped off to America, the South Sea Islands, or some other uncivilized region.

For a long time this sort of talk was kept up; and in the meanwhile the ecclesiastic, perfectly disguised, leaned back in his seat saying never a word. His silence was remarked at length, and he was directly addressed.

"And you, sir," said one of the travellers,—“don't you think, with us, that the priests are the curse of France?”

Thus questioned, the priest replied:

"Gentlemen, it seems to me that before condemning the clergy as a body, it would be wise to base one's judgment on positive facts, well established. Now, here are eight of us, united by chance from different parts of the country. We have never seen one another before, and, once in Lyons, we shall probably never see one another again. While we are together, let us put our information into a common stock. An inquiry or little investigation made among ourselves may give us a fair notion of the clergy in different provinces of the kingdom. And since you have asked for my opinion, beginning with myself, I tell you that I know a certain number of priests, and truth constrains me to declare that they are educated, serious, and honest men. Now let me question you in my turn."

Addressing the one who appeared the most moderate of the group, he continued:

"You, sir,—do you know the pastor of your parish? Have you any relations, business or social, with him? In a word, can you give us an idea of the sort of citizen he makes?"

"Certainly," replied the traveller. "My pastor is an excellent man, highly esteemed in the country. If all other pastors were

to be driven out of France, there would be a petition praying that he at least might remain, for there is no question about his being a valuable asset in our community."

"And you, sir," addressing another,— "what do you say of your pastor? You know him, I presume?"

"Oh, as to mine, there's nothing derogatory to be said! He looks after the children, the poor, and the sick,— a fine man all round; quite an exception to the ordinary run of priests, I assure you."

A third traveller, asked in his turn, was found to be on excellent terms with his parish priest, who was 'a clever man, a good speaker, no fanatic, and quite engrossed in his ministry.'

The *curé* of the fourth was a most estimable old man, who had baptized and married almost the whole parish. Everybody revered him, especially the poor.

"And what about yours?" asked the ecclesiastic of the fifth traveller, who had been the severest critic of the company. "What have you against him?"

"I! Oh, I haven't anything against him, unless it be that he wants to hear everyone's confession! Fortunately, however, he doesn't compel any one; and, although he hasn't drawn me to the confessional, we are very good neighbors, even friends."

The sixth and seventh of the company gave similar evidence. Even the conductor, who had precipitated all the abuse of *curés* in general, had nothing but praise for his own.

"So you see, gentlemen," concluded the ecclesiastic, "that to justify the condemnation of the clergy as a body, we need testimony quite different from what has been given here."

As has been said, the foregoing narrative is authentic. The priest who conducted the impromptu investigation became, later on, one of the most prominent and venerated of the French prelates.

Notes and Remarks.

The saying "Times have changed" is nowhere more frequently heard than in the United States, and no wonder. Everything has been transformed to such an extent within half a century that the sensations of Rip van Winkle are tame and commonplace. Even our climate is not what it was. An advertisement of a Catholic college published in 1857 states that 'almost uninterrupted skating during winter may be enjoyed by the students.' Only at uncertain intervals—some years not at all—can this sport now be enjoyed in that vicinity. Reviewing Dr. John Gilmary Shea's "History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States," Dr. Brownson referred to it as "a most interesting volume, which will be read with edification and gratitude by every Catholic in the United States who can read our mother tongue"! These words were penned in 1857. At that time the Catholic population of the whole State of Illinois, "including labourers on railways," was about 142,000; it is now estimated at 254,700 for the three suffragan Sees alone. Some idea of the Catholic population of the archdiocese of Chicago may be had from the number of children attending parochial schools—78,177! Truly "Times have changed."

Now that so much is being said and written in favor of the new universal language, Esperanto, it is not uninteresting to read the cavils of an incredulous critic. Father Lescher, O. P., writes in the *London Catholic Times*:

I say little about the value of Esperanto. I think it is worth very little. Nothing is easier than to invent a language of this kind. Take out of the prominent languages the most conspicuous sounds, collect them together, label them with names also taken from other languages, and the thing is done. And what will it be worth? One essential item is left out which wrecks all these ventures, and which prevents any existing language being chosen for

a universal function, and that is *accent*. In a few years the Esperantists from England, France, Germany, etc., will not understand each other. Nothing can act as an antidote to this corrosive action of the human voice. Everything may be provided for in this new jargon but the voice, and yet every philologist surely knows that the various languages of the earth have had their origin in this very voice which the Esperantists overlook. Their language is about as useful as the algebraic signs. It may have as much use—I doubt it,—but it certainly will have no more.

Our contemporary does not fully agree with its contributor as to the value of the new language, but we venture the assertion that time will at least partially justify Father Lescher's forecast.

There is perhaps no country in the world of which it may more truthfully be said, "The harvest is great but the laborers are few," than India. The author of "The Manners and Customs of the Hindus," himself a native, is quoted by the Hon. A. Wilmot in the *Catholic Magazine of South Africa* as saying that, according to the census preceding the publication of his work, there were in India 91,928,223 Hindu women of whom only two per cent were able to read or write. He states that "a woman is so far inferior to a man that he can not with regard to his dignity condescend to enjoy a social meal with her, and her only duty and pleasure should be to administer to his senses." There are fully 25,000,000 Mahomedan women in India, and, as everyone knows, they are mere playthings and slaves. The Buddhists are comparatively few in number, but their women seem to be treated very much as the others.

If it be true that the civilization of a nation is to be measured by the status of its women, how lamentable indeed is the position of India! And what a field it affords for missionary enterprise!

We are not sure that our preference for oldtime books of devotion should not be extended to doctrinal works. There is

something besides the quaintness of "An Abridgment of Christian Doctrin," printed in London more than two centuries ago—it dates from 1649, however,—which renders it very attractive. Besides all that the modern catechism contains, there is much else that it was a pity to discard. For instance, in the chapter on Hope and Prayer the following question and answer occur:

Q. Why is the Morning so fit a time for Prayer?

A. To open the Windows of the Soul to the Light of Divine Grace, and offer up the works of the whole Day to God's Honor.

We quote again, from chapter xxv, "Some Ceremonies of the Church Expounded":

Q. What is Holy Water?

A. A Water sanctified by the Word of God and Prayer (I *Tim.* 4) in order to certain spiritual effects.

Q. What be those effects?

A. The chief are, 1. To make us mindful of our Baptism, by which we entred into Christ's Mystical Body, and therefore we are taught to sprinkle our selves with it as often as we enter the material Temple (which is a Type thereof) to celebrate his Praise.

2. To fortifie us against the illusions of evil Spirits, against whom it hath great force, as witnesseth *Theodoret Eccl. Histor. l. 5. c. 21*. And hence arose the Proverb, He loves it (speaking of things we hate) as the Devil loves Holy Water.

Q. How ancient is the use of Holy Water?

A. Ever since the Apostles' time: Pope Alexander I., who was but the seventh Pope from St. Peter, makes mention of it in one of his Epistles.

The beautiful idea of using holy water as a reminder of baptism will probably be new to most readers.

One piece of information given in the recently issued statistics of New South Wales affords the *Catholic Press* of Sydney not a little satisfaction, to which it gives editorial expression. The item is that "in this State in the year 1906 no fewer than 11,551 happy couples became united, and the percentage of marriages was the highest for twenty years, with the exception of 1901." The *Press* indulges the

hope that a continuance of good times in Australia may still further increase the marriage rate, and has this to say in behalf of marrying early:

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," cries the cynic when he sees young people blissfully hieing to their nuptials. But if this ancient wheeze is directed at early marriages, it hardly reflects the experience of mankind. Of the self-made men who have loomed large in many countries, we find a great majority ardently advocating marriage in the springtime of life, instancing in their own cases the impetus to work and ambition, and the steadying influence a young man finds in the responsibilities of matrimony and paternity. In our own land we live in a period when our old pioneers are gradually passing to their long rest, full of honors and of years, with comfortable homesteads or snug fortunes to their credit, and big families of healthy children and grandchildren following them to the grave. Reading their obituary notices, we note that they were no laggards in love, nor did they wait for sober years and assured fortunes before they dared to ask their sweethearts to share their lives.

The press, and the pulpit as well, of other lands than Australia has in our day frequently advocated early, though not necessarily hasty, marriages; and, notwithstanding the growing custom of waiting longer than did their fathers and mothers before entering the bonds of wedlock, the young men and women of to-day are very likely less wise in this respect than their parents.

The spiritual care of our multi-lingual immigrants is the perplexing question upon which light is thrown by the Rev. R. A. McEachen, in the current *Extension*. Not all his readers will agree with the zealous writer as to the wisdom of perpetuating in this country the languages of the different countries from which the converging tides of immigrants reach us, but there is unquestionably food for reflection in the view which he thus puts forward:

It is strange, yet true, that our ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries have not as yet adopted the study of languages which are the sole medium of intercourse for more than six millions of our people. All, perhaps, without exception, have

a course in Greek and Hebrew; but, unfortunately, none of our people understand these languages. It seems self-evident, then, that the one true solution of the immigrant problem consists in the establishment of an institution, or institutions, in which young men can be trained for the priesthood and at the same time given a thorough and practical knowledge of the language spoken by their fathers. Rob a man of his language in the name of the State, and you destroy his patriotism; deprive him of his native tongue in the name of Religion, and you take away his faith.

To the objector who should triumphantly point to Ireland, robbed of her language yet true to her faith, as disproving this last statement, Father McEachen would probably reply that Ireland is an exception; and that, even in her case, there would be far fewer Protestant O'Briens and O'Neills and Murphys and Sullivans had there never existed the necessity of a Gaelic revival.

Without attaching any particular importance to non-Catholic approval of Catholic doctrine or discipline, we confess to a certain interest in the statement of the grounds upon which such approval is based; and, crediting a goodly number of our readers with a similar interest, we reproduce for their benefit this extract from a paper on "Clerical Celibacy and Reunion" contributed to the *Anglican Lamp*:

The Catholic Church is inspired by the Spirit of all wisdom. And in requiring her priests to be celibates, she does it, not only because it is the higher state, but because that state creates a certain psychological attitude in the priest which is necessary to the effective accomplishment of the work of the Church. The conjugal state, on the other hand, in addition to its hampering responsibilities, brings about a condition of mind which, more or less, unfits the man to sympathize with the sacerdotal life and to enter perfectly into its spiritual responsibilities. Compare the religious influence of the Church of England before the Reformation with her influence now. Will any Catholic [Anglican] undertake to say that the Church of England to-day, with only a fraction of the English-speaking people attached to her communion, is the spiritual power she was when all her clergy were unmarried and unreservedly devoted to

the exercise of their priesthood? No doubt her married ministry has produced many great men from among the children they have begotten according to the flesh. But, oh, at what a price! Where is the flock that was given thee by Pope Gregory the Great,—thy beautiful flock of the English race? Alas! it is scattered among a thousand heretical sects, which have sprung up because of the neglects of thy married priests, who fed themselves and their families, and fed not the flock.

In his opening sentence of the foregoing paragraph the writer uses "Catholic" as synonymous with "Roman Catholic." Farther down, he employs it in a different sense, to represent a member of the Anglican Church,—a sense which, with all due respect to our Anglican friends, it does not convey to the world at large. Hence our verbal interpolation.

While we feel assured that those of our readers whose kindly offerings have helped from time to time to swell the contents of our "Contribution Box" look for no other reward of their generosity than the sweet consciousness of having helped some worthy cause, we think they will be interested in the following extract from a letter recently received from one beneficiary of their bounty, Father Joseph Bertrand, Gotemba, Japan:

... The poor lepers of Gotemba acknowledge with deep gratitude the receipt, from THE AVE MARIA, of the generous sum of six hundred and fourteen dollars and seventy-eight cents (\$614.78). Their belief in the goodness of God, and their confidence that His providence would not abandon them, have been fully justified. Your readers have given a most liberal answer to the appeal made to their spirit of faith: they have our warmest thanks, and our prayers that God will abundantly reward them. As a result of your kindness and their generosity, our deficit for last year has been made up. ... It should not be forgotten, however, that we have no other resources with which to house, feed, clothe, and nurse from seventy to eighty lepers than our trust in God and public charity.

On one occasion, when a famous preacher of an oldtime religious Order had visibly impressed a very large congregation, and was accordingly tempted

to indulge in some little vainglory, it was revealed to him that the success of his sermon was entirely due to the prayers of a poor lay-brother industriously saying his Beads at the foot of the pulpit stairs. Who knows that the prosperous issue of some spiritual or temporal enterprise in which our generous contributors are interested may not sometimes depend not so much upon their individual exertions as upon the fervor of the prayers offered for them by the grateful recipients of their charity?

The London *Catholic Times*, ever alert on the subject of Catholic education, thus punctures one of the stock arguments of English Nonconformists:

Mr. Hirst Hollowell again tells us that the churches may teach all they believe, but that they have no right to do this by State machinery, or as the work of the State, or by funds compulsorily taken from the citizens. His words only reaffirm what we have often insisted upon: that the Nonconformists claim a privilege. Through "undenominationalism" they teach what they believe, using State machinery and the ratepayers' money in the work; but they hold that Anglicans and Catholics have no right to do likewise.

Would it be stretching the application too far to say that there are a good many Nonconformists of the foregoing type on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other?

News of the recent conflagration at Hakodate, Japan, proved especially distressing to those persons in this country who had the pleasure, a few weeks before, of meeting the estimable prelate of that city, Mgr. Berlioz. The Bishop telegraphed to the *Missions Catholiques*, on August 28, that his mission was annihilated, and asked for assistance. Few who came in contact with Mgr. Berlioz will doubt that his piety and zeal will prove equal to the task of re-creating the mission, but the task is feasible only on condition that he receive material aid from Europe and America.



Sweet and Bitter.

A HARE, close pursued, thought it prudent
and meet

To a bramble for refuge awhile to retreat.

He entered the covert; but, entering, found
That briars and thorns did on all sides abound;
And that, though he was safe, yet he never could
stir

But his sides they would prick, or would tear
off his fur.

He shrugged up his shoulders, but would not
complain:

“To repine at small evils, indeed, is in vain.

That no bliss can be perfect, I very well know;
But from the same source good and evil do flow;
While full sorely my skin these sharp briars now
rend,

Still they keep off the dogs and my life will defend.
For the sake of the good, then, let evil be borne;
For each sweet has its bitter, each bramble its
thorn.”

“Whirlwind.”

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.—ANOTHER LETTER.

ACCORDING to promise, and filled
with a natural curiosity as to
the business Martha had on hand,
Whirlwind got her sewing materials together
soon after breakfast next morning; and
having searched for her thimble, finally dis-
covered it in the kitten's sleeping basket.
Selecting some fine apples, and stuffing
them, with her work, in her hat so tightly
that they could not fall out, she prepared
to carry that (to her) superfluous article
of wearing apparel in her arm, in her usual
manner.

“Minnie,” she said, as the maid came
in to clear off the breakfast table. “Good
news! I am going to spend the day with

dear old Martha. I am so glad, Minnie!”

“Yes, but does your papa know about
it?” inquired the girl.

“Well, how funny! You and Esther
always ask that,” replied Whirlwind,
pettishly. “As though he would care!
He loves me to be with Martha.”

“I know he does,” rejoined Minnie;
“but it would only be good manners on
your part to tell him what you intend to
do, it seems to me.”

“Very well; I will just call in at the
office window as I pass by,” answered
Whirlwind, made ashamed of her pettish-
ness by the sight of Minnie's pleasant
face. “And if he is not there, you tell him
when he comes to dinner, Minnie, please;
won't you?”

“Yes, I'll tell him,” said Minnie. “But
why don't you put on your hat?”

“It is packed full of apples and my
sewing. I am going to learn to hem.
Martha said she would teach me.”

“I hope she will have better success
than I had,” said Minnie. “But why don't
you pack all your things into a little
basket and put your hat on your head,
where it ought to be, Miss Whirlwind?”

“Oh, I hate to wear hats! I never do
except when I go to church, and then they
make my head ache. Good-bye, Minnie!”

“Good-bye, dear,—good-bye! Be home
before dark.”

“Yes, I will,” replied the little girl,
running off.

True to her promise, she called out to
her father, as he sat at his desk, that she
was going to spend the day with Martha.
He waved his hand, smiled, and went on
with his writing.

Martha was at the gate waiting for her.
She kissed her affectionately, and they
went into the house.

“What have you in your hat?” inquired
Martha. “You will put it all out of shape.”

"That will be good," replied Whirlwind, carelessly. "Then I can not wear it at all, and that is what I should like. I have my work and some apples for you in the crown."

She began to empty the hat as she spoke. Scissors, needlebook and thimble tumbled out on the floor; the muslin, crumpled into a little heap, followed; and the apples came in due time, rolling here and there about the room.

"My dear, my dear!" exclaimed Martha. "How careless and disorderly you are! If you had only sat down now and emptied your queer basket by degrees, instead of turning it upside down, you would have saved yourself and me the trouble of running all around the room picking up your things. And the work,—what does it look like? We shall have to press it out before any sewing can be done."

"Don't be cross now, Martha,—don't be cross!" replied Whirlwind, cheerfully.

She had said her prayers fervently last night and in the morning, and was determined not to be peevish or saucy all day. Besides, she allowed Martha privileges of reproof and wholesome advice which she accorded no one else, not even her father.

With Martha's help, everything was found and placed upon the table. The old woman went into the kitchen to put an iron on the stove; and Whirlwind, arranging the apples on a plate which she took from the cupboard, began to eat one. When Martha came back she asked:

"What is it you want me to write, Martha? Perhaps a letter to some of your relations?"

"I have no relations, dearie. It is something about business."

"Business!" exclaimed Whirlwind, in amazement. "I don't know anything of that. You should have asked papa."

"Oh, you can manage what I want very well!" was the reply. "I could do it myself, but my fingers are so stiff."

"Well, what is it? And have you pen, ink, paper and envelopes?"

"Yes, and a stamp," rejoined Martha,

laughing. "You seem to have a little business faculty, after all, my Whirlwind. But first I must show you something."

The child followed her. She opened a door leading from the little sitting-room, disclosing another somewhat larger.

"Why, I didn't know there was a room here!" exclaimed Whirlwind, in surprise.

"There are two," answered Martha. "This, the larger, is a sitting-room. Do you like it?"

"Do I like it? I think it is lovely. And so clean,—so clean!"

It was a pretty room indeed. A blue and white rug covered the floor, which was painted a darker blue along the four sides. There was a large comfortable lounge covered with pink and blue chintz, two or three white rattan rockers with bright cushions, and a few smaller chairs. Double curtains of blue and white cheese-cloth, tied with pink ribbons, hung from the two large windows.

Martha opened another door. This room had matting on the floor, green and white enamel furniture, and two beds. Everything was as clean and dainty as possible. Whirlwind sat down in a rocking-chair and exclaimed:

"Well, what *does* this mean? You surely are not—are not going to get married, Martha!"

"Married!" said the old nurse, with a merry laugh. "Not I, indeed, at sixty-five. I am thinking of becoming a landlady."

"A landlady! You are going to rent these rooms?"

"Yes. For a long time I have had the idea in my head. I have been saving up for it from my knitting, and from what your good papa allows me."

"I hope you have not stinted yourself? Papa would not like that."

"Not at all. But I see so many advertisements in the paper of city people wanting rooms for the summer, that I thought I would turn a little penny that way, and perhaps help some delicate ladies or children to a better state of health. You see, I shall have room for two or

three persons. I can easily put a cot in the living room, if it is needed. It can be taken away during the day."

"But where will they cook?" asked the child.

"Come and I will show you," rejoined Martha. "You know John Frarey, don't you,—the carpenter?"

"Yes, the nice boy who lives with his mother in that cottage behind the great tree yonder."

"Yes. I have always tried to be neighborly to that poor sick woman, and John has built me a little frame shed in his leisure time—without charge, except for the lumber—that can be used for a kitchen and dining-room. Here it is."

She opened another door and led the child through a short, covered passageway to the new building, which was papered neatly, and contained everything requisite for housekeeping. A screen marked the division between kitchen and dining-room.

After Whirlwind had admired the rooms over and over again, they went back to Martha's sitting-room.

"Now, I want you to write me an advertisement," she said. "I will send it to the paper."

"I wish I was going to be living here with you myself," said the child, "instead of having to be ordered about by Cousin Ellery. I know she will order me about, Martha."

"Do not fear any such thing," said Martha. "Think only that you are going to have a pleasant summer and learn a great many necessary things, that you do not know yet, or do not value as you should."

Whirlwind answered with a deep sigh. Then she sat down at the table, wrote steadily for five minutes, tore up the paper, repeating this performance several times. At last she looked up.

"I think I have it right now," she said. "Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, do," replied Martha.

The child read:

"If any tired or delicate ladies or

children would like clean, pleasant rooms for the summer, they can have them by applying to Martha Wolf, Little Melloden."

"That is very good," said Martha. "Indeed, I fancy you have a fine business head under all your thoughtlessness, dearie."

"Is Little Melloden right?" inquired Whirlwind, reflectively, still holding the pen in her hand. "That is what they call this side of the river, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is right."

"Shall I put it in an envelope and post it for you?"

"Address it, but I will post it, dearie. I must get a money order to pay for the advertisement."

"Oh, do you have to *pay* for putting it in the paper?" asked Whirlwind, in surprise.

"Certainly. They can not work for nothing, you know. I will send it to the *Commercial Advertiser*, in Weston. The cost will be two cents a word."

"I shall be so anxious to see what kind of people you get," observed Whirlwind. "Won't you have any men?"

"I had not thought of men," replied Martha. "But I should not refuse a nice gentleman and wife."

"I forgot something!" exclaimed Whirlwind, suddenly. "I did not say anything about the rent you mean to charge. They may think you want them to visit you, Martha."

"Oh, no, they will not think that!" replied Martha. "It is understood by everybody that one must pay for one's lodging."

"Very well; it is all right then," said the child, handing the neatly, if irregularly, addressed envelope to the old woman, who placed it in the Bible that lay on the table.

"Now give me your work, my child," she said. "I will iron it out, and then you may come into the kitchen and sit beside me while I make the apple dumplings."

Whirlwind spent a happy day with Martha, and made considerable progress

in the art of sewing, though she was still very awkward with the thimble and pricked her finger several times. As soon as Martha saw she was beginning to be tired, she made her put the work aside in a little basket she brought from the closet, telling her to leave it, and come again in a day or two for another lesson. Toward evening they took a walk along the river-bank and parted near the potteries,—Martha going to the post-office and the child waiting in the office for her father, who had gone upstairs. Whirlwind's day had been full of quiet content; she had almost forgotten the unwelcome prospect that her father had revealed to her the evening before.

(To be continued.)

A Talking Horse.

"I was strolling one day through the streets of St. Petersburg," said my friend, a learned professor, "when, in passing a cab stand, I happened to notice one of the horses, a fine, healthy-looking animal. 'At any rate,' I remarked, speaking aloud, while patting its neck, 'your driver does not appear to starve you.'

"The owner of this cab horse remained silent on his box not flattered, apparently, by my indirect praise; but the horse made distinct reply:

'Good sir, you speak the truth when you say that I am well cared for by my master. He is a good man, and feeds me generously; I do not have to work too hard or too long. Indeed I have no complaint to make.'

"You know how absent-minded I am," said the professor, and—though this may seem very strange to you—it did not occur to me at the time that, with the exception of Balaam's ass, no donkey or horse has ever been known to speak.

"'Yes,' I continued, stroking its glossy coat, 'you do honor to your master; evidently he treats you well.'

"'Sir,' answered the horse, in deep,

rumbling tones, 'my master is indeed a good man, and every tip that he receives during the day, goes toward sugar or apples for me.'

"The word 'tip,'" said the professor, "drew me out of my abstraction; and, observing that the voice did not come from the coach-box, I looked all round the carriage to see who was concealed there. But no one was near save the driver. Only then did the truth dawn upon me.

"'You must be a ventriloquist,' I said.

"The man now laughed good-naturedly and owned up at once.

"'I formerly belonged to a circus, sir,' he replied. Then he added persuasively: 'People are sometimes amused by my tricks, and give me an extra tip.'

"'And he got one from me,'" concluded the professor.

An Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft. Boasters are cousins to liars. Confession of fault makes half amends. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself. Foolish fear doubles danger. God reacheth us good things by our own hands. He has worked hard who has nothing to do. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them. Joy is the price of sorrow. Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it. One hour to-day is two to-morrow. Pride goeth before destruction. Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Richest is he that wants least. Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater. Trees that bear most hang lowest. Upright walking is sure walking. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You will never lose by doing a good turn. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—No fewer than 246 books, mostly of German and Italian origin, printed before 1500, have recently been added to the national library of England. The Museum has now, exclusive of duplicates, 9088 books printed before the year 1500.

—To the pamphlet literature of the French Separation question there have recently been added, by the London C. T. S., "Plain Words on Church and State in France" (from the *Saturday Review*); with "The Pope and the French Government; Who's to Blame?" by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J.; and "M. Briand's Real Sentiments," by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S. J. Both pamphlets are well worth preserving.

—Father Proctor, O. P., has done well to reproduce in book form the five sermons on "Ritual in Catholic Worship" which he delivered during Lent, 1904, in Westminster Cathedral. They discuss, consecutively, ritual's use and abuse, its soul, its language, its centre, and its development. Taken in the aggregate, these discourses form an excellent exposition of a subject with which the ordinary Catholic layman is all too unfamiliar, and concerning which even the average religious or cleric may profitably seek new light. Benziger Brothers.

—Messrs. F. Pustet & Co. can not be accused of neglecting the old for the new. They have just issued another edition, said to be the fourth, of "Ailey Moore, a Tale of the Times," which was first published upward of half a century ago. Considerably more than "eighteen years have now passed since the readers of 'Ailey Moore' saw Shaun a Dherk depart for America," etc., and meantime the state of Ireland and other lands has undergone a wondrous change. If "Ailey Moore" is to be issued for another fifty years, it should certainly be revised.

—"Mariale Novum," by Members of the Society of Jesus, is a handsome volume containing a series of sonnets on the titles of Our Lady's Litany. The poems, sixty-three in number, represent the work of fifteen different authors; and while, in consequence, they naturally show varying degrees of poetic power and perfection of technique, the common note is that of distinction rather than mediocrity. The Petrarchan form is that generally followed, and we are glad to see that the final couplet is not infrequent. The occasional appearance of the Wordsworthian device of a third rhyme in the octave is less gratifying. The use of this third rhyme, as of the so-called Shakespearean

sonnet form, rather suggests the poet's inability to select a sufficient number of appropriate rhymes,—in which case he might well adopt some other stanza-form than that of the sonnet. The following, on the title *Mater Amabilis*, will give our readers a taste of the book's literary quality:

How do I love thee, O my Mother dear?

I love thee as the Queen o'er all things placed,
The Woman of all women chiefly graced,
My Lady, my Protectress ever near;
I love thee as the Star serene and clear,
Before whose shining every cloud is chased,
The Rose that earth puts forth, and of a waste,
Became Eve's paradise resurgent here.

How do I love thee, O my Mother blest?

I love thee with a love no words of men
Nor passionate strains of melody can touch;
With all that in my own poor self is best,
With all I give my dearest ones, and then
Ten thousand times ten thousand times as much.

The publishers have given the work an attractive, if somewhat unusual, dress. Messrs. Burns and Oates; Benziger Brothers.

—The latest work by the Rev. Father Reginald Buckler, O. P., "A Spiritual Retreat," is intended mainly, as stated in the preface, for the benefit of those who are dedicated to the love and service of God in the religious and the priestly life. The mere mention of this book will suffice for those who are acquainted with the author's other works—"The Perfection of Man by Charity," "A Few First Principles of the Religious Life," etc. Readers like the correspondent who lately requested us to recommend "something plain and practical in the line of meditation books," and who charged us with preferring the mediæval and mystical to the modern and matter-of-fact, will be especially pleased with "A Spiritual Retreat," two passages of which, taken at random, we venture to quote:

Temperance is a natural habit, easily formed with will power and self-discipline and principle; but where these are lacking, nature is soon found to be down-drawing to the spirit. Is it not a pity, looking to our best interests and to the spirit of our state, to be creating for ourselves a number of little wants that we should be much better without? To indulge a propensity is to strengthen it. By a little management any one may train himself to strict moderation in eating and drinking. How excellent it is to accustom oneself to live without need of stimulating drink! To take it occasionally is much better than to take it habitually. If used habitually, it gets into the blood, and from thence into the complexion. Who likes to see this in a religious and in a priest? The world is very observant here, and the laws of nature are inexorable. If the tendency this way is felt, why not nip it in the bud? It grows apace. The use only strengthens the tendency. The want is created. The habit grows with repetition of act, and, once formed, the acts multiply. Then comes the craving. Alas for want of self-training, discipline, and principle! And the soul becomes

a slave. And the flesh goes up and the spirit goes down. The intellectual, moral, and spiritual powers deteriorate as the relish for the coarse pleasures of sense gets the ascendancy. The pity is not to see and not to think in time. And difficult it will be to uniform the habit; though where there is a will there is a way....

The beauty and the value of obedience arise from its representing to us the will of God to be done. "There is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God." Thus it is that all rightly established authority represents divine authority, whether in the natural or the spiritual order. Children obey their parents, servants their masters, subjects of the realm the civil power, and children of the Church their ecclesiastical superiors. "Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." We have constantly to remember that the whole of our religious life is based upon the laws of Christianity and Catholicism, and that what we undertake in religion, we take by way of addition, and not subtraction. Therefore a superior whoever he may be, is a sacred person by reason of his office. As he represents the presence and authority of God, so he should represent also the mind of God—"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus",—and govern his subjects "according to God," not "according to man." But even if he should govern "according to man," it is still "according to God" for subjects to obey, and this on account of his official capacity. A policeman may not be a good man personally, but when he lifts his arm to bar the way, he acts officially—he represents the powers that be,—and all, even to nobles and princes, obey him. Thus all should have a special devotion to obedience on account of its bringing them, and giving them, the will of God to be done. For what is the purpose of our being, but to do the will of God?

This impresses us as being eminently plain and practical, and sufficiently up-to-date, as the expression is, to suit the most modern of ascetics.

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.

- "A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.
 "The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1.
 "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.
 "Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.
 "When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
 "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
 "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
 "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.

- "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
 "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.
 "The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.
 "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.
 "The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell. \$1.25, net.
 "The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.
 "Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net.
 "A Mirror of Shalott." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.
 "Hints and Helps for those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$1.10.
 "Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.
 "Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.
 "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.
 "The Protestant Reformation." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 40 cts.
 "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.
 "Honor without Renown." Mrs. Innes-Browne. \$1.25, net.
 "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature." Father Robinson, O. F. M. 10 cts.
 "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth." Vol. III. Mary E. Mannix. 60 cts.
 "The Moores of Glynn." Rev. J. Guinan. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Bernard O'Byrne, of the diocese of Scranton.

Brother Genebern, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Mr. J. E. Pearce, Mrs. Paul Edwards, Mrs. Luisita Flynn, Mrs. M. E. Vogt, Mrs. Ellen Redihan, Mr. J. A. Smith, Miss Annie Gill, Mr. John Wilzer, Mr. Joseph Grab, Mrs. Elizabeth McGuire, Mr. J. W. Kelly, Mrs. Catherine Reese, Mr. Owen McKegney, Mrs. Mary Hartmann, Mr. Daniel Rahaley, Mrs. Anna Snyder, Mr. Patrick Brarton, Mr. Louis Carabin, Mrs. M. Wernet, Mr. Frank Burke, Mr. Thomas Dunn, Mr. Eli Manor, Richard Baxter, M. D., and Mr. William Little.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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

Eventide.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE long day wanes, and, through the leafy vine
That shades the southern garden, to and fro
Dart the wild dancing shadows that foreshow
The coming darkness; like a dew benign,
Falls silence over all things; far afield, the kine
Leave the lush grasses that they love, and, slow,
Are driven homeward, lowing as they go,
Where sunset glories, swiftly fading, shine.

And now, dew-laden, mystic, cometh Night,
In purple splendor, scattering near and far
Her galaxy of jewels, star on star;
Hiding earth's tears and sadness out of sight
In soft oblivion.—Lord of all that are,
Grant at life's eventide it may be light!

Lourdes in 1907.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AGAIN in 1907, a year painfully memorable in the annals of the Church of France, the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes has been a glorious success.

Never, say the pilgrims who year after year take part in the celebration, was the faith of the multitude more vehemently expressed, and seldom did Our Lady show herself more prodigal of her gifts and graces. Five bishops—those of Verdun, Laval, Périgueux, Digne, Tarbes, besides the newly appointed Coadjutor of Auch—were there to welcome the pilgrims. From

Paris alone, started twenty-six trains, each one containing about five hundred persons, making a sum total of over twelve thousand pilgrims. Among them were one thousand sick persons, most of whom were absolutely helpless. The worst cases travelled in what is known as the "Train Blanc," from the white pennon that floats from the engine, and where the Little Sisters of the Assumption have established a hospital. It is to the care of these holy, bright-faced, active women, the guardian angels of the pilgrimage, that the *grands malades* are entrusted.

Humanly speaking, in many cases the journey undertaken by some of these seems an act of folly; but let us remember that the border line that divides folly from faith is sometimes hard to define. It is a certain fact that the sick people whom Our Lady does *not* cure—and they are the majority—always return happier, more content and peaceful. As one of these once observed, "God's greatest miracles are not those that we see." The spiritual graces that reward the faith of the pilgrims to Lourdes are no less marvellous than the temporal and physical blessings, that appeal more forcibly to our senses.

Among the impressive scenes that take place during the National Pilgrimage, the most striking is the great procession, when the Blessed Sacrament is carried through the crowd and a special blessing bestowed upon each one of the invalids who line the road. The weather this year was singularly beautiful; the glorious mountains stood out clearly against the turquoise sky.

Over sixty thousand persons, pilgrims and tourists, were crowded together in the tiny city, whose name, once unknown, is now a household word throughout the Catholic world. The infirmarians and *brancardiers* were at their post, in close attendance upon the sick, who lay on their couches in pathetic rows, awaiting the passage of the great Healer.

It would be impossible to imagine a sadder picture of human suffering. But sights and sounds that elsewhere would be repulsive, at Lourdes serve only to stimulate faith and arouse feelings of loving pity. The sick, the lame, the crippled, the deformed, the blind and the deaf, men and women made hideous by disease, are here the favored pilgrims, the privileged children of Our Lady. Around these unfortunate ones hover ladies and young girls, rich and beautiful, many of them bearing the greatest names in France, who for the time being have but one ambition—to be the servants of the sick. Men in the prime of life, youths full of vigorous health and spirits, from early morning to late at night are busy carrying to and fro their helpless charges.

A group of girls clothed in snow-white dresses attracts our attention. Their emaciated countenances, unnaturally bright eyes and pink cheeks, tell of the dread disease that is slowly but surely sapping away their young lives. Close by is a priest, still in the prime of manhood; his Rosary slips through his thin white fingers, his lips move in prayer. Evidently he too is in the last stage of consumption. To the devoted infirmarian who is watching his every movement, the young priest whispers: "I had hoped to be a missionary, but acceptance of God's will is best. I now desire to offer my life to Him as a sacrifice for the salvation of my country. We will pray for this intention only, not for my cure." And, a racking cough having interrupted his speech, he added, with a smile: "After all, as you see, I have not much life left to offer."

Slowly the procession draws near; it

winds along the road that leads from the Basilica to the Grotto; the solemn chant of Latin hymns heralds its approach. The golden monstrance shines like a sun; around it, bishops and priests form a guard of honor. And now, mingling with the grave liturgical hymns, arises the loud cry of thousands of eager souls,—vehement appeals to Heaven, oft-repeated calls upon the all-powerful, all-merciful Son of Mary. For a moment we forget Lourdes and the twentieth-century pilgrims: we are kneeling by the roadside in distant Palestine two thousand years ago; around us are the blind and the lepers; we hear the Roman soldier's humble prayer and the Syro-Phœnician mother's trustful petition, as they hang upon the footsteps of the Wonder-Worker of Galilee. The same words that echoed long ago in that far-off land now strike the ear: 'Lord, hear us! Son of David, have mercy on us! Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst cure us! Lord, all things are possible to Thee: heal our sick brethren! Lord, have pity on them!'

As the Blessed Sacrament stops before each couch, it is piteous to see how the dim, tearful, half-closed eyes gaze upon It with indescribable longing. The wave of prayer now rises like a mighty torrent that truly seems as if it would carry all things before it,—as if it *must* wrest from God the blessings He alone can bestow. Then follow minutes of intense tension. The answer comes,—not alike in every case, but it comes to some, as God knows best, clear, distinct, overpoweringly impressive. We have a vision of crutches cast aside; of frail, tottering figures hurrying forward, protected by the stalwart *brancardiers* from the enthusiasm of a too eager multitude. The *Magnificat* breaks upon our ear; its triumphant accents tell us that once more prayer has conquered; at the call of faith, the laws of nature have been suspended by Him who made them.

These are the scenes that over and over again are witnessed by the pilgrim to Lourdes. They appeal to his best and deepest feelings; and, once seen, can never

be forgotten. The line that divides the visible from the invisible world exists no longer; faith becomes a reality; Our Lord and His Mother are living presences; the soul stands for one brief hour on the threshold of the supernatural.

But when the glamour, the excitement, the enthusiasm have, as needs be, died away, and only sober reason and sturdy common-sense remain, what are the thoughts of the twentieth-century pilgrim? His faith, though perfectly respectful and sincere, is nevertheless almost unconsciously kept under control by the claims of reason and evidence. He readily admits the principle that miracles are possible, but the particular application of this principle is, in many cases, open to doubt and discussion. He feels that Lourdes is a marvellous field for the display of generous faith,—a faith almost pathetic in its unshrinking reliance on the divine help; but how will the enthusiasm that burn so brightly in the "land of miracles" stand the test of scientific criticism?

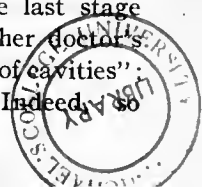
Lourdes, we can safely say, comes out of the ordeal with flying colors. However much certain men of science may carp at its miracles, they, one and all, are forced to acknowledge the openness, fairness, integrity, and liberal spirit of the medical men who preside over the Bureau des Constatations, where all so-called miracles are duly examined. Dr. Boissarie, who is at the head of this department, invites rather than shuns criticism and close examination; and his medical colleagues, whatever may be their belief or nationality, are cordially made welcome by him. He himself, although a devout Catholic, becomes, when a miracle is brought to his notice, sternly scientific.

The eager crowd may call out "*Un miracle! Un miracle!*" The lame, the palsied may drop their crutches and hurry on in the footsteps of the procession; ulcers may close and vanish; the blind may see and the deaf hear; yet Dr. Boissarie withholds his opinion until the supposed miracle has been sanctioned by

time and experience. He was, this year, surrounded by physicians from Canada, Brazil, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Russia, all of whom, with a liberality and large-mindedness that even free-thinkers must recognize, he encouraged to watch the cases that claimed his attention. Only when, after a lapse of twelve months, the *miraculé* returns to Lourdes hale and hearty, does the prudent Doctor acknowledge that the cure is the work of a power superior to natural forces and to human science. Thus it happens that during the National Pilgrimage, besides the patients who came to seek relief and health at the blessed shrine, we meet with the privileged ones who gratefully submit to a fresh examination, the result of which is to prove that their cure has stood the test of time and may at last be ranked among the "miracles of Lourdes."

For example, among the pilgrims who last month took part in the pilgrimage was a woman named Madame Courant. A year ago she was brought to Lourdes, and with much difficulty was carried to the Grotto on a stretcher. For twenty-three years she had suffered from paralysis and dropsy and could neither walk nor stand. It was a striking, almost alarming sight to see this huge, shapeless mass of flesh rise as the Blessed Sacrament passed by, and for the first time for so many years walk freely. This year Madame Courant returned to Lourdes, an active, healthy woman, who for the last twelve months has worked on a farm without pain or discomfort.

Another *miraculée* who returned to Lourdes this year, Aurélie Huprelle, of the diocese of Beauvais, was, eleven years ago, the subject of one of the most extraordinary cures ever witnessed in the land of miracles. She was then a girl of twenty-one, and for six years had suffered from consumption. When she decided to go to Lourdes, she was in the last stage of the disease. According to her doctor's testimony, her lungs were "full of cavities"; she spit blood frequently. Indeed, so



precarious did the physician consider her state, that he thought it his duty to warn her relations that the long journey might kill her. Aurélie was aware of the risk she incurred. "I may as well die at Lourdes as elsewhere," she answered. When plunged into the icy-cold water, the girl felt a violent, burning pain in her chest; then came complete relief. She was hurried away to the Bureau des Constata-tions and carefully examined. Every trace of consumption had vanished! Her lungs were absolutely sound, her breathing excel-lent. Since then she has enjoyed perfect health, and is to-day a strong woman, with no sign of delicacy or weakness.

This case, Dr. Boissarie admits, is an extraordinary one. A dying woman, in the space of a few seconds, became strong and well; diseased lungs were made healthy; poisoned blood became pure; the evil elements were suddenly expelled from the patient's body, and replaced by organs that bear no trace of disease. Those who seek to explain the miracles of Lourdes by nerves or imagination acting upon the system, can offer no plausible explanation of Aurélie Huprelle's instantaneous cure; and every sincere mind must bow down before the power of Him who, when it pleases His majesty, overrules the laws of nature.

Among the cures that took place this year, several seem to deserve the name of miracle. A young woman of twenty-eight, Madame Cochard, whose legs were paralyzed in consequence of a disease of the spine, was able to walk after being bathed. Marie Antoinette Rivière, a girl of twenty, could neither walk nor eat, and was suffering from ulceration of the stomach; she can now do both, and her digestion is perfect. Marie Borel was afflicted with wounds that discharged continually, and could neither walk nor stand; on the patient's being bathed, the wounds closed up, and Marie can now walk without pain. Madame Rocher was told by her doctors that her sufferings came from an internal growth, and that an immediate operation

was necessary; after being bathed, she experienced sudden and complete relief; and on examination it was found that all traces of the growth had disappeared.

More striking still is the case of Vincent Filippi, a blind man, who had been treated in all the Paris hospitals. The certificates he carried to Lourdes stated that the physicians and surgeons whom he had seen declared him to be "completely" and "incurably" blind. A further proof that he was considered hopelessly infirm is that, although a young man (he is only thirty-one), he has an allowance from the Assistance Publique, the government relief fund. On the 19th of August, Filippi washed his eyes at the miraculous fountain, but with no result. On the 20th, after receiving Holy Communion, he returned to the Grotto. His eyes began to smart, but he could now distinguish his surroundings; and when, at the Bureau des Constata-tions, he was put to the test, he was able to read without pain or fatigue.

These are only a few of the many cures that, during the past month of August, helped to stimulate the faith and confidence of Our Lady's devout clients. But what no human eye can penetrate are the hidden graces of light, strength, and consolation that are bestowed upon pilgrims whose bodily infirmities are not taken away. "God knows best!" The trite and matter-of-fact words, so easy to say, so hard to accept, seem to force themselves as a natural conclusion upon the sick and suffering ones from whom the burden of pain has not been lifted. They bring back into their daily lives the same bodily suffering as before; they return lame, paralyzed, blind, as the case may be; but there is in their hearts neither bitterness nor jealousy; and, given the conditions of human nature, is not this the greatest of marvels?

To some Our Lady has given strength to carry the cross; to others, light to grasp its value and meaning. Others return, not completely cured, but with their sufferings alleviated; the pain and infirmity have

now become easy to bear. Others, again, are convinced that next year they will be cured; and this joyful anticipation, which in some cases is fully realized, keeps up their spirits and their hopes. So once more we understand that no prayer is ever lost, ever unheard, although God's answer may be different from what we hope and expect.

A touching epilogue to the National Pilgrimage is the ceremony that takes place at Notre Dame des Victoires when the pilgrims from Lourdes return to Paris. On Saturday, August 24, the church was filled to overflowing two hours before the ceremony began. After the *Magnificat* and the *Ave* had been sung by the assembled multitude, Père Montague, superior of the seminary of Blois, ascended the pulpit and gave his hearers a brief account of the pilgrimage and of the most striking miracles performed by Our Lady. Among these, he laid particular stress on the cure of Vincent Filippi, the blind man, who humbly begged Notre Dame de Lourdes to give him back "one quarter" of his sight, and who received four times what he prayed for.

Another anecdote related by the preacher impressed his hearers. A certain lady, wealthy, pious and charitable, was afflicted with what seemed a chronic disease. For several years she continued to come to Lourdes, where she prayed earnestly, but with no apparent success. She was in the habit of performing the journey in her own carriage; and the sight of the well-dressed, elegant invalid, attended by a servant in livery, became familiar to the pilgrims. One day Madame X was talking over her case with the curé of her village, a simple old priest, who was on friendly terms with his wealthy parishioner. "Madame," he said, "I have an idea that Our Lady of Lourdes will cure you one day; but, believe me, she will be more inclined to do so if you visit her shrine as a poor pilgrim. You will touch her heart more surely if you mingle with the little ones of this world, the poor and

the humble, on whom, if you notice, she bestows her choicest blessings and favors." The suggestion was carried out. Madame X returned to Lourdes with a general pilgrimage. She generously paid for the journey of a person who was unable to incur the expense; but she herself joined the group of workmen and peasants who lodge in the hospital, and among whom most of the *miraculés* are to be found. She bravely discarded her carriage, servants, fine clothes, and bodily comforts; and, for the first time, presented herself at the Grotto as a mendicant lost in the crowd of poor pilgrims whom the charity of others enables to visit Lourdes. This act of humility and courage brought its own reward, and Madame X returned home absolutely cured.

What added to the impressiveness of the ceremony at Notre Dame des Victoires was the presence of several *miraculés*, whom their broad blue ribbons made easy to recognize.

Facts such as these, that help us to realize the ever-present, living, all-powerful love of our Blessed Mother, come in times of doubt and darkness as messengers of hope. It is good, when the burden of life presses most heavily, when uncertainty as to the future and regrets concerning the past damp our courage, to feel the close presence of an invisible, supernatural, but very real power; an influence not only powerful but loving; a hand strong but motherly, stretched out to help, to cure, and to save. The Blessed Lady of Lourdes, in her mountain shrine, has given health and strength to countless sufferers; but she is still more prodigal of even greater though invisible gifts,—gifts of light, strength, and comfort, that go far to carry the weary pilgrim over the rough and stony places of life.

STILL in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—Whittier.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XIV.

HENCEFORTH the morning hours were spent in the studio, and the portrait progressed well and quickly. It was a speaking likeness, a charming picture, and Brian was warmly congratulated upon every side.

"It's the best thing I've done yet, I do believe," he said one evening, as, after an early dinner, he escorted the two ladies to the Haymarket Theatre. "Marjory, I owe you a debt of gratitude. You have been a real inspiration to me. I'm getting quite excited over your picture! Now that it is nearly finished, I grow more and more hopeful. Everyone tells me it is sure to be accepted and well hung in the Royal Academy. Just think of that! 'Something accomplished, something done.' That" (gleefully) "is a real joy to me."

Marjory blushed to her hair; and, thankful that in the dark depths of the four-wheeled cab her burning cheeks were not visible either to Brian or Mrs. Devereux, she said:

"You are glad it's finished, that you may get rid of us, I dare say. It must have been a bore to have us arriving at the studio so punctually every morning."

"Not at all! I'll miss you and the mater very much," Brian answered briskly. "But it will be a relief to you, I'm sure, to have your mornings free again. You were exceedingly kind and good to come so regularly."

"It was a pleasure,—a great pleasure," said Marjory, with difficulty suppressing a sigh. "Wasn't it, grandmamma?"

"Not altogether an unmixed pleasure, dear. I confess those long sittings are beginning to pall a little."

"Poor old mater!" Brian laughed gaily. "Well, you shan't have many more of them now. All the same, you must not quite desert the studio. I mean to give

a series of tea parties to show my pictures, the portrait being the *pièce de résistance*; and you and Marjory must help me to entertain all sorts of curious odds and ends of people."

"How amusing!" Marjory sat up, and her heart gave a great throb of joy. These tea parties meant that Brian wished to bring her to the studio even after the sittings were over. He was as anxious for her company as she was for his. The thought filled her with happiness, and she added: "I'll certainly go to your entertainments, Brian."

"That's right! Thank you! I was sure you would, and" (pressing Mrs. Devereux's hand) "the mater too?"

"Of course," she smiled. "You may always count on me, dear boy!"

"Good! I'm really a lucky chap. Frank Devereux has promised to come also. He's a host in himself. By the way, Marjory, he's tremendously taken with you. He thinks you very handsome."

"How kind of him!" in a sarcastic voice. "And how condescending!"

"Frank's a rattling good fellow," said Brian, "and will be a baronet one day. So I wouldn't despise him, Marjory."

"I have no intention of despising him," her cheeks burning. "But you'll kindly not repeat silly remarks made about me by other men. It is a matter of absolute indifference to me what Frank Devereux thinks of me."

"I'm awfully sorry to have annoyed you!" Brian cried apologetically. "Pray" (bending toward her) "forgive me. It was only—"

"Oh, I forgive you! It—it was nothing," Marjory stammered; and as the light from a street lamp fell suddenly upon her face, Brian was surprised to see that her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"I am an awkward fellow," he thought quickly. "Always saying the wrong thing. But I felt sure she'd take my innocent remark as a joke, as I intended it. Evidently she's a bit touchy about Frank. I wonder—but there! I do hope it's all

right, and not just his pleasant way. He is a first-rate fellow, and their marriage would be a splendid thing. The family property and family title united once again. By Jove! they must see more of each other. From this night forward I'll do all I can to throw them together."

That evening was one of the most delightful Marjory had ever passed. Of the play she knew little, and hardly noticed what was said or done upon the stage, so absorbed was she in her own happiness, as every moment made her more certain that the dream of her life would very soon come true.

All unconscious of the hopes he was raising in the girl's mind and heart, and anxious to do all he could to make up for his awkward speech in the cab and the annoyance he had caused her, Brian devoted himself to her as he had never done before. He sat beside her, attentive and pleasant; talked to her in a soft voice between the acts; met her bright glance and smiled from time to time, when something brilliant or amusing was said by one or other of the characters in the unusually good play. Thinking only of making his peace and soothing the girl's ruffled temper, he little guessed what he was doing, and felt thoroughly well pleased when she looked at him with kind eyes and smiling, happy lips.

"Mater," Brian said cheerily, as the curtain went down for the last time, "you're not going home and to bed yet awhile. I've arranged for a little supper at Dieudonné's. Marjory will like it" (his glance seeking the girl's inquiringly), "I feel sure?"

"Oh, yes, very much, Brian!" she exclaimed, the color coming and going in her face. "It will be delightful."

"I am at your service now and always, dear boy!" Mrs. Devereux replied pleasantly. "But you must not get into the habit of treating us so regally. I had ordered a slight repast at home."

Brian laughed, and swung his opera-glasses over his shoulder.

"Oh, that will keep, mater! I'll back a Dieudonné supper against yours any day. So come along."

In a flutter of delight, Marjory seated herself at the little table in the gay restaurant, fully appreciating the glances of admiration cast upon her as she laid aside her velvet cloak, and, radiant in shimmering white satin and chiffon, took her seat between Brian and her grandmother.

"Over-dressed!" thought Brian, fully aware of the notice the girl was receiving. "I wish to goodness she wouldn't wear such fine clothes. But I'm a surly bear. She's handsome and rich, so why on earth shouldn't she dress well? All the same, I like simplicity and a wee bit of artistic taste. Marjory Darien has neither one nor the other."

Nevertheless, he could not but feel that there was something very attractive about the girl. It was pleasant, and flattering too, to see that everyone who looked in her direction did so with somewhat envious and admiring eyes; and it gave him a thrill of satisfaction and importance, an air of well-being and contentment, that was evident in his manner, and lent fresh brightness to his cheery voice.

"How well these dear children get on together now!" Mrs. Devereux thought, as, taking her soup in silence, she listened to the lively chatter and gay laughter of the young people. "Brian is surpassing himself to-night. And as for Marjory, I never saw her in such spirits. And she really looks quite beautiful."

The door opened and several people, men and women in evening dress, swept in, and after a moment or two settled into their places at various tables round the room. One young man, however, remained standing alone, looking about him in an uncertain and dejected way. Every table was filled. There was not an empty chair.

Suddenly Brian sprang up, and, throwing aside his napkin, called out gladly:

"Why, it's Frank! Well, this is luck!"

And he stepped lightly across the floor and clapped the late arrival on the back. "Welcome, old man! You're just in time. We've only begun our soup. Come along! The mater and Miss Darien will be charmed to see you. We're having supper here after 'The Darling of the Gods' at the Haymarket. Waiter, bring another chair to my table."

Frank Devereux grasped his hand, and then, before he had quite realized all that Brian had said, found himself seated at a gaily spread table, between Mrs. Devereux and Marjory Darien.

"This is perfectly charming!" he cried. "I was feeling horribly down on my luck. I hate supping alone; and although I telephoned to six fellows to come along here, they were, every one, engaged. Thank goodness they were now! Miss Darien, I trust you don't look upon me as an intruder, coming in such a sudden way to spoil your little party?"

"Not at all," Marjory's voice was somewhat constrained, her color less brilliant, her smile but a faded reflection of the radiancy of a few moments before. "A party *carré* is always a pleasant one."

"Thank you! 'Tis good of you to say so." Frank gave her a quick, penetrating glance. "But you look tired, Miss Darien. Was the play too long?"

"No: it was charming; wasn't it, Brian?"

"Very,—one of the most delightful I've seen for many a day. But you *do* look pale and tired, Marjory. Let me give you a little champagne?"

"No, no, Brian, thank you! I never touch it. But" (with a sudden blush, as she felt his eyes fixed wonderingly on her face) "don't stare at me so. I *am* a little tired. But I'll revive when I've eaten some of this delicious *entrée*."

"I hope so." Brian turned away to hide the smile of amusement that he could not suppress, as he thought quickly: "She's embarrassed at meeting Frank so unexpectedly. I must help her by not noticing, and leaving her to come round quietly and naturally. She'll soon do that,

and rejoice at the good luck that sent the dear fellow this way."

"The evening is spoiled for me," the girl told herself, as, with downcast eyes and a heavy heart, she heard Brian discussing the Education Bill with Frank Devereux. "Why couldn't he have stayed at home—anywhere—and left us alone? We were so happy! Now everything is slow and serious. Brian hasn't a word or a look for me. And, oh, I do hate politics! But I shan't allow it to go on. I'm not going to sit by like a dummy and listen to their absurd talk. Brian takes things too much for granted, and thinks it sufficient to be attentive and lover-like when we are by ourselves. But I'll show him that I can be nice to other men as well as to him. He won't like it, but, to punish him, I'll smile on Frank Devereux. And then" (her eyes flashing, the color coming back to her cheeks),—"well, we'll see."

"Why, you're looking better already, Marjory!" cried Brian with a cheery laugh. "I suppose the heat of the room upset you for a moment. Shall I get a window opened?"

"Don't trouble, please. I'm feeling quite well," she answered; and, meeting Frank Devereux's grey eyes, she looked at him with a half shy, half appealing glance, and smiled. After that the little party was very gay, and the liveliest of them all was Marjory Darien.

"Jove! this has been a happy meeting!" Brian thought, watching the two, and listening to their merry chatter. "We certainly must have many such. And, of course, little as I know about these things, they can end only one way—the happy marriage of Marjory Darien and Francis Devereux, Esquire."

XV.

Bent on making his young friends happy, Brian determined to throw them together as much as possible. So he invited Frank Devereux to dinner at the flat, arranged excursions here, there, and everywhere; took tickets for concerts and theatres; got up supper and luncheon parties at

every gay and attractive restaurant that he knew of in town. Then, not to be outdone, Frank Devèreux, invariably his guest on these occasions, insisted on returning his hospitality in much the same way; and so the inmates of the usually quiet little flat lived in a perfect whirl of excitement and dissipation.

"I don't like it, Brian," Mrs. Devereux at last remarked, thoroughly weary of such constant rushing about. "I don't like it, and the extravagance alarms me. It's all very well for Frank Devereux: his father, I believe, gives him a handsome allowance. But for you it means ruin."

"Oh, no, no, mater!" Brian laughed. "Draw it mild. I'm not so hard up as that. And I've got two good orders for portraits. Marjory has brought me good luck."

"I'm glad of that. But you'll want a summer holiday by and by, and it's wrong to spend so much money on mere pleasure."

"It's only for a time," Brian said in his most insinuating voice. "And it's for a good purpose, not only for pleasure. Marjory won't be much longer here, mater."

She looked up quickly; and, reddening, he turned away, saying:

"We're bound to do all we can, you know, to make her happy, if possible, whilst she is our guest."

"Marjory will, must, be content to have a quiet evening now and again," she said severely. "And if you go on being so extravagant in your way of entertaining her, I'll send her home at once."

"O mater, pray don't!" he cried in a despairing voice. "That—would spoil—no" (stammering and confused), "we can't spare Marjory yet."

"We'd both miss the dear girl, I know; and yet—"

"I'll take your advice, and spend no more at present on amusing her. But you won't object to Devereux's dining here, and staying for a game of bridge?"

"Not at all! I like Frank, and enjoy a quiet rubber or two."

"Good! And the tea parties at the studio? You'll allow those, I hope?"

"Certainly. They will not be costly, and they will be useful to you."

He laughed gaily.

"So they will; for the more Marjory's portrait is seen, the better. It's not worth while mentioning or groaning over the few pounds I've spent on the dear girl's amusement, mater, when she is helping me to make my fortune. Now, is it?"

She smiled and patted his hand, looking at him with great affection.

"You're a dear lad!" she said softly. "The girl who wins you for her husband will indeed be fortunate."

Brian grew scarlet, and put his fingers in his ears, as, laughing, he went quickly toward the door.

"Such flattery is not for me to listen to," he cried; "so I'm off! The first tea party is to be to-morrow. Tell Marjory to put on something very smart. I'd like her to look her best."

"Always Marjory!" Mrs. Devereux said, thoughtfully, when he was gone. "She seems to be constantly in his mind. The dear boy! Is it possible that—it looks like it. And yet I do hope not. Marjory has many good qualities, but she is proud and worldly to her finger tips. Then her father hates Brian, would not allow him inside his door. Did such a thing happen as that those two should love—I shiver to think what the consequences might be. But I need not worry. A poor artist would have no chance with Marjory. Frank Devereux, the future baronet, would be more likely to please her and her father. The Trelawny affair I can't believe in. Young girls are full of fancies. And Frank is a nice fellow,—though not to be compared, of course, with my Brian."

Next morning, soon after breakfast, Mrs. Devereux and Marjory hurried off to help Brian to decorate the studio for the afternoon party. Her arms full of flowers—gay chrysanthemums and tall white lilies,—a soft color in her cheeks, her eyes bright with pleasure, the girl

stood for a moment in the studio doorway, looking round. Unconscious of her presence, Brian suddenly raised his head, and, meeting her happy glance, threw aside his palette and brushes, and started forward, eager and delighted.

"I'd love to paint you again, just like that!" he cried, his artistic feeling roused, and charmed by the picture she made against the velvet curtain in the doorway. "You look quite beautiful."

Marjory blushed vividly and her heart gave a quick throb of joy. A word of admiration from Brian was very dear to her. Trembling a little, her eyes cast down lest he should see the happiness in their depths, she laid her flowers on a table.

"Oh, you may paint me again if you like! I have no objection," she answered, laughingly. "But I think it would be wiser to turn your attention to some other subject. Too much of even such a good thing as I am might be a mistake. Don't you agree, grandmamma?"

"Certainly." Mrs. Devereux, who had followed the girl a little slowly, and had heard only her last remark, spoke with decision. "It would be absurd to paint you again. People would think Brian a man of one idea. Besides, you can't spend your days in the studio; and then—well, your mother and father may want you at Slievenagh House before long."

"O grandma, not yet!" Marjory turned pale. "They don't miss me one bit."

"Don't say that, child! However" (seeing a look of pain in the girl's eyes), "they have not asked for you yet."

"No, thank God!" Marjory said under her breath. "Not yet,—not for months to come, I trust." And she bent over the table and began hastily to arrange her flowers.

The party that afternoon was a large and pleasant one. All sorts of people—smart women; strong-minded looking girls in short skirts, Norfolk jackets, and bright Tam O'Shanters; well set-up men in silk hats and frock-coats; artists in loose velvet garments,—roamed round

the studio, finding fault, criticising and admiring the various paintings of their promising young host, Brian Cardew. About Marjory's portrait there was but one opinion: all agreed that it was excellent, by far the best piece of work he had done; and, apart from its artistic merit, an admirable likeness. So, as Marjory, exquisitely dressed, smiling and radiant, moved freely about, helping Brian and Mrs. Devereux to entertain their numerous guests, she was the heroine of the hour.

Amongst those most charmed with the girl was Frank's father, Sir Leonard Devereux.

"She is very handsome, and, I really think, altogether charming," he said to himself, watching her with keen interest. "What a pity she's Philip Darien's daughter! Only for that, Frank could not do better than marry her. Her fortune will be immense. But that man" (shrugging his shoulders) "is impossible. If all I hear of him is true, a connection with him is not to be desired. Monica Devereux was always a sweet creature; for her sake I should like to know and be kind to her daughter."

And Sir Leonard set to work to make himself as agreeable as he could to beautiful Marjory.

"I call it a shame the way Mrs. Devereux and Brian have kept you to themselves," he said, when he had talked to the girl for some time. "They never once told me you were here."

"Perhaps they thought the matter did not interest you," she answered, smiling. "And your son could have told you I was here."

"To be sure! But you know what boys are." Then, reddening in confusion as he suddenly remembered the rude and cutting remarks he had made about her father when Frank first mentioned having met her, he said quickly: "However, we must make up for lost time. I'll give a ball."

Marjory's eyes danced.

"How kind! That would be delightful."

"I've a big house, and I'll introduce

you to smart people. Your mother's daughter ought to mix with the very best."

Somewhat tired, but blissfully content, Marjory left the studio that evening and drove back to the flat with Mrs. Devereux. Brian remained to put things away and lock up, promising to follow as quickly as possible.

"It's been delicious!" the girl cried, tripping into the drawing-room. "I was sorry when it was over."

"So was I; though I confess" (Mrs. Devereux smiled) "I'm half dead with fatigue. Here are letters, Marjory. One is from your mother. I do hope the poor darling is well."

Marjory tore open the envelope and eagerly read her mother's letter. She grew crimson, and then white as marble.

"My child, what is it?" Mrs. Devereux caught her hand. "Your mother—"

"Is well" (hoarsely). "But—O grand-mamma, Trelawny has gone, and father and—"

"Gone? You don't mean—"

"Forever? Alas, no! For a time. And mother" (Marjory flung herself sobbing into a chair),—"mother says I am to go home at once."

(To be continued.)

Heroines of the Home.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

ELIZABETH CANORI MORA.

(CONCLUSION.)

AMONG the many wonderful privileges accorded to Elizabeth was that, to use the words of Our Lord, spoken to her in vision, she had the keys of purgatory placed at her disposal. She delivered therefrom innumerable souls, including her father (whose approaching death had been foretold to her by St. Francis of Assisi), in reward of services rendered by him to the religious of Ara Cœli while acting as their syndic, or temporal father. He appeared to her one day after Holy Communion resplendent with light. Her mother, too, had been a benefactress of the Seraphic Order; and Elizabeth was also apprised beforehand of her death by the Saint of Assisi, and had the happiness of seeing her soul ascend to heaven. When that other heroine of the home, Anna Maria Taigi,* quitted this life, Elizabeth saw her soul take its flight heavenward, between St. John of Matha and St. Felix of Valois; Our Lady coming to meet her, and Our Lord investing her with splendor and glory.

It was given to her to deliver at her choice as many as she pleased from purgatory, to which she was led in spirit by the founders of the Trinitarian Order. On one occasion she saw the souls rising to heaven, following their Guardian Angels, in groups so numerous that it seemed that purgatory must have been emptied.

Of this lay woman, this much-trying wife and anxious mother, this humble secular Tertiary, we find recorded things as marvellous as any related in the lives

TIME is full of eternity. As we use it so we shall be. Every day has its opportunities, every hour its offer of grace. The Council of Sens applies the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," to the continuous action of the Holy Ghost upon the heart. This is true of every living soul. The faithful have, all through life and all the day long, this constant invitation and aid to lay up for themselves a greater reward in eternity. As a man soweth so shall he also reap, both in quantity and in kind. All men have their seedtime and their harvest in time and for eternity. If we lose the seedtime we lose the harvest. Another seedtime and another harvest may be granted to us. But it is another. That which is lost is lost forever.—*Cardinal Manning.*

* This greatly favored servant of God appeared to Elizabeth Canori Mora and showed her the soul of a dead person for whom she had been praying, enveloped in flames. The deceased revealed that he had been saved by Anna Maria's prayers.

of cloistered saints. The mystical nuptials with the Spirit of Love, when she was chosen as the spouse of the King of Glory—the celestial union which, for want of another name, is, St. Teresa says, called a mystical marriage,—took place on October 23, 1816, and was renewed on the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, 1822. This Thabor, when her soul was, as it were, transfigured, was followed by a mystical crucifixion and death. She was several times rapt in spirit to Calvary, and participated in the Passion of Our Lord. Like St. Teresa, who exclaimed, "*Aut pati, aut mori!*" she hungered for suffering in her intense desire of self-immolation. Almost continually in ecstasy, the raptures seized her in the church, in her own oratory, at table, during work, while at prayer or at Holy Communion, and even in the midst of conversation. To her, as to St. Francis, it was revealed that she was confirmed in grace while still *in via*. Her life was a continual succession of visions, revelations, ecstasies, natural and supernatural suffering, borne with perfect patience and submission to the divine will.

A knowledge of the highest mysteries was unfolded to Elizabeth. Of the Incarnation, she said God had reserved the secret, and that even angelic intelligences would never know all its sublimity. On one occasion the Incarnate Word appeared to her as the Babe of Bethlehem lying in the Crib and bathed in blood. On her asking what had reduced Him to so pitiable a condition, He replied: "This is done by those very ministers for whom you are praying—the monks and nuns who profane their holy habit; the fathers and mothers who, instead of giving their children a Christian education, inspire them with a love of pleasure and luxury, and fill them from their earliest childhood with worldly ideas."

Elizabeth was particularly devout to the Blessed Virgin,—the "Woman above all women glorified"; and, fervently celebrating the feast of her Assumption, was crowned by Our Lord and enrolled

among the virgins "who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,"—a special privilege which was solemnly confirmed to her on succeeding feasts of Our Lady. In grateful remembrance of this, she, together with her daughters, daily recited the Rosary and the Little Office.

The following vision, her biographer relates, produced a great sensation in the Holy City. On the feast of St. Peter, Elizabeth prayed the Apostle to succor the Church, whose guardianship had been confided to him, and to pray for the sinners who dishonored her. Suddenly the heavens were opened, and the Apostle St. Peter descended, in pontifical vestments, and surrounded by a numerous troop of angelic spirits. With his pastoral staff he traced a large cross upon the ground; he touched its four extremities, and four mysterious trees, full of flowers and fruit, arose. Then he opened the doors of all the monasteries, both of men and women, and returned to heaven. The four mysterious trees were to serve as a place of refuge for all the faithful who had the happiness to preserve the sacred deposit of the faith during the cruel trial which Our Lord was about to send upon His Church. At the same moment the heavens were covered with dark clouds,* and so violent a wind arose that both men and animals were filled with terror. In this horrible confusion men slaughtered one another; the devils themselves mixed in the carnage to multiply the victims. But what was most remarkable, they could vent their homicidal rage only on the impious: the good, sheltered under the four mysterious trees, were in safety, under the protection of the holy Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul.

When the divine justice was appeased by the effusion of so much blood and the destruction of the impious, the clouds which obscured the heavens were dispersed, and a mild ray of light announced

* This Apocalyptic vision has a close resemblance to Anna Maria Taigi's prediction about the three days' darkness.

to the earth the reconciliation of God with men. The Apostle St. Paul appeared full of power and strength; he took the devils, loaded them with chains, and led them to the feet of the Prince of the Apostles. St. Peter held sovereign power to judge them: he condemned them to be precipitated into the abyss, and the sentence was immediately executed. In order to celebrate this glorious victory, the angels mingled with the faithful who had not failed during the trial, and conducted them to the feet of St. Peter, who, seated upon a majestic throne, received their homage and thanks. He himself chose the new Pontiff who was destined to reorganize the Church. The religious Orders were re-established, the faithful were inflamed with new fervor, the Church recovered her primitive beauty, and the Sovereign Pontiff was recognized in every country of the world as the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The doctrine of the Communion of Saints was objectively demonstrated in the frequent apparitions of canonized servants of God, with whom Elizabeth held familiar and loving converse. She had a great devotion to St. Ignatius Loyola. "I call him father," she said, "because he loves me as much as he loves his own children. I call him my master, because he has taught my soul divine science. I call him my protector and my advocate, because he had the kindness to obtain for me from the incomparable Mother of God the celestial gift of divine charity." When he obtained for her the favor of daily Communion, she said: "Oh, how many times have I offered to Our Lord my blood and my life to obtain that his Congregation, the Company of Jesus, might be re-established!"

The favors she obtained through the intercession of the saints of the Trinitarian Order were incalculable, as were the graces she obtained for others by her prayers. "Her path," says her biographer, "was sown with blessings, and she never sojourned in a place without leaving

behind her the imperishable effects of her power and charity; so that, when the process of beatification was opened, it was necessary to obtain information from several dioceses at the same time, and each of them recorded fresh miracles."

In addition to working miracles, she had received the gift of tears, of reading consciences, of prophecy, as well as of bilocation. To one of her daughters, Mary Josephine, she foretold that she would become a religious. After her mother's death, the girl joined the Oblates of St. Philip Neri, and became superioress of their convent in the quarter Dei Monti. She also told her that one of her nephews would make himself very active on her mother's behalf. On entering the convent, Mary Josephine communicated this prediction to her companions. The nuns waited impatiently for the nephew who should contribute to the glorification of his aunt, but over forty years had passed since this announcement was made, when one day a revolutionary commotion drove into Rome a Brother of the Christian Schools, Luigi Canori—in religion Brother Romuald,—who then heard for the first time that he was the nephew of a most holy woman. He immediately undertook to institute the ordinary process for her canonization, and displayed so much activity and zeal that he had the happiness to see his labors crowned with success. The process, begun on September 6, 1864, ended on July, 1867; and it is expected that the servant of God will soon be raised to the honors of the Church's altars. He had heard of the prophecy concerning his share therein only at the time of his arrival in Rome.

Elizabeth was a type of Tertiary very rare in these days of weak faith and lax discipline. Left at complete liberty by her husband, she led the life of a nun in the world, took the religious vows and strictly observed them; and, in order to reach a high degree of perfection, composed for her own guidance a little summary of resolutions, which she made

the basis of her conduct, and for which, during the last ten years of her existence, Our Lord substituted a more austere rule of life; for, as her confessor declared after her death (which took place on February 5, 1825), God was pleased to guide this soul Himself, without human aid, through the three illnesses—or rather through the three trials—He made of her fidelity and love.

In a vision after Holy Communion, the Blessed Virgin led Elizabeth in spirit before the great White Throne, where God offered her the choice of continuing to live longer on earth or going to heaven. She chose the latter alternative; and when it was believed she was restored to health, she calmly and collectedly passed away in the arms of her daughter, blessing her children in death as she had blessed them in life by her wise counsel and guidance.

Apparitions and marvellous cures bore testimony to her sanctity.* At the moment of her death her sister, Maria Canori, was at her evening devotions, when Elizabeth suddenly came before her as if still living and said: "I am going to the heavenly country. I recommend you to take care of my daughters until they are established." The touch of her coffin, in which her body was exposed in the little church of San Carlo dei Quattro Fontane, and of the grave-clothes in which she was enshrouded (her Tertiary habit), brought healing to the bodily afflicted; even her portrait wrought miracles. But the greatest miracle of all was her husband's conversion, in fulfilment of one of her predictions.

On one occasion Signora Matilda Brambelli, now a religious in Rome,† went with her mother to visit the miraculous picture of the *Ecce Homo* at the Moras; and, on leaving, spoke to Signor Mora, who laugh-

ingly remarked: "You come to pray! It is always Christmas night with my wife; but I allow her to keep it; and, for my own part, I say Mass while I am sleeping in my bed." His wife, who joined in the conversation, said: "Laugh as much as you please; but after my death you will say Mass, and, what is more, you will hear confessions. You will then no longer pretend to say Mass in bed." He continued in his usual course of life as long as she lived, but she was scarcely dead when he felt the effects of her power with God. He began to lead a penitential life, and was frequently met going barefooted in the early morning through the streets of Rome to hear Mass at the different churches. Often did he say, with tears in his eyes: "I sanctified my dear and holy wife by my bad conduct. Can I ever forgive myself?"

One day he went to Mary Josephine, then an Oblate of St. Philip, and told her he wished to leave the world and enter an austere and penitential religious Order. He received the Franciscan habit in 1834, in the church of Santa Dorotea, near the Via Lungara, in the presence of a large number of relatives, and was subsequently ordained priest. Being well educated, he became, as his wife had foretold, both confessor and professor. When the affairs of his Order called him to Rome, he celebrated Mass in his daughter's convent and gave her Holy Communion. After seven years holily spent in religion, he died in the little town of Sezze, on September 8, 1845, after giving heroic examples of the practice of all the virtues.

Though there is much that is more admirable than imitable in the life of this heroine of the home—for hers was, indeed, a special mission not given to many,—it contains beautiful lessons of practical application. One of these—which events occurring on the European continent, particularly in France, emphasize—is the importance of prayers for the Church, for its preservation from enemies within and without, for the revival of faith and fervor

* The miraculous cure of latest date related in Elizabeth's biography was that of Signora Cacilda Jacobelli, of the parish of Our Lady dei Monti, Rome (March, 1867).

† Lady Herbert's "Life of the Venerable Elizabeth Canori Mora," from which this and most of the facts are taken, was published in 1878.

in an age of scepticism and indifferentism, and for the hastening of the advent of that much-needed religious renovation which will signalize its complete triumph over the satanic influences working for its destruction. The divine communications of which Elizabeth was the frequent recipient show how pleasing to God are such prayers; while the systematic persecution of the Church of France, thinly and hypocritically veiled under legal forms, until the blasphemous utterance of Viviani tore aside the veil and revealed the common aim of himself and his confederates, proves how needful is such spiritual succor to a nation once so Catholic, where those who have remained faithful and steadfast are engaged in a "death-or-life" combat with all the forces of evil. Elizabeth Canori Mora's life, from start to finish, was an object lesson on the power of prayer.

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"Saint Anthony, Guide!"

—
BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.
—

WHERE do they bide, those precious things
that went away from me?

Where is the ship with snowy sails that started
out to sea?

In some far harbor does she rest, her sailor-men
asleep?

Or does she lie, becalmed and still, where tropic
serpents creep?

Or it may be she struggles on by vexing breezes
tossed,—

Oh, tell me, dear Saint Anthony; for you can
find the lost!

Oh, does she dream, or does she sleep, or
does she hear him say,

"The snowy sails and sailor-men are coming
home some day"?

Where is the youth—I loved it so!—the years
have filched from me?

Where are the toys—they were so gay!—a little
maid could see?

Where are the old ambitions and the hope of
being wise,

The wish to travel in your steps beneath Italian
skies?

The youth and toys and longing—oh, I will not
mind the cost

If you will bring them back to me,—you who
can find the lost!

Oh, does she sleep, or does she dream, or
does she hear him say,

"The youth you loved so fondly will be yours
again some day"?

But when the kindly breezes and the good old
sailor-men

Have brought my errant vessel to the port of
home again,

When years have tried their pinions and 'tis
always morn and spring,

What shall I do if my new youth forgets my dead
to bring?

Where do they bide, those wandering ones?
What waters have they crossed?

Oh, tell me, sweet Saint Anthony; for you can
find the lost!

Oh, does she dream, or does she sleep, or
does she hear him say,

"Another found them, daughter; they are
folded safe to-day"?

◆◆◆

Old Stories, Old Friends.

—
BY JOHN KEVIN MAGNER.
—

THE Spanish proverb says that old books, old wine, old friends are the best. Some of us, irritated by tight imported "footwear," would add old boots to the list. Most of us, on the other hand, would draw the line severely at old jokes. Yet everyone of us holds in affection the memory of certain funny events and sayings that are at once the oldest and the very best jokes in the world—to him. They date from far-off schooldays when he first developed the salutary sense of humor. The older he grows, the tenderer becomes his recollection of some Catholic place of studies where the fun that came his way neither fouled the memory nor smeared the conscience. In old age he

ends by believing his old jokes the finest in the world. Here are some of mine, crusted, cobwebbed, long in bottle. As I pour them out, they seem to sparkle yet, and I hum the old roundel, "See the merry wine-bowl wink!" But I trust they will not wink too knowingly at my readers, as who should say, "Do you think *we* were worth the decanting?"

There was the "old-fashioned" little boy, for instance, who knew all about living folks who painted and wrote and "sculpted." One of these—a notorious writer—used to go to breakfast with the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, talk atheistically, and drink too much of a poisonous and bitter spirit called absinthe. Later on he became a member of the Protestant church, and took only a glass or two of bottled ale at his meals. The "old-fashioned" boy mentioned this when the gentleman's name came up in class one day. "Atheism and absinthe," said the professor, a bearded layman, who had been an officer in the navy,—“atheism and absinthe. Anglicanism and ale. Who knows? Let us pray that he may steer into port and Catholicity.” He laughed boisterously, and, of course, we followed suit. Then he added: "*Portum salutis*, you know." Nobody laughed, and he went on with the class work rather crustily. The funny part of this joke is that I didn't see the fun of it till I had grown up. I hope my reader will be cleverer.

But here is a joke we all saw at the time. Little B., a son of the wittiest Catholic knight in England, was asked to parse the indefinite pronoun "whate'er," spelt without the *v*, as it usually is by the poets. He said it was a noun substantive. We had had the nouns the day before, you see, and everything was a noun to little B. The master thundered: "Can you *see* 'whate'er,' can you *feel* 'whate'er'?" He was a very eloquent man. He was Irish, with a strong Ulster accent like a Scotsman's. "Did you ever come into contact with a piece, with a lump, with a handful of 'whate'er'?"

In an evil moment little B. observed: "I've drunk a glass of wat-er, sir." We laughed. Lured to his fate, that imprudent B. laughed too, which sufficed. He was ordered to the prefect forthwith for a "whacking," and received scant sympathy on his return, still smiling, but with very manifest effort. Our peppery mentor had explained in the meanwhile that B. must be cured of emulating thus early the punning of his sire, the cleverest and most thoughtful punster England had known since Thomas Hood.

There was Master M., too, in the same class. He came from a semi-ruined castle on the wild west coast of Ireland, where his ancestors had erstwhile been kings,—real monarchs who slew people with gold-hilted swords. It was the Tropic of Capricorn that tripped up his freckled young Majesty. Half an hour had been devoted to the way in which the sun turns a direct bull's-eye so many degrees north and so many degrees south of the equator. Then M. was asked how he would find where the Tropic of Capricorn was. "If I was sailing in a ship, is it, sir?" he queried.—“Yes,” said "Old Jack," quite mildly. Irish himself, he was reprehensibly lenient (mere Saxons and Continentals thought) to small fry of his race.—“Phwy,” said M., “I'd *look* for it, sir.”—“Very well. And how would you find it?” said Old Jack, with a lenity little B. would have found ominous.—“Sure, wid a *telescope*, sir,” said M. “Phwat else?”

We expected to see M. ordered forth for the instant execution of "three on each." Instead of which Jack chuckled. "That's good!" he said. "I'll remember that." And he made a note of it, beamed, and went on with the work in splendid temper.

Then we had the delicate, almost girlish boy who did try hard at the books,—poor little chap!—yet with very scant results. How he would have fared with rough Old Jack I durst not conjecture. Luckily for him, we had a milder and younger master in his year.

Little H. was fairly good at geography; grammar, however, was a balance in which he was ever being tried and found wanting. "What is the predicate of a sentence, H.?" he was asked one day, quite kindly. He rose to his feet, and, being a very truthful boy, was fain to stammer with a deep blush that he didn't know. "Dear! dear!" said Mr. S. "After all my trouble, too! Very well. I'll go to the blackboard and try again." This was too much for H. A harsh word, a stupid punishment, while doing him eventual harm, would have put him quite at his ease for the moment. As it was, he lifted up his voice and wept. "Please Mr. S.," he blubbered, "I *do* know what a volcano is!"

I wonder if Luigi C., now a distinguished officer of engineers, is still able to make the wonderful ugly faces he could "pull" long years ago? Two of them haunt me still in dreams. The first consisted in drawing his cheeks in till his face resembled that of the "Living Skeleton" in travelling shows. Without a moment's warning, Face No. 2 was made to follow,—a blowing out of the cheeks and distension of the soft folds of the neck which gave a fair presentment of the contemporary celebrity, the Tichborne Claimant. In each case a frightful, forced squinting of both eyes gave awe to the picture. The performances were generally given for my personal benefit when Gigi sat opposite me in class, and I was "under the hammer" (i. e., called upon to construe from the Latin author). He used to shield his face from the professor's gaze by resting it upon the thumb and index of a well-spread palm, which gave but a pensive and studious *coup d'œil* to the learned but irascible tenant of the rostrum, which was placed at right angles to our desks. (Since those trying days I have been possessed of the curious, if not particularly desirable, power of withholding laughter in a moment at will, no matter how ludicrous its immediate cause.)

Gigi C. was more than a maker of grimaces: he was a little Catholic humorist

of the school of B.'s father, who once told a *Strand Magazine* interviewer that the recipe for humor was "to have a serious turn of mind and not give way to it." He and I once "slimed" (i. e., departed without permission from bounds to the neighboring village) to buy biscuits and chocolate at a shop which vended such things much more cheaply than our licensed sweet-seller. There was a Baptist chapel in P. As this village was minute, and Dissenters few, the chapel was tininess (and also ugliness) itself. It looked like a brick cigar box, with the lid of a large brickwork packing case nailed onto the entrance. Standing immediately in front of "P. cathedral," as we called it, the deceptive front, as of a doll's house, might persuade a shortsighted man that the "sacred edifice" held a couple of hundred seats. A peep round the corner showed that a couple of score slim folks would find it a very tight fit. The side elevations suggested a *d* or *b*, with the loops of those letters squared. Gigi and I took cover behind it while two professors strolled by on their half-holiday ramble. Then we had time to laugh over the "cathedral's" architecture.

Its pastor was "King Smith," the dour village Whiteley, whose shop was forbidden to us because he sold tobacco to all comers. He added poetry, I remember, to his commercial and ministerial gifts; and a humor-loving professor of ours (afterward a devoted missionary in China) used to revise his odes, at the "Rev." King Smith's request. Alas! one of them—an "Address to the Students of the College"—in enumerating his wares, contained one fatal line:

Of good bird's-eye I've a store.

These seven syllables, when printed, made his shop tabu.

We laughed over the "cathedral" as Catholic boys will when confronted early in life with the ugliness of the dissidence of Dissent. Perhaps I went too far in ridiculing the poor people who had erected so forbidding a Bethel from their savings.

Anyhow, Gigi's face changed, and he said suddenly: "Suppose the Blessed Sacrament was in it? How differently we'd talk!" The idea haunted him for several minutes—and several hundred yards. We were running then to get safely through a convenient gap in the hedge at the bottom of the Front Field, secure from observation. He kept reverting to his thought, and giving it words, having the deep, easy "wind" of healthy boyhood. "It would be nobler than any king's palace if the Blessed Sacrament were in it," he said several times.

In defiance of that respect for good discipline which ripening years engender, I am pleased to think we were not caught that sunlit summer afternoon. I wonder if the memory of it abides with Major C., as well as the power of simulating the "Living Skeleton" and the late Mr. Arthur Orton?

That is the worst of us old fogies telling schoolday jokes. The 'wistful note creeps in. When it does, it is time to make an end abruptly; for to hanker after days that are gone is to become a bore in days that are here. And there are so many who do this. And I would not like my little article to resemble Hannibal's suit of clothes: *Nihil inter aequales excellens*. A sentence of Livy's, by the way, which a boy at my Alma Mater construed thus: *Vestitus nihil*—"Wearing no garments,"—*inter aequales excellens*—"he was conspicuous amongst his contemporaries." *Prosit!*

FREDERIC OZANAM constantly entreated those who gave, to enhance the value of their benefits by bestowing them with their own hand instead of through agents and valets. "How can the recipients of this sort of bounty feel grateful for it, as they would be if it were differently bestowed?" he would urge. "Who ever saw any person moved to tears by the regularity with which the street fountains flow every morning, or the gas is lighted for them every evening?"

An Ultra-Zealous Catechist.

THE average foreign missionary is naturally delighted with evidences of enthusiasm in his converts; but occasionally he meets with a case in which he is constrained to admit that even zeal is one of the good things of which a body may have too much. Father Van Cauwenbergh, a Belgian missionary in Eastern Mongolia, gives the following graphic account of one such case.

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Let me present to you one of my catechists. Of Manchurian origin, he is fifty years old and is called Kiao. Though not particularly gifted intellectually, he possesses a splendid memory, and his piety and fervor are exemplary. Kiao has made it his business to visit all the families recently converted, for the purpose of teaching them the fundamental truths of our holy religion. After a sojourn of two months in one of these families, during which period he exhausts the very depths of his theological lore, he proceeds elsewhere to recommence his instruction, preaching in season and out of season, keeping it up sometimes a full day and night provided he can find an audience. The better to attain his end, he has made herculean efforts to learn by heart five or six books on religion, and these he recites with the most perfect self-possession and assurance. He is listened to willingly enough, I am happy to say; for he makes himself useful in the affairs of the household,—helps in the kitchen, lends a hand at the harvest, tends the smaller children now and then; all for the purpose of giving his hosts more leisure to hear about religion, his great and only concern.

On one occasion I was visiting a number of catechumens at Gniou-kia-tien, and put up for the night in a house where Kiao was carrying out his plan of religious teaching. The quarters of the poor people were anything but spacious, and accordingly I had to pass the night side by side

with my good Kiao. Thoroughly tired out after a very toilsome journey, I thought only of getting a sound sleep; but I had reckoned without my zealous old catechist.

"Father," he began, "these Gnious are good people, who apply themselves to study very well. Such a one knows most of the catechism; so does such another; a third has got only as far as his prayers; but they are all eager to hear the explanations which I give them from the few religious books I have mastered. The last of those books, however, is a good deal like the first, so there is likely to be some repetition—"

"Well, then, repeat, my friend,—repeat. Have no misgivings whatever. Good things will stand repetition."

"Yes, Father; but one of my scholars doesn't make any progress. I have repeated again and again in his case."

"Then pray for him."

"Oh, I do so every day!"

"Keep it up. You have read what Our Lord says on that point?—that we must pray without ceasing, must have courage and confidence."

"Yes, I have read those blessed words many and many a time; but—"

"Go to sleep now, my good friend. It must be getting late. We will discuss the matter to-morrow."

He kept silence for a few minutes, only to awaken me, later on, four or five different times. His latest colloquy began something like this, as I remember:

"Father, I am heart-broken at the thought of how I am going to preach to these folks again. Oh, if I only had your knowledge! Say, Father, how can I teach these people the difference between perfect and imperfect contrition?"

To throw some light on the subject, I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was now half-past two o'clock; and, besides being tired and sleepy, I was also somewhat impatient.

"Look here, my friend, this isn't the time to discuss that point. Everything

has its proper time, if we want to do God's will."

"Father, I want to do nothing else, as you know."

"If that is the case, know that, according to the will of God, night is the time for sleep."

"And if it is altogether impossible for me to sleep on account of the uneasiness and anxiety I feel?"

"Then let the priest sleep: I hope you won't find *that* impossible."

As will be seen, this brave old catechist is literally eaten up with zeal,—a zeal manifest in his prayer not less than his preaching. He is never idle. If he is not engaged in manual labor or in preaching, he is on his knees reciting Rosary after Rosary; and by this latter means, I take it upon myself to declare, he has certainly brought about a notable number of conversions.

The New Marriage Law.

INSTEAD of presenting our readers with a translation of the recent Decree of the Holy See dealing with important changes in the Catholic Marriage Law, to take effect after Easter next, we had decided to publish meantime an explanation of these changes, with any modifications that might be made to meet the special circumstances of any region under the dominion of our Government. A careful explanation of the Decree as it stands is given in the current number of the *London Tablet*; and, as misunderstanding of some of the changes has already arisen, we hasten to reproduce such portions of our contemporary's article as bear directly upon the new laws, a clear understanding of which is of the highest importance. It will be time enough to consider modifications as they are officially promulgated.

The chief point to be borne in mind is that, after Easter next, any marriage between Catholics is absolutely null and void—viz., no real marriage at all,—

unless it is celebrated in the presence of a duly qualified priest and two witnesses. The same is true of any marriage in which *either* of the parties is, or has been, a Catholic. Up to this time, when a Catholic in these countries, in defiance of the law of the Church, has so far forgotten himself as to be married either in a Protestant church or in a registry office, the Church held the marriage to be sinful and sacrilegious, and the parties guilty of grievous sin; but at the same time recognized the marriage so far to be valid and binding, and the parties to be truly man and wife. After Easter next, such marriages in Protestant churches or registry offices will be for Catholics not only sinful but invalid, and the persons who contract them will have merely gone through an empty ceremony, and will be no more man and wife after it than they were before. Be it observed that this law binds all Catholics, even apostate or excommunicated Catholics. But, on the other hand, it does not affect those who are not, and never have been, Catholics. Consequently Protestants and non-Catholics generally are outside its scope; and the marriages of such in their churches, or conventicles, or registry offices, are recognized by the Catholic Church, all things else permitting, as real and true marriages.

It will naturally be asked, who is the qualified priest before whom the marriage must be celebrated? The answer is, the priest of the place where the marriage takes place,—that is to say, the parish priest, if it be a parish; or if it be not, then the priest having cure of souls in the district, or any approved priest whom the parish priest, or priest having cure of souls, or the bishop of the diocese, may delegate. But suppose the parties did not belong to that parish or district or diocese? Even so, the marriage will be valid. Then the priest of a parish or district, or his delegate, may celebrate the marriage of all Catholics who come to him? Validly, yes; but, as a matter of law and good order, he is bound not to celebrate the

marriage unless one of two alternative conditions has been fulfilled—namely, either one or other of the parties must have resided a month in the parish or district where the marriage takes place, or one or other of the parties must have obtained the permission of the priest or bishop under whose jurisdiction he or she resides. But in cases of grave necessity even this permission will not be necessary.

To sum up the position broadly, let us suppose that two persons, A and B (free from impediment), wish to get married. If any priest having cure of souls, or any other priest authorized by him or by the bishop, consents to marry them in his parish or district in presence of two witnesses, the marriage is valid, and the parties are really man and wife. But, not as a condition of validity, but of liceity or good order, they are bound to conform to the following simple regulations. The marriage ought to take place in the parish of the bride, unless there should be some just cause for its being celebrated in some other place. If, however, they desire to be married elsewhere, say in the Catholic church at X, they must ask the priest of X (or some priest authorized by him or the bishop) to marry them, and either A or B must have resided in the parish or district of X for a month. But if they do not wish to do so, all that is necessary is that either of them shall obtain a permission from his or her own parish priest or from the Ordinary. They will have, of course, to give the required assurance that they are free to marry, and to comply with the usual conditions for receiving the Sacrament of Matrimony. If A and B should happen to be persons of no fixed abode, and travelling throughout the country, the priest who marries them will have to obtain the permission of the bishop or of his delegate. But let us suppose the exceptional case, that A and B are living in the wilds of Australia, or in some country where there is a violent persecution of the Church, and they find that, after waiting for a whole month,

the priest of the place, or any other priest authorized by him or by the bishop, is not accessible; then they have only to call two witnesses, and take each other as man and wife in their presence, and their marriage will be both valid and lawful. Or let us suppose a much sadder case,—that A and B have lived together outside of wedlock, and one or other of them is in imminent danger of death; then, for the relief of conscience and the legitimization of their offspring, any priest may marry them, if the parish priest or one authorized by him or the Ordinary is not available.

Another point to be remembered is that the Church for the future will recognize no *sponsalia* or betrothal as an impediment to marriage or as having canonical effect, unless they have been made in writing and signed both by the parties and by the parish priest or the bishop, or at least in presence of two witnesses.

Such will be the requirements of the Church for the valid reception of the Sacrament of Matrimony. We have only to state further that the new law is not retroactive, and does not touch marriages made in other conditions before this time.

No movement so great as the movement by which the Church came into existence has ever been known in the history of man; for it was international, everlasting, and it was about the supernatural. All other movements have been about temporal things, such as peace and war, riches and poverty, liberty and tyranny, revenge and defence, knowledge and ignorance. This one alone is about the supernatural, its object being to establish the Kingdom of God upon the earth, and to reunite mankind in the aspiration after eternal happiness with God in the world to come. Up to that time natural happiness in this life had been the aim of all men, and no one thought of combining to procure happiness in the future life.—*Rev. J. Duggan.*

Notes and Remarks.

The annual congress of German Catholics, which was held this year at Würzburg, was perhaps the most successful of all. Several thousand members were in attendance, among them some of the most prominent priests and laymen of the Fatherland; and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed at every meeting. The papers read and speeches delivered all struck a popular note and evoked storms of applause. The eloquent address of Canon Professor Meyenberg in particular was interrupted time and again by his enthusiastic auditors. Cheer on cheer greeted such utterances as, "We Catholics are more inclined to lay emphasis on that which we have in common with Protestants than on that which divides us." (Would to Heaven it could be truthfully said that Catholics everywhere are so disposed!) The proceedings at Würzburg attracted more attention from the press of the country than those of any previous congress; though the usual forebodings of dire disaster as a result of the ever-increasing strength of German Catholicism were not indulged in, at least by the more prominent and influential journals.

It is not too much to say that the Catholics of Germany have rendered their annual congress an object lesson to all Christendom. May it not be lost on Catholic countries of whose governments, and too large a proportion of whose people, it can not be said that they attach as much importance to religion as does the Protestant Kaiser. To whom long life!

It is hard to realize that the diocese of Fort Wayne is only fifty years old, although its present zealous Bishop is the fourth to occupy the See. Rapid growth in the United States spells shortened lives. Fort Wayne has had few patriarchs among its bishops and clergy. In a short space, as a rule, they fulfilled a long time. The diocese,

which comprises a little less than one half of the whole State of Indiana, began with twenty-six churches, twenty priests, four religious communities, one "literary institution for young men" (the University of Notre Dame), two academies for young ladies, two manual labor schools, seven other schools, including one for deaf-mutes, two orphan asylums, and a population of 25,000. To-day the churches number one hundred and fifty-one; the clergy, one hundred and ninety-seven; the educational institutions of all grades, one hundred and one; the charitable institutions, sixteen; while the Catholic population is estimated at 81,000.

A wondrous growth indeed; there was good reason for celebrating the Golden Jubilee "with joy and gladness." But we venture to predict that when the diocese—or archdiocese—of Fort Wayne comes to celebrate its centenary, the above statistics will be, in comparison with those of 1957, as the sapling to a giant tree.

Yellow fiction threatens to become as reprehensible and as common as yellow journalism. The oldtime novelist was frequently belabored for having reproduced in his characters, although under different names, the portraits of living individuals; but our up-to-date fictionists have got so far beyond the practice of their predecessors that Mr. Andrew Lang is moved to advocate a law rendering living people, "their conduct and Christian names," immune from the novelist. One of the cases by which Mr. Lang emphasizes the need of such legal restraint is that of "a lady-American, if one may judge from her idioms, her publisher, and her printers, who has recently emitted a novel about the imperial courts of Austria and Russia, especially Russia. The Czar appears (some time ago) as 'a tall, awkward, pindling youth.' What the verb to 'pindle' means I know not. He and 'his little Princess of Hesse' appear as freely as if they were not living people, and deserving

of ordinary human respect. The Empress Dowager of Russia is also among the people butchered to make an American holiday. A letter by this lady is given, in which she speaks of 'my small successor,' the Czarowitz. The Empress signs her letter 'Marie de Russie,' and I suppose that she would no more use that signature than Marie Antoinette the style of 'Antoinette de France.'" To continue our quotation from Mr. Lang:

The hero of this romance, a prince of one sort or another, is living with his father's mistress, a professed lady of pleasure. The hero does not know the truth, nor does the father; and the son is married to an Austrian archduchess. On the night of his wedding he hears his bride swearing at and scolding her maid, using "a final unmentionable epithet." She hits her maid in the face with the heel of her shoe,—a deed unusual, I suppose, among archduchesses.

It is into this kind of society that the novelist brings living men and women, imperial indeed, but none the less deserving of the ordinary courtesies of human existence. Probably no Russian author will retort with a novel on the President of the United States, his family and friends. For living people, assuredly, there should be a measure of law: they and their conduct and Christian names ought to be safe from the novelist.

The offence of the unladylike American in question is attributable, no doubt, to that hopelessly narrow provincialism which looks upon countries and peoples it has not seen as abstractions rather than concrete realities, which contemptuously regards "foreigners" as of an inferior race, and generally plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven and educated humanity as make the angels weep and judicious Americans grieve.

According to Dr. René Gonnard, of the University of Lyons, the number of French emigrants steadily decreased from 1888, when it was something over 23,000, to 1905, when the figures had fallen to 15,000. We do not know whether or not Dr. Gonnard classes as "emigrants" the religious, men and women, whom the nefarious Law of Associations practically

expatriated; but if he does, we fancy that the number given for 1905 is less than it should be. Looking to the future, the Lyons professor says: "Certain recent events in France, such as the wine-growers' distress in the South, are likely to lead to a considerable increase in the figures given above. I long since pointed out in my book, 'European Emigration,' and adduced facts to prove, that great emigration movements are almost always the work of the rural masses, and especially of those who are in distress." It is plain that France is now losing, in ever-increasing numbers, just those citizens whom she can least spare.

A Golden Jubilee which takes on a particular character and unusual interest by reason of a circumstance connected with its celebration, is that of the Sisters of Mercy of Sacramento, California. The circumstance in question is the official part in the celebration to be taken by California's capital. Sacramento's mayor and citizens will honor the Sisters with a floral festival and proffer to them a purse of gold. The date of the jubilee is October 2, and the proposed demonstration is already so well organized that its success is assured. The *Sacramento Bee* has paid these California religious a most generous tribute, a paragraph from which we herewith reproduce:

The best the citizens of Sacramento can offer on October 2 next, to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy in this community, will but illy and most inadequately testify to the appreciation and the gratitude due that noble band of women for all they have accomplished for mankind and for humanity during the fifty years of their devoted apprenticeship to God. . . . For fifty years they have been ministering angels in this community. For half a century they have not only planted the seeds of education in the minds of the young, but have instilled into their hearts, imbedded into their souls, those elemental principles of equity and morality, wanting which education is as a ship without a rudder, a bird with a crippled wing. In all those fifty years of a quiet and yet a glorious career they have never pampered the

intellect at the expense of the soul; they have not fed the mind to starve the heart; they have not flattered the brain with an exalted estimation of its own ego, and marooned the conscience on the atheistic isle of a "higher education," which guesses at everything but God and practically ignores Him. For this, if for nothing else, the fathers and mothers of all creeds owe the Sisters a debt of gratitude.

It is a pleasure to quote so genuinely heartfelt a tribute as this; and if the *Bee*, as it merits, is an accredited mouthpiece of Sacramento's citizens, it is safe to predict an enthusiastic celebration for October 2.

It ought not to be necessary, at this late date, to remind any one that Newman's famous "Essay on Development" antedates his conversion to the Church. We are rather glad, however, that an occasion for doing this presented itself to the editor of the *Casket*. Replying to a writer in the Anglican *Church Times*, who ventured to assert that nobody is harder hit than Newman by the new Syllabus, and that "its logical sequence would be the placing of the 'Essay on Development' on the Index," our bright Canadian contemporary has this to say:

It must be remembered that this book was written before Newman entered the Church, and does not stand on the same footing as his Catholic writings. It has had several commentators within the past few years, some of whom have drawn conclusions from it which Newman, if alive, would be the first to repudiate. He was a very subtle thinker, and clearly saw important distinctions where many men of lesser mind can see none at all. It is the theories of these smaller writers upon the development of doctrine which the Syllabus condemns.

While it is quite possible, probable indeed, that the custom of celebrating the close of a school term by "commencement exercises" will continue to prevail in universities, colleges, and such convents or academies as profess to give a "finished education" to their pupils, there does not appear to be any urgent necessity for such exercises in our parochial

schools,—if indeed there exists any real congruity in these “exhibitions,” which have become well-nigh universal. A good many readers, we think, will agree with the outspoken Sister of Charity who writes from Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio, to the *Catholic School Journal* :

I should like to see some one begin a crusade against school entertainments and elaborate commencement exercises. Surely pastors and parents can not realize the sacrifice of time they entail. Teachers know that it takes from eight to ten weeks to train children to do creditably on the stage, and that during that time lessons are greatly interrupted and the minds of the children distracted from their studies. Again, these entertainments come at a time when the children are already overworked. The spring term brings First Communion, class examinations, and preparation for the entertainment, all at the same time. Something must suffer. Of course the object is to make one hundred and fifty dollars for the school; but could this not be made in one collection, or one supper or lecture? I am sure this waste of valuable school time is the greatest drawback in our parochial schools.

A goodly number of such entertainments, be it noted, have not even the making of one hundred and fifty dollars for the school as their *raison d'être*; very often, indeed, they constitute an additional item of expense. If they can not be quite abolished, they should at least be considerably simplified.

We have insisted so frequently in these columns on the duty of Catholics' taking an active and intelligent interest in civic matters, that it is gratifying to find non-Catholic support of our contention. The Rev. Dr. Richmond, a Protestant minister of Rochester, N. Y., recently preached a sermon on “The New Politics”; and, among other sensible things, said:

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Rochester has done for this city far more than any mayor ever thought of doing. He is the leading citizen of our city. Had it not been for Bishop McQuaid we never should have had our beautiful parks. But when some of our citizens wanted a man, who happened to be a Roman Catholic, as postmaster in place of our present official, a great cry was raised among some of our extra

refined, polite citizens. Why, one of our good Baptist clergymen, who is somewhat of a politician in his limited way, went to our powerful boss and demanded that no Roman Catholic be made postmaster!

We need some hard blows struck in Rochester against snobbery, East Avenue piety, and auto-standards of morality.

I am in favor of nominating a good, bright, young Roman Catholic as the next mayor of Rochester,—such a man as Mr. Joseph B. Hone, a prominent lawyer, a native of our city, and a graduate of Yale.

We may become a first-class city by reason of law, but before we can attain real pre-eminence we must take on a greater moral initiative and display more moral enthusiasm.

Such moral initiative and enthusiasm are most likely to be in evidence when city officials are not merely good party men, but good Christians. The only citizens of our faith whom we are at all desirous to see prominent in civic affairs are those who regularly frequent the Sacraments,—good practical Catholics.

Insisting on the importance of the precise star-catalogues which are now being constructed, and on the need of co-operation to carry on the work in the Southern Hemisphere, Sir David Gill, in an address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, stated that it was not until the visit of the Abbé de Lacaille to Cape Town in 1751 that an observatory was erected there, and a catalogue of nearly 10,000 stars was, for the first time, made from observations taken south of the line. Although much has been done since the foundation of the Royal Observatory in the same city in 1820, and still more since Sir David's appointment to its headship sixty years later, much yet remains to be accomplished to bring these observations abreast of those of the northern part of the world.

“The Struggle for Health,” a phrase that is apt to attract the attention of a fairly large portion of mankind, is the title of a French work recently written by Doctor Burlureaux, who, it appears,

is at once an eminent scientist and an active Christian. Bishop Herscher, of Langres, has been so pleased with the book that he writes about it to the Paris *Correspondant*; and here is a portion of his communication, as given in the New York *Freeman's Journal*:

In his chapter "Psychotherapy" he declares that in many cases the surest method of curing a patient of an illness is to begin by curing his soul. What, he asks, is a doctor to do in the case of a patient who is divided between the few remnants of belief left to him, and the incredulity which is so common nowadays? Though he does not expect to die, he is afraid of death, and is tortured by the thought whether death means the annihilation of his body or whether a part of him will live on. In such a case, answers the physician, the fact is never to be lost sight of that a sick person will clutch at whatever brings him hope of life. Cold theories of philosophy will not assist him; nor is any philosophy available, except that which is expressed in the doctrine of Him who said: 'Come to Me all you who suffer, and I will comfort you.'

Here we have a doctor who looks upon medicine as something more than an art: it may be made to be an apostolate. The true doctor is he who models himself on the greatest of all doctors, who healed men's bodies as well as their souls. For such a physician there is more than mere matter to be dealt with, and the greatest cure is that which rescues the soul. The best doctor is he who is the best humanitarian, not the best surgeon or the best physician; for, as the great Ambrose Pare was wont to say of the patients he succeeded with, "I treated him, and God cured him." With such a doctor, science does not inconvenience his faith, nor does faith inconvenience his science.

Doctor Burlureaux's experience that a settled religious belief—and, let us add, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction—materially aids the patient in many a dangerous malady, is confirmed by thousands of physicians everywhere. The influence of the moral upon the physical side is well-nigh incalculable.

As we have from time to time given in these columns accounts of Catholic families in this country, in Canada, and even in India, that have given several members either to the priesthood or

to the religious life, our readers will be interested in learning that similar records are made in England. A few weeks ago Bishop Mostyn, of Menevia, ordained, for the diocese of Salford, the Rev. George Calloway, who has three brothers priests in that diocese. Commenting on the matter, the *Harvest* mentions several cases of two or more brothers in the sacred ministry:

The Corbishley family gave three brothers to the Church—Canon Thomas, now deceased (*R. I. P.*); Father Robert, chaplain to Strangers; and Monsignor Joseph Corbishley, vice-president of Ushaw College. The Rothwell family furnished four priests—John, Andrew, and Joseph becoming Passionists, and Charles a secular priest. The Burke family gave five sons—Luke, Charles, William, John, and Joseph. Fathers Luke and Charles became attached to the diocese of Leeds, and are now gone to their reward (*R. I. P.*) Father William became a Redemptorist (*R. I. P.*) Father John Burke, who also became a Redemptorist, and Canon Joseph Burke still survive.

When one remembers the reverent joy with which the Catholic mother beholds even one of her sons officiating at God's altar, it is difficult to estimate the bliss of her who sees three, four, and even five of her boys consecrated to the service of the Most High.

In delivering his remarkable address at Münster, in which he made a public profession of his faith in Christianity, and avowed his belief that the ideal of brotherhood among men can be reached only by following in the footsteps of Christ, the German Emperor could not have been oblivious of the fact that Westphalia, in which he found "the firmest foundations of the State," is perhaps the most Catholic portion of his dominions, the province where the so-called Reformation obtained little or no footing. The Westphalians deserve all the praise that Emperor William bestowed upon them. It is easy to understand how his Majesty could wish that all his subjects were as patriotic and peace-loving, as industrious, and law-abiding, as the inhabitants of Westphalia.



The Bear of Berne.

BY H. TWITCHELL.

LONG, long ago, the pretty city of Berne, now the capital of the Helvetic Confederation, was only a small burgh, partially fortified, and containing two thousand people. At this period, all the neighboring country rang with the reports of the deeds of a powerful and very wicked noble, whose sole pleasure seemed to consist in sacking, killing and burning. The name of this lord was Cœur-de-Fer (Heart of Iron).

One fine day it happened that this Cœur-de-Fer, with his army of robbers, appeared before the burgh and commanded the inhabitants to tear down their houses and come to his camp as slaves. In case they refused, they were threatened with all sorts of cruel tortures. The people did not for a moment think of obeying this order. Instead of trembling with fear, they resolved to perish to the last man rather than touch a stone of their dwellings or give up their liberty. They therefore made reply to the command by a shower of arrows from the top of their ramparts.

This declaration of war made Cœur-de-Fer furious with rage. He immediately laid siege to the town and led several attacks, which were vigorously repulsed. He then decided to reduce it by famine. Four months passed by, and, knowing that their provisions would not hold out much longer, the people made a few sorties on their part, but without results.

Now, there was on the Aar, a river running near the town, a whole fleet of boats, laden with supplies of all kinds and manned by friends of the inhabitants. Cœur-de-Fer's sentinels kept so close a watch, however, that it was impossible

to get any of the supplies inside the walls.

A short time before the appearance of Cœur-de-Fer and his army, the people of the town had given hospitable welcome to a youth who came to them, worn out by fatigue and hunger, and whose business it was to go about the country with a trained bear. The legend has even preserved the name of this bear. It was Mützli. Trained the animal certainly was. He would obey when his master told him to lie down, to get up, bow or dance. He had furnished so much amusement to the people of Berne, both young and old, that, in spite of the scarcity of provisions, they had not been willing to have the poor beast killed.

Mützli himself had little to eat, and there was no more bowing and dancing. Instead, he would sit for hours leaning against a wall, his head hanging down on his breast as if he were reflecting. But one night he rose up cheerfully and went to his young master. As the story goes, he put his nose close to the boy's ear and said something, which the latter must have understood; for he instantly began to clap his hands with joy.

We can imagine the astonishment of the besiegers the next day at seeing the gates of the town open to allow a boy leading a bear to pass through. Without the least hesitation, the two walked up to a crowd of soldiers and bowed very gracefully. The first silence of surprise was now broken by shouts of laughter.

"Come, Mützli," said the boy, shaking a tambourine to make music, "show the honorable company that you are no common bear."

Mützli at once stood on his front paws, raising his hind legs high in the air, and, after balancing himself in this position for a time, he rolled over on his back. Everyone applauded. Soldiers ran from

every direction, glad of any distraction to relieve the monotony of the siege. Meanwhile Mützli continued to perform. He frisked about, danced; and, amidst shouts of laughter, pointed out the bravest, the most cowardly and the laziest among the soldiers.

Seeing that he was becoming exhausted, his master tried to have him rest, but he would not. Finally, to complete the performance, he was armed with a helmet and a sword, and a horse was brought up for him. He leaped up on the animal's back and rode up and down in front of the line of men, as if reviewing an army.

This performance attracted all the camp. Even Cœur-de-Fer, who was never known to laugh, could not resist the contortions of the animal at every step of the horse. Suddenly Mützli reeled and fell from the saddle. When they picked him up, he was dead.

At the same moment a great noise was heard within the walls of Berne. This rejoicing was caused by the arrival of supplies from the boats which had drifted down the stream unmolested, as the sentinels were away from their posts watching Mützli's antics. Thus the people owed their salvation to the bear.

Winter at last came on, and Cœur-de-Fer was obliged to yield to the discontent of his troops and raise the siege.

This is why the city of Berne now bears the figure of a bear on its shield. The name and deeds of Mützli have never been forgotten.

THERE are two reasons why it is not likely that men will ever be able to compete with their little brothers of the air when it comes to flying. In the first place, birds have what may be termed the sense of direction,—the instinct that tells the carrier-pigeon which way home lies; in the second place, it is commonly believed that birds have the power to make themselves heavy or light at will, when about to dive into the water or soar in the air.

“Whirlwind.”

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.—THE ARRIVAL.

A few days later there was an unusual commotion in the Melloden household. Everything seemed to be turned out of doors,—furniture, carpets and bedding.

“It looks as though we were going to move, Minnie,” remarked Whirlwind one morning. “And what is Jacqueline going to do?”

“She and George have come to help,” said Minnie. “George is going to repaper a couple of the upstairs bedrooms, and Jacqueline will clean the paint. We are getting ready for visitors. Didn't you know about them, Miss Whirlwind?”

“Yes, I suppose I did,” rejoined the child abruptly, turning away.

She went to her father, who had not yet gone to his office.

“Papa,” she asked, “is she coming,—the cousin?”

“Yes, dear; she has kindly accepted my invitation; and will bring a friend with her, another lady.”

“When?”

“In two weeks,—about the last of June, she wrote.”

“Did she like to come?”

“I think so. She appeared to be pleased. Are you glad?”

Whirlwind shook her head.

“I am sorry for that,” said her father.

“You would not want me to tell a story, papa?”

“No, but I should like you to be pleased.”

“I can't be. It might not seem so bad if you were not going away. But, oh, to leave me here with two strange women for three long months! How can you like me to be pleased at that? Let me go and stay with Martha. She has two beautiful rooms to let, and I can learn to sew, papa. Won't you?”

“What nonsense!” said Mr. Melloden, sharply. “You are old enough to see the

folly and rudeness of such a request, my dear. You understand perfectly also that it is principally for your own sake that I have invited Cousin Ellery. Now, do not make things disagreeable from the start, Whirlwind. You are even more hopeless than I thought."

"Hopeless! hopeless! Papa, how can you say that?" cried the child, running out of the study and stamping up the stairs to her own room, where she closed and locked the door. Her self-love was bitterly wounded, her pride deeply touched; she had not imagined that her father could thus regard her.

By dinner time, however, she had been restored to a better frame of mind; and when Mr. Melloden came and put his arm around her, telling her that he had been a little vexed and had not meant to use so terrible a word, she forgave him, and made an effort to be pleasant, though the future loomed up before her constantly, a dark and ominous cloud. Neither could she at this time find any consolation in her visits to Martha, who persisted in representing to her again and again the advantages that must be sure to result from the visit of Cousin Ellery. The servants seemed equally pleased that they were to be relieved from a great responsibility during the absence of their employer, and refused to consider the possibility of increased work by reason of the increase in the number of the household.

"It will really be only one extra," said Esther, in reply to a somewhat maliciously hazarded remark of Whirlwind's, that she had read somewhere old maids were very exacting and particular. "It will be only one extra, as I said, because your papa will be away; and there never was an old maid that I couldn't manage. If she scolds—not that I think she will,—I'll just go on in my own way and never give her an answer; for three months won't be long in passing."

"It seems as though you are afraid she may be cross," answered Whirlwind. "I shan't let her be mean to me, if she is."

"Now, dearie, don't borrow trouble. Make up your mind to like your cousin when she comes. It will worry your poor papa if you act badly."

"For my part," said Minnie, "I think it will be a good thing for all of us to have a little change in the house. It is pretty dull sometimes, except when you are on the rampage, Miss Whirlwind."

The child turned away with flashing eyes, but said nothing. It was the 25th of June, and the visitors were expected the next day. Mr. Melloden was to leave for the South on the 28th. On the eventful day, Whirlwind awoke with an uneasy feeling, the cause of which she soon realized. Her father was very cheerful at breakfast, but she did not reciprocate.

"Why are you so quiet, dear?" he asked. "Are you not well?"

"Yes, well enough, papa; but I have been remembering that this is our last day together, and I can't bear to think of it. To-night the others will be here."

"But you must not show them a gloomy face when they come, dear."

"I won't, papa: I'll try to be extra good. You will see!"

"That's what I like to hear," said Mr. Melloden, cheerfully. "Will you come with me to the station, Whirlwind?"

The child hesitated.

"I don't believe I will," she replied after a pause. "Somehow I would rather you saw Cousin Ellery first, papa."

"Very well. I shall not be back to luncheon, as I expect to drive over to Weston this afternoon with a man who has bought a large bill of goods from us."

"But you will be sure to be back in time to go to the station, papa?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be there when the train comes in! And tell Esther to have dinner ready on time—or supper, I ought to say, perhaps."

"I believe Esther is going to change after this, papa," said Whirlwind. "She says that in the large cities people do not have dinner in the middle of the day."

"Yes, that is so. To-day, at any rate,

they will be tired after their long journey, and will enjoy a good dinner in the evening. Afterward, Ellery can arrange those things according to her usual custom."

After her father had gone, Whirlwind rose to the situation, and became more cheerful as she did so. She realized that he would wish her to make a good impression on the visitors, and that it was her duty, as it should be her pleasure, to meet and welcome them hospitably. She followed Minnie through the nicely prepared rooms upstairs, which opened into each other, and were entered also through the corridor. She gathered flowers, filled vases for bedroom, parlor, and dining-room, and helped set the table, displaying not only unwonted industry, but unexpected taste and judgment.

"That child would be all right if she only had a mother," said Esther to Minnie, after Whirlwind had gone to dress. "God grant those ladies will have such good influence on her that she'll drop her roaming, wild ways altogether, and settle down after they're gone!"

Minnie agreed with her aunt. Whirlwind had surprised them that day. At five o'clock she came down in a fresh white gown. Minnie tied her sash and bade her be careful not to get it all on one side before the ladies came. She wanted to tie up her hair with a pretty blue ribbon, but Whirlwind refused to make this concession to vanity.

"My hair won't muss," she said. "I am not going out."

With this, not wishing to destroy her cheerful humor, Minnie was forced to be content.

The whistle of the train was heard. Whirlwind stood at the gate, watching. When she heard the sound of wheels, recognizing them as belonging to the wagonette, her courage began to fail. She ran up to the piazza and waited there. And now she saw the horses turn the corner of the road, saw her father in front, driving; and behind him two ladies, both tall and thin, both wearing blue tissue veils.

They alighted, and came slowly up the path. Whirlwind shrank behind a column of the porch. Her father had caught a glimmer of her white dress.

"Whirlwind,—where are you?" he cried.

The child came shyly forward. By this time they were all on the piazza.

"Whirlwind!" repeated the taller of the two ladies, in a tone of disapproval. "What a name for a child! I hope it was not given her because of her disposition."

"Perhaps it was," replied Mr. Melloden, somewhat disconcerted. "She is very lively."

The child dropped her extended hand. The lady lifted her veil, turned her about as though she were a dummy in a dress-making establishment, and finally said:

"She is not a Melloden,—I can see that at a glance."

Her voice was harsh and deep, more like that of a man than a woman.

Tears filled the eyes of the child; but at that instant the other lady lifted her veil, stooped and kissed her, and, while her hand rested on the child's shoulder, she said in a pleasant voice:

"To me, she appears very like her father."

Nothing could have pleased Whirlwind better. What did it matter if the first speaker had been rude, since her cousin seemed sweet and gentle? It was to her only that she was to look for love and kindness. Her spirits rose again.

"Thank you, Cousin Ellery!" she said, brightly. "I love people to think I look like papa."

"But I am not your Cousin Ellery, my dear," rejoined the lady, glancing at her companion as she spoke.

"No," observed Mr. Melloden. "This is Miss Allen, Cousin Ellery's friend."

Apparently Miss Melloden was not at all concerned as to the mistake.

"Can we go up and remove a little of this frightful dust before dinner?" she inquired.

"Yes, of course. I will send the trunks as soon as they arrive. Whirlwind, show

the ladies their rooms, will you?" said their host. "I suppose dinner will soon be ready."

"It is ready now, whenever they are," answered Whirlwind, in a subdued tone, leading the way into the hall and up the broad stairway.

"Your dress is too short, child," said Cousin Ellery, following directly behind her. "I shall have to let down some of those tucks. I can really see your knees."

"You can't see them just now!" replied Whirlwind, saucily. "They are in front of me."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the cousin. "The impudence of American children is unparalleled."

Whirlwind, who had repented of her impertinence as soon as it was over, as she wished to keep a clean record for the first day at least, turned and smiled.

"I did not mean to be rude,—truly I didn't," she said, opening the bedroom doors.

"Thank you!" said Miss Allen, with a reassuring smile; but Cousin Ellery paused with her hand on the door knob.

"Children sometimes become so accustomed to being impudent to their elders," she remarked, "that they are not aware of it when it happens. It is second nature with them. Now, if I had a little girl living under my care who could speak to an older person as you just now did to me, child, I would make her keep a small piece of soap in her mouth every time she repeated the offence, until the habit was cured. I do not believe in beating children; I never did. Now, in your case—what *is* your name, child? Haven't you any other than that your father called you by a moment ago?"

"No!" cried the child, in a loud, angry voice. "And I don't want any other. I wouldn't have any other. I love my name. *I love it,—I love it!*"

And, letting the satchel she had been carrying drop heavily to the floor, she turned and fled down the stairway.

(To be continued.)

The Dress of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple.

A robe of hyacinth blue, a white tunic confined by a plain girdle, with the ends hanging free; a long veil with its folds unartificially but gracefully arranged, and so formed as quickly and completely to cover the face; and, lastly, sandals to match the robe, composed the Oriental costume of Mary.

In the sixteenth century some nuns of Genoa (the Annunciades) wore the costume of the Blessed Virgin—that is to say, white below and sky-blue above,—that such a habit might cause a continual remembrance of her. The shoes of the choir nuns, in like manner, are covered with leather of sky-blue.

M. de Lamartine found in those Eastern regions, where everything seems unchangeable, the costume of Mary in that of the women of Nazareth. "They wear," says the traveller-poet, "a long tunic of sky-blue, fastened by a white girdle, the ends of which hang down to the ground; the full folds of a white tunic gracefully cover the blue." M. de Lamartine traces back this costume to the times of Abraham and Isaac, and there is nothing improbable in his supposition.

Mary dressed herself with extreme decency, out of respect for the glory of God, who penetrates everywhere, and beholds the actions of man even in the darkest night. With a like modesty should we rise and clothe ourselves each day, as in God's presence, making even of this act an offering to Him.

MICROSCOPISTS have succeeded in writing the Lord's Prayer upon a surface so small that a grain of sand will completely cover it; or, to be definite, within a circle the five-hundredth part of an inch in diameter. To read this it is necessary to use a lens magnifying five hundred times.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new oratorio entitled "The Soul" has just been completed by Abbé Perosi.

—A notable addition to the York Library (Messrs. George Bell & Sons) is a new and revised edition, in three volumes, of Ranke's "History of the Popes." The chapters on Pius IX. and the Vatican Council have been translated for the first time.

—R. Chamonal, Paris, publishes a French translation of the Latin biography of Saint Hildegarde, of the Order of St. Benedict,—a thaumaturgus of the twelfth century. The original Life was written by two of the saint's contemporaries — the monks Thodoric and Godfrey.

—Beginning with the current issue, the *North American Review* reverts to its oldtime practice of appearing as a monthly instead of a fortnightly. Its publishers announce that the experiment of issuing the *Review* twice a month has not proved entirely satisfactory; and they have reached the conclusion that the American people prefer a monthly to a fortnightly.

—A forthcoming biography that should prove of exceptional interest is "Life Sketches of Father Walworth, with Notes and Letters," by Ellen H. Walworth. A prominent follower of Newman in the Oxford Movement, and one of the founders of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, Father Walworth was a forceful personality, from the perusal of whose biography we anticipate much pleasure.

—The third annual report of the Henry Phipps Institute, Philadelphia, for the study, treatment, and prevention of tuberculosis, is a somewhat bulky volume of more than four hundred pages. It is thoroughly well printed, has a number of excellent plates and drawings, and is supplied with a good index. The period covered by the report is from Feb. 1, 1905, to Feb. 1, 1906.

—The London *Catholic Times* is not particularly disturbed by the fact that some mistakes have been found in the first volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia. It quotes Father Thurston as saying: "The 'Dictionary of National Biography' is a work upon which English scholarship prides itself. But in the first two volumes, covering the letter A, the recently published volume of 'Errata' suggests some 500 corrections, nearly all of which are concerned with definite statements of fact." As its own view, the *Times* adds: "For one fault we do not damn

a poet; for a thousand excellences we may well congratulate and applaud the editors and writers of the Catholic Encyclopedia." Quite true; and yet, while the work merits the highest praise, it is surely permissible to furnish its editors with data for future revision.

—"Friday Fare" is the not unattractive title of a booklet by Mrs. Charles Marshall, M. C. A., published by Messrs. Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers. Just what the letters appended to Mrs. Marshall's name may signify we do not know, unless it be "Matron of Culinary Artists." In any case, she is the author of "A Handbook of Cookery," "Entrées," "Sauces," and other booklets dealing with the important business of preparing appetizing and satisfying meals. "Friday Fare" is a cook-book for Catholics — or for vegetarians; and contains more than a hundred recipes for days of abstinence or fasting.

—"Some of the Greater Abbeys of England" is the title of a new book by Abbot Gasquet, soon to be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, with about sixty reproductions of original water-color sketches. According to the London *Tribune*, the learned Abbot's time for those valuable historical studies which have done so much to reveal the life of mediæval England will hereafter be restricted. "I have been obliged," he writes, "to draw in from work I had in contemplation, as I have been appointed president of the commission for the revision of the text of the Vulgate Bible, which will take me to Rome about November, and will, of course, consume much of my time for years to come. Our first task will be to try to recover the text as adopted by St. Jerome as a translation. But before we can start, much work in the way of organization will have to be done. I should have preferred to have some one else entrusted with the management of this great work, but suppose I must be content that the direction is entrusted to an Englishman."

—In its issue for Sept. 7, the *Athenæum* publishes two short poems by Ethel Ashton Edwards, which to our mind contain more of what constitutes the essence of true poetry than many—than some anthologies, let us say. We reprint these poems, hoping that their subtlety and suggestiveness will appeal to some young would-be poets:

OF THOSE WHO CHANGE.

Weep not for those who die: they love us yet,

Are with us lest our lonely hearts grow strange,—

Are with us lest our weary hearts forget.

Weep not for those who die, but those who change.—

The changed ones—those we loved, and now must lose.

(The dead are safe: we love them, and they live.)

Far better dead than changed, if I might choose;

The dead are ours, the changed we must forgive.

Oh, changed and lost!—oh, lost, how utterly!

I know not if the ages can repair

The broken lives, the love that once was there.

Love should live changeless through Eternity.

BEBEAVEMENT.

Out of the infinite loneliness,

Out of the silence that wraps me round,

Take my hands for your hands to bless,

Lift my face to your face, no less;

So I, who was lost, am found.

Out of the infinite pain of life.

Out of the cry at the heart of things,

Send your voice with its scorn of strife,

Breathe your peace when the storm is rife;

So I, who was lame, find wings.

Out of the death and the shapeless sod,

Out of the graves and the dust they give,

Leave your step where the saints have trod,

Leave your love with its life in God;

So I, who was dead, yet live.

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.

"Friday Fare." Mrs. Charles Marshall. 35 cts., net.

"A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.

"The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1.

"Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.

"Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.

"When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.

"The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.

"Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.

"Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.

"The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.

"The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.

"The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiart, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.

"Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.

"The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell. \$1.25, net.

"The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.

"Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net.

"A Mirror of Shalott." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.

"Hints and Helps for those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan, S. J. \$1.10.

"Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.

"Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.

"Sermons to the Novices Regular." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35, net.

"Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Frederick Rooker, bishop of Jaro, P. I.

Brother Dominic, of the Xaverian Brothers.

Sister M. Winifred, of the Sisters of St.

Dominic; and Sister M. Eustacia, O. S. F.

Mr. William Johnson, Mrs. Catherine Linden-

field, Mr. James M. Walsh, Mrs. M. Linsky,

Mrs. Susan Cody, Mr. John Hock, Miss Anna

McGuinness, Mr. M. F. Clarke, Mrs. Mary Murray,

Mr. William Pollard, Mrs. Hannah Kirwin, Mr.

Stephen Gunning, Mrs. Ellen Corcoran, Mrs.

Anna Burkhardt, Mr. James Brown, Mrs. Francis

Mulligan, Mrs. Bridget Printy, Mr. J. H. Blair,

Mrs. Mary Henry, Mr. James Ervin, Mrs. M. S.

McLean, Miss Helena Clark, Mrs. Mary Geary,

Mr. Thomas Neville, Miss Isabelle Lique, Mrs.

Mary Sullivan, Miss Hannah Sullivan, Mr. Joseph

Loch, and Mr. Frank Gisler.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Crusade of Rescue:

Peter Steil, \$1; A widow, \$5.25; Rev. T. F.,

\$10; "In honor of Our Lady," \$5.

For the Gotemba lepers:

Miss Mary Ryan, \$100; Mrs. Julia Carroll, \$5;

"In thanksgiving to St. Anthony," \$1.



THE BLESSED VIRGIN ENTHRONED.
(Francesco Albani.)



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 5, 1907.

NO. 14

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

Autumn and Its Lesson.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

AH, me! 'tis lonely, lonely, when the summer days are done,
 When, erewhile lavish of his light, a niggard grows the sun;
 When all the blooms of summer from the fields and woods depart,
 And all the joys of summer are but mem'ries in the heart.

Ah, me! 'tis lonely, lonely, in the waning of the year,
 When ev'ry wind is wailing and when ev'ry day is drear,
 When birds have flocked together and have flown to other climes,
 As fled the hopes that cheered us in the happy olden times.

Ah, yes, 'tis lonely, lonely! For in fading flower and leaf
 We see revealed the lesson that our own career is brief.
 The long bright days of summer, like the long bright days of youth,
 May hide this lesson from us—but the autumn tells the truth.

"OFTEN," says the Abbé Perreyve, "on hearing any one remark of a person whose life was steeped in wickedness, 'He is a lost man!' Ozanam would reply: 'After all, if it be true that God has His own secret, as I believe, we may rest assured it is a secret of mercy.'"

How to Say the Rosary.

BY THE RT. REV. AENEAS CHISHOLM, D. D.



WHAT more perfect prayer could there be than the Lord's Prayer?—a prayer made for us by our Lord Himself, and taught us by Him to be the model of our own prayers, and therefore to be repeated by us from time to time. It is, in every sense of the word, what no other prayer is—a Scriptural prayer. What more beautiful than the Doxology?—that perfect hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the Blessed Trinity: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." What more beautiful than the "Hail Mary"?—the first part of it being purely Scriptural, the words addressed to Our Lady by the Angel Gabriel when he came to announce to her that she was the medium of the Incarnation of the Son of God being made known to men: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."* And St. Elizabeth, at her virgin cousin's visit to her, repeated the words of the Angel, "Blessed art thou among women"; and added, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." † The Church in the thirteenth century composed the rest of the "Hail Mary," adding the name "Jesus" to the "fruit of thy womb," and forming the second part of it into a prayer to the

* St. Luke, i, 28.

† Ib., i, 42.

Blessed Virgin: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

And yet, beautiful and perfect as these prayers are in themselves, the frequent and quick repetition of them, merely as vocal prayers, does tend to become a monotonous form of prayer. But that is not the fault of the Rosary, because that is not the Rosary. That is the fault of men who have lost the true sense and meaning of the Rosary. The Rosary is not a vocal prayer merely: it is a mental prayer in its essence; it is a meditation in its nature of being,—it is a meditation on the various mysteries of Our Lord's life, passion, death, and triumph over death and sin. These mysteries are fifteen in number, all with the exception of two taken from the Gospel narrative. Five are called the Joyful, five the Sorrowful and five the Glorious Mysteries; and to each mystery are portioned one "Our Father," ten "Hail Marys," and one "Glory be to the Father." These mysteries contain the principal events in the life and passion and death and resurrection of Our Lord. The five Joyful Mysteries appertain to His conception, birth, infancy and childhood; the five Sorrowful, to His passion and death; and of the five Glorious Mysteries, three appertain to His triumph over death, the other two to the triumph of our Blessed Lady and to the glory of the angels and saints in heaven.

How, then, are we to say the Rosary? Let us take the first Joyful Mystery, that of the Annunciation, and we shall see. Open the Gospel of St. Luke (i, 26), and *familiarize* yourselves with the subject-matter of it. "And in the sixth month, the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the name of the Virgin was Mary. And the Angel being come in, said to her: Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. And when she had heard, she was troubled at his saying,

and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be. And the Angel said: Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give to Him the throne of David His father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end. And Mary said to the Angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man? And the Angel answering said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And, behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren; because no word shall be impossible with God. And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to Thy word. And the Angel departed from her."

That is the first Joyful Mystery—the Annunciation. You take your Rosary in hand. You may begin, by way of collecting your thoughts, by saying one "Our Father" and three "Hail Marys," as indicated by the beads; then for a second you remind yourself that you are to meditate on the first Joyful Mystery; and while your finger is on the first large bead, which indicates the "Our Father," and during the recitation of it, you form in your mind's eye a picture of the scene of the Annunciation.

You see the Angel coming into the room where the Virgin was; you behold her startled surprise; you hear in your mind's ear the words of the salutation and Mary's answer. Your fingers are meanwhile passing over the beads. You are reciting the "Hail Marys"; and the more concentrated are your thoughts upon the picture, the more fervent, you will find, will be

your sentiments of faith and gratitude and love, of compunction and hope, until, while you seem to cling more closely to her who has become the tabernacle of the Living God, your finger comes all too soon upon the empty space after the tenth and last "Hail Mary" of the decade, and the Doxology seems to sound loudly upon your ears in a glorious hymn of praise: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Is that an empty form of prayer? Is that a vain and monotonous repetition of prayers? Is it not rather full of life, full of devotion, full of beauty, the essence of most perfect prayer, which is the union of the soul with God in faith and love and gratitude and resignation, and all virtues?

What, then, is the use of all these "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" so often repeated? They are of great use. They are not the devotion itself, but they are part of it; they must be said; they form, along with the mental exercise, a complete and perfect whole. The "Hail Marys," as you recite them, are like the grains of sand in the hourglass—they mark time. They are like the frame of a beautiful picture: the frame is not the picture itself, but it is a part of it; you are sensible of its presence; it focuses the picture so to say, and makes it more perfect and uniform. They are like the beautiful setting of a precious gem. They are like the accompaniment to an exquisite piece of harmony. All the while your thoughts are fixed upon the mental picture; and if perchance your thoughts will wander, as thoughts sometimes do wander, the vocal prayer makes itself heard. It may be "Hail, full of grace," or "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us"; and you recollect yourself at once, and fix again your mind and heart upon the mystery you were contemplating.

From the first mystery you proceed to the second—that of the Visitation. The process is repeated. You will find a narra-

tive of the mystery in St. Luke (i, 39-56). The third mystery is the Nativity (ii, 1-20). The fourth is the Presentation in the Temple (ii, 22-40). The fifth, the Finding in the Temple (ii, 41-52). That is the Rosary of our Blessed Lady. And although it is called *her* Rosary, it is not, as will be perceived, so much a prayer to her as a prayer in honor of the Incarnation of Our Lord. It associates her with the work of her Divine Son, following the Gospel narrative, indicating the share she had, so intimate and so close, in the mysteries of the Incarnation.

I have no hesitation in saying that if you wish a perfect form of morning meditation, you have it in the Rosary. Take for one day the five Joyful Mysteries. Take the Sorrowful Mysteries for the next day, and the Glorious Mysteries for the following day, and so on. Make your meditation upon them, reciting in the meantime the "Hail Marys" on your Beads.

"We desire," says that great Pontiff of happy memory, Leo XIII., "that the custom already approved by the Holy See should be retained, of reciting each series of mysteries in rotation throughout the week,—namely, the Joyful Mysteries on Monday and Thursday, the Sorrowful on Tuesday and Friday, and the Glorious on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday."

You will find it by practice become easy. You will find your mind filled with the most beautiful thoughts and imagery, and your heart permeated with holy sentiments of virtue and love of God in His wonderful mysteries; and, so far from finding the devotion too long, or dull or monotonous or tiring, you will find it full of interest, of life and of truth.

For the five Sorrowful Mysteries, familiarize yourselves with the various Gospel narratives as given in the latter chapters of SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The meditations in that devotion known as the Stations of the Cross will also be a help. For the first Sorrowful Mystery, the Agony in the Garden, especially St.

Luke, xxii, 39-46. For the second, the Scourging, St. Mark, xv, 15, 16. For the third, the Crowning with Thorns, St. Mark, xv, 17-20. For the fourth, His condemnation to death and the carrying of the cross, St. Luke, xxiii, 21. For the fifth, the crucifixion and death, St. John, xix, 16-35; St. Luke, xxiii, 33-49. You hear the blows on the nails driven into His flesh; you see Him stretched upon the cross; you see Him raised thereon straight before you; you see the blood pouring from His wounds; you hear His words of forgiveness, of pleading with His Father for His murderers; His last pledge of love in giving His own Mother to us to be our Mother; you hear His last words, "It is consummated."* He bows His head and dies. You see the soldier open His side with a spear. You cling to the cross with Mary and the Beloved Disciple. One cry for forgiveness, and the mystery ends. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

For the Glorious Mysteries you have, for the Resurrection, St. Luke, xxiii, 50-56; xxiv, 1-10; St. John, xix, 40-42; xx, 1-15. For the Ascension, St. Luke, xxiv, 49-52. For the third Glorious Mystery, the coming of the Holy Ghost, you leave the Gospel narrative and read the Acts, ii, 1-4. The fourth Glorious Mystery is the Assumption of Our Lady into heaven. As she was not subject to sin, so she was not subject to corruption. She died and was laid in the tomb. Her soul was again united to her body. She was raised from the dead, and was assumed into heaven. It means only that her resurrection was anticipated. We believe in our own resurrection after our bodies shall have passed through corruption. Corruption shall give place to incorruption, mortality to immortality. Our bodies shall rise as spiritual bodies, and, it is our firm hope, shall be in like manner assumed into heaven.

In the fifth and last mystery we see the coronation of Our Lady as Queen of heaven and earth, seated at the right hand of her

Divine Son. We see the glory and the beauty surrounding the angels and saints in heaven; their supreme happiness in beholding God face to face, adoring Him. We try to join in their hymns of praise and thanksgiving. We ask Our Lady to obtain for us a place in that heavenly home. We turn to Our Lord and ask His mediation with the Eternal Father for us. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." Is that a meaningless devotion, an idle and vain repetition of prayer?


Make it a daily practice to say one series of the mysteries, or decades; and bear in mind that it is to the Rosary as a meditation and exercise of mental prayer that all indulgences are attached. If it is not a mental prayer it is not the Rosary. You may make it a vocal prayer indeed, but it is not the Rosary. Pope Leo expressly says: "We hereby reiterate what the Apostolic See has previously decreed—namely, that the *meditations must be made* on those mysteries of man's redemption which have become by long use known as the mysteries of the Rosary; and to meditation on these alone are the indulgences attached." You will thus find, I repeat, the Rosary become by practice easy and full of variety and interest. You will come to feel that the day has not been well spent in which you have omitted your Rosary, an ever-flowing fountain whence your hearts will be filled with lively sentiments of divine faith, of holy hope, and burning charity.

THE looking to God instead of looking to ourselves is admitted by eminent writers to be the best way of managing our venial sins. Surius says: "Venial sins are far more easily, efficaciously, and perfectly affected by a loving and fervent conversion to God than by looking at the sins themselves, even with contrition. But this is a hidden exercise known but to a few, and little used."

* St. Luke. xix, 30.

The Lifting of the Curse.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

T was the first time a Benedictine monk had ever preached in the little Catholic church of Redgate; and the Sunday which was made thus memorable saw a goodly congregation assembled. Indeed, it was a difficult matter to find room for all the aliens from the neighboring town of Norcross, as well as for the Redgate folk who regularly attended. The unwonted interest had not been aroused by the fame of the preacher in question; for Dom Elphege Pendreth was but a young priest, quite recently ordained, and this was his first sermon outside the walls of his own monastery. His presence there was due to the absence of Father Sandal, the pastor of Redgate, at the bedside of his dying father; and the kindness of the Abbot of St. Mary's, twenty miles distant, in sending one of his community to supply. The fact was that any Benedictine was calculated to excite keen interest in that neighborhood; for everyone knew that Minster Redgate, hard by the village, had been peopled in ancient days by Black Monks. This, then, was the cause of so notable an attendance at Mass on that particular Sunday.

To Mrs. Calverley, wife of the owner of Redgate, the occasion awakened many disquieting thoughts. It was a tradition of the Calverleys, strengthened by many lamentable bereavements, that no eldest son could hope to succeed his father and grandfather in the possessions which had fallen to the family through the dissolution of monastic houses under the iniquitous Henry. With the marriage of Nicholas Calverley, the present squire, to Margaret Stanfield, a Catholic, daughter of a family which had never swerved from the ancient faith, and the baptism and upbringing of their only child, Nicholas, in the religion of his mother, new hopes had been born

as to the fortunes of the Calverleys. For the boy, contrary to precedent, had grown up strong and healthy, and bade fair to see a long life, and the falsification of the popular tradition. The presence of the young monk in the little chapel stirred up in the mother's heart forgotten fears, and moved her to more than ordinary intensity of supplication on behalf of the handsome youth of eighteen who knelt in worship by her side. Surely God would be gracious to the first Catholic head of the house, the connecting link between the Calverleys who had professed the ancient faith before sacrilege had enriched their family, and a race to come (should He so will) of no less fervent piety than that of old.

The sermon was simple and direct, without aspiring to any lofty heights either of eloquence or asceticism. Its theme was the duty of man to strive to draw ever nearer to God, his Creator and Redeemer, rising above the unworthy things of this world, and making of his ordinary actions a ladder to raise him toward heaven, his destined end. There was no mention of heroic sacrifice, as exemplified in the exalted state to which the preacher had been called; rather did it turn upon the little daily mortifications which must necessarily fall to the lot of every Christian who is seriously bent upon the salvation of his soul.

There was little allusion over luncheon at the Minster to the stranger priest or his discourse; for one reason because the squire, though generously acting up to the promises made at his marriage, in abstaining from all interference with the consciences of his wife and son, was not at all favorably disposed toward Catholic doctrines or practices, and his prejudices were never unnecessarily aroused by the others. But another topic was prominent on that particular day, and crowded out any remarks which might otherwise have cropped up regarding the fact of Father Sandal's absence from his flock,—that priest being regarded by the squire,

apart from his sacred office, as one of his particular friends. The new motor car, but recently purchased, and destined to supersede in time Mrs. Calverley's carriage, was to be utilized on the morrow for a long day's excursion by father and son.

Nicholas was entering at Oxford in a week or two; this was his last vacation at home as a schoolboy, and he seemed bent upon enjoying it with all a boy's ardor,—making it his Carnival time before the more sedate period of university life. It pleased the squire immensely that his boy should make such a comrade of himself, and his own spirits rose in consequence. As Mrs. Calverley listened to the eager plans discussed between father and son in connection with the proposed drive, she could almost fancy her own youth renewed, and her husband the same high-spirited, daring, handsome man who had won her heart nearly twenty years before.

Monday broke fair and calm, a typical September day. Father and son, waving smiling adieux to Mrs. Calverley at her window, started off at an early hour on their carefully planned route, Mr. Calverley himself acting as chauffeur.

But two hours had sped, and Mrs. Calverley had barely breakfasted, when the visiting card of a doctor, whose name she recognized as practising in a town somewhat remote, was brought to her, with a request for an interview in spite of the early hour. Surprise rather than anxiety dominated her as the visitor entered. It took him but a few minutes to deliver his appalling message. Its import was that she had been suddenly widowed, and that the life of her only son hung in the balance.

A farm-laborer had backed his wagon across the road, after drawing aside to allow the motor to pass, and a terrible collision was the inevitable result. Mr. Calverley's car, after sweeping off the wagon from its wheels and killing both man and horses, had overturned. The doctor, hastily summoned by a spectator,

had arrived on the scene to find the father already dead from ghastly injuries, and the son unconscious and suffering from more than one serious fracture. The best course of procedure seemed to him that of conveying the young man, with all care and celerity, to his mother; the nearest hospital calculated to be of any service in the emergency was as distant from the scene of the accident as Redgate. He had therefore wired for a specialist to come with all speed; and meanwhile had arranged everything for the transport of Nicholas, in the charge of a nurse, to the Minster.

The calmness which settled down upon the bereaved woman, after the first shock caused by the tidings, surprised the doctor exceedingly. Dashing aside the tears which had flowed unrestrainedly, when she began to realize her forlorn condition, Mrs. Calverley applied herself with energy to prepare for the reception of her dead husband and her half-dying son. With forced composure she superintended all the necessary arrangements, the call for action deadening the grief which would otherwise have laid her prostrate. Hope, for a while, conquered in the struggle between the wife's sense of utter bereavement and the mother's anxiety for her child's safety.

The lagging hours passed by, and at last the two dread burdens were borne to their respective chambers. Who shall picture the anguish of that pale-faced woman, outwardly so calm, as all that was dearest to her on earth re-entered the home so joyously left but a few short hours before?

The traditional curse seemed still to cling to that house, despite the return of the hope of the family to the faith of his fathers. What could she do to avert the threatened penalty, exacted as it had been through all the ages since sacrilege had enriched the Calverleys of old at the cost of their Catholicism? Surely nothing would avail now. Her boy, her only treasure, had fallen under the curse at

last, and she was helpless to stay the blow.

Then, amid the terror that gripped her heart, came to the desolate woman's mind the recollection of a sentence of her favorite poet. She had always loved Shakespeare, and had studied him diligently, and this was what he said to her in that hour of her supreme anguish and despondency:

May one be pardoned, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

There was but one way. The ill-gotten possessions must be given back to God. But how? They were not hers to deal with. As long as her son lived—and a pang shot through her heart as she realized how short might be that tenure,—they were owned by Nicholas. And Nicholas lay close to the gates of death; no word of hers could reach him, even were that word powerful enough to move him to strip himself of all he had, so that, naked and poor, he might be spared to his mother.

Prayer came to her relief. She thought of that stricken mother at the gate of Naim, whose tears were dried by her Lord's compassionate word, as, "being moved with mercy toward her, He said to her: Weep not." She thought of that other sorrowing mother, Monica, who, ages after, met with a like compassion,—whose tears were dried when Augustine's soul, till then dead in sin, was restored to the higher life of grace in answer to unremitting prayer. On her knees in her locked chamber she poured forth her soul in supplication. She divested herself of all share in the ill-gotten gains of Protestant greed, and promised to strive with all her power to lead her boy to do the same, if God would but spare him. She rose from her knees strengthened and refreshed. Everything was in God's blessed hands now. She could but wait and trust,

and pray "without ceasing" for the accomplishment of the divine will.

Meanwhile the great specialist had formed his judgment. He could discover no fatal injury. He did not claim to be infallible. Unexpected turns might come about, which he could not foresee. Yet, with youth and a good constitution and skilful nursing on his side, Nicholas might still be spared to perpetuate his race and name.

None but God could estimate the depths of the widowed mother's thankfulness when the glad tidings reached her. Of the two so dearly loved, one had to be laid in the grave under the shadow of the ancient church which had seen many a generation of Calverleys borne thither; the other—as she firmly trusted—was to be spared to make reparation for the sins of his forefathers. He was free to act, for there was no entail on Minster Redgate. Her own little fortune, small as it was, would suffice for her own wants; she determined to stint herself in everything to give Nicholas his education and put him in the way of earning a livelihood until some property—insignificant compared with the broad acres of Redgate, but ample enough for a simple country gentleman—should pass to her at the death of an aged relative, to be at once bestowed upon her beloved boy. Thus, in spite of her overwhelming loss, there was a silver lining to her cloud of grief.

It was surprising how rapidly Nicholas gained strength, thanks to the diligent care and attention bestowed upon him. The presence of his mother by his sick-bed always filled him with pleasure. She, poor lady, thankful that her prayers had been so far granted, hid with zealous care her anxiety as to his acceptance of her proposal, awaiting the day when he should be capable of discussing the matter. At times she was tempted to suspect that he had gathered from her manner that something weighed upon her mind which had been concealed from him; for his eyes would search her face now and again with

a questioning glance that needed no words to interpret a loving solicitude for her, of whose welfare and happiness he was now sole guardian.

Thus days and weeks passed by, and Nicholas was almost himself again. Father Sandal had long ago returned, and was a constant, almost daily, visitor. Mrs. Calverley wondered sometimes why Nicholas should need so much advice from the priest; for their conferences were frequent and prolonged, as soon as the boy had grown really strong. Nicholas had always been edifying and regular as regards the practices of religion, without, however, displaying any extraordinary piety. The change puzzled her. Another disquieting sign was that he had begun to show embarrassment when they two were entirely alone. Had he guessed what was on her mind? Was he reluctant to confess to her that the sacrifice seemed to him uncalled for? Perhaps that was the meaning of these private talks with Father Sandal. She prayed long, and thought much upon the best way to broach the subject which was usurping her attention, but no satisfactory conclusion showed itself.

It was Nicholas himself who opened the way. He sought his mother one day in her own little sitting-room.

"Mother," he began, "have you half an hour to spare?"

"As many half hours as you like," was her prompt reply.

"I have wanted to unburden my mind for days," he went on; "but I shrank from giving you pain. It must be told, however; Father Sandal says it is my manifest duty to speak."

He paused nervously. Mrs. Calverley dared not interrupt, though her heart was beating furiously.

"Ever since I was old enough to understand things," he went on, "I have been puzzled how you and I, as Catholics, could conscientiously live upon the spoils of the Church." (The mother's acts of thanksgiving rose swift to Heaven. How good

God was to her!) "Of course dear old dad could not be expected to enter into such misgivings, and I hesitated about troubling your conscience. Now that he has gone, I am responsible. Mother dear, I must give it all up. You have enough for yourself, apart from Redgate. I shall be all right. A way has opened out to me, which I will tell you later. Say what you think about it."

What could she say but take him in her arms, and weeping with joy, tell him of her hopes and fears, now so happily banished?

"And what is this plan of yours?" she asked at last.

"It is that which I am afraid will really pain you," was his answer. "I want to give *myself* to God, as well as all I have. You remember the Benedictine monk who preached in the chapel just before that horrible day? I suppose it was his connection with the Order to which our house belonged that impressed his words so strongly upon my mind. Whatever it was, I made a promise to God during Mass on that day to restore these ill-gotten lands to their rightful owners in the way that He should make plain to me. Then, when I seemed near death, I offered myself to Him to serve Him in religion, should He see fit to accept my sacrifice."

She spoke no word, she showed no sign even, of dissent, that heroic mother, though his words pierced her to the heart. God had accepted her sacrifice upon His own terms, not as she had planned it so carefully. (How often does He act thus with us!) He had changed the curse which had lowered over their house into a blessing; and that blessing was imparted, as blessings always are, with the Sign of the Cross.

A BRIGHT smile, a beaming countenance, a playful word,—these find an entrance into the closed heart, and raise the downcast eyes, and bless him that gives and him that takes.

—Dean Stanley.

Saint Francis to His Lady.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

POVERTY, blithe Poverty,
 Come and bide awhile with me!
 Lead mine eyes past pleasure's rose,
 Where the violet pity grows.

Priestess of the sylvan hush,
 Past the song of madding thrush,
 Take my soul into the calm
 Where the silence lifts its psalm.

Winsome maid of fresh'ning wind,
 Leave thy image on my mind;
 With thy wand of purity,
 Cleanse of self the heart of me.

Kindly sprite of paradise,
 Touch with magic wand these eyes,
 So that from the earthly mold
 I may gather heaven's gold.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XVI.

"GRANDMAMMA," exclaimed Marjory, raising a woe-begone, tear-stained face, "must I go? Don't you think that if mother understood—all—she would not ask me to leave in such a hurry?"

"My dear child, your mother wants you. I am sorry, but I see no alternative: you must go."

"Before Sir Leonard Devereux's ball?" Marjory gasped. "O grandmamma, how shall I bear it?"

"Well and bravely, I hope. It is a pity about the ball; but you must accept it as a little trial."

"You call it 'little'?" Marjory cried passionately. "But you don't know all this going means to me. Perhaps the happiness of my whole life is—"

"Don't exaggerate, dear!"

"I don't exaggerate. I have been so happy here, and in Donegal I shall never see any of you."

"I shall try to be at Slievenagh House in May."

"But Frank Devereux and" (Marjory crimsoned over cheek and brow) "Brian Cardew will never come."

"Brian can not, but there is nothing to prevent Frank Devereux's going, if he likes. Why, even your father would welcome him."

"I—I suppose so. But Frank won't come. And, then—" she paused and changed color,— "I don't want him there. It would not be the same, grandmamma. And that ball!"

"Sir Leonard will be sure not to give it till you come back."

"Back?" Marjory sprang up joyfully. "You dear, delightful old grandmamma, you don't mean to say you'll have me back?"

"Indeed I do. When your mother can spare you, you must come and pay us another good visit."

"That" (with a deep, long-drawn sigh) "will be something to live for. I'll pack up at once, and start to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Devereux took the girl into her arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Your mother must be your first thought, Marjory. She suffers more than you could ever imagine."

"I know—I know! But—" she stopped short, and, drawing herself away from her grandmother's loving embrace, ran sobbing from the room.

Mrs. Devereux gazed after her, her eyes full of sorrow and perplexity.

"The poor child!" (she sighed deeply).

"I wish I knew—all. But perhaps, it is better she should go before things get worse. If it's Frank, it may come right; if it's Brian, I can see nothing but misery and unhappiness without end. That she loves one of the dear fellows I am convinced. God help her! With such a father, it will be a struggle to get her own way—even if it should be Frank Devereux."

Very white and very tearful, Marjory set out on her journey to Ireland at an early hour next day. Her grandmother

and Brian saw her off at Euston; and as the train steamed out of the station, and they disappeared from view, she flung herself down upon the seat of the carriage (in which she was quite alone), and with a passionate cry sobbed out:

"Life is over! Brian is lost to me forever!"

After the girl's departure, Mrs. Devereux and Brian returned, as a matter of course, to their old ways. They went no more to theatres or concert halls. The tea parties at the studio were given up, and all their evenings were spent quietly at home.

To Mrs. Devereux, though she missed her granddaughter more than she had imagined possible, the change was pleasant. She had grown tired of society, and the wear and tear of rushing about so constantly in search of amusement was too much for her. It was a comfort to be able to sit still, with her book and knitting whenever she felt so inclined. And Brian, she told herself, smiling, seemed also to take kindly to the peaceful times to which they had so unexpectedly returned. He, too, had been growing weary of dissipation and unrest.

But Brian's view of the situation was not quite what Mrs. Devereux fancied. He said very little about his feelings one way or another, set himself industriously to read history after dinner, and worked hard in his studio from morning till night. Yet things would never be the same again, he often thought drearily. The flat was dull, the evenings long and slow. With Marjory tripping round, the place had been full of life. Wherever she was, something was sure to happen. Energetic and lively, she kept them always on the alert. Now that she was gone, life in the flat was desperately monotonous.

"It's rather absurd," he told himself, with a little laugh, one day, about a month after the girl's departure; "but I've never been quite the same since Marjory went away. Everything is dull, and I can't fix my mind on either work or reading. And yet it's hardly her that I want. I

would not choose her as a companion. Oh, no! But somehow my thoughts follow her to Ireland. I long to go there. So much talk about Donegal has taken me back to old times, old friends; and I long to get away, to breathe once more the fresh, sweet air, to walk where I used to walk with my beloved father, and to see Mave,—dear little barefooted Mave! She was only six, I was ten. Ah, well, she was a charming child! I wonder what she is like now at seventeen?"

That evening, as they sat in the little balcony in front of the dining-room window, drinking their after-dinner coffee together, Brian said somewhat abruptly:

"I want a holiday, mater, badly."

"My dear Brian, it's early to think of holidays yet."

"The middle of May? Yes, so it is. But that doesn't matter. One time is as good as another. I've seen the Academy open and Marjory's portrait well hung, so I'm off."

"Will you be long away?"

"That" (lighting a cigarette) "I can hardly say. Five weeks, six weeks. It all depends—"

"Quite a long holiday. And where do you mean to go, dear boy?"

"To Donegal, where I've been pining to go for ages, mater."

Mrs. Devereux started, and raised her coffee-cup to her lips.

"My heart's in the Highlands,—
My heart isn't here!"

Brian quoted, laughing. "So sings the Scotchman. I may transpose that song and say:

"My heart's in Donegal,—
My heart isn't here!"

"Since when, Brian,—since Marjory went away?"

"Well, yes; I suppose my longings" (laughingly) "have taken a more definite shape since Marjory went away."

"You can not go to Slievenagh House," she said slowly, and looking with regretful eyes down the long line of lamplit streets. "That is out of the question, dear boy."

"My dear mater," he threw the end of his cigarette straight out into the middle of the road, "I wouldn't go there for worlds. I was only a child, but I'll never forget my last visit there. Heavens! how Philip Darien hated me, poor little delicate boy that I was, harmless and inoffensive too! I never could understand what I had done to make him dislike me so."

"It was, indeed, a mystery to us all, dear. But of course Davy Lindo was at the bottom of it. Your presence in Slievenagh House made him angry."

"And to please him Darien had to follow suit? It's a queer business, that little wretch's power over a man like Philip Darien, mater. How he must long to kick him into Downing's Bay! I should, I know, in his place."

"If you dared, yes. But don't let us discuss that question, Brian. It makes me ill to think of it. Oh, my poor Monica, when I think of the suffering it has caused you, I" (she covered her face with her hands) "can hardly bear it!"

"Poor mater!" Brian said softly. "It is a sore trial."

"God's will be done!" she murmured gently. "And my darling has borne it all well. But Marjory is different. The state of things is spoiling her. She can not submit, and her character will be ruined."

"I hope not,—I trust not. She will soon be far away from it all. She will marry, mater; so don't fret about her."

Mrs. Devereux looked up quickly. She could not see Brian's face very clearly, for it was now quite dark; and his cheerful, offhand tone puzzled her a little.

"I trust she may choose wisely, and not fix her affections on some one who does not care for her," she observed, rising from her chair. "Girls are sometimes rather misled by attentions that may mean nothing."

"Marjory is not likely to suffer in that way," he said, with well-pleased decision. "It will all be plain sailing for her."

"I'm glad you think so. And if you go to Donegal, Brian, where will you stay?"

"At the hotel at Rosapenna. O mater, I just long to see it again!"

"I can understand that, dear. I'll go in, Brian" (with a little shiver). "It has suddenly grown very chilly." And she pushed open the window, and stepped quickly into the dining-room.

XVII.

Like a schoolboy going home for the holidays, Brian prepared for his journey to Ireland. And when Mrs. Devereux announced her intentions of going with him, and paying her long-promised visit to Slievenagh House, his joy knew no bounds.

"This is splendid!" he cried, as the train carried them toward Holyhead. "Why did you bring me up with an idea that I was never to return to Ireland, mater? And you did, you know."

"For many reasons I thought it better that you should not revisit Slievenagh House, Brian."

"Of course I understand that. But Donegal is wide. Rosapenna is a good distance from Slievenagh. I might have spent many happy holidays there, mater; now, mightn't I?"

"Certainly. But, then, you never expressed much wish to go there. 'Tis only since Marjory came and went that you have developed so strong a desire to return to Donegal. It was a sudden thing, dear boy."

"Yes, I suppose it was," and he relapsed into silence, his eyes fixed dreamily on the vanishing landscape as they sped rapidly along.

"Marjory! She is the magnet that draws him to Donegal," Mrs. Devereux told herself, watching the clear-cut profile against the window of the railway carriage. "Of that I have not the smallest doubt. But, alas! I can not but feel grieved; for I can never picture a happy ending to the poor lad's romance. Although Marjory loves him, I often fancy there are too many others against him. Poor Brian! it is evident he is thinking hopefully and longingly of seeing her again."

But as Brian gazed out of the window, his heart beating gladly, he thought but little of Marjory Darien. His meeting with her was a foregone conclusion. He was sure to come across her somewhere or another, and he would be pleased to do so. But the idea did not disturb his equanimity or cause his pulses to quicken. He liked Marjory, considered her handsome, and wished her well; beyond that she did not interest him. And as he travelled along the route that he and his father had passed over so frequently in the old days, his mind went on more rapidly than even the mail train; and he was soon wandering round the sandy dunes, and running in and out of the caves below Rosapenna, his hand clasped in that of a small, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl with bare feet and a short red skirt, whose voice and bright laughter rang in his ears like sweet music.

"Dear little Mave!" he murmured softly, his color rising, his eyes growing bright. "What an angel she was! Shall I ever forget her sweet sympathy when dear dad was so ill? Never. And with what loving thoughtfulness she drew me on toward the church to look for Father McBlaine! Dear child, how I long to see her again! Will she be changed? Grown strong, coarse perhaps? No, impossible. Mave could never, never be that. The first person I'll see will be Denis,—good Denis Galagher. And as we drive from Creeslough he'll tell me all the news. Mave at seventeen,—Mave almost a woman! It is hard to realize. Yet" (smiling) "so it must be."

Marjory Darien was waiting at Creeslough to welcome her grandmother as the train from Derry came slowly into the station. She was looking brilliantly handsome, in a well-fitting, tailor-made costume, and a large black hat and feathers. Her cheeks were flushed and her dark eyes full of bright happiness, as she kissed Mrs. Devereux, and with outstretched hand greeted Brian, a little shyly, but with a warmth of manner that was at once pleasant and attractive. But, his mind full of other things, Brian noticed neither

her looks nor her manner; and, having assisted the ladies into the Slievenagh House carriage, and bade them good-bye, he turned quickly away, and went forward eagerly to find the wagonette from the Rosapenna Hotel.

The color left Marjory's face, her eyes flashed, and she bit her lips, as, in spite of herself, she saw his anxiety to get away.

"What brought Brian to Donegal?" she asked suddenly, turning and looking sharply at her grandmother. "It's a funny freak of his, after all these years."

"My dear Marjory," Mrs. Devereux smiled into her eyes. "you must know why better than I do. London has been a desert to Brian since you left it."

"Grandmamma?" Marjory flushed to her hair; then, turning her head, she gazed, with throbbing heart and flying pulses, up at the threatening sky. "We'll have rain presently, and very likely a storm," she said slowly, after awhile; "and Brian may wish himself back in London as much as I do."

"Things are not happy, dearest?"

"Happy?" Marjory groaned. "Things are perfectly wretched, grandmamma. Sometimes I think I'll run away and work. Home is well-nigh intolerable."

"Patience, my darling!" Mrs. Devereux pressed the girl's hand. "A change may come when you least expect it. And you must not forget your mother."

"Mother would be as well, perhaps better, without me."

"No, dear,—no! Believe me she would not. And then, since Trelawny left, I felt sure things were better for you."

"He may come back any day. And, O grandmother, why is it father is in the power of those men?"

"Alas! I can not say, pet."

"Left to himself, father would be good and kind" (Marjory moaned). "I know he would. As it is—O grandmother, it is terrible, and grows worse every day! He, poor dear, is getting a hunted, frightened look. Mother weeps and says he is ill. I'd give worlds—but here we are at home.

Don't" (stifling a sob) "look like that, grandmamma. Smile when you see mother, and—and speak as brightly as you can."

"I will, dearest,—I will." And, dashing her hand across her eyes, Mrs. Devereux stepped out of the carriage and entered Slievenagh House with a heavy heart.

"It's a great thing to be free to go one's way and talk to whom one pleases," Brian thought, catching sight of the Rosapenna wagonette. "Now I'll have a delightful chat about old times with good Denis Galagher, and hear all the Carrigart news."

But, to his surprise and disappointment, a stranger occupied the box seat; and when he asked him as to his old friend's whereabouts, the man answered him shortly, saying that he had been dead for many years.

"Dead? Denis dead?" Brian sat down heavily in the big wagonette. "And his mother, Mrs. Galagher, who lived in the white cottage at the beginning of Carrigart Street? How is she?"

"Dead too, long ago. She was eighty gone, your honor," the driver answered, whipping his horses into a brisk trot as they left the station yard. "Sure she died a year before Denis."

"And the child—the little girl they adopted?" Brian asked, with a sinking heart and sudden pallor. "Is she still in the cottage?"

"Bedad, no. Sure it's a big family's there now, your honor. Where the child went to, I don't in any way know. I'm from Derry, and the whole lot of them were gone before I came to Rosapenna."

"Still you might have heard. She was a charming child. She must be a very beautiful girl."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm a lone man, and keep to myself," he said gruffly. "I care nothing about girls."

Brian smiled, as his eyes rested on the driver's dark face and surly mouth.

"You never married, then?"

"Married? Is it I? That's the last

thing I'd be after doing. It's—but look here!" twisting round on his seat. "If you want any information about people past and gone in the parish, go to Father McBlaine. He's the friend of the people, and knows them every one for years back."

"Thank you! That's a good idea. Kindly drop me at the chapel and take the luggage on. I'll walk on to the hotel when I've seen the priest."

Before making his way to the presbytery, Brian walked round to the side door of the big granite church at the top of the hill, and went in. Bowing his knee reverently as he passed the Blessed Sacrament, he slipped into a bench in front of the altar, and covered his face with his hands. Very fervently he prayed,—for his dead father, who seemed almost a living presence to him here in this church, where as a child he had so often knelt by his side; for Denis and Mrs. Galagher; and for Mave and himself, begging that they might meet again, if such were God's will; and if not, that all might go well with her now and forever.

His prayers ended, he rose up comforted, ready to bear disappointment, yet hopeful and confident. Mave, at her age, must be living and well. Very soon his great desire would be accomplished. Father McBlaine would tell him where she was, and they would resume their friendship of early days as though it had never been interrupted.

Stepping out of the church into the soft radiance of an exquisite sky, lit up by the red gold of the setting sun, he suddenly found himself face to face with the parish priest.

"Father McBlaine?" he said quickly, bowing and holding out his hand. "Seeing you here, I can not be mistaken. You, of course, do not remember me—Brian Cardew?"

"Brian—the delicate—puny—why, my dear fellow," grasping his hand and shaking it warmly, "I am glad to see you! But in eleven years you, I, everyone has changed. Come home with me. Sure it's

delighted I am to meet your father's son. He was a good man, may God be merciful to him!"

"A good man," Brian's lips trembled slightly,— "few better. He seems to live again for me here, Father McBlaine."

"He lives again" (the priest raised his beretta), "but in a better place. And now how is it you have returned to Donegal after so lengthy an absence?"

"Many things prevented my returning sooner. Lately I have longed for news of my friends in these parts."

"Friends?" said the priest, looking at him quickly. "I fancied your friends were at Slievenagh House. Mrs. Devereux, the few times I met her, told me you were doing well."

"I live with Mrs. Devereux. Since my father's death she has been a mother to me. But the doors of Slievenagh House are closed to me. Mr. Darien hates me."

"You amaze me. Your friends here—who may they be?"

"Yourself, Father McBlaine, I hope, also Denis Galagher and his mother—"

"Dead, dear lad,—both dead, God rest their souls!"

"And, then, there is Mave" (Brian's voice trembled), "the child they adopted and loved. She at least is living, Father McBlaine?"

The priest smiled, and, taking a snuff-box from his pocket, slowly opened it.

"Yes, Mave is living, thank God!"

"And I may see, speak to her?" Brian asked eagerly. "O Father McBlaine, this is indeed good news!"

The priest took a pinch of snuff, and looked at the handsome, happy young face wonderingly.

"Mave? Why, she was but a baby—"

"I know; but, oh, do tell me when and where I may see her!"

"That depends on others. Mave is not in my keeping. She left Carrigart two years ago, and is now either in Paris or London—I know not which,—in the safe-keeping of Miss Beshborough."

(To be continued.)

Great Britain's Convert Queen.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

THERE would be more reason for surprise that the solitary instance of the conversion to Catholicism of a Queen of Great Britain should be so little known, were it not that the circumstances of the time demanded secrecy, and doomed to centuries of obscurity the documents regarding it. The royal personage in question is Anne of Denmark, consort of James I. The causes which led her to embrace the Catholic faith, and the difficulties which surrounded her persevering practice of it, afford matter for an interesting study.

Contemporary evidence of the Queen's conversion was for ages hidden away in the Latin pages of a learned Jesuit's collected works, and amid the dusty, half-forgotten manuscripts of foreign libraries. For, although the fact was known to the English court of the period, the credit of the National Church demanded that it should not become widespread; hence it was persistently hushed up, as far as might be, by those in authority. So satisfactory, from a Protestant point of view, has been the result, that historians have generally ignored the subject, except to hint that Anne had a leaning toward Catholicism. Even in these days, when public libraries are so continually being called upon to yield up their buried treasures, the Queen's attitude toward religion is summed up by one of her modern biographers in the phrase, "coquetting with Rome."* This ignorance of the real facts of the case is the more remarkable since as far back as the year 1837 an English Protestant publication, the *Quarterly Review*, stated Queen Anne's Catholicism as certain, and gave ample proofs of the truth of the assertion, as will be seen later.

The first English Catholic writer to make public this phase in the life of

* Dictionary of National Biography.

Anne of Denmark was the late Father Stevenson, S. J. In the pages of the *Month* for February, 1879, he published a translation of a long Latin letter in which a Scottish Jesuit of the seventeenth century, Father Abercromby, related in detail the share which he himself had had in bringing about the Queen's conversion. Later writers, among them Father Forbes-Leith, S. J., in his "Narratives of Scottish Catholics," and Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair, O. S. B., in his "History of the Catholic Church of Scotland," have furnished, from the archives of the Vatican and of the Society of Jesus, further evidence which sets the matter beyond doubt. From the materials thus provided we are able to glean much interesting information.

Anne was born in 1574, and was the younger daughter of Frederick II., King of Denmark,—a kingdom then including Norway. The Earl of Bothwell, during his mortal illness when a prisoner in Denmark, bore witness to the innocence of Mary Stuart of any complicity in the murder of Darnley; and Frederick won the lasting gratitude of James of Scotland by his zeal in spreading abroad this fact. When, therefore, a match was proposed between James and a Danish princess, it met with the warmest approval of the young King, in spite of the opposition of Elizabeth of England, who resented the outspoken witness of Frederick on behalf of her hated rival. All difficulties were at length overcome, and in the year 1589 the Earl Marischal of Scotland stood proxy for James in a marriage with Anne at the royal castle of Cronenberg, in the presence of her mother, Queen Sophia,—Frederick having died before the completion of negotiations.

Stormy seas prevented the voyage of the royal bride to Scotland. The Danish vessels conveying her and her suite were driven upon the Norwegian coast. James, in view of their probable detention for a whole winter, gallantly set sail for Norway; and on November 24 of that year was married to the princess by a chaplain he had brought with him for the purpose.

Upslo, the scene of the ceremony, was then only a miserable collection of huts; but in the reign of Anne's brother, Christian IV., the city of Christiana, named after that King, was built upon its site. The royal couple managed to travel, with great difficulty in wintry weather, to Cronenberg, where the Lutheran ecclesiastics of the court insisted upon celebrating another marriage according to their particular rite, in the month of January following. Upon this formal conclusion of the matrimonial contract, the Orkney and Shetland Isles, which had been for long a subject of dispute between the two kingdoms, were bestowed upon the Scottish crown in perpetuity as part of Anne's dowry.

The young Queen had already tasted the bitterness of religious intolerance in the disputes between Lutherans and Calvinists regarding the ceremonies connected with her marriage; she was now destined to experience the like in her adopted country, and to a greater degree. The King and his bride reached Scotland on May Day, 1590. Arrangements were at once made for the coronation of the young Queen, and the ceremony was fixed for Sunday, May 17. No royal function of the kind had as yet taken place with other than the ancient Catholic rite. This, under the circumstances, tended to create a difficulty. Although Presbyterian clergy alone were available, James determined that the customary anointing should not be omitted. The decision was displeasing to the clergy in general; but one of their number, a Mr. Robert Bruce, prevailed upon to administer the oil of unction, James himself placing the crown upon the head of his consort. The Queen was then called upon to take the oath to "withstand and despise all papistical superstitions and ceremonies and rites contrary to the word of God." Her interpretation of these expressions was destined to undergo a change in the course of a few years.

In the marriage contract it had been stipulated that Anne should be free to practise the religion in which she had been

brought up; and to this end a Danish Lutheran minister had accompanied her to Scotland in the capacity of chaplain. In the eyes of the Calvinistic ministers of Scotland, this arrangement was a standing insult to the national religion. Had the Queen been a Catholic, they could not have felt more bitterly toward her. They accused the King of having taken to wife "a Canaanitish woman"; he was bound to compel her to embrace the religion of the country. James, fearing difficulties, advised her to yield. Anne, who is described by a contemporary ambassador as exhibiting a strong and courageous spirit, refused to do so. She resisted all the arguments of the preachers and of her household, although even Lering, her chaplain, ranged himself on the opposing side and became a Calvinist. Thus, from its very commencement, her married life was passed amid the unseemly wranglings of sectarian strife.

But at length, about ten years after her arrival in Scotland, she found a solution to her difficulties in a way little dreamed of by her adversaries. In early youth she had been sent for her education to Germany, and placed under the care of a devout Catholic princess of high rank. Who this lady was is not known, but it has been conjectured that she was a granddaughter of the Emperor Charles V. Amid the petty squabbles of her own court Anne recalled what she had heard and seen in her childhood of another and a nobler faith, hated by Lutherans and Calvinists alike. She remembered the solemnity of the daily Mass in the private chapel of the princess; she thought of the good priest who celebrated it with such piety and devotion; she lived over again the days spent in the peace and calm of that Catholic household, and her heart turned toward the One Church.

Among the Scottish nobility were yet to be found many who clung to the old faith. She consulted some such in confidence, particularly "a certain Earl," as to what she ought to believe. She was

assured that, in the state of mind in which she then found herself, her hope of eternal happiness depended upon her reconciliation with the Catholic Church. Father Abercromby, then secretly serving the Scottish mission, was named as the priest best fitted to instruct and help her. From his narrative, already referred to, we learn what followed.

Being privately summoned to wait upon the Queen, the Jesuit was conducted to the royal palace, where, unknown to the King or the court in general, he was lodged in special apartments provided for him. A few of the Catholic ladies in attendance upon Anne were in the secret. For the three or four days Father Abercromby remained there, the Queen came daily to visit him, carrying papers in her hand, as though engaged in instructing a secretary in correspondence. Her ladies remained in an outer chamber while Anne was receiving instructions in the faith for about an hour each day. After three days thus occupied, Mass was offered by the priest in his own apartments, and the Queen received Holy Communion. According to Father Abercromby, writing in 1608, this occurred "about the year 1600." Father MacQuhirrie, another Scotch Jesuit, in a statement made to the General of the Society in 1601, speaks of the event as taking place "three years ago, on the feast of St. Peter in Vinculis" (August 1). This would date the reception in 1598.

During the three years that followed, Father Abercromby relates that he communicated the Queen some nine or ten times, and that always early in the morning and quite privately, no one being present except certain Catholic ladies resident at court, who likewise received the Sacraments at such times. The Father had been appointed to the post of "keeper of his Majesty's hawks"—a not undignified post in those days,—and he was thus able to frequent the court without arousing suspicion.

In 1603 Anne had to set out for England, whither her husband had been called as heir to the throne on the death of Eliza-

beth. She would not depart, however, before receiving the Sacraments from Father Abercromby, from whom she at the same time extracted a promise to come to her in England whenever she should summon him.

How, it may be asked, was it possible for Queen Anne thus to practise her religion while the King was prosecuting his Scottish subjects for daring to do the like? For in the year 1601, when Anne was receiving the Sacraments at will, three citizens of Edinburgh—Barelay, Laing and Gibson—were tried for the offence of hearing Mass; and, being convicted, were all banished the realm.* The answer is that Anne was the King's own wife, and that, however harshly, in deference to Calvinistic bigotry, he might treat his Catholic subjects, no one could oblige him to punish his Queen. That he knew of her religious convictions is certain. Father Abercromby tells how James interrogated Anne on the subject, and was informed by her of the change that had taken place in her belief. The King showed by his rejoinder that the things of this world held the chief place in his estimation. "Well, wife," he said, "if you can not live without this sort of thing, do your best to keep things as quiet as possible; for if you don't our crown is in danger."

James had some difficulty in appeasing the Calvinistic ministers when the Queen's leaning toward Catholicism began to be suspected. He tried to excuse her by saying that she was crazy on the subject of religion; but they remonstrated by blaming him for allowing so many Catholics to hold positions at court. As a matter of fact, Anne had a number of Catholic ladies in her household; among them were the Countess of Huntly and a sister of the young Laird of Bonington. The Laird himself was a favorite with both King and Queen; though this did not prevent his execution in 1601 on the nominal charge of stealing title deeds from his ancestral home, but in reality for his persistent

upholding of the Catholic religion. The young Princess Elizabeth was brought up from childhood in the household of another Catholic, Lady Livingstone, afterward Countess of Linlithgow.

The removal of the court to London put an end to the comparative freedom in the practice of her religion hitherto enjoyed by Anne. Her first trial was in connection with her coronation as Queen Consort. The English rite, based upon the ancient Catholic ceremony, required the sovereigns to receive Communion at the hands of Protestant prelates. This the Queen stoutly refused to do, and no persuasions of her husband or his counsellors could move her. In the absence of proofs of her Catholicism which we now possess, historians account for her conduct by attributing it to a scruple against any further change in religion, supposing her to have already conformed to Calvinism in Scotland. But the real truth was that she merely acted up to her conscience as a Catholic. She valued her heavenly crown far above that of earth; for she professed her willingness to remain uncrowned rather than thus even outwardly offend against her faith. The result was that she was allowed to have her way; and the incident caused her, as one of her biographers relates, "to be grievously suspected of 'an affection to popery.'"* The suspicion was strengthened by a report prevalent about that time, that the Queen had received a present of pictures and Rosary beads from the Pope. It is true that the Pontiff dispatched these marks of paternal affection; but James thought it politic to order them to be returned to the Nuncio at Paris, through whom they had been sent. †

It may be mentioned here that the Vatican Archives contain the copy of a letter sent to Queen Anne by Pope Clement VIII. The Pontiff addresses the Queen as

* Strickland, "Lives of the Queens of England."

† Hunter-Blair, "History of the Catholic Church of Scotland."

* Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials."

his "dearest daughter in Christ"; and expresses his joy on account of her manifest devotion to the Holy See, and his hopes for the Catholic education of her son, and the consequent restoration of England to the Catholic faith. The date of the letter is January 28, 1605.* It was probably the answer to one written to his Holiness by the Queen during the first year after her conversion, but delayed by the seizure and execution of the young Laird of Bonington, already mentioned. To this Catholic gentleman its safe delivery had been entrusted; and upon his imprisonment it had been passed on to Father MacQuhirrie, who informed the General of the Society in 1601 that it had not yet been possible to forward either that letter or one addressed to his Paternity himself by Queen Anne, though a favorable opportunity seemed to be near at hand. †

Very meagre is the information obtainable as to the opportunities afforded Anne for the practice of her religion after her removal to England. Father Abercromby testifies to the staunchness of her Catholicism in 1608, as reported to him by a Catholic lady of her court. "As to her religion," he says, "she is just as she was when I left her. There is this difference, however,—that she can no longer enjoy that free practice of her religion which she had while in Scotland." As an illustration of the Queen's courage in this respect, he mentions her firmness regarding the coronation ceremony, and adds another fact which throws considerable light upon the difficulties which beset her path. "Upon one occasion she visited the Spanish Ambassador; apparently it was a mere visit of compliment, but she heard Mass and received the Most Adorable Sacrament. When the King heard this he scolded her bitterly, and told her that she would lose the crown and the kingdom." ‡

* *Ibid.*, vol. iii, p. 473.

† Forbes-Leith, "Narratives of Scottish Catholics."

‡ *The Month*, Feb., 1879.

Ordinary historians can give us little help in this aspect of Anne's life. All that they have to say of her is chiefly concerned with her apparent worldliness—her love of splendor in dress and surroundings; the interest she took in the performance of masques and pageants, then so popular; the zest she showed for gaiety and display. It is possible that at one period of her life—when, as we shall have occasion to show, her faith had grown weak,—she sought refuge in such things from the stings of conscience; but to a woman of no little beauty of person, and the means to gratify luxury in dress and adornments, it is natural that they should particularly appeal.

We are able, nevertheless, to supply motives for the Queen's actions, as related in history, of which those who tell them are unaware. Thus when the question of the marriage of her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, was under consideration, and the rival claims of Catholic and Protestant suitors were being weighed, Anne did her utmost to bring about a match with the Spanish prince, and thus, in accordance with the Pope's expressed desire, further the spiritual welfare of her child. She used all her influence—which was considerable—to induce James to consent; but Protestant opposition proved too strong, and Elizabeth was betrothed to the Count Palatine in 1612. The Queen was not present at the ceremony; being, according to one authority, "too ill and dejected to be present," owing to the recent death of her eldest son.* Lingard, however, quoting a contemporary letter, gives another reason: "The Queene, no way affecting the match, kept her chamber." † It must, indeed, have been a bitter disappointment to her that the child whom she had taken care to place under Catholic influences from her earliest years should be given in marriage to a German Lutheran.

* Strickland, "Lives of Queens."

† Lingard, "History of England."

A Hero Fallen at His Post.

DURING the Franco-German war, when the conflict was raging in the vicinity of Metz, a young conscript named Rebner was ordered by his captain to carry a very important dispatch to the colonel of the regiment. It was a perilous mission; for the bearer of the dispatch would be exposed to the full brunt of the enemy's fire. The captain told him he must avail himself of every possible shelter, and elude danger as far as possible; since, were the letter to fail to reach its destination, his company would be completely cut off.

Rebner had been in the seminary, studying for the priesthood, when the war broke out; but he was obliged to lay aside his books and join the army. At the time of which we speak he had already been in many battles, but never had he received a wound. When his comrades asked him how it was he always managed to escape without a scratch, he simply drew out his Rosary and quietly replied: "The Queen of the Rosary has hitherto always taken me under her protection."

And on this day, in obedience to the orders he had received, he was to be seen, Rosary in hand, hastening at a rapid pace along the road from Courcelles to Peltre. Dozens of bullets whizzed by him unheeded, until a division of French infantry, at a short distance in front, opened a murderous fire on an advancing column of Prussians. To avoid this volley, Rebner got under cover behind a large tree standing by the wayside. He had not been there many minutes, however, before the lieutenant of a Uhlan regiment galloped up to his side, exclaiming: "Shame on you, coward! Get away from behind that tree!" As he spoke, the officer, with a blow of his sword, struck the Rosary out of Rebner's hand, nearly cutting off his fingers.

Rebner's blood boiled at the accusation of cowardice, as well as at the affront offered to the Rosary. "Lieutenant, I am

the bearer—" he began. But the infuriated officer cut him short, crying out: "Hold your tongue, and be off, or I will shoot you down like a dastardly dog that you are!"

Rebner suppressed the angry retort that rose to his lips. Picking up the Rosary, he kissed it reverently and sped forward on his way, commending himself to the Mother of God. He reached his destination without further adventure, delivered the dispatch, and returned in safety to the camp.

About fifteen years later the municipal authorities of a small town in the Rhine Province met to elect a mayor. Their choice fell on none other than the quondam lieutenant who had so grossly insulted the seminary-soldier, and who was then holding an office under the government. Curiously enough, not long before, the student, now in Orders, had been appointed parish priest of the selfsame town. The two had not yet met; nor, had they done so, is it probable that they would have recognized each other. They were, however, soon to come together under very sad circumstances.

About ten o'clock one November evening, when an exceptionally violent storm of rain and wind was raging, Father Rebner was sitting by the fireside, reciting his Breviary before retiring to rest, when a loud knock at the front door was heard. On the housekeeper's opening the door, a breathless messenger stepped in, begging that the priest would come immediately to a man who had been suddenly taken ill and appeared to be at the point of death.

"My goodness," exclaimed the housekeeper, "it is quite impossible for his reverence to go out at this hour of night, in such frightful weather! It would be his death. And it is ever so far up among the hills, you say? Why, it would be his death. He will go early to-morrow."

The priest overheard the altercation and inquired what it was about. As soon as he appeared at the head of the stairs, the boy slipped past the housekeeper before

she could say a word, and, going halfway up the staircase, delivered his message to the priest. The latter did not hesitate a moment. Taking down his overcoat from the rack in the hall, he answered: "I will go directly."

The boy ran off at once, as he had to go to the druggist's for some medicine. And, without listening to the expostulations of his housekeeper, who begged him at least to let her call the sacristan to accompany him, Father Rebner prepared to start on his way, as soon as he had procured the oils, saying he could get on very well alone.

His expectation was not realized. The night was intensely dark; the rain fell in torrents; the road was rough and utterly lonely; the wind nearly carried the pedestrian off his feet. He struggled on, however; and, after encountering great difficulties, he reached his destination, wet through and completely exhausted. Yet he pulled himself together, administered the last sacraments to the dying man, and sped the departing soul on its way in peace.

Then he set out on his homeward journey. The elements seemed to rage with redoubled fury, and so great was the darkness that he could hardly see a step in advance. Father Rebner had got about halfway home when a tall poplar, uprooted by the violence of the wind, fell across the road, striking him to the ground and half burying him under its branches. It did not kill him instantly: he was able to carry his Rosary once more to his lips, and commend his soul to God, before he went to receive the reward of the good and faithful servant.

The next morning the storm had abated and the wind-swept sky was clear. Some laborers going early to their work found the lifeless body of the priest. They gave information to the police; and the mayor, hearing of the accident, went in person to superintend the removal of the body. When he arrived at the spot, and his eyes fell on the Rosary still held to the

pallid lips of the corpse, he changed color. The incident related above flashed into his memory; he recognized the Rosary—one with white beads and a large silver cross of peculiar shape,—and, on looking closer, recognized also the features of the man whom he had once struck on the hand with his sword and denounced as a coward. Tears filled his eyes, as he bade the men take the priest up reverently. "A hero fallen at his post," he said.

At his own expense the mayor raised a monument over the priest's grave, on which the foregoing words were inscribed. He requested to be allowed to retain the Rosary as a souvenir. He was instructed in the Catholic faith, and shortly after received into the Church. From that time forth Father Rebner's Rosary was again in constant use.

Why American Marriages Fail.

IF a violent patriotism and a ferocious optimism were not exacted of newspaper editors, all the more conscientious and intelligent among them would undoubtedly have called their readers' attention to a notable article under the above heading in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is by all odds the most important contribution to any of our magazines or reviews in many months, one well deserving of the careful consideration of every American citizen,—an article that should be read with some measure of self-reproach by men, and by women without much or any resentment. It was fine editing to present this paper just when people had returned from the mountains or the seaside, disposed for more serious reading, and to assign it first place in an issue of special attractiveness.

The writer, Mrs. Anna A. Rogers, who is a new contributor to the *Atlantic*, begins with the statement of two facts as palpable as they are deplorable—that our social disease is increasing, and that conditions are favorable to its propagation.

Every recent decade has shown a marked increase in the evil of divorce in the United States,—out of all proportion to the growth of population. It is also a matter of statistics that the evil is growing more rapidly in our country than in Europe. Of course this preponderance may be partly accounted for by the greater number of divorce courts on this side of the Atlantic. We have 2921 courts which have the power to grant divorces, as against England's one, Germany's twenty-eight, and France's seventy-nine.

Three principal reasons for the failure of so many American marriages are assigned: namely, the repudiation by women of the dignified duty of wedlock; their selfishness and extravagance; their failure either to promote happiness or to preserve peace in their households. In establishing these charges, Mrs. Rogers unconsciously reveals the qualities which she herself most admires in those wonderful old women of a past generation,—exquisite refinement, ready sympathy, calm judgment as of wisdom long digested, unworldliness, high sense of responsibility, and so forth.

There would be more harmony in all households, less of incompatibility between husbands and wives, and as a consequence fewer divorces, if American women were to heed such words as will presently be quoted—"words of wisdom, well-weighed,"—and take to heart the lessons which they inculcate. Mrs. Rogers bases her suggestions on the conviction that women are largely responsible for the slackening of marriage ties in the United States. Unprepared, undisciplined, uncounselled, small wonder that, after assuming the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, the wives of our time should grow restless and rebellious. Here are warning and counsel for such as are not too frivolous or too desperate to heed:

There are several facts about the masculine character of which women will do well to realize the immutability. It makes not one particle of difference what the wife expects or demands in marriage, whether she gives freely or begrudgingly,—if for any reason whatsoever a man does not find his home happy, or at least peaceful, whether it be her fault or his, the chances are that he will close his lips, put on

his hat, and go his brutal way—elsewhere! He may seek distraction among other men, in a frenzy of work or pleasure—and he may not.

Of one thing the young wife may be sure: that a man has neither the instinct nor the time to coddle his disappointments in marriage,—*he puts on his hat!* This is his universal, silent, unlabelled argument, that the happiness of that home is not his business, but hers. If the fault is his, the brute expects patience; if it's hers, he expects self-control. If neither is forthcoming—well, that is her lookout. He wanted to be happy, he expected it, or else he would not have married her.

Under all of this selfish shunting of the responsibility of home-happiness on to the woman's shoulders, lies a deep justifying truth,—it *is* her business; and the fact that some of nature's laws, such as gravitation, are at times extremely irritating, does not, however, make them inoperative.

"It is better to face the fact, and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal, if of unlike, frailties, whose weak human heart beats no more tunelessly than your own." The engineer of a train must have learned well his business before he is allowed to assume the responsibility of the levers. How much knowledge of the even more complicated physical and moral levers of marriage do the average young people bring to bear upon their life problem?

Success in any undertaking, even marriage, is always both shy and obstinate, and hides behind quite a thorny hedge of persistence, hard work, unselfishness, and above all patience,—a quality, now gone out of fashion, which made of our grandmothers civilizing centres of peace and harmony; for they were content to use slow curative measures to mend their matrimonial ailments, and the "knife" was looked upon with horror. One finds so often in the women of that generation a strange quiet as of wisdom long digested; a deep, abiding strength; an aloofness of personality that makes for dignity; sweet old faces that bear the marks of "love's grandeur." What is there to-day in all this fret and fuss and fury of feminine living that compares with the power for good of these wonderful old women, fast disappearing?

The painstaking thrift of European women has no parallel in this country; nor the painstaking cleanliness that is a revelation to American eyes, accustomed to the general "slouch" from one end of the United States to another. It has been said of the much-maligned Italians that only among the Chinese can be found a parallel to their almost tragic economies. Half of Italy could live on what New York city alone throws away in a year.

The present excessive education of young women, and excessive physical coddling (the gymnastics, breathing exercises, public and private physical culture, the masseurs, the manicurists, the shampooers) have produced a curious anomalous hybrid: a cross between a magnificent, rather unmannerly boy, and a spoiled, exacting *demi-mondaine*, who sincerely loves in this world herself alone. Thus quite a new relationship between the sexes has arisen, a slipshod, unchivalrous companionship, which before marriage they nominate "good form," but which after marriage they illogically discover to be cause for tears or for temper.

Is it to be wondered at that the indefinable charm, the sacredness and mystery of womanhood are fast passing away from among us? When women themselves set the standard of conduct lower down; when they consider it a *gaucherie* to blush, shyness a laughable anachronism, sentiment "sickening nonsense," courtesy "bad form," is it cause for wonder that a few months after marriage a girl so often finds her husband disillusioned and in an ugly reactionary mood? Finding also herself stung into a fury of disappointment and resentment at his want of that same instinctive tenderness and courtesy which she had repulsed before marriage, and which now, when it is too late, she not only longs for but demands!

We have quoted at much greater length than we had intended, but there was no resisting the compulsion of these passages. There are others from which we should dissent. It can not be truthfully asserted that, besides marriage, no other work really important to the world has ever been done by a woman. Such a statement as this surely demands qualification. And is it not more complimentary than correct to say that men are the world's idealists?

Mrs. Rogers has written admirably of the duties and responsibilities of American wives,—so very well indeed as to have incurred a personal obligation. Those who have inherited wisdom and acquired experience are as much bound to allow less favored persons to profit by them as a man of wealth to relieve the distressed or to succor the indigent. Helpful thoughts so happily expressed as in the article to which we have referred are like a generous alms bestowed with the accompaniment of beautiful flowers.

Notes and Remarks.

Apropos of the delay attending the promulgation in this country of important Papal documents, the *Irish-American* instances the latest Encyclical, and remarks:

The cable tells us that, in its official shape, this document is seventeen columns long. An absurd summary of half a column or so, full of the most grotesque and evident inaccuracies, is sent here and printed in the daily press, whereat all the learned pundits proceed to make sage comments on this alleged utterance of the Holy Father, and fill the public mind with misrepresentations and misstatements. They don't know what the terms of the document really are, yet they do not hesitate to descant volubly on its teachings and enactments. It will be three weeks before the true version can be set before the public; and then the effect will be lost in the distractions of later and newer interests, and the first formed impression can not be overcome.

All of which is quite true—and likely to remain true of future encyclicals, syllabuses, briefs, etc., just as long as this country is without a Catholic daily of recognized standing and importance. The need of such a paper is becoming increasingly apparent; and, with the rapidly growing number of wealthy Catholics, its launching ought to be approximately at hand. Continued complaint of evils in our own power to remedy ill becomes us.

The recent conference of the Catholic Truth Society of England furnished an appropriate occasion for a number of timely and practical discourses, not the least notable of which was Archbishop Bourne's speech on "The Maintenance of Religion in the School." The following extract therefrom is of interest, not only as showing the attitude of our co-religionists across the water upon a matter of engrossing import, but as indicating the duties of Catholics everywhere when confronted with conditions similar to those obtaining in England:

Our duties are very plain. In season and out of season we must strive to make our posi-

tion clearer to our fellow-countrymen: force them to see the reasonableness of our contention, and the unswerving earnestness and tenacity with which we cling to it. There are many who are against us from sheer ignorance; and the dissipation of that ignorance would promptly lead them to change their attitude toward our educational demands. But there are some whose conversion is beyond all human hopes, and these we must fight with every legitimate weapon, and bring them to see that, small in numbers though we may be, in this matter we speak with one voice, and act as one man. Set on foot your Catholic Federations, attend to the registration of your voters! Let no one stand aloof from the organizations already formed, on any ground of political difference or social distinction. In every mission of the land, bring forcibly before the minds of those who claim to speak in the public name that Catholics will not be silent under injustice; and that, while they are prepared to continue to make sacrifices for the education of their children, there must be a limit to the burden imposed upon them, and that the persecution which has been in contemplation will recoil upon those who create it. For months we have fought a long and tedious and harassing and ever-changing battle. The blessing of God has protected us so far. And if there be even a harder fight before us in the months to come, with that same divine blessing and help we shall be victorious still.

In season and out of season, on this side of the Atlantic, our non-Catholic neighbors should be shown that the obligation imposed upon us of supporting both the public and our own parochial schools is, despite all specious reasoning to the contrary, a flagrant violation of what the British style fair play, and Americans a square deal.

—In connection with the recent visit of their Spanish Majesties to Lourdes, *Rome* gives this interesting bit of information:

Mgr. Schoepfer presented the Queen with two gold medals of Our Lady of Lourdes—one for herself and one for her son,—adding that the King had received one from him two years ago. "Yes," said King Alfonso, "I always wear it." They spoke for a little while about some remarkable graces that had been conferred on the Spanish royal family through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The Bishop recalled the fact that he had been an instrument of Providence in bringing about the conversion of the Queen's cousin, the Prince of Hainault;

and the Queen replied that there was a Catholic branch in her family, and that she had a Catholic grandmother. "Then," said the Bishop, "there has always been in your family a germ of Catholicism, which has at last flowered by the grace of God and given to your Majesty the true faith."—"Yes, Monsignore," Queen Victoria answered; "and I thank God for it every day of my life."

It accordingly appears that in entering the Church a year or two ago, Queen Victoria was not only returning to the faith of her forefathers of the sixteenth century, as is the case with all English converts, but to the faith of her own grandmother as well. Under the circumstances, there need not have been such superheated antagonism to her embracing the ancient faith.

Under the title of "The Moslem Menace: One Aspect of Pan-Islamism," Captain H. A. Wilson contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a paper calculated to surprise, if not to disturb, the ordinary reader interested in the Dark Continent and its affairs. As a contrast to the predictions of Mr. A. H. Johnston concerning African history, recently quoted in these columns from another English review, we reproduce Captain Wilson's conclusions as to the sect known as Senussia, one of the principal organizations for the propagation of Pan-Islamism:

Most probably I shall be set down as an alarmist, but it is my absolute and certain conviction that the Senussia is a far more mighty force than we in Europe have any conception of, that it is prospering and gaining prestige daily—almost hourly,—and that the day is drawing steadily nearer when we shall stand face to face with a wave of Mahomedan fanaticism, universal throughout the continent, thoroughly organized and amply prepared, compared to which all previous wars with black races will be the merest child's play.

This may not come in our time; for the able heads that direct are taking no risks, and mean when war does come to have all things ready and the odds as far as possible in their favor. I think, myself, that the next twenty years will see the advent of the crisis. But who can be certain? It may be fifty years hence, it may be to-morrow. It is needless to mention the

effect that a Mahomedan rising of this magnitude will have on the warlike pagan races of Africa, such as the Zulus, Swazis, Basutos, Wanyema, Masai, etc., who will jump at the chance of striking a blow at their white masters. I am convinced that when the time does come, every black skin in Africa, with the possible exception of the Christian Abyssinians, will be in arms against the white races. When that day does come—and come it will certain as fate—the whites in Africa will be at death grips with one of the most formidable movements of all time—a wave of Moslem fanaticism rolling in countless numbers across the African continent. . . .

As I have already said, this will probably be considered an absurdly exaggerated view. Let me once again reiterate my firm conviction that the next twenty years will see Europe struggling in the throes of an African war against forces so great that at the end it is unlikely to a degree that a single white man remains in Africa. Nor am I alone in this belief: I have already quoted Dr. Carl Peters to this effect, and I could quote in support the opinion of many others,—of men who have dedicated their lives to Africa, who have given her of their best, and who form part of the small minority of Europeans who *know* the native mind.

So great is the unrest and discontent among all native races of Africa that it needs but a spark to set the continent ablaze from end to end. To me the Senussia appears to be the source from which that spark will come to fire the powder mine which is awaiting it.

Whether or not the apprehensions of this *Nineteenth Century* writer are well-founded, careful readers of his paper will acknowledge that history may possibly repeat such disasters as the Indian mutiny and the Sudan campaign. In any case, the African question merits the careful study of all our missionaries there, as well as of the European powers interested in upholding their status on the Dark Continent.

The statistics of American railways, just published by the Interstate Commerce Commission, are not particularly reassuring either to the travelling public or to railway employees. For the first time in the history of the United States, or in that of any other country, during the fiscal year 1906 the number of railway casualties to persons exceeded one hundred thousand, the exact figures being 108,324. About

one-tenth of the casualties were fatal. The railway system of this country employs more than a million and a half of persons, 285,556 of whom are trainmen. On the basis afforded by the statistics of deaths and injuries occurring in 1906, *Collier's* calculates that "every man who helps to operate a train on an American railroad may count upon being injured, if he stays in the service for eight years; and if he stays for twenty-five years, as many do, he may count on being wounded at least three times. He could stay in the military service for thirty years and earn his retiring pension with a good deal less risk." One fertile source of railway accidents—crossing highways "at grade," or on the level of the highway,—is safe to be eliminated at some future date, and *ought* to be eliminated without any unnecessary delay.

Replying in the *Fortnightly Review* to some strictures on the Irish clergy by certain prejudiced Protestants and certain disgruntled or apostate Catholics—their names need not be mentioned, since most of them are unfamiliar on this side of the Atlantic,—Katharine Tynan, after some general observations as clever as they are apropos, goes on to say:

The presence of the priest is, in my opinion—and I have had abundant chances of knowing,—the great sweetening and purifying factor in the social life of Catholic Ireland. Where the priest is there is neither tittle-tattle nor back-biting, the vice of little communities. There is nothing said that is unbecoming. His broad humor and humanity radiate over the gathering. Here among friends he is not averse from a jest at his own expense or his brethren's. He is anxious about the enjoyment of others. If he is the carver—as he is often—at a dinner or a supper, he is careful that everyone's wants shall be attended to. He is invariably kind amid a people too vivacious to think always whether the wit be kind or not. In fact, his presence is entirely humanizing, brightening, and elevating. And the odd thing is that, though the priest's family may be humble people or vulgar people, the priest himself is almost invariably a gentleman. So much does the grace of God do for him. . . .

I was talking the other day to a judge of the High Court in Ireland—one of the strongest men in Ireland, a Presbyterian,—one with the most intimate knowledge of that Land Question with which the lives of the Irish are so intimately concerned. I wish the priests, and still more the enemies of the priests, could have heard his testimony. He had much experience of the priests in their capacity as counsellors to their flocks. According to him, they were invariably reasonable, patient, clear-headed, wise in counsel; and, above all, of a devotion to their flocks and their interests beyond all praise.

This testimony, which came out unsought by me in the course of conversation, was striking, taken in conjunction with that of another Irish public man, whom the priests have too easily believed to be unfriendly to them.

"I know what their influence is," he said to me; "and there is not one person in all Ireland who would dread as I should the priests losing their hold on the people."...

"Heroes and martyrs," Mr. Wyndham called the priests of the western seaboard, who, living in poverty and loneliness, fought the famine and the fever, anything that threatened their flocks, with an irresistible heroism. I have never heard of an Irish priest yet who was afraid of the post of danger, who fled from smallpox or cholera, who would not go wherever his duty took him, though it might be over the mountains at night in a winter storm, or out on a dangerous sea.

One must know the clergy of Ireland well in order to appreciate them, they are so remarkable in their characteristics. That they are revered and beloved by those with whom they are most intimately associated, is both their highest praise and their strongest defence.

It is high time, according to Mrs. John Lane, that public-spirited citizens should try to protect unoffending cities from an irruption of statues in the open. Our Northern climate, with its attendant evils, is certainly not conducive to hero-worship out of doors. Who is not familiar with the sight of stone statues, once, for a day only, spotlessly clean, and statues in bronze nice and shiny for a brief space, now grimy and pea-green? Rain and snow combine to render these misplaced monuments still more unsightly, instead of improving their appearance; and after a while the

most exalted personages begin to look like waxworks done in very old cheese and very stale gingerbread. Mrs. Lane writes for England, but her criticisms—they are keen and caustic—are equally applicable to the United States. Concluding, she says:

In Southern countries, under a cloudless sky and the golden sunshine, in a clear, pure atmosphere, untouched by fogs and free from the burden of soot,—there statues may be erected in the open to the joy and glory of humanity. But here, if a great man can not be remembered unless his dirty effigy on a dirty pedestal stands forlorn in the midst of 'buses and four-wheelers, then let him in Heaven's name be forgotten. The erecting in the open of statues to the Great in our North is not so much a solemn duty as a very bad habit. Oh, the humor of the eternal unfitness of things!

Sir William Ramsey's announcement, at a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, that by means of radium emanations he had succeeded in changing one metal into another, is one of particular interest. The current *Messenger* says that there are two phases of the suggestion implied by this announcement that are especially noteworthy:

The first and the most important of these is the fact that what the distinguished English chemist has announced is the transmutation of metal, a doctrine very rife during the Middle Ages, but which was rejected with no little scorn by scientists during the nineteenth century. One of the readiest subjects for ridicule of the old Scholastics that could occur to a writer on science, especially that curious phase of it called Popular Science, was to ridicule the credulity of these oldtime scholars who accepted such foolish notions as the possibility of the transmutation of one metal into another. Especially was this true with regard to the precious metals. —

Once again, then, has the self-confidence of the pseudo-scientist been emphatically reprimanded. In view of the fact that science can not yet lay claim to having said the last word as to matter, which is distinctly within its proper sphere, it would only be seemly modesty for it to be less dogmatic about spirit, which is quite outside that sphere.



Lucy's Rosary.

BY J. R. MARRE.

I LOVE to see her well-worn Beads
Slip through her tender hand;
They fall like rich enchanted seeds
Cast in a fruitful land.

From each small bead full silently
A floweret fair doth grow,—
A winsome thing with soft bright eye,
Yet strong in grace, I know.

The angels gird them round about
With hedge-rows thick and tall;
Wild winds may rave and storms may shout,
Her blossoms will not fall.

The Lady Mary smiles on them,
Just as, in days of yore,
She smiled when in old Bethlehem
Her little Babe she bore.

And saints adown the golden stair
With noiseless step oft creep,
To tend these shining flowers of prayer,
When Lucy is asleep.

When autumn dies, these radiant flowers
Shall swift transplanted be,
To blow in Eden's greenest bowers
For all eternity.

Before the Godhead they shall raise
Their perfumes pure and sweet,
And bloom in silent hymns of praise
At Lady Mary's feet.

AN ingenious German has invented a watch for the blind that can be manufactured at a low cost. The hours are indicated by raised buttons on the dial, and a pointer shows the minutes. After a little practice, the sightless person is able to tell the time within a minute, by the sense of touch.

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

V.—FRICTION.



ESTHER, from the kitchen window, suddenly caught a glimpse of a little figure hastening toward the gate at the foot of the garden.

"Run, Minnie," she said,—
"run after the child! I can see by her face that she is on her high horse. Something is wrong. 'Twould be too bad to have the ladies turned against her the very first day."

Minnie dropped the ladle she was about to put into the soup-kettle and hastened after Whirlwind.

"Where are you going, dear, and dinner just ready?" she asked, laying her hand on the child's arm as she was opening the gate.

"I am going to Martha,—I am going to stay with Martha!" answered Whirlwind, passionately, lifting a tear-stained face to that of the maid. "I hate that woman: I can't look at her again."

"What woman, dearie?" asked Minnie.

"That cousin. She began to find fault with me and scold me before she was in the house. Minnie, I can't speak to her again."

"I don't know what the lady can have done to vex you," rejoined the maid; "but I'm sure she didn't mean it, whatever it was, child. You're so easy put in a passion. Don't disgrace us all and shame your poor papa the very first meal, Whirlwind. You know it is all nonsense, your going down to Martha; for she would only send you home again. Besides, there's no need of you running there at every whip-stitch. Don't you know very well, dearie, that Esther and I love you just as well, and wouldn't let any one say a word to

you? Come back and I'll dry your eyes and brush your hair. Come, dearie!"

Whirlwind hesitated. Her impulse had been to run somewhere for sympathy, and Martha had been her first thought. But there was Minnie entreating her in the kindest of voices, one arm about her shoulder; and it would not only be unjust to her father to run away, but very cowardly. The cousin would think her afraid.

"Very well; I will go back," she said, caressing Minnie's hand. "I don't want to vex papa. Poor papa! He will feel bad enough when he sees what a cross thing he has invited to visit us; the other one isn't so bad, though. That is one comfort."

"Come in, then. I was just dishing up the soup. You'll have time to brush your hair."

"Oh, my hair is all right! It never will stay brushed. Go on, Minnie! I'll come."

The girl left her, and the child walked slowly back to the house. When she entered the dining-room her father, Cousin Ellery and Miss Allen were standing at the table. Whirlwind glanced at her father. He smiled encouragingly and sat down. So did his guests.

"Papa, didn't you forget to say grace?" asked the child, still standing.

Mr. Melloden rose, made the Sign of the Cross and asked a blessing on the food of which they were to partake. The two ladies looked uncertain, though they also stood up.

"I had forgotten that you were a Roman Catholic, Frederick," remarked Cousin Ellery, when they were again seated. "For my part, I have long since arrived at the conclusion that it is ostentatious to pray aloud at table. One can ask a blessing quietly by one's self. But I should not wish you to alter your custom for me. Understand that."

"I did not wish to make a parade of my religion, and perhaps offend your prejudices," rejoined Mr. Melloden. "But I can not think the saying of grace aloud in the family ostentatious."

"Martha says that nothing should ever make us ashamed of our religion anywhere," remarked Whirlwind, in a positive tone. "She says that only cowards do that. She says we must always make a *big* Sign of the Cross whenever we do make it."

"I do not think you mean to be impertinent, my dear," answered her father. "But to these ladies, who do not know you, it would sound so. This child is very outspoken," he continued, turning to his cousin.

"I have learned that already," was the reply. "Properly trained, she would do very well, no doubt. I suppose she is seldom reproved."

"Oh, yes, she is!" said Mr. Melloden. "Sometimes I think I scold her too much."

"No, you don't, papa," loyally answered Whirlwind. "And I did not mean that you were a coward. How *could* I have meant such a thing?"

"Think, then, before you speak, child," said Cousin Ellery. "Think twice, and you will never be sorry. By the way, Frederick, just before we came to dinner this child—I will *not* call her by that odious nickname you have given her,—this little girl ran away in a pet because I found fault with it. Angela is her name, is it not?"

"Yes, that is her name," replied Mr. Melloden.

"I intend to call her so always," said Cousin Ellery.

"Papa can not bear it. It makes him think of mamma," interposed Whirlwind. "You can't change names that way, after they have been called so long. It's like taking part of you away. I told you I loved my name, Cousin Ellery; and I do. I won't have any other."

She was beginning to get angry again; her cheeks flushed, her eyes grew larger and brighter. Miss Allen, beside her at the table, put a hand on her knee, and Whirlwind understood. She hung her head and kept silence.

Mr. Melloden looked distressed. He was a lover of peace, and as such had been wont to pass over many of his daughter's

fits of petulance and self-will. Already he was beginning to doubt the wisdom of the plan which had prompted him to invite his cousin to take charge of the child during his absence. He foresaw breakers ahead for both, and wondered which of the two would come off victorious in the struggle. He foresaw also three months, at least, of strife and repression for the child. Would it be good for her? Alas! he could not tell. Perhaps the experience might be of service, perhaps not. The poor man was in a quandary. He would have forgotten the politeness due his guests had not Whirlwind observed him.

"Papa," she asked, "have you a headache to-night?"

"No, dear. Why do you think so?"

"Because you are so quiet."

"Your papa does not look like a noisy person," remarked Miss Allen.

"Oh, no! he is not a noisy person," said the child. "It is I who make the noise. That is why he calls me Whirlwind."

"A name he will have forgotten by the time he returns," observed Cousin Ellery, still pursuing the obnoxious subject, with a feeble attempt at a smile, and a look over her glasses that was meant to be kind, though firm.

The child bit her lips. Miss Allen's hand touched her knee once more.

"The little thing can be taught. She has self-repression, though one would hardly have believed it," she thought. "And she loves her father."

"When do you propose to start, Cousin Frederick?" inquired Miss Ellery.

"In two or three days," was the reply. "I am waiting for a letter."

"And how long shall you be gone at farthest?"

"Perhaps three months."

"You'll find everything greatly changed here when you return," remarked Cousin Ellery,— "I mean, in one particular. So far as I can see, your house is well kept."

"I have two good servants," rejoined Mr. Melloden. "You will have no trouble on that score."

"You will find your Whirlwind converted into a gentle breeze when you return," continued the tactless cousin. "I intend to begin with her at once."

"What are you going to do with me?" inquired the *enfant terrible*, again roused by the tone and the prophecy it bore of discipline and repression.

"There, there! Again that impertinent manner!" replied the cousin. "You may not mean it, as your father says, but it is very improper. That is one of the first things to be corrected."

Mr. Melloden glanced at his daughter. To his surprise, she answered in a very amiable voice:

"I do not intend to be impertinent, Cousin Ellery. I am used to speaking that way always."

"Very good, very good!" was the reply.

"I like frankness, I like truth; but there are two ways of saying the same thing, and impertinence in a child is very odious."

"But you speak just as I do," rejoined Whirlwind. "You say just what you think, Cousin Ellery."

"That is very different. What is perfectly right and proper in an older person, one in authority, may be impudent and insolent in a child. Children should be seen and not heard. That is a very good old maxim."

Miss Allen and her host exchanged smiling glances. He thought, "You will comfort the child"; and he fancied she read what was in his mind. Whirlwind did not reply, but went on quietly eating her dinner. When they had finished, Mr. Melloden asked his cousin to accompany him to the library, where he wished to give her a few directions, at the same time hoping he might be able to suggest some plan of action as to her relations with his daughter. Under the close scrutiny of her cold gray eyes, however, he had not the courage to say a single word.

Miss Allen took the child's hand and they went into the garden.

"I want to say something to you, my dear," she began, "and this is a good

opportunity. Try not to be vexed at what your cousin does or says. She is a very good woman,—one who has given her whole life and a great deal of money to the alleviation of suffering and poverty, and to the improvement of her fellow men and women. She has not a single selfish thought; but she has her own ideas, her own way of doing things, and all her life has been accustomed to command. While there may be times when she will appear hard and unreasonable to a child who has been allowed her own way, as you have, she will never counsel you to do a wrong thing. All her efforts will be for your real good. Do not fail to remember this, and you will be much happier in the end, my dear child."

Whirlwind listened attentively. When Miss Allen had concluded, she leaned forward, shook the hair from her eyes, and, looking up into the kind face that smiled down upon her, she asked:

"How do you come to be a friend of Cousin Ellery's, Miss Allen? You are so different."

"She was kind to me when I needed kindness," replied Miss Allen. "Buffeting about the world has taught me that goodness should be appreciated and met with gratitude in whatever guise it presents itself. For years I have been Miss Melloden's secretary. I help her with her work, visit her *protégés*, and so forth. I do various things which are not worth mentioning."

"And does she—does she pay you?"

"Very well indeed."

"Then she isn't stingy? I thought she might be. I hate stingy people."

"No; she is anything but that. Miss Melloden is a very generous person."

"She doesn't like little girls, though. You needn't tell me she does, for I could never believe it."

"Perhaps she is not very fond of children. But you are her cousin, my dear."

"Yes," said Whirlwind, tentatively. "But I wish I wasn't; I wish *you* were the one. I'm sure that, though I try ever so hard, I can never please Cousin Ellery."

"To show you how good she is," continued Miss Allen,—“and this is only one instance, which I am telling you because I want to impress on your mind that she is unusually kind and benevolent. Last winter it came to her notice that a poor family who had seen better days were actually starving. She sent me to see them, and I learned that they were almost dying of hunger—”

"Why didn't *she* go to see them?" interrupted Whirlwind. "That's what I should have done."

Miss Allen smiled.

"Miss Melloden seldom goes out of the house in winter. She is subject to sore throat."

"Does she go to see the poor people in summer time?"

"Not often. I am employed for that purpose."

Whirlwind shook her head.

"I think she ought to go herself," she said. "Though, come to think of it, if I were a poor family, I should a great deal rather have you come, Miss Allen. You have such kind eyes."

"And you certainly have what is termed the Melloden frankness, my dear," replied Miss Allen, laughingly. "You must always remember it when you are tempted to reply saucily to your cousin."

"I'll try," said Whirlwind. "Papa hasn't got it."

"No; it must have skipped him."

"He is like his grandmother, who was a 'mild saint,' Martha says. Martha was mamma's old nurse," she explained. "She lives just down there. But go on about the poor family, Miss Allen, please."

"Your cousin supported that family all winter. There were eight of them. When spring came, she found situations for several, and they are now well and prosperous. And to do this, my dear, she deprived herself of a new set of furs she had long been desirous of having."

"I thought she was rich."

"She is; but these were very expensive furs, and her charities are many."

"Well, that was very good," said Whirlwind, after a moment's reflection. "I don't want to be unjust to her, I'm sure; and I'll try to like her. But there is one thing I am going to say, and that is if she is *too* awful and scolds me *too* much, I'll just pack up my clothes and run away to Martha, and stay there till papa comes home."

(To be continued.)

Setting Type.

Considering either the enormous amount of printed matter that is turned out every day in the shape of newspapers, magazines, and books, or the amount of time that the average person gives to reading some portion of this printed matter, it is rather surprising that so few people know anything about printing in general or the preliminary process of setting type in particular.

Types are bits of wood or metal that have on their faces letters, punctuation marks, or other characters used by printers. For several hundred years after the art of printing from movable types was invented, these types were "set"—that is, placed one after another to form words—by hand; and very much of the typesetting of the present day is still done in that way. In the nineteenth century, however, inventors succeeded in making machines which set types much more quickly than the most expert compositor, or typesetter, could possibly do; and with either of the latest two machines as much type can be set in an hour as the hand compositor can set in a whole day.

The first of these two machines is called the Mergenthaler, or Linotype,—the latter name being due to the fact that the machine sets up, or rather casts, a line of type at a time. One of its disadvantages is that, if a mistake is made in spelling a word, the whole line in which that word appears has to be recast.

The other machine, the most perfect yet invented, is the Lanston, or Monotype, so called because each type is cast sepa-

ately, thus avoiding the disadvantage just mentioned in correcting mistakes made on the Linotype. The printer who uses the Monotype sits at a keyboard which looks very much like an ordinary typewriter, but which does not really print words but merely punches holes in a moving strip or ribbon of paper. This roll of perforated ribbon is then put in the second part of the Monotype, the caster, or type-casting machine, and it controls all the operations which produce the cast type set in regular columns.

With either of these two machines, new type is made every time any printing is done. This is the reason why the printing in *THE AVE MARIA* will look as clear-cut, and unblurred, and clean a year from now as it does to-day; for, it may interest our young folks to know, this magazine nowadays uses the Monotype.

The Bell-Ringer.

In the forests of Guiana and Paraguay it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird the bell-ringer, though it might be still more appropriately designated the Angelus bird; for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day,—morning, noon, and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in so resonant a manner that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be in the vicinity of a chapel. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bird a bell.

The beauty of the bell-ringer is equal to his talents; he is as large as a jay and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of this bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on his head; it is of conical shape and about four inches in length.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The name of Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, of Mobile, Ala., has gone abroad. Her latest work, "The North Star," a tale of early Norway, has won for her a letter of commendation from the sovereigns of that country, and a place in the great Paris Library, the Bibliothèque Nationale, among writers of distinction.

—Among the most interesting of the relics bequeathed to Catholic Oxford by the late Mr. Grissell is a copy of the poems of Jacopone da Todi, which belonged to him, and bears his name, in his own hand, upon the flyleaf. The collection also includes a manuscript book, illuminated throughout, by St. Catherine of Bologna.

—"Vittoria Colonna," by Maud F. Jerrold, though not, as we had hoped, a complete biography, is nevertheless a most interesting book, treating of movements and personalities which must always have attraction for students of the Renaissance and human nature. The name of Vittoria Colonna is linked with those of Cardinal Pole, Michelangelo, and numerous others hardly less famous. Mrs. Jerrold is at no pains to conceal her admiration for Vittoria's loyalty to the Church.

—"Tironibus" is the not very felicitous title of a small volume of "Commonplace Advice to Church Students," by Harold Henry Mure. It discusses personal habits, diet, dress, correspondence, reading, and such like matters; and treats them all with an air of finality that is apt to raise the question of Mr. Mure's perfect competency to say the last word on the different topics. The book's seventy-seven pages contain much good practical advice, nevertheless; and young seminarians will find it both interesting and useful. B. Herder.

—A smaller volume than Mr. Lilly's well-known "Characteristics," Dr. Maurice Francis Egan's "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of John Henry Newman" is, for students at least, a much more satisfactory work. Dr. Egan has made these selections, not for persons familiar with the works from which they are culled, but "for those younger students who ought to consider English style in the light of an art as soon as they begin to write." The prose extracts are grouped into half a dozen categories,—biographical, expository and argumentative, philosophical and reflective, emotional and oratorical, narrative and historical, and descriptive and imaginative. The poetical selections are limited to a dozen. Of greatest interest

to the older student of Newman are Dr. Egan's twelve pages of illuminative and critical introduction, and his thirty-five pages of elucidatory notes. A chronological outline of the Cardinal's life and a good bibliography add to the value of the volume, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. have brought out in the excellent style of their Riverside Literature Series.

—"The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity" is issued from the press of Messrs. Gibson Brothers, Washington, D. C., and bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Gibbons. It is a slender volume of eighty-eight pages, whose purpose is to answer the question: "Did Christ pose as master, leaving us to put what interpretation we please upon His life and doctrine, or did He give us no choice—to receive Him in His way or not at all?" This question is constantly asked, and the present answer to it will be found entirely satisfactory by the majority of readers.

—Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published in two volumes, extra crown 8vo, with frontispiece reproductions from the Syriac MS., "The Paradise or Garden of the Fathers," being histories of the anchorites, recluses, cenobites, monks, and ascetic Fathers of the deserts of Egypt, between A. D. CCL. and A. D. CCCC. *circular*; compiled by Athanasius, archbishop of Alexandria; Palladius, bishop of Helenopolis; St. Jerome, and others. The translation is by Mr. Ernest A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D., keeper of the Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum, who also supplies an introduction and notes.

—"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost," is the appropriate motto of a handsome, substantially bound volume of 541 pages, bearing the title "The Diocese of Fort Wayne. 1857—September 22—1907. A Book of Historical Reference. 1669—1907." Like most works of the kind, it is product for a historian rather than a historian's production. "Its defects are glaring," says the preface, "for the reason that hardly in a single instance could all the information that was wanted be obtained." But, in spite of all defects whether of commission or omission, the volume is one of deep interest. Besides containing a great amount of information well worth preserving, it rescues from oblivion and substantiates many facts which, half a century hence, the historian will rejoice to possess. He will be able to prove, if need be, from the present work, or from documents quoted in it, that, were it not for the aid

of the early Catholic settlers in the West, the United States would have been powerless here. The loyalty and self-sacrifice of those hardy pioneers will be a fascinating theme for some future historian. Writing of the founding of Chicago, he will be sure to quote this reference to it in Bishop Bruté's account of the first visitation of his diocese: "Chicago is now composed of about four hundred souls,—French, Canadians, Americans, Irish, and a good number of Germans." The book is not without touches of humor. The writer must have smiled when he penned this paragraph on page 18:

The first of our present series of Catholic Almanacs, that published in 1833, gives its account of Indiana so briefly that we may be allowed to copy it in full: "Black Oak Ridge, Davies County, Rev. Simon Lalumiere, Mount Pleasant, occasionally. Vincennes, 693 m. from Washington, Rev. L. Picot."

This was all the actual material for the new diocese of Vincennes, the cradle of Catholicity in Indiana, whose saintly first Bishop died only in 1839. Speaking of omissions in the work before us, surely some one should have had something to tell about the illustrious Father Ægidius Hennemann, O. S. B. But we must not dwell upon defects further than to remark that it is a pity so good a book were not much better. Those who were called upon to co-operate in carrying out the excellent plan adopted for it should have been mindful of another motto besides the one quoted on the title-page: "It is honorable to reveal and confess the works of God."

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 Gospel Plea for Christian Unity." \$1.
- "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Newman." Maurice F. Egan. Cloth, 40 cts.; paper, 30 cts.
- "Tironibus." Harold Henry Mure. 30 cts.
- "Friday Fare." Mrs. Charles Marshall. 35 cts., net.
- "A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.

- "The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1.
- "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.
- "Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.
- "When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
- "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
- "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
- "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.
- "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
- "The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.
- "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiart, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.
- "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.
- "The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell \$1.25, net.
- "The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.
- "Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net

Obituary.

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

Rev. Francis Sinclair, of the diocese of Rochester; and Rev. John McDermott, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Sister Octavia, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Carana, Sisters of Loreto.

Mr. Henry Johnson, Mr. Joseph Stampfi, Mr. James Maher, Mrs. James Creelman, Mrs. Daniel Donohue, Mrs. Mary Whitely, Mr. Louis Kramer, Mrs. Charles Redfield, Mrs. Patrick Donohoe, Mr. Joseph Sutter, and Mr. Clarence Davis.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For Bishop Berlioz, Japan:

M. R. O., \$10; "In honor of the Seven Dolors," \$10; E. A. B., \$1; A client of St. Joseph, \$2; G. H. S., \$5.

The Franciscan Sisters, Jamaica:

J. A. McC., \$2; G. H. S., \$15.

The Gotemba lepers:

G. H. S., \$5.

The famine sufferers in China:

G. H. S., \$5.

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

G. H. S., \$5.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 12, 1907.

NO. 15.

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

Felices Culpæ.

BY C. R.

☉ FELICES CULPÆ! Happy faults
Of those whom God has given
To fare with me the toilsome road
That leads to Him and heaven!
For did I see His handiwork
In flawless beauty shine,
My dazzled eyes might e'en forget
The loveliness divine.

Felices culpæ! Happy faults
That others find in me
To hold them from love's inner courts,
Sacred, my God, to Thee!
Ah, could they see what Thou dost see,
Where should I hide my face?
In all the world I'd have no friend,—
Nay, scarce the leper's place.

A Shrine in the Primeval Forest.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.

QUYLON was first conquered by the Portuguese. Under their rule peace and prosperity prevailed; and many of the worshippers of Siva abandoned the cultus of their false gods to find in the Christian faith the satisfaction and happiness which the religious practices of their forefathers failed to afford them. But in the year 1656 the Portuguese were forced to surrender the possession of the island to the Dutch; and with the new

Protestant rulers religious intolerance and Calvinistic fanaticism began to hold sway. Before long a fierce religious persecution broke out; Catholic services were prohibited, the faith was proscribed, and a decree was issued forbidding under pain of death any one to harbor a priest. The Dutch imagined that if the pastors of the flock were once removed, it would be easy to lead the sheep astray; but they were mistaken: their attempts to induce the Singhalese to renounce their faith met with steadfast, even heroic, resistance. Enraged at the failure of their efforts to exterminate Catholicism in their dominions, the Dutch destroyed everything Catholic on which they could lay their hands.

Now, at Mantai, the former capital of Mantotte, there was a handsome church in which stood an image of the Blessed Mother of God, to whom the church was dedicated. This edifice the Dutch razed to the ground; but the statue, which ever since the introduction of Christianity had been an object of the greatest veneration, escaped their fanatical fury. As the status of the Catholics grew more and more intolerable, some twenty families, residing in the vicinity of Mantai, resolved to leave their homes and seek in a wilder part of the island the liberty of conscience denied them in more civilized regions. Accordingly, they removed to Madu, a spot in the midst of the primeval forest, forty miles distant from the Dutch dominions; with them they carried a precious treasure—the statue of Our Lady of Mantai, renowned for its miraculous powers.

At the same time the persecution raged

yet more fiercely at Jaffna. The monastery, the college, and the monument in memory of the martyr-prince—the eldest son of the King of Jaffna, who in the time of St. Francis Xavier embraced Christianity, and for so doing was put to death by his father—were all ruthlessly destroyed. Father Caldeiro had already laid down his life for the faith, and several other priests were imprisoned and most cruelly tortured; thereupon the Catholic community, to the number of about seven hundred, fled to Madu, where, in union with the fugitives from Mantai, they built a church, wherein the statue of Our Lady was honored with a special shrine.

How long the church and the congregation of Madu maintained its existence is not known. The Dutch made incursions into the uncultivated part of the island, and most probably they penetrated as far as Madu; at any rate, it is certain that the Catholics had to retreat some four or five miles farther into the dense forest, where, at a place called Tampanai, the missionaries in 1860 discovered a Christian community consisting of about twenty families.

At Madu, the missionaries who went to Ceylon at the beginning of the nineteenth century found nothing but a plain wooden cross to mark the spot where the shrine of Our Lady formerly stood. Yet loyal affection for the Queen of Heaven had not died out in the hearts of her Singhalese subjects. In 1830 one of them undertook to rebuild the ruined sanctuary. The new structure was, however, nothing more than a hut of clay, thatched with branches, and it soon fell into decay. Presently a happy event occurred for Ceylon; it was taken charge of by the Propaganda, and a brighter prospect opened before its inhabitants. The first Apostolic Prefect of North Ceylon, Mgr. Bettachini, made the shrine one of the chief objects of his attention; but both he and his immediate successors had great difficulties to contend with. The schismatical priests of Goa stirred up the people against the missionaries, and

endeavored above all to prevent them from gaining possession of the sanctuary of Madu. A proud and powerful caste* arraigned the Catholic missionaries before the court of law; and when the judge gave sentence against them, they resorted to force of arms to attain their end. But the priest in charge of the mission resisted them stoutly.

In 1872 Mgr. Bonjean, O. M. I., laid the foundation stone of the present church; it was reserved for his successor, Mgr. Joulain, to complete the work. The place is now adorned by a large and beautiful edifice, a monument of Christian perseverance and self-sacrifice, and a much frequented place of pilgrimage. The following account of a pilgrimage to this shrine is from the pen of one of the missionaries.

II.

Any one visiting Madu in the quiet time—that is, from the beginning of November to the end of March—will find little there beside the silent majesty of the primeval forest. Only the cry of the leopard and the bear is heard in the thicket; and toward evening the buffalo and the elephant may be seen seeking a covert among the trees on the bank of the woodland lake. Occasionally a solitary pilgrim makes his way to the shrine. But when in April the call is heard—one to be frequently repeated during the next five months—"Let us up and away to Madu!"—life and animation return to the villages, towns and islands round about. People of every tribe and every rank, irrespective of caste and even of creed, set forth to pay their tribute of homage and gratitude to Our Lady of Madu.

The humble tea-planter leaves the plantation and joins the pilgrimage in which travels the proud Brahmin, on whose garments glitter the pearls and jewels of India; the Mussulman neglects the pre-

* Caste is not with the Singhalese a sacred but a social and conventional institution. Inter-course between the castes, which are numerous, is, however, avoided as much as possible.

cepts of the Koran; the Hindu forgets that he owes allegiance to Siva. All unite as if for a triumphal procession, as if it were a question of showing love and respect to a common, time-honored parent.

Let us accompany, observes Father Deslandes, one of these pilgrimages to Madu. The first thing to be done is to form a caravan. This is not a very difficult matter. All the members of a *walawn* (a community of families, a sort of clan, inter-related, who live together in an enclosure) assemble and choose a leader, whom they all follow, excepting a few who must of necessity remain behind to take care of the property of all the rest. The next thing is to arrange and fit up the wagon. This consists of a cart with a covering of tent-cloth. Long bundles of straw are laid on the linen roof; to the pole are affixed various tin vessels, which formerly were petroleum cans, but now serve another purpose. Several capacious baskets, a few packages, a bag of cocoanut cakes are added, and the external equipment of the vehicle is completed. In the interior of the cart there are two stories. In the lower one the women place their jewelry, rice, dried fish, vegetables, fruit, a few fowls, and cooking utensils. The upper story is reserved for the travellers when tired, and for the sick; for they, too, must go with the others to our Blessed Lady of Madu.

The signal is given to start. The sturdy oxen bend their necks to the yoke and the wagon rolls onward. The caravan then forms two divisions,—the men walking apart from the women, while the children go with one or other of their parents.

On leaving Manaar, our point of departure, the route lay through some smiling villages, the last vestiges of happier times that are past. Presently we entered the bush. The oxen moved on slowly, their heavy feet raising clouds of dust which almost choked one. The hot sun beat down upon us fiercely; the wind, which shook the tops of the lofty trees, scarcely stirred the leaves of the tangled undergrowth

and trailing creepers which impeded our progress. The atmosphere was sultry and oppressive, yet the journey through the bush offered so much of beauty and interest that one forgot to be weary.

The Tamils sang their songs, of a strangely plaintive character; nothing else broke the silence that reigned around, except the shouts of the drivers, the crack of the whips, and the chatter of the children. To the eye the bush presented constant change both in light and shade, in brilliant hues of flower and foliage, and in curious new forms of growth and leafage. On one side the massive cactus, some thirty feet high, formed an impenetrable hedge; while overhead the graceful palm raised its crown of feathery leaves, and in the branches dozens of monkeys were at play.

At noon a pause was made to rest. The drivers unyoked the oxen, others hastened to the spring to fetch water; while the greater number of the men repaired to the lake to wash the hot, reddish dust of the road from their feet, and exchange observations on the experiences of the way, whilst waiting for the midday meal which the women were preparing. The origin of this and other lakes in this now uncultivated region, it may be remarked, is not difficult to discover. If a few feet of earth be removed from the bank, the bed-rock becomes visible, and some hewn pieces of rock are disclosed, which bear inscriptions telling the name of the kings and their officers by whom these reservoirs were made. Formerly they were very numerous, watering the land for fifteen or twenty miles around, and enabling the population of the villages to obtain a rice crop twice a year. But now all is changed: rank vegetation covers the surface of the ground; moss and lichens clothe the ruins of heathen temples or the broken walls of a Buddhist monastery.

Soon the midday meal was ready. All the company stretched themselves in the shade of the trees, until each received his ration from the hands of the bustling women. But how without plates? Such

is the custom of the country. Dinner is carried round in small baskets of palm leaves, or, what is considered superior, on a strip of banana leaf, a supply of which is taken with the travellers. The meal finished, the caravan starts afresh, until the shades of evening fall, and the tired pilgrims lie down to rest for the night among the trees of the forest. So it goes on from day to day, until the desired goal of the journey is reached.

III.

Mâtâvê! Mâtâvê!—"Mother! Mother!" Suddenly this exclamation sounds from the foremost ranks of the pilgrims who are slowly wending their way to Madu. The cry is taken up by those who follow; for it is a signal that the sanctuary is already in sight,—that the church can now be descried amid the thick foliage of the trees surrounding it. The pilgrims disperse to right and left in the long palm avenues, each to seek his place,—his in virtue of his having occupied it at the annual festival for many previous years. Meanwhile we will press onward, and visit the hallowed shrine.

Crossing an open space of considerable width, we reach the principal entrance to the church; and on entering, we are struck with astonishment at the colossal pillars which support the roof of the building. Each one is hewn out of a single block—the huge stem of the tall palai trees,—and rises to the height of some eighty feet. The high altar came from Europe; it is simple, but not without elegance. The altar itself, the short column and the superaltar, are of satinwood; the tabernacle is of ebony. The altar of Our Lady, the Queen to whom the structure is dedicated, is quite in the background of the sanctuary. There she stands erect, arrayed in a white silk mantle; on her head is a gold crown, a very masterpiece of the native goldsmith's art. Round her neck and across her chest hangs a gold Rosary, on which none of the aborigines can look unmoved; for it recalls to them the memory of one who pre-eminently

deserves to be called the apostle of Madu—Père Mauroit,—he who devoted himself heart and soul to mission work in Madu. His self-sacrificing labors were appreciated by the natives, who opened a subscription for the purpose of presenting a costly Rosary to his mother as a token of their gratitude to her son. The worthy woman, who had generously given all her sons to the apostolate, accepted the gift, but only to make an offering of it in her turn to Our Lady of Madu.

After performing our devotions at the shrine, we went out to see something of the life and work of the natives. On the right hand, within the precincts of the church, is the piscina of Madu. A closely packed crowd surrounded it. Had they perhaps come to draw water? Oh, no, no! Everyone is busily employed in scraping up the sacred dust of Madu, to make the Sign of the Cross with it on his forehead, and collect a little to take home with him. It really is very singular about the sacred dust of Madu. As early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, the historians Valentine and Baldenius speak of the extraordinary belief which the Singhalese have in this dust. By all alike, whether Christians or Mohammedans, Hindus or Buddhists, it is considered the surest antidote for the bite of the venomous snakes which abound in these regions. If one asks the pilgrims, "For what did you come to Madu?" the usual answer will be, "Father, I was bitten by a poisonous adder; I have eaten some of the dust of Madu and called on the name of the 'Mother'; and see, now I am alive and well!" However strange it may appear, it certainly is a fact that since our Fathers have had to do with the pilgrimage of Madu, not a single case of snake bite, to their knowledge, has occurred there.

We pass down the long verandas, and find ourselves once more before the lofty portal of the church. A different and a really indescribable scene presents itself to our eyes. It is not in accordance with Indian customs that the sick and certain

invalids should enter the church; so they have collected around a beautiful cross erected in the open air, and now unite in loud, pitiful supplication for deliverance from their maladies. The European can not behold these sufferers without the deepest compassion; but the Hindu is less accessible to sympathy and pity: no feeling but that of curiosity leads him to look on the touching scene, which does not bring a tear to his eye or awaken the slightest emotion in his breast.

We turn our steps in the direction of the camp. It covers a large extent of ground, a clearing in the primeval forest. During the annual festival, a veritable town is erected there, which affords shelter to more than 30,000 people. I say a "town" intentionally; for the conveniences of a town are to be found at this time out here in the wilderness. There are streets as straight as if drawn by a rule, also boulevards and sidewalks. The bazaars of the merchants fill a whole street, and supply the pilgrim with everything he can possibly want, just as in Jaffna or Colombo.

We walk down the principal thoroughfare. On each side of the way the pilgrims have set up their *walawn*, an enclosure of which the ox wagon forms one side, the others consisting of trees, branches and lianas. Thus each family or clan has its own little domain, where protection can be had from the scorching rays of the sun, as well as from the curious stare of passers-by. Here the rich *bourgeois* of Jaffna has set up his camp, there the poor fisherman from the coast; between them is the needy day-laborer from Mantotte, and farther on the Singhalese of the south. And all these discordant elements live together for the time in perfect harmony.

While we sauntered through the streets, looking about us, a sick man was carried by on a litter. We followed it, and soon reached the lazaret, a large lean-to, formed of cocoanut leaves. Strange as it may appear, the governor sends a doctor every year to attend to the numerous sufferers who come for the pilgrimage.

But whose is that white tent, with finely woven curtains? The prefect of the northern province and the sub-prefect of Manaar have taken up their temporary abode there. Although they are Protestants, they like to come to Madu; for they take pleasure in holding intercourse with the Catholic Bishop and the missionaries. Their devout and reverent demeanor in the church during the solemn services is quite edifying.

It is now evening. At half-past six the bell summons the pilgrims to repair to the church. They flock thither in a compact mass, filling the sacred edifice even to the outermost verandas. The plaintive hymn tunes of the natives again are heard. It is strange that their melodies are always in a minor key; the Tamils especially seem to exclude every strain of joy or triumph from their songs. Presently the Bishop appeared; the people listened to him most attentively, for they delight in his sermons. In simple, homely, yet impressive language—the language of the people,—his Lordship spoke to his hearers of the glorious prerogatives, the wondrous power, the sweet loving-kindness of Mary. At the close of his discourse he gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a solemn moment; the heart of the missionary was stirred to its inmost depths when, as the monstrance was lifted up, the music suddenly ceased, the song was hushed, and the vast multitude cried with one voice: *Jesuwê! Jesuwê!*—"O Jesus! O Jesus!" Like distant thunder, or the roar of waves breaking on the shore, the volume of sound rolled up from the kneeling crowd, while the hearts of a ascended to Heaven in fervent supplication. Almost involuntarily the petition rose to my lips: "Lord, graciously hear and answer their prayer!"

Long after the pious worshippers had dispersed, I again visited the camp, was accosted by an English engineer, strolled up to me, and said: "Are we not in Ceylon, your Reverence?"—"Why do you doubt it?" I answered.—"Be

I can not account for the quiet, the silence of the night. Perhaps you can explain it to me. I have seen Buddhist pilgrimages in Anuradhapura,—such an awful noise! Savage cries and yells all night long.”

In fact, the missionary himself was astonished at the strange tranquillity which prevailed, so unlike the habits of the Singhalese. All day long they are willing to sleep, but at night they love to shout and sing and beat the tamtam. What was the cause of the nocturnal stillness in Madu? Could it be a relic of the Dutch persecution, when the native Christians could hear Mass only at night, and every precaution had to be taken to elude the pursuit of the minions of the law? Who can tell?

At length the great day came,—the concluding day of the festive time which is solemnized every year with all possible pomp from the 23d of June until the 3d of July. At a very early hour the bell was heard calling the pilgrims to repair to the house of God. It was the day of Communion, and the church was soon filled. The heathen were astonished to see the eager crowds; and, remarking the supernatural joy to be read on the countenances of the happy pilgrims, the wish arose in their hearts to share in it. So they too pressed into the church, and even went up to the altar rails. But the priest was on his guard. Noticing their strange behavior, he inquired: “Have you been to confession?” No answer. The question was repeated: “Have you been to confession?” The disconcerted look and the open-eyed stare showed sufficiently that his words conveyed no meaning to the hearer; so he added: “Then go away from here.” This proceeding neither gave offence nor caused scandal. Everyone was aware of the heathens’ desire to taste the “great medicine” of the Christians, and everyone knew the reason of and approved the priest’s action.

The Low Mass is followed by Pontifical High Mass; then come the two great events which, in the opinion of the Indians,

form the culminating point of the joyful day: the procession, and the festive repast at which all partake.

A platform has been erected before the church; on it is a portable throne whereon the miraculous image is placed. The countenance of the Mother of God is of no European type; her head is unveiled, and wears a jewelled crown so large and ponderous-looking as somewhat to dwarf the statue, which is wrapped round in a white silk cloak, beautifully embroidered. The head of the Divine Child, also crowned, rests on His Mother’s shoulder; in the left hand He holds an orb. It is no easy matter to carry the image in safety through the surging crowd; for each and all are desirous to kiss the feet of the beloved “Mother,” or at least to touch her with some object. The strong arms of the sturdy Indians, however, defeat these pious designs. Yet to return home without some hallowed souvenir of the “Mother” would be too vexatious. The ingenuity of the native is not at a loss. While the missionary is lifting the image onto the throne, handfuls of grain and a thousand other small objects are showered upon it from every side, to be picked up afterward with anxious solicitude, and carried away by the pilgrim to his home, in loving confidence that the “Mother” will bestow on him a rich blessing.

Meanwhile the procession has been formed, and now starts on its way. The Singhalese brass band goes first, playing a triumphal march; next comes a perfect army of young men and boys, carrying gay flags and gorgeous banners; then the Queen of Heaven, to whom the forest is dedicated, borne on a lofty throne by fifty stalwart Indians, and surrounded by an escort of similar individuals, who, holding each other’s hands, and walking two abreast, form an impenetrable barrier for the protection of the invaluable image. It is followed by the main body of the pilgrims, numbering over 20,000. Almost in silence they go onward, in the burning heat of a tropical sun, for about an hour,

all through and round the encampment. Who would think that these were Indians who once delighted above all things in the noisy festivities, the nocturnal orgies in honor of Siva?

The procession being ended, the Queen of Madu is again placed on the platform before the church. The priest raises it in his arms to give the blessing to the people. All prostrate themselves in the dust, and with renewed fervor once more entreat blessings spiritual and temporal for themselves and those dear to them.

Meanwhile from a hundred to a hundred and fifty cooks have been occupied in preparing the festive meal. The honor of doing this had this year fallen to the lot of the Jaffna fisherfolk. I say "honor" advisedly, for members of the wealthiest and highest castes will partake of the repast. What a singular spectacle it presents! To one who is acquainted with caste prejudices and regulations concerning food, it seems scarcely credible that on this occasion the distinctions should be broken down. The viands are prepared all together, without regard to the rank and caste of the consumers, the same fare being served to all. A long trench is arranged as a kitchen; in it burn countless fires, over which in large caldrons rice is boiling, while the cari sauce simmers in smaller vessels. Men, women and children are all at work; some chop the wood, others prepare the meat and vegetables.

It took six hours to make ready this gigantic repast. At three in the afternoon the bell announced that it was time for all to assemble on the wide, open space before the church. Thither the pilgrims hastened in great numbers, each one carrying a small basket containing the Indian equivalent of plate, fork, and table napkin. They seated themselves in rows on the greensward, chatting pleasantly until the meal should be served. Soon the Bishop appeared, blessed the viands, and then, together with the missionaries and a few specially honored guests, took his place in the porch. In a minute or two

about fifty or sixty men presented themselves before him, carrying the rice and the sauce in big baskets. At a signal from his Lordship the waiters deftly carried round the dishes, and the meal was begun.

The scene before one recalled forcibly the *agapæ*, the love-feasts of which we read in the history of the early ages of the Church. High and low, rich and poor, ignored for a time all the deep-rooted prejudices of the country, and sat together as brethren, as children of their common Mother, our Blessed Lady of Madu. "No, I should never have believed it possible," the sub-prefect of Manaar said to me. "It is a complete reversal of all Indian instincts and ideas." *

At last the great feast was at an end. The Bishop stepped onto the platform to give his final blessing to the pilgrims. As his uplifted hand again dropped to his side, a deafening cheer arose. Then the multitude dispersed. In a few minutes the wagons were ready; the pilgrims separated into their several companies, and departed in various directions. A cloud of dust marked their path. As they went they sang a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the Blessed Mother of God, the sound of which, wafted from a distance by the evening breeze, told us that many a sorrowing, burdened heart had found solace and succor in the forest sanctuary, through the intercession of Our Lady of Madu, the Mother of Mercy.

* A German traveller, writing of Ceylon, says: "The very shadow even of a low-born person, falling on the aliments prepared for a man of high caste, is considered to render them unfit for his consumption."—*Schmidt*: "Ceylon," p. 564.

THE spirit of man is an instrument which can not give out its deepest, finest tones except under the immediate harp of the Divine Harmonist. That is, before it can educe the higher capacities of which human nature is susceptible, culture must cease to be merely culture, and pass over into religion.—*John Campbell Shairp*.

The Exploits of Artemus.

BY MARY CROSS.

“ I NEVER had pretty things when I was young, but I’ll have them now,—hats with pink roses, and silk blouses, and frilly skirts; whatever I am, my clothes shall be fresh and lovely. I’ll go to a fashionable place for a holiday, and wear evening dress, and—”

Miss Anne Warren, faded, thin, and on the shady side of thirty, paused, rather alarmed by the discovery of so much frivolity within herself, and the vigorous reawakening of those feminine longings and desires, of necessity sternly repressed throughout the long struggle to make ends meet which had constituted her existence.

With almost startling suddenness had come the turn in the long lane of sordid cares she had trudged from childhood, and expected would terminate only at the grave. She had succeeded as next of kin to the possessions of a relative, remote in every sense of the word, and practically unknown; which change of fortune meant a transition from a small, dingy dwelling in a back street, from “dressmaking at moderate charges” that were not always paid, from inked gloves and turned gowns, patched shoes and enamelled hats, to the doing what and the going where she pleased, and having all she wanted.

Her present most ardent desire was to get out of the smoke and noise of Leeds, and have a holiday amid perfectly new surroundings. She had no friends; she had never been able to spare from the earning of daily bread, time sufficient for the forming of intimate acquaintance with any one, and so her leave-takings were limited to the presenting of a doll to that child, and a Noah’s Ark to this; grapes and jelly to a sick neighbor, and the stealthy administration of a bank note to a poor widow. She experienced the joy of giving for the first time, not because she was stingy, but because that hitherto

she had never had anything to give.

She had decided to visit Harrogate, and acquired a quantity of luggage, comprising garments and articles as to the mode of using which she was not quite certain; for she had been guided to their purchase by advertisements, such as “No lady’s toilet is complete without our perfume-cap,” or “pompadour transformation.” Having given up her house and disposed of her scanty stock of furniture, she bade farewell to Leeds; and, arriving at Harrogate, drove to a hydropathic, sustained by the recollection of the costliness of her attire and the ability to “pay her way.” There was a mental tonic in the mere knowledge of being a woman of independent means.

A troupe of *pierrots* paraded on the lawn in front of the huge white building; and the terrace was adorned with a dazzling array of stylish maidens, youths in smart golf or tennis suits; portly, absent-haired, elderly gentlemen, smoking and occasionally observing “Haw!” and more portly matrons, who, with that terrible instrument, the *pince-nez*, as medium, bestowed a stony British stare on the new arrival, by whom no one seemed to be impressed; whilst she, running the gauntlet of so many critical eyes, experienced a woful sinking of the heart, an overwhelming sense of her own insignificance and inferiority, and a conviction that she had entered a sphere the very language of which was unknown to her; where money and fine clothes were the rule, not the exception.

The hall porter and his smart uniform and reiterated “Madam,” the lady manager, with rings flashing on white fingers, and a mountain of blonde hair rising above dark brows and eyes, froze her blood; waiters coming and going, with silver things fearfully suggestive of ornate meals and mysterious dishes, filled her with a desire for the seclusion of her own kitchen, and the primitive simplicity of a “tea dinner,” with the cat as sole spectator.

When the clerk informed her that there

was not, and would not be for weeks, a vacant room in the establishment, she almost ejaculated "Thank Heaven!" in the intensity of her relief. The clerk civilly expressed a fear that she would have the same experience at other hydro-pathics, hinted at the wisdom of engaging rooms in advance, and then gave his attention to the occupants of a sumptuous motor just about to start for Bolton Abbey.

Miss Warren felt forlorn and helpless, dismally out of place; and, all at once morbidly sensitive, imagined that every smile she intercepted was at her expense. In her confusion she dropped her sunshade, her purse, and a box of chocolate. They fell with what seemed to her the rattle of artillery on the mosaic pavement of the hall, whereat a middle-aged, bronze-complexioned man abandoned his cheroot to gather together her scattered possessions. His keen eyes had already detected her embarrassment and painful self-consciousness; and being himself somewhat of a fish out of water, he understood and sympathized. The distress written on the thin, honest, careworn face appealed to his chivalry.

"Can I be any use to you, ma'am?" he asked, with the frank and simple kindness that characterizes the Colonial. "There are any number of hotels and boarding-houses around; so may I tell your man to drive back to the station, and leave your luggage there while you choose a place to stay at?"

She accepted the suggested plan of campaign with gratitude; and he put her into the cab, handed in her belongings, and gave her instructions to the driver. She found it a pleasant novelty to be waited upon by a man. The men among whom she had lived hitherto expected women to wait on them; but the stranger's kind voice and smile revealed the truth that her life had lacked something besides leisure, recreation, and dainty apparel,—something that money could not buy, that was above and beyond all price; and she fully realized how utterly alone she

was in the great world. What a wonderful thing it must be to be loved and cherished; to have a home of one's own, with another to care how it looked and what one did within it,—another to whom it mattered whether one were well or ill, lived or died, though all the rest of humankind passed by on the other side!

Leaving the station and dismissing the "cabby," she set forth on a second voyage of discovery, walking up Parliament Street, with its stream of color—the blues and mauves and pinks of resplendent gowns and millinery,—and so made her way rather listlessly to a quiet road with trees planted along it, and Harlow Observatory at the end. She paused at a row of tall, white houses with a glory of sweet-peas and poppies before them, attracted by such inscriptions, over the fanlights, as "Boarding House," "Private Hotel," "Apartments." And as she lingered at a half-open gate, a small, brindled dog with a large bark rushed out, and, suspecting her of designs upon a buried bone, seized her skirts, and shook them until the elaborate but frail frills and ruches gave way. A pretty girl, as she seemed, ran down the steps, and called off the assailant.

"Artemus, you wicked dog! I am so sorry, Miss!"

"What difference will that make?" said Miss Warren, tartly. She was not unamiable, but her temper was being tried.

"None at all, unfortunately," replied the other. "But do please accept my apology; and, if you don't mind coming indoors, I will mend your dress."

Obviously Miss Warren could not go through Harrogate with yards of torn muslin and lace tangling about her feet; so she assented to the young lady's proposal, and was led into an airy, cheerful room, where flowers and plants predominated, and easy-chairs extended inviting arms.

"Artemus does forget himself only too often," confessed Artemus' mistress; "but I had him before I was married, and can't bring myself to part with him."

"You married! You look a mere girl!"

"I have been Mrs. Arthur Pendrel for four years."

"And I have been an old maid for—four hundred years, I think," said Miss Warren. Then, rather abruptly: "I am looking for rooms. I might take them here, if you have any vacant, and if the company isn't too grand and gay."

Her desire for frivolity had evaporated. She had emerged from shadows to find that sunshine made her blink.

"We shall be glad to accommodate you," said Mrs. Pendrel, between the stitches.

"I am a very plain, homely person, who has always had to earn her own bread; but I don't like being sneered at by those who have had better luck."

"No one here would be rude to you," said Mrs. Pendrel, gently. Discerning the best way of setting Miss Warren at ease, she added: "Do you think it really is better luck not to have to earn one's own bread? I know that I have been much happier since I have had to do it than I was before."

"You don't look as if you knew much about it," observed Miss Warren, dubiously.

"Well, we are both orphans, Arthur and I. We married rather in opposition to our uncles and our aunts on both sides; the chief ground of objection being that neither Arthur nor I had any money, though we had been brought up in idleness. Neither of us had any calling or profession or business training. We tried several things after our marriage, but they were failures; then we decided to take paying guests, and I think we shall succeed at that. It would be better if we could buy the house, of course, as a lot of our profits go in rent; but we can't, as we have no capital. It means heaps of work and anxiety, but we don't mind whilst we have health and strength; and we certainly would not go back to a life of idleness," concluded Mrs. Pendrel, emphatically.

"Could you take me in at once, I wonder?"

"Oh, gladly! So far this has not been a very busy season for us, and I can give

you a choice of two or three rooms."

"That settles it," declared Miss Warren, and within an hour her belongings had been transferred to "Orinsa"; and the statement made by Mr. Pendrel, a slight, rather delicate-looking young man, that Artemus was not kept for the purpose of hauling in reluctant boarders, however much against him the evidence might appear, had lured her to laughter, and given her a thoroughly "at home" feeling.

The other guests were quiet, agreeable people, visiting Harrogate for baths and "treatment," and the imbibing of the famous waters. Miss Warren did not find herself the object of any one's disdain or ridicule; and though she had left the Pendrels under the impression that she was still a working woman, she perceived that they showed her more rather than less courtesy and consideration, and went out of their way to render her kindly little services and promote her pleasure. In the warmth of their unaffected friendliness she forgot the chill solitude of her state.

Peaceful and restful were her days but for one thing; and, oh, the folly of it,—the egregious folly of being not only unable to banish from her remembrance the features and smile and voice of a stranger whom she had never seen before and might not see again, but to find herself dwelling on them in her own despite!

It was a fine, bright day, when shade was to be found only in Harlow Woods, and Carrie and Miss Warren and Artemus were strolling about the Stray, that expanse of grass and trees that is to Harrogate what the shore is to a seaside town. They were listening to the *pierrots'* rendering of a tuneful melody, when a familiar "worrying" sound caused Mrs. Pendrel to turn round, to find Artemus demolishing the fingers of a tan glove with evident relish. At the same time a tall, sunburned man raised his hat with the suave remark:

"I'll wait until he has quite finished with it, ma'am."

He did not mention that he had deliberately flung the glove to Artemus as soon

as he had ascertained whom the animal was following. His ruse was successful. Miss Warren looked round and recognized the Colonial who had come to her rescue at the hydropathic, and ever since had filled the foreground of her thoughts. He responded to her shy bow cordially.

"Found good quarters, I hope?" said he.

Carrie had walked on, thinking they were acquaintances; Artemus had retired, with the remains of the glove.

"I am with the kindest people I ever met," replied Miss Warren.

"That is well. I am thinking of making a change myself. Too much 'side' yonder—no, that's not fair; the fault is with me. I don't know society's ways, I am frozen up among fashionable people. Could your friends find a corner where I might thaw, do you think?"

Miss Warren signalled to Carrie, and negotiations followed, the Colonial introducing himself as Maurice Hartley. The result of the brief interview was crystallized in Miss Warren's remark as she and Carrie walked homeward.

"Artemus manages things very well." She hazarded a joke. "Are you quite sure you haven't taught him to catch new boarders for you?"

A week later Mr. Hartley arrived at Orinsa to pervade the whole premises, bringing a blithe and breezy atmosphere that had at least the charm of novelty. He soon constituted himself "the handy man" of the establishment, and was profoundly happy when Mrs. Pendrel found things for him to do that necessitated the use of hammer and nails, or when Arthur invoked his aid in the repair of a bicycle or a refractory lock.

Once when he was found working off his superfluous energy by mowing the lawn, Carrie mildly remonstrated.

"But I'm amusing myself; this is recreation, I do assure you," he declared. "Been roughing it all my life, you know. Made my pile, to be sure, but can't shake off old habits. Must keep moving. Land of compassion, I shall be quiet enough

under the daisies! Thank you! yes, I am ready for lunch. Like the man in the story, I take after both my parents: one ate a good deal, and the other a good while."

On a certain day he presented himself to Mr. Pendrel with a slight air of embarrassment. Arthur looked up from his ledger in smiling inquiry.

"Something I want you to do for me," said Hartley. "That is the address of my agent in Sydney, and that of my bankers in London. Will you please satisfy yourself that I am what I say I am, and not an impostor? It is this way. I intend to ask—er—a lady to marry me, and she can hardly make inquiries about me herself, and there is no one to do it for her if you won't. If I can refer her to you as knowing what is necessary about me, it will be easier for her, I imagine."

"I'll do anything you wish," promised Arthur, touched by the other's delicate consideration. "I hope you will be successful in your wooing."

"You never know," returned Hartley. "She may think me too rough-and-ready. Queer how things come about, isn't it? The first day I saw her I said to myself: 'There's a little woman wants taking care of, and you are the man to do it.' I felt that I wanted to give her a good time to make up for the bad time she must have had; and I think you and Mrs. Pendrel have felt a bit that way too."

"Toward Miss Warren? Well, we claim that we have taught her how to laugh. It is sad to think what her earlier days must have been. How did I know that you meant Miss Warren? Because I have eyes."

As a matter of fact, the majority of the boarders had discerned Mr. Hartley's state of mind, and had wondered what he could see in Miss Warren; whilst she had much too humble an estimate of herself to attribute his attentions to anything but the natural kindness and friendliness of his disposition.

The awakening came one night as he escorted her from a play in the Kursaal. In the far distance some one was singing

"Tom Bowling"; carriages dashed to and fro; clusters of "fashionables," in the lightest of wraps and no headgear at all, strolled homeward in the balmy, delicious air; the dewy darkness of night was fragrant with the mingling odors of pinks and mignonette.

"It was a good piece," said Miss Warren, suddenly aware of her companion's silence, and curiously embarrassed by it, as well as by the fact that they had fallen considerably behind the rest of the party.

"Don't know much about acting, and it's not that I want to talk about, anyhow: it is reality," he declared. "I am going back to Australia soon. My home is there, you know. Will you go back with me, Anne? Will you be my wife? Perhaps you would not refuse if only I could tell you how much I want you."

Miss Warren gasped; a flood of color rushed to her faded cheeks. A moment of youth was hers; a breath of fragrance from meadows of Paradise; then the smart of tears was in her eyes.

"I shouldn't do you any credit," she said sadly. "I have no good looks, I'm not clever, I have been only a toiler all my life."

"Have I been a fine gentleman, then?" He flung out a big hand, toil-seamed, work-hardened. "We've both of us had a rough time, Anne; let us make what is left smoother for each other. I don't ask you to take me altogether on trust: Mr. Pendrel will tell you whatever you want to know, and satisfy you that there's nothing deadly against my character, and that I can keep you in comfort."

"I have plenty of money; it is about all that I have," she said. "We are two rich people, it appears."

"If you'll only say first that we are to be one, we'll talk about the rest when you please after. Doesn't matter to me whether you have a gold mine or not as much as would cover a crutch. What does matter is, will you marry me? Can you care for a man like me?"

"Is there a man like you anywhere?" she asked,—a question that was also an answer.

When they reached Orinsa, Arthur and Carrie were loitering in the garden, sweethearts yet. She was rather startled when Miss Warren embraced her, with a tearful murmur of "You dear, dear child!" But in the next moment the sweethearts understood.

Three weeks later there was a quiet wedding in Harrogate. The few spectators saw only a plain woman and a homely man in the unromantic era of middle age; not two persons who had found happiness, though late, and clasped hands in a simple love and faith that some may never know.

"We shall make a little present to Artemus, because, after all, it was he who brought us all together," said Mrs. Hartley, when the inevitable hour of parting came; the sparkle of fun in her eyes indicated into what she would develop under favorable circumstances.

"Shall we ever see them again, or are they only 'ships that pass in the night'?" Carrie wondered when the last good-byes had been said, and the ache of regret was in her tender heart.

The promised present arrived on the day on which the ship left for Australia. It consisted of a huge silk cushion, and a copy of that valuable work, "Inquire Within."

"It calls for an explanation," commented Arthur.

"It is a subtle joke at Artemus' expense, an oblique allusion to his habits," interpreted Carrie; "unless, indeed, there is something written somewhere in the book to throw light on it."

Whilst they were turning the pages one by one in search of an illuminative inscription, Artemus encamped on the cushion, and proceeded to chew as much of its silken covering as his mouth would accommodate.

"Destructive little rascal, he would try the patience of a saint!" exclaimed Arthur.

And Carrie avenged her pet with: "Then I am sure *you* won't mind, dear!"

The cushion was laid aside, to be repaired at leisure. Meanwhile Artemus appro-

priated it for his midday nap. Entering her parlor one day, Carrie was encountered by a cloud of fluff and feathers, and ascertained that he was acting on the advice given by the title of the book presented to him by pawing out the interior of his bed. His investigations brought to light a small parcel, which was found to contain papers showing that the Hartleys had bought Orinsa on behalf of its present tenants, who were requested to call on a solicitor in James Street formally to complete the transaction.

At this unexpected lifting of a heavy burden, bravely and cheerfully borne, little Mrs. Pendrel sat down and cried. There was no thought of proudly declining the generous gift. Whatsoever return Arthur and Carrie might make in the future, there would ever remain the whole-hearted gratitude from the expression of which the benevolent pair had escaped designedly.

Later came a longed-for letter, brief but to the point:

DEAR CHILDREN:—If Artemus fails to “inquire within” his cushion, please open it yourselves at once, and accept Orinsa as a wedding present, with our love. Rather late for your wedding, to be sure, but not through our fault; and better late than never, anyhow. In a year or so we expect to be in Harrogate again; and now, and until then, and forever, are

Your friends,

MAURICE AND ANNE HARTLEY.

“Artemus shall walk in silk attire!” declared his mistress, with enthusiasm.

“He would prefer some nice lean cutlets, I think,” said his master; and presently an outcry from the cook confirmed that opinion.

Time's Rosary.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

THE year is but a chaplet's string;

Its decades, months; its beads, the days;

And Time, whose fingers tell them, pays
Incessant cult to Christ the King.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XVIII.

“PARIS or London?” Brian repeated, his eyes fixed in surprise on the priest's kindly old face.

“And why not? Surely she is as free to go where she pleases as you are, Mr. Cardew.”

“Oh, yes, certainly!” Brian reddened. “But a little peasant girl—”

“Mave is not a peasant girl. You are gravely mistaken. She—”

“Has found her friends, then?” Brian's face lit up with sudden pleasure. “I am glad. Who are they? Rich or poor? Father and mother, or both?”

“When Denis Galagher found Mave, she was clasped in her dead mother's arms.”

“Yes, of course. How stupid I am! Then she has found her father or—”

“She has found no relatives,” the priest said quickly, “rich or poor. She has not the faintest idea now, any more than in the old days, who her people are. That she is of good family no one could doubt for a moment.”

“No. Even as a little boy” (Brian's color rose) “I knew that, and I always promised her that when I was a man I'd find her friends for her.”

“A child's promises count for little. I don't think Mave trusted much to them.”

“Yet, please God, I'll show her some day that I meant what I said.”

“You speak earnestly, and we all thought you had forgotten. Why, it is all of twelve years since you were here!”

“I was growing up; I was at school and college, master neither of myself nor my money. Mrs. Devereux, why I know not, did all she could to make me forget Donegal. I heard nothing of my friends here,—learned only to-day that Denis and his mother were dead. But I have never forgotten; and I have come back, longing

to see and renew my acquaintance with them all."

"You have put off your coming too long. They are all" (the priest sighed heavily) "gone from here."

"But Mave is living!" Brian cried eagerly. "Father, you will give me—find me her address?"

"I fear I can not. Her friends might object to my doing so."

"You said just now that she had not found her friends."

"Excuse me! I said she had not found her relatives."

"Mave is with friends,—people who love her and are kind to her?"

"Certainly. And she deserves it all. She" (the priest's face lit up with pleasure and he smiled happily) "is a delightful and most gifted creature. From her infancy she was the model of the parish,—attentive in school, pious and devout in chapel. Everyone loved Mave; everyone felt she was a child apart,—as far above us all as—as—well, yes—almost as the stars. Then when her adopted 'granny' died, Miss O'Byrne took her home; and in her society, under her teaching and example, Mave has developed wondrously."

"Miss O'Byrne? I never heard of her."

"No. She came here since your day; gave up her happy, easy-going life in Dublin to spend her money and her time in teaching our poor girls to embroider and make money that would keep them in their homes, instead of leaving all they loved in their native land to go emigrating to the United States."

"A good woman! But why did she not keep Mave at home?"

The priest raised his brows and looked at the young man with an amused yet kindly smile.

"You forget Donegal is not really Mave's home. She was not born here. And, good people though we are, dearly as we love our adopted daughter, devoted as she is to us and the glorious scenery and wild hills and dunes, we were not enough for her; for Mave has received a

great gift from God—an exquisite voice."

Brian gave a start of surprise..

"Mave,—little Mave! Truly it sounds wonderful. Oh, why did I not meet her? Why did I come too late?"

"She will return some day; she loves us all too well not to do that. Meanwhile she is working. You would not have her bury her talent in a napkin?"

"Assuredly not. And perhaps, though you will not give me her address, we may meet. She will be a great singer, and—"

"That is certain." The priest spoke triumphantly. "With a voice like hers, the world will ring with her name. And then" (growing suddenly grave, and raising his eyes toward the evening sky) "I pray God and Our Lady to keep her good and pure, simple and childlike as when she knelt" (waving his hand toward the church) "before the altar there on the very morning of her departure. Ah, Mr. Brian, we miss her sadly from among us!"

"But you'll be proud of her by and by. And, then, she'll come back."

"To do great things for our poor people. Aye, so she will. When she makes a fortune she's to buy a big place here somewhere, and settle down amongst us."

Brian smiled.

"So little Mave has her ambition?"

"The dear child, and why not?"

"Why not, indeed? But to study singing under good masters in Paris or London, Father McBlaine, costs money. Who has provided the funds for Mave's education? Miss O'Byrne?"

"Partly, but we all gave a helping hand to make a little fund for the dear girl. Several people you'd never dream of helped nobly."

"For instance?" Brian was wondering, a little absently, if, by any coaxing or manoeuvring, he might be able to extract Mave's address from the good priest. "But perhaps they are persons unknown to me?"

"Some are, others—well, there's one I think you know: Mr. Philip Darien of Slievenagh House."

Brian stared in surprise.

"Really? That is marvellous."

The priest laughed.

"Just what I thought. It almost took my breath away; for I did not even know he was aware of the girl's existence. Just at the last, however, when I had given up expecting anything more, his friend, one Davy Lindo—a rough-looking customer, by the way,—rode over to the presbytery one day, and presented me with quite a large sum, in Mr. Darien's name, to be used for Mave's training and expenses. It was generous and unexpected; so I took the money and thanked him warmly for it."

"Quite right. And he can well afford it. The Dariens are wealthy people."

"But not generously disposed, as a rule," replied Father McBlaine. "It was a sad day for the people on that property when Sir Patrick and his two fine boys were drowned."

"Yet Mrs. Darien is good."

The priest threw up his hands.

"God help her! The mere ghost of a woman. Some say she" (tapping his forehead with his finger) "is not quite all there."

"That is wrong, I think—I hope. But she is delicate and unhappy."

"So they say. Lindo and some other fellow who goes there—to Slievenagh House—are very distasteful to her, I hear."

"Worse than that: they make her miserable. Their power over her husband is galling and mysterious."

"Indeed?" Father McBlaine started. "That's bad. She married him after he had been absent for years, knowing nothing of his life. It was a risk in every way. Ah, if Hugh Devereux, or even a child of Hugh's, had succeeded and was now at Slievenagh House, things would surely be different! Hugh was a fine fellow."

"So Mrs. Devereux has often told me. But there is another Devereux quite as good, Father. I mean Sir Leonard's son, Frank. He is one of the best."

"But, though I'm glad to hear it, his

goodness does not affect us. He will never reign as master of Slievenagh House."

Brian laughed gaily.

"Don't be too sure. If I'm not mistaken, he will do so, some day. It's quite on the cards, Father, that he may marry Miss Darien, and that before very long."

"Tut, tut, Brian Cardew! What a gossip you are!" said the priest, his genial face all smiles. "Miss Marjory is a handsome, fine girl; and, if what you say of Mr. Frank is true—but there, that's enough for to-day. Come up to the presbytery when you please. I'll always be glad to see you."

"I shall not be very long in Donegal. But before I go, Father McBlaine," said Brian, in an earnest, imploring voice, "you will let me have Mave Galagher's address? Now, won't you?"

"My dear lad, I can not" (putting his hand affectionately on Brian's shoulder), "for the simple reason that I do not know it. I hear of her through friends, but prefer to be in ignorance of her actual whereabouts. It is easier for me, as so many would gladly find out where she is."

"And Miss O'Byrne? Could she not tell me?"

"She could certainly. But she is not here. She left Carrigart for her holiday last week."

"How disappointing!" Brian's spirits sank lower and lower. "Well, then, I'll say good-bye, Father. I've detained you too long."

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to talk to you. Good-bye; and, believe me, I'd help you if I could."

"Thank you!" Brian said shortly. "Good-bye!" And he turned and walked away.

"A fine fellow,—a very fine fellow!" the priest thought, looking after him admiringly. "I declare it's a good thing, since they wish Mave's address kept a secret, that I did not know it; for if I did—well, in spite of everything, I'm afraid I'd have given it to him."

More disappointed than he could ever

have imagined possible, Brian went slowly down the hill, turned sharply away from the village of Carrigart and walked toward Rosapenna, his eyes upon the ground, his hands behind his back.

"I'll find her somehow," he told himself, firmly. "Of that I am determined. They may keep her address a secret if they choose; but where there's a will there's a way."

As he paused for a second, his handsome young face wearing a look of strong resolution, Davy Lindo, thickset and rubicund, drove slowly past in a smart, one-horse trap. He stared hard at Brian, and a puzzled, questioning look came into his dull, red-rimmed eyes.

"There's something familiar about that fellow," he muttered. "I've surely seen him before. Who can he be? I'm nothing if not curious. So" (turning his horse quickly round, and driving back at a walking pace) "I must get another good look at him; for he reminds me—yes" (coming alongside of Brian, who, his head in the clouds, his thoughts far away, did not cast a glance in his direction, or notice that he was there), "'tis he. I know him,—could not be mistaken. He's just like the photo in Marjory's boudoir. And, really, he's but little changed,—grown and developed, but not changed. Now, why is he here? Is it for fair Marjory Darien's sake? Perhaps. If so, he loses his time. Friend Trelawny will nip that affair in the bud, since he has sworn to make the girl his own or—ah, now I know! He's come to look up pretty Mave Galagher; to help her find her friends, as he used to boast he'd do when he was a kid. What a joke! But he comes too late. We did well to spend good money in helping her to go far and keep away. No half measures for us. And now, her whereabouts a strict secret, she's lost to him, and we need fear nothing from his impertinent curiosity. I'll get Philip—he's well in hand, and hardly ever rebels—to invite him to Slievenagh House. The girl may, will, entangle him. She is hand-

some enough for anything. And Mave will be quite forgotten. It may make things a bit more difficult for Trelawny. But that's not my affair. He can fight his own battles. The more fierce the fight, the more amusing for those looking on."

And, whipping up his horse, he drove off down the road.

(To be continued.)

Great Britain's Convert Queen.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE bitterest trial of Anne's life was undoubtedly the death, at the age of eighteen, of her son, Prince Henry, upon whom she had built such ardent hopes. In his letter of 1605, Pope Clement VIII. alluded in enthusiastic terms to the promise of a better future for religion under the rule of a Prince whom his mother was endeavoring to bring up in Catholic principles, and whom he himself longed to be able to style his dearest son in Christ. Whether Henry, had he lived, would have fulfilled all the desires of which he was the centre, is extremely doubtful. His leaning appears to have been toward decided Protestantism rather than the faith professed by his mother. This is alluded to in a vulgar rhyme then current:

Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeyes and
cells,
But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and
bells.

It is in connection with Prince Henry, and Anne's anxiety for his future, that we have a striking testimony to the truth of the Queen's conversion to Catholicism. This is alluded to in an article published seventy years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, of which mention has already been made. "There is one circumstance," says the writer, "with regard to James' own family, unnoticed by Mr. Ranke as well as by our native historians (so far as our memory extends), which is of some importance,

not so much on account of the weight and influence of the person, as indicating the successful system of proselytism pursued by the Vatican. Anne of Denmark, James' Queen, was a secret Roman Catholic in regular correspondence, receiving letters and indulgences from Rome. The authority for this fact may be found in Galluzzi's 'History of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany,'—almost the best historical work, we may observe, in the Italian language. Galluzzi wrote from the archives of the Medici family, and at the period when the religion of James' Queen had become a question of perfect indifference."*

The writer goes on to explain the circumstances which revealed Anne's religion to the Florentine government. The Queen, anxious to bring about a Catholic marriage for her son, entered into a correspondence with Ottaviano Lotti, secretary to the embassy, in the hope of obtaining for the Prince the hand of the Grand Duke's sister, Catherine de Medici. But, although Anne had written to the Pope on the subject, professing herself his "most devoted daughter," the Pontiff (probably Paul V., who reigned from 1605 until after the Queen's death) was averse to the project; and the early decease of Henry put an end to the hopes which had been cherished as to his future.

Some further proofs of Queen Anne's conversion may fitly be given in this place. The Tuscan Ambassador, Count Alfonso Monticuculi, writing to his sovereign, the Grand Duchess, on the 29th of October, 1603, related that when he presented to Anne the sacred pictures she had sent to him for the purpose, the Queen had professed herself a Catholic, and had declared that she desired nothing so ardently as the exaltation of Holy Mother Church.† On August 13 of the same year, Beaumont, the French Ambassador, had a conversation with Anne, in which she declared herself a Catholic at heart, and told how she had striven often to persuade

the King to become reconciled to the Church, though as yet without success. About the same time the Nuncio at Paris reported that he had been told by Baron de Tur, formerly French Ambassador at Edinburgh, that the Queen was undoubtedly a Catholic, but dared not confess her faith openly because of the hostility of Scottish heretical ministers. In another letter the Nuncio related that Anne had a Jesuit confessor, and carried constantly with her a cross and Rosary which he had given her.*

The Queen had already lost three children in their infancy, and the death of her eldest son was a climax to her griefs. Henceforth she seldom took part in public affairs. Little is known of her history, as Lingard tells us, after the loss of the best-beloved of her children. "Her passion for public amusements," he says, "had long ago ceased; and the latter part of her life was passed in privacy at Greenwich and Hampton Court." At the latter residence she died March 3, 1619.

There can be no question, with the evidence we now possess, that Anne of Denmark was a Catholic in the full sense of the word. It remains to investigate the fact of her persistent practice of her faith. We have already seen that Father Abercromby was able to testify to her staunch fidelity in 1608. From a later account we gather that this fidelity did not continue to the end, but that at one period of her life the poor Queen ceased to battle with the adverse circumstances which surrounded her in England, and conformed outwardly to Protestantism. But the source from which this knowledge is obtained gives proof of the Queen's later repentance. These facts are referred to in a Latin manuscript preserved in the Vatican Library, reporting upon the state of religion in Scotland and the prospects of its restoration in Great Britain.† The writer is unknown; the approximate date is the year 1617, as reference is made

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lviii, p. 397.

† Hunter-Blair, *History*, vol. iii, p. 349.

* *Ibid.*, vol. iii, p. 350.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iii, pp. 454, 497.

to the approaching visit of James I. to Scotland, which took place from May to September in that year.

In speaking of the Queen, the writer says that she had fallen away through womanly weakness; but that she was penitent then, and determined to atone for her faults by contrition and by deeds of charity. She was prepared, at the risk of the loss of everything, publicly to acknowledge herself a Catholic. She begged that the Pope would overlook the past, in consideration of the weakness of her sex and the difficult circumstances in which she had been placed. If this statement, as intrinsic evidence seems to prove, refers to the year 1617, we may well suppose that Queen Anne, in her retirement, did her best to carry out the good resolutions made at her reconciliation to the Church, and persevered to the end as a faithful Catholic. Unfortunately, there is no direct evidence in support of the supposition; on the contrary, more than one writer has been found to maintain that the Queen died a Protestant. Some of the reasons for such an assertion shall here be given.

Miss Strickland, in her *Life of Queen Anne*, remarks: "Notwithstanding all the jealousies regarding her attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, she died in edifying communion with the Church of England, as distinctly specified by an eye-witness."* The evidence referred to is contained in a letter addressed to some lady of rank, of French nationality, by one of the Queen's attendants. The original manuscript is still preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; but neither the writer nor the person addressed is known, as no names are mentioned. The letter states that for six weeks before her death, Queen Anne had grown very weak and had almost entirely lost appetite for food; this latter fact, the writer goes on to say, "was known only to your countryman Pira [Pierre, a personal attendant upon the Queen] and the Dutch

woman that serves her in her chamber." The latter person, Anna Kraas, often spoken of as "Danish Anna," was one of the maids of honor who had come with Queen Anne from Denmark, and was a favorite attendant. "They kept all close from the physicians and everybody else," continues the letter; "none saw her eat but these two."

When the Queen had become so ill as to be confined to her bed, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London paid her an unexpected visit. Hearing of their arrival, she gave orders that they should be admitted. They came in and knelt by her bedside, and, after some pious expressions of hope that as her body grew weaker her spirit gained strength, "they said a prayer, and word for word she followed them." The Archbishop then said: "Madam, we hope your Majesty doth not trust to your own merits nor to the merits of saints, but only to the blood and merits of our Saviour." The dying Queen replied: "I renounce the mediation of all saints and my own merits, and do rely only upon my Saviour Christ, who has redeemed my soul with His blood." This declaration, the letter says, gave great satisfaction to them. The chief object of the prelates seems to have been to persuade Anne to make a will, which she had always put off doing; encouraged in the delay, as Miss Strickland insinuates, by her two constant attendants, so that they might not be called to account for money and valuables which they had acquired from the Queen.

The Bishop of London was lodged in the palace that night, in order to be at hand in case the dying woman might show signs of a disposition to agree to the course they had urged. By the Queen's command, no one was allowed to remain near her, even in the antechamber, except "Danish Anna," who lay down by her side on the bed, after the physicians had made their usual visit about midnight and had retired for the night. In less than an hour the attendant

* Strickland, "Lives of Queens."

saw in alarm that the end was near, and summoned the doctors and members of the court. The Bishop of London, who was present, said a prayer, in which all who stood around joined. Then he said to the Queen, whose speech had gone: "Madam, make a sign that your Majesty is one with your God, and long to be with Him." She held up her hand toward Heaven, as long as her strength remained; when one hand grew weak she changed it for the other. She thus passed away, smiling peacefully. "She had the happiest going out of the world," says another witness, "that any one ever had." *

The opinion expressed by Miss Strickland as to the Queen's religion when dying seems to have been that entertained at the time—by Protestants at least. Four days after her death, Harwood wrote thus: "She gave a good account of her faith, free from all Popery." † Even a Catholic missionary, Father Simon Stock, pioneer of the Carmelites in England subsequent to the Reformation, took the same view. "I had several interviews with Queen Anne," he says in the narrative of his career, written at the wish of his superiors, "in which I explained to her the foundations of our faith; but she always put off her conversion, and finally died outside the true Church, although in heart a Catholic." ‡

With evidence such as this before us, it would seem almost rash to maintain that Queen Anne persevered to the last in the faith she had professed only a year or two previous, and that so ardently. Yet one does not feel disposed to accept it, however strong it may appear at first sight, as positive proof of the Queen's apostasy at the end of her life. To begin with, it is the evidence of Protestant witnesses—with the exception of that of the Carmelite Father, which can be satisfactorily explained,—and of witnesses, moreover, who saw but externals. Let

us take the separate facts one by one.

(1) Two Anglican prelates visit the Queen uninvited. They say a prayer, which the sick lady follows "word for word." If she repeated the prayer aloud, it must have been one which was familiar, perhaps the *Pater Noster*, a distinctly Catholic formula. To join in prayer with schismatic clergy is, doubtless, to act contrary to the Church's laws; but it can not of itself constitute apostasy, and in the case of one not very well instructed might be free from any grave fault. But should the Queen's lips have been moving merely, while the prayer was being offered, it is easy to imagine that she was repeating one of her own prayers. We must especially notice that there is no question of any Anglican sacrament having been administered.

(2) When asked whether she trusts to her own merits or to the merits of saints, the Queen answers, as any good Catholic would, that she relies for salvation entirely upon Our Lord, and not upon the mediation of saints. If she is quoted accurately, the expression "I renounce the mediation of all saints" was certainly strong; but it is to be remembered that she is refuting the popular Protestant belief of that time, that Catholics trusted more to saints than to Christ for salvation.

It may be well to recall here a similar scene at the deathbed, sixty years before, of another Catholic Queen, who was badgered in like manner by Protestants. Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Stuart, was forced to receive a Presbyterian minister and listen to his preaching but shortly before her death. The incident is thus related by Knox:

They . . . willed her to send for some godly, learned man, of whom she might receive instruction; for these ignorant Papists that were about her understood nothing of the Myserie of our redemption. Upon their motion was John Willock sent for, with whom she talked a reasonable space, and who did plainly shew unto her as well the vertue and strength of the death of Jesus Christ as the vanity and abomination of that Idoll the Masse. *She did openly*

* *Ibid.*, vol. iv, p. 133.

† State Papers, Domestic, March 6, 1619.

‡ Zimmerman, "Carmel in England," p. 30.

confesse that there was no salvation but in and by the death of Jesus Christ; but of the Masse we heard not her Confession. Some say she was anointed with Extreame Unction, after the Papisticall manner, which was a signe of small knowledge of the Trueth; and of lesse Repentance of her former Superstition. Yet howsoever it was, Christ Jesus gate no small Victorie over such an enemy. For albeit before she had Vowed that in despite of all Scotland, the Preachers of Jesus Christ should either die or be banished the Realme: yet was she compelled not onely to heare that Christ Jesus was Preached and all Idolatry openly rebuked, and in many places suppressed: but also she was constrained to heare one of the principall Ministers within the Realme, and to approve the chiefe head of our Religion, wherein we dissent from all Papists and Papistrie.*

The Anglican prelates who ventured, unasked, to catechise Anne of Denmark upon the soundness of her Christian belief, did not, like the Presbyterian Willock, revile the chief act of worship of that Church toward which the Queen was known to have strong inclinations, at least; but in both deathbed scenes we notice the stress put upon the doctrine which Knox seemed to claim as exclusively Protestant—redemption by the Precious Blood of Christ.

(3) Queen Anne's public profession that she was one with God, and longed to be with Him, can not be taken as a proof of her union in faith with the Bishop who asked for the sign; nor can her smiling, happy death be interpreted (except by those who desire such interpretation) as a proof of her glad release from the trammels of Popish superstition.

And now to the more difficult question of the evidence of Father Simon Stock. The Carmelite came to England in 1615. This was precisely the time of Queen Anne's acknowledged relapse. His efforts, as he says, were of no avail to convert her; and he declares that she never became a member of the Church, though "in heart a Catholic." Here we know, from indisputable evidence, he was mistaken. She had been received into the

Church some fifteen years before he became acquainted with her, and was reconciled again before her last illness. We can only suppose that the reticence which she had learned with good reason to consider necessary prevented her from informing the Father of the real state of things. His remark as to her death was but the echo of public opinion at the time.

It is well to note here that the words of Father Simon led the reviewer of the book in which they appeared to assert, in the pages of the *Guardian*, that the Queen had never been really a Catholic. The statement was at once contradicted by more than one able writer. Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair, by an exhaustive array of proofs, finally compelled the reviewer to admit that Anne's reception into the Church had been proved, though his conclusion ran: "It follows that Queen Anne was one of those persons who have joined the Roman communion and have then retraced their steps."

Summing up all this evidence in favor of the Queen's renunciation of Catholicism on her deathbed, one is bound to affirm that there is very little proof of the fact; those who have related the circumstances attending her last moments were evidently not in the secret of her actual connection with the Catholic Church, and to such her death would seem sufficiently Protestant to justify Harwood's assertion. But it has to be borne in mind that Queen Anne was never asked to renounce the Roman Church or to declare herself a faithful member of the Anglican communion, probably because her clerical visitors were not aware that she had ever professed herself a Catholic. To an unbiassed mind, with the evidence of the Queen's conversion and subsequent lapse and reconciliation before it, her attitude must appear rather that of one who tries to humor the intruding prelates as far as possible, without compromising her faith. To a Catholic, it must seem incredible that a woman in her position could smilingly lift her hands to Heaven in her dying moments, with

* "Historie of the Reformation of the Church of Scotland," p. 244 (edition of 1644).

the recollection of her former weakness fresh in her memory, in token of her renunciation, at the very hour when no power on earth could rob her of it, of the faith for which she had so bravely struggled in the years that had gone. Rather would it seem that the radiant happiness of her end, and the renewed beauty of her face after death, which was remarked by eye-witnesses at the time,* were but tokens of the peace which possessed her soul at the last.

With the knowledge we now have of the Queen's interior life, the circumstances preceding her death afford grounds for supposing it possible that her end was thoroughly Catholic. From Father Simon Stock's evidence we learn that it was easy for a Catholic priest to gain access to the palace without arousing suspicion. With two devoted attendants at hand, able to secure privacy from all intrusion, as we have seen, it would not have been a difficult matter to introduce a priest to render to the sick Queen the last sacred rites, as soon as she was aware of her danger.

There is another curious fact, too, with regard to those same two attendants. After the Queen's death, jewels and money to the amount of several thousands of pounds could not be accounted for. "Pierrot, the Queen's French attendant, and her favorite maid, Danish Anna," says Miss Strickland, "were suspected of the embezzlement of these jewels, and of a vast mass of ready money which their royal mistress was supposed to have hoarded. Both were examined, and afterward committed to the custody of Justice Doubleday."

Assuming that Anna and Pierrot had been instrumental in procuring for their royal mistress the consolations of religion, it may reasonably be conjectured that they were in her confidence regarding any provision she may have made for the benefit of her soul after death. That very little suspicion attached to

them of dishonesty in the matter is witnessed by the mere nominal imprisonment to which they were subjected. The leniency with which they were treated by a miserly monarch in a merciless age argues that they may have been able to explain to the King the uses to which the "missing treasure" had been applied.

It will be said that this is all mere conjecture; but what, after all, is the conclusion arrived at by other writers that the Queen died a Protestant? Nothing more than guesswork. In any case, the view that she persevered to the end as a faithful Catholic is certainly more in accordance with charity, and, without stronger proof to the contrary, appears to me more worthy of credence.

A Plain Duty Sadly Neglected.

IT is not easy to account for the lack of interest on the part of the Catholics of this country in the work of our missionaries in the Philippines,—the utter indifference of so many among us to the sad condition of the Church in our new possessions. The distressful situation has been frequently explained. Again and again, and yet again, the urgent need of priests has been represented, the persistent and pernicious efforts of sectarians, the danger to which innumerable children are exposed of losing their faith, and so on. Yet it has been difficult to collect the paltry sum required for the outfit and passage of the twelve Mill Hill Fathers, ready to go to the Islands at the beginning of last month; and, if we are correctly informed, there has been nothing like a general response to the appeal for funds to defray the expenses of the Filipino students for whom, through the zealous efforts of Fathers Vattmann and Zaro, places have been found in American seminaries!!!

As evidence of the faith of the Filipinos, and the need of priests to preserve it among them, we quote the

* Strickland, "Lives of Queens," vol. iv, p. 133.

following passages of a touching letter addressed to the editor of *The Field Afar* by the superior of the Panay missions:

On Wednesday, the priests were in the confessional eleven hours and a half; and on Thursday, more than thirteen hours... Many of the people could not be heard in time, and on Friday there were still as many waiting as on Wednesday and Thursday... About 1.30 p. m. two women came and begged the pastor to hear them at once, as they had been waiting from early morning, and were still fasting. The poor things were very hungry (many of these people have to content themselves on one meal a day). I gave them Holy Communion about 2 p. m., and thanked God for having kept such faith in this sorely tried people.

The same day I was called to administer the Viaticum... Nearly two hundred children were waiting for me. As soon as I began to walk with the Blessed Sacrament they started the Rosary. Wherever we passed through the village, doors flew open and scores of women came out with candles and followed me; there was soon a crowd of at least five hundred people. The house of the sick person lay about a mile and a half outside the village. But for a distance of fifty yards bamboo mats were spread; the house was hung with clean white cloth; and next to the sick bed a little altar was made, nicely decorated with pictures, statues, and flowers... When I looked out over the people praying so fervently, the poor little hut changed into a clean, pure white chapel, I said to myself: "No, the faith is not yet dead here." It requires only good and zealous priests to raise this people up.

We feel sure that, so far as the readers of THE AVE MARIA are concerned, it will not be useless to state the sad facts again. The bishops and priests in the Philippines are very poor. Every cent of the money eventually to come to them from Rome will be needed for pressing wants,—to repair and furnish ruined churches, build schools, etc. Numerous parishes in the diocese of Bishop Dougherty in particular have been vacant for nine years. Support for the priests he is trying to secure for them must come from abroad, the Filipinos for the most part being miserably poor. There are scores of dismantled churches in the Islands, some of them falling to ruins. And, saddest fact of all, thousands of our fellow-Catholics there are

deprived of Mass and the sacraments, and die without a priest to attend them.

Archbishop Harty declares that if he had the means he could have one thousand young men, of exceptional talents and admirable virtue, preparing for the priesthood. ("I find vocations abundant.") If the faithful of the United States could understand the sacrifices which these noble young men are ready to make, and the heroic self-denial of Filipino priests as depicted by Bishop Hendrick, of Cebú,—if the prospects of the Church in the Philippines, and the difficulties under which it is laboring, were realized, surely such appeals as we have referred to would not remain unheeded. "Every dollar given means a soul saved," says the Apostolic Delegate; and the late Bishop of Jaro often declared that the charity of American Catholics could not be more worthily or more properly directed than by assisting the Philippine missions. Shall it be said that the faithful of this country, on whom these missions have a special claim, are indifferent as to whether they flourish or languish?

Said at the Seaside.

IT was at a popular seaside resort last summer. The young ladies of a family sojourning there had just returned from church. The heat was oppressive, and they were decidedly out of humor. A chorus of exclamations began as soon as they were comfortably seated.

"In future I'm going to attend the early Mass, and not have my serenity ruffled in this way!"

"It's a downright imposition! Everybody in this place seems to imagine one is made of money—or has any amount of it made."

"I'm tempted to recant—to turn Theosophist or something! I verily believe the seven-minute sermon—if that's what you call it—was invented in order to allow more time to boom collections."

"Behold a bankrupt, a wreck on the shoals of financial destruction! I felt like the man in the Gospel who got up in the night to hand out the loaves—not because he was my pastor, but on account of his importunity. My bakery is as empty as the cupboard of old Mother Hubbard—not a bun left! It's downright extortion, these everlasting demands—"

The remark was not concluded. Mrs. B—— had evidently listened to more than enough. "G-i-r-l-s!" That was all she said, but she said it in a way that would have rendered other words quite superfluous, had not the first speaker, whose sense of humor was now restored, ventured to tell how the pastor of St. X., after soundly berating the congregation for their niggardliness on previous Sundays, warmly congratulated "all present" on the opportunity that would be afforded them the following Sunday of making amends and showing their accustomed and undoubted generosity.

Mrs. B—— only smiled at this. "Why should we *not* always contribute more generously to church collections at a time when we are spending money so freely for the sake of pleasure?" she asked crisply. "Your hand is always in your pocket—or mine,—and I have never heard until this morning a regret over the amount that had to be extracted for what we call 'unavoidable expenses.' You see [they saw] how it is when there is question of spending money on oneself. It seems to me there ought to be a proportion between the amounts one expends for pleasure and contributes to the Church or in charity. I think when one gives to God one should give generously, and—no offence intended—cheerfully, too."

Bien dit, Mrs. B——!

A DUMB love is acceptable only from the lower animals. God has given us speech that we should call upon His name. Worship is to religion what fragrance is to the flower.

—"The Story of the Psalms."

Notes and Remarks.

At a time when Italian criminals seem to be unusually conspicuous in the courts of the metropolis, it is gratifying to record testimony in favor of Italian-Americans in general, as a thrifty, honest, temperate, law-abiding element of our population. In the current number of the *Century Magazine*, a distinguished American poet is quoted as saying:

When I got sick that time and went down to the Staffords' on Timber Creek, there was a gang of Italian laborers came along to work on the narrow gauge railroad then just being laid: a number of Italians came, all sorts. They lived in huts there, accessible, of course, to me; and I, as you may well believe, was only too ready to seize the opportunity and prospect among them a little. Oh, the good talks we had together! We became almost intimate. I found in them the same courtesy, the same charm, the same poetic flavor that have always been associated with Italy and things Italian. I often read of accidents on the road,—accidents in which the little Italians are the main victims. They are accorded but scant sympathy; nobody seems to care. It makes me sad and mad—riles me. Yes, they are the "d—— Dagoes"; always so harmless, quiet, inoffensive. Italy seems in some things to represent qualities the exact opposite of qualities we cultivate here in America. The Italians are more fervent, tenderer, gentler, more considerate—less mercenary; it runs through the whole race, cultivated and ignorant—this manifest superiority.

The superior qualities of the Italians are admitted by all who have first-hand knowledge of them. It is prejudice of the most stupid sort to condemn Italian-Americans as a body on account of the few criminals among them, taking no account of the thousands, in every way inoffensive, who do honor both to their native land and their adopted country.

It is quite in keeping with the normal attitude of the ungodly crew who are mismanaging the government of France, that the troops recently engaged at Casablanca were without a chaplain. The only religious service held at the burial of the first victims of the Arab onslaught

was the recitation by two soldiers of an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary" at the grave; and we are not sure that the two have not before now been reprimanded for doing even that much. Spanish religious conducted the funeral service of Captain Provost. Abbé Lacroix, a veteran chaplain of the navy, addressed a letter to the Minister of the Marine at the very beginning of the war, proffering his services, and calling the Minister's attention to the fact that the soldiers and sailors of every other European power had chaplains to attend to them; but his representations had no effects and his services were rejected. France of a verity is sowing the wind, and the reaping of the whirlwind is surely coming on apace.

It is curious to observe how often what is called historical accuracy is made to depend on the prepossessions and temperament of the inquirer. The notion that because in the East fashions do not change twice a year as they do with us, and the modern rage for local color, account for the appearance of so many pictorial lives of Christ that present untenable views on the most sacred of subjects. Authors and artists who have made "an extended tour" in Palestine are apt to consider themselves entitled to speak authoritatively, and to regard their works as so many contributions to historical accuracy. We have never been impressed by the claim to verisimilitude of Tissot's *Life of Our Lord*, in spite of the acknowledged beauty and sincerity of many of his pictures. In our opinion, it is regrettable that he so completely ignored European tradition. It is a satisfaction to us to find so high an authority as the *Athenæum* contending that the strife for accuracy in dress and other accessories can not but hamper the artist concerned with a theme so high as the life of Christ; and that the accuracy, when obtained, is at best conjectural. To quote:

As a matter of fact, fashions in the East do change materially, on an average, once in a hundred years; and anything like a foreign

conquest has power to change them very drastically. Between our days and those of Christ, the tide of foreign conquest has twice deluged Syria, producing radical changes in its population, creed, and manners. Of the Roman, we are reminded by ruins, soaring bridges, and some legends current among the Christian fellahin; of the post-captivity Jews, by nothing. With the Moslem conquest, the land relapsed into patriarchal times, the ruling class (which sets the fashion) following the tradition and the creed of Abraham; and so it comes to pass that at this day the manners and customs of the inhabitants remind us far more often of the Old Testament than of the New. If we desired to find a counterpart for the post-captivity Jew in the heterogeneous population of modern Palestine, we should seek it rather among the Moslem merchants of the towns, among the grave Ulema with their antiquated learning, than among the fellahin, whether Moslem, Christian, or Druze.

One must, of course, welcome all representations of scenes in the life of our Redeemer which appeal to religious conviction and artistic feeling; but at the same time one may lament the present rage for local color and the strife for accuracy in details which seems impossible of attainment:

No statement made at the recent Catholic Truth Conference at Preston, England, has evoked such widespread comment as Canon Richardson's assertion that the Church in England is "losing the working man." Allowance must, of course, be made for the oratorical exaggeration that rather overstated the real fact; but, even making such allowance, the statement is truer than it is gratifying. Says Dom Gilbert Higgins in the *Catholic Times*:

The truth is bitter, but there is no use in hiding it. If the Catholic Truth Society had done nothing more than help to bring this unpalatable fact to light, it would for that service alone deserve the support of every Catholic priest and layman in England. But what remedy are we to apply to an evil so extensive? May I most respectfully suggest that we make more use of the Catholic press? What has led the working man astray? His assiduous reading of non-Catholic newspapers. What will lead him back? The regular reading of Catholic papers. Let every priest in the South as well

as in the North recommend Sunday after Sunday, from the pulpit, the importance of the Catholic press; let our weekly papers be on sale at the church door, where our people, after hearing about them, can purchase them, and a salutary change will soon be effected in the attitude of the Catholic working man. As Mr. James Allen said, "The true Catholic simply wants to be warned to abjure Socialism." The Catholic press warns, and gives solid reasons for the warning.

Whether or not Socialism is proving as damaging to the interests of the Church in this country as it appears to be in England, one thing is certain: the Catholic press needs far more encouragement than it is getting. Non-Catholic journalism in the United States is, at the very least, as pestiferous as in the British Isles; and the Catholic antidote should be very much more in evidence in Catholic homes than is the case at present.

A correspondent of the *Bombay Examiner* propounds to its editor the theologically classic question whether a starving man sins in taking, or stealing, the wherewithal to preserve his life. The reply is, of course, that, given certain conditions, the man does *not* sin; but the editor adds:

In practice the plea would not be admitted in the police court, and for good reasons. First, it is impossible to ascertain by evidence whether the man is really in such extreme destitution. Secondly, even if he is, this may be due to his own fault—e. g., to idleness, or spending his means on drink instead of food. Thirdly, the question remains whether he has really tried his best to get help and failed. Fourthly, the admission of such a plea in one case would lead to a constant recurrence of petty thefts, each to be justified on a like ground. Consequently, the theory is incapable of practical application, except in rare cases.

The subject suggests a digression. Catholic moralists are often accused of teaching certain lax doctrines which, when dragged from their books and put before the world by hostile controversialists, are met with cries of execration. Such are the Catholic theory of equivocation or mental reservation, the right of the people to resist or disobey an unjust law, etc.; as also the foregoing doctrine of what is sometimes called "stealing in case of necessity." Of course in many instances the doctrine taught is

grievously misrepresented; but sometimes also, even when the theory is stated correctly, it sounds strange to the general public and gives a bad impression. The theory in itself and in the abstract is, however, a sound one; and no one who examines it in the light of reason and logic can fairly avoid granting this. The bad impression comes from the fear that if such a theory were regularly taught and practised, it would upset the ordinary standards of conduct, and result in the greatest abuses.

Hence, where the doctrine has been represented correctly, Catholic apologists reply, first, by explaining the close restrictions under which the doctrine lies; secondly, by proving that under those restricted conditions it is sound; thirdly, by condemning its application outside those restrictions, as an abuse; and, lastly, by explaining that the object of moralists in teaching such doctrine is a purely scientific and theoretical one, and not with the view of encouraging a loose moral code. Hence it is that, while admitting that a man in extreme necessity, and unable to obtain relief by ordinary means, would be justified for that once only in helping himself to any food or means of securing food which happened to come in his way, even without permission, we safeguard the statement by adding that such a principle, however sound in abstract theory, can not be readily accepted in ordinary life as an excuse, on account of the dire abuses to which it would be liable among the generality of men.

We commend the foregoing to a legion of non-Catholic critics of Catholic theology, moral theology in particular.

Just what should be the practice of Catholics during the Elevation at Mass, whether they should forthwith bow down, or on the contrary look up at the Sacred Host and Chalice, is a matter that has frequently been made the subject of controversy in Catholic assemblies, and has occasionally found its way into the Catholic press. The following letter, written to the *Tablet* by a priest of Downside Abbey, will accordingly prove of interest:

During the first three months of 1904 you allowed a discussion to take place in your columns with regard to the rubric of looking at the Sacred Host and Chalice at the moment of the Elevation. Some of your correspondents pointed out the direction in the Roman Missal ordering the priest to "show" the consecrated Host and Chalice to the people, and drew the

conclusion that therefore the people were intended to look at them, and supported this conclusion by historical references. Others objected to the practice on various grounds—either that custom was against it, or that it seemed irreverent, etc. The controversy may now perhaps be considered closed, by the grant on May 18 last, by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, of an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for looking with "faith, devotion and love" at the Sacred Host at the moment of the Elevation, saying at the same time the words, "My Lord and my God!" A further plenary indulgence may be gained once each week by those who, having heard Mass daily as above, receive Holy Communion. The first named indulgence may also be gained by looking devoutly upon the Sacred Host whenever it is solemnly exposed, saying the aforesaid words.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the only congruous attitude to preserve as to all such questions of rubrics, rites, ceremonies, etc., is a disposition to do exactly as Rome prescribes, once the prescription becomes known. The assertion, "I have always done it this way," is of course utterly puerile as a justification of a practice at variance with the decisions of a Roman Congregation. It is reprehensible to say, "The matter is a small one, anyway." The Holy See does not legislate concerning trifles.

We have more than once drawn attention to the comparative immunity from crime of a country in which many people consider criminality to be a normal condition—Ireland. Even in the British Parliament, and so recently as its last session, the suggestion was made that, generally speaking, Ireland was a crime-stained country. Commenting on this fact, the *Weekly Independent* (Dublin) says:

Again and again the Chief Secretary repudiated the taunts levelled against Ireland, and to-day we find his statement that the country was never in a more peaceful state amply corroborated by the Blue Book on criminal statistics. This publication shows that, instead of an alarming increase, there has been a surprising decrease in nearly all classes of ordinary crime. Indictable offences for the whole of Ireland had declined from 9728 in 1905 to 7463

in 1906,—a decrease of 2.6 per cent. The rate represented by such crimes was 2.2 per 1000 of the estimated population. The number of persons proceeded against for non-indictable offences was 9422 less than in the year 1905, and 29,709 under the average for the ten years 1896-1905.

Quite in accord with the foregoing statistics is the statement of Mr. Justice Johnson as to one Irish city in particular. Opening the Cork assizes about the middle of July, he called attention to the fact that there were only *two cases* to be tried—one for stealing postal orders, another for perjury. With the exception of these two, there was no charge of a crime in Cork for that session. Yet Cork is a seaport with over 100,000 population. We do not know whether the justice is a Catholic or not, but in addressing the jury he gave the credit of this marvellous condition to the parochial schools. "I believe myself it is due entirely to the hard work and honesty and self-denial of those ladies and men who with a higher ideal of the Christian life devote their lives, by precept and example, to instruct those whom they teach and among whom they live."

The Sacred Heart Academy at St. Charles, Mo., founded in 1818, is the oldest educational institution in all the vast district once known as Upper Louisiana. It began with a little log cabin of two or three rooms, and is now a spacious, well-appointed building, with beautiful lawns, play-grounds, etc. The present year has been the most successful in its history. The foundress was Mother Duchesne, of holy memory,—one of the pioneers of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in the United States. Her body reposes in a mortuary chapel erected in the park facing the academy. The memory of this "valiant woman" has always been held in great veneration, and it is confidently expected that she will some day be numbered among canonized saints. We hear that steps have already been taken for the introduction of her Cause.



His Angels.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

AN angel smiled this happy morn:
That hour a little child was born;
With silken hair and starry eyes,
A little wanderer from the skies;
A little spirit free from guile,
And O she had that angel's smile!

God sends His angels now and then
To help the sinful hearts of men
(A child, perhaps, in mortal guise
With winsome face and starry eyes).

God give us grace, whate'er betide,
To know the angel at our side,—
To say: 'Wherever I may be,
My Angel Guardian walks with me.'

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.—THE DEPARTURE.

MR. MELLODEN went early—but not too early—to Martha's cottage, and met his daughter hastening home by a short cut, so that she might not be missed before breakfast. Both were on the same errand: carrying their fears and complaints to the kind old woman, who always listened patiently and gave good counsel.

"What have you been saying to Martha?" asked the father, playfully, as he stooped to give the child her morning kiss.

"And what are *you* going to say to her?" she retorted saucily. "Tell her to rule me with the same rod that Cousin Ellery has brought, or one like it? Or will you ask her not to shut the door in my face when I run away some of these days, papa, when she gets *too* dreadful?"

Mr. Melloden looked very grave.

"Does Martha get dreadful?" he asked, without a smile. "That is the first intimation I have had of it."

"Now, papa, you know I don't mean Martha," said Whirlwind. "I *had* to go and tell her what a terrible three months are before me."

"And did she give you bad counsel?"

"Indeed she didn't. She said a little wholesome discipline was what I needed. I wouldn't mind her kind a bit, and I like Miss Allen: *she* is sweet; and if I were naughty, if she did find fault, it wouldn't be in the same way. But when Cousin Ellery even *looks* at me, or opens her mouth to speak to me, I *want* to be as ugly and disobedient as ever I can."

"I like your frankness, my dear," said her father; "but I hope you will not put your theories in practice. Remember, you are to be in a certain sense the hostess of your cousin. You must always bear in mind that you are to exercise the virtue of hospitality. Just remember that her intentions are good, Whirlwind, and you will do well."

The child made a wry face.

"Martha has already said all that to me, papa, and more. She didn't take my part a single bit. And I promised that I *would* remember and *would* try. But I needn't tell you that it is more than likely I shall always be forgetting my promise. I never *saw* any one that irritated me as Cousin Ellery does. Martha told me she had some good news, though, but that I must wait a few days. And so I came home."

"No doubt it is that prospect which has put you in such a pleasant humor," said Mr. Melloden. "Now hurry, child, and be ready when the breakfast bell rings."

Whirlwind ran on, kissing her hand to her father whenever he looked back, until he was out of sight.

The anxious parent steadily pursued his way to the cottage, where he found Martha sweeping the porch. They had a long and earnest conversation. He did not conceal his fears that neither Cousin Ellery nor his daughter would find it quiet sailing during his absence.

"They will have many storms, I am confident," he said; "but that Miss Allen is very nice and she will be a sort of wind-break, Martha. The trouble with the child is that you are never sure of her. She is always doing unexpected things,—such, too, as her cousin will have no patience with. I am afraid they can never come to an understanding."

"'Tis too bad that you were not better acquainted with the lady's disposition before you wrote inviting her," observed Martha. "But maybe there's Providence in it, sir. The child has been let run wild; she has had her own way entirely too much. The change will give her an idea of other persons' manners and methods. In my opinion, she's likely to drive the lady out of the house in disgust, if she gets on the rampage. Trust me, sir, I'll not uphold her in any bad conduct."

"I know you will not, my good Martha," said Mr. Melloden. "She is a dear child, though. We who really know her have no hesitation in saying that. I want her to be taught some useful habits and to be respectful and obedient to her cousin. But if things should ever get beyond endurance, whether through her own fault or Cousin Ellery's, you'll try and patch them up; won't you, Martha?"

"I hope I'll show good judgment, sir," rejoined Martha. "And neither Esther nor Minnie will be anything but kind to the child, especially if they think she's being put upon. On the whole, I don't fear but that the change will be a great benefit to her."

"She said you have some good news, Martha. It made her feel very cheerful."

"Oh, yes! I am to have some very desirable lodgers,—a lady and gentleman and two children. He is an artist; they

are coming here for the summer. There wouldn't be room for so many, but he is to put up a tent in the garden, and the boy will sleep with him there. I hope the young folks will be company for Whirlwind."

"She has never had any companions," rejoined Mr. Melloden. "The society of other children, provided they are the right kind, ought to be good for her."

"They are the right kind," said Martha. "They come with the recommendation of Father Anker, who described them as 'ideal people.'"

"I am very glad. When do they arrive?"

"Monday morning. I am keeping it in store for Whirlwind till after you have gone. 'Twill comfort her."

"That is right. The prospect makes me more contented."

After a little more conversation, Mr. Melloden retraced his steps, and on entering the dining-room found the visitors already at table. Whirlwind was about to pour out the coffee, but her cousin said:

"My dear, let Miss Allen undertake that duty in future. You are so heedless I am afraid you will slop over everything, and make a clean tablecloth necessary at every meal."

Whirlwind at once exchanged seats with Miss Allen, which placed her opposite Cousin Ellery, while Miss Allen sat facing the master of the house. The child did not seem in any way to resent the change, but could not help glancing mischievously at Minnie, who was waiting. However, the girl either did not or would not see the glance. Mr. Melloden was rejoiced at the forbearance of his little daughter, and the meal progressed without friction, although there was very little conversation.

An hour after breakfast Mr. Melloden received a telegram which obliged him to start at once, if he desired the company of a friend who was also journeying South. After hurried preparations both at home and in the factory, he left about eleven o'clock; and as soon as he had gone, Whirlwind, as she had been accustomed

to do, without declaring her intention, went to see Martha, the great consoler. But she found the door locked; Martha had gone over the river to Great Melloden, to make some purchases for her expected guests. Somewhat disappointed, and feeling rather lonely, Whirlwind wandered slowly back home again, stopping in the stable yard to look at the calves, and to watch the antics of a frisky colt that one of the farm hands was exercising. Then she went into the stable to hunt for eggs, found two or three new nests, and, with about a dozen eggs in her hat, betook herself to the kitchen to give them to Esther.

"I found two nests out in the stable, Esther," she said, emptying her hat into the lap of the cook, who was beating sauce.

"Well, now, did you?" rejoined Esther. "That is good. But luncheon has been ready this long time. The ladies are at table. I'm thinking, my dearie, that your cousin will be more particular about your being in time for meals than your papa. Try to be here when they are; won't you, Whirlwind?"

"I had no idea it was so late," said the child. "I don't believe I will go in at all. I'm not a bit hungry, and I can't bear not to see papa there."

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" replied Esther. "'Twouldn't be polite, my dear. Go in! They'll excuse you, if you explain."

"I haven't anything to explain," said Whirlwind. "I just went over to Martha's and she had gone out. I don't see why I must tell everything to Cousin Ellery."

"Now, don't stand to argue," answered Esther. "Go in to your luncheon."

Whirlwind left the kitchen, passed through the pantry and entered the dining-room, where Minnie was already changing the plates for the pudding.

"Why, where have you been?" sternly inquired Cousin Ellery, as she entered. "Did you not hear the luncheon bell? I had Minnie ring it loud and long, when it was found you were not in the house. I expressly desire that you do not come late to your meals—Angela."

Whirlwind's brow contracted. Cousin Ellery was true to her word: she would not call her by the name she loved.

"I went over to Martha's," she said indifferently, slowly approaching the table. "She was not at home, so I stayed a while in the stable yard, watching the little calves and a colt Fritz is breaking."

"You certainly smell of the stables," said her cousin. "Have you washed your hands?"

"No, not since this morning," replied the child.

"Go and wash them at once. You should never come to the table with hands that are not clean, especially after you have been in the stables, where, in my opinion, you never ought to go."

Whirlwind had not yet seated herself. At the command of her cousin she left the room, and came back in a few moments with clean hands, which she held 'up for inspection.

"That will do," said Cousin Ellery. "Sit down now and take your luncheon. I wish, though, that you had brushed your hair."

"It would not have done any good," rejoined Whirlwind, carelessly. "It is always flying about."

"You ought to have it cut, then."

"Cut!" exclaimed Whirlwind. "Papa would not have it. He says I look too much like a boy already."

"Well, then, it must be plaited every morning and arranged neatly. Minnie will plait it for you, if you can not do it yourself,—or Miss Allen."

"I hate plaits," rejoined Whirlwind. "They look so pigtail; besides, Martha acknowledges that it is good for the hair to be loose. It makes it thick, she says. She always wants me to have it brushed, though; but I don't see the use."

"Pray, who is this Martha you talk about?" asked Cousin Ellery. "And where does she live?"

"She used to be mamma's nurse, and mine, too, when I was a little baby," responded Whirlwind. "She lives in a small cottage down there."

"And you love her very much, don't you?" inquired Miss Allen, who had been silent until now, though smiling encouragingly at the child while she talked.

"Indeed I do. After papa, there is no one, I love as well as Martha."

"And I have no doubt she spoils you," said Cousin Ellery.

"No, she doesn't," rejoined the child. "She is always trying to make me good."

"In as far as she knows, perhaps," remarked Miss Melloden.

"She knows nearly everything," said Whirlwind, vaguely aware that something disparaging was meant. "I am sure papa likes her too."

"Very natural that he should. And he allows you to visit her whenever you please, without permission?"

"I never think of asking his permission to go and see Martha," said Whirlwind. "Sometimes I tell him: I'm going, and often I don't tell him till I come back; and many times I don't even say that I've been."

"Very well. That may be his way, but it is not mine. I do not insist that you should ask permission every time you go there, but I desire that you express your intention to me or Miss Allen, that it may be known where you are."

"Yes, Cousin Ellery," replied Whirlwind, well pleased that Miss Allen was to be allowed the right of ordering her ways. "I shall try and remember to tell you."

"I think I shall call on Martha some day soon," said Cousin Ellery. "I want to see for myself what she is like."

"She will be very glad," replied Whirlwind. "She says she loves everybody belonging to the family."

"She has a large heart, evidently," said Cousin Ellery. "And now, Angela, remember that you must keep your hair plaited. Do not come to the table again with it flying loose about your shoulders."

Whirlwind did not reply. But she bit her under lip and frowned; and Miss Allen felt quite sure that she had no intention of complying with this wish, at least, of her cousin.

(To be continued.)

Scylla and Charybdis.

When a man wishes to lay stress upon the fact that he is in great danger no matter which way he turns, he sometimes says that he is between Scylla and Charybdis. Thus in Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice," Launcelot says to Shylock's daughter: "When I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother." The allusion primarily applies to two sea monsters described in Homer's epic poem, the *Odyssey*,—the monsters being personifications of the dangers of navigation near rocks and eddies. In the poem, Scylla dwells in a cave in a very steep cliff, has twelve feet and six long necks, each neck bearing a head with three rows of teeth. With these she devours any prey coming within reach,—snatching, for instance, six men from the ship of Odysseus. Opposite Scylla at the distance of some rods, is a low rock where, under a wild fig tree, Charybdis sucks in and belches forth the water three times daily, and nothing that comes near can escape.

Nowadays the names have become localized in geography. Scylla is a dangerous rock on the Italian side of the Strait of Messina, between Italy and Sicily; while Charybdis is a whirlpool on the opposite side of the Strait. Should any of our young folks be unfamiliar with the two words, they may be interested in learning that the first one is a dissyllable, pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, whose vowel has the short sound; thus, sill'-a. The second word has three syllables, with the accent on the second,—the *y* having the short sound of *i*, and the *ch* the hard sound of *k*; thus ka-rib'-dis.

Three Things.

There are three things, said a wise old Arab, that never come back—the arrow that flies from your bow, the spoken word, and the lost opportunity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among new books published by Messrs. Burns & Oates we note "Rosette: A Tale of Paris and Dublin," by Mrs. William O'Brien, to whom French readers are indebted for a translation of her husband's popular historical novel.

—The death is announced of Mrs. Susan B. Wallace, of Crawfordsville, Ind., the widow of Gen. Lew Wallace. His literary successes were in some measure due to her. Of several books from her own pen, the best known is "The Repose in Egypt."

—"Faith Moves Mountains," by Benjamin Hoare, and "The House of Obed-Edom," by H. G. Bartlett, are the latest numbers of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets. Both are excellent stories, the second one, in particular, being a vivid portrayal of life in the penal days of the Church in Australia.

—"St. Philomena," by the Rev. J. A. Dowling, is a very interesting pamphlet issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. Its subtitle, "The Thaumaturga of Modern Times," is, however, somewhat ambiguous. While the wonders are modern, the saint herself belonged of course to the primitive centuries of the Christian era.

—The fault with most manuscripts offered to editors is not a matter of spelling, punctuation, or even grammatical inaccuracy. The "copy" submitted by many well-known writers often requires much correction of superficial faults. Manuscripts clogged with redundant words are especially unwelcome. A passage from Boswell's famous Life of Dr. Johnson illustrates this. "I took down Thomson," said Johnson, "and read aloud a large portion of him, and then asked, 'Is not this fine?' Shiels having expressed the highest admiration, 'Well, sir,' said I, 'I have omitted every other line.'"

—The Washington Academy of Sciences has published, in handsome form, the Linnæan Memorial Address delivered by Dr. Edward L. Greene in that city on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Linné (Carolus Linnæus), the famous botanist and zoölogist, May 23, 1907. The notion is still current that the science of botany was little cultivated before the time of Linnæus, whereas his "Bibliotheca Botanica" contains the titles of 1000 volumes, by almost as many different botanists, most of which books he considered an indispensable part of a working botanist's equipment; and his own works abound in citations of those of his predecessors,

the most distinguished of whom, Cæsalpinus, an Italian physician, laid the foundations of scientific botany one hundred and twenty-four years before Linnæus was born. Dr. Greene's address is informative and interesting throughout.

—Lists of books for the autumn season include "St. Catherine of Siena: a Study in Italian History of the Fourteenth Century." By Edmund G. Gardner. With an appendix containing some hitherto unpublished letters of the Saint. (J. M. Dent & Co.) "Her Ladyship," a novel by Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder & Co.) A translation by Dr. David Patrick of the "Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ 1225-1556." (Scottish History Society.) "Santa Teresa: Being Some Account of her Life and Times." By Gabriella Cunninghame Graham. (Eveleigh Nash.)

—A most useful manual for Catholic choirs in churches where the Italian method of pronouncing Latin obtains has been prepared by the Rev. Edward J. Murphy, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, and published by the *Catholic Standard and Times* Pub. Co. The objects of the book are: 1st, to reduce the labor of teaching the pronunciation of the Latin service; 2d, to produce unity of pronunciation in the choir; 3d, to insure a distinct, correct and consistent pronunciation and enunciation. The sounds of the Latin words are so presented to the eye that the children who have learned to spell and pronounce primary words will be able to sing the Latin service correctly and distinctly, at sight or after a few readings. The objects of this book would not, of course, be attained unless celebrant and choir were to employ the same method of pronunciation. Confusion worse founded would result from divergence. There can be no question that the soft Italian sounds are best adapted to singing, and it is to be hoped that "Latin Pronounced for Catholic Choirs" may serve to convince the clergy of this fact. We think Father Murphy has rendered an important service by his production.

—An illuminated manuscript of the Hortulus Animæ (The Garden of the Soul), preserved in the Imperial Court Library at Vienna, is being reproduced in facsimile. It is said to be one of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts in existence, and has repeatedly been the subject of learned studies. It was written and decorated with miniatures between the years 1517 and 1523. The Hortulus Animæ is one of the devotional books which were so much in use both in the Netherlands and in Germany, and

corresponds in many ways with the "Livres d'Heures" in France. The text of the manuscript is German, elaborated from the original of Sebastian Brandt; and has been proved to be an exact copy of the work printed in 1510 by Flach at Strasburg,—which, however, may be numbered amongst the "Lost Books"; for no copy is now known to bibliophiles, and it has probably entirely disappeared. Thus the work is, from a liturgical and literary point of view, of great scientific value, as it preserves the text of a lost volume. The whole manuscript will be reproduced in facsimile; all the pages that are decorated with miniatures will be in colors, the rest in photolithography. The book will be printed on exactly the same number of leaves as the original, both the recto and verso of each leaf being exactly reproduced. Even the blank pages will give the impression of the original, the paper being manufactured expressly for the work in admirable imitation of the vellum of the original manuscript. The printing and issue of the work being carried out under the supervision of Dr. Koloman Moser, professor of the Industrial Art University at Vienna, it is expected to rank as a masterpiece of modern art-reproduction. Only fifty copies of this reproduction will be available for subscribers in the United States. It will be published in eleven parts, to be completed within three years. Price, \$15 a part. Only subscriptions for the whole work will be received. Utrecht: A. Oosthoek. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

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 Gospel Plea for Christian Unity." \$1.
- "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Newman." Maurice F. Egan. Cloth, 40 cts.; paper, 30 cts.
- "Tironibus." Harold Henry Mure. 30 cts.
- "Friday Fare." Mrs. Charles Marshall. 35 cts., net.
- "A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.
- "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.

- "The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1.
- "Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.
- "When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
- "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
- "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
- "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.
- "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
- "The Bell Foundry." Otto von Schaching. 45 cts.
- "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.
- "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture." 25 cts., net.
- "The Flower of the Mind." Alice Meynell. \$1.25, net.
- "The Life and Times of the Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys." Margaret Mary Drummond. \$1.10.
- "Pauline Marie Jaricot." M. J. Maurin. \$1.35, net.
- "A Mirror of Shalott." Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.
- "Hints and Helps for those in Charge of the Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. Elder Mullan S. J. \$1.10.
- "Contemplative Prayer." Dom B. Weld-Blundell. \$1.50.
- "Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions." Bernard W. Kelly. \$2.
- "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Arthur Riddell, D. D., of the diocese of Northampton, England; Rev. James Walsh, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Paul Wenzel, diocese of Newark; Rev. Otto Kopf, O. S. B.; Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S. J.; and Rev. Eustace Niemoeller, O. F. M.

Brother Casimir, C. S. C.

Mr. John W. Lee, Mr. Joseph Osfield, Miss Mary McMahon, Mr. Charles Wilson, Mr. M. J. McAndrew, Mrs. Mary Durkin, Mr. Edward Costello, Mrs. Charles Smith, Mr. Andrew Regan, Mr. Joseph Edelbrock, Mrs. Mary Dougan, Mr. Charles Dishner, Miss Teresa Fogarty, Mrs. Esther Little, Mr. Patrick O'Hare, Mrs. Catherine Chramm, Mrs. Rose Farrell, Mr. J. M. Wagner, Mrs. Catherine McGrath, Mr. Thomas Edwards, and Mr. Henry Adair.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 19, 1907.

NO. 16.

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

Ring Out, Sweet Angelus!

Some Aspects of Socialism.

LONG, long ago, to Nazareth
 There came St. Gabriel the Strong,
 All cloudily "encompass'd round"
 And garlanded "with mystic song."
 (Ring low, sweet Angelus,—ring high:
 "The Angel of the Lord" is nigh!)

Beside a door, a humble door,
 He lighted down in starry grace;
 Beneath his feet sprang bud and bloom.
 Now whose the hearth that gives him place?
 (Ring glad, clear Angelus,—ring sweet:
 "The Angel of the Lord" to greet!)

There bends a Maid—a meek, sweet Maid,—
 Where lilies fair their heads uprear,
 Reads "God shall dwell a Man with men!"
 "Hail, Mother of the Lord!" doth hear:
 (Ring out, glad Angelus,—ring free,
 "The handmaid of the Lord" is she!)

Now peal the bells from spire and tower,
 "The Lord is with ye!" Lo! He shines
 Clear through all veils, high in his clasp,
 The guard anointed of His shrines.
 (So ring we, sing we Angelus; -
 "The Word Incarnate dwells with us!")
 "THAMONDA."

DISTRACTIONS, natural disinclination to prayer, temptations of whatever kind occurring during it, do not, if displeasing to us, destroy the essential merit and fruit of prayer. They may even add to its merit. There can not be a more fatal delusion than to give up prayer on their account.—*F. M. de Zulueta, S. J.*



IN these latter days, which vaunt so proudly, many-tongued, the triumphs of civilization, and the so-called freedom from the irksome restraint of a former age, we hear of many panaceas for human ills and the inequalities of life that sound fair and wholesome but will not bear scientific analysis by the rules of right reason. The miseries under which so many labor, especially in our large towns, the often inadequate wage, the high rents, the fierce competition, the squalor and sin,—all conspire to cry to Heaven for redress; and who can wonder that these voices make themselves heard among us, an increasing volume of agony? Who can dismiss with a thoughtless disregard these sounds of misery, which are none the less real because the remedies proposed with increasing clamor can not in the nature of things afford the desired relief? The inequalities of modern life have indeed grown to hideous proportions since the guiding hand of the Church was rejected by those who framed the laws for the people, and the principles of utilitarianism usurped her far-seeing and intimate knowledge of the duties which of necessity are the consequents of rights.

Nowadays we hear more often of the rights of man, less often of the duties that go with them; and in nothing is this more evident than in the spirit which exists between employer and employed. It is true that many employers have a high

conception of their moral duties toward those they employ; and in all such cases there is a corresponding feeling of loyalty on the part of the men. But the increasing tendency to form large corporate bodies of employers, whether as public trading companies or municipal corporations, has largely helped to do away with the *personal* relation that formerly existed in the honorable state of master and servant; and the *immediate* incentive to work, and to pay wages for the work, has lost its more human aspect in a vague distance of purely material considerations. Hence the oldtime honor that attached to work well done, not purely and solely for the rightful wage due but also for the sake of doing it well, has lost some of its inspiring force; and it is the wage that looms distinct before the worker, and the requisite amount of work to be exacted before the employer.

It is impossible for a workman to have the same human loyalty toward a gigantic corporation, invisible save for the foreman (himself a paid servant of this invisible abstraction) who pays the wages at the end of the week. On the part of the employer, there is at work the same contracting influence which has dried up the human consideration that in former times softened the intercourse between the two states of master and servant. This was well brought out by the late Mr. Devas in an article, called "Fair Wages," published in the *Month* for August, 1886. He says the modern practice on the part of the employer is, "You are to make as short engagements as possible, so as to be free to reduce your operations when you wish; you recognize no obligation on your part except to pay the wages you have contracted to pay; and you pay the lowest sum for which you can get the requisite work done. As a counterpart to this, the workmen recognize no superiority in the master, give no tribute of fidelity and affection, but simply seek to get the terms of the contract as much in their favor as possible,—maximum

freedom of action, maximum wages, minimum work."

This view of the relations between employer and employed, if twenty years ago it existed only as an embryo, has grown at the present day into a full-fledged reality. It is the parent of much of the hatred and distress caused by frequent strikes, and of the restlessness and hostility displayed in such increasing volume by the workers against the capital which provides them with the means of earning their bread. This subverting of the human consideration has grown, by a natural evolution, into the hard, mechanical, lifeless relation which now obtains as a rule; and the workman has come, by force of circumstances and the almost voluntary effacement of the higher instincts of his manhood, to regard himself as part of a machine instead of a living man with full responsibilities to God for the use of his reason.

To this dreary conception, stifling to all higher endeavor save for what is purely utilitarian in its end, may be traced that chronic restlessness, that chafing under the rigorous bondage of necessity, that hatred of the impalpable abstraction called capital, which the workman has come to regard as his natural enemy, to be feared for its hidden and mysterious power, to be hated inasmuch as he conceives its action to be uniformly coercive and tyrannical. The result of this view, which is wholly untrue in substance, though many of its accidents give color thereto, is the idea, which so frequently finds expression in Socialist literature, that the contract between master and man is "in reality one of partnership, each contributing toward the result, and sharing according to his contribution,—the master for his goods and management, the workman for his labor."

This view, though wholly erroneous and resting on a basis fundamentally unsound, has much to commend it to the weary toilers who day by day contribute their quota of labor, and pour it

into the open mouth of some huge corporation. They know their labor is profitable, and earns large dividends, it may be, for shadowy and to them unreal personalities, who perhaps direct affairs from a distance and never come near the human hive. But they forget that the mind who directs, who bears the responsibility of a large important undertaking, who has risked his capital, who has perhaps, by thrift and superior application and a higher intelligence, himself risen from the position of an humble worker to that of capitalist, is entitled to remuneration on a totally different scale; and it is utterly opposed to elementary justice to take from a man what is lawfully his. And the workman well knows, if he will stop to consider, that if by dint of careful living and saving he has managed to put by in the savings bank a few pounds for a rainy day, he himself is in the position of a capitalist on a small scale, and is himself drawing "unearned increment" from the interest allowed on his deposit, whether it be in some building society, or co-operative society, or the post office savings bank. Would he allow the results of his savings to be taken from him on the levelling and predatory principles of Socialism? Would he submit in his own case to the doctrine that his savings belong to the State and must be divided up amongst less fortunate workmen who have not saved, either through disinclination or incapacity?

The despondency and apparent hopelessness in which so many millions are plunged have evolved the conception of an ideal State, which shall remove the causes of this deep misery,—shall see that inequalities are levelled, that all men receive a living and adequate wage. This abstract State (do they remember that this State must be composed of men like themselves, with human passions, human feelings?) shall be permeated with the purest motives of disinterestedness, shall be influenced by no ignoble preferences, shall hold the scales of justice between all men, with sightless eyes

blind to prejudice, blind to human respect, passionless. It is a noble prospect for tired humanity, weary of injustice, of oppression, of unrealized hope! Who could not long that such things might be?

Alas! such conditions can prevail only in the kingdom of heaven, whither in God's mercy all this turmoil and distress should lead us. How can any abstract entity entitled the "State" do away with evils that are inherent in human nature? Such a view rests "on the supposition that men are mere atoms fortuitously meeting, with no relevant antecedents; when, in fact, they are already parts of a social organization, and already involved in a network of rights and duties. No contract is valid that involves either party in a neglect of their duties or makes them partakers of injustice. No laws of property are to be approved that would separate utterly the fortunes of parents and children, remove parental responsibility, and put the children of the idle, the drunken and the profligate on a par with the children of the upright. Both the individualist and socialist position alike presuppose no previous family union, no link of native land, no bonds of citizenship and association. They are adapted to a yet untried society, where not merely the waifs and strays but the whole population would be reared in a cosmopolitan foundling house, and, so far as legitimate union and offspring were concerned, would live and die wifeless and childless." Thus Mr. Devas, in the "Key of the World's Progress" (p. 157), sketches some of the issues inseparable from the creation of a supreme dictator in the "State" of a man's innate freedom as a man.

Another aspect of Socialism has been well brought out by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey in a well considered article, entitled "Problems and Perils of Socialism," in the August number of the *National Review*. The article was originally in the form of an address delivered by Mr. Strachey at the conference of the British Constitutional Association at Oxford on

July 13. He says: "It must never be forgotten that it is a great mistake to suppose that what the Socialists are striking against is property. That is only an incident of their campaign. What is the real enemy, the true objective of their campaign, is not property but the family. . . . It is impossible to read any Socialistic book which deals with fundamentals without finding an attack on the family, in fact or in theory. I have seen it stated that a practical Socialist, Mr. Lansbury, one of the Poplar guardians, met the allegation I am making very frankly and plainly by the declaration that in all his knowledge of the working classes he had never known the family to be worth anything. I do not profess to have much first-hand knowledge of working-class life, but I am glad to say that I know enough to recognize the absurdity of such a declaration. . . . Taking the British Isles as a whole, I am thankful to say that the family is still the greatest and most beneficent of all social institutions. In spite of the encroachment of the State, it is still doing what no State can do, or ever will be able to do, in the matter of protecting and maintaining the moral health and vigor of the individual."

The danger to the family life of the State's undertaking the duties of parents can not be too strongly insisted on. The State already educates the children for nothing; and the present tendency is to endeavor to remove all religious instruction from State education, thereby eliminating, or causing to die of atrophy, the spirit of reverence and prayer that is a part of childhood's birthright, and is sweetly inseparable therefrom under surroundings natural to its preservation. In the Socialist programme is the plan to provide also State meals for all children attending the schools, than which nothing more pernicious in its moral effect on both children and parents can be conceived. It would seem the Socialist would begin early in accustoming the child to the belief that human interest and the human tie

were unnatural and wrong. Instead of looking to its parents for its daily bread as the immediate providers under God, to whom it is customary to say a word of thanksgiving before and after the meal, the child will look to some impersonal abstraction, the State, to whom it will feel no gratitude, no sentiment of intimate relation. And the parents! Who can estimate the havoc wrought on them by having no incentive to provide for their little ones, for whom an impersonal and lifeless tyranny has forbidden them to work?

Mr. Strachey says with truth and point: "If we endow motherhood, as the Socialists desire that we should, and so take from the man the privilege of helping to provide for his wife and her babe in the hour of their greatest need and weakness, we shall be sapping, not increasing, the strength of the nation." He concludes an admirable exposition of the dangers into which the modern tendency toward Socialistic legislation is plunging the *morale* of the nation, by appealing to history in confirmation of his well-founded apprehensions, and compares the sentiments so largely prevailing to-day with those which animated the Roman Empire on the eve of its dissolution, and were the fruitful causes of that degeneracy which invited its speedy downfall. He quotes from Dr. Dill's "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Empire," to prove "how the attempt of the Government to be the Universal Providence, or, as the Emperor Martius put it, 'to provide for the welfare of the human race,' produced a progressive pauperism. A vast and oppressive system of taxation, direct and indirect, coupled with official corruption, and watered by the tepid streams of sentimental humanitarianism which flowed from the imperial edicts, destroyed the strength of the Roman people. The first effect was to get rid of the middle class in Rome. Again, as Dr. Dill puts it, 'law, sentiment, and the course of events were hostile to the prosperity of a great commercial class.'"

Further on he shows how Dr. Hodgkin, in his "Italy and her Invaders," derived the germs of her downfall from precisely the same causes. Dr. Hodgkin refers to the "legislation under which the Romans became in Rome a pauper people. He tells us of the enormous doles of corn and other means of subsistence that were given to the poorer Roman people, until at last they became the pauperized pensioners of the State. While that disease was eating into the vitals of the humbler classes, another was attacking the middle class. Dr. Hodgkin points out "that although Aurelian's bounties and rations might have made him a popular emperor, yet communism thus robed in the purple was becoming the destroyer of the commonwealth. . . . But of all the forces which were at work for the destruction of the Roman world, none is more deserving of the careful study of an English statesman than the grain largess to the populace of Rome. Whatever occasional ebbs there may be in the current, there can be little doubt that the tide of affairs in England and in all the countries of Western Europe, as well as in the United States of America, sets permanently toward democracy. Will the great democracies of the twentieth century resist the temptation to use political power as a means of material self-enrichment? With a higher ideal of public duty than has been shown by some of the governing classes which preceded them, will they refrain from jobbing the commonwealth?"

These questions were propounded by Dr. Hodgkin some twenty years ago, when his remarkable work first saw the light; and are a striking instance of political insight and prophetic vision, as is realized in the conditions prevailing at the present day.

How useless is all State legislation for the removal of these evils! How wanting in the potentiality of ever realizing their aims are the wild theories of Socialist wreckers! External remedies can never accomplish the removal of the miseries under which

so large a portion of the Western world groans. It is the interior man that needs the wholesome aspiration of faith,—some nobler incentive than material comfort and prosperity; and until his soul is touched material legislation will benefit him little. Utilitarianism as an end has crushed the soul of man between the mill-stones of want and despair; and the Church, who holds the divine deposit of wisdom and compassion, mourns to see the souls of men and women held in the grip of despair, instead of being braced to fortitude to endure, and self-knowledge to prevent; while the victims pass by her teaching and divine mission to cure their ills, as though the successors of the humble fishermen of Galilee did not still proclaim the eternal truths of their Divine Master, which can alone regenerate the earth. I can not do better than conclude by once more quoting the wise words of Mr. Devas:

"Intra animum medendum est. There must be interior reformation, without which neither workmen's insurance, nor factory laws, nor continuation schools, nor public baths and libraries, nor abundant leisure, nor high wages, nor short hours of work, nor cheap and sanitary dwellings, nor allotments and small holdings, nor light and equitable taxation, will avail for social peace. All these are good things and desirable; but their efficacy is neutralized if those who enjoy them become entangled in the toils of After-Christian corruption. Nature, not grace, prevails; and a double pestilence—the greed for wealth and the thirst for pleasure—makes men poor in the midst of abundance, breaking up homes, setting neighbors at variance, making men like the beasts who prey on one another. Then is forfeited man's noblest prerogative—to dwell together in unity; and, by a process the very reverse of Christian asceticism, they who seek their life lose it, and the tree of happiness they have planted brings forth ashes as its fruit."

ARGO,

The Widow's Mite.*

BY REYNÈS MONLAUR.

I.

SUDDENLY a glance of supreme sweetness flashed from the Master's eyes, as a ray of light pierces the thick clouds on a foggy day. A woman came forward, closely veiled, advancing timidly as if ashamed to find herself among all these rich people, because she was poor. She wore the aspect of those who have none to defend them, none to love them with exclusive love; for she was a widow. Yet she bore these two great misfortunes, poverty and heart-isolation, in all simplicity, as if it were entirely natural, since the Lord so willed it.

She stretched out her hand toward the treasury and humbly dropped therein her offering—a mite, worth some two farthings. At the same time Samuel Ben Phabi threw into the treasury a handful of gold. A fleeting flush suffused the widow's countenance. Interiorly she murmured to the Lord: "Forgive me; I have only that much."

And she did not see Him whose glance was still directed toward her. Nor did she hear Him say to His disciples: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow hath cast in more than all they who have cast into the treasury. For they all did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living."

Why did not Christ speak to her, since it would have been so easy for Him to do so? Why did He allow her to go her way without, by a single word, lightening her heart? And why, in fine, did He, the Lord of eternal secrets, desire to respect the mystery of this gift?

His very silence, however, ensured a magnificent reward. And who knows that the hours of supremest blessing are not these when an heroic sacrifice leaves the soul as heavy and desolate as before!

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

II.

It was indeed an heroic act. She had given all she possessed. Returning, she hastened to her poor dwelling, far from the quarters where the wealthy abode, far from the new city of baths and games, and that rose-garden which lent to "Jerusalem the beautiful" at all seasons an apparent breath of springtime. Her little cottage, of one story and one room, stood near the outskirts of the city. She entered it hastily. She was going to rejoin—not to console, alas! but rather to accentuate the solitude of—Rachel, her only daughter, blind from one of those diseases so common under an Oriental sun. Mother and daughter lived alone, with now and then, of an evening, an orphan boy whom the widow had adopted.

Joel was the son of her sister, and acted as shepherd boy for a neighboring farmer. The young fellow taught the blind girl to weave baskets, and nothing could surpass the patience with which he guided her fingers at the task. At best, the work of the mother and the children barely sufficed to procure their daily bread.

They were resigned; but from time to time, as she grew up, Rachel experienced a sudden access of desolation, a desperate call to the joy of life,—the life from which she was shut out by the everlasting night of cecity. It had been on account of one of these accesses of anguish that her mother, Sarah, had gone up that day to the Temple; and it was in order to obtain for the blind girl a little fortitude, to render the Lord more merciful by a sacrifice, that she had given of her indigence "all she had." The way was long from the Temple to her home. Joel had arrived just before her; and he was talking in an animated strain to Rachel, who was no longer weeping.

"I've brought you wild figs and milk," he said; "and here, take this armful of flowers I've plucked for you,—all those whose perfume you like best. Why were you crying? You were too long alone, perhaps? Well, pretty soon we won't

leave each other at all. I'm going to marry you when I get big enough to earn our living. Then you'll come to the fields with me; and, while I watch the sheep, you'll tell me beautiful stories. Oh, we'll be *very* happy, sure—"

"What would you do with a blind wife?" interrupted the sorrowful voice. "You are so good, you would not complain; but I should suffer in thinking of your trouble. I couldn't do anything, not even help you watch the sheep. People would laugh at you. Don't you mind how those boys laughed, the other day, as we passed them and I stumbled against a stone?"

"They didn't laugh at you," said Joel, indignantly. "If they *had*, I'd have—!"

"Yes, it was at me; and I was able to bear it because it was at me alone. But if I were your wife, that sort of thing would cut me to the heart, and I wouldn't dare go out with you. I should be asking myself: 'What does he think when they are mocking me? He is blushing for me, perhaps.' You haven't any idea how deep things go when one can't see. Nothing can distract one from gloomy thoughts. And, anyway, you yourself would suffer, too. I'd make you suffer without meaning it; for every day I'd be asking you if you regretted nothing."

"You wouldn't ask me any more when you knew me better, Rachel. 'Tis because I don't know how to talk to you that you say these hard words. I am clumsy, awkward, and stupid. But you don't know—there's something inside of me that is always singing. And you make my heart bright and lovely. When I want to be happy out there in the fields during the long nights or the long days, I don't look at the stars nor the beautiful clouds, nor the tall grass swaying in the breeze, nor my lambs, nor anything. I just shut my eyes, and inside of me I look at you. I see you walk and smile; I see you pull your veil close about you; I see the way you bend your head when you are listening to me; and all that is

a perfect joy. Sometimes I get wicked. I think that, beautiful as you are, you would have loved others if you saw me so homely and miserable; and then I feel glad that you haven't been cured, and so don't despise me."

Humbly he repeated: "I am wicked." But she, feeling about for the brown hand of the lad, clasped it between her own.

Sarah entered, smiled as she saw the children, and kissed Rachel. Joel kept on talking, as the shy are wont to do when once they break through their habitual reserve.

"I want to be good, all the same. I have wished it especially for the past few days. Quite close to the place where I watch my flock, out there near Bethania, a Man often comes to sit down with several others around Him. He's a prophet, I think; for He says the most beautiful things. He doesn't suspect that I hear Him, for I am hidden in the trench by the tall grass. I stay there hours and hours when He is there, and for a long while after He leaves. He often speaks of poor people like us, saying that He loves them, and that one day He'll make them happy. He says that He looks upon us as His sheep; that He knows us, and we know Him. Of course I've never dared to show myself,—I don't know even how to read. But, Rachel, if you would come to-morrow, I'm sure you wouldn't cry any more. I don't know how it is, but just to hear His voice seems to make everything light and easy."

"You will take us; we will go; won't we, mother?" exclaimed Rachel, who seemed fairly hanging on the boy's story. "I won't speak to Him, either. But you must have misunderstood Him, since you think He loves us: the masters don't love the poor. Yet He won't turn us away, since He won't see us; and if He has good words for those who suffer—"

"He has good words for everyone," said Joel, with conviction. "All one has to say is, 'Lord, do that,' and He does it. Why, only this morning they were talking

about a dried-up tree. I didn't quite catch what they asked Him; but He replied that with a little faith they could obtain anything; that all they had to do was to ask and He would give them what they wanted."

"Oh!" murmured Rachel. "Can He have such power? Can He do anything? And if I went to Him and asked Him—"

She dared not conclude, trembling at the boldness of her thought. But Joel understood; and at once added sorrowfully, as if fearing possible deception:

"He didn't talk about *curing*."

"What matter," replied Rachel, "since He said *everything*?"

"Come, come!—let the matter rest!" interposed the widow. "You know, my dear, that Joel lives half the time in a dream. He didn't understand; he is talking nonsense. Who would dare to speak in that way! Our prophets themselves would not be so bold. Has a man the power of Jehovah?"

She signed to Joel not to pursue the subject; and he lowered his head, feeling that he had done wrong. Then Sarah spoke at length,—told about her visit to the Temple and the incidents of her journey to and fro. Rachel's thoughts, however, were elsewhere. "We will go,—we will go; won't we, mother?" she kept on repeating. At last Sarah acknowledged that she would think about it, and finally promised that they *would* go.

The evening sped quickly, despite their poverty, despite the mere crusts that served for their supper. There was something buoyant in the atmosphere; there was a smile on every face; all three breathed more easily than usual, and each listened interiorly to the silent march of Hope.

III.

By dawn the next morning the two children and the widow were on the road to Bethania. The freshness of the early hour calmed the fever of their expectancy,—of their hopes hardly formulated, yet agonizing as a burn. After ascending

the incline to the Garden of Olives, they went down again into the valley, where the bluish shadows were just being dissipated by the glories of the rising Eastern sun.

Joel went and came, impatient to reach the goal, driving his flock before him. Yes, there was the place; that was the wild fig tree, dried up and withered in the midst of the April verdure. But would the Master come to-day? Would He follow the same route as yesterday? Seized with inexpressible emotion, Rachel would willingly now go back. She said to her companion:

"Let's hide ourselves where you hid, so as to be sure He won't see us. I'm so afraid He'll send us away. Listen, Joel: we'll speak to Him only in case I feel, like you, that He is *good*. If I don't say anything, don't you, either. I've been silly. Now I'm afraid; it seems to me 'tis getting cold."

Sarah tried to talk. She pretended that their project was of no particular importance, that they had come through a very natural curiosity, and that they would return without seeing Him if He did not come soon. Her voice, however, betrayed her emotion. In despite of her, hope had grown up within her, was holding her very being in suspense; and with hope there was also the terror of a possible deception. She prayed the Lord to banish from her every foolish desire, every wish contrary to His will. Almost mechanically, she repeated: "May the Prophet not pass this way if He is to leave behind Him still greater sorrow!"

The Prophet passed that way. Joel saw Him afar off, surrounded by His disciples. With a troubled voice, he exclaimed: "'Tis He!"

"Keep still!" said Rachel, sinking with her mother down among the grasses. "Don't speak! Ask nothing!"

She was trembling violently, and her countenance had grown pale as death. Joel dropped at her feet, and they waited behind the fig tree.

The Master, serious and somewhat sad

in appearance, advanced along the road. He was quite near them now; He was going to pass; He did pass.

"Master," said one of the disciples, "look at this fig tree which You cursed; it is withered."

The voice of Jesus of Nazareth rose tranquilly on the air. Joel was right: that voice captivated one; it went down to unknown depths of the soul. At His very first words, Rachel instinctively half rose to her feet. The Lord said:

"Have faith in God." And, stretching out His arm toward the Mountain of Olives, whose giant cedars stood darkly outlined against the morning light, He continued: "Amen, I say to you that whosoever shall say to this mountain, 'Be thou removed and be cast into the sea,' and shall not stagger in his heart, but believe that whatsoever he saith shall be done: it shall be done unto him."

Joel raised his eyes, wondering whether he was dreaming, and awaited a sign. Rachel stood up. She thrust her pale face forward in ardent supplication. The Master added:

"All things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come to you."

Utterly carried away by an irresistible outburst of love, the widow sprang forward and threw herself at the Master's feet. She spoke no word, but with clasped hands she pointed to the blind girl, not daring even to voice her prayer and her hope, lest her fragile daughter should be overcome if the Lord did not will to grant it.

Oh, the sweetness of the glance that Jesus of Nazareth turned upon mother and child!

Joel delightedly whispered: "He has seen you, Rachel."

Slowly the Lord placed His hand upon the closed eyes; and beneath that hand the girl ceased to tremble. Her countenance was transfigured. She waited, motionless, feeling the very joy of God taking possession of her.

Once more the Master's omnipotent voice arose:

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to those who believe."

She replied: "I believe!"

For another moment the divine hand lingered on the pure face. With the joy of God, faith, resignation, and love sprang up in Rachel with overwhelming force. She told herself she would willingly—nay, joyfully—remain blind all her life if only this hand would rest where it was.

But she was not to remain blind. The Saviour desired to pluck on His way the flower of their joy. The all-powerful hand was withdrawn, and the limpid eyes of Rachel gazed upon Him,—upon the ineffable vision of beauty and goodness. And even then Christ did not say to the widow: "I saw thee yesterday." Nor did He tell the girl: "I am giving back thy mother's mite."

But, a little farther on, John the well-beloved, looking back at the radiant group, hearing the incoherent blessings of the widow, seeing Joel running after the Master with his prettiest lamb in his arms, and Rachel lost in ecstasy, her eyes still fixed on the Saviour's departing figure,—John, accustomed as he was to such scenes as this, could not forbear asking:

"What have these done to merit meeting You on their way?"

Indicating the widow, Christ replied:

"She gave me of her indigence, all that she had."

Life.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

ACRY in the night and a fight for breath
(In the background ever the Angel of Death).

A span of years where we battle and grope
(In the background ever the Angel of Hope).

Sweet peace at last to brain and breast,
As we creep to the arms of the Angel of Rest.

Thomas William Allies.*

AS his daughter and biographer states in the opening pages of her father's *Life*, it is the history of a mind rather than that of a man which she presents to the public. It is really more the recital of his conversion to Catholicity, and the circumstances which led to it, affecting and altering completely his whole subsequent career, than a relation of outlying incidents or intimate personal facts such as are usually met with in a biography.

Thomas William Allies, whom the Catholic reading public of England and the United States have known for more than two generations as a logical Christian as well as a pious one, and whose writings have been instrumental in leading many a hesitating mind to the Church, was the son of an Episcopalian clergyman. He was born at Midsomer Norton, February 12, 1813. As a boy, he was timid, retiring, a devourer of books, which constituted his world, thus shutting him out to a great degree from intercourse with humankind. His mother died at his birth; and though later his father married again, a good woman, who was as kind to the motherless lad as to her own children, he had a lonely boyhood.

In April, 1827, when fourteen years of age, Thomas entered Eton, filled not only with a love of books as companions, but with learning for its own sake. Always something of a dreamer, he preferred men in books to those who surrounded him. His biographer remarks very truly, with regard to this feature of his temperament: "The perfection of character is reached by observing men in both, but I have noticed that it is very rare. The man of the world neglects books, and the man of books disparages men out of them."

He was of unusually small stature, and

all his life remained very sensitive on that point. At Oxford he formed an intimacy with the Rev. Thomas Harding Newman (no relative of the Cardinal), who later became his brother-in-law. Having succeeded to a fellowship at Wadham College, he went abroad with his friend in 1836. At that time he was an ardent lover of Byron, which seems strange in one given almost from infancy to serious reading, and which was followed later by the love of theology and things pertaining to it. At that period his character was somewhat melancholy, if not morbid, which may partially be explained by the fact that he had fallen in love with the sister of his friend, Eliza Newman, and was uncertain of his suit.

In 1838 he took Anglican Orders; and on October 1, 1840, was married to the mistress of his heart, then in the radiant beauty of eighteen. At that time he was examining chaplain to the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield. This chaplaincy came to an abrupt termination by reason of an incident which showed the honesty and consistency of Allies' religious belief. He thus specifies the cause of his dismissal.

"In January, 1842, the Bishop had gone to the baptism of the Prince of Wales; and when I saw him on his return, he mentioned that the King of Prussia had been one of the godfathers. This deeply offended my church principles,—that a Prussian Protestant, who was outside the church, should be admitted as godfather. With more sincerity than prudence, I stated my scruple to the Bishop, who had been a party consenting, and who was not a little nettled at this remark of his chaplain; for he wanted, as he told me afterward, 'moderate Oxford'; but this was 'immoderate' with a vengeance. . . . A few days later the Bishop said that he proposed giving me the living of Launton, in Oxfordshire. 'I advise you to take it,' he said; 'because I can give it to you now, whereas later on I may feel unable to give you a living.' I was grievously vexed at the prospect of going into the country,

* "Thomas William Allies." By Mary H. Allies. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers. 1907.

for I greatly preferred and enjoyed my position as chaplain."

The removal to Launton was really one of the greatest blessings of his life. It gave him leisure for the study of theology,—a science of which up to that period, although a clergyman of the Church of England, he was woefully ignorant; but he was not aware of the fact. He had a living which yielded him six hundred pounds a year, independent of a delightful residence and garden. His duties were light; but, light as they were, he could not fulfil them to his satisfaction. He was too conscientious and too intellectual for the people among whom his lot had been cast. As has been said before, his was a nature not fitted or trained to deal with men, especially the British farmer, whose ignorance on every subject but that of his own *métier*—crops and cattle,—the parson found frightful; and whose religion was so much a matter of form that it did not reach his stolid soul.

It was not enough for the earnest pastor of Launton that his flock should preserve a decent outward semblance of good living: he wanted them to be vitally religious, if one may use a term which, though lame, expresses what is meant. On one occasion he was endeavoring to set before a dying parishioner the joys of heaven. "It may be very well, sir," said the old man; "but Old England for me!" Such a state of mind and such poverty of soul was inexpressibly shocking to the spiritual-minded parson.

It was in 1843 that Mr. Allies learned for the first time the custom of Catholic priests to celebrate Mass daily. It so impressed and edified him that he began a daily celebration,—which was, however, quite private, even his wife not being admitted. In 1844 he came to recognize the necessity and consolation of confession. He chose for his confessor Newman, who was still an Anglican clergyman, though already far on his way to the True Church. He found in him a spiritual father, and a relation was established between them

which continued all through the life of the great Cardinal.

Mr. Allies had gone abroad in 1843, had seen the Catholic Church flourishing and untrammelled, and his mind began to be uneasy. Some time afterward he writes from Launton Rectory: "Since my return home I have been unable to apply myself to anything. The prospects of the Church [of England] have appeared to me in the darkest view. All the arguments for our separate existence have been obscured; all those against it, vividly present. May God brace me to the vigorous discharge of daily duties, that light may spring out of this darkness!"

Newman "went over" in 1845, but his disciple was not in too great haste to follow him. Concerning this period of gloom and doubt he writes of Newman:

"Much as I had revered him, greatly as I felt I had gained from him, and though I loved him as much after he had left us as before, I did not blindly follow him. I waited for his book on 'Development'; and when it came, I fixed upon a page and a half, describing the Primacy of St. Peter and of the Popes as it was exhibited in the first three centuries. I said: 'I will test these statements. The question of the Primacy includes the whole question between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. I will follow this subject faithfully to its issue, and wherever it leads me I will go.' And I remember that I thought to myself Abraham's sacrifice of his son Isaac was certainly not greater than it would be to me to quit the Church of England. That was in October, 1845; and it cost me five years of prayer and study before the question which I had chosen to determine the controversy landed me safely on the Rock of Peter."

Catholics born to the faith can hardly imagine the struggles that an aspirant must endure before taking the final step. Mr. Allies thus depicts his own,—an experience common to thousands of others, especially clergymen, to whom it means

loss of position, companions, friends, home, and the means of a livelihood:

"The ever-increasing anxiety, the direction of all thoughts and studies to one point, the connection of the conclusion to be come to with my temporal fortunes, the welfare of my wife and children, the wish to be certain, the fear of being deceived, of being warped one way by worldly interests, or hurried another by impatience,—all these formed a trial which, to look back upon at almost a generation's distance, fills me with horror. I feel like the man who rode his horse over a bridge of boats one night, and when he saw what he had done the next day, he died of fright."

During his occasional visits to France Mr. Allies had become acquainted with M. Pierre Labbé, superior of the Petit Séminaire d'Yvetôt. This good and sympathetic priest entered into his hard struggle, smoothed his way, and always remained his devoted friend. In the month of August, 1848, Allies writes thus from Paris to his wife:

"I have but one desire on the subject which seems to have inspired your letter—namely, to know God's will and to do it; and, feeling this, all I can do is to trust you and my children and myself to Him. What is His will I do not see clearly; but I do see that time is nothing compared to eternity, and that the Way of the Cross is the King's Highway, and the only way. And if my life were always in conformity with this conviction, it would, and will, be well. And so let us trust Him, without attempting to see our way beforehand."

Having before him in France the spectacle of the Church in its full liberty, his mind was deeply impressed by it. This experience led to the publication of a book, called "A Journal in France," which elicited from his fellow-Anglicans much criticism, amounting, it might be said, to persecution. It also brought him from Newman a very touching and consistent letter, which we quote in full:

ORATORY, Alcester St.,

Birmingham, February 20, 1849.

Thank you very much, my dear Allies, for your most interesting and, if I might use the word without offence, hopeful book. It can not be but it must subserve the cause of Catholic unity, of which you must know there is but one way. You do me injustice if you think, as I half gathered from a sentence in it, that I speak contemptuously of those who now stand where I myself have stood. But persons like yourself should recollect that the reason why I left the Anglican Church was that I thought salvation was not to be found in it. This feeling could not stop there: if it led me to leave Anglicanism, it necessarily led me, and leads me, to wish others to leave it. The position of those who leave it in the only way in which I think it justifiable to leave it, is necessarily one of hostility to it. To leave it merely as a branch of the Catholic Church for another which I liked better, would have been to desert without reason the post where Providence put me.

It is impossible, then, but that a convert, if justifiable in the grounds of his conversion, must be an enemy of the communion he has left; and more intensely so than a foreigner, who knows nothing about that communion at all. Moreover, he will feel most anxious about those whom he has left in it, lest they should be receiving grace which ought to bring them into the Catholic Church, yet are in the way to quench it, and to sink into a state in which there is no hope.

Especially will he be troubled at those who put themselves forward as teachers of a system which they can not trace to any set of men or any doctor before themselves, who give up history, documents, theological authors, and maintain that it is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to deny the signs of Catholicism and divine acceptance, as a fact, in the existing bearing and action of their communion.

But of such as you, my dear Allies, I

will ever augur better things; and hope against hope, and believe the day will come when (excuse me) you will confess that you have been in a dream. And meanwhile I will not cease to say Mass for you, and all who stand where you stand, on the tenth day of every month, unless something very particular occur.

Again begging you to excuse this freedom, I am, my dear Allies,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In 1849, Allies again went abroad, in company with his friend, Mr. John H. Wynne, who later preceded him into the Church, and subsequently entered the Society of Jesus. They saw the Holy Father, who gave them a gracious reception. This time the pilgrim returned with the blessing of Pio Nono, who had also presented him with an intaglio of the *Ecce Homo*.

Early in 1850 he was engaged on a work suggested by Dr. Pusey, entitled "The Holy Eucharist." It was then that full light burst upon his soul in the following manner. He says: "Suddenly, I know not how or why, my eyes fell, in Gibson's 'Codex,' upon the act of Parliament, in Henry VIII.'s reign, transferring to the Crown the Papal Supremacy, making this act the foundation stone of the separate existence of the Church of England." None of his friends could meet his questionings with convincing arguments. Shortly before this, Monsieur Labbé had written: "Oh, if you could but know how much I desire that God would enlighten you! The light which comes from Him is so different from that which scintillates only in sparks from the discussions of men! That which comes from God is full, soft, penetrating, and above all reaches the heart. May it please Him to bestow it on you!"

That light had pierced his soul, and he did not try to extinguish it. He hesitated no longer. His wife had preceded him. Always quicker to arrive at conclusions and quicker to act upon them than her

husband, she had entered the Church four months before.

In October, 1850, with his wife and children, he left Launton Rectory, with its peaceful surroundings and beautiful gardens, for a few dingy rooms in Golden Square, London. It was the year of the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy, and converts were frowned upon in a particular manner. The friends of Allies neither rebuked nor remonstrated; they simply gave him the cold shoulder,—they knew him no more. He was at that time thirty-seven years of age.

Although he had not as yet put them to paper, says his biographer, "he had thought out volumes, of which, among others, 'The See of Peter' was the outcome. This book, and its successor, 'St. Peter: His Name and His Office,' have caused the light of faith to dawn in countless souls. How often my father received letters from persons, quite unknown to him, thanking him for bringing to them, through his pages, the gift of faith! But in 1850 he did not foresee those spiritual victories. He was no longer a teacher: he was a simple layman, without status, with great desires and aspirations, which were often damped by poverty and its attendant ills. He had come out of Anglican pastures into the back street of things Catholic; for back street it was in 1850, and one in which kindred spirits were not often born."

In Golden Square, Allies began to take pupils, a task for which he was fitted neither by nature nor training. And so he struggled on—undaunted by adversity, though often saddened by the trials and privations it engendered,—till the year 1853, when he was elected to the secretaryship of the Poor School Committee. At this time he writes:

"My trial has a little sifted. Its real force consists in living the life of a clerk, occupied mainly with petty routines, when my natural desire is to study and to write. But if it were for God's glory that I should do this latter, He could easily bring it

about. As it is, every day brings with it a sacrifice of my will to His. And what is any outward work compared to this inward one! . . . Life in its course is far other than we should have chosen for ourselves; but thus are we led 'up by this thwarting outward world to God.' At seven and twenty, worldly honor and official rank seemed to open upon me as an Anglican bishop's chaplain; at seven and thirty, all seemed sacrificed to becoming a Catholic; and now at forty I have started afresh as a species of clerk in a city office. What is this, O Lord, to Thy shed at Nazareth! How proud am I to shrink from a scratch of the nails which pierced Thy hands and feet!"

Here is humility; here is real sacrifice, with true conformity to whatever the divine will may ordain in his regard. And yet human nature will cry out now and again, as revealed in his Journal, wherein is related his interior sufferings and dependency.

"I have had a novena of the children for my intention—that I might have confidence in God; for this has been the great trial of these four years. I have suffered intensely from anxiety; and suffering has brought with it no sensible consolation. Again and again I have put myself in the hands of God, and recalled to my thought how it was necessary that Christ should suffer these things, and so enter into His glory; how our Blessed Lady and the Apostles suffered; how St. Teresa, with all the saints, asked for suffering; and yet my foolish spirit shrinks back from the cross. The intellect sees so clearly, yet the heart rebels. It is especially the sight of my children, and the thought of their futurity, which has in the last month so come upon me."

About this period he writes as follows: "Nothing can be more regular than my life. It is like clockwork. Every day in John Street, and scarcely ever going out. Few friends care to invite those who can not invite in return; and certainly English Catholics are no

exception to this rule. There is very little society in England that I care about, because I have so seldom found any interchange of thought in society here. People are exhausted with their day's work; and the temper of the people is too material to enjoy society as an arena for intellectual conflict, like the French and others. How very rare is a good converser in English! Now, without this, society is to me duller than the dullest ditch water, and I had rather a thousand times converse with the dead or the living in their writings than have to go through with a heavy dinner and the commonplaces of society. . . .

"Still, I should like to know something more of what London contains, from actual experience, than I do know. As it is, I scarcely ever do go out without regret, the society not being that which is congenial to me. So it has been all my life through, save in a few excursions abroad. My malady is that I have a mind and education above my station. I can trace distinctly the influence of Eton on the whole character of my thoughts. If I valued birth, wealth, and station for anything, it would be for the power of choosing one's associates. After all, it is as well as it is. *Carior est illi homo quam sibi*; a truth I have often had to recognize."

The situation of Allies at this time was similar to that of many another convert, especially from Anglicanism. The gift of faith, in nine cases out of ten, is accompanied by renunciations and sacrifices, the extent and torture of which a Catholic to the manner born can hardly understand.

(Conclusion next week.)

PRAYERS would oftener be answered if those who address themselves to the Almighty could pray thus with Saint Bernard: *Domine, audivi te vocantem me; nunc exaudi me invocantem te.*—"Lord, I have heard Thee calling me: now do Thou hear me invoking Thee."

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XIX.

A FEW days later Brian Cardew left Rosapenna. His interest in the place was gone. Certain though he was that some day, and perhaps before very long, he would discover Mave Galagher, he felt heavy-hearted and disappointed. The beautiful bays, the heather-grown hills, the mountains and grassy dunes that he had longed so much to see again, looked sad and lonely to him now. He felt duller and more alone than he had ever felt in his life. Pressing invitations came to him from Slievenagh House,—invitations to dinner, invitations to lunch and tea, and finally an invitation to pay a long visit there, and explore the country with Monica and her mother. Greatly astonished, he refused them all. Nothing would induce him to set his foot inside Philip Darien's house. And for this Mrs. Devereux applauded him. The sudden change in her son-in-law's attitude toward Brian gave her a shock, and she asked herself what it meant.

"The idea is not Philip's," she told herself, wonderingly. "If it were, I should advise Brian to come. But I suspect a plot of Davy Lindo's hatching; and, please God, the dear lad shall not fall into his clutches, if I can prevent it."

To Marjory, her father's sudden change of front, though a surprise, was a joy. And the thought that Brian would soon be in the house, going and coming among them as in the happy days at the flat, thrilled her with delight. But, alas! her happiness was short-lived. Brian's continued refusal to come near her father's house pained her deeply; and then the announcement that he had left Rosapenna seemed a blow to all her hopes.

"Something has happened,—some one has warned him off, told him lies!" she cried, wringing her hands and sobbing

in broken-hearted misery. "Oh, why are we surrounded, tortured by these men? Brian came, I do believe—and grandmother thinks so too—for love of me; but he has been sent away by Davy Lindo. The invitations—poor father was ordered to send them, I'm sure—were but a trick to blind mother and me to the real state of things. How long will this go on? How long shall I be able to bear this life of torture and misery? If I were really, deep down in my heart, sure that Brian loved me, I" (her sad face lighting up with sudden joy) "could struggle, endure anything, and hope on. But, alas!" (growing pale and dejected once more) "I am full of doubt,—miserable doubt and uncertainty. Had he cared, he would have come in spite of everything. And he is gone. Oh, what I'd give to get away, to be free! But duty binds me here. I dare not, could not leave my darling mother. And yet—and yet! Ah, if something would happen to take us both from here. I'd rejoice, be almost wild with joy! But, alas! nothing will happen—unless—but that I'll never do. Among them they may kill me, but I'll never, never marry that man Trelawny."

The days passed over sadly, slowly, wretchedly. For her daughter's sake, Mrs. Devereux prolonged her visit at Slievenagh House. Monica had grown strangely silent; and, though restless, and suffering from habitual nervous excitement, she said but little, and rarely complained of anything. Her mother's presence, however, was a comfort to her; and knowing that, the kind-hearted woman still lingered on, anything but happy, and longing to get back to her own peaceful home, where Brian was awaiting her with considerable impatience.

Marjory lived in dread of her grandmother's departure. Bad as things were always, they were ten times worse when she was not there. To her, the girl could unburthen her soul, grumble and find fault. To her, above all, she could talk of Brian, from her hear news of him, and so follow

everything that he was doing. Then, Mrs. Devereux's presence, the knowledge that she was with her poor ailing mother, was a boon, and left the girl free to take long walks, and wander for hours at a time round the lovely country, without anxiety or remorse of conscience.

One beautiful morning in September, having installed her mother and grandmother in her own pretty boudoir looking out on the bay, with a goodly supply of books and work, Marjory set out for a walk, meaning to go only a short way, and then return to write some letters for the afternoon post. But the air was so pleasant and invigorating, the heather on the hills so exquisite a purple, the sky so cloudless a blue, that her spirits rose, and, forgetting time and distance, she went briskly on till, to her surprise, she found herself in the pretty village of Carrigart. She stood still and looked up and down the quiet road.

"It's not far to the church," she said to herself; "so I'll go on. A few moments before the altar will give me courage and strength, and indeed I want both badly."

Her prayer ended, Marjory walked lightly and briskly down the hill again, thinking that she must really hurry, or her mother and grandmother would begin to be uneasy. She had been so very long away, and they would be wondering what had become of her.

"They'll think, I hope, that the beauty of the day has beguiled me, as indeed it has, as well as the loveliness of the scenery. With a peaceful mind and a happy heart, truly this beautiful country would be an earthly paradise. But without these two essentials, place, or anything, matters very little."

Nevertheless, the fresh breeze from the bay, and the exercise, had brought more comfort to her heavy heart than she was aware of; and there was a bright color in her cheeks, an expression of peace in her beautiful eyes, as she walked quickly on.

Suddenly toward her, at a swinging pace, came a young man, his tall athletic figure,

long frock-coat, and silk hat making him a somewhat remarkable personage in the wilds of Donegal.

"Some one from the hotel," Marjory said, with a smile. "But how funny!"

The stranger sprang forward, smiling and holding out his hand.

"Miss Darien! You are surprised, I know; but—"

"Mr. Devereux! Yes," the girl replied, flushing, her eyes full of pleasure, "I am surprised. I had no idea you were here."

"I have only arrived,—at least, that is I came last night," he said a little nervously. "I hoped to find Brian Cardew at the hotel, but he is gone."

"Yes, he is gone," said Marjory; "and I suppose you will soon follow him. Rosapenna is not a particularly lively spot."

"Perhaps not. I have not thought about it. My idea was—is—that I'd like to see Slievenagh House. You see, after all, I am a Devereux, and take an interest in the old family place, Miss Darien."

"Of course you do. And please remember we are cousins of a sort, and call me Marjory. It will be more friendly."

He looked delighted, and his handsome face grew bright.

"Much more so. And you will call me Frank, Marjory?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered carelessly. "Indeed I thought I did so in London."

"I don't think so. I often wished you would."

"It's a simple thing and natural, since we are related," she said lightly. "I always think of you as Frank, anyway. And now I hope you'll come to Slievenagh House. My mother and grandmother, as you know, will be more than charmed to see you."

"I was going to call on Mrs. Darien," he replied, with a smile. "Hence my frock-coat, tall hat, and so forth. It struck me as a little incongruous, as I walked along; but I thought it right to don them for a first visit."

Marjory laughed.

"Pray come in your flannels. We are

not ceremonious people; quite the reverse. And we might play a game of tennis. We have a good court, I'm glad to say."

"How delightful! When may I come?" he asked, reddening with pleasure.

"This afternoon, if you like."

"Like? You have no idea how pleased I shall be."

Marjory sighed.

"You'll find us dull folk, I fear. But the old house is nice."

"I'm sure it is. And—and—" he stammered—"where you are, Marjory, no one is likely to be dull."

She looked at him with a straight, unembarrassed glance; then laughed somewhat bitterly.

"I'm not what I was in London. There's always a shadow over me at home."

"I heard something of that from Brian Cardew," he said, in a low, pained voice. "But—you'll have to get away,—leave it all, Marjory."

"Would that I could!" she answered gravely. "At present, however, I see no way of doing so. And now *au revoir!* I wish I could ask you to lunch, but—well, we're not always free to do just what we like, mother and I, as you will see before long."

And, smiling a little sadly, she passed away from him, down the road.

XX.

Davy Lindo sat astride a wide-seated, leather-covered Chippendale chair in Philip Darien's private sitting-room. Into this sanctum neither wife, daughter nor mother-in-law dared to penetrate uninvited; but Davy was quite at home there. At all hours of the day and evening, he strolled in and out, more at his ease than the master of the house. He, poor man, on entering the room, invariably glanced nervously round with an anxious, hunted look, hoping that his always unwelcome visitor had not yet arrived; whilst Davy, certain that no matter how objectionable his boisterous noise might be, no one would find fault with or abuse

him, strode in, singing or whistling, his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head. Not a soul in that house, he knew, dared say him 'Nay.' His will ruled its inmates, and, unless something very unforeseen occurred, it would continue to rule them for many years to come.

As he sat straddle-legged upon the finely carved but substantial old chair, this beautiful September morning, his big, broad feet in their rough hobnailed boots scarcely touching the ground at either side, there was a gleam of mischief, self-complacency, and wicked enjoyment in his bleary grey eyes, as he watched Philip stretched listlessly on a low couch, and smoked his well-used pipe.

"Oh, don't be doing the affectionate father!" he said, puffing the smoke up to the ceiling. "The part doesn't suit you, and means nothing. What does it matter to you whom the girl marries?"

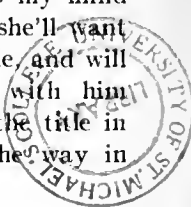
Philip Darien writhed with pain. He ground his teeth and clenched his fists, his heart full of bitterness, words that he did not dare to utter hovering on his lips.

"It's nothing but pure cussedness makes you put Trelawny off the way you do," Davy went on, with a chuckle. "He's a fine man, a bit old, but tall and well set-up. And, then, remember, he knows all. That—"

"Of course," replied Darien, white to the lips. "And, as you say" (a nervous smile twisting up his careworn countenance), "he is a fine man. But you go too fast, Davy; you jump too quickly at conclusions. Marjory will soon—some day—see Trelawny's good qualities, and she does not want to marry Frank Devereux."

Davy sniggered, and shook the ashes from his pipe.

"As far as you know, but to my mind it's a foregone conclusion that she'll want to do so. He's young, handsome, and will be a baronet. Her marriage with him would unite the property and the title in the right and proper way,—the way in



which it would be now had not Hugh Devereux been—”

“Stop!—for God’s sake stop!” Darien cried, his face livid, his eyes wild. “Let me—let me forget.”

“Pooh! What a bundle of nerves you are! Man alive, ancient history like that shouldn’t worry you,—above all” (with a grim smile) “history that brought you wealth, happiness, and—”

“The agony of the damned!” Darien muttered. “Consumed night and day by the terror of discovery, pursued and hurtled by you and Trelawny, blackmailed and wretched, of what value is wealth?”

“Well, give it all up,” Davy grunted. “Nothing is easier. You can’t bring Hugh back to life, but there’s his daughter. We’ll soon find her, in spite of that big priest’s precautions in keeping her address a secret. You can resign in her favor,—pay the penalty of—”

“You’d suffer too. You’d have to pay.”

“Of course. No need for you to tell me that” (cheerily). “But I’ve not feathered my nest badly. I’ve been careful and put away many a thousand, old man; and at the first sound of danger I’m off. There’s no fear of Davy Lindo being caught, or friend Trelawny either.”

“Cowards!” hissed Darien, falling back limp and inert in his chair. “Having sucked my blood, you’d leave me to bear—everything alone?”

“If the worst came to the worst” (coolly), “there’s no doubt we’d think of ourselves. But cheer up! So long as we hang together, and you take our advice, obey—”

Darien uttered a deep, hoarse groan.

“Shall I never shake you off,—never be left in peace?”

Davy’s scornful laugh filled the room; then, taking his tobacco pouch from his pocket, he proceeded calmly and smilingly to refill his pipe.

“My dear weak-kneed, half-hearted villain,” he remarked presently, “without us you’d never have been where you are. The bargain made at the first, when yo-

wanted our help, was that you were to give us money as we asked for it; that I should be allowed to live near and be your friend; and that, as you are somewhat easy-going and inclined to forget those who have rendered you services, I was to jog your memory, watch over your conduct, tell you whom you were to receive and whom not to receive within the precincts of your home.”

“And I have kept those conditions till my life has become a hell. God help me, I have fallen into the hands of devils!”

“If a man commits a crime, he must take the consequences.” (Davy quietly struck a match.) “But you haven’t the courage of a rat. You’d be quite ready to enjoy Hugh Devereux’s money and—”

Darien threw up his hands and shivered all over.

“Enough! What do you want me to do now?”

“Send Devereux away. Make any excuse you like, but get him out of this.”

“He is going soon. Let my poor Marjory be happy for a day or so longer.”

“No. Then the mischief will be done. Your wife smiles upon him. It is easily seen she would like to marry the young people. She’d rejoice to see the Devereuxs reigning once more at Slievenagh House. Then Marjory is a girl with a will and temper. If she came to love him, it would be hard work to make her give him up. So send him off; and lose no time in preparing the haughty young beauty to engage herself to Trelawny, whose wife she’ll have to be before the year is out.”

“And if she refuses again?”

“Then you’ll have to find the way to bend her will. If you don’t—bah!” he cried, shrugging his shoulders. “Why waste words? It’s got to be done.”

“Marjory’s marriage with Devereux would secure my child’s future,” Darien muttered. “If the worst happened, she would be all right. And sometimes I feel—”

Davy seized his arm and shook him violently.

"Don't be a fool and deceive yourself in such a way! The moment Marjory Darien engages herself to marry Frank Devereux, or any other man but Trelawny, the whole thing is blown; the story of Hugh's death is made known and—"

Darien staggered to his feet and glared at his tormentor. For one brief second his eyes blazed.

"My child's life and happiness come before—" he began firmly. Then he suddenly cowered and slunk backward, weak and trembling, as he met Davy's fierce and threatening glance.

With a derisive laugh, Lindo flung him from him.

"Don't fret. Friend Trelawny will make the dear girl happy. And this Devereux must be gone before to-morrow, or—well, some strong measures will have to be taken by me to get rid of him. Ta-ta!" And, opening the door, he strode out of the room, singing lustily.

Philip Darien threw himself face downward on the sofa.

"The price of my crime is a high one," he muttered; "sometimes more than I can bear. And—and had I the courage, Davy Lindo's tyranny would soon be ended. But—for greed, the love of wealth, position, luxury, I did a thing that makes me tremble at the very name of God. And what have I gained by it? Nothing that counts. Everything is black, bitter as gall. I am a slave,—tortured, tormented, allowed neither peace nor rest; in the hands of two men who would betray, hound me on to justice if I were not obedient to them, doing all they command. If I dared but fly, give up the fortune that makes me of value in their eyes, I might find peace. But that would not" (shuddering) "avail me. Worse would come. Prison, perhaps the gallows. No, I could not face that. And so, I must wreck my dear child's happiness, bring sorrow and pain and sadness into her life. That indeed is the cruellest thing of all. Oh, if only—only I could escape doing that!"

He slowly dragged himself to his feet, and, after a few moments' deliberation, opened his bureau, took out a glass and a bottle of brandy.

"This," he said, swallowing a tumblerful at a draught, and filling it to the brim again, "will give me nerve and courage. Without it I could never say half the things I'll have to say to Marjory and Frank Devereux. With it I'll speak well; my language will be both forcible and effective."

(To be continued.)

Let Us be Tolerant as well as Orthodox.

IF, as many observant men are of opinion, we are at the beginning, or at least on the threshold, of a conflict between the Christian and the anti-Christian spirit which will be both deep and bitter, it is hard to understand why any open-minded Catholic should not welcome, from whatever source they may come, refutations of atheism, defences of Christian doctrine, and pleas for the safeguarding of Christian morality. Our civilization being Christian, it is natural that there should be defenders of it on all sides; and when they write in a good spirit, they certainly deserve recognition and encouragement. One ought to be tolerant of errors found in any book from a non-Catholic pen the main purpose of which is to uphold Christian principles and morality. And there are many such books, which must do a world of good among outsiders, preserving fragments of Christianity to thousands who in all probability will never possess more.

It ought not to be necessary to inform any reader of this magazine that when we quote a non-Catholic author with approval we do not mean to sanction all that he has written, or that in praising his defence of some truth of religion we condone all his errors. Concluding his learned work in refutation of atheism, Calvinism, and many other isms with which the vast majority of people in **this**

country are affected, Dr. Bledsoe, professor of mathematics and astronomy in the University of Mississippi, wrote:

We have honestly endeavored to construct a Theodicy, or to vindicate the divine glory as manifested in the constitution and government of the moral world. We have endeavored to reconcile the great fundamental doctrines of God and man with each other, as well as with the eternal principles of truth. It has likewise been our earnest aim to evince the harmony of the divine attributes among themselves, as well as their agreement with the condition of the universe. In one word, we have aimed to repel the objections and solve the difficulties which have been permitted to obscure the glory of the Divine Being,—whether those difficulties and objections have seemed to proceed from the false philosophy of His enemies, or the mistaken views and misguided zeal of His friends. How far we have succeeded in this attempt, no less arduous than laudable, it is not for us to determine. We shall, therefore, respectfully submit the determination of this point to the calm and impartial judgment of those who may possess both the desire and the capacity to think for themselves.

To our mind, these words reveal an admirable spirit; and when quoting others it never occurred to us to look for errors in the work. Who is there that rejects a piece of amber because an insect happens to be embedded in it? Hatred of heresy is a good thing; and "heresy-hunting," as it is called, is a commendable occupation, when it is not an exclusive one, as in the case of some persons there is danger of its becoming. It was a lesson in tolerance to us, whether needed or not, to receive in the same mail letters from two theologians—one would be classed as advanced, the other as belated,—in which the same work of a Protestant author was praised for its fairness toward the Church and denounced on account of certain opinions which, however, neither of our correspondents would take upon himself to pronounce heretical.

American Catholics may indeed be lacking in hatred of heresy, but we praise them for their toleration of the erring who are not wilful, and their commiseration of ignorance which is invincible.

Notes and Remarks.

We have felt that it would be quite useless to present our readers with a translation of the new Encyclical, *De Modernistarum Doctrinis*, or even to enter into any descriptive summary of it. It is a document of unusual length, and the number of persons in English-speaking countries infected with the errors which it exposes and condemns is comparatively small. The letter is divided into three parts, the first of which is an analysis of modernist teaching; the second, an investigation of the causes which have engendered it and fostered its growth; the third, an explanation of the remedies to be applied to "so deep a sore." The object of the Encyclical, in a word, is to defend the fundamental principles of Christianity "for the salvation of all who believe." Anticipating that the adversaries of the Church would take occasion of this fresh condemnation of current religious errors to repeat the old calumny that the Church is the enemy of science and of the progress of humanity, the Holy Father writes in conclusion: "In order to oppose a new answer to such accusations, which the history of the Christian religion refutes by never-failing arguments, it is our intention to establish and develop by every means in our power a special institute in which, through the co-operation of those Catholics who are most eminent for their learning, the progress of science and other realms of knowledge may be promoted under the guidance and teaching of Catholic truth."

* * *

Considering that this latest Encyclical of the Holy Father is simply a defence of Christianity against errors which are fundamentally opposed to it, the attitude of Protestants in this country, who condemn Pius X. as a reactionary, and deride his words as "the expiring groans of Ultramontanism," can be explained only by their prejudice against the Church and their uncontrollable opposition to its

august head. The inconsistency of the secular press is amazing. It sneers, covertly of course, at the uncompromising attitude of the Pope of Rome; yet refers with seeming admiration to the "strong stand" taken by the Bishop of London when, at the recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, he declared that the future lies with no church which sinks to what is called "the new theology," and that "what we must beware of on both sides of the Atlantic is losing the power of our message by trying to make it easier to be believed."

Down in Alabama, it appears, there exist in some public schools supplemental courses in which the Bible is taught, and in a number of cases pupils have been punished for not studying the book. State Superintendent Gunnells, according to a dispatch in the *New York Sun*, says "he will not order the practice stopped; that it has grown up with, and seems to be almost a part of, the public school system; and that he will not interfere so long as the courts do not force him to do so."

In that case, the sooner the courts apply the requisite force, the better. If there is one characteristic of the educational system of this country that has been insisted upon time and time again by its upholders and defenders, it is precisely the undenominationalism, the non-sectarianism of the public schools. The Alabama practice is in direct contravention of this fundamental idea. It is bad enough, in all conscience, that Catholics should be obliged, apart from maintaining their own parochial schools, to contribute to the support of the purely secular instruction of non-Catholic children; to ask them to contribute toward the distinctively Protestant training of such children is so preposterous an injustice that one must be wilfully blind not to see it. As with Catholics, so with Jews and agnostics. They all have every right to protest against this practice. By all

means let State Superintendent Gunnells, and those who think with him, have the Bible taught to and studied by their children; but let it be taught and studied in schools provided by themselves, not by the State. We Catholics pay for the privilege of teaching our religion to our young folk; let every other religious body go and do likewise.

Discriminating readers in other archdioceses than Philadelphia will recognize the opportuneness of this word of warning uttered by the *Catholic Standard and Times*:

From time to time attempts of an artful and insidious kind are made by unscrupulous persons to impose on the credulity of some of our Catholic people by representations of an unwarranted kind as to the spiritual benefits that may be obtained by forwarding some merely business enterprise. It is the duty of pastors everywhere to put their flocks on their guard against such wolves in sheep's clothing. A case in point lately arose in this archdiocese, both in the city and the outlying parishes; and the attention of various pastors has had to be directed to the evil in order to put a stop to it. . . . No sordid interests can be allowed to deceive the dispensers of the holy things of which the Church is the custodian. Her sacraments must not be given for the purpose of promoting industrial or commercial projects which have no connection with the glory of God or the spread of His Church on earth, or the pure spirit of charity in the succor of the afflicted, the widowed, and the orphaned.

The impossibility of serving God and Mammon was long ago pointed out: any prostitution of the things of God to the service of Mammon is an infamy.

A recent Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of Caracas and Venezuela deals comprehensively and adequately with the perennially timely subject of Masonry. The following paragraph is world-wide in its applicability:

Do not, therefore, be deceived, nor allow yourselves to be deceived. It is impossible to be a Mason and a Catholic at one and the same time. The Mason is formally cut off from the Church; such is the import of the excommunication which he bears with him. It is of no

account that many among them declare that they are Catholics though Masons, because the Church is ignorant of the true principles of Freemasonry; this Pastoral points out clearly to you that the Church has never been mistaken concerning the character and nature of that association, as it is never mistaken in whatever appertains to the exercise of its divine mission. Private judgment can not determine who is of the Church and who is not; this is a judgment that alone belongs to the divine authority of that very Church, and this judgment is unconditionally ratified by God in heaven.

The good faith which undoubtedly existed in many Freemasons, who, when compelled to make the abjuration exacted by their confessor at the hour of death, usually replied, "I have not found any evil in Masonry," is no longer now possible.

So far as Catholics in this country are concerned, we find it difficult to believe that any considerable number of them are ignorant that Freemasonry is a prohibited society, and that to become a member thereof is simply an act of apostasy. The purely social or benevolent action of such and such lodges does not affect the main point at all. The Church has a perfect right to declare who shall and shall not constitute her membership. She debar Masons from that privilege; hence the Catholic who joins said society ceases, by that very act, to belong to the Church.

Although it is quite possible that President Roosevelt may never be dead long enough to be regarded as a statesman, he will doubtless go down in history as the greatest politician of the century. His bitterest enemies must admire, among other striking qualities, his versatility,—the ease with which he ascends to high planes or descends to the level of "the boys." One can not help being out of temper with the President sometimes; but one's regard for him is always in some measure restored on reading his speeches, so many of which embody sound principles, enunciated in a way to indicate sincerity on his part, and to carry conviction to his hearers.

Everyone is familiar with the compar-

ison of the mule carrying bullion on his back and subsisting on chaff himself. President Roosevelt has been likened to the mule oftener, at least of late, than the burden of his speeches has been characterized as golden. Only the more prejudiced, however, have derided the one made during his visit to St. Louis, in the course of which he said, among other really good things: "It is my contention that the moral tone of the country is far more important than its material prosperity. In fact, it is the foundation of which commercial prosperity is the superstructure. The way of living a decent and clean life is by practising what we preach on Sundays. The only worth of our ideals of a clean life is in the fact that our ideals may be squared with our deeds."

There are so many extremists among the otherwise excellent people who are valiantly fighting the demon of drink that an occasional authoritative word, such as the following from Cardinal Gibbons, is advisable in order to avoid misrepresenting the true Catholic attitude on the question.

"The Church," says his Eminence, "is not fanatical on the subject of liquor, but teaches moderation. Her path is not one of rigor nor yet of laxity, but the middle course—the golden mean. The use of liquor in moderation is not to be condemned; but if there is danger of abuse, then it should not be used at all."

When asked about the efforts of those who advocate total abstinence, the Cardinal declared that their work was worthy of praise. "But," he said, "we must take men as they are, and a moderate use of liquor has never been condemned by the Church."

The Englishman who sees anything good in the administration of the Congo Free State is apparently a *persona non grata* to the English press and public, or at least to a notable portion thereof. Savage Landor, one would imagine, is a

sufficiently celebrated explorer and traveller to entitle his opinion upon countries which he has visited to some little weight; but opinions that don't suit John Bull are not exploited with any remarkable strenuousness. For instance, Mr. Landor, in a lecture before the Royal Institution of London, said, among other things:

I shall not go into the controversy about the Congo Free State. As I have actually been on the spot, it may be found, perhaps, that my words have not the same weight as the assertions of those writers who know nothing about the country. All that I can say about the Belgian Congo is that the most perfect order reigns there; that the natives are perfectly happy and well treated; that the country, far from having been ravaged, has been considerably developed, thanks to the construction of roads and to the organization of immense rubber plantations; thanks also to the extensive cultivation of rice, millet, Indian corn, etc.,—all the supplies which the native likes to receive in payment for the rubber he brings in, instead of money, which would hardly be of any use to him. . . . The majority of the assertions commonly made on the subject of that country are grossly exaggerated if not altogether unfounded. But I am not a politician, and I testify only to that which I have seen.

In its report of the lecture, the following day, the *London Times*' sole reference to the foregoing was: "Mr. Landor also visited the Congo State." Comment would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

In the current *Missionary* we find an interesting letter from a converted freethinker, who writes of the specific literature that is likely to be effective in a propaganda to his recent comrades. Here is a suggestive passage:

I do believe—yea, I know—that there is literature which was never intended for propaganda, which does turn one's thought, sympathetically, toward the claims of the Church, without one's at first knowing it. This may be a fancy on my part. I refer to the fiction and poetry of Catholic-minded men.

As to fiction in particular, we opine that novels in which Catholic life is frankly, realistically presented, with no sentimental goody-goodyism on the one hand, and no studied suppression of

religious tone on the other, are most likely to impress freethinkers, as well as other non-Catholics, with the beauty and sweet reasonableness of Mother Church. If the most effective missionary work in any given neighborhood is that done by the daily example of the consistent, practical Catholic, then the artistic literary presentation of such a life must in its measure also be effective. It is about time that some of our Catholic novelists should put away the assumption that it is bad form, when writing of Catholic characters, to mention daily prayer, the Mass, the Sacraments, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and similar topics. As a matter of fact, it is bad form, and worse art, *not* to mention them.

As a general rule, mixed marriages turn out unhappily. While the Catholic party to such a union may flatter himself—or, more frequently perhaps, herself—that the non-Catholic partner will eventually become a convert, experience proves that only too often the Church, instead of gaining a new recruit, loses an old one. Where conversion of the non-Catholic does take place, it is safe to assert that the Catholicity of the partner has been of the thoroughly practical, not to say unusually fervent, kind. Thus the *Catholic Universe*, noting the entrance into the Church of a prominent Cleveland lawyer, adds: "Mr. Russell is the son of a Congregational minister, the Rev. William Russell. His wife and two daughters are fervent Catholics; and their example, and his long study of the doctrines of the Catholic Church and his long admiration of its uncompromising consistency, led him finally to embrace the faith."

Study of Catholic doctrine is good; but we venture to say that, without the example of his fervent wife and daughters, Mr. Russell would still be without the fold. One moral is that only an exceptionally staunch and devout Catholic can afford to make a mixed marriage.

Notable New Books.

Madame Louise de France. By Leon de la Briere. Translated by Meta and Mary Brown. Kegan Paul & Co.; Benziger Brothers.

The charming Princess Louise, as pictured by Nattier, seems fitted for the exquisitely ornamented and luxuriously appointed rooms of the palace at Versailles, but not for the cell of a Carmelite convent; yet the records tell us that her room in the monastery contained "a straw-seated chair, a bench of white wood used as a table for devotional books, a holy water font, a cross, three paper pictures, a candlestick, an earthenware pitcher, a heather broom, a sandglass to measure time, and a pallet." The story of Madame Louise's life is intensely interesting in the present version. The setting, in itself, has an attraction; but it is the heroine of the cloister who is the centre of interest, and one follows eagerly the daughter of Louis XV. as she walks along Carmel's hidden ways. Sister Teresa of St. Augustine was of a royal line, and when she gave herself to religion she gave royally. Her influence on the court, her relations with her fellow-religious, her fervor and perseverance,—all have a fascination that holds the reader.

A translation is seldom fully satisfactory from the point of view of style; but a certain French atmosphere about this book seems not to detract from its value, for the action of the story could be worked out as it was nowhere but in France.

St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland. By the Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A. Browne & Nolan.

"The only Life of St. Brigid that has any claim to be regarded as complete," is the appreciative estimate placed on this volume by Bishop Foley, of Kildare and Leighlin, who writes its introduction. Complete or otherwise, the Life will assuredly be read with no small amount of pleasure and profit by the innumerable Celtic clients of her whom the voice of the Irish nation long ago proclaimed to be "the Mary of the Gael." Father Knowles comments on the opportuneness of the present time for the publication of the book; and its appearance is indeed timely in a twofold sense. In the first place, the Order of St. Brigid celebrates, this year, the centenary of its foundation; and, in the second, the Gaelic League and kindred organizations have very considerably stimulated, of late years, the traditional taste of the Irish reading public for works treating of their religious and national history.

Ordinary readers will be rather pleased than otherwise to find that the author is not so

ruthless a higher critic as to reject all the beautiful legends that have been woven around the life of Ireland's Patroness. Those which he gives have, however, been selected from the most reliable and authentic sources. In this connection, it is worth while to quote the pertinent remark of the noted Irish hagiologist, Canon O'Hanlon. "The truly religious and disciplined spirit of an enlightened and a pious Christian will not too readily reject the various interesting legends contained in the acts of our national saints, when he is free to receive them on the weight, or set them in abeyance on the want, of sustaining evidence. Many sceptical or over-fastidious critics undervalue the force of popular traditions, and regard such attested miracles as incredible or legendary; but, while those persons desire to remove the cockle from the field of Irish hagiology, they possibly incur some risk, at the same time, of rooting up good seed with the tares."

The Life of St. Brigid is an excellent book, well worth its place in the library of every Irishman, or Irishman's descendant.

The History of the Society of Jesus in North America—Colonial and Federal. By Thomas Hughes, S. J. Vol. I. From the first Colonization till 1645. The Burrows Brothers Co.

The patient research of modern scholars is bringing to light a large and rapidly increasing body of important historical data, of which historians of a generation or two ago knew nothing. Much of this new material bears upon the history of the Church in the United States. Much of it, too, has to do with the early Jesuit explorers and missionaries. Comparatively little, however, has been done up to the present in the way of opening up the collections of historical material in the archives of the Society of Jesus in Europe. It is from this latter source that the data for the present work have been largely drawn.

"The History of the Society of Jesus in North America" is to consist of two volumes,—one comprising the historical narrative, or the history proper, and the other containing the main historical documents upon which the text of the narrative is based. The volume before us, for instance, describes the work of the Jesuits in the Maryland Colony, from its foundation down to the year 1645. Preliminary to the narrative, and as an introduction to the whole work, there is a chapter of one hundred and twenty-nine pages, comprising a sketch of the sources drawn upon, and a history of the archives and literature.

The accompanying volume of documents, which is still to appear, will contain, among other features, a series of hitherto unpublished

letters, or extracts of letters, of the Superiors-General of the Society including every known reference made by them to English America between the years 1633 and 1744.

In the narrative portion of the volume before us, the interest naturally centers about the Lords Baltimore and their relations with the Jesuits, especially about Cecilius, who was the Lord Proprietor during the critical early years of the Colony's existence. The legislation and administrative policy which implanted the principle of religious toleration on the soil of the New World makes up a glorious page in the annals of Maryland, and to the second Lord Baltimore has usually been accorded a large share of the credit for this result. To those who have entertained this view, and to Catholics especially, it will probably come as an unpleasant surprise to be informed by the author that Cecilius Calvert merely "posed as a Catholic"; and that "his policy went even beyond what Englishmen have considered the extremely predacious operations of the French Revolution in 1789." The author is careful, however, to entrench himself, all through his treatment of this question, behind original documentary evidence; the numerous long quotations from which, in archaic spelling, will be apt, by the way, to render the text somewhat difficult for the average reader to follow.

From a purely historical point of view, it is to be regretted that the tone adopted is such that the reader is scarcely ever allowed to forget that the author is a member of the religious Society with which Lord Baltimore was at enmity, and in respect to which he was undoubtedly guilty of acts which it is impossible to reconcile with either canon or civil law, or even plain principles of right and justice. It must be remembered, however, that the exigencies of the times, and his precarious tenure of proprietary rights and power, had much to do with furnishing motives for Baltimore's conduct and public acts; and this fact suggests for certain of his administrative doings a line of defence which, while incapable, of course, of turning wrong into right, would be apt to result, fairly enough, in toning down considerably the rather extreme view of the unfavorable side of his character which the author adopts, and which he seeks, by all the evidence at his command, to enforce upon the reader.

It is more than likely that opinions will continue to differ in regard to the character and motives of the second of the Barons of Baltimore; but there can be no question of the value of Father Hughes' work. "The History of the Jesuits in North America" bids fair to rank as the most important contribution to American

history in many years, not only because it furnishes a large supply of new historical materials which have hitherto been practically inaccessible, but also by reason of the transcendent importance and interest of the questions upon which this new mine of documentary evidence bears.

The Tents of Wickedness. By Miriam Coles Harris. D. Appleton & Co.

The jaded novel-reader who is fortunate enough to meet with this latest work of the author of "Rutledge" will not have read many pages of it without drawing a sigh of relief, and exclaiming, 'Clever and uncommonplace!' But the book is more than that: it is wholesome as well as bright, and of absorbing interest, though off the beaten track of current fiction. It is a novel to be recommended,—a book out of which every reader will get some good, and for which the most indifferent will be grateful. It is the story of the trials and temptations of a motherless young girl who was suddenly transported from a convent school in Paris, where twelve years of her life had been passed, to her father's establishment in New York, where, from the very start, the worst forms of worldliness confront her. (We could wish that she had been spared one pain—that of hearing some remarks made by the creature she was forced to regard as her stepmother, on the day of the arrival from Dakota.)

No serious reader will miss the aim of this story, and it is pleasant to think that it will dwell in the memory of many when most novels have faded from it. The characters are "to the life." We have all met men like Leonard Courtney, of whom it is said: "His smile must have been pleasant before he had smiled so much and at such bad things." And there are many persons like the artist "who wrote as well as painted, and who had money enough to do anything he liked, and who consequently did nothing well." Mrs. Harris has used her best pen in depicting the clergy. The confessor who counsels Leonora to let her light shine, without trying to make it shine; the Rev. Davidge, Father McMillan, and Mr. Williams are living figures. It is impossible to follow the latter's painful path without lively sympathy. His sweet old Quaker mother and his sister Sarah—who isn't sweet, though very churchly—are masterpiece.

Mrs. Harris is to be sincerely congratulated on the production of this book, which should have many readers and be welcomed wherever worthless or vicious fiction is shunned. Critics will doubtless claim for the author of "The Tents of Wickedness" a higher place than that allotted to her for the best of her other books



The Merry Chipmunk.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.



NE can not be on intimate terms with all the little brothers and sisters in feathers and fur. They are much too large a family, to begin with. One would never get through one's visiting list if all the clan were included. Then some of them are so shy and retiring they would be "not at home" to your advances. But there are some of the feathered and furred relations who really like the society of their big brother, Man. They prefer to make their homes near his tilled fields and orchards. Indeed some of them like his house, his chimney, or even his porch. Nobody ever heard of a robin in the wilds.

And there is the merry chipmunk. While he doesn't really care about a town garden, he likes a sort of half cultivation. The stone fence at the edge of a brush lot is his ideal of a home. You may see him almost any bright Fall day scurrying along the top of a stone wall or rail fence. He is almost sure to stop and stare curiously at you. He always seems perfectly sure that your intentions are kindly. I once saw this confidence sadly abused. A grown man deliberately lifted his rifle and aimed at the friendly little fellow. Even the first shot, which missed its target, did not convince him of his big brother's evil intention; and the second shattered him in pieces. It was a sickening sight—the helplessness and confidence of the little bit of fur, and the wanton destructiveness of the man. How a man could do such a thing has always been one of my unsolved problems. If this man had made the chipmunk's acquaintance as

a boy, he couldn't possibly have murdered any member of the family.

These bright autumn days, when you go afield on nutting expeditions, are a first-rate time to get on intimate terms with the chipmunk. It's just possible, of course, that he may be too busy to give you as much attention as politeness usually requires us to give our visitors. But we must make allowance if we have happened to call on one of his very busy days. You'll probably meet him scurrying along the fence rails. And when he stops a moment to stare at you and flirt a "how-do-you-do" with his tail, you'll probably be amazed at the size of his head. Maybe, like a little girl I know, you'll jump to the conclusion it's mumps, and feel very sorry for poor Mr. Chipmunk. But it's not mumps or even a chipmunk's equivalent for that disagreeable disease. The fact is the chipmunk has two elastic pouches, one in each jaw, in which he carries his food supplies.

The chipmunk is really very aristocratic in some of his ways of living. He always insists on having his meals served in the dining-room. Winter and summer he carries his food indoors and eats it in his underground house. In the Fall he carries in extra supplies, and stores them in little bins, cleverly dug out at intervals along the long tunnel that leads to his home. For so tiny a worker, the quantities he stores away are prodigious. Naturalists, who wished to find out exactly how much the chipmunk hoards away, have opened some chipmunk burrows in midwinter. Here is what was found in one such storehouse: about a gill of buckwheat and wheat, a quart of hazelnuts, nearly a peck of acorns, two quarts of buckwheat, some grains of corn, and a small quantity of grass seed.

If humans were as thrifty and saving

in proportion to their size, as their little furry brother, we shouldn't have any of those wretched charity and pauper and labor problems, should we? Perhaps you can get Mr. Chipmunk to give you a few hints on this problem of success on your own account. He is a great "hustler," you'll find. When he works he goes at it with the greatest energy and persistence. As long as the weather keeps bright, he sticks to the job. He has been known to make four trips in ten minutes between his home and a nut tree fifty yards away. Each time he would carry all his pouches would hold, and he kept right on at the same rate. The chipmunk works from sunrise to sunset, but never after dark, during his busy season.

He is one of the winter sleepers, like the woodchuck, the bear, the skunk, the toad, and a few others. He does not go as soundly asleep as does the toad, for instance; but he becomes torpid and inactive. How he knows, three or four feet underground where the warmth can not penetrate, that spring has arrived, is one of the mysteries. But there he is with the very first warm morning, mounted on a stump, pouring out his little heart in a regular Easter carol.

If he works with great energy, the chipmunk also plays with vigor. That's another lesson you might gather from the lesser brethren. In the springtime he plays as hard as he works in autumn. The food he stored so industriously in the Fall was not intended for winter consumption, but for this spring playtime, and for feeding the baby chipmunks which are born in April. The mother prepares a soft little nest for them in the underground home, lining it with leaves and grasses. The young are naked, blind and helpless at first, but by the middle of June they are big enough to follow their mother above ground. Perhaps, if you watch closely, you may see a family of baby chipmunks playing with their mother in the fields. They imitate everything she does very closely; and sometimes

they seem to be having a regular game.

Chipmunks are very sociable. John Burroughs tells this pretty little story about his observations. "One March morning, after a light fall of snow, I saw where one had come up out of his hole, which was in the side of our path to the vineyard; and, after a moment's survey of the surroundings, had started on his travels. I followed the track to see where he had gone. He had passed through my woodpile, then under the beehives, then around the study, and under some spruces, and along the slope to the hole of a friend of his, about sixty yards from his own. Apparently he had gone in there, and then his friend had come forth with him; for there were two tracks leading from the doorway. I followed them to a third humble entrance, not far off, where the tracks were so numerous I lost the trail. It was pleasing to see the evidence of their morning sociability written there upon the new snow."

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VII.—A DISPLAY OF TEMPER.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Miss Allen heard a tap at her door. She had been lying down, and had just begun to think it might be best to get up, dress for the afternoon, and look for Whirlwind. They could take a walk together or sit in the garden; or they might, perhaps, stroll in the direction of Martha's dwelling, where she knew the child was always ready to go.

"Come in," said Miss Allen, sitting up on the couch.

"Oh, were you asleep?" asked Whirlwind. "I am sorry I waked you."

"No; I have only been resting," was the reply; "and I have been thinking of you."

"Of me?" answered the child, closing the door. "Were you thinking, as Cousin

Ellery does, that I am a naughty, impatient girl?"

"Nothing of the kind," rejoined Miss Allen, going over to the dressing-table, where she began to arrange her toilet articles. "I thought we might sit in the garden a while together, or perhaps visit your friend Martha."

"Yes, let us go and see her," said Whirlwind. "She was away this morning, and doesn't know yet that papa has gone."

"Perhaps Cousin Ellery would like to accompany us," suggested Miss Allen.

"No, she wouldn't," replied the child, shaking her head. "She will go alone, the first time anyway, and give Martha lots of advice about me, and tell her how impudent and disobedient I am. But Martha knows me a great deal better than she does, and she won't do a single thing Cousin Ellery tells her to either, unless she is sure papa would like it."

"I see you are bound to be prejudiced against your cousin, my little Whirlwind," observed Miss Allen. "Of course I can not uphold you in any such frame of mind. But you and I can be very good friends, notwithstanding. Still, I think we ought to invite her to go with us."

"Well, I don't care," said Whirlwind, indifferently. "Shall I knock at her door and ask her?"

"Yes, that will be very nice," replied Miss Allen, astonished at the child's prompt acquiescence. She seemed to be full of surprises. One never knew what she would do the next moment.

She ran out of the room and presently was peeping through Cousin Ellery's door, which was ajar.

"What are you doing there, child?" inquired a fretful voice. "Don't you know that is very bad manners?"

"No. The door was partly open," said Whirlwind. "Papa doesn't mind."

"You should always knock," said the voice from the bed.

"I do when the door is shut," answered Whirlwind, stepping back into the hall.

"Come in, now that you are here. What do you wish?"

Whirlwind advanced to the middle of the floor. Her cousin was lying on the bed, the coverlet about her shoulders and neck.

"I thought perhaps you would like to go down to see Martha with Miss Allen and me," said Whirlwind.

"No, I don't care to; I have a slight attack of neuralgia in my left temple. I shall remain in bed till it passes off."

"Don't you want me to get you a hot-water bottle, Cousin Ellery?" inquired the child, solicitously. "I can have Esther fill one in a minute."

"Thank you!" rejoined Cousin Ellery. "I would like it, I believe. Ask the second girl to bring it up. You might fall and burn yourself, you are so careless."

The child was about to withdraw without further remark, when Cousin Ellery said:

"I see your hair is still hanging about your shoulders. Ask Miss Allen to plait and tie it for you. Have you any ribbons?"

"Oh, yes!" rejoined Whirlwind, very sweetly, now half closing the door. "I hope you will be better soon, Cousin Ellery. I will tell Minnie."

Returning to Miss Allen's room, she said: "Cousin Ellery has the neuralgia. She can not come. She wants me to tell Minnie to fetch a hot-water bottle. I am ready whenever you are."

"Your dress is a little mussed, dear," said Miss Allen. "And your hair,—you haven't forgotten what Cousin Ellery said about your hair at luncheon?"

"Wait till we get back to change my dress," replied Whirlwind. "There is such a breeze down there, across the valley. And it is quite early yet,—not later than three."

The meek-souled maiden lady said no more. The child did not look at all unpresentable, and she thought it would probably be better to wait till just before dinner to make any change in her toilet. They went downstairs together. Whirlwind gave the order to Minnie, and they

were soon on their way. They found Martha at home and very busy. But she was glad to see the visitor, and brought two rockers out to the porch, where they could all sit comfortably. Whirlwind took her usual seat on a footstool near Martha's chair, and told her old nurse of her father's departure.

The two women speedily made acquaintance, and after a while the child wandered off through the garden, but came running back in a few moments.

"Martha!" she exclaimed, "I see some boxes out there. Are you going to have lodgers, perhaps? Did they answer the advertisement?"

"Yes, dearie," rejoined Martha. "I have been saving it as a surprise for you. A gentleman and lady, with two children, a boy and girl, are coming to-morrow to stay all summer. Now you will have some friends and playmates, Whirlwind."

To the astonishment of both women, Whirlwind's whole countenance changed. Her face grew a dark crimson, an ominous frown appeared between her eyebrows, and she whirled completely round two or three times as though she had been on a pivot.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" asked Miss Allen, when she finally turned and remained stationary, her hands behind her back, her feet planted wide apart like a boy's.

"I think it's very *mean* of you, Martha," she said, "to invite strange children here when papa is away; and you know I have nobody but you; and—I can't come here to talk to you; and—you knew I didn't need any playmates. I never had any, and I never want to have any. I think it is *real mean* of you, Martha. I am going right home."

"After such an outburst as that, my dear," said Martha, "it is really about time that you should have some civilized children near you to set you a good example and teach you how to behave. I did not *invite* them, as you know well," she continued; "but Father Anker knew

of this family, and asked me to take them. Your papa thought it would be a most excellent thing for you, Whirlwind. Besides, their being here need not interfere with your visits to me, as they will have their own rooms.

"Oh, yes! I know how it will be," answered the child, sarcastically. "They will sit and run all over the place, and you will let them. And they will be *so* good and *so* polite and *so* sweet that you will be holding them up before my face all the time, and telling me I ought to do this and that because *they* do. And"—here she broke into a loud sobbing, "I shan't have a single comfortable place to go, with Cousin Ellery there, and you and your old children here!"

Flinging herself on the porch, she leaned against the wall of the house, and began to wipe the tears from her cheeks.

"This is a revelation to me," observed Martha, turning to Miss Allen. "I thought the child somewhat spoiled, but I never knew she was a little savage until now. And neither did I think, ma'am, that she was selfish or jealous till to-day."

Before Miss Allen could reply, Whirlwind had sprung to her feet.

"I *am* a savage, and I am glad to be a savage!" she cried. "I'd rather live in the woods with savages than with any of the *tame* people I know. I'd *love* to climb trees, and hunt with spears, and shoot bows and arrows, and wear leather moccasins, and have my hair hanging and ride bare-back. And you needn't laugh: it's the truth. My great-grandmother *was* a savage, in the wild forests of Canada."

It was impossible not to smile at this tirade. Miss Allen covered her lips with her handkerchief, but Martha did not conceal her amusement.

"Come now, Whirlwind!" she said. "After that explosion, you will soon feel all right again. 'Tis the first time I've heard of your savage great-grandmother, I'm sure. Who told you of her being 'savage'?"

"Papa did," rejoined the child, throwing

back her head defiantly. "He said she was an Iroquois, and her father was a chief; and they sent her to school to Quebec, and she was pretty and good, and her name was 'Gentle-Waters.'"

"Ah!" remarked Martha, dryly. "It isn't from her you get that savage nature at all, then, if they called her 'Gentle-Waters.' It must be from some of your Scotch ancestors. I'm inclined to think that your papa was only joking my dear. However that may be, we'll make it all up, and I'll expect you down to-morrow or next day to visit the newcomers."

"Well, you won't see me, Martha. I haven't the least desire to get acquainted with them. I'm going home now."

She began to walk slowly down the steps, dragging the toes of her boots in a disagreeable way.

"You are making an ugly noise and spoiling your boots, Whirlwind," remarked Martha. "And you had better forget your savage ancestry long enough at least to wait Miss Allen's pleasure, since she came here at your invitation."

Whirlwind turned around. Martha had never spoken so coldly to her before. She resented it very much, but determined to uphold her mood; and, not to take any blame to herself, she said:

"Already, Martha, you speak to me like a strange woman. You are thinking of the new boy and girl, and how pleasant it will be to have them sitting like marble statues on the porch all day, with their clothes so clean and starched, and their hair plaited,—so different from that careless Whirlwind!" you will say to them. Good-day, Mrs. Martha Wolf!"

Backing away from the steps as she spoke, Whirlwind suddenly came in contact with a sweet-brier bush, which caused her departure to be a little less dignified than she would have wished. Martha succeeded in repressing a smile. Miss Allen had already risen, and Whirlwind waited at a short distance, viciously digging her boot toes into the gravel.

"Come over early to-morrow, dearie!"

called Martha from the steps, in her usual caressing tone; but the child made no reply. When Miss Allen reached her, they walked silently on for some time. At length the latter spoke:

"My child, your cousin was right. I am afraid Martha *does* spoil you. You have behaved very badly this afternoon, showing yourself to be, as Martha said, both selfish and jealous. If you maintain this course, as I sincerely hope you will not, you will be depriving yourself, I predict, of many pleasant hours."

Whirlwind did not answer. They still walked on in silence. The child opened the garden gate for Miss Allen, then fell back, and left that lady to go on alone. When the dinner bell rang, Whirlwind made her appearance in the dining-room with flying hair and tumbled gown. Her cousin had sent word that her neuralgia would not permit her to come to dinner, and Miss Allen felt relieved that a scene had been averted; for she knew Whirlwind would have been reprov'd for not having attended to her toilet. There was no conversation during the meal. Whirlwind sat with downcast eyes and sullen manner. When dinner was over, she left the room without a word of apology.

"I am afraid," said Miss Allen to herself, as the door closed behind the child,—*"I am afraid I have been wrong. And I am certainly disappointed. I thought the child was only a little wilful, but she seems to be both unamiable and stubborn."*

(To be continued.)

Our Lady's Monograms.

It is only right that the Queen of Heaven should have her monograms, devised for, and used on behalf of, her sacred personality. A monogram formed of the letters M and A stands for Maria; one formed of M and R, for Maria Regina; and one combining A and M, for Ave Maria.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of critical studies by Mr. W. S. Lilly, entitled "Many Mansions," is among Messrs. Chapman & Hall's new books.

—The London *Tablet* announces an English translation of a valuable work by Father Wasmann, S. J.,—the volume of lectures on Evolution delivered by him last February in Berlin and just published in Germany.

—In November last, Mr. Frank R. Grover read, before a meeting of historical societies in Chicago, a most interesting paper, on "Father Pierre François Pinet, S. J., and his Mission of the Guardian Angel of Chicago, 1696-1699." The paper has just been published in pamphlet form. It is replete with historical material and is well worth preserving.

—Two new volumes, "The Book of Curtesye" (William Caxton, at Westminster, about 1477), and "Sermo die lune in ebdomada Pasche," by Richard Fitz-James (Wynkyn de Worde, same place, about 1495), complete the series of photographic facsimiles of rare fifteenth-century books printed in England and now in the University Library at Cambridge.

—New fiction announcements by the Macmillan Co. include a Christmas story by Mr. Marion Crawford, to be published before the holidays. The title, "The Little City of Hope," seems to promise something in the vein of the oldtime Christmas story—the Christmas story of Dickens and his followers,—which has been strangely abandoned of late years. "The Little City of Hope" will have special attraction for Catholic readers, if Mr. Crawford decides to make use of certain material which we had the pleasure of placing at his disposal.

—At the recent meeting of the English Library Association, held this year at Glasgow, the newly-elected president, Mr. F. T. Barrett, in his inaugural address suggested that in the publication of books more attention might be given to the composition of the title-page. Very many books were issued with titles so brief or so misleading as to convey little information of the true character of the contents. The titles should be fuller, and should include the subject, the object, and the nature of the book, with some indication of its scope and limitations; and especially they should be punctuated.

"The Librarian in Relation to Books" was the title of a thoughtful paper by Mr. H. R. Tedder (secretary and librarian of the Athenæum Club) read at the same meeting. After quoting

Goethe as saying that he had been eighty years trying to learn how to read and could not claim to have attained his object; and Schopenhauer as declaring that, "In regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain," Mr. Tedder expressed the opinion that the art of avoiding or "skipping" should be taught in schools. Few books were worth reading from cover to cover, and a book should be dropped as soon as it began to weary. Overmuch reading produced mental dyspepsia. The eupeptic reader delights in his book and assimilates its teaching. His mental food should be varied. The librarian was happily placed as regards his relations to books; his calling did not lead to worldly wealth, but it opened out a prospect of intellectual competency.

—The late Father John MacLaughlin's well-known apologetic work, "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" appears in an American edition, edited by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D. The editing has comprised not only the condensation of the arguments in the original work, but the adding of chapters on: The Divinity of Christ; Infallibility in Religion; Short Notes from History; Private Judgment and the Pope's Infallibility. Indifferentism is as baneful and as prevalent a mental disease to-day as when Father MacLaughlin, years ago, proved the doctrine logically untenable; and the wide distribution of this volume can not but accomplish excellent results. Published by Thomas J. Flynn & Co.

—The third series of the admirable Westminster Lectures comprises six pamphlets, or booklets, of varying interest and importance. Father Gerard's "The Church *versus* Science" we have already noticed as a characteristically lucid paper. "Mysticism," by the Rev. R. H. Benson, indicates the relation which that subject bears to dogmatism, and shows that "the Church has always recognized them as correlatives rather than irreconcilables." In "Revelation and Creeds," by the Very Rev. J. McIntyre, D. D., it is clearly demonstrated that a multiplicity of creeds does not destroy the claims of a divine revelation. "Authority in Belief," by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A., is a comprehensive outline of the Catholic theory of authority. The Rev. J. Gibbons, Ph. D., discusses "Theories of the Transmigration of Souls," and incidentally mentions a catalogue of more than 5300 volumes about the soul. Finally, the Very Rev. A. Pooch, D. D., in "Socialism and Individualism," explains the aims of Socialism, the principles

upon which its theories are based, and the methods by which its followers hope to attain their ends. Especially good in this last pamphlet are the citations from Pope Leo XIII., the late Mr. Devas, and Father Cathrein, S. J.

—That "Ireland and St. Patrick," by Father Morris, of the London Oratory, has reached a fourth edition, is an announcement likely to be very welcome to all well-wishers of the country and all clients of the saint that are so sympathetically and withal so adequately treated in that fascinating volume. To get a hearing in England for truths about Ireland that were not generally known, was the author's purpose in writing the book in the first place; and each successive edition of it is an additional proof that this good purpose has been, and is yet being, accomplished. One reason for the popularity of Father Morris' volume is to be looked for in his method as explained in the preface to the second edition: "I have been in intimate relations with the Irish poor in America and England, and in every province of Ireland from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from Sleemish to Croagh Patrick; and my delight in this intimacy has increased with years. But I felt that my own experience might not be accepted as valid; so I have taken my stand on the testimony of witnesses from an opposite camp; and in historical and social trials past and present there can be no more cogent evidence than this." Let us add to the foregoing that we have read with renewed pleasure the last two chapters of the book: "The Saints and the World," and "The Future." Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

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.

- "Ireland and St. Patrick." Rev. William B. Morris. 60 cts., net.
 "Westminster Lectures." Cloth 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.
 "St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland." Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A. \$1.50.
 "Thomas William Allies." Mary H. Allies. \$1.25.

- "Madame Louise de France." Leon de la Briere. \$2, net.
 "The Tents of Wickedness." Miriam Coles Harris. \$1.50.
 "The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity." \$1.
 "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Newman." Maurice F. Egan. Cloth, 40 cts.; paper, 30 cts.
 "Tironibus." Harold Henry Mure. 30 cts.
 "Friday Fare." Mrs. Charles Marshall. 35 cts., net.
 "A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.
 "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.
 "The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1.
 "Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.
 "When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
 "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
 "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
 "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.
 "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.

Obituary.

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

Rev. D. J. McMullen, of the diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C.; and Rev. Neil McKinnon, S. J.

Sister M. of St. Canice, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Adelaide, O. S. B.
 Mr. William Shelton, Mr. V. T. Kingwell, Mrs. Anna Stenger, Dr. Richard Slevin, Mr. J. Aloysius O'Farrell, Miss Florence Lyman, Mr. O. D. Howlands, Mr. J. E. Enright, Miss Isabella Lavery, Mrs. W. O. Mumford, Mrs. Teresa Kilduff, Mr. Edward Allen, Mr. William Fields, and Miss Maria Tackaberry.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

- For Bishop Berlioz, Japan:
 A. E. H., \$5; Friend, \$2.
 The Gotemba lepers:
 Friend, \$2; A. E. H., \$5; Child of Mary, \$1.21; M. J. B., \$5.
 The Franciscan Sisters, Jamaica:
 Friend, \$1.
 The Filipino student fund:
 In memory of J. McC., \$2; M. J. W., \$2.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 26, 1907.

NO. 17.

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

The "Everlastings."

BY L. F. MURPHY.

THEY never die, those bright-faced flowers
that light

The summer fields with white and blue and gold.
We call them "everlastings," for they hold
Amongst the flowery host a blessed right;
They must not suffer nature's cruel blight.

In their fair lives a lesson pure is told,
A truth immortal their dumb lips unfold,
Of fadeless day beyond the realms of night.

Kind words and kindly deeds will live for aye,
And gentle smiles and noble thoughts and pure,
Like these bright everlastings, will endure
When all life's seasons shall have passed away:
Ah, they will bloom forever radiantly,
Within the gardens of eternity!

Our Lady and the Chivalry of England.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



FROM the time of the country's conversion down to the disastrous period of the great religious rebellion of the sixteenth century, we have seen in a former article with what zeal and generosity the kings of England showed their love and reverence for the Blessed Virgin, whose image, together with that of her Divine Son, they bore in their crown. And if history abundantly proves this fact, it demonstrates none the less clearly and undeniably that devotion to Mary Immaculate "strengthened our noblest knights

and warriors, keeping them pure and meek and charitable in prosperity, and comforting them when overtaken by adversity."

Challenges to perform feats of arms were often given in honor of Our Lady; and her image was frequently represented on swords and breastplates during the Ages of Faith. Roger of Wendover tells us that the sword with which Richard I. of England was girt for his dukedom of Normandy, had, prior to the investiture, been laid on the altar of Our Lady, and hallowed (blessed) by the Archbishop of Rouen; whilst in respect of feats of arms, Haignere, in his "Histoire de Notre Dame de Boulogne," gives an account of three French knights who, in the year 1390, proposed a tournament at St. Inglevert, near Boulogne, and to hold their own against all the knights of England, Hainault, or Lorraine, who might present themselves. The fact that this tournament was to take place had been proclaimed in many Christian countries, such as Italy, Germany, Spain, England, and elsewhere; and the story goes on to say how the French knights, after vanquishing "the best lances of England," took no glory to themselves, but came to offer "their chargers and their trappings to Our Lady of Boulogne."

It must not be forgotten that Boulogne was a very favorite place of pilgrimage with our English forefathers; indeed, from the year 1212, there was a constant succession of pilgrims to this noted sanctuary; and many are the miracles believed to have been wrought there through Our Lady's powerful intercession. The Earl

of Shrewsbury presented to the shrine a magnificent robe of cloth of gold, with his coat of arms embroidered upon it; the Earl of Warwick, when Governor of Calais, gave an image of Our Lady in silver gilt, "with the demon under her feet,"—evidently an image of the Immaculate Conception. Godfrey of Bouillon offered to Our Lady of Boulogne the crown which he refused to wear as King of Jerusalem. And an English merchant presented a turquoise of immense size and beauty; this gem, we are told, was set in a cross already so richly ornamented with jewels that it went by the name of "La Belle Croix."

As mention has just been made of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, it may be well to state that he was "one of the bravest knights and greatest warriors in the age of chivalry," famous throughout Europe and the East for his feats of arms, and elevated to the highest posts in the service of the State. Besides being, as we have seen, Governor of Calais, he was also Lieutenant of Ireland and Warden of the Western Marches.

Lord Warwick, who was born in 1381, had for his godfathers King Richard II., and Richard Scrope, Bishop of Lichfield and afterward Archbishop of York. He belonged to a family which had always stood high amongst its fellows, and now towered into unrivalled greatness. He was, moreover, by descent Earl of Salisbury, a son of the great noble whose support had been mainly instrumental in raising the House of York to the throne; his victories in the French wars under Henry V. are matters of history; he was tutor to King Henry VI., Ambassador of England at the General Council of Constance; and, what is far more important, he knew how to unite extraordinary yet simple piety with wisdom, courage, and statesmanship. He was called the "father of courtesy," a title bestowed upon him by the Emperor Sigismund, who said of him to the King of England that "no Christian prince, for wisdom, nurture, and manhood,

had such a knight as he had in the Earl of Warwick"; adding "that if all courtesy were lost, yet might it be found again in him."

Thus we see that devotion to Our Lady—for Lord Warwick gave ample proofs of such devotion—was no "mere superstition of the poor and ignorant; no poetic, sentimental fancy of ecstatic nuns and highborn ladies"; nor even merely the outcome of monastic asceticism. It was a mighty motive power in the lives of all, no matter what their class or social condition; an influence far reaching in its effects upon the flower of English chivalry.

The Earl of Warwick went on pilgrimage twice,—once to Rome, and once to Jerusalem. Such journeys in his day were sufficiently arduous and perilous undertakings; and in his case they give abundant evidence of his faith and fervor. It must have been difficult indeed to make time for them in an existence already so overfull of multifarious responsibilities and occupations.

Though he died at Rouen, he was buried, according to his own desire, in the collegiate church of Our Lady of Warwick; his tomb being placed "within the middle" of that beautiful chapel dedicated to God's Holy Mother, which he himself had built, and where, "*every day during the world,*" he left instructions that three Masses should be said. Added to this, he ordered that "in all haste" after his decease five thousand Masses should be said for him; and he also willed that, "in the name of heryott* to Our Lady," there should be given to the Marian church in Warwick his "image of gold and of Our Lady, there to abide for evermore."

The image of the Blessed Virgin above mentioned was evidently a very costly one. It is thus described in the inventory taken on the last day of March, 1468: "A fair image of gold of Oure Ladi, God's

* Heryott, or heriot, was, according to Dr. Lingard, a payment accustomed to be made to the king for the great men of the land after their death.

Mother, crowned with gold, bearing her Son in her right arme, holding in His hand a branch made of a ruby and pearls, and in the midst of the pearls a little grene stone." This image, in the quaint and curious wording of the inventory, stood on a "tablement," or pedestal of gold; "which tablement and the aforesaid crown" were richly garnished with pearls, rubies, and sapphires; whilst the height from the lower part of the pedestal to the top of the crown was twenty-two inches.

Again, we read further on in the will of this same generous benefactor: "Four images of gold, each of them of the weight of twenty pounds of gold, to be made after my similitude, with mine arms, holding an anchor between the hands, and then to be offered in my name, one of them at the shrine in the church of St. Alban, another at the shrine of the cathedral church of Canterbury, the third at Bridlington, and the fourth at the shrine of St. Winifred in Shrewsbury."

We must now go back a considerable number of centuries, and we shall see that at a very early period noblemen were not less devout to Our Lady than the example just quoted. Of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, we are told in an old rhymed chronicle that "he was of good life, of great honour and lordliness, and founder of several monasteries, as were his ancestors." A modern writer describes him as a "faithful lover of his country, a wise statesman, a loyal subject, and a devoted husband." His wife was the singularly beautiful and pious Lady Godgifu, or Godiva; and, though the date of their marriage is not known with absolute certitude, it probably took place between 1005 and 1010; for their only son Ælfgar appears as a witness to a charter of Cnut, in 1032.

A very ancient and interesting legend records an extraordinary spiritual favor which Earl Leofric was privileged to receive when kneeling in Westminster Abbey by the side of his sainted sovereign, Edward the Confessor. "The King," so runs the story, "was praying intently for

his kingdom and for his people, and that he might so reign in this life that in the other he perished not." Presently "when the chaplain raised the Body of God between his hands, lo! a very beauteous Child, pure, bright, and like a spirit, appeared to King Edward." This same vision *the Earl saw*, and ceased not "tenderly to weep with joy of spirit" as long as the Mass lasted. At the conclusion of the Adorable Sacrifice, the King, turning to the nobleman at his side, addressed him thus, "Leofric, friend, this secret, as a loyal knight and earl, I pray you relate not to man"; adding that it was better to follow the example of Our Lord, who imposed silence upon the three who came with Him to the Mount of Transfiguration.

The Earl later on went to Worcester, and told "the vision to a holy man who was monk and priest, in secret confession," beseeching him to "put it into writing in order to keep it in remembrance." The priest assured Leofric that through him the wonderful experience should never be discovered; and, having written it down, he placed the document "in a chest which was in a holy and safe place." There it remained securely hidden till long after the days of King Edward and the Earl, when, the chest *opening of itself*, the secret was made known.

The great St. Ælred alludes to this miraculous vision of Earl Leofric; whilst of the Countess Godiva, he says: "She most magnificently realized the signification of her name; for it is translated as the 'good gift,' either because God brought her into existence as a good gift to benefit His Church, or because she continually offered to God a most acceptable gift of faith and devotion." *

A reliable authority tells us that all the old historians bear testimony to the piety of Leofric, and his munificence in whatever would promote the greater glory of God. The beautiful abbey church of Coventry, which he and his wife built, would alone have been a sufficient proof

* "Vita S. Eadwardi Regis."

of generosity. This church, the chronicler tells us, "was begun at the instigation of Ælfic, monk of Evesham, a man much beloved and greatly respected by Cnut and the leading nobles of the land, on account of his sanctity. We learn further that the Earl Leofric and the Countess Godiva, "prudently despising the world in many things, and diligently devoting themselves to alms and prayers," erected not only the Abbey of Coventry, but "many other churches, for the love of God, and enriched them with lands and possessions and most magnificent ornaments."

Coventry, or Conventria, was a "vill" (Latin, *villa*), or township, so called because a convent, of which St. Osburga was formerly abbess, had existed there. This "extensive parcel of land," as Dr. Lingard describes the term "vill," had become the property of Leofric, who, whether on account of its associations, or because of the loveliness of the surrounding scenery, chose it for the site of the abbey and church, than which none so splendid had hitherto been raised in England. It was lavishly enriched with gold and silver, even the beams supporting the shrines being covered with a sheathing of precious metals; and the Countess Godiva, says Orderic Vitalis, "sending for goldsmiths, devoutly distributed all the gold and silver that she possessed to make the sacred books and gospels, and crosses, and images of the saints, and other marvellous church ornaments."

The Earl and Countess also built, "in honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, and for the good of their own souls," a fine church at Evesham. There Ælfic, called in the Saxon chronicle the "noble dean," was buried later on, in the presence of Lady Godiva, who had gone thither to pay the last tribute of respectful affection to her venerated spiritual father. To this church she and her husband gave, besides costly vestments, "a large crucifix, with an image of Mary, the Holy Mother of God, and of St. John the Evangelist,

beautifully wrought of gold and silver."

It is interesting to note that "the new cathedral of Lichfield," which was erected by Roger de Clinton in 1140, is supposed to have been built on the model of Coventry. Another very ancient abbey was that of St. Marye at York, which was founded in the year 1054, by the good old Saxon Earl of Northumberland, generally called Siward, the friend of Leofric and Godiva. To this abbey, Siward went to die under Our Lady's protection. When his physical weakness warned him that his last moments were approaching, he desired to be "arrayed once more in martial panoply," with his shield, sword, and spear. Brave and loyal he had been in life, and truly it may be said of him that he died a good soldier of Christ.

The custom of giving, as a votive offering to Our Lady, the picture, "or image of a horse and man," armed with the arms of the donor, seems to have been a favorite one with pious persons of position. One example must suffice. William, Earl of Suffolk (A. D. 1381), thus writes: "I will that a picture of a horse and man, armed with my arms, be made in silver, and offered to the altar of Our Lady of Walsingham; and another, the like, to be made and offered at Bromeholme." Henry, Duke of Lancaster, who died in 1361, gave to the Blessed Virgin, in the same chapel of Walsingham, "a vase with handles," which had cost him nearly four hundred marks; whilst his father, who was Earl of Lancaster and not Duke, offered to Our Lady, again in the same chapel, "an Angelical Salutation with precious stones."

It is difficult, at this date, to determine with any degree of certitude the exact nature of a "Salutation"; but archæologists tell us that it was probably a tablet with a representation of the Annunciation upon it, enriched with precious gems. And we find yet another instance of such a gift to Our Lady of Walsingham in the "tablet of silver gilt, with the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin," which, together

with a "painted image," was left to the chapel by Sir Thomas de Uvedale.

"Often," observes a reliable authority, "illustrious personages would build a chapel in which their bodies were to be buried, and in which the Mass for their souls was to be celebrated; and for this reason they were named chantry chapels." The number of such chantries existing in England prior to the great religious revolution is unknown; but we can form a probable conjecture from the fact that in St. Paul's Cathedral alone there were *forty-seven*,—a sufficient and convincing proof that they were not isolated and exceptional, but a very usual expression of devotion on the part of those whose means enabled them to gratify their pious desires. Some of these chantry chapels have escaped the hands of the fanatical destroyers, as we find from such examples as Winchester, Wells, Ely, and elsewhere.

"At great funerals," we are told, "it was customary to carry banners bearing the image of Our Lady." Thus at the interment of that good client of Mary, and generous benefactor to Christ's Church and poor, Elizabeth of York, "banners of the Blessed Virgin—of her Salutation, Assumption, and Nativity—were borne near the car by knights and esquires." A glance at old records shows that, in Catholic times, many provisions were made for honoring Mary in this manner. Let us cite one more example, which is taken from the will of Sir David Owen, Knight, dated February 20, 1529, in which he gives the following definite instructions: "My body to be buried in the Priory of Esseborne, after the degree of a banneret—that is, with helmet and sword, my coat armour, my banner, my standard, my pendant,—and set over a banner of the Holy Trinity, one of Our Lady, and another of St. George."*

It would be impossible to give even a faint idea of the number and costliness of the votive offerings made to the Blessed Virgin's shrines by Catholic noblemen

while England was yet called her Dower. And they themselves were frequently styled "Knights of Our Lady," because, having dedicated their lives to her service in a special manner, for love of her they loved "whatever was pure and humble, gentle and sublime."

In this connection, it is interesting to note that Lydgate calls St. George "Our Lady's Knight," as we see from a reference to his poem (p. 300), where these words occur: "Help, Sent George, Oure Lady's Knight." Again, the title seems to be quite a well-established one; for we come upon it in the description of the Battle of Otterburn (lines 189, 190), when the English, hard pressed, called upon their nation's patron:

Sent George the bright, Our Ladye's Knight,
To name they were full fain.*

But exactly when and how the name arose, we have no longer the means of determining. In the church of Baldock, in Hertfordshire, there was a French epitaph, mentioned by Weever as being in existence shortly before his own day, which he thus translates:

Reginald de Argentyne here is laid,
That caused this chapel to be made;
He was a Knight of St. Mary the Virgin,†
Therefore pray pardon for his sin.

Amongst other bequests to the Blessed Mother of God by men of position, we find "a girdle of silver gilt to hang at an image of Our Ladye," in the church of Aston in Buckinghamshire. This offering was left by Sir Gilbert Stapylton "to the abbess of the said church," for the purpose just mentioned. Again, Sir John Skevington gives "to Our Lady of Bradly, in Leicestershire, a white damask vestment, with my arms on the cross, worth fifty-three shillings and fourpence." We have seen elsewhere the many "oblations" made to images and shrines of Our Lady by the Duke of Buckingham.

A word must now be said concerning

* Percy's "Reliques," and Ritson's "Ancient Songs" and "Ballads."

† *Chevalier Saint Marie*, it need scarcely be said, is the French equivalent for "Knight of Our Lady."

the "Vigil of Arms," one of the religious exercises which, in the Ages of Faith, preceded the solemn investiture of the Order of Knighthood. The candidate, having been placed in the charge of two esquires of honor, was taken to his chamber, "where two ancient and grave knights" were in attendance to inform, instruct, and counsel him "touching the order and feats of chivalry"; whilst he bathed in a specially prepared bath, from which they presently took some of the water, and pouring it over his shoulders, signed the left one with the Sign of the Holy Cross. Then the two esquires put on him a white shirt, and above that "a robe of russet with long sleeves, having a hood thereto like unto that of a hermit." He was escorted to the chapel, and left with "the priest, the chandler, the watch," and his two esquires. Kneeling before the altar, with his helmet and armor on the step in front of him, he held upraised the cross hilt of his sword, and so "bestowed himself in visions and prayer" till sunrise. Soon after dawn, Mass was said; he received the sacred Body and Blood of his Redeemer, and had conferred upon him the full honor of knighthood. Truly a different preparation from that at the present day.

It has been well said that "the matter-of-course way in which hearing Mass before breakfast is introduced as an incident in the everyday life of knights and other personages in works of fiction," abundantly proves that the rule of the Church was then no dead letter; and it is equally certain that, side by side with this reverence for, and constant attendance at the Holy Sacrifice, the love of Our Lady grew strong in all truly noble hearts. It was not enough that the very flower of English chivalry performed feats in her honor; but for her sake, as we have seen, they sometimes vowed themselves to her, body and soul, like the "maiden Knight," Sir Galahad, into whose mouth the poet has put those words that so marvellously express the spirit of the age:

But all my heart is drawn above, my knees are
bow'd in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love, nor maiden's hand
in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam, me mightier
transports move and thrill;

So keep I fair, through faith and prayer, a
virgin heart in work and will.

Taking these things into consideration, it is small wonder that the external honors of Mary increased with each generation; that the riches of her churches and shrines accumulated with every year that passed; whilst a new sense of honor, a softening of manners, and a greater refinement of taste in all walks of society, were the results of this deep-rooted devotion.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XXI.

MEANWHILE, out on the sunny lawn, Marjory, looking bright and charming, stood talking across the net to Frank Devereux. They had finished their set; and the girl was flushed with the exercise, and well pleased that she had come off victorious.

"I never managed to beat a man in 'singles' before," she said gaily. "And I'm exceedingly proud of myself. But, I confess" (with an arch glance), "I am just a little disappointed in you. Brian told me you had been champion one year. Are you out of practice?"

"Somewhat," he answered, smiling into her bright face; "also—don't be offended, Marjory,—rather distracted."

"Oh, that's horrid! It means you were not doing your best. The victory is now, in my eyes, worse than a defeat. I hate" (pouting) "to be treated like a baby. Now I think of it! You didn't run a bit. Let's have another, just to show me what you can do."

"Not to-day, please." He vaulted over the net and stood by her side. "Come and have a walk now. It's quite delicious

round those shady paths. I—I have something to say to you."

She started, and looked up quickly.

"Bad news from—Brian?" rose suddenly to her lips. But before saying his name, she paused, and added gently, "from home?"

"No. All is well there. My father is in the best of health and spirits. He took an immense fancy to you, Marjory, and is always sending you messages."

"How kind of him! And I" (moving lightly toward the paths Frank had suggested for their walk) "liked him very much. He did not give the ball, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. He—we are waiting till you come back to town."

She raised her dark eyes, and there was great sadness in their shadowy depths as she answered, with a deep sigh:

"I see no prospect of my being allowed to do that for a long time. You must have noticed that I am not my own mistress."

"Yes, I have seen that," he said in a voice that was low and somewhat tremulous; "and it enrages me. Marjory, come away. Leave this place" (catching her hand, and looking imploringly into her eyes). "I love you. Be my wife, darling, and—and I'll do my best. I—you will be very happy."

Marjory grew pale, and, withdrawing her hand slowly from his, leaned against a big beech tree, looking in a dazed way at the blue sky just visible through the shady branches. For one moment this offer of love and marriage gave her a thrill of joy. As Frank's wife she would escape all the miseries of Slievenagh House. He was good, well-to-do, and pleasant. In his society she was content and at her ease. Brian did not love her. Of that, to her sorrow, she was almost convinced. She would be a fool to waste her youth waiting and sighing for him; and a marriage with Frank Devereux would be in every way desirable. Everyone would be pleased by it. That, her mother and grandmother had both assured her over and over again. These were good reasons

for accepting his love, becoming his wife. But no. She met his impassioned glance, and her heart sank. Such a marriage would be dishonest. She could not love him truly, could not give him of her best. To promise to do so would be a mockery and a lie.

"Marjory—speak!" he cried, his soul in his eyes. "Tell me you love me,—say you will marry me!"

"I—can not! O Frank, it is impossible! I do not, could not love you."

He drew a deep breath, and the brightness left his face.

"Never?" Frank inquired hoarsely. "O Marjory, is that true?"

"Quite," she answered, stifling a sob. "Go away, Frank, and forget me! I—" "You love another?"

"Yes!" she sobbed, bending her head. "O Frank, I am so sorry!"

"I love you too well to wish you anything but happiness." He took her hand and raised it to his lips. "God bless you, Marjory, now and forever! Good-bye! I shall not see you again. I leave for London this very evening. Good-bye!" And in a moment he was gone.

"Now indeed Slievenagh House is desolate," Marjory moaned, wringing her hands. "Good, handsome, true! Oh, why could I not love him? Frank, dear Frank, would that I could have given you a different answer!" And sadly, the tears falling slowly down her cheeks, she went back to the house.

At the garden door she met her father. He was red and excited, and she shuddered as he caught her by the arm.

"Come in here," he said thickly. "I have something to say to you." And he drew her roughly into his sitting-room. "Where is Frank Devereux?"

"I don't know," she replied, looking up wondering. "I shall not see him again. He returns to London to-night."

Philip stared, then laughed loudly.

"Thank goodness! That makes things easier for me. I—I was afraid you were going to marry him."

"Afraid?" Marjory crimsoned to her hair, then grew white as marble. "Why do you say that, father? Mother would be glad to see me his wife."

"Your mother and I are not alike. I would never" (straightening himself) "allow my daughter to marry Frank Devereux. So please remember that if—"

"I am not going to marry him, and I have just told him so. But" (with a deep sigh) "he would be a son-in-law of whom you might be proud. There are few nobler, better men in the world than Frank Devereux."

"Dear me! If you think so highly of him, why did you refuse him? Out of respect to my wishes? Eh?"

"No, for I knew nothing of your wishes. I was sure you, mother and grandmother would be glad to see me Frank's wife. But I do not love him."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that! It will make things easier for you and me. You know, Marjory," he stammered, and stared out of the window, "the husband I intend—wish you to marry. He may not be exactly a girl's fancy, but he was—is a fine man."

The girl's eyes dilated, and her breath came thick and fast.

"Don't pant and don't stare," he said, turning round, his face working painfully. "Many a daughter has done more—far more—to save her father from trouble. Trelawny is a fine—"

"Hush!" Marjory raised her hands a little imperiously. "Don't talk like that, father! I'd do much, suffer much, to save you pain or trouble. But one thing I will not do: I will never marry Trelawny!"

He laughed a wild, hysterical laugh, and wiped his forehead with a big bandana handkerchief.

"You are proud, strong-willed, and obstinate, I know, my handsome daughter; and I admire you for it, and wish that I were the same. I used to think I was strong," he rambled on in a maudlin way, "till—others stronger came along; and so it will be with you. You'll fight and

struggle and protest, but your will must be bent. Stronger than you will do it and you'll give in,—you'll give in."

"Father, you are ill—suffering!" the girl cried, running to his side, as, in spite of his bluster and half threatening talk, she saw that he was trembling in every limb. "Lie down" (leading him to the sofa, and shaking up the cushions). "A little rest will do you good."

He clutched her hand and looked at her fiercely.

"All pretence! You don't care; for if you did—"

"Father, I beg, implore, do not speak in such a way! You *know* I care. I'd give the world to see you happy."

"Then do as I ask you. Save me, your mother, yourself. Marry Trelawny."

Marjory staggered back, and caught at a chair to steady herself.

"You are" (her voice was low and choking) "in the power of that awful man? O father, tell me—do tell me how and why!"

He glared at her, then glanced furtively round the room, walked toward the door and opened it suddenly, shutting it again with a loud bang.

"Good! He's not there listening, for a wonder," he muttered under his breath. "What little game is he up to now?" Then, flinging himself into a chair, he said, in a jerky, spasmodic way: "You ask impossible questions. Like all womankind, you easily fly off at a tangent and imagine ridiculous things. You're exactly like your mother—full of absurd nonsense. Fancy me in Trelawny's power! I wonder what next? Surely, seeing that we—he and I—are such old and tried friends, it is natural that I should wish my daughter to marry him."

Marjory watched him with sad eyes, her heart full of fear and misery.

"No, it is neither right nor natural," she answered, in a choking voice. "He is not—but, O father, you spoke of my saving you, mother, myself, by marrying him! If I could—if it is necessary to save

you and us,—there must be some reason, some terrible, awful reason, that gives this dreadful man Trelawny a hold, a power over you."

"It is my will that you should marry him," he said doggedly; "not at once perhaps, but by and by."

The girl shuddered, and sank white as death upon the sofa.

"Neither now nor by and by could I marry him," she said hoarsely. "Think, father, is there nothing else I can do to save you from him?"

"Nothing. He loves you and will take no denial. The moment you engage yourself to marry any other man, he will revenge himself on me. You must either marry him or—"

"Remain as I am." A ray of hope sprang up in Marjory's bosom. "That I promise to do; for, alas!" she thought with a thrill of anguish, "the man I love does not care for me, and I could never marry another. Will my keeping single satisfy Mr. Trelawny, do you think?"

"Hush! Not so loud!" Darien whispered, starting, and looking with a terrified expression toward the door. "One can't be too careful, and Lindo must not guess that I—should suggest—allow you to think that that kind of thing would be of any use."

"Lindo!" Marjory clenched her fists. "That brute! O father!" (throwing her arms round his neck), "send him away! The cottage he lives in is yours. Evict him. Tell him you want it,—must have it."

"Hush!" He pushed her from him. "You don't know what you are saying!"

"Only too well I know!" She wrung her hands. "Lindo is the bane of our existence. He makes my mother miserable. His insolence and brutal ways torment her and make her ill. If this goes on, she will die—die" (covering her face with her hands, and sobbing bitterly) "of a broken heart! So for God's sake be brave. Face the worst, father, and get rid of him."

Darien's face was livid, his eyes wild, as he stared, first at the girl, and then at the door, which, to his horror, he saw slowly and cautiously pushed ajar.

"Everyone for miles round hates Davy Lindo," Marjory went on passionately. "The poor detest and distrust him; the better class consider him a disgrace. The fact that he comes here, lives here, I may say is known as your friend, keeps people away from the house. Very few seek our society; and mother and I are neglected, left alone, because of him. Oh, yes, father, it is true!"

"Marjory," Darien gasped, "you are mistaken. Lindo is a good sort."

"No, father. Don't deceive yourself: he is a villain. How he manages to blind and hoodwink you is extraordinary. Why, his conduct toward that little foundling, Mave Galagher, was enough to show you and everyone what a wretch he is, even if you hadn't known already. Twice he tried to entice the child away when she was small. Oh, yes, I've heard all about that! And then, as a girl, he did his best one day to drown her; and—"

"Lies,—all lies, got up by the peasants to blacken an honest man's character!"

"No, father. It is true,—all quite true."

"And yet Davy, when there was question of sending the girl abroad to have her voice cultivated, was the very first to suggest—insist, I might say—that I should give a good sum of money to help her. He was most anxious about her future, and took my cheque to Father McBlaine himself."

"Really?" Marjory looked up astonished. "That does seem unlike him."

"The drowning incident was a pure accident," Darien asserted, his eyes still upon the door. "And as for the other stories—well, they are lies."

"I wish I could think so!" Marjory sighed. "But I'm glad Mave has got away, and that they keep her whereabouts a secret. For many reasons, I hope we may never hear of her again."

Of Letters.

(A *Rondel*.)

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

COULD absent friends but know
 What joy their letters bring,
 How like a breath of Spring
 They set our hearts aglow,
 They'd write more oft, I trow,
 And give their pens full swing,—
 Could absent friends but know
 What joy their letters bring.

Time's stream would smoother flow,
 Our little griefs take wing,
 And great ones lose their sting,—
 All life would gladder grow,
 Could absent friends but know
 What joy their letters bring.

 The Bell of St. John's.*

IN the great smoke-filled foundry that stood beside the shipyards of the town of B., one could see a crowd of workmen busied in putting all in readiness for the founding of the great bell which was to be placed in the cathedral of a neighboring town. Yet another hour, and the boiling, glittering metal would flow from the great kiln into the mould which stood beside it, upon the ground.

Evening had come, and in the gathering twilight the blue flames lit up the chimneys and the neighboring houses with a ghostly glow. The scene in the foundry reminded one of the workshop of a magician, and at the same time of a place of torture. The dusky figures of the workmen, partly lit up by the yellow light from the glowing kiln, moved about like shadows in the underworld; and the smoke-blacked beams, partly in shadow and partly visible through the golden light, brought to mind the workshops of the Cyclops beneath Mount Etna.

* The original is Dutch. Translated for THE AVE MARIA by J. F. S.

The town clock struck six. It was supper time. The men laid down their tools and hurried on their clothes.

"You must be back again in half an hour at the longest!" cried the foreman. "At a quarter to seven we fill the mould."

"Very good, master," answered the workmen.

"I hear the people from the town are coming to see it," remarked one.

"Yes," said another. "How they will open their eyes! In the whole country there will not be a bell cast like ours."

The next moment only one workman was left with the foreman in the foundry. This man had to remain and attend to the furnace. He had brought a double supply of food from his house, and would now take what remained as his supper.

"Perhaps the 'Inventor' will stay with you, George," said the foreman, as he made himself ready to go.

"Yes; where is he?" was the reply in the same jesting tone.

"He has been long enough in the foundry, and alongside the workmen, to know if anything is not as it should be. Halloo, halloo, 'Inventor'! Where are you? Come here."

In answer to his call there appeared, from behind a heap of metal, a young man with big grey eyes and a white face.

"Now, Mopus," said George, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder, "you have sense enough to call and give the alarm if anything happens?"

The boy looked at him absently and nodded.

"Stand here, then, and see to the furnace. Don't take your eyes off it for an instant."

The lad smiled, and obediently did as he was told.

Mopus was a strange lad, dull in ordinary matters, but remarkably well fitted to watch a smelting furnace. He understood, as it were by instinct, everything that concerned the work of the foundry; and his strange intelligence in such matters

was all that was left of his once unclouded mind. If anything was at all out of order, he would always remark it, and say what ought to be done, although perhaps he could not explain why.

Two years before, Mopus had been a bright boy, with good prospects. He was the son of one of the engineers attached to the foundry; he had always had free access to the place, and could mix with the men and see them at work. But one day the chain of a crane broke, and a piece of iron struck him on the head, making a deep wound. He recovered, but only partially; for the injury to the brain left a permanent disturbance. His natural love for machines and mechanical experiments remained; and, as his bodily health returned, he spent most of his time among them, making wheels and pipes ready, and repairing old broken things, which he then exhibited with pride and happiness.

This trait in the young man had earned him the title of "Inventor," which at first had been given him in jest. The men were always friendly with him, although in manner often rough and impatient.

Such was the lad to whom was entrusted the watching of the furnace, from which the tenor bell of the Cathedral of St. John was to be cast. The "Inventor" remained steady at his post, while George went aside to eat his supper. Undoubtedly George had meant to keep a general oversight, but he left to the "Inventor" the greater share of this superintendence. Whether he placed too great confidence in the instinct of his companion, or whether it was Laziness that whispered to him that nothing could go wrong, in either case he was much to blame for relieving his own shoulders of any part of the weighty responsibility.

Not a word passed between the two watchers, and nothing was to be heard in the whole foundry but the deep roar of the furnace. George had finished his meal, and gone into a corner of the workshop for his pipe. The "Inventor" sat

alone before the glowing fire of the liquid metal. The one clear point in his sick brain kept him at his place, making him comprehend his duty; and he himself felt something of the greatness of the undertaking which was making ready in this molten glow. He understood that this furnace was full of costly metal; and close beside him, buried in sand, he recognized the mould that would soon be filled with the precious molten stream. He knew and saw how the gutters were prepared through which the glowing mass would flow; and by the mouth of the furnace he noticed a long iron bar, which would be used the moment the metal was allowed to run into the mould. He understood all this with his infirm mind, and he had a dim consciousness that he would soon see something strange. So there he sat, his eyes fixed on the furnace.

Suddenly something frightened him: he heard a noise, and saw that there was a rift at the top of the furnace. Again he heard a sharp crack, and a red-hot stone fell down close to his feet.

The boy opened his mouth to shout, but he was so bewildered that the cry stuck in his throat, as if he were mastered by a nightmare. A thin red stream followed the fallen stone, and trickled like glowing lava down the furnace. Then there came another noise, as of anguish, and a thin crack in the upper part of the furnace allowed more of the molten metal to escape.

Where was George? Was that light-hearted workman still puffing at his pipe? The furnace threatened every moment to burst, and there was no one but a half-witted boy to watch it. What could he do? He did what, perhaps, a boy in full possession of his faculties would not have dared to do. He sprang to the mouth of the furnace, seized the long iron bar which lay there, struck with the sharp point against the stopple which closed the furnace; and after a few swift, sharp blows, the stopple gave way, and the yellow stream flowed out with no little

force. It ran into the clay-pressed mould, and the flames burst out.

The "Inventor"—the imbecile—had done a deed worthy of a general on a battlefield. Had he done it too late? Every moment new rifts appeared in the furnace. Stones kept falling from above, while the molten stream flowed ever more widely into the mould, although much was lost through the open cracks. The pressure would be comparatively slight through the flow of the glowing mass, but every minute there were fresh cracks round about it. It seemed rushing to destruction.

Poor Mopus! He stood helpless beside the danger; his knees gave under him, and it seemed to him that everything was turning round. Great pieces of red-hot stone and lime fell at his feet, and he thought of nothing but how to get away and save his life.

At last he heard in the distance a confused noise of men's voices, which gradually came nearer; then a fearful crash behind him, and streams of molten metal flowed all about him. Stinging pains made him groan and cry, and everything rushed together into one dreadful dream. It seemed to him as if he suddenly sank into the ground and was forever swallowed up.

At seven o'clock comparative tranquillity reigned in the unfortunate foundry. Fragments lay everywhere. The flames, which were to be seen above everything, had wrecked the furnace; and the men, black with smoke, were standing in silent groups around the ruins. The furnace had completely fallen in, and nothing was left but a heap of smoking rubbish.

The poor "Inventor," who was found lying on the sand covered with terrible burns, his hand grasping the iron bar, was carried to his house. Not much was said; but the reproaches cast by the workmen and foreman, with natural indignation, on George's head, were plain enough, and his excuses made his fault still worse.

"Just see what he has done!" said they a few days later, when they were together

in the half-burned foundry. "A thousand pounds of metal lost in a few minutes, and the best work that has been done for years destroyed. The fool, to go puffing at his pipe, leaving the overseeing to that poor lad! Is that all he can produce in his defence? Absurd! The boy hadn't the sense to run away when the furnace went to pieces."

The proprietor, who had suffered a greater loss than all the men together, felt the misfortune still more than they. He nearly wept with vexation and anger; but suddenly his eyes fell on something strange under the heap of rubbish, and he cried with a trembling voice:

"Halloa! Why, what's this? Just look! What's this?"

He seized a piece from the remains of one of the gutters, through which the molten metal in the furnace must have flowed. There were traces on it of the bronze that had passed through. There was just the possibility that the finding of the iron bar in the hand of the victim of the flames had been no mere accident.

"Bring me a spade, quick!" he cried.

With nervous haste he began to remove the hot mass of rubbish that had fallen on the mould. It was the work of a Hercules; but, with the help of some of the workmen, he brought to bear upon it almost superhuman strength. Pieces of stone, ore, dross, and earth flew in all directions. At last the chief's spade dug through to the sand and struck against something hard. He stooped, he looked—then he sprang up, and, like a man half demented, cleared away the remaining sand, and something came into view that was like a great metal bell.

"My men," he cried, his face all radiant with excitement, "see, the bell is cast!"

"Who did it?" voices were asking on every side, as soon as the jubilation was somewhat calmed down.

"Two or three of you come with me," said the master. "I think I know who did it. It is a marvel!"

They hurried to the half-witted boy's

house. A nurse came to meet them, her finger on her lip.

"The poor boy has brain fever," she told them.

"Does he say anything in his delirium?" asked the chief in a low voice.

"Oh, yes! He is always talking about the mould of the bell. He says he hopes it will have been filled."

The men looked at one another. It was really true that the imbecile lad had, all alone, cast the bell of St. John's Cathedral!

At that moment the doctor came out.

"When he recovers," he said, "it may well be that this tremendous shock will have restored his reason."

"Do you really think so? Heaven grant it!" said the chief. And the workmen began to talk again in subdued voices, and dispersed to their homes.

Two months later the ponderous bell hung in the foundry, and under it stood the great tray on which it was to be let down and carried away. A deep silence held the crowd of workmen, as the thin form of the "Inventor," with his pallid face, was borne into the foundry from an invalid chair. He had recovered his mind, and his body was daily getting stronger. His big grey eyes were forthwith turned to the bell, that splendid masterpiece, the casting of which had had for him such deep significance. He had been told the story of the casting and of the destruction of the furnace, but it had seemed a mere romance or fairy tale.

"I can remember nothing about it," he said, laughingly shaking his head. "It is all new to me; and so strange, so strange!"

"Yes," interposed the chief, solemnly, "it was God's hand."

All eyes were turned toward the convalescent, and some felt even a thrill of fear as they looked at him. He seemed like one that had come back from the dead. The boy who had been so long an idiot was now a young man with unclouded mind,—a totally different being.

"I should like to hear the bell once," said he.

Two strong men lifted him up, and a hammer was put in his hand. He struck the bell lightly. In response there was a deep, soft, mournful tone, like the murmur of a distant waterfall, that woke an echo in the foundry. The eyes of the rough fellows filled with tears at the splendid tone.

"Listen!" exclaimed the master. "An Alleluia rings in that sound, and fitting it is to be the first tone we hear. May the bell long proclaim God's praise! It was He who saved the bell through one wise thought in the boy's sick brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and, thank God, this good lad has recovered his reason! The bell and the boy will both glorify God."

"Amen!" said his hearers softly.

Then the bell was let down; and while the wagon rolled away with its sweet-toned load, the boy was lifted up and carried out; and both left the foundry together that bright summer's day, while the men hurrahed and threw up their caps.

The little "Inventor" later on proved his right to the title which had been so lightly given him in his unhappy youth. His name could be read on many a bell, whose noble fulness of tone spoke through his unsurpassed genius from the metals his art had blended.

IF we would realize that God sincerely desires the salvation of all men, we must plant ourselves on the truth that holiness, which is of the very essence of salvation, can not be wrought in us by an extraneous force. It is under the guidance of this principle, and of this principle alone, that we can find our way out from the dark labyrinth of error and self-contradiction into the clear and beautiful light of the Gospel, that God "will have all men to be saved, and come unto a knowledge of the truth." It is, with the aid of this principle, and of this alone, that we may hear the sublime teachings of the divine wisdom, unmingled with the discordant sounds of human folly.—*Bledsoe*.

Thomas William Allies.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE Poor School Committee, to which Allies rendered such excellent service for a period of thirty years, was instituted by the Catholic bishops of England in 1847. It was formed to meet the requirements of Catholic education at a period when England was just emerging from the restrictions and persecutions of the penal times, facing a Government hostile with the enmities of three hundred years.

As secretary, Allies rendered great service to the cause of Catholic education, owing to the fact that he entered heart and soul into everything he undertook. He was particularly interested in the establishment of training colleges,—a work in which he was at first practically unaided by the bishops, who, still in the lethargy induced by centuries of repression, were indifferent or timid about the securing of religious instruction in those institutions where secular instruction was ably furthered by the State.

In March, 1855, Allies, to his great satisfaction, was sent by the Poor School Committee to Namur, Belgium, to represent the need of Catholic elementary education before the Superior-General of the Congregation of Notre Dame, founded by Blessed Julie Billiart. This Congregation, which has become noted in America for the number, success and efficiency of its schools and teachers, and which has preserved in a remarkable manner the simple, sincere, and unworldly spirit of its foundress, gave a favorable answer to the petition of the English bishops. Under its auspices was established the Liverpool Training College, which seemed to Allies like his own child; for he had really been its originator. For thirty-five years he watched its growth from a promising infancy to a splendid and robust maturity. In 1874 he also participated in the foundation of the second training college for women at Wandsworth, and main-

tained while he lived an unflagging interest in the training college for men at Hammersmith.

This great work, to be undertaken against tremendous obstacles, presented a herculean task to the enthusiastic laborers who had cast their lot with the regenerators of Catholic education. And these obstacles proceeded more from the timidity and supineness of Catholics themselves than from the attitude of the Government. During the thirty years that intervened between 1853 and 1883, the Inspectors of Schools had learned what Catholics desire to teach their children. The Government, forgetful of the old animosity toward the Catholic faith, showed the most honorable treatment to religious, allowing them perfect liberty to teach in the schools.

As the religious aspect brightened, Allies was one of those who began to cherish the dream of a Catholic College at Oxford or Cambridge. We will quote his own words on the subject. He writes:

“What presents itself to my mind is a Catholic College, as a complete whole, teaching the entire range of university instruction within its own walls, under exclusively Catholic tutors and rulers, so that the students should never look upon any but those of their own faith as instructors. If it be objected that they must submit to the choice of studies imposed by the university, as well as to the examination for degrees, I should reply that these difficulties already exist in the case of those who attend the degree examinations of the London University. . . .

“If we have been hitherto *outside* of English life, can we not get *inside* it? Is the mother of all living not to be represented where every miserable abortive of private judgment may henceforth raise its head? We alone have theology and a consistent mental and moral philosophy. Can we not go into one of the great centres of English life, amid structures yet bearing the names of Chicheley, Wolsey, Wykeham, and Waynflete, and keep our own? Can we not

maintain dogma, theology, and science where we shall be seen, known, and listened to? Two things are of supreme importance: one, to disconnect the imputation at least, if not the reality, of inferiority and listlessness from Catholics; the other, to bring before the youth of England a true and living picture of Catholic faith, teaching, and conduct. On the one hand, I believe that the thing wanted to give new life to Catholic education is to bring its students into competition on the same arena with the great mass of the nation. . . .

"Without a proper university course—of which residence in a university, which carries the life of a nation in its bosom, is the most special part,—Catholics will remain, as I invariably hear them estimated to be, inferior in culture to those who are not Catholic. I have never met with an individual Catholic—priest or layman—who did not think and feel that the English Catholics, in the matter of education, were far inferior to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Now, much as I reprobate the thought of individual Catholic students entering Protestant colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, I do not see how the mere prohibition of such a course will tend to improve our education, to satisfy the needs felt—and rightly and reasonably felt,—or to still the discontent which unhappily is rankling in many minds. But the continuance of our present inferiority tends to encourage even in the minds of Catholics what is a proverb with Protestants—the notion that the profession of the only true faith impedes and hampers the cultivation of the intellect,—makes men ignorant and slothful.

"Weighing the opinions, political, scientific, social and moral, now in conflict throughout the world, I think that few things could be more injurious to the formation of a conscientious, orthodox, religious, devout and pure laity than the prevalence of this notion; and certainly few things are more prejudicial to the action of the Church on those outside of her pale.

"For this is the second aspect under which we ought to view the foundation of a Catholic college in the centre of national life. If She who is alone seated on the Rock were to appear amid these shifting sand-banks, might we not draw to us many minds which are now without rest? Might we not show that not only can we hold our own, but that science, logic, and intellect are on the side of the Catholic Church, as well as the divine body of truth which She alone can present in its entirety? Those who can be ignored at Ushaw, Stonyhurst, and Oscott, would have to be counted with at Oxford or Cambridge. And the appearance on that soil of a college with teaching power equal to any, would finally banish from the minds of the youth of England that caricature of Catholic teaching, temper, and manners which more than any other thing impedes the conversion of noble minds seeking for the truth; and would substitute for it a living standard of Catholic worship, faith, and practice, which, in the shipwreck of all definite and dogmatic belief on the Protestant side, would act with a gentle power of attraction on natures yearning after what we possess, but taught to disbelieve our possession of it."

It was Cardinal Newman, still a simple priest, that first directed the attention of Allies to the "Philosophy of History," which led to his work on "The Formation of Christendom." In this, as in all he undertook, he progressed slowly, weighing the smallest step, and measuring every proof by the light of reason and conscience. Begun in 1861, it was finished in 1895. The eight volumes in which it is comprised are a powerful contribution to Church history. He wrote in his Journal: "After the work of saving my soul, it is my work in life to defend the See of Peter."

Among his inner circle of friends—and they were comparatively few—Aubrey de Vere held a firm place, and no one was more interested than he in the great book. Though meeting seldom, they were closely

united in spirit. In 1867 the two friends had some correspondence on the Irish Question, to which the poet had contributed a pamphlet. Allies wrote to him, on January 25, 1867, the following characteristic letter:

"I wish I could think that there is statesmanship enough among the fever of our parties to lay to heart the truths which you bring before them. Nothing can be more temperate than your statements; and they go, I think, to the root of the whole matter. But are Englishmen and Scotchmen, as represented in Parliament (to say nothing of Irish Orangemen and their influence), prepared to treat the life, the property, the religion, and the interests of Irish Catholics in the same way that they treat their own lives, properties, religions and interests? If they would, perhaps it might even now be possible to make Ireland a part of one united empire. No doubt they feel the miserable weakness which the state of Ireland brings upon the empire; but are they magnanimous enough for its only remedy? It will be a comfort to you to be doing your part of the work. . . ."

In 1885 Allies was made a Commendatore of St. Gregory by the Holy Father, in recognition of his services in the cause of Catholicity. This unexpected reward gave him great pleasure.

His official connection with the Poor School Committee ended in 1890, after which he received the generous annual pension of four hundred pounds. It was the year of the death of his friend and counsellor, Cardinal Newman, whom he survived thirteen years. Allies writes in his Journal:

"August 16, 1890.—This week has been occupied by one event: the departure from us of the great and noble spirit whom I have looked up to as a master; who, fifty years ago, by his writings, drew me out of that wild radicalism which I had brought back with me from my *Wanderjahre* in Italy. I have been thinking again and again of the life which he pre-

sented last Monday to the all-seeing Judge whom he had so deeply loved and so faithfully served, and of the reward which he has received for it. Subsidiary to this is the thought that before long I must stand before the same Judge myself. . . . I thought how soon I should lie down, as he now lies, and see what he said long ago: that there are but two beings for every man—God and his own soul."

In his eightieth year another great honor came to Allies. This was the gold medal for merit, the greatest distinction conferred on laymen by the Holy See. His work on "The Monastic Life" was published in 1895. It is the eighth and the last of the series comprised in "The Formation of Christendom."

In 1897 he entered upon his eighty-fifth year. He had already seen several of his dear ones depart; that year was to witness the death of his loved son, Father Basil Allies, as well as that of several other relatives. At eighty-eight he lost the faithful companion of his long life, who died after a week's illness. She had been an incomparable wife and mother. A slight stroke of paralysis had deprived him of the power of locomotion; he could no longer hear Mass, which was for him a great deprivation. This occurred in 1897, six years before his death.

During the last year, sight, hearing and speech,—all began to fail rapidly. He could no longer read. He seemed to be fading, as it were, out of life. His whole being was passing slowly but surely into the valley of the shadow, which did not affright him, because the Lord, whom he acknowledged and served, was his staff and his light, as he penetrated farther and farther into the gloom, which is but the curtain that hides from us the glory of immortality.

He died June 17, 1903, without a struggle or a pang, serene and confident to the last moment of his life in the refuge his young manhood had chosen as the surest of all the world—the citadel of Catholic peace. He had tasted the bitter with the

sweet; he had struggled as few men struggle in these materialistic days, till the will of God had become in very thought and essence his own. He had lived to the fullest the life of which once he had written these potent and suggestive words:

"How hard it is to advance a step in sanctity, to act upon supernatural motives, to live above the world and simply in the presence of God! The dead men of genius, ruined by the misuse of that in them which was most brilliant, lie around us on all sides. What more horrible to think of than the doom of a Goethe! For such a man to have lost *il ben dell' intelletto*, which on earth he made his idol! How infinitely greater to lie at the feet of the least of the saints in Paradise than to have the greatest name on earth! But what if that great name resounds on earth while the lost spirit is in hell? Give me grace to sweep my heart clear of idols, O Lord, that Thou alone may enter in and reign!"

Never was sincere and humble prayer more fully granted.

Concerning Robin Hood.

BY KATHERINE C. COPITHORNE.

TO many of us, no doubt, the name Robin Hood brings happy recollections of our childish days, when the stories of that hero and his merry men were as familiar as the wondrous rhymes of "Mother Goose" and her marvellous company. To others of us, perhaps, the name is a pleasant one because of its association with one of the most charming of modern operas—Reginald de Koven's "Robin Hood."

But whether our introduction to the gallant highwayman was brought about by way of story land or playhouse, very few of us, I fancy, have felt that Robin was a really historical character, and that the marvellous tales of our childhood or the charming opera of the modern stage had any actual foundation in truth.

Whether or not Robin ever existed has been, however, a much discussed question. His career, as developed, has all the details of history; and that these were taken from the ballads concerning him, or from the lives of some semi-historical personages and applied to him, seems quite probable. Whether he lived or not, and wherever he lived, it is certain that many mythical elements have entered into his history. Those who contend that Robin was a purely fictitious character say that his surname is a variation of Hodeken, an elf, or woodland sprite, of German folklore. Others think that Hood may be a corruption of "o'-the-wood," because the elves dwelt in the forest; others again, that he was so called because he, like the other woodland creatures, wore, according to popular belief, a long, pointed hood.

It is in agreement with those who maintain that Robin was no myth but a most real personage, and who place his existence and most of his exploits in the twelfth and early centuries, that I will outline the life of my hero.

Robin Hood was born about the year 1160, during the reign of Henry II., in the town of Lockesley, in Nottinghamshire, and was descended from the noble family of the Harls of Huntingdon. Of his early life little is related except that his wild and extravagant disposition soon consumed his inheritance and caused him to be outlawed for debt,—this being the alleged reason for his betaking himself to the woods and embracing the life he there led.

Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, and Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, were his favorite haunts, and there he was joined by a number of kindred spirits. Foremost among his followers were Little John (surely a most contradictory name, since that gentleman is reputed to have been "at least seven feet tall, and an elle in the waiste"); Friar Tuck, chaplain of the company; Will Scarlet; George-a-Greene; Much, the miller's son; and Maid Marian.

Maid Marian was the daughter of Lord

Fitz Walters; and, being wooed by a prince whose affection she did not return, she retired to Sherwood Forest to be with her true love, Robin. According to one of the numerous songs, she was—

Sovereign of the woods, chief ladye of the game;
and the same ballad goes on to describe here as—

Her clothes tucked to her knee and dainty
braided hair,

With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here
and there

Among the forests wild. Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as fair Maid
Marian slew.

Here in the greenwood Robin and his merry company lived (to put the best construction on the matter) by levying toll on the wealthy travellers through their domain—theirs by law of Might, not Right,—and by killing the deer which roamed through the forest.

Robin was the ideal outlaw—courteous and liberal to the poor, chivalrous and reverent to all women, and a true lover of the Virgin Mother; for does not one of the old balladists say:

Robin loved Our Ladye deare;
And for fear of deadly synne,
He never would harm company
That any woman was in?

Robin took from the rich their superfluous goods, but what he did not need for himself he gave to the poor; thus readjusting the distribution of property and gaining the good-will of the masses. He shot the King's deer, but was loyal to the King, until after the battle of Evesham, when he joined forces with Simon de Montfort, the champion of the people against Henry III.

The historian Knight says: "Robin Hood was the representative of the never-ending protest of the people against misrule,—a practical protest which set up a rude sort of democratic justice against the tyranny and oppression of the aristocrats." With all due respect to Knight, I'm afraid that in our day Robin's "democratic justice" would be termed plain highway robbery.

Skilful with the bow, he is said to have performed some wonderful feats therewith. From a little hill near Ludlow he is reputed to have shot an arrow into the roof of Ludlow church, a distance of a mile and a half; while at another time he dispatched as many as fifteen of the King's foresters who had been sent to capture him. We are told by another of the many ballads that—

The merry pranks he played would take an age
to tell,

And the adventures strange that Robin Hood
befell.

From wealthy abbots' chests and churls' abundant
store

What oftentimes he took he shared among the
poor.

The widow in distress he frequently relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a fair maid
grieved.

If all this be true, it is small wonder that Robin was to the people the ideal yeoman, as Arthur was to the nobility the ideal knight; and that his death in 1247, in the thirty-first year of Henry III.'s reign, was mourned by all. The supposed manner of his death is in most melancholy contrast with his life of jollity. Having reached the ripe old age of eighty-seven, he fell ill, and, as was the custom of the time, thought to be cured by bleeding. He therefore repaired to Kirkely, where one of his cousins resided. She, thinking perhaps to vindicate the wrongs of the many he had robbed, treacherously allowed Robin to bleed to death.

As proof of his almost universal popularity, his history and exploits have been rehearsed by innumerable writers from Peirs Plowman in 1327, to Tennyson in our own time; even Shakespeare and Scott having found in Robin the ideal highwayman.

The following epitaph is supposed to have been written above his grave:

Here underneath this little stone
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.
Never archer was as he so good,
And people called him Robin Hood.
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again.

A Timely Pastoral.

THE Supremacy of the Pope, and the submission and affection due to him as the Vicar of Christ, the ruler of the Church, and the father of the faithful, is the subject of a timely pastoral by the Archbishop of Colombo, from which we reproduce the following passages:

The handing over of the keys of a city or a fortress is a sign that the recipient is invested with the power of governing and ruling it. When, therefore, Our Lord promised to St. Peter the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, it is equivalent to the promise of making him the supreme Ruler and Head of the Church—God's kingdom on earth.

After the Ascension, all the disciples, in obedience to the order of their Divine Master, met in "an upper room, where abode Peter and John, James and Andrew," and the other Apostles (Acts, i, 13). St. John Chrysostom remarks that here and in other passages of the Gospels, St. Peter is named first, as being the Head of the Church and the Prince of the Apostles. The Apostles and disciples, on their part, accepted without hesitation the Supremacy of Peter, well knowing that Jesus Christ so willed it.

"In those days Peter, rising up in the midst of the brethren, said" (Acts, i, 15) that, Judas having betrayed his Master, and having died a wretched death at his own hands, it was now their duty to appoint another in his place: "His bishopric let another take" (Acts, i, 20). Accordingly, St. Matthias was elected to complete the number of the Apostles. In the passage of the Acts of the Apostles just quoted, St. Peter is represented to us as performing the first act of his office as Supreme Pastor. It was for him to see that the number of Apostles was fully maintained; he therefore rose and called upon the assembly to proceed to the election.

Commenting with admiration on the pastoral vigilance of Peter, St. Chrysostom exclaims: "How zealous, how deeply conscious he is of having received from Christ the care of His flock! How truly he is the Head of this Sacred College, and as such is always the first to speak! Being the first of all, he enters on the exercise of his authority, and takes in hand the conduct of the assembly" (Homil. 3).

The object for which Peter rose and addressed the brethren is one of the highest importance. An Apostle had died. Had his office died with him? St. Peter declares it has not, and that it

must pass to the successor they were now going to appoint in his place. Jesus Christ has promised to His Church that He will be with her to the consummation of the world; which means that the Church is to last as long as the world itself. In giving, therefore, to His Church a constitution based on the governing power of Peter and the other Apostles, Jesus Christ intended that this government should last as long as the Church itself. From the action of St. Peter we know that this is effected by transfer of authority from one to another in an unbroken succession. The bishops are the successors of the Apostles, the Popes the successors of St. Peter. To St. Peter succeeded St. Linus, and to St. Linus St. Clement and all the others whose names are preserved in history down to our present Pius X., who is the 264th successor of St. Peter.

Strange, sad fact that the high significance of this passage of the Acts of the Apostles should be lost on non-Catholics! How unnatural and unlikely it would have been for St. Peter, in view of what occurred during the Passion of Our Lord, to assert himself as he did, or for the others to have permitted him to do so, had not he and they realized that he was vested with authority, and had an office to exercise! It would have been for St. Peter to take and always to retain the lowest place in the assemblies of the Apostles, to cultivate silence, and to avoid prominence, instead of "rising in the midst" and dictating to his confrères.

A learned Protestant clergyman having declared that he could find no Scriptural warrant for the supremacy of St. Peter, we took his own Bible; and, passing over the familiar texts on which this doctrine is based, pointed out the significance of the Gospel narrative of the miraculous draught of fishes in the Lake of Genesareth. It was St. Peter's boat into which Christ entered, and from which He "taught the multitudes," having directed Simon "to draw back a little from the land"; to St. Peter He addressed the command, "Launch out into the deep," etc.; it was St. Peter who answered, "Master, we have labored all the night," etc.; again, it was St. Peter—"he was wholly astonished" at the "very great multitude of fishes"—

who exclaimed, "Depart from me," etc.; yet again, it was to St. Peter that Our Lord said, "Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

By teaching the multitude from St. Peter's ship, our Saviour shows us, according to St. Augustine, that all nations were to be instructed by means of the authority of the Church, which is governed by Peter. This ship is not in danger, says St. Ambrose, because St. Peter is at its helm, on whom the Church is founded. Moreover, our Saviour in this same ship gave to Peter especially the charge of fishing. St. Jerome calls the Sovereign Pontiff "The Successor of the Fisherman."

In the usual quiet way of preachers, our learned friend answered in some such words as these: 'I have perhaps been too content to let an opinion (or impression) admitted in early life dispense with protracted inquiry and various reading.'

We have referred to Mgr. Coudert's pastoral as a timely one. It is especially so. The voice of "the Teacher of the Whole World," as St. Chrysostom calls the Sovereign Pontiff, has lately been raised in condemnation of modernist doctrines, by repudiating which Catholics will prove their submission to authority which is from God. An occasion of showing their affection for the Father of the Faithful is afforded by the approaching sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of Pius X. Not only should there be public demonstration of allegiance to him, but fervent prayer from every member of the Church that outsiders may recognize his claims on their submission, "that the Lord may preserve him, and give him life, and make him blessed on earth, and deliver him not to the will of his enemies."

"MEN will forget thee sooner than thou thinkest," wrote the wise Thomas à Kempis some centuries ago; and there does not seem great ground for hope that they will remember any longer in this century, when there is so much more to do.—*Miriam Coles Harris.*

An Afternoon Communion.

THE French garrison chaplain who recalls the following incident of his oldtime military life, probably sighs for the days when faith was so vivid and practical.

It was at Lyons. One afternoon, about four o'clock, a young soldier belonging to a regiment of cuirassiers presented himself at the chaplain's quarters, and made the unusual request that the priest should hear his confession and then give him Communion at once.

"Hear your confession? Yes, of course. But won't to-morrow morning be time enough for Holy Communion? You must know 'tis not customary, unless one is ill, to receive the Blessed Eucharist at this time of day."

"Well, Father, you see 'tis this way. To-day is my mother's birthday; and, ever since I joined the army, I've made it a rule to repay her a little for all her good advice and prayers by celebrating her feast as I am sure she would like best to have me observe it; that is, by offering a Holy Communion for her intention. I intended, last night, to go to confession and receive this morning; but we had an unexpected review that kept me in the ranks all the forenoon. Then, this afternoon, up to now, our regiment has been engaged in camp inspection. Not to omit celebrating mother's festival, however, I haven't broken my fast; and I thought that perhaps, in view of the circumstances, you would let me receive outside of the regular time."

"As I certainly will, my dear fellow!" said the edified priest. "The mother of so good a son *deserves* to have her birthday celebrated."

Alas! poor France is now, or will soon be, quite without chaplains for her army as well as her navy; and all too many of her young men, pupils of her infidel schools, are sadly wanting in the spirit of faith and devotedness that characterized this youthful soldier of Lyons.

Notes and Remarks.

That the Eucharistic Congress held last week in Pittsburg was the most largely attended gathering ever organized by the Eucharistic League in this country is only one of multiple reasons why the Catholics of the United States should rejoice in that magnificent demonstration of loyalty to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The Real Presence is, after all, the central doctrine from which radiate all the spiritual activities of everyday Catholic life; and the sermons preached, the papers read, the views discussed, the practical problems exposed and solved at Pittsburg can not but beneficently affect the faithful throughout the country.

In a still wider sense, the Congress has been of inestimable benefit to our country at large. Denial of the Real Presence by the Reformers and their followers has led, as logically it was bound to do, to denial of Christ's divinity, and to the consequent collapse of Christianity as a living force among hundreds of thousands who still call themselves Christians. Believers in Jesus, really present in the Sacrament of the Altar, are the veritable salt of the earth in these United States, giving necessary savor to the national life, and preserving society as a whole from the putrefaction which would otherwise overtake it. Every Mass celebrated, every Communion received, every visit paid to the Blessed Sacrament, every aspiration proffered to the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle, is a genuine act of patriotic service; and every congress held to increase such acts is in reality a mightier force for the country's welfare than is any legislative assembly in individual States, or the Federal Congress in the nation's capital.

There is certainly room for general improvement in the public recitation of the Rosary. A little less hurry to "get through," in the first place; the slightest

interval between the parts of the different prayers said by the one who leads and those who respond; an instant's pause at the Holy Name in the "Hail Mary"; and a brief announcement of each mystery at the beginning of the decades, would unquestionably have the effect of holding attention, and thereby conduce to piety. As it is, the public Rosary devotion often sounds more like the continuous mumbling of a lesson than anything else. No one unfamiliar with the prayers could recognize any of them. "If you want to have an idea of what Esperanto would sound like, listen to the prayers after Mass or to the Rosary devotions." Of course this was said from the seat of the scornful.

Speaking of Esperanto, the argument of M. Rémy de Gourmont, its ablest assailant, is well worth the attention of those who may be inclined to welcome the vogue of this latest artificial language. There are many others, the best known of them being Volapuk. M. de Gourmont's argument is thus epitomized in the *Athenæum*:

This new artificial tongue is essentially a Latin language in its construction: easily learned by all who have a smattering of any Latin language. That it can replace French or Latin is a view rejected by reasonable men of culture. The importance of South America in the world makes it probable that Spanish will continue to live as a tongue of trade. While the Church of Rome will cling to Latin, and diplomacy and society to French, the scientific world is hardly likely to adopt any common language, on account of the extraordinary difficulty of expressing modern problems in a language mainly created to facilitate travel and the ordinary intercourse of unlettered people. Trade will take care of itself, but M. de Gourmont doubts whether any important firms are likely to encourage the use of a common language by their travellers. That the managers of such undertakings will have clerks able to write Esperanto may be admitted; but they already pride themselves on having clerks who can correspond with their principal clients in all parts of the world, in all the chief languages of trade. Every branch of industry, and indeed of human activity, has its own technical language, unintelligible to all who are not engaged

in the particular pursuit. In many cases it may be called slang, or, as the French say, "jargon." It is, however, indispensable, as may be found by noting the absence, from ordinary dictionaries, of the essential words. Even for the mere tourist it is easy to exaggerate the importance of a new common language. Real difficulties chiefly occur when we reach any incident not of an everyday nature. For example, a child's life may depend upon the procuring of the only food which the delicate stomach will retain—arrowroot; the stomach rejecting many offered substitutes far more common in tourist countries, such as Italy or Tyrol. No common language is likely for many years to come to be able to attenuate such troubles; yet these form the kind of cases to which the advocates of common languages point.

Of course some allowance is to be made for the fierce opposition to Esperanto in France. The average Frenchman would seem to be of opinion that if French is not the universal language, it ought to be.

Many strange things that will seem incredible only to those who have no knowledge of the bird world are recorded by Messrs. T. H. Nelson and W. Eagle Clarke in their recently published work, "The Birds of Yorkshire." Mr. Nelson relates that on one occasion, when he was out in a northeast gale, waiting for wild-fowl, a robin perched on the end of his gun barrels and remained there for nearly a minute! It would be pleasant to record that thereupon the sportsman lowered his gun, never again to raise it against a little brother of the air. He had yet another experience that should have influenced him,—a gannet falling to a shot in such a way as almost to bayonet its slayer.

The prostitution of the theatre to unworthy ends is so common that one rejoices to meet with a paragraph like the following, which we quote from the *Southern Cross*:

The great actress Eleonora Duse, who has been here for some time, has been displeased, we are told by the liberal press, because a group of society ladies protested so strongly against the representation of a certain drama which

was advertised for her to appear in, that the play was withdrawn by the management of the theatre. The play is a stupid production, which depends entirely for its appeal to an audience upon a vulgar, anti-religious plot. . . . There was no just artistic reason why this dunghill production should be held up to the society of Buenos Aires as a dramatic effort worthy of study or attention. Eleonora Duse is charging high rates for her performances. She should give the high-class art to which her name is justly allied. She is a great artiste and should not stoop. She has received the needed lesson that it is not possible for her to conquer Buenos Aires taste by stooping.

The lesson was not, of course, so graphically impressed upon her as was that which Bernhardt received in Quebec, but it appears to have been equally effective. We cordially echo the *Cross'* tribute to the lesson-givers:

All honor to the ladies of high Portefia society who took action to defend the seemliness of the stage in their native city. The immoral play to which they have objected would, if given and if tolerated by their presence, have stamped them as of a class to which they most decidedly do not belong. Their spirited attitude in this matter is worthy of their unsullied honor as Catholic matrons, and has done credit to the culture of the capital.

The current *North American Review* publishes, under the title "Some Conclusions of a Free-Thinker," a more or less interesting exposition of the views entertained by the late Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, on the great questions of life and death. In the same number of the review Mr. Goldwin Smith, discussing "Evolution, Immortality, and Christianity," takes issue with some of the conclusions put forward in the preceding paper; and, while we differ *toto celo* from Mr. Smith on most matters having to do with the deeper problems of life, we commend to the free-thinking fraternity the following paragraph, in which he deals with the probability of life's prolongation beyond the grave:

A special, and perhaps the most striking, feature of Mr. Chamberlain's essay is his denial of the immortality of the soul. That belief he holds to be not only unproved and incapable

of proof, but less acceptable than the opposite doctrine, which, he says, puts a quietus on the painful and gloomy thought of a system of future rewards and punishments which has so long harassed the world, besides making life more unselfish as being lived without hope of reward. His own life, we may be pretty sure, has been happy as well as good; but what is to be said about the myriads whose lives, through no fault of their own, have been misery ending in pain? There is no use in trying to disguise annihilation as "eternal rest." In rest we still live, and from it we at length awake. Annihilation is surely a sad word, were it only that it means final separation from those we love. If death ends all, it levels not only the most virtuous with the most depraved, but the greatest benefactors with the greatest scourges of mankind. In Mr. Chamberlain's case, the renunciation of all interest beyond the grave might be unselfishness, but in most cases it surely would be rather greed of immediate enjoyment.

The Catholic reader of both the *Review* papers will probably reach the conclusion that the critic as well as the free-thinker manifests, more or less unconsciously, not a little of that pride of intellect which throughout the ages has been a stumbling-block in the scholar's progress toward adequate service to his Father and his Redeemer.

A circular letter issued by Bishop Berlioz a few days before the recent destructive conflagration at Hakodate, Japan, exposed the critical financial condition of the missions under his charge. The increased cost of living of late years has rendered the salary (one hundred and thirty-two dollars) allotted by the Propagation of the Faith to each missionary quite insufficient to defray the most indispensable expenses; and the supplementary subsidy granted for the general expenses of the mission has decreased from 18,000 francs in 1891 to less than one-third of that amount in 1907. An appeal for help was unavoidable, therefore, even before the scourge of fire swept over the mission; the appeal takes on additional emphasis and pathos now that the work of reconstructing the whole series of buildings—churches, residences, schools, etc.—must

be undertaken forthwith. Bishop Berlioz writes us that the ruin of the Hakodate mission is assured unless aid reaches him promptly, and adds: "Will not American Catholics come to our assistance?"

We cordially echo this denunciation, by the London *Catholic Times*, of a peculiarly contemptible species of anonymous letter-writing:

We protest against a practice which, in our opinion, is degrading to the press—that of getting a writer, anonymously, to attack and endeavor to vilify a creed whilst professing to hold that creed himself. It is a practice which straightforward journalism would never tolerate. We know what answer will be made by the Paris correspondent of the *Church Times*, who is, the editor states, a layman. He will say that he dare not put his name to his letter. What is to prevent him? Nothing, so far as we can see, but cowardice. Until he signs his letter with his name we shall feel justified in treating him not as a Catholic, but as a virulent enemy of the Church. His letters are a series of violent tirades against the Holy Father and the higher clergy, who, in his view, could not possibly perform a single act indicative of wisdom or liberality of mind.

We are not without such anonymous scribes in this country. Semi-occasionally they are heard from in the press of New York or Chicago; and not infrequently are editorially referred to as of incalculably more prominence and importance than would ever be attributed to them did they manifest the elementary courage of signing their names to their disloyal screeds.

In the preface of his new book, "Scilly and the Scillonians," Mr. J. G. Uren sets up a high claim to accuracy, which leads us to wonder at such extravagant statements as that he never "heard of a priest who was not a good trencher-man." "Shade of Manning!" exclaims a reviewer in the *Athenæum* in reference to this delivery. Mr. Uren's acquaintance with priests of any rank is probably very slight. We venture to assert that there are five hundred dyspeptics among them to one good trencher-man. Potluck at their tables

would be a sore trial to Mr. Uren, of whom the *Athenæum* says: "He is a bitter Tory, a Tariff Reformer or Protectionist, and, we imagine, a strong Protestant."

Inseparably connected with, if not directly resulting from, the speed with which men live nowadays is the desire for immediate results in every field of activity, and a disinclination to look beyond the passing moment for signs of success or failure. Occasionally, however, a philosophical student of history takes a more meditative stand, and quietly judges the future by the logic of the past. In such a mood, Mr. George Sampson tells the *London Daily Chronicle*:

The history of most contests with that strange priest empire (the Papacy) seems to point the moral that ultimate victory rests with the side whose real weapons are not gross guns and bayonets, though it has often availed itself of such worldly advantages. Its strength lies elsewhere; and be it emperor or statesman or individual that finds something to challenge and attack in many-sided Rome, the end is ever the same—the world seems to win, but the Church does not lose; and the worldly combatant goes, after all, to Canossa.

Americans possessed of the desire to see ourselves as others—some others—see us, may have that desire gratified by perusing an article contributed to the *London Academy* by Mr. Arthur Machen, a writer who evidently takes himself very seriously. A comprehensive idea of the article may be gathered from this descriptive clause found therein, "the horrible body of death, decay, and wickedness which is called the United States of America." Better worth while, however, than Mr. Machen's strictures is the *North American Review's* sane criticism thereof:

It is provocative of ill-nature and unkindliness to discuss assertions that seem unwarrantably severe, and we have no intention of doing so; our sole purpose now is to present an indication of what we have long considered to be the real attitude of the Briton of high class toward Americans of whatever walk in life. We do not resent it; indeed, strictures that are deserved

may well be brought to our attention for our own good, and exaggeration or vindictiveness never offers adequate cause for offence to properly balanced minds. The only point we would make relates to our own attitude toward other peoples. Let it not be influenced by hypocritical professions or sentimental racial appeals in one direction, or by futile and unworthy resentment in another; let it be the same to all men and to all nations,—forbearing, generous, modest as befits youth, yet properly insistent upon recognition of real worth; and, most important of all, as free from entanglements of whatever nature as the fathers, if living, could wish the great Republic to remain.

The foregoing, we submit, is much in the vein of our moralizing President, notwithstanding that the reference to "entanglements" is, we suspect, a condemnation of some of our busy executive's activities in the domain of world-politics.

Six months ago we referred in these columns to the threatened confiscation of the Irish College in Paris, and quoted *Rome* to the effect that there was reason to believe that the British Ambassador had already called "Hands off!" Whether or not such action was taken, the confiscation has not yet been consummated; and the following statement in the *London Catholic Times* would seem to indicate that the contemplated act of high-handed robbery has been indefinitely postponed:

The *entente cordiale* has uses other than political. Its influence has stayed, and we trust will entirely prevent, the threatened seizure of the Irish College, Paris, by the French Government. An official statement just issued by the authorities of the College is to the effect that the institution has been reopened after the holidays, and that there is ground to believe the *status quo* may be maintained for some time.

Apropos of a question concerning the Breviary, the *American Ecclesiastical Review* gives terse expression to a verity which is well worth emphasizing in these modern, or "modernist," times. "Most of us," says the *Review*, "learn more solid and lasting truth from legends in our days of innocence than ever, at a later age, we learn from the teachings of science."



A Great Thief.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THROUGH every nation, Procrastination
Goes roaming, thieving, from dawn to gray;
The poor and wealthy, the sick and healthy,
The meek and haughty he robs each day.
No laws can bind him, no jailers find him:
He mocks all orders and each decree;
Scholars pedantic, and statesmen frantic,
Kings autocratic alike scorns he.
Not gem or jewel will he be cruel
Enough from matron or maid to steal;
Not any pleasure in miser's treasure
Of gleaming gold does he ever feel.
No safe he rifles, he never trifles
With bills, bonds, leases of any clime;
But fast he clutches with eager touches
The days and hours and minutes of Time.

A Moon Dream.

BY E. D. M.

IT was at the close of a long, unusually
warm day in September, and little
Muriel, tired with play, was glad to
finish her prayers and tumble into her
cool, white bed at an earlier hour than
was her wont. It was the last day of
vacation; to-morrow school began, and
Muriel dreaded that time with all the
strength of her little heart. How she
hated those horrid lessons, and that
stuffy schoolroom! And, worst of all, how
she dreaded a cross teacher! Well, there
was a long night between, anyway; and
with that comforting thought she fell
asleep, her head resting on her hand.

A silvery, mist-robed moonbeam stole
through the open window, and, spying
the winsome lassie, flooded the little

room with soft light that he might see her
better. A charming picture she made
as she lay asleep, her golden curls all
tossed about her face, a wild-rose flush
betraying the past day's excitement. But
the discontented curve of the sweet lips
and the frown that puckered the forehead
took away much of the usual charm.
Even in sleep that hated school would
disturb her dreams; and, oh, how she
wished to-morrow would never come!
Then she seemed to awake, and found
the moonbeam looking at her. "Will you
come with me to a land where there is
no school?" he said. "Oh, gladly!" she
cried; and in the same moment found
herself borne gently out of the window
and into the warm summer night.

Higher and higher they rose, until the
great cities seemed like specks in the
distance, and the stars grew more and
more brilliant as they neared the heavenly
spheres. Still on they sped, the moon-
beam and the little girl, upward and
upward, until she closed her eyes tight
for dizziness. Star after star they passed,
each more glowingly beautiful than the
last, until, opening her eyes, Muriel found
herself in a curious country. Everything
was gray-colored and dull; the houses
were all shades of gray and very queerly
shaped; and the people were all gray too;
even her own moonbeam guide seemed
strange and unfamiliar.

They passed through a little lane in
"Moonville," and found the road thick
with gray dust. "Well," she cried, "this
seems like home, anyway!" A little gray
cottage stood near the road, cone-shaped
and snug, with a curling wreath of gray
smoke stealing out of the chimney. Her
guide rapped at the door; and upon its
being opened by a dear little lady he
exclaimed: "Oh, it's so good to be home
again!" and kissed his wife.

"Little girl," he said, turning to her, "this is my wife, Mrs. Moonbeam; and we are going to let you live with us, and never go to school."

Muriel clapped her hands in delight.

"Oh, how lovely! I will be so good! I never thought the moon was like this."

Mrs. Moonbeam smiled at her rapture, and led her indoors to a little bedroom furnished in gray, overlooking a big, shady orchard.

Below, she saw numbers of children playing, but heard no sound of childish laughter. She hurried down to meet them, and they came toward her, a smile of greeting on their lips, but no word of welcome escaped them. A pretty picture she made as they gathered round her,—her dainty white robe, her laughing eyes, and her soft curls blowing in the wind.

"Why don't you make a noise?" she asked. "I always scream when I play games; it's lots more fun."

But the little ones never spoke a word, and looked so sad and downcast that Muriel felt she had said the wrong thing, and tried again.

"Do you like living here?" she questioned. No answer; then Muriel was startled. "Don't you ever talk?" she whispered. Still no reply. Then Muriel could stand it no longer, and ran in to Mrs. Moonbeam to tell her all about it.

Her kind hostess drew the small visitor to her side and said:

"Those little girls are the ones who would not go to school when they were bid. On the eve of school's opening, Mr. Moonbeam searches out the children with traces of tears on their cheeks; and if he finds that they hate school, he brings them here, where even the name of school is silenced. Once they come, they may play all day if they like, but they can never speak again, because, you see," she continued, with a quiet smile, "everything we do here, we do well; and as the children who are brought here have not studied long enough to speak English either correctly or fluently, and we have no

schools in which to teach them, we command them, under severest penalties, not to speak at all. Now you understand why they did not answer you when you spoke to them."

Muriel was frightened. This was a new aspect of affairs; she began to think she did not like the Moon as well as she had at first concluded. How terrible it would be, she thought, to be obliged to keep silence all the time! Why, it would be worse than school,—a thousand times worse.

"Oh, I want to go home!" she wailed. "Take me away from here!"

"That is not so easy," sighed the dame. "You will have to go before the court ere that can be decided."

So before the court Muriel went. There sat the "Man in the Moon," stroking his long, gray beard in a most imposing way; and in front of him, in semicircles, sat the judges and councillors, all in gray. Muriel, pale and trembling, stood before them, not daring to look up.

"You are accused of hating school," came in sonorous accents from the "Man in the Moon." "Prisoner, do you plead guilty?"

"Oh!" sobbed Muriel, "I *did* hate school, but I'll never hate it again; and I'll study hard, if you will only let me go home, please, dear Mr. Moon Man!"

There was a moment's silence; then "Send her back to earth!" came the deep voice again, "and give her another chance."

A little later Muriel found herself on her way to earth, having this time as her guide a stray sunbeam on its way to the damp, noisome places on earth where seldom a ray of sunlight is seen. The clouds through which they passed were all aglow with a soft, rosy brightness; and the sunbeam, passing through, tinted their edges with gold. At last she saw the tall church spires piercing through the early morning mist; and then, little by little, other buildings.

On and on they flew, and finally hovered over green meadows and fields of golden

grain, swaying in the gentle breeze. Little white houses nestled in groves of trees or at the foot of protecting hills, and there at last was the schoolhouse! Muriel's heart leaped as she saw it. A little while and she would be at home,—yes, there it stood, the place she loved above all others; and there was her own little room, with the window wide open, and the curtain ruffles fluttering in the breeze, just as she had left it when she was taken away by Mr. Moonbeam.

The sun was in a blaze of glory when she bade farewell to the little sunbeam which had guided her so well; and she snuggled close in her cozy bed, as she thought how good it felt to be home. What noise is that which keeps disturbing her? It sounds again and again, and at last she sits up to listen. It is her mother calling:

"Muriel, Muriel! Get up, dear! You will be late for school."

Muriel jumped out of bed.

"All right!" she cried. "I'll be down in a minute!"

In a flash she remembered her strange dream.

"I'll keep my word," she whispered, looking out of her window toward the great blue heavens; and the dim outline of the moon, still visible in the morning sky, seemed to register her sweet promise. And keep her word she did, carrying off the highest honors when school closed that year.

An Historic Chapel.

One of the finest Catholic chapels in Devonshire, England, belongs to Convict Prison, Prince Town. The prison was built 1806-9, and was used at first for the incarceration of French and American prisoners of war. In 1815, the building was converted into a factory; but in 1850 it again became a prison for persons sentenced to penal servitude. The altar of the Catholic chapel was made by convicts,

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.—MORE FRICTION.

When bedtime came that night, Whirlwind knelt with a heavy heart to say her prayers. She deeply regretted her conduct of the afternoon; she could see the kind face of Martha before her, though she closed her eyes never so tightly. She felt miserable and lonely without her father; conscious, moreover, that she had deserved the displeasure of the only one in the world beside whom she really loved. She was gradually becoming more penitent as the prayers went on; but at the Act of Contrition she paused, got up hastily and sat on the side of her bed.

"I can't say it,—I can't say it!" she exclaimed, a sudden access of jealousy again attacking her. "I am not sorry for *that* sin, if it is a sin. I don't want those children to come and take Martha away from me. I hate the thought of them; I shall never speak to them."

For some moments she sat there, the picture of despair. She had not lit her lamp, as the moonlight streamed brightly through both windows. At length she lifted her head and her glance fell upon two pictures hung side by side. One was the portrait of her sweet young mother, gentle, smiling and lovely; the other, a small but fine engraving of Carlo Dolce's *Mater Dolorosa*. She looked from one to the other, while the tears came to her eyes.

"Dear mothers," she cried impulsively, clasping her hands and looking upward, "help me to be good! I am wicked, but I will try,—I will try not to be angry with Martha or to dislike Cousin Ellery, or hate those children that are going to live with Martha."

Then she went on with her prayers once more, and in a few moments was nearly asleep, the events of the day passing through her mind almost like a dream. Suddenly she was wide awake again,

sitting up in bed. She had remembered something,—something that drew her eyes wide open and made her cry out:

"Oh, how *could* I have forgotten it? What made me do it? And how can I ever tell Martha? It just came out of my mouth like—what I am—what I really am—a whirlwind! My name is right for me. I am a dreadful girl, if I can do *that* and forget it. What would papa think? He never could believe that I would—that I could—do such an awful thing. It is my horrid temper that is to blame for it all, I suppose. And yet sometimes I feel so kind and so gentle and so happy, and sometimes so joyful I want to sing all day long. I can't understand myself; I suppose God does, though."

She sat with her head on her knees, the pillows crumpled behind her. All at once she turned around and regarded a picture at the other side of the room. It hung over a lounge covered with an Indian blanket, and represented an Indian girl carrying a bow and arrow in one hand, and a water jar of stone in the other. She was standing beside a stream fringed with willows. Beneath was written the title of the picture, "Gentle-Waters." As she gazed at it, Whirlwind suddenly burst into a merry laugh.

"I must have been *very* angry to act so silly as that," she said; and after a moment she rearranged the pillows, and, lying down, was soon asleep.

She awoke full of good purposes and resolutions,—or, rather, Minnie waked her, knocking softly at the door.

"What is it, Minnie?" asked Whirlwind. "I am awake now,—you need not keep on knocking."

"Miss Ellery said that I was to plait your hair this morning," replied Minnie. "I guess it is very much tangled, so I thought I would call you a little earlier."

Whirlwind sprang out of bed and flew to the door. Opening it, she pulled the girl inside, whispering:

"Minnie, you are *not* going to plait my hair, either now or ever. Cousin Ellery has

no right to tell me how I should wear it."

"But to please her, to save fussing, Miss Whirlwind!" pleaded the girl.

"No, no, no!" answered the child, becoming more excited with every word. "I *will not* have it plaited! You can just go away; and don't bother to come here again about it, Minnie."

"But it looks so much prettier nicely combed and tied with ribbon."

"Go away, Minnie,—I tell you go away!" cried Whirlwind. "I say I am going to wear my hair the way I like it and no other way."

"Will you brush it a great deal and make it look soft and fluffy? It *is* so pretty when well brushed, dearie. It fluffs all around like a shower of gold. Maybe Miss Ellery will be satisfied if she sees it carefully brushed."

"I shan't promise," rejoined the child. "The idea! One would think me nothing but a baby."

"Very well," said Minnie, turning away. "I can only say that I did my best."

Whirlwind began to dress; and when she had reached the hair-brushing stage, she really did make an effort to render it presentable.

"Ten times on this side," she said, parting it, "and ten times on the other. I read somewhere that to make the hair soft and beautiful it should be brushed *two hundred times* every night. I think that is a waste of time, and I'm sure Martha would think so too."

Wishing to make a slight concession to the prejudices of her cousin, she turned over the ribbons in her drawer, and selecting a blue one, tied it tightly about her still wayward locks. She was not an adept at making a bow, and it hung crookedly at first; after the second trial, it stuck straight up in the air.

"Pshaw! I'll just knot it," said the little girl to herself, losing her patience; and in a moment two limp streamers were hanging down at the left side of her face. "Talk of ribbons!" she continued, looking at herself in the mirror. "I look

as silly as can be." But she left the garniture as it was.

The breakfast bell had rung while she was engaged with the ribbon; so, hastily taking the bedclothes from the bed, and placing them about on the chairs to air, she flopped down on her knees for a hurried prayer. That finished, she ran noisily down the stairs and burst into the dining-room.

"Late again, and noisy always!" said Cousin Ellery, without even a prefatory "Good-morning!" And then she added in surprise: "But why isn't your hair plaited, my dear? I expressly told Minnie to do it for you this morning, so that you might learn how."

"She wanted to, but I wouldn't let her," answered Whirlwind, sitting down, and glancing a little uncertainly at Miss Allen, who had smiled a pleasant greeting as she entered.

"You wouldn't let her, you say?" observed Cousin Ellery. "And did she tell you I had given her instructions?"

"Yes, Cousin Ellery, she did," was the reply. "But I have always worn my hair this way—I told you that yesterday,—and when it is brushed nicely, like this morning, it looks all right. And I have put on a ribbon."

"Dragged a blue string across the top of your head and tied it in a hard knot at the side, you mean to say," was Cousin Ellery's quick reply. "Anything more ridiculous than the spectacle you present this morning, with your hair parted crookedly and two strings hanging over your left ear, I can not imagine. I have a mind to send you away from the table, not to return until you have obeyed me."

"I can leave the table if you say so, Cousin Ellery," replied Whirlwind. "And I try to obey you every way that I can, but not in this. I will not have my hair plaited."

Cousin Ellery turned to Miss Allen.

"Advise me," she said. "Is this not a crucial test? If I do not insist, my authority will be set at naught in every-

thing by this stubborn, impudent child."

"Let it pass for the present. Later we may be able to persuade her," said Miss Allen, pleasantly.

"No, you never will," said Whirlwind, quickly. "I meant to be very good this morning, but I *don't* mean to be tyrannized over. Cousin Ellery, it can't make any difference to you how I wear my hair; you just want to have your own way,—that is all. You began to scold me the moment you came into this house. I think you are a very cruel, headstrong person."

"Could impertinence go further than that?" cried Cousin Ellery, again addressing Miss Allen. "Leave the table this instant!" she said to Whirlwind. "Take your breakfast into the kitchen and finish it there, and do not come to the dining-room again until you have had your hair plaited, and are ready to beg my pardon. Only the most extreme measures will do for such a badly brought up child."

Whirlwind pushed back her chair and prepared to leave the room.

"Take your plate!" said her cousin.

But the child paid no heed. Head erect and cheeks burning, she left the dining-room, snatched her hat from the rack in the little hall between it and the pantry, and walked quickly from the house.

"No doubt she is going to Martha," said Cousin Ellery, regarding the swiftly moving little figure uneasily. "I presume all her wrong-headedness and impertinence are due to the influence of that woman, who has spoiled her."

"In that I think you are mistaken," replied Miss Allen. "I was at Martha's yesterday afternoon with Whirlwind; I found her a very sensible person, not at all inclined, I should say, to uphold or influence the child in her waywardness."

"Probably there was no occasion while you were there," said the other. "It now remains to be seen who shall come off first best—that little terror or myself."

Miss Allen was silent. She knew the temper of her employer. It was firm and aggressive to a certain point, and then,

when obstacles became too numerous or formidable, apt to give way. Indeed she wondered whether such an outcome to the present miniature war would not be worse for the child than to have let her alone. She was greatly puzzled herself as to how Whirlwind should be dealt with. Her character presented strange contrasts. With the recollection of yesterday's adventure in her mind, she could not count on the child's moods. Her own disposition always prompted her to the kindest methods of winning compliance; and she believed that if anything could affect the child, gentleness and patience would do it. At the same time she did not doubt for an instant that Ellery would never succeed in conquering Whirlwind.

"Come into the summer-house," said Cousin Ellery, rising from the table. "I have several important letters to answer, as you know. I am not going to bother about that fractious child. Dinner time and hunger will bring her to terms."

As she sped over the ground, Whirlwind had entirely forgotten the occurrence of the previous day. She was going to Martha, to her friend and consoler, with her complaint. Martha might scold her a little, but surely she would be indignant at what Cousin Ellery had done. But as she neared the little cottage, she remembered that she had left Martha very unceremoniously the day before; that she had behaved very badly. Oh, yes! But she was sorry at bedtime, and had resolved to tell Martha so. Still, there were those hateful children who were coming to alienate from her her best friend,—her only friend, now that papa had gone. She stood for a moment, undecided, when who should appear in front of her, climbing the fence, but Martha herself? Quite forgetting her grievances, she hastened to extend a helping hand.

"O Martha, you look so funny trying to get over that fence!" she cried. "You ought to have gone around by the road."

"I have just been making poor Mrs. Wilson's bed," rejoined Martha. "She

is quite ill; I would suggest that you take her some fruit to-day, Whirlwind. And I am in a hurry, for my people are coming this morning."

There was no reminder in Martha's voice of what had happened the day before. Whirlwind felt a weight lifted from her heart. If Martha had forgotten, or did not mind, perhaps she need not apologize; particularly as she felt perfectly certain that as soon as she should set eyes upon the obnoxious guests, she would hate them, and very likely run as far as possible away from them.

Martha took her hand, looking down at her pleasantly.

"You are an early visitor," she said. "And how is your friend, Miss Allen? A very nice lady to talk to."

"I think I could like her very much, if she were alone," answered Whirlwind, walking demurely by Martha's side, instead of skipping along in front of her, as she usually did. "But now I shan't see her any more, because I am not to be where Cousin Ellery is; and Miss Allen is with her nearly all the time, of course."

"Where are you to be, then?" inquired Martha, in surprise.

"I don't know," rejoined Whirlwind, mournfully. "You have no room here for me, unless you let me bring a cot over. I'm sure I don't know *what* I am going to do, Martha. Cousin Ellery has turned me out,—driven me away!"

(To be continued.)

Low Wages.

A bee labors for the smallest of all rewards, when one considers how hard he works and how little he receives. It is said that a bee takes the nectar from 62,000 clover blossoms before he has enough to make one pound of honey. This means, too, so many miles of travel from hive to flower and back again, that the price of a pound of honey seems little. Who could blame the bees if they should organize a strike?

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book, by Canon Sheehan has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.—“Lisheen: an Irish Story.”

—“The Christ Face in Art,” by the Rev. J. Burns, with sixty illustrations in tint, is among the autumn announcements of Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

—Messrs. Mowbray’s list of forthcoming books includes “Spiritual and Ascetic Letters of Savonarola,” translated (“for the first time”) by the Rev. Watkin Williams.

—“The Elizabethan Religious Settlement,” by Dom Norbert Birt, O. S. B., just published by Messrs. Bell, is worthy of a place on the same shelf with the works of Abbot Gasquet, an apt pupil of whom Dom Birt had already proved himself by his edition of Lingard and his “History of Downside.”

—“Graphical History,” a booklet of some sixteen pages, published by Mr. W. P. Linehan, Melbourne, tells of “a new way of teaching and learning History.” J. E. S. Henerie, B. L., who does the telling, is a lecturer on Ancient and Modern History, and hence speaks by the card in discussing the advantages of the new method. The pamphlet is interesting and suggestive.

—The finding of a holograph manuscript of Keat’s well-known “Sonnet to a Friend who sent me some Roses” is of importance, according to a writer in the *Athenæum*, if only as affording additional evidence that Keats did sometimes distinguish between the vocative “O” and the independent exclamation “Oh!” notwithstanding other evidence (especially Woodhouse’s) that he often confused them.

—“Children’s Retreats” is the self-explanatory title of a new and a useful volume of instructions by the Rev. P. A. Halpin. The book contains twenty-one discourses, seven each for retreats before first Confession, First Communion, and Confirmation. Simplicity, concreteness, and practicality are the distinguishing characteristics of these instructions, and pastors will accordingly find them serviceable. Joseph F. Wagner, publisher.

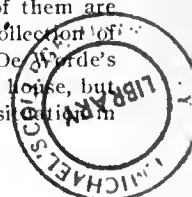
—Last week we quoted some words of the secretary and librarian of the Athenæum Club, London, on the art of “skipping.” Writing on the same subject, Mr. P. G. Hamerton says:

The art of reading is to skip judiciously. Whole libraries may be skipped in these days, when we have the results of them in our modern culture, without going over the ground again. And even of the books we decide to read, there are

almost always large portions which do not concern us, and which we are sure to forget the day after we have read them. The art is to skip all that does not concern us, whilst missing nothing that we really need. No external guidance can teach us this; for nobody but ourselves can guess what the needs of our intellect may be. But let us select with decisive firmness, independently of the authority of custom. In every newspaper that comes to hand there is a little bit that we ought to read; the art is to find that little bit, and waste no time over the rest.

—While there is no particular dearth, even in English, of general sermon books, volumes of instructions designed for specific classes of the faithful are rather rare than numerous. Comparatively few pastors, we take it, can say that they have not more than once ardently desired to have at hand just such a volume as “Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women,” by the Rev. Joseph Selmen; edited by the Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph. D. (Benziger Brothers.) The preacher who has at stated intervals to address religious associations, leagues, sodalities, etc., of the youthful members of his flock, frequently finds it far more difficult to prepare a fitting discourse adapted to the occasion than to compose a much longer one for his congregation at large. The want of such a work as these “Outlines” has been genuine enough; and that the present volume goes far toward supplying it will, we think, be very generally admitted. The book contains fifty-eight outlines: thirty for young men, and twenty-eight for young women. It is to be noted that, although the author disclaims for them the title of complete discourses, calling them, rather, simple sketches, the outlines are fairly well filled out; and, as a matter of fact, they are discourses considerably more symmetrical and finished than are a good many of the Sunday instructions, or “talks,” to which the faithful give the generic name of sermons. As the average length of the “sketches” is about two thousand words, it will be seen that they require no amplification in order to avoid undue brevity. The publishers have given the book an attractive outward form—and have rather defaced its interior by printing therein a general catalogue of their publications.

—Considering that Wynkyn de Worde, the successor of Caxton, to whom he was an apprentice, had printed more than one hundred books before the close of the fifteenth century, it is no surprise that copies of so many of them are still to be found. Our own small collection of books includes one. We learn that De Worde’s place of business was first in Caxton’s house, but in 1500 he moved to a more central situation in



Fleet Street, at the sign of the "Sun." This change of residence gives us a useful criterion for determining the dates of his books, all printed at Westminster being of the fifteenth century. On his removal, he seems to have parted with some of his materials and destroyed others. Cuts which had belonged to him appear in 1503 in a book printed by Julian Notary, who in 1500 had been living in King Street, Westminster, and would therefore have been a near neighbor. The fount of type which De Worde obtained from G. van Os, on the latter's removal to Copenhagen from Antwerp in 1491, and which was used in 1496 to print the "Book of St. Albans," is amongst the materials which disappeared, as is also De Worde's small white-grounded device used in the first edition of the "Information for Pilgrims" and other books. As was the custom with other printers, De Worde, besides his printing place in Fleet Street, had a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is rarely mentioned in the colophons of his books—in none save the earlier ones—so he may not always have occupied it. Its sign was "Our Lady of Pity," and it was afterward, like the "Sun," in the occupation of John Byddell.

From 1501 to 1534 De Worde was hard at work in Fleet Street, and must have printed in that period over five hundred works,—a very large number when we consider the growing competition both of other English printers and foreigners as well. He died toward the end of 1534, and his will was proved in January, 1535, by James Gaver and John Byddell, his executors.

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.

- "Children's Retreats." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.
- "Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women." Rev. Joseph Selmen. \$2.
- "Ireland and St. Patrick." Rev. William B. Morris. 60 cts., net.
- "Westminster Lectures." Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.
- "St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland." Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A. \$1.50.

- "Thomas William Allies." Mary H. Allies. \$1.25.
- "Madame Louise de France." Leon de la Briere. \$2, net.
- "The Tents of Wickedness." Miriam Coles Harris. \$1.50.
- "The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity." \$1.
- "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Newman." Maurice F. Egan. Cloth, 40 cts.; paper, 30 cts.
- "Tironibus." Harold Henry Mure. 30 cts.
- "Friday Fare." Mrs. Charles Marshall. 35 cts., net.
- "A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.
- "Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.
- "The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1.
- "Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.
- "When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.
- "The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.
- "Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.
- "Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.
- "The Holy Eucharist." Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley. \$1.20.
- "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiard, 1751-1816." 40 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Mayer, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Patrick Shields, diocese of Concordia; Rev. Thomas Freeman; and Rev. Hippolyte Gache, S. J.

Mr. L. B. Palmer, Mr. James M. Walsh, Mr. Thomas Marks, Mrs. Michael McGrath, Miss Emma Aurentz, Mr. Patrick Moran, Mr. Charles Marshall, Mr. John Early, Mrs. Gertrude Reynolds, Mr. Lawrence Molloy, Mr. P. J. Hassett, Mr. John Power, Mr. Leonard Phipps, Mr. Joseph Page, Mr. Patrick McCann, Dr. J. F. McCann, Mr. Samuel Cruthers, Mr. William O'Donnell, Mr. James Taylor, and Mrs. Josephine Ward.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.
To the Filipino student fund:

Charles Michel, \$1; "Mary," \$5; a priest, \$40; M. E. L., \$2; Edmund Molloy, \$5; "in honor of the Maternity of the B. V. M.," \$20; "a subscriber and lover of THE AVE MARIA," \$10. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: M. E. B., \$2.



QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS.
Sodoma.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 2, 1907.

NO. 18.

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

The Light in Darkness.

BY WILLIAM HENDRIX, S. J.

THICK gloom, a weary pall, o'erspreads the way
Where Thou art not, Eternal Star!
Stream forth Thy Light, give us glad day,
Drive earth-born shades afar!
Light of the world! I crave of Thee
Shine Thou on me!

Bella premunt hostilia! Come Thou
When hell's dark tempests mutter low;
Gleam piercing strong! Our need is now,—
False the lights and shadows go!
Light of the world! my cry to Thee:
Shine Thou on me!

The Saints and the Mother of God.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THROUGH the annals of hagiology runs like a silver thread devotion to the Mother of God. To change the analogy, it is the calm moonlight reflected from the fiery sun of that love which the saints bore to God and to His Christ. In this all the saints were as one; and in choosing a few particular instances, it is merely to emphasize the fact. and to cull some flowers as an offering to the Queen of Heaven from a luxuriant garden.

The religious Orders, without exception, display this special cult, both in the person of their founders and in their individual members. Thus the great St.

Dominic made the love of Mary one of the brightest stars in that luminous crown of light and learning with which the communities he founded have encircled the world. He declares that the invocation of the Mother of God was one of the chief weapons he employed against heresy. Before preaching those marvellous sermons, which as so many arrows of light penetrated to the hearts of his hearers, he was wont to kneel and say: "Make me worthy, O Sacred Virgin, to announce thy praise! Give me strength against my enemies." By recommending the Holy Rosary to them and expounding its mysteries, he succeeded in converting the most obstinate of sinners, and heretics who had hardened themselves against his most learned discourses.

What luminous and devotional pages concerning Mary have been traced by the inspired pen of the Angelic Doctor! In literature dealing with the subject, are everywhere to be found those glowing words that give evidence of the sentiments of his heart toward the fairest of created beings, whose dignity of Mother of God, as he declares, comes closer than anything else to the limits of the divinity. "As," he exclaims, "there was nothing in the Temple that was not covered with gold, so there was nothing in Mary that was not replete with sanctity." And he says again: "She is called the Star of the Sea; for as those who sail the sea are directed, by observing the stars, to the port they seek, so are Christians directed to glory by Mary."

When, amid the agitations of the

sixteenth century, Ignatius the soldier was converted, he turned to Mary as his refuge and intercessor; and, after the manner of the knights, he hastened to her shrine of Montserrat, to hang up his sword and offer her for evermore his fealty and knightly service. In the historic cave of Manresa he was favored with the vision of that beautiful Lady, and from her drew the inspiration which breathes in every line of the immortal "Exercises."

St. Francis Borgia, second General of the Society of Jesus, made his love for the "Rose of Heaven" conspicuous in every word and act. He loved to meditate upon her relation to the various mysteries of the life of Jesus, and to imagine her with her Divine Son at Nazareth, at the Crib, in the Temple, and at the Cross; while he called to mind the simple, beautiful scenes of the hidden life, or the striking and sublime acts of the final drama. He recited the Rosary with extraordinary fervor, and exhorted everyone to this daily practice.

St. Francis Jerome, "the Apostle of Naples," fasted on bread and water and performed other acts of austerity, every Saturday, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. For twenty-two years he preached each Tuesday in a church under her invocation, inculcating in his hearers this devotion, without which, he used to say, it was difficult for a soul to be saved.

St. Francis Xavier bore the name of Mary into the darkest recesses of the Indies, and, as a luminous torch, employed that name to point out the Way and the Truth. His love for her was in the same colossal proportions as his love for the Master whom he so phenomenally served. Converting entire kingdoms, baptizing hosts of unbelievers, he taught them to go to Jesus through the Mother Most Blessed. He wore his Rosary about his neck; he fasted every Saturday and on the eves of Mary's festivals; and he never began anything of importance, especially the work of conversion, without imploring her aid.

St. Peter Claver, "the Apostle of the Negroes," whose life was one long miracle of charity, continually called upon his "Mother of Fair Love." After each visit that he paid to the Blessed Sacrament, he likewise visited the altar of Mary. He let no day pass without performing some act in her honor, and every hour he saluted her with one of the hymns set apart by the Church. He distributed to the newly baptized Negroes between eight and nine thousand Rosaries, besides numberless others given in hospitals, prisons, or in the confessional.

That great light of the Franciscan Order, Bonaventure, whose vast erudition and the treasures of knowledge he had acquired were second only to his humility, followed his seraphic founder, St. Francis, in a tender and burning devotion to Mary, and many are the beautiful words he has spoken in her honor. "Thou art more beautiful," he cries, "than the sun; thou art sweeter than honey! To all thou art amiable, to all thou art gracious!"

The famous thaumaturgus, the saint of many clients, who likewise wore the friar's habit, the beloved St. Anthony, was most fervent in his devotion to Our Lady, preaching of her power and her perfections with unutterable unction. So was St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists. Standing foremost among the Marian doctors and expounders of the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, he, too, invoked her upon every occasion, and recommended to her every happening of the day, and each labor that he undertook. His famous works, "The Glories of Mary" and "Visits to the Holy Virgin," breathe the very spirit of exalted love and tenderness, and have inspired innumerable souls to serve and to speak the praises of the Mother of the Redeemer.

St. Philip Neri, founder of the Oratorians, bore toward her the love of a son for a mother. He called her "his love, his joy, his consolation," and spoke with the same affection and confidence as if she had been really present. As for

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the renowned panegyrist of the Virgin Mother, he was not only the glory of the Cistercian Order, but the light of Christendom in the Middle Ages. From his monastic solitude he was the counsellor of Popes, the monitor of kings. His fiery ardor sent warriors to the Crusades and drew numberless souls to the shadow of the cloister.

St. Teresa, the glorious founder of the Reformed Carmel, on the death of her earthly parent, adopted Mary to be her Mother, and made her the patroness, the hope, the joy of each separate community of her austere Order. Her writings fairly abound in forcible and striking reasons why mankind should invoke that powerful intercessor. St. Magdalen of Pazzi and St. John of the Cross were amongst many other of Carmel's children who scaled the pinnacles of the Mother's greatness, making it manifest to all those that came within the scope of their influence.

The monastic chronicles of the noble old community of St. Benedict, which as a stalwart oak has weathered the vicissitudes of the centuries, and continued its splendid tradition of solid learning, of science and of art, contain the most touching instances of devotion to the Mother of God. From the time of the illustrious Benedict himself, and in the numberless saints who came after, it illumined the life of the cloister. Its rich efflorescence adorned the gardens of the grand old priories; it rose through the groined arches of the venerable abbey churches in glorious psalmody; it was displayed in the exquisite traceries of illuminated scrolls or parchments; it even inspired the felling of forests, the draining of marshes, and the tilling of fertilized soil, by which those consecrated toilers, with their motto of "Labor and Prayer," changed the face of Europe.

The Augustinians have preserved with similar care that spirit which emanates from the pages of their eminent patron, who uttered his laudations of the Virgin Most Holy when the world was still half

pagan, and men's hearts were thrilled by the wondrous story of the Christ and His peerless Maiden Mother. "By Eve," says Augustine, "death entered the world; but Mary is the cause of life, by whom Life was born to us, and by whom the Son of God came into the world."

It would be quite impossible here even to glance at the Orders which have been founded in recent years under the invocation of Blessed Mary, or dedicated expressly to her honor: Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Servites, Marists; more than one community of Notre Dame, such as that so celebrated for its educational work in the United States, or that coincident with the very inception of the colony of Montreal and the labors of the heroic Marguerite Bourgeoys. All the modern saints have been conspicuous by their fervor in this regard,—Mother Barat, who accomplished so vast a work, offering as it were a new and powerful arm to the Church, then weakened by the horrors of the French Revolution; the Curé of Ars; Mother Mary of Providence, who crossed the threshold of Time to open treasures to the souls of the departed; Benedict Joseph Labré, the holy mendicant, who wore his Beads about his neck and wandered from one shrine to another of his beloved Lady, stricken at last with death in the shadow of one of her sanctuaries—"Our Lady of the Mountain."

When founding his Order of the Visitation, that has played so great a part for the last two centuries in the annals of the Church, and whence sprang the saint by excellence of the Sacred Heart, Margaret Mary Alacoque, St. Francis de Sales was so beset by difficulties of every sort and by "the stings and arrows" of adverse criticism, that it seemed as if his cherished project must fail. But, with sublime confidence, and the superhuman prescience which is given to God's elect, he cried: "Men think that at my death all will fall through; but our Mother, who does not die, and who reigns eternally in heaven, has more power to support our plan than

all men together to destroy it." And so great was the devotion of St. Jane Frances de Chantal and her companions toward that blessed Queen that they were at first called by the people "Sisters of Holy Mary."

Many amongst those Popes to whom have been granted the honors of canonization made themselves conspicuous as servants of the Queen. St. Innocent, in gratitude for her protection against the terrible Barbarossa, added an octave to the feast of her Nativity; and St. Pius V., after the miraculous defeat of the Turkish hosts at Lepanto, gave a new invocation to the Litany of Loreto—"Help of Christians, pray for us!"

Amongst the multitude of other predestined ones whose names crowd upon the memory during those mediæval days, when fervor was at its height, or in the more perilous period of the Renaissance, may be mentioned, almost at random, St. Ildefonse, defender of the virginity of Mary; St. Herman, who was mystically espoused to her; St. Charles Borromeo, that true reformer, who inspired people with so tender a love for the Mother Most Blessed that the number of Communions upon her festivals almost equalled those at Easter; St. Bernardine of Siena, who wrote such glowing pages in honor of her "whose perfection is so great that the knowledge thereof is reserved for God alone"; St. Bridget, to whom it was revealed that Mary was a loadstone to "draw hearts of steel"—namely, hardened sinners; and St. Bede, who represents the Mother of God as "standing in the presence of her Son and never ceasing to intercede for sinners."

Even in an Iroquois wigwam, in the forests of the New World, the "Lily of the Mohawk," Catherine Tegakwitha, learned in her childhood the Litany of Loreto, which she was wont to repeat with extraordinary fervor. In imitation of that beloved Mother, she, the first of her nation, consecrated herself to perpetual virginity, in the Order dedicated

to Mary, and on the feast of the Annunciation. Dying in the odor of sanctity, her blessed remains have found a resting-place under a quaint stone tower before the doors of the Sulpician Grand Seminary in Montreal.

St. Mary of Egypt, the blessed penitent, was turned from her evil life by invoking the aid of the Virgin of virgins, and prostrating herself before a picture of the Refuge of Sinners. There she was interiorly instructed that, in passing beyond the Jordan, she should find peace. She spent many years in the depth of a remote wilderness, practising the greatest austerities, always under the protection of the Mother of Mercy, and so yielded up her purified soul to God.

From the most ancient times come likewise that same whisper, borne downward through the ages, telling of the veneration of Mary Most Holy. To that "Conciliatrix of the World" St. Ephrem exclaims: "Hail, hope of the soul, firm confidence of Christians, advocate of sinners, bulwark of the faithful, cause of the world's salvation!" St. Gregory the Great compares her to "a mountain rising above all created height by the dignity of her election,—a lofty mountain raised above all the choirs of angels, approaching the very throne of the Godhead." Says St. Irenæus: "As Eve by her disobedience became the ruin of the human race, so Mary by her obedience became its salvation." St. Jerome cries: "Death came by Eve, life by Mary!" St. John Damascene calls her "an immense abyss of grace," adding that she was "never contaminated by the breath of the serpent." St. Gregory of Nicomedia declares that "the Creator regards Mary's glory as His own." "Her modesty," says St. Ambrose, "inspired those who beheld this most pure Virgin with a love of that amiable virtue."

St. Cyril of Alexandria, as Legate of the Pope, presided over the memorable Council in the ancient city of Ephesus, A. D. 431. The townspeople waited

without during the course of an entire day to hear that famous decision, which condemned the error of Nestorius, who attacked the motherhood of Mary. When at last the doors of the edifice were thrown wide, Cyril came forth, at the head of two hundred bishops, and joyfully made proclamation to the people that the error had been condemned. Instantly the multitude burst forth into joyous exclamations; on every side was heard the cry, "The enemy of Mary is overcome! Joy to Mary, the great, the sublime, the glorious Mother of God!" Then was added to the "Hail Mary" that immortal prayer that has sounded on every Catholic lip thenceforward, and shall forever unto the end of time: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

St. Ignatius Martyr exclaims: "True Mother of our Saviour, adopted Mother of sinners, receive me within the bosom of thy maternal affection." St. Epiphanius says: "Mary is all eyes to our miseries." St. Denis the Areopagite relates that when he went to visit Mary, who was still living, her bearing was so impressive and more than mortal that, but for his strong faith, he would have felt constrained to fall down and worship her.

So, throughout the universe, from the days of the Apostles until our own, have saints, "the geniuses of the supernatural order," kept alive in the hearts of the people that splendid tradition of love for the Virgin Mother. Accepting that gift which Christ upon the Cross gave to mankind, they have fulfilled the inspired prophecy which fell from Mary's own lips: "Behold, all generations shall call me blessed!"

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
 From Thee departing, they are lost and rove
 At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
 From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,—
 His high endeavor and his glad success,
 His strength to suffer and his will to serve.

—Cowper.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XXII.

IT was a dull December day; and as Brian stood before his easel, he told himself that no good work could be done in such light. Throwing aside paints and brushes, he dropped into a big armchair and gazed drearily at his half-finished picture.

"It does not please me," he murmured, "and never will. The landscape is good,—a perfect bit of the hillside at Rosapenna, with the beautiful bay, its dancing waves and brown-sailed fishing smacks in the background. But the child's face does not satisfy me. It is not the Mave I remember, either in expression or coloring. It is a doll-like countenance, and she was all life and animation,—a brilliant, exquisite little creature. Yet, do as I will, I can not make her live upon the canvas. Dear, sweet Mave! Shall we ever meet again? I confess things are not promising. She has utterly vanished; London or Paris has swallowed her up; and, after weary months of searching and letter-writing, I am as far from finding her as ever. The mater laughs at my wild-goose chase; and Devereux—though he pretends to be sympathetic and would help me if he could,—in his heart of hearts thinks me a fool. To have fixed my affections on a girl whom I have not seen since she was six and I was eleven, *must* strike the onlookers as odd. And, indeed, I laugh at the idea myself sometimes. At first my anxiety to see her again was mostly caused by curiosity, and the recollection of the promise I had made to look for her relations when I was grown up. Then Father McBlaine's eulogy excited my imagination. His praise of the girl, and the secrecy about her whereabouts, piqued me, and, if possible, strengthened my resolution to find her. But, alas! it all seems useless; for here

I am, after eight long months, as far from having achieved my object as ever. I am in love, they say—in love with an ideal,—and that when I meet the girl I'll get a shock, and suffer for my present dreaming. Well, perhaps, I may. But, somehow, I don't think so—"

The door opened, and Frank Devereux, his handsome young face paler and more careworn than when we saw him last, entered the studio.

Brian sprang to his feet, and greeted him cheerily.

"My dear fellow, what a happy thought to come round to me this morning, when the light is bad and work is impossible!" he cried, shaking his hand warmly. "But you're as dull as the weather. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing much," answered Frank, sinking into a chair, and throwing his gloves and hat upon a table,—"that is, nothing that's new. There's a heavy fog coming on, hence my depression. You look pretty chirpy."

"Pipe or cigarette?" said Brian, smiling. "We'll be more cosy if we smoke."

"Cigarette. Thanks! How goes the picture?"

"Not too well. I'm out of conceit with it. Think I'll give it up."

"Not you!" replied Frank, striking a match. "You're too doggedly persevering for that. I" (getting up and examining the picture with critical eyes) "think it charming. The child is like a fairy. You must have a wonderful memory,—that is, of course, if this resembles her, which no one can decide for the moment."

"No one, not even the painter." Brian sighed. "That's what disheartens me."

"Heard anything more? Got even a vague clue as to where the lady may be sojourning at present?"

"Not the vaguest. Things are exactly as they were when I left Donegal."

"And you still hope" (sitting down and leaning back comfortably, amongst the cushions in the big chair) "to find this long-lost maiden, Miss Galagher?"

"To be sure I do. We'll meet some-time." And, smiling, he murmured softly:

"When and how shall I earliest meet her?

What are the words she first will say?

By what name shall I learn to greet her?

I know not now, but 'twill come some day."

"Fancy, quoting that old song! Why, it's the light of other days,—the fashion before we were born, I'd say."

"Very likely. That will account for any mistakes I may have made in quoting it; although, I have heard 'My Queen' sung several times lately in some of the concert halls I have been to—"

"Hoping to come upon your 'queen' unawares, as it were?"

Brian reddened and bowed his head.

"Exactly. It's a wild idea perhaps, but in the end, I tell myself, it may lead to something."

"Would Miss Galagher be ready to sing in public? I thought she was only being trained."

"I am told girls often sing at concerts during their time of study. It is good practice for them."

"I dare say. Well, after all, your idea is not a bad one. Some day you may light unexpectedly on your 'queen.' I trust the awakening may not be too rough."

"I'm not afraid. Meanwhile I dream of a moment of supreme delight. And now, Frank, what are you doing with your life? Working well, I trust?"

"Law is not the most inspiring subject" (flinging his head backward and gazing up at the ceiling) "when one's mind is far away. Brian, I do little from morning till night but wonder—long to know—who it is she really does love. Have you any idea?"

"Not the faintest idea, I assure you, old man." Brian quietly lit a cigarette. "Marjory Darien and I are great friends, almost like brother and sister; for we've known each other since we were children. But we do not talk in any confidential way; there are no secrets between us. At present the poor girl is anything but happy."

Frank groaned, and ground his teeth.

"The fellow ought to be kicked,"

he said passionately, "whoever he is."

"The fellow, whoever he is, is not to be blamed."

"Not to be blamed?" Frank gave him a ferocious glance. "*Of course* he's to be blamed. If he loves her, and she loves him, why doesn't he come forward, marry her, and make her happy?"

"Not knowing who he is, or what his circumstances are, I can not say. But his coming forward would be no use,—only complicate matters and make the poor girl more miserable."

"I—I can't see—understand that."

"No? I've been wishing to tell you all about it for some time, but one thing or another always prevented my doing so. Had Marjory promised to be your wife, her father would have refused his consent, and have sent you about your business."

"Why,—in the name of goodness, why? Our marriage would be in every way suitable. Does Philip Darien not like me personally?"

"I believe he likes you. But any man would receive the same treatment. Marjory is to marry Mr. Henry Trelawny."

"She'll never do it!" Frank gasped, his eyes flashing. "She hates him more even than he deserves, I used to tell her."

"You know him, then?"

"Oh, yes! My father met him one year at Monte Carlo. He often plays bridge at our house. I don't like the fellow a bit. And as to Marjory's marrying him—the idea is grotesque. He's old—older than Darien himself."

"Yet the powers at Slievenagh House—Davy Lindo, Philip Darien and Co.—have decreed that the poor girl must marry him or no one else."

"Then I hope she'll not marry at all. Any misery would be better than the misery of being that old roué's wife."

"For one year, the mater says, her not marrying another holds good. After that she must marry Trelawny or take the consequences."

"Then, for God's sake, I trust she will take them."

"But they will involve other people,—people near and dear to her."

"Brian! This is awful!"

"Terrible! For some reason unknown to us, Darien is in the power of these men. They know something in his past that, if told, would mean ruin to him and his. Marjory's marriage with Trelawny will alone seal their lips."

"And" (Frank sprang to his feet and strode up and down the studio) "to do this, to save her father's reputation, she will sacrifice herself, her happiness, her life? O Brian, my own trouble fades at the thought of hers. It is terrible. And there is nothing I—we—can do. If she only loved me, I should dare, brave, everything and carry her off in spite of them. As it is, I am powerless." And, covering his face with his hands, he sank into his chair again.

"I have not seen this fellow Trelawny since I was a small boy," Brian remarked, after a long silence. "What is he like, Frank?"

"To look at, he's well enough—big and strong,—but a man about town,—a—however, you'll see him, and judge for yourself, at my father's evening party next week. You got your card, of course?"

"Yes, thanks! And the mater, too. Is Trelawny to be there?"

"Certain. He and the pater are great pals at present, and he loves music."

"Two things in his favor. I'll be glad to have a look at him."

"I suppose," Frank said, rising from his chair and moving restlessly to and fro,— "I suppose they wouldn't—there's no chance of Marjory's coming over?"

"None. We've done our best; but either she won't come, or her father and mother won't allow her, I don't know which. Anyway, she stays at home; and, as Trelawny is to be one of your guests, she would not go to your party."

"Still I'd see—but good-bye, Brian,—good-bye!" And, gathering up his hat and gloves, he hurried away.

"Poor chap!" Brian sighed heavily.

"He does suffer, and I'm really sorry and very contrite. Only for me he would not have seen so much of her, and perhaps never loved her. I wish I'd left them alone. Matchmaking is an awful business. It's the last time, I swear, that I'll meddle in it."

XXIII.

"And how goes your protégée, Elinor?" Lady Warrender inquired, sinking down, with easy grace, into a low chair in Miss Besborough's tiny drawing-room. "Still pining for her bogs and mountains?"

Elinor's face lit up with a sweet and kindly smile.

"Oh, that phase is over long ago, Lady Warrender! Though as fond of her beloved Ireland as ever, Mave is quite happy here. She is devoted to her art and is making splendid progress. Signor Martini is delighted with her, and talks of getting her small engagements quite soon. To sing in drawing-rooms, he thinks, would be a good beginning. It would give her ease, and of course the money would be useful."

"The fund is not exhausted?"

"No, but running low. Masters are expensive, and travelling also. Our time in Paris and Milan cost us a small fortune."

"Money well spent, since the girl gets on so well. Is she pretty?"

"Prettiness is a matter of taste. I think her lovely. But she will soon be in, so you can judge for yourself. I allow Mave to see very few people; and she is as simple and childlike as the day she left Carrigart, two years ago. That, in my eyes, is an immense charm."

"The world will look for something more than that" (smiling) "in a *prima donna*. A few airs and graces are necessary for a singer."

"Not with a voice like Mave's. Glorious as it is, a modest simplicity seems only to enhance it."

"What is she to be called? Fancy 'Galagher' on a programme! It would not do at all."

"So I thought, and she is to be known as Mademoiselle Yvonne de Lara."

"That will look well on a bill. I pass it, though it is not what I'd call simple."

"It will conceal her identity completely, which is what I aim at doing."

"She'll be found out though, I fear. Sooner or later, those men will track her."

"I trust not, and I don't believe they wish to do so. For some reason, Lindo disliked her, and, I fancy, was anxious to get rid of her. Many, Father McBlaine amongst others, declare I am wrong. But now Lindo does not seem to trouble his head about her. So far as I know, he has never tried to follow or find her."

"I hope he'll keep to that. I dread that man. There is something mysteriously objectionable about him. It appears to me quite incomprehensible that the Dariens should make a friend of him."

"I often thought that. He is an awful creature—but here comes Mave. I wonder what you'll think of her."

Before Lady Warrender had time to reply, the door opened and a sweet voice cried gaily:

"Sitting in the gloaming, Miss Besborough? It is nice, I know. But, if you don't mind, I'll throw a little light on the subject."

"Certainly, darling!" Miss Besborough replied, smiling. "It is almost dark. But I love the gloaming, also a bright fire."

In a moment the centre light was switched on, and a young, slender girl, tall and graceful, with brilliantly golden hair, deep, dark-blue eyes, and a dazzlingly fair complexion, stood laughing and radiant under its searching rays.

"I believe you were nodding and dozing," she observed, shaking a finger at Miss Besborough. "Now confess—" Then, catching sight of Lady Warrender, she stopped short, blushing and confused. "I—I beg your pardon!" she stammered. "I did not know you had a visitor. I—"

"Mave!" Lady Warrender rose, and, smiling into the girl's sweet face, said softly: "My dear, I hope you have not forgotten me?" And she drew her toward her and kissed her rounded cheek.

"Dear Lady Warrender, I am glad to see you!" Mave cried joyfully. "As if I could ever forget you! Oh, it is like the good old times to see you again!"

"Dear child, it is delightful to hear you say so!"

"Am I changed?" Mave asked eagerly. "Would you know me—anywhere?"

"I think so. You have changed, in a way. You have grown, developed, and are—yes, I must say it even at the risk of turning that little head—very beautiful. But I think I'd know you—anywhere."

"I'm glad of that, for a reason," said Mave blushing more brightly than ever,— "a particular reason of my own."

"Indeed?" Lady Warrender smiled. "A secret reason?"

"No. Miss Besborough knows all about it," replied Mave, with a frank, straight glance; "and so may you. It's only that I'm hoping that somewhere, here in London, Brian Cardew, the boy I used to play with long ago in Rosapenna, may recognize me. I'd give anything to meet and talk to him again."

Lady Warrender laughed.

"You were six, if I remember right, and wore a short red petticoat, showing a pair of sturdy bare legs, when you and he played together?"

Mave laughed and nodded.

"Yes. What a little sight I must have been, to be sure!"

"Sight or not, it is a long time ago; and few boys have memories for even pretty children of six. I dare say Master Brian has forgotten you ever lived."

Mave sighed.

"I dare say. And yet Brian, as I remember him, was not like other boys."

"Your recollection must be rather vague. And as you liked him in bygone days," Lady Warrender said, laughing, "you have idealized him,—have thought of him as a hero."

Mave looked at her with bright eyes.

"Exactly,—my *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. How" (gaily) "do you like my French accent?"

"Very much. You have picked it up quickly."

"A good ear is an immense help," Miss Besborough remarked.

"No one would ever imagine you were at one time an Irish peasant in short skirts and bare legs," Lady Warrender said, examining the girl with a critical, yet admiring, glance. "It does not seem possible."

"Mave was not, is not, a peasant, Lady Warrender!" Miss Besborough observed emphatically. "That I deny."

"Yet I wore short skirts and showed my bare feet and legs," laughed Mave. "That no one can deny. And, though not a peasant, I lived amongst them and loved them, oh," (clasping her hands) "so dearly! How are they all, Lady Warrender,—old and young? My dream, you know, is to earn—make a fortune that will enable me to buy a place near Carrigart, and end my days amongst those dear people."

"And brave Davy Lindo? My dear child, that would be a risk."

Mave laughed merrily.

"I'm not going back to-morrow, dear Lady Warrender. By the time my fortune is made, Davy Lindo may—he is not young, you know—have departed this life. So don't look so solemn and anxious."

"My anxiety certainly is a little premature," Lady Warrender smiled. "A fortune takes a good deal of making, and you have not begun to earn any money yet. Hitherto it's been all spending."

"Yes. But" (the girl laid her hand on Miss Besborough's shoulder), "dear friend, I have a piece of news for you. Signor Martini has secured an engagement for me. I am to make" (her color fading a little) "my first appearance as a singer on Wednesday night."

"Mave!" exclaimed Miss Besborough, kissing her tenderly, while Lady Warrender pressed her hand.

"Where? In a hall?" cried the latter.

"No (I'm feeling quite nervous and can hardly dare think about it): in a private

house in Belgrave Square, at an 'At home,' given by Sir Leonard Devereux."

"How delightful!" said Lady Warrender, "I shall see you make your *début*, my dear. I have a card for that 'At home' and shall be there without fail."

"You know Sir Leonard? How nice!" Mave cried. "And how wonderful!"

"The world is very small," Lady Warrender replied, laughing. "I have for years known Sir Leonard and his son Frank, a most charming fellow. They are related to Mrs. Philip Darien, of Slievenagh House. Sir Leonard succeeded as next heir to the title and a portion of the estates of Sir Patrick Devereux, on the death of his nephew Hugh. The late baronet was attached to his niece Monica, now Mrs. Darien, and left her everything he could, including the Donegal property. Had poor Hugh Devereux, however, left a child, Monica would not have come into possession of the inheritance."

"How lucky for her that this Hugh Devereux did not leave a child!" Mave said lightly. "It must be a great happiness to be the owner of that beautiful old place. If I were inclined to covet my neighbor's goods, I'm afraid I'd fix my affections on Slievenagh House."

"Yet they do say Mrs. Darien is not what one would call a happy woman. She married in haste an old lover, to repent very much at leisure. But," Lady Warrender added quickly, "that is only gossip, and Darien is a fine-looking man."

"And their daughter Marjory is beautiful," Mave said enthusiastically. "Have you seen her lately, Lady Warrender?"

"She lunched with me just before I left home. But she was looking fagged and anxious. It is whispered round the country that she is in love with Sir Leonard Devereux's son. Be that as it may—true or not,—he was staying there in the summer, and they were always together. Then quite suddenly he disappeared,—went off to London,—and everyone says she was disappointed."

Mave's color rose and her blue eyes flashed.

"No one could fail to love that beautiful Miss Darien; so don't believe that story, Lady Warrender. It's much more likely that she refused Mr. Devereux, and then of course he would go away at once."

"You seem to know a good deal about these things, Miss Mave." Lady Warrender laughed. "I suppose you have sent many poor men to the right-about already?"

"Indeed I have done nothing of the sort, Lady Warrender" (indignantly). "I'd hate to do such a thing. Anyway" (laughing), "I've never had the chance. Miss Besborough," with a comical glance at that lady, "doesn't care for men; so, with the exception of my various masters, Signor Martini and a few others, our friends are all women."

"The day for that is over," Lady Warrender said gravely. "As soon as you appear at this concert, and are seen and heard, that kind of life will end. You will be obliged to know all sorts of people—men and women."

Mave went over to the fire and stretched her hands toward the blaze.

"Shall I refuse to sing at this 'At home,' Miss Besborough," she asked, her beautiful eyes a little misty, "and keep to our present happy life just a wee bit longer?"

"My dear one, I think not. There need not be any great or sudden change," Miss Besborough said gently. "And to sing at Sir Leonard Devereux's is an opportunity not to be lost."

"And who knows" (Lady Warrender smiled) "what may happen? Just as likely as not, Mr. Brian Cardew may be among the guests. I have a dim idea of having heard Sir Leonard once mention his name."

The girl started round, radiant and delighted.

"Then I'll surely accept the engagement," she cried, "and do my best to sing and look well!"

A Vision of Purgatory.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

A MOODY marsh around a sombre lake,—
There were no waves;
 No ripple dared its sullen calm to break,—
There was no shore;
 There was no daylight in this spirit-land,—
There was no sun;
 Grey was the mist, by no breeze ever fanned,—
There was no moon.

No ray illumed the sad, cold ground,—
There were no stars
 To light the gloomy rocks around,—
There was no shade;
 The bare trees, windless, quivered so,—
There were no leaves;
 No emerald grass was spread below,—
There were no flowers.

No birds alighted on the boughs,—
There was no song;
 No voice did any cry arouse,—
There was no sound;
 Though myriad spirits wandered here,—
There was no sigh;
 They could not speak nor shed a tear,—
There was no smile.

For here did matter rule no more,—
There was no mirth;
 But loving souls could still adore,—
There was no pride;
 But there was love and hope and peace—
There was no wrath,—
 And faith and trust; their pains will cease,—
There was no strife.

The hope of seeing lost ones dear,—
There was no grief;
 The certainty of God so near,—
There was no hate;
 Except for wrongs done in the past,—
There were no doubts;
 Assured that they were safe at last,—
There was no fear.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

THE beautiful Order of the Auxilia-
 trices des Ames du Purgatoire, or
 Helpers of the Holy Souls, well deserves
 the many marks of sympathy and affec-
 tion that it has received not only in France
 but from all parts of the world. If the
 heavenly virtue of charity is the main-
 spring of the religious life everywhere
 and in every time, devotion to the poor
 suffering souls in purgatory, who can no
 longer help themselves, is its very essence.

Only half a century has passed since
 this seed of surely the sweetest flower
 that ever grew upon God's earth was first
 planted in fair France by girlish hands,
 and what a rich return it has yielded!
 How many tender blossoms of fragrant
 piety and heroic self-sacrifice, of mercy
 and of all-pitiful love, have been gathered
 from the parent-stem, and scattered far
 and wide, since fifty golden years ago!
 And when centuries untold shall have
 passed, the sublime influence of the Spirit
 of Compassion, personified by the gentle
 Helpers of the Holy Souls, will still be
 felt, and will still bear fruit a hundredfold
 in their good works. Man must cease to
 mourn, death itself must pass away, and
 the tears that bedew the night of earthly
 pilgrimage be dried forever in the sun
 of an eternal day, before the plaintive
 appeal borne from beyond the grave,
 "Have pity on me, at least you my friends;
 for the hand of the Lord hath touched
 me!" shall cease to find an echo in the
 sorrowing human heart.

O consoling and soul-comforting religion
 of the saints, that, alone among all the
 religions of the world, tells us with the
 clarion voice of faith that the dead are
 not dead to us, nor we to them,—that
 friend may still aid friend, and Love still
 prove its love even beyond the grave!

The Mother House of the Order of the
 Helpers of the Holy Souls is in Paris,

MEMORY is the twilight of the heart.
 —A. Callege.

where there are also two branch convents. One of these is attached to the old chapel of St. Denis at Montmartre; the other is in connection with the memorial chapel erected in the Rue Jean-Gujon, on the site of the Charity Bazaar disaster, in which perished the bearers of some of the highest names in France, as well as the sister of the ill-fated Empress of Austria. But if it was in the French capital that the association of the Auxiliatrices des Ames du Purgatoire was first established on a solid footing, to Lille belongs the glory of having given birth to its inspired foundress. And it was in the little church of the picturesque village of Loos-lez-Lille that the idea, pronounced by the saintly Curé d'Ars to have come "direct from the heart of Our Lord," first entered her virgin soul, and took root there.

Marie de la Providence—to give her the name by which she is best known, and which from Paris to New York, and from New York to China, has become synonymous with devotion to the souls in purgatory,—was born on the feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1825. On this same glorious anniversary thirty-four years later, the infant association, of which she was the mother, received the rule of St. Ignatius. The Curé d'Ars had watched with paternal interest the progress of the struggling Order; and when he heard that the Sisters were to follow the rule of the famous Jesuit, he exclaimed joyfully: "*Les pauvres petites, elles sont sauvées!*" (They are saved, the poor little things!)

Marie de la Providence was christened Eugénie Marie Joseph. Her father, M. Henri Smet, belonged to a prominent family of Lille, and she was connected on her mother's side with the aristocratic De Montdhivers, so well known in the department of the Nord. Her childhood was a happy, healthy one, and was singularly free from those bereavements that tend to give a serious turn to even the youngest and most thoughtless. But,

for all that, silver rays slanted earthward from the growing light destined to be her beacon later on, and gleamed with tremulous and starlike softness through the cloudless morning of her life,—nebulous and flickering, indeed, at times, but never altogether absent.

It is related of her, for instance, that while she was chasing butterflies one day in the dancing sunlight, with the scent of opening flowers all around her, and the song of soaring birds on every side, her beaming face grew grave from no apparent cause, and she suddenly stopped in her play. Her little friends gathered round her in surprise. "Do you know what I am thinking of?" she asked in answer to their puzzled looks. "If one of our companions were in a prison of fire, and it were possible to release her from it by a word, should we not quickly say that word? Well, that is how things are in purgatory. The souls there are in a prison of fire, and the good God is only waiting for a prayer from us to set them free—and yet we do not say it!" With these words, the child again started in pursuit of the flitting butterflies. What put the souls in purgatory into her young mind at that particular moment it would be difficult to say; for there is no reason to suppose that the little one was aware that the butterfly is the poetical image of the immortality of the soul.

On another occasion, while Eugénie's *gouvernante* was dressing her charge's hair in the complicated fashion of the period, she was not only a wearisome time over her task, but also, unintentionally, hurt the child. Seeing the tears in the little girl's eyes, she asked if she would like her to stop. "No," Eugénie replied bravely; "go on a little longer"—adding in a low voice—"for the souls in purgatory."

In 1836, when she was eleven years of age, Eugénie entered the Sacre Cœur convent at Lille as a boarder. The place allotted to her in the convent chapel pleased her very much, because it was quite near the altar. One morning,

to her unspeakable consternation, the mistress of her class announced that an exceptional ceremony would be held in a few days; and that, for the sake of the general effect, such of the girls as could not get a white dress must take seats at the end of the chapel. This was a terrible blow to poor little Eugénie; for her parents were away in the country, and it would be quite impossible for them to have a dress made for her in time for the great day. For the white dress in itself she cared nothing, but, oh, she did so want to be near to the Blessed Sacrament, and where she could see the ceremony well! In her distress she fell upon her knees, and, clasping her little hands together, said this forever memorable prayer: "O my dear Providence, please send me a white dress! I shall always love Thee, and shall count on Thee for everything, from a pin to heaven!" (*Depuis une épingle jusqu'au ciel.*) Thirty years later, Marie de la Providence used to recall the impression made upon her by that covenant of her childhood, — a covenant which, with all reverence let it be said, both the Creator and the creature faithfully kept. On the vigil of the grand ceremony, Eugénie found a white dress ready for her on her bed, when she went to the dormitory.

She loved play quite as much as any of her school-fellows, and it was a real sacrifice for her voluntarily to leave her recreation for her prayers, as she often did. Asked by the nuns why she did this, and what devotions she used, she said that she recited the Litany of the Holy Ghost every day, in order to be enlightened regarding the vanities of this world; and the *Veni Creator*, that her vocation might be made known to her.

She lived on the most intimate terms with her Guardian Angel. When her favorite mistress, Madame Desmarquets, went to another convent of the Sacre Cœur, Eugénie used to send messages to her by her Guardian Angel. Thus, when she particularly desired the prayers of Madame Desmarquets at Easter, she wrote

nothing to the nun herself, but asked her own Angel to tell the Angel of her absent friend to give her message for her. After Easter she received from her dear Madame Desmarquets a letter saying: "Have more and more confidence in your Good Angel, my child; thus you will be heard by mine. For I did not fail to recommend you to the Heart of Our Lord on Easter Day, as you desired."

Eugénie left the Sacre Cœur on the 4th of September, 1843, after seven happy years of school-life there. She was of an affectionate and clinging nature, and it was a great grief to her to leave the convent and the nuns. Her intense love for her parents and for her home alone consoled her in her departure. The family was then living at Loos-lez-Lille, where Monsieur Smet had his country house. Madame Smet prepared for her daughter's home-coming a room, on which she lavished every care that a heart brimming over with maternal love, and a refined and delicate nature, could suggest. But what pleased Eugénie most of all was the view from the windows. On awaking, to use her own words, she saw but the sky and the trees; and, through their branches, the spire of the village church, that seemed to say to her: "Our Lord is here!"

One of her first acts upon taking possession of her room was to place above the door a picture representing Christ passing through the fields, while He scattered food for the birds with one hand, and decked the lilies with the other. The words, "Our Heavenly Father knows what we have need of: let us not be uneasy for the morrow," were written on a scroll beneath. And when she left her room or returned to it, she never failed to make an act of total abandonment of herself to Divine Providence.

A statue of Notre Dame de Grâce was venerated in the village; and, while praying before it one day, Eugénie thought that she would like to contribute something to the decoration of the modest altar on which it stood. She felt in her

purse, but it was empty. She immediately resolved herself to earn the money she wished to devote to this pious purpose, and upon returning home proceeded to put her plan into execution. She composed some litanies in honor of Notre Dame de Grâce. They received the approbation of the Archbishop of Cambria, and she had them printed and put on sale. With characteristic naïveté, she told the Blessed Virgin that, when all expenses had been paid, a clear profit of one hundred francs must remain over for the decoration of the altar. Her prayer was heard.

At this time Eugénie had her hands full, between spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Indeed, it was the very abundance of these good deeds that prepared her soul for the divine inspiration that resulted in the foundation of the Order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. It was the month of November, 1853, and the festival of All Saints. Eugénie was at Benediction in the church of Loos-lez-Lille. She had hardly begun her prayers when she was filled with a longing to atone, by some special work, for all that her absorption in other acts of piety had prevented her doing for the souls in purgatory during the preceding November. And, as she knelt thus, she heard in her heart the divine command: "Found an association of prayer and good works for the dead." With her rapt gaze upon the Blessed Sacrament, she answered the internal voice by saying to Our Lord: "If Thou wishest me to establish this Order, deign to inspire one of my friends with the same thought, and cause her to speak of her wish to me as I leave the church."

Benediction over, Eugénie rose from her knees, and passed slowly down the church, and out into the open air. She found it hard to realize that so humble an instrument as she should be chosen for so great a work. The responsibility of the proposed undertaking filled her soul with awe. She reached the flight of steps that separated the sacred building from the rustic Place on which it was

built, and proceeded to descend. When she had but one more step to make, one of her girl friends advanced toward her, exclaiming gladly: "My dear Eugénie, I am happy to meet you! While I was at Benediction the thought came to me that I should like to do everything, in union with you, for the souls in purgatory during the month of November." The long series of startling coincidences of a similar nature which marked the life of Marie de la Providence made Père Olivaint call her "the spoiled child who asked everything of God, who imposed conditions, who was exacting, even, so to speak, capricious, and to whom He refused nothing."

Eugénie began her crusade in favor of the Holy Souls among the poor of Loos-lez-Lille. "Many of these good people," she used to say, "do not know how to read, but they can all pray." And she distributed among them pictures representing the souls in purgatory in the act of being delivered from their prison during the celebration of the Eternal Sacrifice, when flows the Precious Blood that alone can quench its chastening fires.

She tried, at the same time, to put a stop to the horrible and degrading custom of swearing and cursing which was only too prevalent in the village. With a moral courage that was really marvellous in one of her sex and years, she visited, in one day, the proprietors of each of the fourteen wine shops of the village, and boldly asked them to allow a notice with the words, "No swearing here," to be placed upon the walls. She received the same answer everywhere: "If the others do it, we will do it too." Having thus received a sort of general sanction, Eugénie had the notices printed. Then she took them to the wine shops, armed with hammer and nails in case she should be obliged to put them up herself. This was exactly what happened. She got a cold reception in every shop, and in most instances had to nail the placards to the walls with her own hands.

Meanwhile the private devotion in favor of the Holy Souls met with great success, although her desire to found an Order for their relief seemed still far from being realized. There were many obstacles in the way, and she often felt almost disheartened, and ready to doubt if, after all, she was destined to accomplish her purpose. Her confessor, however, told her to be faithful to grace, and to remember that with God all things are possible. But the most direct encouragement of all came from the Blessed Curé d'Ars. A friend of Eugénie's had consulted him regarding the foundation of a community for the relief of the suffering souls. And the answer he gave her for Eugénie was sent from Ars on August 2, 1855. It was brief but to the point. "Tell her," said the Curé, "that she will establish an Order for the souls in purgatory whenever she likes."

Notwithstanding the success Eugénie's campaign in favor of the dead had met with at Lille, the conviction was at length forced upon her that Paris, and not her native place, was destined to see the fulfilment of her mission. This, of course, meant breaking with her beloved home and leaving her dear parents. It was a terrible sacrifice, probably even the greatest of the many sacrifices made by this heroic soul.

The feast of the Annunciation seems to have been a memorable date for Eugénie Smet all through her life; and it was on March 25, 1856, that she definitely resolved to immolate herself upon the altar of the Cross and leave all things for Christ's sake. But she did not wish that the money necessary for her journey to Paris, the result of which seemed doubtful, should be deducted from the funds she had destined for her various pious works. She accordingly asked Our Lord, with childish simplicity, to deign to provide her with her travelling expenses, in some unexpected way, if it was really His holy will that she should leave Lille. A few days later she received a letter from a

long-silent friend, who knew nothing whatever about Eugénie's project or her request. The letter said that the writer was "about to take the habit in the Carmelite convent in the Rue Messine, at Paris, and that something would be wanting to her happiness if Eugénie were not present at the ceremony. "I know," she added, "that, with all the works you have in hand, it would be difficult for you to pay the expenses of your journey to Paris. This will explain the enclosed draft for four hundred francs."

(Conclusion next week.)

Sperati's "Salve."

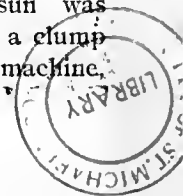
BY E. M. WALKER.

"I INSIST upon your taking a holiday," my father had said. "That is the doctor's advice; I have just paid him handsomely for it, and it strikes me there will be a still longer account to settle unless you do as you're told."

"But my work?" I had expostulated feebly.

"Your work! When I was your age I looked upon music as a recreation, a rest. I worked hard all day at my business, and I made money. Now you—you work at your music and make yourself ill; and your mother nurses you, and I pay the doctor's bills. What has come to the nerves of the present generation I can not conceive."

My good old dad! How could I argue with him? "Music" to him meant comic opera, and nothing more. He had always been practical, steady-going, industrious, and now his family were reaping the benefit of it. Usually he let us have our own way, but on this occasion he had been firm. And thus it was that I found myself cycling along the Portsmouth Road, some forty miles from London, on an early autumn evening. The sun was sinking behind a hill crowned by a clump of pines. I got down from my machine,



pushed it a short distance along a grassy lane leading out of the main road, climbed on to a gate, lit my pipe and gazed.

Before me lay a wide expanse of hilly moorland, sloping up and up to the far horizon. Here and there were bright patches of purple heather; while beyond, the fir-trees showed dark, dark, in the shadow of the hill. To the left, the waters of the little mere shone all golden in the rays of the setting sun. I watched the light fade gradually, and the red sky change to a soft, ethereal blue, and the distant hills grow black, and the surface of the mere turn to a cold grey. All was solemn then and silent, save now and again for the cry of a water-fowl; and I think I could have sat there all night had I not wanted my supper. Reluctantly, I slid down from the gate, lit my cycle lamp, and found my way back to the main road. It was not long before I saw the lights of a village glimmering ahead, and a sudden turn brought me to a big black tree and the open doorway of an inn. "Liphook!" I said to myself. "I'll stay the night here."

Next morning I woke late. The coffee-room breakfast was over by the time I appeared, and the only occupant of the room was a tall, striking-looking man of about fifty years of age, who was sitting at a side table reading a paper. There was something in this man which attracted me from the first. His grey hair was long, though not singularly so, and inclined to curl at the ends. His profile was regular, his mouth large, with an expression of patient firmness, and his brown eyes were dreamy and kind. Presently he rose, and as he left the room I noticed that he had a decided stoop.

"That is Signor Benedict Sperati," whispered the waitress. "He comes here sometimes. He is a great musician; but you have heard of him, of course."

So that was Sperati! I was quite excited as I ate my breakfast, for I was still young enough (please God, I always shall be!) to feel a thrill of enthusiasm. Then

and there I determined not to hasten away from Liphook. I pulled out my watch: it was just half-past ten. The hotel was very quiet at that hour, and nobody objected to my prowling about where I liked. It was worth inspecting, and I passed some time pleasantly enough looking round.

I found that the "Royal Anchor" claimed to be one of the oldest and most famous inns in the country. Certainly it must have been very important in the past, when twenty-six coaches halted there daily. It appeared to me that every sovereign of England (I was going to say from William the Conqueror downward, but certainly from Queen Elizabeth) had honored it with a visit. Queen Anne used to stay here when she came to inspect her deer in the royal forest of Woolmer hard by, until the poor lady caught a bad attack of rheumatism from reclining on a grassy bank—on a damp day, I presume, since the soil is exceptionally dry and sandy,—and on this account the King Edward VII. Sanatorium has been built in the neighborhood. Charles II. also slept at the inn, and George III. and Queen Charlotte; and last, but not least, the Duchess of Kent, with her little daughter (afterward Queen Victoria), whose portrait, presented as a gracious souvenir to the innkeeper of that day, still hangs in the "Queen Room."

But reminiscences of men more interesting than crowned heads cling round the old inn. Wellington stopped here several times, and Blücher and the Allied Sovereigns after Waterloo; while Nelson, who was often up and down the Portsmouth Road, left part of a scientific instrument behind him on one occasion. I fancy it had something to do with telling the exact time of day by the sun, though it was not like any sun-dial I had ever seen; and, as I could not understand it, I passed along the landing and down the staircase, pausing to admire the beautiful old oak, the willow-pattern china, and the two heavy Communion chairs in the hall.

The footsteps of old gossiping, human Pepys had frequently passed this way; but I was not thinking of him so much as of Longfellow. For here, in the inn parlor, Longfellow wrote his "Village Blacksmith." The chesnut-tree is there still, a splendid specimen; and as I stood looking out of the window, I could see the sparks through the open doorway of the forge opposite,—all just as it was in his day. Suddenly, puff! puff! Up came a motor, followed by another. I remembered that it was near lunch time; and, as I had no mind to have my reverie interrupted just then, I slipped through a side door and went to finish it in the garden at the back of the house. Here solitude reigned, apparently; but, pacing a gravel walk, my eyes resting on the lovely expanse of pine and heather country stretching away into the far distance, I ran into some one coming along a path which intersected mine at right angles. It was Sperati.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" I stammered. "I didn't see you; I wasn't looking—"

"No; you were looking across at Longmoor," he said. "I don't wonder." And, turning, he began to walk beside me.

How it was I do not know, but I, usually so reserved, soon found myself talking to him with amazing frankness. He asked few questions, yet in ten minutes I had told him more of my real life, my secret hopes, than I had ever before told any one else. His grave kindness was strangely winning; and then he helped me to see into my own mind, as it were, to find out what I really thought. Presently there came a silence, and I glanced up at him deprecatingly, fearful of having bored him. His eyes were on the sunlit hills, yet I felt he was thinking of me.

"You are very fortunate," he said slowly. "You are just beginning life, and you have everything on your side. That theme you were speaking to me about? Have you it with you? Should your mind showing it to me?"

"But you are too good!" I said. "I

couldn't trouble you with my schoolboy efforts; I should be ashamed. I—"

He interrupted me with a quick gesture.

"We were all schoolboys once. I will wait here till you fetch it."

We sat together on the garden seat while he looked it through, and I flushed desperately at his words of generous, discriminating praise.

"I hope you will go far," he concluded. "May I give you a word of advice? *Don't hurry!* We artists are apt to do that: life seems so short to us; yet peace, moderation and patience,—those are what all good work needs. Will you remember?"

"Yes, I will remember."

His delicate use of the plural pronoun was not lost on me. As he talked, I became conscious of a subtle sadness in his attitude. He seemed to assume that his life was over, and he was only fifty. Perhaps it was partly this that led me to say with a boy's blunt shyness:

"It's awfully good of you to talk to me like this—*you!* Do you know. I admire your *Salve* more than anything I've ever heard?"

"So?" he said. "And what else of mine do you admire?"

He looked at me inquiringly, a little humorous smile playing round the corners of his fine mouth.

"I—I don't know," I hesitated.

It was true that Sperati had composed nothing else of note. His later work was correct, scholastic, uninspired. My up-to-date text-books stated confidently that he was—well, played out.

"I should think that to have composed one thing so—so divine as your *Salve* would be enough for a lifetime," I said at last.

He nodded approval.

"Only *I* did not compose it," he replied. "Listen, lad! Twenty years ago I had a nervous breakdown, or something of the sort; and I, like you, left London, in search of health; only I did not cycle: I walked. When I came to this inn, it took my fancy, and I stayed here, just as

you have done. It was in different hands then, of course, and there were not such beautiful things in it. Still, I liked it; and it was quieter in those days, because there were no motors. I must tell you that I had been working very, very hard, and that all my efforts had ended in failure. It was as though there were something in my brain which I could not get out,—some haunting, elusive melody, which vanished when I tried to seize upon it and make it my own. At that time I used to sleep very badly; and one night, tired of tossing on my bed, I rose, wrapped myself in my dressing gown, knelt down by the window and gazed out at the hills yonder, all solemn in the moonlight, and at the dark patches of pine and the drifting clouds. Gradually peace came to me and it began to seem a very small thing whether or not I ever 'did' anything, in the world's sense of the term. My mother, as you know, was English; but my father was an Italian, and I had been partly educated in a Benedictine monastery.

"Something of the peaceful, childlike, industrious spirit of my schooldays came over me that night, although I was so far from the old scenes, and in a strange, not altogether friendly land. I was thinking of St. Benedict, my patron saint, whose name I bear, and on whose aid I have always relied—when suddenly, in the silence of the night, I heard a strain of music. I can not describe it to you: it was too beautiful, too unearthly to describe; it was something like the sound of far-away harps, yet at moments it seemed to come from just along the passage. I listened for a minute or two, and then stole out. A few yards ahead, the door of a little sitting room, was open. In the corner, was an old spinet which I had noticed the evening before, and on the music-stool a monk was seated. The moonlight fell full upon him, and I recognized at once that he was clad in the habit of St. Benedict; but I could not see his face, because it was turned away. He was a little bowed as if by age, and

his white hands were moving up and down the keys. The air he was playing was at once tender and wistful, sad, yet breathing humble hope; and its sheer spiritual beauty made something catch in my throat as I listened. Without any effort on my part, the words that it was meant to fit—the only words it *could* fit, for it was their exact expression—came into my mind. I had no doubt about them: '*Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiæ.*' (You know them, of course.) So I listened and prayed, until presently I became conscious that the sounds had ceased, the monk had vanished, and the spinet was shut. Next morning I wrote it all down. It never sounds as it did that night; it never can. But its beauty is not of this world for all that, and people have not failed to recognize it."

There was a moment's silence, then I said:

"And that is how you came to compose your *Salve*?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling; "that is how I came to compose the *Salve* which is not mine."

"You have never had a vision since?"

"No, and I have composed nothing worth anything since."

"And the spinet? Did you buy it? There is an old one up there now."

"That is the one. I did buy it, but I felt reluctant to remove it from its surroundings; so I left it here, and asked the landlord to keep it locked. I do not like to think of any but one playing on it, and *he*, I fancy, could open it without a key." He smiled again a little. "Curiously enough," he pursued, "I discovered afterward that there is a monk's cupboard on the landing—one of the old 'priests' hiding-places,' you know,—and a tale is told of some priest who hid there in Elizabeth's time and who was caught and hanged."

"But surely he would be a Jesuit, not a Benedictine?" I mused.

"Who knows?" said Sperati, rising.

I rose too and walked beside him to the house.

"Boy," he said suddenly, "do not speak of this to any one till after I am dead. Do you hear? People say such foolish things!"

"I promise to respect your wish," I replied quickly; "and I thank you more than I can tell for your confidence."

"Oh, as to that, is not a stranger often the easiest person to confide in? And, then, you are fresh and unspoilt as yet, and I believe you have real talent; you will do more than I have been able to do."

"No, no!" I cried, with energy. "How can you say that when you have caught a little bit of heaven's melody and given it to us, 'poor, banished children of Eve'? Surely it is worth a long life of hard work to do that."

"It is indeed," he said quietly; and I think he was pleased with my enthusiasm.

From his inner breast pocket he took what looked like a small silver coin and held it out to me.

"Will you care to keep it in memory of our meeting?" he asked.

Then I saw that it was a medal of St. Benedict. On one side was inscribed the Benedictine motto, *Pax*. I kissed it and hung it on my watch chain.

I never saw Sperati again. He died, as you know, this summer; and I feel that I am doing what he would have wished in giving this story to the world. It is true that he composed nothing else of note, but his *Salve* will last forever. I think there was never any man more single-minded, more devoted to his art; and I am glad to know that even in this life he had his exceeding great reward.

For myself, I can only say in all humility that I believe his kindness and generosity led him to overestimate my powers; but what little I have done, or may do, I owe to him. That hour's talk in the old garden changed the current of my life. It was as if a cool, restraining hand, laid upon my shoulder, had turned me aside into another path. Strange, that a chance acquaintance at a wayside inn should do so much for one. *Pax!*

A War Cloud that Will Pass.

IN an editorial *de jond* appearing in a recent issue of the *Sun* of New York, the conviction is expressed that 'the best if not the only way of avoiding war with Japan is to have the people of this country fully informed of everything affecting our relations with that Power'; and that 'if the American people fully share and participate in all matters pertaining to the preliminaries of such a world-wide calamity, war will be avoided.'

The editorial is written in our metropolitan contemporary's most superior manner, and is therefore serious and sonorous, magnetic and magisterial. The importance attached to this production is revealed both by its conspicuous position and the style of printing. It is evidently intended to be taken very seriously. Thus we accept it,—not as a piece of political persiflage but as a patriotic performance.

There is no need of borrowing trouble over a war with Japan, for the simple reason that nothing is further from Japan's intention than to go to war with the United States, at least for the present. The San Francisco incident and other such demonstrations of hostility are practically ignored by the Japanese Government; and if repeated, would still be disregarded. We are assured by a European who has resided in Japan for many years, who knows the language of the country perfectly, and happens to be in a position to judge of the sentiment both of the people and their rulers, that there is little serious war talk anywhere. What there is, he tells us, is confined to a few noisy, inconsequential jingoes. The Japanese will never fight until they are quite prepared; and that they are unprepared, they fully realize. It is for their present interest to be at peace with the United States, and of this they are thoroughly convinced. For the war with Russia, the Government of Japan made fifteen years' secret preparation. When that war was

declared, only those who knew little or nothing about the condition of affairs in Japan were sure that Russia would be victorious; the well-informed said, Wait.

We think it not unlikely that at some future time our country may be at war with Japan over the Philippines, the geographical position of which is such as to cause the Japanese Government to covet them, just as we coveted Spanish and other possessions now a part of the United States. Our people do not know the worth of the Philippines, the Japanese thoroughly appreciate it.

It is easy to understand President Roosevelt's desire to secure the good-will of Germany and England. But Germany may have her hands full in Africa some day, while England is likely to be very busy in India. Japan will know when her opportunity arrives; she will continue to keep both eyes open, and one of them is already fixed on the Philippines.

Why should the sending of our navy into the Pacific Ocean be regarded as an indication of immediate war? Are not the naval forces of the United States as much at home on the Pacific as the Atlantic coast? Even if it were President Roosevelt's secret intention to create a condition requiring war for its solution, Japan would most probably manage to have the solution postponed to suit herself. In the event of an early conflict between the two Powers, our battleships and war balloons would probably obtain the mastery; but it is more probable that in a diplomatic encounter we should be discomfited. We opine that if Mr. Wu Ting Fang were the American Secretary of State, the mobilization of our navy in the waters of the Pacific would cause him gleeful satisfaction; and it is quite conceivable that this action of President Roosevelt may some day be regarded as his most important service to the nation.

One always thinks of Mr. Wu as being the most astute of Orientals. The interests of his country are becoming more and more intimately connected with those of

Japan. The time has not come for it yet—the Chinese and Japanese are not so neighborly as the more progressive among them desire,—but an Oriental federation would doubtless suit Mr. Wu to a T. It would be quite useless, however, to attempt to interview him on this subject. Mr. Wu doesn't answer questions: he asks questions.

If the New York *Sun's* political complexion were not quite so changeable, and it had no record for jingoism, the words we have quoted from it would be more impressive than they are. When as yet war with Spain was only problematical, the *Sun*, as we remember, was a jingo of the jingoes. It can not but be well aware that if the people of this country had been fully informed of everything affecting our relations with Spain, that unjust and wholly unnecessary war might have been avoided. But we can recall no words of our contemporary (of which we have long been an attentive and admiring reader) advocating such measures as it now so solemnly proposes. The American people were kept in ignorance of what Spain had done to preserve peace, and we know of no efforts on the part of the New York *Sun* to enlighten them. Meantime its political preferences have undergone a change, and it now blames Mr. Roosevelt for creating a state of things wherein Congress will have no choice but to declare war. Did not Mr. McKinley create, or permit the creation of, just such a condition?

If war with Japan is inevitable, we think we can discern some reasons why it would be more advantageous to have it precipitated by an Executive who is an idol of the people rather than by one who is a tool of the plutocrats.

The surest way of avoiding war is to demonstrate in season and out of season its unquestionable needlessness; continuously to propagate the idea of having recourse to arbitration in all international disputes; unremittingly to endeavor to convince the people that their truest happiness lies in cultivating the arts of

peace, that war is a crime, a curse, and a calamity.

But the human is still purblind and bellicose, for the most part; and the ill-success of the recent Peace Conference at The Hague goes to show that the plan of establishing a permanent tribunal of arbitration is still far from actuation. People and things being what and as they are, we are inclined to share the opinion that "suitable preparation for war is the surest guarantee of peace." We feel certain that the presence of our navy in the Pacific Ocean, far from being a menace, will be calculated to increase the number of the nation's days of peace; and, in the event of a conflict with Japan, to enable our Government to compel peace in the shortest time with the least expenditure.

We have noticed that men who have had actual experience of the horrors of armed strife are generally very appreciative of the blessings of peace, and that the most Christianized countries are always least disposed to wage war. Let us hope that the sway of the Prince of Peace over the representatives of the American people has now become powerful enough to make them refrain from ever again consenting to take up arms until all means for the prolongation of peace have been exhausted.

The Origin of a Quaint Custom.

Visitors to the British House of Commons have often wondered at the practice of the Speaker who bows three times every day as he approaches his chair. What is the meaning of it? is a question often asked and seldom answered. According to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, it is because, in old Catholic times, the Blessed Sacrament was reserved above the Speaker's chair. The Host, of course, is no longer present, but for three centuries the custom of bowing to the empty repository has been preserved.

Notes and Remarks.

One reason perhaps why the English press, in its eulogies of the late Lord Brampton, had so little reference to his religion, is that the great jurist himself so seldom admitted any one into the sanctuary of his soul. He made his declaration of faith once, and it was made so well as to render any repetition of it unnecessary. It was publicly known that late in life—in his most mature years—he had given his adhesion to the Church; and never afterward did he give any one the slightest cause to doubt that he was a loyal and devoted Catholic. In a letter addressed to Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert in 1901, for publication in "Roads to Rome," Lord Brampton wrote:

It is not very easy to write a definite reply to the question—Why I became a Catholic? I will not therefore make the attempt. To reason the matter out would require much more time than I have at my command, and I would not undertake the task unless I felt that I could accomplish it thoroughly and with satisfaction to myself. To undertake a work and fail to perform it would distress me. Those, therefore, who look for my reasons for taking the important step I took so late in life can not have their expectations satisfied by me. It must suffice them to know that it was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth—which was all I sought—lay within the Catholic Church. I thought the matter out for myself anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being; and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I arrived and my conscience tells me it is right.

The Rev. M. A. Lambing complains of the manner in which the school list of Scottdale, Pa., is compiled. He says that "the Scottdale list gives Irish as the nationality of nineteen families of children attending the parish school, though the parents of only one of these families came from Ireland. Why were the children of the other eighteen families marked Irish? It is right that the children of foreign born Protestant parents attending the public school should be designated Americans,

but it is no right that children of American born Catholic parents attending the Catholic school are designated Irish. The Irish are just as good as anybody else, but these children are not Irish: they are American."

What a good many readers will consider more important is this other statement of Father Lambing: "We do more than pay our share of the school tax; for the attendance at the Catholic schools is added to that of the public schools when the return is made to Harrisburg to get the State school appropriation, and I believe some of ours have been counted twice." This practice is probably followed elsewhere than in Pennsylvania; and it merits looking into with a view toward rectifying a patent injustice.

It is always gratifying to have occasion to quote Newman. The suspension of the once widely-circulated magazine in which he was accused 'of thinking so lightly of the virtue of veracity as to have countenanced and defended the neglect of it,' reminds us of some words in "Anglican Difficulties" explaining the doctrine of the Church concerning sin, untruthfulness in particular. There is nothing finer in Newman, to our mind, than this brief passage:

She [the Church] holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin,—should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse.

A correspondent of the *Boston Pilot* requests further exposition, or exposure, of the following method of defrauding the relatives or executors of deceased clerics:

A man in Chicago is adopting a clever scheme to obtain money. After the death of a priest in a distant city, he sends a bill for a small amount, not exceeding \$10. The bill is for pamphlets which were delivered but not paid for. When he is questioned concerning the

pamphlets and asked for a copy, he can furnish none, as they were all destroyed by fire. The bill is readily paid, as no one can prove that it is not due.

That no one can prove that the bill is not due is hardly so pertinent a remark, we think, as this: that the burden of proving that it is due rests upon "the man in Chicago." The convenient fire which destroyed the pamphlets possibly spared his day-book or ledger, his list of orders received, etc. In any case, the executors of the dead priest had better wait until they are sued before complying with any such suspicious demands.

The last of those "dearest brothers" immortalized by Cardinal Newman in lines the beauty of which will be admired as long as our language endures, has passed to his rest and reward. After a long illness, during the closing days of which he received the last rites of Holy Church, at the conclusion of the prayers for the dying, and while two of his brethren were saying the Rosary by his bedside, Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder calmly breathed his last at the venerable age of threescore and ten. He was the eldest son of a convert clergyman of the Church of England, whose father was the Bishop of Lichfield. On his mother's side, he was a nephew of the famous Bishop Wilberforce. Under Oratorian influence from early boyhood, he joined the Congregation, and was ordained by Bishop Ullathorne in 1862. On the death of Cardinal Newman in 1890, Father Ryder was chosen to succeed him as superior of the Birmingham Oratory, and held the office for five years. His life work was then completed; but he could still pray, and edify his religious brethren by the patience with which he bore the sufferings of the illness which had come upon him, and the trials of advanced years.

Besides numerous timely and scholarly contributions to periodical literature, Father Ryder was the author of an important pamphlet, entitled "Idealism in

"Theology," in reply to Dr. W. G. Ward; a volume of poems containing some excellent sonnets; and an admirable controversial work, often recommended in these pages as the best book of its class in the language. We refer, of course, to "Catholic Controversy," which is undoubtedly Father Ryder's most meritorious service to the Catholic cause. Somewhere in this dusty den of ours, but carefully covered we are sure, is a letter of his, expressing, in terms which Newman himself might have employed, his deep gratification to hear something of the good this little book has effected in the United States. Now he knows to how many troubled souls everywhere it has proved helpful. Peace to his own!

Queen Victoria's letters, edited by A. C. Benson and Lord Esher, just published in London, cover the period of twenty-four years that elapsed between her accession in 1837 and the death of the Prince Consort in 1861. These volumes will be the best monument to Queen Victoria; they show her to have been a noble wife and mother, a wise, enlightened and conscientious ruler, wholly exempt, one would say, from faults with which during her lifetime she was often charged. For some extracts from these letters we are indebted to the *Chicago Tribune*, to which they were cabled.

A letter to her uncle, Leopold I., King of the Belgians, informing him of the imminence of the death of William IV. and of her expected accession to the throne, concludes with the hope that "the All-Powerful Being who has so long watched over my destinies will guide and support me in whatever situation and station it may please Him to place me."

Although she is known to have had a strong dislike for politics, Queen Victoria followed every political development, and in many of her letters gives proof of keen political insight. That at heart she was a friend of Ireland and no bigot, the following letter, also addressed to King

Leopold, would seem to prove. It is dated April 15, 1845, and refers to Sir Robert Peel's bill to increase the grant to Maynooth College:

Here we are in a great state of agitation about one of the greatest measures ever proposed. I am sure poor Peel ought to be blessed by all Catholics for the manly and noble way in which he stands forth to protect and do good for poor Ireland. But the bigotry, wicked and blind passions it brings forth are quite dreadful, and I blush for Protestantism.

A Presbyterian clergyman said truly that bigotry is more common than shame.

Mr. A. T. Story, a prolific magazinist, complains in *T. P.'s Weekly* of the attitude still preserved by English editors as to specific contributions to their columns. We quote:

I was, for instance, not long ago, made acquainted with a story from real life so intensely interesting—so amazing, indeed—that I was compelled to write it. I offered it to several editors; none would accept it, though all acknowledged its power. And what was the reason? Because it showed the devotion of a Catholic priest. One editor suggested the turning him into an English clergyman. "But," said I, "I am telling a true story." Said the editor: "It is more than my place is worth to print such a story."

Now, I am not a Catholic; the story contained nothing of a doctrinal nature: it simply showed the power of a man permeated with the spiritual truth he holds by; it was an index to the higher rank there is in human nature. But because the man was of a faith alien to that of the majority among whom we live, we must hide and tacitly deny the facts!

We note this incident simply to comment that the suggestion of the editor who advised "turning him into an English clergyman" has undoubtedly been adopted many a time in similar cases by writers less conscientious than Mr. Story.

In spite of a certain obtuseness with which Englishmen are credited, we feel sure there must have been applause loud and prolonged when, at the recent conference of the Catholic Truth Society at Preston, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Ward, after referring to the wide expanse of the

Society's activities and the vast amount of good it was accomplishing, paid the following tribute to the enlightened zeal and unceasing energy of its two secretaries, Father Cologan and Mr. Britten:

They have not only worked well, but each has supplemented the other's work in marvelous fashion. This is in itself an important and difficult achievement. A well-known firm of architects are known as Dunn and Hansom. Of the original founders of this firm it was related that their strength lay in the way in which they supplemented each other,—one was full of artistic ideals, the other possessed a talent for business. When entrusted with the building of a church, they agreed together that Dunn should see that it was handsome, but Hansom should see that it was done. There can be no doubt that our two secretaries have some such working agreement together, though I do not presume to say what precisely it is.

A compliment as well deserved as it was happily expressed. Monsignor Ward himself deserves praise for his ever-active interest in the Catholic Truth Society. And we should be inclined to award him the palm for pleasantry. His Preston paper is proof positive that an Englishman can perceive humor, and even produce it on occasion.

The capable and energetic superintendent of Philadelphia's parish schools, the Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, is not a pessimist as to the drink question. Speaking recently before the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Pennsylvania's capital, he declared:

To my mind, there is nothing more indicative of a saner public opinion on the drink question here in our own city than three social functions that took place in the principal hotel of Philadelphia within a year. The men at these three banquets were representative of what is best and highest in the Catholic life of the city. At the festive board not a drop of strong drink was seen at any of these three banquets. The men and women who at all times have stood under the white banner of Total Abstinence have brought about this happy progress. They have been the leaven that has affected the whole mass of the people.

Whether or not the full credit of the change in public opinion as to the use and

abuse of liquor is due entirely to the organized temperance and total abstinence people, the change is a most gratifying one, and undoubtedly makes for the religious, social, and industrial betterment of all classes.

Our readers will recall occasional references made in these columns, in the course of the past year or two, to the question of apparent death and latent life. Basil Tozer, writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After* on "Premature Burial," has this to say of points standing out prominently from a review of verifiable facts:

First, owing to the condition of our burial law, many persons have been buried alive. Secondly, many persons, alive now, will be buried before life is extinct unless a reform is quickly brought about. Thirdly, very many persons have only just escaped being buried whilst still alive. Fourthly, sudden death, except in cases of accident, occurs but rarely. Fifthly, the only true sign of death is the beginning of decomposition. Sixthly, fits of trance and of catalepsy are of much more frequent occurrence than is generally supposed. Lastly, in some cases the victims of suspended animation can see and hear all that goes on around them; in other cases they are quite unconscious.

We have merely to reiterate two counsels already given more than once: the speedy embalming of supposed corpses should be discouraged; and "the Sacraments," to quote the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, "ought to be conferred conditionally till advanced putrefaction has set in"

In answer to the complaint that, whilst Catholic principles are incontestably sound, there is not amongst Catholics practical action enough in Labor matters to excite the interest of the workingman, the *Catholic Times* of London makes this excellent suggestion:

Might it not be well, under the circumstances, to try in this country an experiment to which Continental Catholics are at present devoting attention? It consists of a reunion of social workers somewhat in the nature of a summer school, and is called a "Social Week." Italian Catholics have just had such a week at Pistoia,

and those who were present are enthusiastic in praise of its usefulness. Cardinal Maffi and other eminent ecclesiastical dignitaries welcomed the delegates, who attended in thousands. The Holy Father sent a letter of encouragement, bidding all unite their forces for the improvement of the toilers' lot. Professors who have for years been studying social problems, public men who have often been called upon to deal with municipal questions, and priests whose lives have been spent amidst large working-class populations, gave, in speech and lecture, their views as to how the cause of Labor might best be promoted, and how the welfare of religion might be furthered by its progress. One benefit which it is generally acknowledged resulted from the Social Week was the opportunity afforded to Catholic leaders, and the Catholic rank and file, of coming in contact with one another and interchanging views. Would not such an opportunity be equally serviceable to the Catholics in these islands?

We are not aware that the complaint referred to has often been made in the United States; but, if not, it can not be said that there are no grounds for it. The experiment suggested deserves to be tried in both countries; the sooner the better, it seems to us.

In a lecture delivered some time ago in Kansas City, Archbishop Ireland devoted a portion of his time to the Negro question, and, among other things, said:

The Negro we have and must keep. Let it never be forgotten that the Negro did not come hither of his own accord. Our forefathers constrained him to emigrate from his African haunts to be their servant, their slave. Let it not be forgotten that the long servitude to which they had subjected him prevented him from growing in civilization, and aimed rather at reducing him to the low stages of animal life than uplifting him to the higher regions of spiritual thought and activity. Whatever difficulties there are in the Negro problem, we must say in all humility that they are of our own making. This is sufficient reason why we should bring to the solution of this problem good will and patience. The progress made by the Negroes since their emancipation forty years ago is the happiest of omens, and indicates that years will prove them to be fully worthy of our confidence and esteem.

Among Mgr. Ireland's auditors was the Methodist Negro Bishop Grant, who

took occasion, a day or two later, to write to the St. Paul prelate an appreciation of the tribute paid to his people. We clip the following from Brother Grant's interesting communication, which we find in the *Colored Man's Friend*:

It seemed to me that the address covered every phase of American life, was truly patriotic, a plea for justice, honesty, civic righteousness, and the liberty to which all people under the American flag are entitled.

When such men as the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi, Gov. Davis of Arkansas, and Senator Tillman of South Carolina, are making strenuous efforts to convince the world of the unworthiness of the Negro and his inability to accept and appreciate a higher civilization, your plea to an audience of ten thousand for justice and fair treatment to him came to my ear as a cooling spring to a thirsty soul. . . .

Eternity alone will make known the good you are doing along the lines above indicated; and on behalf of a grateful people I thank you.

It is to be hoped that, by dint of incessant condemnation, the sane and healthy minds of this country may eventually lessen the popular appetite for that journalistic monstrosity, the Sunday newspaper. Here is Mr. Frank Foxcroft's opinion of it as given in the *Nineteenth Century and After*:

The influence of the Sunday newspaper in dissipating intellectual energy and lowering standards of taste in art and literature is not easily measured. In these respects it works along the same lines as the indefinitely multiplied ten-cent magazines which strew the counters of the news stands. But it reaches a lower level and achieves a wider circulation. The typical American is a more omnivorous reader than any other national type. He leaves behind him in the street cars and railroad trains a trail of discarded papers and magazines with which he has beguiled his journey. It is a pity that, for his one leisure day of the week, he should find nothing better than what is provided for him by the average Sunday newspaper. And it is deplorable to think of the children in American homes turned loose among the tawdry attractions of these publications.

It is not merely deplorable, it is constructively criminal; and Catholic homes, above all, should give no lodging to the abominable sheets.



The Coming of Winter.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

THE birds are going South;
One always flies ahead;
He leads them from the cold
And storms, my mother said.
The whirl, whirl of their wings
I like so well to hear,—
The birds are going South:
The winter time is near.

The leaves are falling, too,
In heaps of brown and gold;
The flowers that were so bright
Are withered now and old.
At night, when safe in bed,
The lonesome wind I hear,
I cover up my head;
For winter time is near.

But some bright April day,
A gentle breeze will creep
Above the lazy flowers,
And wake them all from sleep:
The whirl, whirl of the birds
Will greet my listening ear,
And all these pleasant things
Will tell me "Spring is here!"

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IX.—THE ARRIVAL.

"DRIVEN away by Cousin Ellery!" exclaimed Martha, pausing in the act of unlocking the door. "Driven away!"

"Well, it is just the same," said Whirlwind. "She sent me from the table, and ordered me to eat in the kitchen till I obeyed her and begged her pardon. I will *never* eat in the kitchen and I shall *not* beg her pardon. So I shall have to starve, or eat walking about with my plate in my hand, or come here to you,—and you have

no room for me, Martha, now that you are expecting visitors."

The childish voice quivered, but Martha had been reflecting seriously since the day before. She realized that it behooved her to be very firm with Whirlwind, whose waywardness was becoming something serious. And although she herself could have cried at the sound of tears in the child's voice, she answered quite calmly:

"You must have done something very naughty, my dear, to have your cousin punish you so severely."

"No," replied the child, "I didn't. I just wouldn't let Minnie plait my hair when Cousin Ellery told her to."

"And why, my dear?"

"Because I have never worn it that way, and papa likes it this way, and so do I."

"Very likely your cousin is a particular person; many maiden ladies are. And it does look sort of disorderly to have your hair flying about all the time; you know I have told you so before, Whirlwind."

"Yes, I know you have. But it is of no importance at all how I wear my hair. And I told Cousin Ellery I would *not* have it plaited, and then she did what I told you."

"But, my dear, just to please her—"

"*Nothing* could please her."

"Well, then, to keep the peace and make things pleasant in the house while she is there, so that your dear papa may not feel unhappy about you—for she may tell him,—couldn't you give in and wear your hair in plaits for a while?"

"No I couldn't, and I won't!" rejoined Whirlwind, stamping her foot.

Martha looked at her sadly till the flashing eyes of the child could endure it no longer, and her own glance fell.

"Dearie," said the old woman slowly, "you used to be so sweet and always so happy. I never minded your little ways,

because you were only a child; but you are growing a large girl now, and, I am afraid, not improving with your growth. Indeed I am very sure that you are not."

"I suppose the children who are coming here to live with you are models of goodness," observed Whirlwind, sarcastically, swinging her hat by the streamers and balancing herself precariously on one foot. "I hope you will have a pleasant time with them. I can fix myself a little place in the loft of the barn, I guess; and then I shall not be any trouble to anybody. I suppose Minnie will not mind sending me my food in a basket I can haul up and down. I think it will be great fun. I can sleep in the hay, you know."

"Yes, with the rats and mice running over you," answered Martha. "I do not think you will find it so pleasant as you think, Whirlwind."

The child began to dash the angry tears from her eyes.

"I don't see why you talk to me in that tone of voice, Martha!" she cried. "And you look so cold out of your eyes. You never did that to me before. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Then Martha threw her arms about her beloved Whirlwind, kissing and caressing her. The child responded in the same manner. For a few moments all was peace, and neither spoke. At last Martha lifted the tumbled hair from her shoulder and said:

"Now, my darling, I want to ask you again to do as your cousin desires. Have your hair arranged as she wishes it. To give way to her will establish good feeling between you; she will be kinder, and everything may go on well till your papa returns. But if you do not obey her there will be a long and very disagreeable struggle, and you will *have* to submit in the end."

"No, no!" answered Whirlwind, raising herself from the old woman's encircling arms. "You can't know how she is, for you have never seen her. I will try to obey

her when she orders me to do sensible things, but not in this. Don't ask me, Martha, please!"

The old woman shook her head.

"Well, go into the garden then, dearie, or take a book and read. I have much to do."

"I think you might talk to me just a little," said Whirlwind.

"I can be talking and working at the same time, if you will follow me about," said the old nurse.

"No, I don't believe I will," replied Whirlwind, slowly. "I will just go and fix myself a place in the loft, and leave you to take care of those nice children."

"Nonsense, child! Go sensibly back home and to your own room. Have you forgotten about the rats and mice?"

"Yes, I had forgotten," said Whirlwind, with a shudder. "I don't believe I *will* move to the loft. Cousin Ellery can not keep me out of the garden; Minnie will fetch me my meals to the summer-house. And now, good-bye, Martha! Your new friends will soon be coming, I suppose? "Don't you think so?"

"Not for a couple of hours yet," said Martha. "But let me tell you, dearie, once for all, that, no matter how nice or obedient they may be, there are no children in the world who can take my darling's place. You must come here just the same as ever, Whirlwind. Will you promise me that?"

"If *you* will promise to stay in the kitchen or in your own room while I am here, so that they may not hear what we say."

Martha laughed.

"Come first, and then we shall see. When will you come, Whirlwind?"

"Let me see! Not to-day, because you will be busy. Perhaps to-morrow—in the afternoon. And then we can sit all alone together; shall we, Martha?"

For answer, Martha again clasped her arms around the lonely, motherless child.

"You are very sweet when you coax like that, Whirlwind," she said,—“not at

all like the savage great-grandmother you told me about."

The face of the child grew crimson.

"Oh, how could I have forgotten to tell you!" she said. "I promised Our Lord and the two mothers last night that I would do it early this morning. It was Cousin Ellery who put it out of my mind. I'm ashamed to tell you, but I must."

"What, dearie?"

"I never had a savage great-grandmother. I made that up because I was so angry. Papa gave me a pretty picture of an Indian girl carrying water one day. He said it looked something like me when I am good. She is a very sweet-looking Indian girl. Her hair is long and black; she has on a red shawl and a blue skirt; she is holding a gray earthen water-jug, and she is carrying water from a pretty little brook under the trees. The name of the picture is 'Gentle-Waters,' and papa said he thought it meant that the girl and the stream were both gentle. I just thought of that dreadful story all in one moment, Martha, and I said it. But I am sorry, and I hope you will never tell any one I did it."

"What a child!" exclaimed Martha. "It was very wrong, of course, and shows what anger can make a person do."

"Yes, it was a shameful thing," rejoined Whirlwind slowly. "I can't see how I ever came to say it."

"Have you told Miss Allen?" inquired Martha. "She heard you."

"So she did. Must I tell her?"

"I think you should."

"I hate to, but I will."

"That is right. Whenever you do wrong, Whirlwind, have the courage to acknowledge it. God will bless my little girlie if she does. And I wish—"

"No, no, Martha! I know what you are going to say. I can't do it,—I can't. I like it like this."

Spreading her flying locks on either side of her head with both hands, she ran out of the room. When she reached the end of the garden and caught sight of

the chimneys of her own home, her heart fell. She would have to go back to Cousin Ellery, and there would certainly be trouble again. The prospect was very disagreeable. But Whirlwind never thought of helping to put an end to it or avert it by obeying her cousin. What should she do? If she only had a book, she might read until dinner time; and if those odious people were not coming that very day, perhaps that very hour, to Martha's, she might have stayed there till evening; although she doubted whether Martha would have permitted it. She did not know what to do. But presently, as she was wondering how to pass the time, she saw a wagon coming slowly along the high-road, and ran to the fence to see whether it might not be the gardener going to Great Melloden. In that case he would give her a drive. But the driver was a stranger; he was carrying two large trunks, a packing-box, and a pair of easels.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Martha Wolf lives, Miss?" he inquired. "I was told in the little cottage, but there seem to be several of them hereabouts."

"You must be a stranger not to know where Martha lives," replied Whirlwind.

"It is over there, beyond those trees."

"Thank you!" rejoined the man, and passed on.

"They have come at last; that is their baggage," said Whirlwind to herself, excitedly. "I wish I could see them, but I don't want them to see me."

As quick in resources as she was to act upon them, Whirlwind looked about her. Near the fence stood an old chestnut-tree with thick, spreading branches. One of these had grown crooked. She had often sat in the notch made by the forked limbs, pretending it was a side-saddle. Nimble climbing the tree, she found herself in a position where she could see the approach of passers-by without being observed by them, unless they came very close, and that any one could hardly do without climbing the fence. She had not long to wait. Soon she heard voices, and imme-

diately after four persons appeared in sight. A middle-aged man with iron-grey hair (a very pleasant-looking person), a sweet-faced lady beside him, and behind them a boy and girl. The boy was the older—he might have been fourteen,—and the girl nearer her own age. The boy carried a large kodak across his shoulder; he had also a covered basket in one hand. The little girl had something that looked like a bird-cage; it was hidden beneath a white cloth. The spreading branches of the chestnut-tree partially concealed them from Whirlwind's view; she was afraid to move, or lean forward, lest they might see her.

"Mamma," exclaimed the boy, pausing in front of it, "isn't this a splendid tree? Do you know what? I'm going to come here every day and read or study, if it isn't too far from the house. It looks like a huge umbrella, doesn't it? What do you think of it, papa?"

"It is a grand tree," rejoined the father. "I fancy there might be room for all of us under its branches."

"Yonder is the house, I think," said the sweet-faced mother, and her voice sounded like music in Whirlwind's ears. "I presume there are other trees like this one in the neighborhood," she continued. "But if not, it will certainly be a delightful spot either to study, read or rest."

"Bessie," cried the boy, "I'll wager there are lots of crooked boughs, where we can climb and play we are huntsmen or robbers or knights riding through the enchanted woods."

Whirlwind shrank back as the brother and sister approached, peering eagerly up into the tree. What if they should see her! But, fortunately, they all passed on, walking slowly toward the cottage. As she looked at their retreating forms, she felt all her opposition to their arrival melting away. The father and mother looked so kind and pleasant, the boy so frank and sturdy, the girl so sweet and gentle, that Whirlwind suddenly grew as desirous of making their acquaintance as

previously she had dreaded it. As they disappeared, she came down from her perch, looked longingly after them, and, creature of impulse that she was, could hardly refrain from following them. But she soon realized that such a proceeding would not be proper; that Martha, as well as her guests, would probably be busily engaged putting things in order for the remainder of the day. Reluctantly, therefore, she pursued her way homeward, lingering here and there to chase a butterfly, or capture a lady-bird from the currant bushes, and letting it fly again when she had recited the well-known quatrain so dear to the childish heart:

Lady-bird, lady-bird,
Fly away home!
Your house is on fire,
And your children will burn.

She stopped also at the office to inquire if there was a letter from her father; but was told that two had arrived, and had been taken to the house. This information caused her to hasten her steps. Her cousin and Miss Allen were still in the summer-house,—one reading the paper, the other writing letters. Forgetting all that had occurred that morning in her eagerness to hear news of her father, she hurried up to them.

"Is there a letter for me?" she inquired, her eyes shining with expectation.

Miss Allen took a letter from the table, and was about to hand it to her when her cousin interposed.

"There *is* a letter," she answered very slowly and solemnly; "but it is not for a disobedient little girl. When you have gone to Minnie and have had your hair plaited—there will be just about time before luncheon,—I will give you your letter, Angela."

Cousin Ellery had expected a long and exciting struggle, in which she had no doubt that she would come off victorious, with her father's letter as an incentive to Whirlwind finally to obey. The child, on her part, roused to anger by the announcement, thought only of possessing herself

of it. She made a step forward, snatched it quickly from the table where Miss Allen had replaced it, and ran from the arbor with the swiftness of a young deer. Before the astonished women could regain their composure, she had climbed to the loft of the barn, had torn open the missive and began to read it. It ran as follows:

MY DARLING WHIRLWIND:—I am just about to take the midnight train, and am seated in the waiting room of the Grand Central, writing to my little girl, so that she may have a line to-morrow. I feel certain that you are resolved to be as good as gold during my absence, and that the wholesome, if now and then apparently severe, discipline of your cousin will result in making you as nearly perfect as a little girl of your age can be. Be gentle, patient, and, above all things, *obedient*, my darling child! And write often to

Your loving

FATHER.

"That means, I suppose," said Whirlwind to herself, after she had read the note a second time,—"*that* means I ought to have my hair plaited—perhaps. No, it doesn't," she reflected, after a moment's pause. "Papa would call that tyranny; he wouldn't have it, and neither shall I!"

The next instant she heard the luncheon bell. Whirlwind felt very hungry; but, instead of descending from her perch in the barn, she put out her hand, took a fresh egg from one of the nests, cracked and sucked it; then, stretching herself on the hay, she soon fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

Where Snow is Useful.

In Asia Minor snow is used for refrigerating purposes instead of ice. The snow is gathered from the mountains and packed in pits, where it is kept from melting by a thick cover of straw and leaves. Pack-horses deliver it to consumers, and it sells from ten to twenty-five cents for a hundred pounds.

How Did He Do it?

A well-known Frenchman was telling one of his favorite stories.

"They thought more of the Cross of the Legion of Honor in the time of the Great Napoleon than they do now," he said. "One day the Emperor met a one-armed veteran. 'How did you lose your arm?' he asked.—'At Austerlitz, sire.'—'And you were not decorated?'—'No, sire.'—'Then take my Cross. I make you one of the Legion, a chevalier.'—'Your Majesty names me chevalier for losing one arm! What would your Majesty have done if I had lost both arms?'—'I should have made you officer in the Legion.' Then the old soldier drew his sword and with one blow cut off the other arm."

The story was greeted with cheers. Then a stranger spoke:

"My dear sir, will you kindly tell me how the veteran, having already lost one arm, performed this feat?"

It is said that the Frenchman told this particular story no more,—at least not to that group of listeners.

The First Piano.

The first piano was made by Christofèri, a harpsichord maker, employed by the Duke of Tuscany. He was curator of Ferdinand di Medici, and had all this prince's collection of Belgian, French and Italian instruments to study. This helped him, and he modelled the first piano, which was successful, though hardly to be recognized when compared with the present-day instruments.

Only two of the Christofèri pianos are still in existence. One is in Florence, the other in the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York city.

Royalty soon became interested in the new discovery, and Marie Antoinette ordered several of the instruments for her royal chateaux, while Frederick the Great had five for his palaces.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of poems and essays by Mary Queen of Scots, edited by Mrs. Stewart Arbuthnot, and entitled "Queen Mary's Book," is an interesting item in Messrs. Bell's autumn list.

—Two new stories by Christian Reid will be among books for the holidays—"Princess Nadine" and "Véra's Charge." The first is already issued, the second will appear next month.

—Among Mr. John Murray's new books we note "Legends and Tales of Old Ireland. Saints and Wonders: According to the Old Writings and the Memory of the People of Ireland," by Lady Gregory.

—An English publisher announces a pictorial history of Biblical Art ("The Bible Beautiful") by Estelle M. Hurl, with fifty full-page reproductions of famous pictures, tracing the development of Bible History.

—The C. Wildermann Co. have brought out a compact, serviceable and inexpensive edition of the New Testament. It is described as an accurate copy of the Rheims and Douay edition, and has Dr. Challoner's excellent annotations. The booklet is well printed on good paper, and provided with two welcome maps.

—It seems to have been a great surprise to the public to learn that "In the Tents of Wickedness" is by the author of "Rutledge," which was published as far back as 1863. Mrs. Harris is now in the seventies, but her new story is decidedly superior to the old one. She became a convert to the Church several years ago.

—"Animal Fables from the Dark Continent," by A. O. Stafford, is a new addition to the American Book Company's series of Eclectic Readings. Adapted from the folklore of the Negroes of both Africa and America, and supplemented by a generous collection of full-page pictures, these stories will be thoroughly enjoyed by the little folks for whom they are written,—and, being avowedly fabulous, will escape the condemnation nowadays lavished upon the narratives of "nature-fakers."

—New volumes (viii. and ix.) of the International Catholic Library, edited by the Rev. Dr. Wilhelm (Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.), are "The Great Schism of the West," by L. Salembier, professor in the Catholic University of Lille; and "Churches Separated from Rome," by Mgr. Duchesne. The translations are by H. Mitchell and A. H. Mathew respectively. The same publishers have just issued also two

more volumes (ix. and x.) of the English translation (by M. A. Mitchell and A. M. Christie) of Janssen's "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages."

—That a second English edition of the Dominican Father Petz's "Ecclesiastical Year" has been called for is an encouraging sign of the interest that is developing among the faithful concerning matters of dogma, liturgy, ritual, and sacramentals. A paper-covered volume of 288 pages, well printed by the M. H. Wiltzius Co., this inexpensive work merits a very wide sale.

—"The Curé's Brother," a Laumant story, is the newest of the charming tales with which the Rev. David Bearne, S. J., has been for the past few years enriching the store of juvenile Catholic fiction. We have so frequently expressed our delight in the thoroughly interesting, vigorously fresh, and gracefully written stories of this English Jesuit that we need only characterize this latest volume as being on a par with its predecessors. Messrs. Burns & Oates, and Benziger Brothers.

—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. announce a sequel to "Mary of Modena, Queen of James II.," under the title of "James Francis Edward: the Old Chevalier." This is said to be the first life, in the full sense of the word, that has yet appeared. The author, Mr. Martin Haile, through the kindness of King Edward, has had the privilege of consulting the Stuart MS. at Windsor Castle. These interesting books are from the pen of one who has furnished valued contributions to THE AVE MARIA. The real name, however, is not Mr. Martin Haile.

—The discontinuance, with the October number, of *Macmillan's Magazine* recalls the interesting fact that in this periodical was published the article which occasioned Newman's "Apologia." It was a review of Froude's "History of England," in which the writer perverted the great English convert's teaching on the subject of truthfulness. Strange to say, the death of Dr. Masson, the first editor of *Macmillan's*, was coincident with its passing away and with the appearance of a new edition of the "Apologia" in Messrs. Routledge's New Universal Library.

—The current issue of the *Dublin Review* contains two articles of unusual biographical interest: "A Catholic Poet," and "Reginald Balfour: Some Reminiscences." In the former, Katharine Tynan gives a tenderly appreciative, if also a discriminatingly critical, sketch of Lionel

Johnson, a poet whose work was older than his years, and his years far fewer than the world would have had them. The following brief excerpts will show how well he merited the epithet, Catholic:

His religion was something he delighted in with a fresh delight and wonder. He never tired of its rubrics, its ritual, its ceremonies and all that appertained to them. He brought a fresh delight to the consideration of all things, essential and unessential, connected with the religion of his choice. His joy in the observances of religion put the colder-hearted born Catholic to shame.

One of the interesting things about Lionel was his tolerance. One thinks of him always as *snow-white*, unspotted from the world. Yet he had the tolerance of a very old saint, a very old sage, who knows the heart of man; and, understanding all, forgives all. It was a part of the beautiful serenity which one remembers as his atmosphere that he had no condemnation for any one. . . . To be sure he could stand aloof from a sin and a sinner with a rare impartiality, since from certain of the grosser sins his soul must have been constitutionally exempt. Not but that he had his struggles, his temptations, his falls, his despairs; but despite them all his soul always dwelt on spiritual heights. "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." He was always, will be always, St. Lionel to those of us who loved him and knew him. He was like one who has gone into the waste places carrying his soul in his hand and has kept it unsinched.

A mediæval soul housed in a modern body, but looking on life and love and truth and sacrifice with the downright earnestness of an oldtime monk or a chivalrous Crusader, Lionel Johnson well exemplified the words of Wisdom: "The understanding of a man is grey hairs, and a spotless life is old age."

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 Curés Brother." Rev. David Bearne, S.J. 75 cts.

"Children's Retreats." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.

"Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women." Rev. Joseph Selmen. \$2.

"Ireland and St. Patrick." Rev. William B. Morris. 60 cts., net.

"Westminster Lectures." Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.

"St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland." Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A. \$1.50.

"Thomas William Allies." Mary H. Allies. \$1.25.

"Madame Louise de France." Leon de la Briere. \$2, net.

"In the Tents of Wickedness." Miriam Coles Harris. \$1.50.

"The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity." \$1.

"Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Newman." Maurice F. Egan. Cloth, 40 cts.; paper, 30 cts.

"Tironibus." Harold Henry Mure. 30 cts.

"Friday Fare." Mrs. Charles Marshall. 35 cts., net.

"A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.

"Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.

"The Philosophers of the Smoking-Room." Francis Aveling, D. D. \$1.

"Sermons." Rev. James McKernan. \$1.

"When Love is Strong." Grace Keon. \$1.25.

"The Incarnation and Life of Our Lord." Thomas à Kempis. \$1.35.

"Biographical Sketches." Joseph Taggart. \$2.

"Manuale Vitæ Spiritualis." Blossius. \$1.10, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, of the Oratory; and Rev. Gabriel Brown, O. C. C.

Sisters Bernard and Mary Stephen, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Charles Stevens, Mr. Frank Coleman, Mr. Thomas McGuire, Mr. John Yohn, Mr. Michael Byrne, Mrs. Katherine Schultz, Mary Couran, Mrs. Caroline Engelhart, Mrs. N. Bourke, James and John Campbell, Mrs. Patrick O'Meara, Mr. Joseph Weber, Mrs. Bridget Clark, Mr. John Feld, Mrs. Catherine Brophy, Mrs. Julia Gardner, Mr. George Ahern, Mrs. Mary Rankin, Mr. Stephen Madden, Miss Margaret Revell, Mr. James McDonald, Sr., Mr. James McDonald, Jr., Mr. William Harrison, Mrs. Mary O'Keefe, Mr. James Clark, Mrs. Julia Driscoll, Mr. Dominico Montani, Mrs. Jeremiah Grady, Mr. E. C. Kampshoff, Mrs. Catherine Scanlan, Mrs. William Smead, and Mr. Louis Pfohf.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For Bishop Berlioz:

Benjamin Bruder, \$3.

The Filipino student fund:

H. K., \$1; Miss M. O'Bryan, \$1; Patrick Keyes, \$2.

The Gotemba lepers:

Miss B. McB., \$2.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

NO. 19.

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

The Cry of an Exile.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

WHIST, alanna, till I tell ye o' the dhream
I had last night!
I was back in dear ould Ireland, an' the haw-
thorn hedge was white;
Hills an' valleys shmiled an' nodded, like ould
friends they seemed to be;
An' the brown road runnin' westward seemed
to shmile an' beckon me.
But I turned me back upon it, an' I held me
ould head high,
Scornin' all the well-known places 'neath the
tendher Irish sky.
Then I thought me heart 'twas breakin', an' I
thried to turn around;
But the sky grew dark an' threat'nin', an' the
hills an' valleys frowned;
An' the brown road seem'd a river leapin' madly
afther me,
Till the wild waves caught an' swept me out
upon the hungry sea.
Starin' walls then riz atween us, bricks an'
mortar city walls;
An' I woke up, could an' dhrippin',—whist! the
brown road calls an' calls.
'Tis a foine, grand land entoirely, is this great
Amerikay,
Wid its 'bustle an' its traffic,—shure they've
turned the night to day!
Wirra, now, I'm not complainin',—don't ye
think it, Moira dear!
Though the tears they do be streamin', shure
I know I'm better here.
'Tis a foine, grand land entoirely, wid its—God,
them starin' walls!
Shure they've driv' the sinses from me—whist!
the brown road calls an' calls.

Regina Prophetarum.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.



CHRISTIAN devotion to the
Immaculate Mother of God
is no modern development,
nor is it peculiar to one age
of the Divine Kingdom. It
is the necessary result of faith in the
glorious basal mystery of the religion of
Christ—His Incarnation for the redemp-
tion of the world. It is an instinct, we
may truly say, God-implanted in every
Christian heart, that must manifest itself
except where the blighting winds of heresy
and the dark mists of inherited preju-
dice have chilled and checked the life of
the soul.

This devotion has entered into every
human activity, when consecrated by
divine faith. It is conspicuous in Christian
art from the first ages to our own day.
The portraits of Our Lady ascribed to
St. Luke, the Evangelist-painter, show
the strength of the artistic tradition and
its venerable character. Some of these
may be copies of a later date, such as
(according to certain authorities) the
Madonna di San Luca, in the Borghese
Chapel in the Basilica of S. Maria Mag-
giore, which has been ascribed to the fifth
century. Some are probably from the
hand of the sainted artist himself, though
perhaps here and there restored and
retouched.

In any case, to St. Luke may be attrib-
uted the beginning of the artistic tradi-
tion with regard to Our Lady; the

continual and universal belief of both East and West can scarcely have fallen into a critical error on the point. And the tradition, once established, has never failed in the Church. There is a fresco existing in one of the many catacombs which encircle the Eternal City, representing the Blessed Mother with her Divine Child, which at the latest belongs to the latter half of the second century, but which De Rossi, *facile princeps* among the Roman archaeologists of our day, declares to be of almost Apostolic date. From both an historical and devotional point of view, this fresco is so important that a short paper on the subject may be not uninteresting.

The catacomb of St. Lucilla is not among the most frequented pilgrimage places of "Roma Sotterranea," but those who have the happiness of a long residence in the capital of Christendom should make a point of visiting it. It was the writer's privilege to do so during the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in December, 1904, on the invitation of the Roman Committee and the "Collegium Cultorum Martyrum." Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at ten o'clock, followed by an archaeological conference, delivered in French, by Signor Marucchi, on whom, with Signor Lanciani, the mantle of De Rossi has fallen. The galleries of the catacomb were illuminated, and in the afternoon a solemn procession, with singing, took place through them.

"This catacomb," writes Father Chandlely, S. J., "is the most ancient, interesting, and important of all the early Christian cemeteries." It lies about a mile and a half from the Porta Salaria, to the northeast of the city. It takes its name from Priscilla, the heroic wife of Quintus Cornelius Pudens, one of the great nobles of Rome, and a senator, who gave hospitality to St. Peter in his house on the Viminal, where, in fact, the Pope first established his *cathedra*. The chair used by him as Bishop of Rome, and which

is preserved in St. Peter's, is thought to have been presented to him by Pudens. His son Pudens, and his son's wife Claudia, are mentioned by St. Paul as sending greetings to the Bishop of Ephesus.*

Priscilla caused the cemetery near the Via Salaria, on her own property, to be excavated. She and many of her family, with many other saints, including two of the martyred Pontiffs, were interred here. Professor Marucchi believes that in the recently discovered baptistery in this catacomb, St. Peter's Chair—"the centre of administration of the Primitive Church"—stood after its removal from the house of Pudens. There seems no doubt that St. Priscilla's catacomb was a most important place of assembly for the faithful in the days of persecution. Amongst the crypts that have been excavated is one called Capella Græca, where are found the only two liturgical scenes depicted on the walls of the catacombs, so far as yet discovered. As is well known, fear of profanation, and the maintenance of the *disciplina arcani*, made the Christians of those early times prefer symbolic to realistic representations. The two frescoes in the Capella Græca represent the Eucharistic *Fractio Panis*, and the giving of the religious veil to a consecrated virgin.

We now turn to the famous painting of our Blessed Lady, said to be the most ancient of all pictures of the Mother of God, still existing as when first executed. She is represented as seated, a short light veil partly covering her figure. The Divine Child is in her arms. On her right (left side of the fresco) stands a man clothed in the pallium, holding a book in his left hand, while with his right he points to a star above Our Lady. He is supposed to represent the "evangelical prophet," Isaias. He seems to be saying, "Thy Light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." † There is, no doubt,

* II. Tim., iv, 21.

† Is., lx, 1.

an allusion to the prophecy of Balaam—"A Star shall rise out of Jacob,"*—and perhaps to the Star that led the Magi to Bethlehem. It is impossible also to forget, as we look on the painting, that one of the dearest titles of our Mother herself is *Stella Maris*. The dignity of the whole scene is great; and as he gazes on it, a Catholic is sensible of that unity of faith and worship which joins together the clients of Mary in the first ages and in these latter days. On the right and left of the picture are two smaller frescoes, representing respectively a female figure (Eve?) with outstretched arms, standing, her face turned toward Our Lady, in an ecstasy of admiration and veneration; and the Good Shepherd,—a subject, by the way, exceedingly frequent in the catacombs.

It is a real happiness to know that this venerable painting still indirectly receives devotional honor from Christian people. A replica of it, known as *Regina Prophetarum*, stands over one of the side altars (that nearest the high altar, on the left) in the little church of St. George and the English Martyrs, Via S. Sebastiano, Piazza di Spagna. The church belongs to the English community of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, who, among other pious works, conduct an excellent secondary school, which is much taken advantage of by English-speaking residents in the city. The quaint little church, opened in 1886, affords many privileges in the way of English sermons and retreats, an English-speaking confessor, and so forth; while the kindness and hospitality of the nuns is untiring, as the writer and his family, amongst countless others, can testify.

The Holy Father has accorded to the Sisters a special feast of Our Lady Queen of Prophets; and Pope Leo XIII., by a Brief of January 24, 1901, granted certain indulgences to the recitation of a beautiful English prayer, with the "Hail Mary"

and *Magnificat*. These indulgences, which are applicable to the souls in purgatory, are: 300 days when the prayer is recited before the picture in the church of St. George and the English Martyrs; and 100 days when recited elsewhere.

A special devotion to Blessed Mary under this title, so familiar to us all, of *Regina Prophetarum*, should surely have, as its particular motive, the enlightening of those in ignorance and heresy with regard to the Divine Son of Mary and His Immaculate Mother. This is brought out in the prayer just alluded to. Mary is the Star of souls tossing in the sea of temptation, trouble, and doubt. As the Light of light came to the world through her, so by her intercession He will pour the knowledge of His truth on the hearts that know not Him and His Mother. A right belief in her prerogatives and dignity insures, it may almost be said, right faith in all that God has revealed. The prophets looked forward to, and spoke of, her incomparable glory; how many souls, in these Christian days, are all dark because their eyes are shut to that glory! For them, that they may be illuminated, for ourselves, that we may be worthy of ever-growing light, let us ask our Blessed Mother's prayers. *Regina Prophetarum, ora pro nobis.*

THE darkness we sometimes complain of in men's speech and in books is not unfrequently the darkness of our own minds. To say of a book that it is unintelligible is seldom anything more than to say that we are aware of nothing in our experience by which it can be interpreted. A wise man, especially a modest man, is slow to infer, from the fact that he does not comprehend a book, that it contains nothing to be comprehended.

—*Dr. Brownson.*

MOST men call fretting a minor fault—a failing, not a vice; but there is no vice, except it be drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home.—*Helen Hunt.*

* Numb., xxiv, 17.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XXIV.

SIR LEONARD DEVEREUX'S fine house was ablaze with lights; and up the staircase, and in the beautiful rooms gay with flowers and plants, a crowd of well-dressed men and women stood about, in groups, chatting and laughing; whilst others strolled, in couples, over the smooth parquet floors, and in and out of the wide conservatory, admiring the sweet, fragrant blossoms with which it was filled, discussing the entertainment, their host, and their fellow-guests.

"Wait till the music begins," a good-looking young man remarked to a pretty girl, who had declared "At homes" without dancing to be slow and stupid. "Things will brisk up a bit."

"Do you think so?" she said, waving her fan. "Why doesn't Frank Devereux exert himself? He might be at a funeral, he looks so dull."

"Bored," laughed the other. "I do wish Mademoiselle Yvonne de Lara would appear!"

"Such a name! What do you think she'll be like?"

"Old and wizened, wearing a wig and a *pince-nez*."

"Oh, you go too far! She won't be so bad as that. Hush! Something is about to happen." And she tripped away into the drawing-room.

"The music is going to begin, mater," Brian said, with a bright glance at Mrs. Devereux. "Come, let us get into a quiet corner, from whence we can both see and hear. Ah, capital! Here is a seat for you. I will stand by you, and enjoy myself."

"You are fond of music, Brian?"

"I love it, especially singing. O mater," he whispered, "I'd give a good deal to hear Mave sing! I'm sure her voice is delicious—Frank, who is that?" he asked presently, as young Devereux left a big

man, to whom he had been talking, and hurried up to greet Mrs. Devereux.

"Mr. Henry Trelawny," he answered, clenching his fists. "I'd love to turn him out, neck and crop. It makes me savage to see him here,—pushing his way to the piano, too. He'll be shaking hands with Mademoiselle Yvonne de Lara, or I'm greatly mistaken."

"Who is she?"

"Our *prima donna* of to-night. She is very beautiful, they say, and sings like an angel. This is her first appearance in public."

"How interesting! And, I must confess, I don't admire Trelawny; he looks a bully. But hush!" And, putting his finger to his lips, Brian relapsed into silence, as a dark, rather stout lady stepped to the front of the piano, and in a deep, rich voice began to sing a German song, accompanied by a violin and 'cello obligato.

Her song ended, the lady withdrew, her departure scarcely noticed; for the faint applause and soft clapping of the tightly gloved hands of a few easily pleased and kindly people were drowned in the buzz of conversation that was heard on every side.

But suddenly a hush fell upon the company, and all eyes were turned upon the next singer, a young and lovely girl, who, with a slightly shy and half-appealing glance across the crowded room, stepped in front of the piano, and, music in hand, bowed low and gracefully. Her tall, slender figure, in a pure white dress of soft chiffon, her golden hair waving back from a broad, low forehead, her exquisite coloring and dark blue eyes made quite a sensation; and as she stood for a moment, waiting to begin her song, people whispered her name, declaring that she was the most beautiful girl they had ever seen.

"Mademoiselle Yvonne de Lara!" Brian repeated, strangely moved, as he looked at her. "Who and what is she? Oh, I'm dreaming! But something about her reminds me—"

The girl raised her head, and in a pure, clear, rich voice began to sing:

"Sweetheart I ne'er may know,
 Never may see;
 White is the blossom snow,
 Green is the lea.
 Still the stream sings of you,
 All the woods ring of you:
 Sweetheart, O sweetheart mine!
 Where can you be?"

A storm of applause filled the room as the last sweet note died away, and no one could find words strong enough in which to express his admiration either of the beauty of the singer or her exquisite voice.

"She'll make her mark. By Jove, she is a stunner!" Trelawny cried. "I could listen to her forever."

"So could I," answered the man next him. "Cyril Scott is very lucky to get her to sing his song."

"Pooh! The song matters little. One hears only her voice."

"I hope that sweetheart was an imaginary one for her, though she did put a lot of soul into her singing about him."

"That's art. She's a lovely creature, but not my style. I" (Trelawny laughed) "like dark beauties, with more fire and 'go.' My ladylove is not of the meek order of Yvonne de Lara."

"Indeed? That's fortunate. I need not fear you as a rival, then?"

Trelawny winked and chuckled.

"No, no, old chap! Go in and win. I, you must know, am next door to engaged, Vavasour."

"I thought she'd thrown you over."

"Not she! Catch her! But I must get introduced to Mademoiselle de Lara. She's worth cultivating." And he pushed his way through the crowd.

As Mave disappeared, having refused to reply to the rapturous calls for an *encore*, Brian leaned against the wall, speechless and half dazed. The girl's voice had thrilled him in a strange and unaccountable manner.

"Just one song! No, it is not much, when it is so enchanting," remarked some one near him. "But her master and her guardian, Miss Besborough, are most particular. Both forbid more. So Yvonne

de Lara will not sing again to-night."

"Miss Besborough!" Brian started and clutched the back of a chair. "The name of the friend Father McBlaine had mentioned as having been so kind to Mave Galagher! Could it be—"

"Brian," said Frank Devereux, at his elbow, "Lady Warrender is anxious to make your acquaintance. She knows friends of yours."

"Friends?" Brian swung round and met the kindly glance of a good-looking, handsomely dressed woman of fifty or so. "I am charmed to meet you, Lady Warrender," he said, bowing low. "I heard a great deal about your goodness when I was in Donegal some months ago."

She smiled sweetly and held out her hand.

"It was nice of people to speak well of me there," she said; "for I have been a sad absentee of late. But I am going home; and I trust that when you next visit Donegal, Mr. Cardew, you will look me up at Warrender Park."

"Thank you! But I am not likely" (with a stifled sigh) "to go back there. My reason for going exists no longer."

She looked at him earnestly.

"You liked 'The Blackbird's Song,' Mr. Cardew? Admired the singer?"

He drew a deep breath and his eyes shone.

"I could never tell, never express, what I felt in listening to that song, in gazing at the lovely singer. But, then, everyone in the room was enchanted."

"Everyone. But did Yvonne de Lara not remind you a little of a small girl you once knew, I fancy, in Donegal—a short-skirted, barelegged creature, one Mave Galagher?"

He started and changed color.

"Yes. But of course it is absurd," he stammered. "And yet—did you know Mave, Lady Warrender?" he asked eagerly. "Do you see a likeness?"

"I knew Mave for years, had her constantly at my house, and loved her very dearly. And I do see a likeness. Yvonne de Lara" (her eyes twinkling) "reminds me strongly of pretty Mave Galagher.

Would you like to be introduced? She is as charming as she is beautiful."

"Thank you! You are good. But please tell me about Mave. Have you seen her lately? Do you know where she is, how she is getting on? Has she forgotten me—the little boy she used to play with long ago in Rosapenna?"

"I think—in fact, I know—she has not. Mave is not one to forget, and she constantly speaks of you, and wishes she could find you."

Brian's handsome young face lit up with pleasure, and his heart beat quickly.

"You know her address, then? Father McBlaine said it was to be kept a secret."

Lady Warrender's eyes danced, and her face was wreathed in smiles.

"Then I shall not tell it to you. But come along, and don't look so glum. I can do better than that for you—now, at once. A friend of Mave's, Miss Besborough, is in the little boudoir down here. She will give you more definite news of the dear girl than I can."

And, laughing softly to herself, Lady Warrender swept away down the corridor, the crowd politely making room for her as she passed along, bowing graciously on every side.

Scarcely knowing where he went, but full of gladness and hope, Brian pushed his way as quickly as possible after the graceful figure in diamonds and brocade. At the end of the wide passage Lady Warrender paused, and, smiling encouragingly, beckoned to him to follow; then softly opened a door, and waited for him.

As they stood together on the threshold, Lady Warrender cried gleefully:

"Mave,—Mave Galagher! Here is an old friend of yours. Allow me to present to you Mr. Brian Cardew."

The young girl looked up, her eyes shining, her face bright with happiness.

"Brian Cardew? Is it possible?"

"Yes, I am he? And you? O Mave!"

And the next moment Brian was clasping the little white hand of beautiful Yvonne de Lara within his own.

XXV.

"I am going to lose my adopted son," Mrs. Devereux wrote to her daughter. "Of that I am quite sure. He has found his old love, Mave Galagher. You will smile at the idea, knowing that she was about six and he eleven when they last met. But they have dreamed of each other and idealized each other ever since. I was not allowed to tell you before, though it is nearly three months since they first met again at Sir Leonard Devereux's. Nothing is at all settled yet. The girl, one of the sweetest and loveliest creatures I ever saw, is just friendly,—no more, so far as I can see. But Brian is head over ears in love with her; and, as no one could resist my Brian, the end is a foregone conclusion. I'll miss my boy,—do not know how I shall live without him. But his happiness comes before everything; and my one prayer is, may God bless him and the girl he loves!"

Monica and Marjory sat together in the morning room, working, when this letter arrived; and, little suspecting the anguish she was inflicting upon her beloved child, Mrs. Darien read it aloud.

"Quite a romance," she said, smiling. "But I think Brian Cardew should not be rash. He is of good family—very good,—but far from being well off. Mave Galagher may be most fascinating, lovely and attractive; but she is, must be, of lowly birth. Her mother, I have heard say, was only a superior kind of tramp, whom no one knew. Why, she has no right even to the name of Galagher! Don't you think it would be foolish of Brian to marry a girl like that,—a mere nameless waif, Marjory?"

But Marjory neither moved nor spoke. Her face was ashen grey; she seemed turned to stone.

"My child, you are ill!" Monica cried, rising and running over to her side. "What is it, dear one?"

The girl looked at her with a stony stare. Her white lips quivered, but no sound came forth.

"You frighten me, Marjory!" her mother wailed, kissing her pallid cheek. "You look so strange! Is it pain, or do you feel faint?"

"Mave—and—Brian!" moaned Marjory under her breath. "I might have known, might have guessed! He was bound to find her, and to love her when he found her. Mother," she cried, with sudden passion, and rising to her feet, "don't look at me so! I am not ill,—oh, no, not ill! But—I want—air. No, don't follow me. I am best alone. God help me" (throwing up her hands), "yes, I am in every way best alone!"

She stepped out of the open window into the garden, bright with spring flowers for, though it was still March, the sun was warm, the air mild and almost balmy. Without a hat or wrap, Marjory wandered on, scarcely knowing where she went. As she left the sheltered garden, and walked slowly toward the sea, the breeze tossed her hair about her white face, and tugged unpleasantly at the skirt of her long cashmere house-dress. But she heeded it not, and went on and on, till at last, coming to the stony beach, she sank down upon the rocks, and, clasping her hands together round her knees, gazed out over the waves, broken-hearted and full of woe.

"It has come, the blow I dreaded!" she wailed. "Over and over again I told myself that Brian would never love me, that I must be content to live my life without him. Telling myself this, believing I was convinced of the fact, I refused to marry Frank Devereux. And, for many reasons, I am glad that I did so. Frank is too good,—I respect him too much to become his wife while loving another, even though that other has no love for me. And then, alas! I fear that deep down in my heart there was still a hope, the tiniest hope, that Brian might still—oh, I feel that now,—now that I know he loves another and is gone forever! Had Frank waited till to-day, or come to-morrow, there's no knowing! But no, I could not,

dare not, think of that. To expose my father, my mother (I care little what becomes of myself) to danger from those two men, who pursue and blackmail them in so awful and degrading a manner! My life is over, my heart broken!" A sob slook her from head to foot; and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into an agony of weeping.

"O Mary go and call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"

sang a manly and not unmelodious voice; and, hastily drying her eyes, Marjory sprang to her feet. Her lips were white, but, on each cheek burned a patch of bright scarlet.

"Trelawny!" she muttered, with set teeth and clenched fists. "I forgot he was here waiting for my answer to his last proposal,—praying, begging me to say 'Yes'; threatening destruction, ruin to my unfortunate father if I say 'No.' Can I accept him? Last night it seemed impossible. Now" (wearily, and sinking down upon the rock again), "feeling that nothing matters so far as I am concerned, I'll do what I can for those I love."

"May I come up and sit beside you, my beautiful, tempestuous Marjory?" asked Trelawny, suddenly stopping his song as he caught sight of her from the beach below, and beginning to scramble up the rocks without waiting for her reply. "You look quite tragic, wind-tossed, and rosy-red. May I sit near you and talk to you for a while?"

"It's a free country and the rocks are common property," Marjory answered, without deigning to look his way. "I, however," (springing up) "am just about to go home. My mother is sure to want me soon."

"Your mother must wait," he said. "This hour is mine. I must and will have my answer now. Marjory, will you marry me?"

White as marble, her eyes upon the sea, the girl gave one deep gasp for breath. Then, with an air of calm and cold indifference, she replied:

"Yes, since you wish it so much, I will marry you."

Trelawny started and stared at her in astonishment.

"Good! You have come to your senses at last. When will you be my wife?"

"When you please. Arrange it with my father." And she stepped quickly away, and was soon lost to sight amongst the big boulders and rocks.

XXVI.

From the moment of his meeting with Mave Galagher at Sir Leonard Devereux's "At home," Brian's life was changed. The girl's loveliness, her sweet, bright manner, her simple unconsciousness, and the purity and goodness that shone in her beautiful eyes, filled him with rapture. In every way she far surpassed his dreams, and before long he was deeply in love with her.

"I am unworthy to look at her," he would tell himself. "She is as far above me as the stars. But I must and will win her love. With God's help and Our Lady's, Mave will one day be my wife. She likes me—just now—as an old friend; but" (his heart throbbing happily) "I'll soon lead her on to better than that. O my darling, I feel sure I shall!"

Miss Besborough's strict watch over her young charge was the source of much annoyance to the eager, warm-hearted lover. Mave's studies went on with constant regularity. Not one of the rules laid down at the beginning of her stay in London was relaxed. She came and went as she had always done, and her meetings with Brian were restricted to an occasional walk in the park, with Miss Besborough as chaperon, an afternoon tea at Mrs. Devereux's, or a little dinner party at Lady Warrender's.

"You're a regular dragon," Lady Warrender said one day, laughingly, to her friend. "If you go on like this, Mave will never get married. Brian is a most deserving young man."

"I am not at all anxious to see Mave

married,—not that I object to Mr. Cardew. But the girl's career must not be interfered with. Think of the position she will have by and by as a singer."

"Yes; and yet, if she loved Brian—"

"Which she does not. So pray let us go on as we are. I long to see her happy and great."

"A happy marriage is better for a woman, to my mind, than greatness. But you are doing your duty well, and Mave is at present blissfully content."

"Yes; and my aim and object is to keep her so, Lady Warrender."

"You are a good soul. The girl's happiness is in safe-keeping."

That afternoon Lady Warrender sat alone in her pretty boudoir, enjoying a quiet cup of tea, when the butler announced Mr. Brian Cardew.

"My dear Brian! Now this is kind! Have a cup of tea?"

"Thanks! Lady Warrender, the mater is dreadfully upset," he said abruptly. "She's had news from Donegal that has vexed her beyond words. Marjory Darien has engaged herself to Henry Trelawny."

"Good Heavens! Is the girl mad?"

"No, unless threats and terror have driven her out of her mind. To save her father from some terrible revelations—revelations that would ruin him and his family,—poor Marjory" (his voice choked) "has consented to be the wife of that wretch. The engagement is almost a week old. The mater heard of it only to-day. The marriage is to be quite soon."

"It must not be allowed."

"Alas! no one who has the power will prevent it. Poor Marjory! It is awful."

"Some one coming up!" cried Lady Warrender, frowning. "This is too bad." But, as the door was flung open, she gave a cry of joy. "You, sweet Mave? How delightful! A trio of friends, and no mistake!"

"Yes." Mave blushed and dimpled. "I had no idea" (looking up into Brian's handsome face, after greeting the lady of the house) "that I should find you here."

"But you don't regret my presence, I trust?" he asked, pressing her hand, and meeting her frank glance with admiring eyes. "If you do, I'll go at once."

"Oh, no! Pray don't!" she answered simply. "I'd like you to hear my news. I've got another engagement to sing. You will never" (turning to Lady Warrender) "guess where. It's most thrilling."

"At Buckingham Palace?"

Mave laughed merrily.

"No: at Slievenagh House, County Donegal, Ireland."

"Mave?" Brian started. "When?"

"Next month. They are having festivities to celebrate the marriage of beautiful Marjory Darien with Henry Trelawny. He, the bridegroom elect, wishes me to sing at a great concert the night before the wedding. He knows me only as Yvonne de Lara."

"But," exclaimed Brian, "Davy Lindo would know you!"

"Let him!" she replied, laughing. "I'll be proud to show him what I can do."

"And stay in Slievenagh House?"

"Oh, no! At the Rosapenna Hotel. Brian, have you forgotten our childish days there?"

"I could never forget them, Mave."

"You must not go to the hotel, Mave," said Lady Warrender. "You must come to Warrender Park. It will be charming to have you and Miss Besborough there."

"Yes! How delightful! Dear Lady Warrender, we'll go to you with great pleasure."

"And you?" said the elder woman, turning her motherly eyes upon Brian. "You must come too. We'll have a nice house party, and you and Mave can visit your old haunts together. Does that" (smiling) "please you?"

"Please me? It's the most acceptable invitation I ever had in my life." Brian's voice was almost inaudible with emotion. "It is a happiness far beyond anything I have ever dreamed of, dear Lady Warrender! Thank you very, very much!"

(Conclusion next week.)

The Helpers of the Holy Souls.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

(CONCLUSION.)

EUGÉNIE hesitated no longer. A pious priest, who was much interested in her aspirations, had told her of a house in Paris, at 22 Rue St. Martin, where some good women lived together like nuns in the world, and supported themselves by needlework. He suggested that Eugénie should live with them, and act as their directress. Arrived in Paris, she went to the address indicated. She found the holy women established in a very small and meanly furnished flat, and fighting bravely with poverty and privation. Their condition was sad indeed. Even water had to be measured out in precious drops, one pennyworth a day having to suffice for all purposes. They had but one chair among them; and as money to buy a sufficient number could not be spared, two rough wooden benches were purchased. The solitary chair was set apart for the most tired member of the hard-worked community. They had little folding beds which were opened out at night; the wooden benches being put upon the table meanwhile, as otherwise there would have been no room for the beds. Shawls did duty for blankets. In the daytime these same shawls became once more outdoor garments. But, as there were not enough shawls to go round, the Sisters lent them to one another, and took turn about in going to Mass.

They had often very little between them and starvation in the Rue St. Martin. One memorable day, when things were at a low ebb indeed with the poor little community, the members joined in prayer to St. Joseph, asking him to send two hundred francs to the common store. But the long, hungry day wore on and no help came. Toward evening Eugénie went to see a friend, to whom, however, she said nothing of their pressing need in

the Rue St. Martin. When Eugénie rose to go, the lady threw herself on her knees before a statue of St. Joseph that was in the room. After a few moments of silent prayer she rose, and, turning to her visitor, said: "St. Joseph wishes me to give you two hundred francs."—"Ah, Madame," exclaimed Eugénie, "this very morning we asked St. Joseph to send us two hundred francs!" Touched to the heart, the good lady knelt down again and humbly thanked St. Joseph for having chosen her as the medium of his paternal benevolence.

It was while these zealous friends of the suffering souls were still in the Rue St. Martin that they awoke one morning to find their funds reduced to the modest sum of one halfpenny. "There is no use in my going to market," said the Sister to whom that duty belonged; "for we have only five centimes left." Eugénie was not in the least discouraged. She lifted her heart heavenward and said to the Blessed Virgin: "I ask you, my good Mother, to inspire some charitable person to give us one hundred francs." The answer to the prayer of faith came almost immediately in the shape of an anonymous letter containing the required sum.

The curé of St. Méry was asked to take upon himself the functions of superior to the struggling sisterhood in the Rue St. Martin. His first act of authority was to yield to the wishes of the members by giving each of them a religious name, and it was then that Eugénie Smet became Marie de la Providence. The community had increased in numbers by this time, in spite of poverty and want. The Sisters suffered greatly from lack of air and accommodation of every kind. The flat they occupied in the narrow, stuffy Rue St. Martin was far too small, and they lived in the midst of the most unsanitary and unhealthy surroundings. At length the doctor, fearing an epidemic of typhoid fever, suggested to Marie de la Providence that it would be only prudent to send some of the Sisters back to their families till a more suitable lodging could be found.

This seemed hard indeed to the young directress,—to be obliged to break up her little community almost as soon as it was formed. In her distress she sought out Père Aussant and laid the matter before him. Here is his remarkable reply:

"Since you have so much confidence in Providence, ask Him to conduct you where He wishes. Then walk down the Rue de Sèvres, the Rue Vaugirard, and the Rue du Cherche-Midi; but do not trouble to look at the notices of houses to let that you may pass on your way. The house destined for you will not be there, but in one of the side streets. Walk on resolutely, therefore; and when you hear something in the depths of your heart telling you to turn, then turn."

Marie de la Providence obeyed meekly. Accompanied by one of the Sisters, she set out in the direction indicated. When she came to the corner of the Rue de la Barouillère, she felt constrained to turn down it, and to walk on without stopping till she arrived in front of No. 16, on which was a notice stating that the house was for sale. At the moment that she crossed the threshold something said to her, "Thou shalt come here, or nowhere."

M. d'Assonvilliers, the owner of the house, however, refused absolutely to let it; he would sell it outright or nothing, so he said. But the favored child of Providence thought otherwise. She prayed, and waited patiently, and with the usual result. M. d'Assonvilliers, to the great surprise of the lawyer in whose hands he had placed the sale of the house, suddenly altered his mind. He was now willing to let No. 16 Rue de la Barouillère, provided Mademoiselle Smet took it. He would let it to her, but to no one else.

"How happy I am, Mademoiselle, to have to do with you!" he said later on to his destined lodger. "For they have often tried to make me sell or let my house to people desirous of living in community."

"Indeed, Monsieur!" Marie de la Providence murmured faintly.

"It is a fact, I assure you. And I admit

that such an idea by no means pleased me."

Nevertheless, when Marie de la Providence frankly acquainted him with her intentions, M. d'Assonvilliers fell in as amiably with her plans as if the turning of his house into a convent had been the most cherished ambition of his life.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls wear a costume somewhat resembling that worn by many French women when in mourning. There is nothing singular about it, nothing to suggest the religious; so it is easy to understand why M. d'Assonvilliers never suspected Marie de la Providence's true position till she herself informed him of it.

The Sisters were installed in their new home on the feast of the Visitation, 1856. Monseigneur Sibour was then Archbishop of Paris. He had befriended the little community from the first, and told Marie de la Providence to proclaim with a loud voice to all Paris that the Archbishop was on her side. When a handsome ostensorium was presented to her by some pious sympathizer, she exclaimed joyfully: "Our Lord wishes to give us His Benediction!" Then she set out for the Archbishop with the object of obtaining his permission to have the Blessed Sacrament exposed and Benediction given in the convent chapel. She had prepared a list of the days on which she wished the privilege to be granted. It was a very long list, and his Grace could not help exclaiming:

"But, my child, communities established for thirty years would not dare to solicit such favors!"

"Ah, Monseigneur," was the ready reply, "what will you have? The youngest children are always the most audacious."

The Archbishop smiled, but could not bring himself to sign.

"No, it is impossible!" he said, as he seemed about to yield. "I could not grant such an authorization." And he removed the pen from the paper.

"Monseigneur, I implore of you! The souls in purgatory are holding your pen."

"You believe so, my daughter?" he asked gravely. Then, as if suddenly penetrated with some similar idea, Monseigneur Sibour signed the authorization without another word.

What the venerated prelate was thinking of at that moment will never be known; but, not many days after he had granted these favors for the benefit of the souls in purgatory, he himself had passed the veil, hurried into the world of shadows by the hand of an assassin. When the tragic tidings reached the Curé d'Ars he sent a sympathetic message to the Helpers of the Holy Souls. "It is easier for me to weep with you than to console you," he said. "The death of your saintly Bishop has deprived you of a protector upon earth, but has given you one in heaven."

Later on, the Abbé Toccanier, vicar of Ars, travelled to Paris expressly to obtain direct news of the progress of the association for the satisfaction of the holy Curé d'Ars. Upon hearing of the painful struggle, and of the heart-breaking privations of the Rue St. Martin days, the tears rolled down the sainted priest's face. When told that the Sisters desired to be remembered in his prayers, he exclaimed with emotion: "*O les pauvres petites!* They deserve it well, for their work is evidently of God." He added that if Marie de la Providence ever came to see him, as she proposed, that he would receive her with more honor than if she were a queen. But they never met on earth. The Curé d'Ars passed to his reward that very year.

It was only after long and weary waiting that the Helpers of the Holy Souls were able to buy the house in the Rue Barouillère. And when they at length accomplished this, Marie de la Providence threw herself before the Blessed Sacrament and exclaimed with delight: "At last, my only Master, Thou art no longer a lodger, but art indeed proprietor!"

Almost the last public act of Marie de la Providence was the organization of an ambulance for the sick and wounded during the siege of Paris. The booming

of the cannon round the doomed city seemed to her sensitive heart like an echo of the moans of the multitudes of suffering dead. When the reverberations were loudest and most prolonged she used to cry out in anguish: "My God, how many souls are now appearing before Thee! I can think of nothing but the souls that are now entering upon their eternity."

On the 1st of November she wrote in her note-book: "The Commune is proclaimed, they say; but I wish to be anxious about nothing, and I trust in the Heart of Our Lord for the care of my religious family. I am suffering martyrdom; it is my manner of celebrating the seventeenth anniversary of my thought for the beloved souls in purgatory. Seventeen years ago to-day Our Lord put into my heart the idea of founding this community."

The cancer with which she was affected had made rapid progress. But even when no longer able to leave her room she still worked for the poor of Paris. With her own hands she made soup daily for distribution among the people who had been impoverished by the war, and many of whom were actually starving. The Helpers of the Holy Souls have always combined aid for the living with prayer for the dead. Their motto is: "Pray, suffer and act," and offer up all for the souls in purgatory.

When her sufferings were greatest, Marie de la Providence used to ask for the beads of the Curé d'Ars. She called them her "chloroform," and by reciting them found strength to bear her pains. On the morning of the 7th of February, 1871, the feast of the Agony of Our Lord, she seems to have had a presentiment that her end was at hand. "Père Olivaint will be here at three o'clock," she repeated frequently. This surprised the Sisters, for he had said he would not come before five. Punctually to the stroke of three, however, he arrived. "I was starting for Batignolles," he said in explanation, "and intended to call here on my way back;

but something seemed to compel me to come first to the Rue de la Barouillère."

Père Olivaint remained for about half an hour by the sick-bed. When he left, the dying woman seemed absorbed in silent prayer. She never spoke again; but from the celestial calm that shone upon the worn face, the sorrowing Sisters drew consolation in their irreparable loss. They needed no spirit-voices to tell them, as they looked upon the dead, that the souls whose cause she had so eloquently pleaded had not proved ungrateful to their lifelong benefactress.

A Third Order is attached to the Association of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. There is also a society of Honorary Members. All that is necessary for any one to be an Honorary Member is to be inscribed in the convent register, to say daily the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with the invocation, "My Jesus, mercy!" and to give an annual subscription in aid of the works of the association, all of which are non-paying. The amount of the subscription is left entirely to the will of the subscriber. The Honorary Members share, for their dead relatives, and for themselves after death, in more than nine hundred and forty Masses, and over thirty-eight thousand Communion, offered monthly for the intentions of the society, by the priests and the religious communities connected with the association.

May the words, "We are too forgetful of our dear dead," inscribed in the vestibule of the Mother House of the Order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, at Paris, sink deeply into the hearts of every one of us!

In a Syrian Garden.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THE Rose, while feigning slumber, heard the plea

Of Nightingale beneath the Serpent's dart:
 "Wound me alone, but let the Rose go free!"
 And every petal broke around her heart.

A Prodigal's Return.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IT was a stormy evening in the month of March. The wind blew fiercely around the corners; there were few passers-by upon the streets; everyone who had a home and a fireside hastened to seek them on that blustering evening.

It was a quaint old street in a quaint old town, growing narrower and narrower as it terminated at the end, one might say, in a blunt triangle. Either side of this triangle was lined with shops, occupied above stairs by the dwellings of their owners. None of the houses were more than two stories in height. They stood flush with the street, with little overhanging balconies, where growing plants and vines lent a note of color and beauty to their weather-stained fronts.

But at the apex of the triangle, a small white cottage, having a trim garden in front, and a long strip of ground leading to the river at the rear, seemed as though it had been taken up bodily from some quiet country village and set down in the midst of the street of traffic. Next to it, on the left, stood a little shop of one story, bearing on its barred and dusty window-shutters the sign, "To Let."

As the shriek of the departing train, which had paused for a moment to deposit a traveller, died away, the station master turned from the platform to a man who stood, his face toward the quaint old street, valise in hand, and cap pressed tightly down upon his forehead.

"It is a windy night, Monsieur," said the old man.

"Yes," replied the traveller. "But I have not far to go. Does old Madame Rivet still live in the white cottage?"

"She is dead, Monsieur," was the reply. "She died last May."

The man started and hesitated.

"Not much use to go on, then," he

murmured. "What time does the return train pass?"

"Between twelve and one."

"None before that?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Is the house closed?"

"No, Monsieur. An old servant is there."

"Very well. Good-night!"

Picking up his valise, which he had laid on the ground beside him at the news of the station master, the traveller made his way with long strides from the depôt.

"The prodigal grandson, no doubt!" said the man to himself, as he re-entered his den. "That means putting Madeleine and little Trinette out on the world, I suppose."

The traveller walked rapidly, and with the confidence of one who knows where he is going, till he reached the cottage, and knocked several times at the door.

"*Jésus, Marie!*" cried a woman's voice from the inside. "If Master Joseph is living, that is his knock!" And, seizing a lamp, the occupant of the room went hurriedly to the door.

The traveller smiled as she opened it. "It is your Joseph," he said. "May I come in?"

"Welcome!" rejoined the old woman. "But, alas! your grandmother has been dead since last May, Master Joseph."

"So I have just learned," replied the young man. "I am very sorry. I should have liked to see her again."

"And she you," said the old servant. "She thought of it all the time, and hoped for it, too, Master Joseph. But it was not to be."

By this time they were in the house, the lamp replaced on the table.

"How familiar it seems!" said Joseph, sitting down and looking around him.

"Yes, it is just the same. I have not changed anything, expecting that some day you might come."

"I am hungry, Madeleine," he said.

"May I have something to eat?"

"Certainly, Master Joseph. There is

soup in the pot, and some white bread and wine. Or would you like coffee? And I can make an omelet."

"Do, please. I know your omelets. They were always so good!"

He followed her into the little kitchen, sitting beside the table while she bustled about preparing the food.

"You have hardly changed at all, Madéleine," he said. "You were very good to stay with grandmother."

"Where else should I have stayed, Master Joseph? Was not this my home?"

"Did she speak of me often?"

"Every day, and so hopefully and cheerfully always! 'He will return some day,' she would say. 'I may not see him, though.' And toward the end: 'I shall not see him, but tell him I loved him always. And be sure, Madéleine, that you kill the fatted calf for him when he comes.' And then she would laugh to hide her tears."

"Poor grandmother!" said the young man, wiping his eyes.

"Pity she can not hear you say it. But perhaps she does."

"Perhaps. Are you comfortable, dear Madéleine?"

"Very comfortable. She left me the house and garden, and the shop, which, by the way, is now vacant. But the garden is large. I raise vegetables to sell, and we have chickens and eggs."

"You have had the will probated?"

"Of course. It is all right, and my own will is made. She thought, as you were laying up so much money over there in America, that you would not need anything; so she left all to me."

"That was good. I am glad she did so."

Madéleine spread a white cloth on the already spotless deal table, and placed the soup before her young master. Then she prepared the omelet and the coffee. When he had finished the repast, he said:

"The best meal I have eaten in ten years."

"Come into the other room," said Madéleine. "Master Joseph," she began,

when they were again seated, "your grandmother left me everything, as I have said, thinking you did not need it; but I have always known better. I have felt it in my old bones that you were not telling the truth in your letters, and I have taken good care of all there is—for you."

"For me? I do not want it. I would not take it. I am not so bad as that, my good Madéleine!"

"You have made your fortune, then?"

"Not once, but three times."

"How?"

"In mines—and lost it the same way."

"And now?"

"I am going to make another soon. And this time I shall keep it, and return to France to live."

"Master Joseph, you are like your father and your grandfather. Stick to your trade, and all will go well. Otherwise you will be chasing butterflies all the days of your life. When you left here, at twenty, you were already an expert clockmaker, and what are you now?"

"A soldier of fortune, Madéleine."

"And that you will always be, unless you stay here, where there is waiting for you a good shop, well stocked with all you need; a neat, comfortable house and garden; and old Madéleine to take care of you—until you marry."

"I could never be contented here now. This place is too small. I have a scheme by which I know I shall make money. I have come to France to advance a proposition to certain wealthy men. I shall return to America in a fortnight."

The woman looked at him thoughtfully.

"I am glad to see," she observed, "that you have not become a drunkard."

"How do you know I have not?" he inquired gaily, lighting a cigar.

"Your eyes are clear; altogether you are well set up. But you are a rover. A pity—a pity! Stay here, Master Joseph!"

"I can not. I must live in the big world."

"And you are so generous withal!"

said Madeleine, with a sigh. "Never a thought of wanting the property, even refusing it when I offer it to you! But I shall keep it for you, Master Joseph. I shall take care of it."

The young man stretched himself and looked at the clock. It was hardly eight.

"I believe I will take a nap," he said.

"A nap? Why not go regularly to bed, and sleep as long as you like in the morning?"

"The return train to Paris passes at midnight, my good Madeleine."

"You are not meaning to take it?"

"Yes,—why not?"

"Now I am hurt indeed. To think that you can not spare the time to spend one night in your old home! I would not have believed it of you, Master Joseph."

"Now, now, Madeleine!" he rejoined. "I did not mean to hurt you, *mon amie*. I will stay till to-morrow."

"And after? Do you not care to meet your old friends?"

"They have forgotten me."

"Not at all! Remain a week with us, at least, Master Joseph."

"Oh, I can't do that! But to-night I promise you."

"Your room is ready. She had it kept always in order, and since her death it has been the same."

"I am not deserving of such kindness from either of you. Poor grandmother! I wish I could have seen her again!"

Madeleine put her hand in her pocket.

"My keys are gone!" she cried. "That Trinette always forgets to return them when she goes to the linen press. No longer ago than to-day we were cleaning your room."

"Who is Trinette?"

"Don't you remember? Catherine, the child your grandmother took from the aunt who was always beating her."

"Oh, yes! A nice little thing. And she is still here?"

"Yes, and great company for me. She does the finest embroidery, and more than supports herself. We will have a nice

nest-egg from our savings,—she and I."

"Where is she to-night?"

"Spending the evening with a sick neighbor, and my keys are in her pocket. But she will be here presently."

Madeleine sat down again, and took her knitting from the table.

"You are not married, Master Joseph?" she inquired suddenly, after a pause.

"No, and do not desire to be. A wife is a great care. I like being foot-loose."

"A good wife would be the making of you. But they tell me those American girls are poor housekeepers and very extravagant."

"Some of them are, but there are many good housekeepers and fine women in America. It is a great country."

The door opened, and a young girl entered. She wore a long cloak, the hood, lined with red, thrown over her dark, curling hair. Her eyes were large, brown and soft; her skin a pale olive; her lips delicately shaped and rosy. Surprised, she glanced from one to the other.

"Trinette, it is Master Joseph," said Madeleine.

The young man stood up, extending his hand. Trinette placed hers within it.

"I am very glad you have come, Master Joseph," said the girl. "But you have changed so!"

"You remember me?" he inquired.

"You have changed more."

"Naturally," she responded, with a captivating smile that illumined her whole face. "You were a man when you went away, and I hardly ten. What a pity the dear grandmother could not have seen you!"

"Yes; I reproach myself more and more every moment for not having come sooner."

There was a moment of silence.

"You have my keys, Trinette," the old woman remarked. "Go now and make up the bed in Master Joseph's room. Put on the soft blankets that lie in the right-hand corner of the cupboard, and touch a match to the fire. It is all laid."

Trinette threw off her cloak, and, carrying it on her arm, left the room. Slender and erect, her small head was set beautifully on a shapely neck.

"She is a lovely girl," said Joseph, when the door closed behind her.

"And a clever girl and a good one,—thoroughly good," answered Madeleine, resuming her knitting.

For a time nothing was heard but the click of the knitting needles, and the passing to and fro of Trinette's feet in the bedroom.

"That girl must have many admirers," said Joseph at last, flicking the ashes from his cigar.

"She has," replied Madeleine. "Several have proposed marriage, but she will have nothing to say to them."

"Why not? Does she intend to enter a convent?"

"I do not believe she has any such intention."

"You don't discourage matrimony, my Madeleine?"

"No, but neither do I force it. She is young still. There is plenty of time."

Trinette reappeared at that moment, announcing that the room was in readiness. Then, taking a candle from the shelf, she lit it, said 'Good-night,' and went to her own sleeping apartment.

"Come now, I will light your candle," said Madeleine, leading the way to the delightfully clean and comfortable room where Master Joseph was to pass the night.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "It is just the same! Not a thing altered."

And so it was. Even the ivory St. Joseph his grandmother had given him on the day of his First Communion still stood on the niche above the bureau.

"Good-evening, dear St. Joseph!" he said playfully. "I will say my prayers to-night."

"Don't you say them every night, Master Joseph?"

"I am afraid not,—that is, on my knees; though I seldom sleep without an aspiration."

"It is worse than I thought," rejoined Madeleine. "May your patron saint have you in his charge this night! Good sleep and pleasant dreams, Master Joseph!"

When she had gone, the young man fell upon his knees, offering some voiceless prayers; but his soul went up in supplication to the throne of Almighty God, and he rose the better for the short but fervent prostration.

He was soon in bed. How soft the blankets felt, how clean the linen, how delicious the sensation of falling asleep! In a few moments he was in the land of dreams. His grandmother stood by his bedside, in her nightgown and huge cap, as she had been wont to do in his childhood; coming in the last thing from the adjoining room to see if he was covered. Behind her, through the half-open door, he caught a glimpse of a red hood falling away from a crown of wavy hair, and a voice was singing softly:

Innocent children,
To Christ so dear,
Hasten to meet Him!
See, He is here!

It was the canticle the choir had sung the morning of that happy First Communion day.

He sat up in bed, rubbing his sleepy eyes, and realized that he had been dreaming. All was silent; the fire had burned almost to ashes. And then through the midnight silence came the tinkle, tinkle of tiny bells, chiming the Christmas hymn of his childhood:

He comes, He comes, the Babe Divine!
Be ready for Him, heart of mine!
Lo, he is born, Our Lord and King!
A joyous welcome let us sing.

And then he knew that he was listening to the voice of the musical clock his grandfather had made in early manhood, which had always been the pride of his grandmother's heart.

A flood of memories swept over his awakened soul. A shadowy vision of the young mother he had hardly known seemed to float before him; he thought

she looked at him beseechingly. Scenes of his childhood were renewed,—pleasant incidents, infantine woes; once more he walked in the solemn ranks of the First Communicants; again he sat between his grandfather and grandmother at Midnight Mass. Alas! years had passed since he had crossed the threshold of a church. He had abandoned God, and God, no doubt, had abandoned him. He had left his old grandmother to spend her last years alone, and what had he gained? Nothing,—not even a competence. And then before him rose the contrasting picture: perils by sea and land, a life among lawless men. He had become a puppet, a play-ball of fortune. A horrible distaste for the scenes and events of the past ten years seized upon his soul; he shuddered at the thought of returning to them.

Wrapping the fleecy blankets closely around him, he made the Sign of the Cross and sank down amid the soft pillows. It seemed to him that he had slept but a few moments when he was awakened, gradually, pleasantly, by the sweet tinkling chimes. They were singing:

Ave Maria!

Our Mother has watched us
All through the night;
Now it is morning,
Glowing and bright.
The Angelus ringing,
Calls us from sleep.
Still while we labor
Watch o'er us keep,—
Mother, sweet Mother,
Guard o'er us keep!

Ave Maria!

Joseph clasped his hands and recited the "Hail Mary."

When he entered the kitchen, he found the table laid for three.

"Did you sleep well, Master Joseph?" asked Madeleine, as they sat down.

"Very well," he said,—"save for two interruptions from grandfather's musical clock. At first I thought I was dreaming, but pretty soon I realized what it was. It recalled everything. Madeleine, I have changed my mind: I am going to stay.

After breakfast we will open the shop. I will examine the tools, furbish up the place, and settle myself to my old trade. We shall see what success I shall have as a clockmaker."

"Praised be God!" cried Madeleine, her old hands trembling, as she poured the clear, delicious coffee into the large blue and gold cups. "You will have the greatest success, Master Joseph; for you are a born clockmaker."

"How pleasant it will be!" said Trinettes, innocently, from the other side of the table.

"It will, indeed," rejoined Joseph,—"especially to have such a sweet, smiling face opposite me every day at meal time."

The girl glanced at him, blushed and looked down; Madeleine frowned.

"Master Joseph!" she said. "Indeed I fear you have lost your good manners in America."

But after he had taken the key and gone into the shop, she observed to Trinettes:

"It was I who wound up the clock. Did you hear it?"

"No: I slept soundly."

St. Joseph gave me the thought. Now let him also do the rest."

Trinettes looked at her for an instant, uncomprehendingly.

"I do not understand," she said.

"It is not for young things like you to understand all that is in the minds of their elders," rejoined Madeleine. "If the good God wishes to enlighten you, He will do so in His own good time."

If you should ever go to Montfrin, dear reader, and, making the acquaintance of Joseph Rivet, the clockmaker, should chance to be visiting his family at the noon hour or in the evening, you will see him go down on his knees to recite the Angelus with Madame Trinettes, his wife, their three beautiful children, and the faithful Madeleine. And, unless they have failed to wind it, a tiny but melodious clock will chime at the same time the sweet strains of the *Ave Maria*.

The Late Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins).

BY BEN HURST.

IT speaks well for the sound discrimination of the English mind that the man who was reputed England's sternest judge was at the same time intensely popular. The late Lord Brampton, genial, kindly, most approachable in private life, but on the Bench a terror to wrongdoers, remained to the last a favorite of the British public. How he was appreciated among a certain class of offenders may be gathered from the following.

"Did the accused say anything when you arrested him?" asked the Judge, on one occasion, of a stolid policeman. "Yes, your Worship," was the reply. "He said: 'May the Lord deliver me from Judge Brampton, at all events; for he gives short shrift!'" And in the laugh that went round the court the Judge's face alone remained impassible.

He was indeed inflexible toward the hardened culprit, but to women and children he was lenient and pitiful. Beneath his habitual severity there was a strong current of humanity, and he could be gentle even to great criminals when he saw some redeeming qualities. Like all men of strong convictions, he worked fearlessly to secure their triumph, and never quite lost the determined and somewhat aggressive style that distinguished him when Sir Henry Hawkins. Therefore his summing up was generally an advocating of justice rather than mercy. He was of an ardent temperament, and showed it; of pronounced opinions, and tried to impart them; of a fearless nature that took little account of criticism or opposition.

It must not be forgotten, however, that his nickname of "Hanging Hawkins" was given him on the day when, after a fierce indictment, he condemned to death a man who had caused a woman to die through slow starvation. Premeditated

cruelty found him inexorable, but many were the occasions on which he revealed a tender, sympathetic heart. An unfortunate creature, convicted of infanticide, was once cowering in the dock, awaiting the sentence of her doom, when the Judge paused and turned to the High Sheriff. "Remove that black cap," he said. "I will not do it to frighten this poor soul, nor will I condemn her to death."

Lord Brampton was born in 1817, at a time when capital punishment was still meted out for minor offences. He remembered a lad of his own age sentenced to be hanged for having set fire to a cornstack, and called this the saddest reminiscence of his life. His father was an attorney, and desired his son to follow the same profession; but young Henry declared that he would be either an actor or a barrister. He went to London to study law, lived frugally, made no debts, and began to mount steadily on the ladder to wealth and fame. In 1865 he was asked to stand for Parliament, but his refusal to spend a penny in bribery caused his rejection by the electors of Barnstaple. After this he abandoned altogether the idea of a Parliamentary career and devoted himself to proficiency at the Bar. It was in the famous Tichborne case that his name came to be a synonym for expert cross-examination. He unmasked the claimant, covered him with ridicule, and masterfully revealed the entire imposture.

Hawkins was not eloquent; his great career was due to a marvellous insight, a clear, terse exposition of his views, and the energy with which he advocated them. The Judge relied largely on his own impressions, and they were indeed valuable; for he possessed a very deep knowledge of human nature. One of the proofs that he despised most in dealing with difficult cases was that of handwriting, and he had little patience with experts. Once, after puzzling one of these with a number of slips of paper and hearing them traced to different hands at different dates, he remarked scathingly: "I wrote

every one of them myself this morning for your benefit!"

The pleas of "temporary insanity" or "kleptomania" found no favor with him, and he was decidedly no respecter of persons. Ill treatment of the weak by the strong found him relentless; and his dispensation of justice was based not only on the necessity for repression of crime, but on the principle of condign punishment as atonement. A criminal, of whose atrocious guilt there was no doubt, once sought to melt him by protesting his innocence, and bursting into tears as a last resort. "May God strike me dead if I done it!" he exclaimed. The Judge paused dramatically, laid aside the black cap he held in his hand, and waited for a minute; then, fixing the wretched prisoner, he said with grim irony: "Since the Almighty has not seen fit to answer your prayer, I myself am obliged to pass sentence on you." It is well to remember that, whatever his reputation for harshness, not one of Judge Brampton's sentences was ever supposed to have been a miscarriage of justice.

The conversion to Catholicity of so sterling a personality was rightly hailed as a splendid gain for the Church, to which he naturally seemed to belong. His unbending principles, powerful intellect, and strenuous righteousness made him a valuable recruit among the sons of Rome. Justice Hawkins had been a close friend of Cardinal Manning, but it was not until after his second marriage—with Miss Reynolds, a Roman Catholic lady,—that he took the formal step of entering the Church. His favorite books for daily reading had long been the New Testament and "The Imitation." Work was his recreation, and he disliked the idea of a holiday. The chief pleasure of his declining years was the superintendence of a chapel in Westminster Cathedral, dedicated to Saints Gregory and Augustine. "Our chapel," as he was wont to call it, is a beautiful erection of white marble.

Lord Brampton repudiated the notion

that he had been influenced by either wife or friend in his inclination to the Catholic creed. "My reception into the Church of Rome," he said, "was purely of my own choice and will, according to the exercise of my individual judgment." The Judge had a brother in Anglican Orders, who was vicar of St. Bride's, in London, and whose son, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, is the well-known novelist, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

In mentioning the Judge's characteristics, we must not forget the fondness for dogs and horses, which formed such a link between himself and his compatriots. Although not much of a rider, he was keenly interested in racing, and was never to be found in town on Newmarket days. He did not bet, for he disapproved of this as of every other form of gambling; and he did not own a racer, but he watched the contest between the animals with a zest undimmed by weather, surroundings, or—the remembrance of his empty place in court!

His love for dogs was exemplified by the constant presence on the Bench of his terrier Jack. On the sole occasion when the animal forgot itself so far as to utter a loud bark, Lord Brampton said severely to the ushers: "Remove that dog from the gallery!"—while drawing his pet under his robes and quieting it by a surreptitious caress. The sight of this dog was reassuring to prisoners, as a proof that the "Judge of stone" was not without a tender spot in his heart.

The forensic career of Lord Brampton embraced upward of half a century,—thirty-three years at the Bar and twenty-two on the Bench. He died at ninety, having retained all his faculties to the last. Less lovable and less brilliant than his great colleague and co-religionist, Lord Russell, he stands out, nevertheless, a noble specimen of the austere and humane English judge, whose conduct is guided by the spirit of sincere and enlightened religion,—a man of whom England and Catholicity may well be proud.

A Timely Word to Theatre-Goers.

Notes and Remarks.

THE Buenos Aires ladies who, as recently noted in these columns, successfully opposed the production of an immoral play in their city, acted precisely as Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Pa., would have his people conduct themselves under similar conditions. The approach of the theatrical busy season has impelled the Scranton prelate to declare that the time is now ripe for the Catholic theatre-goers, who comprise about one-half of the number of people attending theatres, to give the managers of the local houses to understand that they will not tolerate the unclean drama. "There are clean actors, and they should be supported," said the Bishop—as reported. "There are clean shows, and they should be encouraged. There are plays that are as efficacious for good as a good sermon. I honestly believe that many a man has been bettered for having seen a good, moral show. Immoral shows work an incalculable evil." To quote further:

If we want clean shows in this city, we can have them, and the Catholic men and women of this city can compel managers to give us only clean shows. Patronize only the decent shows, and the desired result is obtained. Let our Catholic societies take it up. Debate the matter in your meetings, and instruct your secretaries to reprobate the managers who produce indecent shows. Regard it as a religious duty to discourage in every possible way shows that are immoral, and even actors or actresses who are themselves immoral, or who portray characters that are immoral, and you will accomplish a great good.

Apropos of theatres and dramatic entertainments of all kinds, one species that will bear rigorous supervision is the "nickel show" of moving pictures. Experience in many a city has shown that these cheap amusement concerns are too often veritable schools of vice for the young. Parents can not be too strict in safeguarding the morals of their children from the insidious dangers inseparable from attendance at many of these cheap theatres.

In spite of the proverb, there doubtless are many new things under the sun; the New Theology, however, is not among them. In a learned volume, dealing with religious errors current in the second quarter of the nineteenth century—the book itself is fifty odd years old,—we find constant mention of new sophisms, new hypotheses, new views—"new theology." It undoubtedly was all new to the majority of people at that period, though in reality much of it was even then "as old as the hills." Nothing is more interesting than to turn back now and then to forgotten books and see how errors, reasserted in our day and characterized as modern, were combated by our orthodox forefathers. It is only doing them justice to say that there is a solidity about their writings sadly missing in many contemporary works. A few of numerous passages which we have noted in "A Theodicy; or, Vindication of the Divine Glory, as Manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World," by Albert Taylor Bledsoe, professor of mathematics and astronomy in the University of Mississippi (New York, 1853), will support our contention:

For our part, if we could believe that God could easily work holiness in the heart of all His creatures, and that He does not do so simply because He does not intend their salvation, we should not have attempted to vindicate His perfections. We should have believed in them, it is true; but we should have been constrained to confess that they are veiled in impenetrable clouds and darkness. Hence, if we had not confessed ignorance and inability for all minds and all ages, as so many others have done, we should at least have confessed these things for ourselves, and supinely waited for the light of eternity to dispel the awful and perplexing enigmas of time. But we hold no such doctrine, we entertain no such sentiment. We believe that God, in His infinite, overflowing goodness, desires, and from all eternity has desired, the salvation of all men. We believe that salvation is impossible to some, because a necessary holiness is impossible, and they do not choose to

work out for themselves what can not be worked out for them even by Omnipotence. It was the bright and cheering light which this truth seemed to cast upon the dark places of the universe, that first inspired us with the thought and determination to produce a theodicy. And it is in the light of this truth, if we mistake not, that the infinite love of God may be seen beaming from the eye of hell as well as from the bright regions of eternal blessedness.

This conclusion is admirably unfolded in the pages which follow.

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In reply to a now forgotten "new" theologian who refused to believe in endless punishment, Prof. Bledsoe wrote:

If temporal punishments are justified on the ground that they are necessary to meet the exigencies and uphold the interests of temporal governments, surely eternal punishments may be justified on the same ground in relation to an eternal government. The "stupendous idea of eternity" attaches to the whole as well as to the part; and hence nothing can be gained to the cause of Universalism by the introduction of this idea, except in the minds of those who take only a one-sided and partial view of the subject.

The spectacle of punishment for a single day, it will be admitted, would be justified on the ground that it was necessary to support for a single day a government, especially if that government were vast in extent and involved stupendous interests. But if suffering for a single day may be justified on such a ground, then the exigencies of such a government for two days would justify a punishment for two days; and so on *ad infinitum*. Hence, the doctrine of eternal punishments in common with the eternal moral government of God is not a greater anomaly than temporal punishments in relation to temporal governments. If we reject the one we must also reject the other. Indeed, when we consider not only the eternal duration, but also the universal extent, of the divine government, the argument in question, if good for anything, presses with greater force against the little, insignificant governments of men than against the moral government of God.

Surely it is good to be reminded of our ignorance, when we undertake to base objections against the doctrines of religion upon assumptions about the truth of which we know, and, from the nature of the case, must know, absolutely nothing. . . . It is not at all strange that beings with such faculties as we possess, limited on all sides, and far more influenced by feeling than by reason, should be oppressed by the

stupendous idea of eternal torments. It absolutely overwhelms the imagination of poor, shortsighted creatures like ourselves. But God, in His plans for the universe and for eternity, takes no counsel of human weakness; and that which seems so terrible to our feeble intellects may to His all-seeing eye appear no more than a dark speck in a boundless realm of light. Surely if there ever was, or ever could be, a question which should be reduced to the simple inquiry, "What saith the Scripture?" it is that respecting the future condition of the wicked.

A chapter devoted to the sophisms of Voltaire concludes with this passage:

What does it signify that M. Voltaire, by a horrible abuse of his powers, should have extinguished the light of reason in his soul; does this disprove the goodness of that Being by whom those powers were given for a higher and a nobler purpose? A fracture in the dome of St. Paul's would, no doubt, present as great difficulties to an insect lost in its depths, as the disorders of this little world presented to the captious and fault-finding spirit of M. Voltaire; and would as completely shut out the order and design of the whole structure from its field of vision, as the order and design of the magnificent temple of the world was excluded from the mind of this very minute philosopher.

The reader will probably agree with us, both in holding that some of the modern errors are not new, and in wishing that some of the old books were not neglected.

Down in the antipodes recently a slanderer of Catholics and their religion found a publisher of his calumnies in the *West Australian* newspaper. When an indignant Catholic protested against the paper's action, the editor stated that the gross tirade "was reported in the usual way as a public utterance from a public platform, a privilege to which all under similar circumstances are entitled." It would be interesting to hear the extended argument by which so palpably untenable a position as this would be defended, and the multitudinous quibbles to which recourse would have to be made in order to make this statement square with actual practice in scores of cases of "public utterances" that will at once suggest themselves to the mind of the reader.

The editor of the *Australian* needs to revise his code of newspaper ethics; and his Catholic readers, if he has any, might hasten the revision by withdrawing their patronage.

Bitter as must be the pill to swallow, French sociologists are having the conviction forced upon them that dechristianized schools make demoralized scholars. Dr. Garnier, head physician to the Prefecture of Police, has recently published a noteworthy statistical study on criminology; and in it he tells his countrymen, as the result of his investigations, that, though crime amongst adults remains more or less stationary, the number of criminals amongst young people, and even mere children, is wholly abnormal. In the city of Paris alone, he declares, youthful criminals have, during the last decade, multiplied sixfold.

Is there any likelihood that, under present conditions in France, the multiplication will be lessened during the next decade? Not the slightest. France must reinstate religion in her schoolrooms, or go on indefinitely increasing the number of her prisons.

Among the notable articles in an unusually interesting number, the current one, of the *Catholic World*, is "Bettering One's Position," by the Rev. Dr. Ryan. Several paragraphs lend themselves to quotation; and not least this one on a topic that is still timely, though it has ceased to be novel:

Nowhere are the harmful effects of this materialistic conception of life that we are considering more manifest than in the phenomena associated with the reduced birth rate. The deliberate limitation of offspring is as yet chiefly confined to the middle and upper classes, to the persons whose elementary and reasonable wants are already fairly well supplied. They wish to be in a position to satisfy a larger number of material wants in themselves, and to ensure the satisfaction of a still larger number in their children—if they have any. They speak much of aiming at quality rather than quantity in offspring. They do not realize that the special qualities developed in the

artificially restricted family are almost entirely materialistic, while the qualities that go to make up strong and virtuous characters are almost inevitably neglected. In one word, the theory of life-values, which impels men and women to decline the burdens of a normal family makes for enervating self-indulgence and perverted moral notions in parents, a morally and physically enfeebled generation of children, a diminishing population, and a decadent race.

It is good to see a prevalent fallacy of economic sciologists thus adequately exposed by a publicist whose knowledge is to theirs as the ocean depths to the "sibilant spray."

In the course of an address to an Ohio conference, the Methodist Bishop Berry recently said:

I am informed that half of the Protestants who go into the Roman Catholic Church go through contact with the Sisters in the Catholic hospitals. To cure the body is not the ultimate object of these women, but to cure the soul; and I am convinced that their hospital is the most powerful propaganda in that Church. I do not criticise the Catholic Church for this, but rather honor her sagacity.

While it is no doubt possible that these remarks were intended by the Methodist dignitary to stigmatize the Sisters as ignoble proselytizers, we confess we do not see that, on the face of them, they irresistibly lend themselves to such a construction; and we accordingly deprecate the somewhat heated comments which Bishop Berry's statement has provoked in certain quarters.

Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, has received from the Cardinal Secretary of State a warm acknowledgment of the letter of adhesion forwarded to the Holy See by the Canadian prelate on the occasion of the publication of the decree *Lamentabile sane exitu*. In the course of that letter, after condemning the modern errors mentioned in the decree, Mgr. Bruchési said: "It is true, Holy Father, that by a signal favor of Heaven there is here absolutely no one who dreams of conceiving such impieties, much less of expressing them

in spoken or written words. But the seeds of error have wings, and easily pass from one continent to another. We are accordingly none the less indebted to your Holiness, and our adhesion is none the less prompt and perfect to the doctrine contradicted by the sixty-five condemned propositions."

In the fidelity of its children to true Catholic principles, New France presents a striking and gratifying contrast to the older France across the ocean. It is to be hoped that the lodges of the mother country will not succeed in their nefarious project of undermining the robust religious faith of the dwellers on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In the course of a notice of a new book, "Catholic Church Music," the *Irish Educational Review* has this instructive paragraph:

The question, "Is it as difficult as it is generally supposed to be to get adequate material to form a boys' choir to sing the Plain Chant?" is very satisfactorily answered by Mr. Terry in the chapter on "Forming a Choir." From practical experience we have no hesitation in saying that in the boys' primary schools of every city and town and village through the country, ample material can be found that, with proper attention and training on the part of the choir-master, will be able to render the necessary Plain Chant music in a worthy and becoming manner.

The practical experience of a good many others besides the writer of the foregoing dictates the same conclusion. Plain Chant is as easily learned by the young, under competent instructors, as is ordinary secular music.

A recent issue of the *San Francisco Monitor* contains, under the caption "A Precursor of Luther Burbank," an interesting sketch of the late Mr. A. D. Pryal, an Irish arboriculturist, who went to San Francisco in 1853. We are told that "for years he sent trees and plants from his nursery to all portions of the Pacific coast. He established a reputation for fair-dealing and honesty that was second to none

among nurserymen. His trees and plants were always true to name, a desideratum much desired by tree and plant-growers. At an early date in the State's history, he began experimenting by raising new plants and trees by means of hybridizing. Some of his creations were exhibited at the fairs and won prizes years before Mr. Luther Burbank became a resident of the State. Mr. Pryal sold the latter many trees, which the Santa Rosan used in his experiments."

Two years ago Professor Brewster, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, showed that the California "Wizard" Burbank has been able to do, in part, what he has accomplished, "because of the work of one clear-headed priest"—Abbot Mendel, a famous Austrian monk of the middle nineteenth century; and now it appears that Mr. Burbank has also been indebted to the work of a clear-headed Catholic layman in our own country. An imitative wizard at most.

One lesson that apparently needs to be dinned into the ears of non-Catholic professors of State universities and non-Catholic teachers of public schools is that their salaries are being paid in part—and often enough in large part—by Catholic citizens; and that, accordingly, ridicule of Catholicism or misrepresentation of our doctrines is not merely in utterly bad taste, but is a piece of insufferable impertinence. A case in point is mentioned in the *Southern Messenger*:

That a man may be a professional educator without being either an intelligent or an educated person is evident from a lecture delivered recently by a Dr. Ellis before the Teachers' Institute of San Antonio. Mr. Ellis is a member of the faculty of the State University of Texas, and he came here by invitation of the program committee of the Teachers' Institute, to speak to that body on educational subjects. We are informed by several persons who were present at his lecture that he grossly misrepresented Catholic teaching and practice, with especial reference to the veneration of statues and images. The Catholic teachers present have very properly taken exception to his remarks, and

filed a protest with the School Board against Mr. Ellis' erroneous and misleading statements.

What Dr. Ellis needs is a firm, if gentle, intimation from the regents of his University that, as the institution is supported by Catholic as well as Protestant funds, an anti-Catholic lecturer is out of place in its faculty; that he should not insult the providers of his bread and butter; and that it would be more seemly to affiliate himself with a denominational college than to remain connected with an institution supported in part by Catholics. There are altogether too many Dr. Ellises in this self-styled land of the "square deal."

So many appeals of all sorts are addressed to THE AVE MARIA that we often take the resolution—and almost as often break it—not to publish another appeal until our readers have had a long and well-deserved rest. But the following application from the Institute of the Holy Family, 20 North Honan Road, Shanghai, China, is so modest and so deserving that there is no resisting it. We like to believe that the publication of the Sisters' letter will result in the formation of a little library, which, with God's blessing, may give not less pleasure and do more good than a hundred of Mr. Carnegie's foundations:

We have begun a lending library, and find it does a great amount of good among a large class of readers of various ages, religions, and education. We feel that it is supplying a real want in this semi-pagan, semi-infidel town, and called on to do good service for the glory of God and the truer knowledge of Holy Church. Alas! our funds do not allow us to buy enough books to supply our readers, nor does the very small monthly fee help us much. Might I ask you to make known our need in THE AVE MARIA? I am sure some of its readers would be willing to help us in this good work by sending us a few of their books, which they will very likely never reread, and which are perhaps lying about neglected, while here they would be doing great things. God alone can tell where such a deed and its fruit would end, and our kind friends would indeed be sowing a seed the fruit of which will, perhaps, some day surprise them by its abundance.

Notable New Books.

Ten Lectures on the Martyrs by Paul Allard.

Translated from the French by Luigi Capadelta. Edited by the Rev. J. Wilhelm, D. D., Ph. D. Kegan Paul & Co.; Benziger Brothers.

Nobody was better prepared to give us the history and to explain the meaning of martyrdom in the primitive Church than M. P. Allard, who has spent his whole life in the study of the Christian persecutions. His "Lectures on the Martyrs" are admirable. On the early spread of Christianity in the Roman Empire and anti-Christian legislation, on the causes of the persecutions; on the number, social position, moral afflictions, trial and death of the martyrs, as well as on the worth of their testimony and the honors given them by the Christians, he speaks with the erudition, simplicity and clearness of the historian who is thoroughly master of his subject; and also with the religious admiration and love of the Christian who recognizes in these heroes his always living models and brothers. "By honoring them, by speaking of them, by studying their history and prudently criticising the documents which preserve the memory of their deeds, we soon come to know that we are not dealing with dust alone,—that the winding-sheet stained with purple which we reverently unfold encloses not dead but living and immortal beings, abiding forever in the keeping of that Church whose foundations are laid in their blood."

This book is not only instructive and inspiring for the ordinary Christian, but its documentary apparatus, its numerous footnotes and references make it of the greatest value for the student of dogma and Church history.

Fountain of Living Water; or, Thoughts on the Holy Ghost for Every Day in the Year.

By the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. Fr. Pustet & Co.

From more than a hundred different writers Father Lambing has collected and arranged a very interesting, instructive, and devotional series of readings having to do with the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Readers familiar with the vevrend author's former books, "Come, Holy Ghost," and "The Holy Ghost and the Most Holy Eucharist," will not need to be told that the selections have been made with excellent judgment and discriminating taste; nor will they doubt that the present volume is calculated to increase in its perusers intelligent and practical devotion to the Holy Spirit. As Bishop Canevin, of Pittsburg, says in the preface to the book: "The regular and thoughtful use of these simple meditations and

prayers can not fail to produce fruits of holiness, bring light to see the truth clearly, and strength to observe the Commandments faithfully; and to sanctify the reader with that grace, peace, and confidence which are not of the world nor of men, but of the Spirit of God. 'For the Spirit Himself gives testimony to our spirit, that we are the sons of God; and if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ.'

It is good to have the compiler's assurance that every selection "is copied from the original work, and none is taken at second hand." The book is provided with a good index.

Folia Fugativa. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Colgan, P. P. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

This book is a collection of some of the papers read at the diocesan conferences of St. Erconwald's Deanery, Essex, England. It deals with the different fields of ecclesiastical sciences,—dogmatic and pastoral theology, Canon Law, Scripture, liturgy, and Church history. The volume opens with a paper written by the late Bishop Bellord on the number of the saved; after which, catechising, the method of St. Sulpice, the preparation of children for the Sacraments, the direction of pious penitents, the inspiration of Scripture, the rite of the hallowed loaf, the Eucharistic fast in its relation to duplication, the Eastern and Western Schism, and Americanism, are all dealt with. The theory of Inspiration and a few other opinions might be disputed; but, as a whole, these papers are a great credit to the priests of St. Erconwald's Deanery, and are a splendid example of what priests' conferences might be.

The Ordinary of the Mass. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. Benziger Brothers.

In the "Rite of Ordination" to the priesthood, the candidates for that sacred order are thus admonished by the ordaining prelate: "Inasmuch as the action which you are about to perform is one of no small peril, I advise you, my dear sons, before celebrating Mass, to learn carefully from well-instructed priests the order of the whole Mass, and everything relating to the Consecration, Breaking, and Communion of the Sacred Host." While the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, the sublimest possible function performable on earth, necessarily calls, of course, for incomparably greater knowledge and care than does intelligent and devout attendance thereat, it is nevertheless true that to hear Mass most profitably, the faithful should be thoroughly well instructed in the prayers and ceremonies which constitute what is called the "Ordinary" of the August Sacrifice.

To the explanations of these prayers and ceremonies already existing in different prayer-books and manuals of devotion, the present treatise will be generally considered a welcome addition. Father Devine furnishes a practical and reasonably full exposition of everything relating to the unbloody repetition of the Sacrifice of Calvary. The work comprises: the text, in Latin and English, of the Ordinary of the Mass; explanatory notes, divided into historical, liturgical, and exegetical (notes easily intelligible to the ordinary reader); an explanation of the prayers and principal ceremonies peculiar to Solemn High Mass; and, finally, an explanation of the ceremonies prescribed for Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The book is one not merely for the pastor or catechist to have at hand to facilitate his teaching, but for the Catholic home library as well, to be read in the family circle, or at least to be consulted whenever occasion gives rise to question concerning the great central act of Catholic worship. We must regret the rather unsubstantial binding which the publishers have given to this book.

Thoughts and Fancies. By F. C. Kolbe, D. D. Benziger Brothers.

A dainty and slender little volume, well printed on good paper, a fit setting for half a hundred poems—sonnets, lyrics, birthday and album verses, songs of patriotism, and translations. A leisurely perusal of these metrical selections is apt to set one thinking of the extreme tenuity of the wall separating verse from poetry, and of the notable difficulty one experiences at times in differentiating the "great" from the "minor" poet. Father Kolbe's poetic output hardly entitles him perhaps to the former title, but his "Thoughts and Fancies" clearly makes good his claim to an honorable rank among those who enjoy the latter. The book, small as it is, contains not merely good *verse*, such as is too common nowadays to merit special attention, but true *poetry* as well,—and poetry, whether great or minor, is a good deal rarer than are the volumes of "poems" issuing from twentieth-century presses.

One characteristic of all these poems is the presence of thought—a lucid, intelligible thought, not always novel perhaps in its essence, but new in its dress and setting. We have looked in vain throughout the book for stanzas that are merely a succession of musical words, conveying no distinct, clear-cut impression to the reader, if indeed they mean anything at all definite to the writer,—and the absence of such stanzas is a blessing appreciable in its full extent only to the conscientious reviewer.



A Saintly Lawgiver.

BY E. BECK.

VER a century ago, when the savage soldiers of the First Republic were sent to discipline the north and west of France into line with the new league of Liberty and Reason, Brittany was the first province to rise against the reformers and the last to yield. One recalls the Breton's answer to the general who had threatened to destroy the churches and blot out all records of the past: "You will have to leave us the stars." Brittany is a land of heroes and of saints.

Amongst the Breton saints, none is more honored than Saint Yvo, or Yves. He was born near the old-fashioned town of Tréguier in the year 1253. His parents were of gentle blood, and the boy received his early education beneath his father's roof. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris to study divinity and canon law, and remained in that city till he attained his twenty-fourth birthday. In the hours of recreation he attended the hospitals, comforting and assisting the sick and afflicted. From Paris he went to Orleans, where he continued his studies under Peter de la Chapelle, afterward Bishop of Toulouse and Cardinal. He was noted for his love of prayer and austerity. His bed was a straw mat, his pillow a book, and he never, except on great festivals, tasted either meat or wine. So humble was he that for a long period he refused to enter the priesthood, alleging his unworthiness. At length, in obedience to his bishop, he became a priest, and was appointed to what was in that age a very important post—namely, official or ecclesiastical judge of the diocese of Rennes.

In this trying situation, Saint Yvo

administered justice with an impartiality and a tenderness that won the admiration of all, and even gained him the esteem and good-will of those who had lost their causes. He protected the poor and friendless; and when compelled to pronounce a severe sentence on any offender, he did so in deep sorrow, and had ever before his eyes the memory of a day when he should stand at the bar of divine justice before the Judge of all.

So greatly was Saint Yvo famed for his unassailable fairness and perfect law-giving that many bishops begged him to leave Rennes. At length the bishop of his native diocese of Tréguier succeeded in having the saint established in that city. In Tréguier, as in Rennes, the saint restored peace and concord amongst all classes. Once, it is said, he was unable to reconcile a mother and son, who had for years lived in open enmity. Finding all his arguments and eloquence vain, he went one morning and offered up a special Mass for the two, who immediately came to an agreement.

Besides this work of settling disputes and grievances, the saint established a hospital in Tréguier. It was situated close to his own abode, and Saint Yvo was a constant visitor to the ailing: washing their feet, dressing their sores, and assisting them at death. Once a man of the world remonstrated with him for selling corn at a very low price for the benefit of these poor people, and justified his remonstrance later by saying that he had gained a fifth in keeping his own grain. "But I," said the saint, "have gained a hundredfold in giving my corn away." Saint Yvo was also in great demand as a preacher, and sometimes preached as often as four times a day.

In the Lent of 1303 his health began to decline rapidly; but he continued his labors

to Ascension Day, when he addressed his people for the last time. Then, lying down on his poor couch of leaves and straw, he received the last Sacraments with extraordinary devotion. He died on the 19th of May, 1303.

In art, Saint Yvo is often represented as sitting between two disputants dispensing justice. He is still invoked as a peacemaker and a lover of the lowly. When the days of the various feasts or "pardons," come round, great crowds of country people, in the old and picturesque costumes of the district, journey to Porz-Bihan, Minihy, or to the new white marble tomb of the saint in Tréguier cathedral, where his relics are preserved.

Long centuries of change have not altered the faith of the Breton peasant. Indeed Saint Yvo, the wise adviser, the tender-hearted comforter, has as many clients as he had during life. Many also seek the saint's aid for physical ills. When appeal was made to Rome for his canonization, proofs were given that various diseases had been cured or relieved through Saint Yvo's intercession.

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"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

X.—ANOTHER ALLY.

Miss Allen and Cousin Ellery sat at luncheon, discussing a situation which they both considered serious.

"I shall never give in to her obstinacy," said the elder lady,— "not if I should be forced to confine her in her room. I will do it, Miss Allen, rather than allow her to conquer me."

"I think the better plan would be to overlook trifles," rejoined Miss Allen. "I understand that the present subject of contention has gone too far to be overlooked, but—"

"Do not call it 'contention,'" said Cousin Ellery. "It has a vulgar sound, and I would remind you that life is made

up of what you are pleased to call trifles. Would you advise that I permit that froward, headstrong child to set my authority at defiance?"

Cousin Ellery was excited, Miss Allen correspondingly calm. She was a sensible person, who, under the most harassing and unfavorable circumstances, always pushed her employer's virtues to the foreground. This enabled her to bear with many contradictions. It seemed to her little short of an impossibility that Ellery and Whirlwind should ever get on together. The stay at Little Melloden promised to be anything but pleasant. She wished that Cousin Ellery's methods were not so severe; at the same time she could find but little excuse for the child's conduct.

Ellery waited for her to speak. As she did not do so, that lady finally asked, in a gentler tone:

"You have very good judgment, Miss Allen. Can you not see that the child has a will which must be broken?"

"No, I can not see that, I must confess," rejoined Miss Allen, slowly; "I think it had better be guided. I believe she is very susceptible to kindness; she has not been accustomed to being commanded—" Miss Allen hesitated.

"Go on!" said her employer. "You think I should coax her?"

"Perhaps—a little. I fear you antagonized her at the very first by not wishing to call her by her name."

"It is *not* her name,—nothing but a silly, odious nickname; suitable enough, I admit; and probably the consciousness of this renders her even more egotistical than she naturally is."

"It was too sudden—the change," suggested Miss Allen. "And about her hair, she might have been won over gradually, but—"

"You think me autocratic?"

"O Miss Ellery, you have had so little dealing with children, at first hand, you can hardly understand them!"

"I could never endure seeing her going

about with her flying hair; and that nickname I shall never use," retorted Cousin Ellery. "I wish we had never come here. But I am resolved that she shall not sit at table with us until she has rendered me the obedience I have a right to exact. And I shall see to it that she receives no letters from her father until she complies with my wishes."

Miss Allen sighed, rose from her chair, and returned to the summer-house to resume her writing. Cousin Ellery went upstairs to take her afternoon nap. But the secretary could not put her mind to her work. The situation was grave and unpleasant. She laid aside her writing material and went to the kitchen, where she questioned the servants as to the whereabouts of the child. They could give her no information, but thought she would be found at Martha's. Both women were of the opinion that Ellery had a fruitless task before her in endeavoring to force Whirlwind to obey.

"She will never tie up her hair," said Minnie. "Why not let that go and begin over again?"

"I don't know that it would be right—now," answered Miss Allen. "And Miss Ellery is very firm."

"And so is Whirlwind," said Esther. "'Tis a fine lookout the whole of you have before you."

"I believe I will go over to Martha's and see if she is there," observed Miss Allen. "I may be able to persuade her to obey her cousin."

But she did not go so far as Martha's. Passing the barn, she looked up and saw a head quickly thrust forward from the window of the loft, and as quickly withdrawn.

"Is that you, Whirlwind?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss Allen, I am here. I have been asleep," was the reply.

"May I come up? Have you had luncheon?"

"I sucked a fresh egg. Yes, you may come up, Miss Allen."

"Wait. I am going to ask Minnie to

get you something to eat. Shall she bring it here?"

"Yes, please," said Whirlwind.

Miss Allen returned to the kitchen, asked Minnie to prepare a tray, and was soon climbing the steep, narrow stairs that led to the loft. She found Whirlwind seated on a pile of hay. Her eyes were red, her cheeks flushed from sleep; her hair was full of little pieces of straw, her clothes dusty. She looked forlorn and neglected. The compassionate woman sat down beside the child and took her hand.

"I am so sorry you ran away," she said. "I wish I could arrange things better,—and that—you would not be so stubborn, my dear."

"I like it here. I can stay here all the time if she does not let me live in the house, or maybe I could go to Martha's."

"That is nonsense, Whirlwind! You are forbidden to come only to the dining-room. You have the freedom of the rest of the house, unless you prefer to think yourself a martyr."

"I am not a martyr," rejoined the child, with great simplicity. "Martyrs are good, and I am not good at all. I would be, though, if Cousin Ellery would not be so hard and cross."

"I think you acted somewhat like your Indian grandmother would have done when you snatched your father's letter from the table," remarked Miss Allen.

Whirlwind's brow contracted. She was very much ashamed as she replied:

"That was a story I told, Miss Allen. I never had an Indian great-grandmother. A picture that papa gave me made me think of it. It was a downright story. I got sorry for it in the night, and told Martha this morning; and she said I must tell you, because you had heard it. Now you know how very bad I am."

"It was wrong, certainly," said Miss Allen, with difficulty refraining from smiling; "but since it has given you so much concern, I am sure you will not soon tell another story. Here is Minnie with your luncheon."

The little girl was very hungry and enjoyed the *al fresco* meal.

"I hope," said Miss Allen, when she had finished,—“I hope you will come to dinner this evening.”

“Not if I have to plait my hair,” replied the child.

“Wouldn't your father wish it,—just while your cousin is here?”

“No, I am sure he would not. He told me in his letter to be obedient, but he did not mean anything like that.”

“Whirlwind, your cousin will not allow you to have any more letters till you obey.”

“What! Will she dare to do that?”

“She thinks she has a right.”

Whirlwind began to cry. But she ceased almost as suddenly as she had begun; her eyes beamed, and smiles chased each other all over her face.

“Never mind,” she exclaimed. “We'll see,—we'll see!”

After some persuasion, Miss Allen prevailed upon her to leave her seat on the hay and go to her own room. She left her there; and the child washed her face, brushed her hair, changed her frock, and hurried downstairs and through the back gate to the Works. In the office she found Robert, her father's stenographer, whose business it was to carry all letters to the house.

“Robert,” she began, perching herself in her father's chair, “you like papa very much, don't you?”

“I surely do. I ought to; he has done everything for me.”

“And you like me—too?”

“What a question, Whirlwind! There is nothing I would not do for you.”

“Well, I am going to ask you to do something. You know that horrid Cousin Ellery that is living with us now?”

“No, I can't say I do; I saw her this morning when I took the letters over. By the way, there was one for you. I suppose you got it?”

“Oh, yes! I snatched it. Cousin Ellery did not want to let me have it because I

would not allow Minnie to plait my hair, but I snatched it from the table and ran away. She told Miss Allen I couldn't have any more letters from papa till I had my hair plaited.”

“A big fuss about nothing, I should say,” rejoined Robert. “Your hair would look funny tied up in hard knots. It suits your face and yourself that way.”

Here was an ally. Whirlwind's eyes danced with pleasure. She felt sure of Robert now.

“I'll tell you what I want you to do,” she said. “Do not take my letters to the house: I'll call for them here, Robert. Hide them away in your desk till I come for them.”

“I will,” answered the stenographer. “But what if she should ask me? You don't want me to tell her a story?”

“Oh, no! She won't ask. She will never think of it. But if she does, what *will* you say, Robert?”

“That you wanted them delivered personally.”

“You won't give them to her?”

“Not unless your father sends word to do so.”

“I'm so glad, Robert! I'm going to have a hard enough time without losing dear papa's letters. I feel quite happy again now,—that is, as happy as I can be while Cousin Ellery is there. And there is something else, Robert. I want to go over to Great Melloden with you Sunday morning to Mass. It will be Mass Sunday, won't it?”

“Yes. But what about Martha? Isn't she going?”

“I suppose so. But she has some visitors, and she will have to see about them. I forget whether they are Catholics, though; but I guess they must be, for the Father recommended them.”

“They are boarding at Martha's?” said Whirlwind.

“Yes, for the summer. There are a father and mother and a boy and a girl.”

“When did they come?”

“This morning. I watched them from

the old chestnut-tree near Martha's place. I think they are pretty nice."

"I hope so," replied Robert, looking solicitously at his little visitor. "If your cousin is going to be rough, it will be pleasant for you to have some companions while your father is away."

"At first I was very much displeased with Martha for taking them," said the child. "But after I had seen them and heard them talk—from the tree—I decided that I had been selfish, and thought perhaps I might like them. Do you think it would be too soon to go over and see them this afternoon?"

"Well, I can't say," replied Robert. "Probably they may not have gotten things to rights yet; but in that case you could visit with Martha. She is always glad to see you."

"I'll see about it, then," said Whirlwind, preparing to go. "You'll be firm about the letters, Robert?"

"Very firm."

"I'll call every morning for them."

"All right. I'll save them for you."

"Oh, thank you, Robert! And don't forget about Sunday. Let's go across in the boat."

"Esther or Minnie will be coming."

"They can go with Fritz in the wagon."

"I can't promise about the boat," said Robert, who had ideas of propriety. "But we will settle that on next Saturday."

For a moment Whirlwind stood undecided at the door of the office. Her own home did not seem a pleasant place at that moment. Martha's bright face and the sound of young voices seemed to be inviting her from a distance. She could not resist the call.

(To be continued.)

LEATHER made of sheepskin is first passed through a machine which splits it and makes two skins from one. These are nicely dressed and colored. Of split skins are made the tops and linings of shoes, doll skins, dog collars, ball covers, purses, bags, belts, and so forth.

A Story of King Edward.

A pleasant story is told of King Edward, who, whatever may be his faults, is a kindly man. Driving out on a country road one day with a party of distinguished friends, he met an old peasant woman bending under a heavy load, who promptly hailed the portly gentleman on the back seat.

"Can't you give me a lift with my bundle?" she asked, when, at the King's command, the coachman had stopped the horses.

"Really, my good woman," said his Majesty, smiling, "we can't do that, as we are going in the opposite direction and are somewhat pressed for time."

"I think you might turn around," she persisted. "You seem to be great folks with plenty of time."

"It is quite impossible," said the King. "But I will give you a portrait of my mother instead."

"What do I care for an old dame's picture?" asked the peasant. "I can't eat it."

"But you may find it useful," answered the King, handing her a gold sovereign adorned with the face of Queen Victoria. Then he motioned to the coachman to drive on, and left the wondering woman to explain matters to herself as best she could.

The Tiger Bird.

There is only one thing feared by the royal Bengal tiger, and that is a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, called the tiger bird. As for the bird, he does not know what it is to be afraid, and does not hesitate to attack the great beast, provided he has enough of his small companions to help him. When several thousands of these birds engage in battle with Master Tiger, it is apt to go hard with him if he is not near the protecting shelter of the jungle.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Discussing the literary quality, and more particularly the outworn phraseology, of the late Mary J. Holmes, the *Evening Post* pertinently remarks that the sneerers at the hackneyed phrase "too often forget that the phrase became hackneyed principally because it was so good that people overworked it."

—In the *Messenger* for November appears the first instalment of what promises to be an exceptionally valuable and interesting study, "The Wonder of Naples in the Light of History and Science," by the Rev. P. J. Dallas, S. J. The miracle of St. Januarius is a permanent stumbling-block to pseudo-scientists and mocking infidels, and we hope to see Father Dallas' study thereof reprinted by some of the Catholic Truth Societies.

—Beginning with the new year, the Faculty of the Harvard Divinity School will issue a quarterly publication to be called the *Harvard Theological Review*. Its scope will be broad, and "it will not be the organ of any sect, but will be a medium of free discussion of living questions pertaining to theology and religion." The name of the editor is not announced, but we take for granted that the present Dean of the Harvard Divinity School will be the choice; and are therefore glad to hear of this new periodical, which will be sure to do good wherever it is read. The *Review* will be published in America by the Macmillan Company.

—A new periodical which promises to be an effective force for good, and which begins its existence in a most creditable fashion, is the *Irish Educational Review*. These extracts from its salutatory will explain its scope:

Besides questions of educational policy regarding the form and administration of the entire system, it is proposed to devote special attention to the discussion of educational methods, and of the means by which the extension and improvement of education may be promoted, using for this purpose the information and experience supplied by the most enlightened nations, but always keeping in view the obligation of making our educational system, in all its parts, thoroughly and distinctively Irish.

It may be that the happy day will come when an educational review in Ireland may deal only with problems that are in their nature educational; but, until that day, this review will discuss and denounce the financial injustice of which Irish education is the victim,—an injustice which bears its evil fruit in every part of the system.

—Messrs. M. W. Sampson and E. O. Holland, the one a former and the other an actual professor of Indiana University, have thought it worth while to add yet another volume to the multitudinous text-books on the art of English composition. Their "Written and Oral Compo-

sition" is designed for high schools; and its distinguishing feature is that "principles of good writing are brought out by continual practice, and not by formulated rules to be memorized." With all due deference to up-to-date educational methods, we opine that constant practice exemplifying rules that have been committed to memory is productive of better results. The book is well brought out by the American Book Company.

—The mere announcement of four recent publications of Messrs. F. Pustet & Co. should suffice to secure for them a wide sale. We refer to "Missa pro Defunctis Toni Communes Missa necnon Modus Cantandi Alleluja Tempore Paschali secundum Octo Tonos juxta Editionem Vaticanam a SS. Pio PP. X. Evulgatam"; the same with modern musical signs, *tradidit* Dr. Fr. X. Mathias; "Vade Mecum for Vocal Culture; A Complete Course of Instruction in Singing and the Radiments of Music," by the Rev. Michael Haller, translated by the Rev. B. Dieringer; and "The Roman Vesperal according to the Vesperale Romanum for the Entire Ecclesiastical Year," by the Rev. John Jung. This last is intended for the use of Catholic choirs and school children. Like all of Messrs. Pustet & Co.'s musical publications, these books are excellently printed; and they are also very low-priced, owing to the general sale that is expected for them, and which they well deserve.

—The reminiscences concerning Mr. Reginald Balfour—of which mention was made in these columns last week—constitute as pleasurable and profitable a bit of reading as has appeared in the *Dublin Review* for a long while. In the memory of his friends, "Reggie" Balfour evidently lives still as the very incarnation of radiant, white-souled joyousness, a delightful companion, a stimulating fellow-worker, and an inspirational force in many a field of Catholic activity. Father Cuthbert says of him:

He had a simple, childlike devotion to our Blessed Lady; and once, providing himself with her picture, he went forth and, hanging it on a clothes-line, gathered together twenty or thirty hop-pickers and with them recited the Rosary and sang hymns in her praise.

And Father Benson, telling of his own and Mr. Balfour's joint authorship of the "Alphabet of the Saints," furnishes this charming page:

"St. Benedict" was, I think, entirely his. He rewrote it more than once under our criticisms; but we burst out into applause on the charming piety of the last two lines, in which a statistic was so delightfully concealed:

O Blessed Saint Benet, I wish I could be
Half as good for oue year as you were sixty-three.

"St. Dominic" was entrusted to me originally, but I must confess that not much of my eudavors remained in it at the end. The four lines which stand out from it were Reggie Balfour's:

In France there were heretics called Albigenses,
Who poisoned the Faith with their lying pretences;

and

Then with Lawrence and Bertraud and Peter Cellani
He started his Order of Dominicani.

In "St Louis" he was particularly pleased with two of his lines:

Then he got a small piece of the True Cross as well,
And huilt for these relics *La Sainte Chapelle*,—

pointing out how the final *e* of *Sainte* obtained exactly the accent which it deserved. In "St Philip Neri" he hit precisely the tone that we attempted to keep throughout, in his final couplet:

If I told you half the holy things that Philip did and said,
I should have to end the alphabet with P instead of Z.

But the best of all was the poem on St. Zita, in which, though we all made suggestions, the peculiar air is Balfour's own:

Z for Saint Zita, the good kitchen-maid,
She prayed and she prayed and she prayed and she prayed.
One morning she got so absorbed in her prayers
She simply neglected her household affairs;
Too late she remembered 'twas bread-making day,
And she trembled to think what her mistress would say.
She flew to the oven, looked in it, and cried,
'Glory be to the Lord! the bread's ready inside!'
The angels had kneaded it, raised it with yeast,
Made the fire, put the pans in the oven—at least
I can only suppose that was how it was done,
For the bread was all baked by a quarter to one.
To pray like Saint Zita, but not to be late,
Is the way to be good and (if possible) great.

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.

"Ten Lectures on the Martyrs." Paul Allard. \$2, net.

"Fountain of Living Water; or, Thoughts on the Holy Ghost for Every Day in the Year." Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. \$1.50, net.

"The Ordinary of the Mass." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

"Thoughts and Fancies." F. C. Kolbe, D. D. 75 cts., net.

"Folia Fugativa." \$1.50, net.

"The Curé's Brother." Rev. David Bearne, S.J. 75 cts.

"Children's Retreats." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.

"Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women." Rev. Joseph Selmen. \$2.

"Ireland and St. Patrick." Rev. William B. Morris. 60 cts., net.

"Westminster Lectures." Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.

"St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland." Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A. \$1.50.

"Thomas William Allies." Mary H. Allies. \$1.25.

"Madame Louise de France" Leon de la Briere. \$2, net.

"In the Tents of Wickedness." Miriam Coles Harris. \$1.50.

"The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity." \$1.

"Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Newman." Maurice F. Egan. Cloth, 40 cts.; paper, 30 cts.

"Tironibus." Harold Henry Mure. 30 cts.

"Friday Fare." Mrs. Charles Marshall. 35 cts., net.

"A Spiritual Retreat." Rev. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.25.

"Ten Years in Anglican Orders." Viator. 75 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Clement Burger, of the diocese of Harrisburg; Rev. Richard Murphy, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. John Boylan, diocese of Newark; Rev. Henry Diestel, diocese of Indianapolis; Very Rev. William Kelly, diocese of Omaha; and Rev. Emil Reibel, C. S. Sp.

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

M. François Joseph Marchal, Mrs. Matilda Berkel, Mr. James D. Frainey, Mr. John Moore, Mr. John Clements, Mrs. Susan Laughlin, Mr. Philip Myles, Mrs. Edward Murphy, Miss Katherine Dinneen, Mr. George Manning, Dr. E. T. Sabal, Mr. Charles O. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bradley, Miss Annie Cosker, Mrs. Octavie Deschamps, Mr. Henry Drake, Mr. D. E. T. Bradley, and Mr. Philip Leis.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Filipino student fund:

Mr. W. J. Tracy, \$1; Miss Fannie Tracy, \$5; "Unclaimed debt of D. B.," \$4.

Bishop Berlioz:

Friend, \$5; Rev. A. Van S., \$10.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 16, 1907.

NO. 20.

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

The Virgin Perfect.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C

THE lowly things were sweet to her,
The clover and the dew;
Creation all seemed meet to her,
Both violet and rue.

A simple, busy day was hers
Within her garden dell;
The common, even way was hers,
But walked uncommon well.

Not that she heard, but kept the word,
In this her virtue lay;
She slept at night when slept the Word,—
To slumber was to pray.

The Cradle Land of Ireland's Faith.

BY JOHN B. CULLEN.



THE County of Meath, which is one of the most extensive in Ireland, might be called "the land of broad acres." It is not merely remarkable for its large area, but ranks first in the general excellence of its pasture lands. Whilst it can not claim comparison with other districts of the country in the variety of its natural scenery, it possesses a wealth of beauty, all its own, in the vast stretches of woodland, and in the ancient demesnes interspersed over the great plain that constitutes the prevailing and characteristic feature of the Royal County. Moreover, it is rich in prehistoric remains, ancient churches and castles, memorials

of faith and war, and stately homes, all full of charm for the lover of the past. In the abundance of historical associations synonymous with its name, from the days of pagan Ireland down to the seventeenth century of the Christian era, its political and religious story exceeds, in completeness and in interest, that of any of the other territories into which the country was divided in the olden times.

To Irishmen all the world over, the name of Slane is almost as familiar as that of Tara itself. Both hills rise in sight one of the other, and are moreover connected by a link, so to speak, of Christian memories that will remain as long as the first chapter of Ireland's sacred story continues to be told. The Hill of Slane must ever be regarded as the most sacred of the "Holy Hills of Erin"; for here it was that the Standard of Christianity was unfurled by the national Apostle, and the lamp of Faith set aglow,—a lamp whose flame has never flickered or grown dim in all the changing centuries that have since gone by.

Every son of our scattered race is familiar with the incident that couples the Hill of Slane with the opening of St. Patrick's mission. On its summit, we are told, the saint and his companions encamped at the close of their first day's journey from the estuary of the River Boyne, where they had moored their boats, leaving them in charge of Loman, Patrick's kinsman. As their object was to reach Tara, ten miles distant, where the Ard-ri, or chief monarch of the kingdom, with his court and vast gather-

ing, had assembled for the celebration of a principal festival of the Druidic rite, it is probable that the Apostle and his associates chose the spot on which they rested, on account of its position's overlooking the whole country round, thus affording them greater security, and preventing their being unexpectedly surprised, as travellers might be in an unknown country. Be this as it may, here they pitched their tents on Saturday the vigil, of Easter Day, in the year 433.

The saint and the band of clerics who accompanied him would doubtless have longed to celebrate the Paschal festival with due solemnity, and in accordance with the customs prescribed by the sacred ritual; but place and circumstance precluded this. In commemoration, however, of the glorious feast at hand, the saint determined to fulfil at least one of the ceremonies of the Church by kindling the Paschal Fire. Soon as the fading twilight waned over the landscape, the hilltop was illumined with the mystic blaze, fanned into greater brightness by the breath of early spring. It was a memorable event, that open-air ceremony on the Hill of Slane. It was destined to make the site a sacred one for years and centuries to come.

On the sequence of the narrative it is scarce necessary to dwell. Leoghaire and the assembled priests and courtiers waxed indignant when from Tara they beheld afar the brilliant flame; for, in accordance with the pagan festival they were celebrating, an ordinance decreed that on that night no fire should be kindled in Meath till the royal beacon should be lighted on the royal hill. Consternation followed surprise; and at length the King calling his counsellors, consulted them, when the spokesman of the Druids said: "Unless this fire be quenched to-night it will never be quenched, and he who kindles it will seduce your people and be the master of us all." Forthwith the angry monarch ordered nine chariots to be harnessed, and, with his priests and chief advisers,

set out by the road leading northward to the Ford of Slane. Here the Druids counselled him to halt and proceed no farther, but send for the daring stranger who had violated the royal command.

Obedient to the summons, Patrick with his attendants soon appeared, chanting, as they came in sight of Leoghaire and his warlike train, the verse of Scripture: "Some trust in chariots, some in horses, but we in the name of the Lord our God." When the saint entered the assembly, bearing aloft the Standard of Redemption, it is told that Ere (the son of Degeo), chief lawyer of the King, contrary to an injunction previously imposed on all present, impressed by the venerable aspect of the Apostle, arose and with uncovered head did him reverence. Then Patrick blessed him, and the gift of Faith was given him. The place was ever afterward beloved of Ere; for when later on he became one of St. Patrick's chosen disciples, he made Slane his monastic home, and after his missionary wanderings, during which he spent a considerable time in the country of his own kindred—the County Kerry,—he returned, and was laid to rest on the Hill, in sight of the spot where he first received the choicest gift of God.

Floating traditions, and authentic evidences of history as well, help us to establish the fact that the first monastery of Slane was celebrated not only as a sanctuary of religious life, but also as a renowned seat of learning among the ancient schools of Ireland. Founded by a man of letters such as Ere necessarily was, from the high position he filled in the court of Tara, as a Brehon and Doctor of the Law, and a counsellor of the King, it must have had from its origin all those advantages of patronage and distinction that would tend to establish its prestige. Moreover, as several of his associates in the household and among the officials of King Leoghaire followed his example in embracing Christianity, the first president of the College of Slane was enabled

to gather round him a staff of scholars and professors imbued with sentiments and aspirations akin to his own, and sincerely zealous for the development of the institution that perpetuated his name. From its primal associations, Slane will have been a bardic school constituted on Christian lines. This would imply that its curriculum embodied secular education, training in the knowledge of science, arts and polite accomplishments. In this wise, it will have differed from most of the Celtic schools, which are usually regarded, somewhat vaguely, as purely monastic in their character.

As time went on, our ancient Erin began to make its mark as a centre of knowledge, hitherto unthought of, far away and isolated as the country was, in the remotest corner of Europe. Students soon flocked to its schools from all parts of the Continent. The College of Slane stood high on the list, and would seem to have been patronized beyond others by students of noble birth, the representatives of illustrious families, and the scions of royal houses belonging to Ireland and countries beyond the seas. This distinction will have arisen primarily from the fame of its first teachers; but will have been, perhaps, more largely due to the proximity of the school to the court of Tara. No doubt there must have been considerable intercourse between the college and the palace; and hence the students of Slane had privileges and advantages of a very distinctive kind, owing to the royal association of the place.

In this connection, it is interesting to recall a local tradition, handed down from generation to generation. It is stated that a king of France had been educated at Slane; some said he was buried there; his name and history, however, came to be quite forgotten. Fortunately, the researches of learned antiquarians of our own time have confirmed the dim tradition, which is found to have been, in the main, absolutely correct. The royal student referred to

was no other than the son of one of the kings of the Merovingian dynasty, Sigebert III., who ruled over the Austrasian Franks from A. D. 632 to 656. On the death of his father, the young prince, who was heir to the throne, through the connivance of Grimoald, the mayor of the palace, was tonsured, and then secretly carried off to Ireland, to be there educated as a monk. The wily minister's object was, having secured the exile of the royal youth, to usurp the government of the kingdom himself. Slane was selected as the most eligible place for the boy's training, and thither he was conveyed under the charge of Dido, who was a party to Grimoald's treachery, with the hope that he would be forgotten and end his days in the seclusion of the cloister. Here the exiled prince spent eighteen or twenty years, devoting that long period, as the Venerable Bede tells us, to the pursuit of knowledge and in "*satisfying his desire for books and learning.*" Having reached man's estate, he determined, very likely at the solicitation of his countrymen, to return to his native kingdom; and soon after he mounted his father's throne as Dagobert II. According to the Annals of France, this was in or about the year 674.

Slane continued to maintain its high position among the sanctuaries and schools of Ireland till the ninth century. Although Tara was long since deserted, its music silenced, and the lights of its banquet hall extinguished, the spiritual citadel on the hill-crest, where Patrick set his beacon fire four centuries gone by, still resounded with the chants of prayer and praise, and the radiance of its sanctuary shed its beams through the thickening gloom as darkness fell upon the plains around.

With the coming of the Danes, desecration and ruin fell upon the monastery of Slane. In the year 836 a fleet of sixty sail, each manned with its pirate crew, appeared in the estuary of the Boyne. Simultaneously a flotilla of sixty boats entered the mouth of the Liffey. Pliant

of oar and swift of foot, the Norsemen, with magic-like rapidity, swarmed the surrounding country. Pushing their light crafts inland over the rivers' course, up the shallow creeks and tributary streams, they marked every mile of their progress with raidings, plundering, and burnings. The monasteries, which for the most part lay adjacent to the rivers, were specially singled out for their attacks. These institutions, at the time, were the chief depositories for such treasure or valuables as the country possessed. The privilege of "sanctuary," which the more important of them had, rendering their precincts inviolable, gave the people a certain guarantee of security; and it is not improbable that this fact had much to do with the erection of the Round Towers so often met with beside ancient churches. These were undoubtedly places of refuge in case of danger; while their upper chambers would, like the banks of our day, have supplied the purposes of "strong rooms" for treasure, books, and objects of value.

Slane will have been one of the wealthiest of the monastic settlements on the Boyne or Blackwater,—not so much, perhaps, in the extent of its lands as in the property it possessed, in the adornments of its sanctuary—the princely gifts of students and patrons,—the shrines and reliquaries of saints, and the priceless gems of illuminated art that lay within its library. All these presented valuable spoils for the raiders, who, in the twinkling of an eye, swept them off to their boats that lay in waiting at the riverside below. The monastery was totally sacked, and then committed to flames. But the Abbey rose again from its ashes, and was peopled once more with monks and scholars. A little more than three centuries afterward it fell a prey to the vandalism of Dermot M'Murrough, in one of his wanton outbursts of fury and revenge, when he raided Meath A. D. 1170. A few years later, it was plundered by Strongbow; and in 1175, as the chroniclers tell us, it

was "wholly destroyed at the hands of the English."

At the time of the Anglo-Norman Invasion, when Henry II., on the occasion of his visit to Ireland (1172), granted the Kingdom of Meath to Hugh 'de Lacy, the latter, as lord palatine, conferred the barony of Slane on Richard of Flanders—or De Flemyng, as he is commonly called,—one of his companions-in-arms, who became the founder of the distinguished family whose name was identified with Slane and its history for close on five hundred years. He was builder of the castle overhanging the Boyne, on the site of which stands the modern castellated building that now forms so picturesque a feature in the landscape. Like his military patron De Lacy, De Flemyng made it a point to advance, by dint of his sword, the work of conquest in the country; but he also made it part of his policy to promote the interest of the Church. The historic site on the Hill of Slane, to which so many venerable traditions clung, afforded an appropriate and popular outlet for his zeal. The walls of the Abbey were rebuilt, and a community of religious, on whom the new founder conferred ample grants and endowments, was installed there. It is recorded, however, that the monastery was not restored *to its former splendor*.

All through the centuries of its connection with Ireland, the baronial house of Slane supported the cause of the English Crown. Richard de Flemyng, founder of the family, was, the annalists tell us, slain in an engagement with the native Irish some ten years after his arrival in the train of the first contingent of Norman adventurers. Among the Lords of the Pale none were more distinguished than the barons of Slane, for the part they took in the work of conquest from the days of Henry II. to those of Elizabeth. Under the Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns, they were the recipients of favors and distinctions, and not unfrequently filled the highest offices of the State in the alien administration of the country.

It must be said, however, that the family and its branches were conspicuous for loyalty and devotion to the Catholic religion, and gave many of their members to the sacred ministry of the Church. The name frequently appears in connection with the ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland. Several members entered the Franciscan Order; some of them, by their learning and brilliant talents, becoming highly distinguished among the scholars of their time. Of these may be mentioned Thomas Fleming, third son of the sixteenth Baron of Slane, who was promoted to the archbishopric of Dublin by Pope Urban VIII. in 1623. At the period of the Confederation, as a leading member of the Roman Catholic party, he was involved in most of the political and religious controversies of his time. His nephew, Thomas Fleming, who succeeded as eighteenth Baron of Slane, having also taken the Franciscan habit, petitioned Charles I. that his dignities and honors might be transferred to his brother William. The King granted the petition, an act that was unprecedented, and was, besides, deemed unconstitutional. In 1642 Thomas returned to Ireland from Flanders for the purpose of assisting his oppressed Catholic countrymen. Placing himself at the head of a small but well disciplined corps, which he recruited chiefly in Louth, he captured twelve garrisons of the opposite party, and displayed considerable skill as a commander. Needless to say, the cause he espoused was not successful in its main issues.

Another distinguished Franciscan and descendant of the Slane family, Father Patrick Fleming, is well known in the domain of Irish ecclesiastical history. He was born in 1699, and was great-great-grandson of Christopher Fleming, Baron of Slane and Lord Treasurer of Ireland. Father Fleming completed his studies at St. Isidore's College in Rome, to which he was for a time attached. Here he became an associate of the celebrated historian, Father Luke Wadding.

With reference to the esteem in which the illustrious Order of St. Francis was held by the noble house of Slane Castle, going back a little, to the beginning of the sixteenth century, it is remarkable to find that the old monastery on the Hill of Slane underwent a change, and was refounded in 1512 by Christopher Fleming (mentioned above as Treasurer of Ireland), and conferred on the Third Order of the Franciscans. The beautiful tower, the most conspicuous object among the group of ruins that crown the hill, was raised at this time. This house will have been one of the latest pre-Reformation friaries founded in the Kingdom; for, in less than twenty years from the date of its foundation, the death knell foreboding the suppression of monasteries and religious was beginning to be heard over the land.

The barons of Slane remained true to the old Faith in the troubled times that followed; and, as we have previously seen, more than one of their name shed lustre, in the dark days of persecution, on the Church of their afflicted country. The last Lord of Slane fought beside James in the Battle of the Boyne, and was one of the faithful nobles who accompanied the ill-starred monarch to France. For his adherence to the Stuart cause, his estates were confiscated; and, dying without issue, the title of his house became extinct.

In conclusion, we may remark that the Hill of Slane commands one of the finest prospects to be had in Ireland, and certainly the most suggestive in the way of memories. The view is indeed fine; but when looked upon as a map to which we have the key, the events of centuries and the legends of prehistoric ages are conjured up before us. To those of our readers who happen to be conversant with the story of Ireland, and wish to study some of its life writ in living letters, the Hill of Slane supplies an open page of endless interest.

When we recall that it dominates the

whole plain of Meath—the cradle land of Irish history, legendary, sacred and profane,—surely its resources are vast enough. But farther still, the eye may range from the Mourne Mountains on the north, to the distant hills of Wicklow on the southeast, and along the intervening thread of silver light that marks where sky and ocean meet. More distant still, the summits and waving outlines of the Slieve Bloom Mountains pencil the southern horizon, and blend their fertile slopes with the low-lying plains whose limits are the waters of the Shannon. Milesian, Celt, Dane and Norman, chief and bard, sage and saint, the conqueror and the conquered,—all have left their traces of light and shade upon that storied scene. Such is the picture on which the traveller may feast his wondering gaze from the summit of the old Franciscan tower that crests the Hill of Slane.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XXVII.

A STORMY night had capped the waves of Downing's Bay; and, though the morning shone out serenely beautiful, the white spray still sprang up high against the rocks, and the sea ran in heavy breakers along the sandy shore.

"Isn't it glorious!" Mave drew a deep breath. "In all the world, Brian, there is no place more beautiful than 'ould Donegal."

"Few, indeed. I could stay here" (his eyes upon her face) "forever."

"Lady Warrender would grow tired of you" (laughing gaily), "I'm afraid."

"I don't mean at Warrender Park. I mean—anywhere—with you. You make Donegal—London—any place a heaven."

"Brian!" The girl crimsoned, but her eyes were full of joy.

"My darling, you will love me? Be my wife!"

"I will," she whispered low; "for I do love you. But, Brian, you forget—I am a nobody."

"You are an angel" (he caught her hand), "and I love you."

"Yet no one knows who I am, where I came from."

"Not now; but some day, Mave, we'll find your friends."

"If we only could! For your sake, Brian, I'd like to be somebody,—to have a right to the name I bear."

"My darling, so you shall. I vowed long ago to find your friends, remember!"

"An impossible task. My parentage is wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. Even Father McBlaine tells me that."

"The dear, kind priest! He is as anxious as I am to prove that you are not the waif you fancy."

"I am not a Gallagher nor a De Lara" (sighing). "O Brian, isn't it strange?"

"A matter of accident, dearest! But when you are my wife, my name will—"

"Be enough, and" (her color deepened) "I'll bear no other, Brian."

"But as a singer, dearest—"

"I shall sing only for you,—that is, if you don't mind. I have no love for a public life. And if you—O Brian, could we have a small house in Donegal,—somewhere not very far from here? You could live in the country?"

"I could live anywhere under the sun, my love" (rapturously), "if only you were by my side! And now" (after a pause) "shall we go back to the Park, tell Lady Warrender our glad news, and consult her about a house? She would build one for us, I'm sure, charmed to keep you near."

"So she would, Brian. She and Miss Besborough have been good friends to me all my life."

"The best, sweetheart; and I am grateful to them both,—though, mind you, Miss Besborough has been severe to me."

"Only for your good. She likes you very, very much."

"That's good news. And now come

along. I could stay here forever, but we must not keep lunch waiting."

As the young people walked away from the tempestuous waves, and went across the grassy dunes that they had known so well in the days gone by, two men came striding along in their direction.

"It's Trelawny and Lindo!" Brian exclaimed, looking at Mave in some dismay. "Do you mind?"

"No." A shadow crossed the girl's bright face. "All my life I've been afraid of Lindo, and I had many reasons for my fear. Now I am out of his reach. He could not harm me even if he would; for I" (looking up at her handsome young lover with confidence and trust) "have a protector, and am quite out of his power."

The two men, seeing them approach, stopped short. Trelawny's broad countenance lit up with pleasure. Lindo's rubicund visage grew dark, and a menacing, angry look came into his bleary eyes.

"The beautiful Yvonne de Lara!" cried Trelawny. "By Jove, we're in luck! Lindo, this is my *prima donna*, the exquisite songstress I have coaxed over here to enliven our wedding festivities. You'll be proud to meet her, I know. Come on and be introduced."

"You — idiot!" Lindo drew away from him in a fury of rage. "This may ruin all!" And, glaring at Mave, he hissed out some incomprehensible sentence, and strode on across the dunes as fast as he could go.

"Blooming old fool!" muttered the other. "Doesn't know a good thing when he sees it." And Trelawny went forward, with both hands outstretched, to greet the beautiful young singer.

Meanwhile Davy Lindo was hurrying on, beside himself with rage.

"I thought her gone forever, and feared her no more." He ground his teeth. "And now here she is, and that fellow Cardew, brought back amongst us all by Trelawny. The man will be our ruin. I must alarm Darien, and insist upon his now—yes, even now—putting off that

concert. Yvonne de Lara! What a name! Trelawny, to be sure, never saw the girl in his life; and who could have guessed that Yvonne de Lara spelt Mave Galagher? Not I, for one,—not I."

XXVIII.

From the moment of her engagement to Henry Trelawny, Marjory Darien seemed like a creature turned to stone. Pale as a lily, a despairing look in her dark eyes, she would sit for hours staring before her, her hands upon her lap. She answered when spoken to, but rarely volunteered a remark, and appeared indifferent to all that was going on around her. She did not, however, avoid Trelawny; allowed him to sit near her, and, with a certain degree of politeness, accepted the presents he lavished upon her. But if he attempted any show of affection, she grew frigid; and at the suspicion of a caress, shrank from him in evident horror.

Her father had wept for joy when she told him of her promise to marry this man, whom he knew she hated with all her soul.

"Once you are Trelawny's wife all danger will be at an end," he said, with nervous excitement. "So hurry on the marriage; make his interests ours,—next week at latest. Delay is useless."

But to this neither Marjory, her mother nor Trelawny would agree.

"I'm not going to marry without festivities," the big man declared. "And we'll want time to get things ready."

As the days and weeks passed over, Darien grew impatient, and it was an immense relief to him when at last the date of the wedding was fixed. The dance, concert, dinner, arranged by Trelawny, did not interest him; the names of the guests or singers he did not ask. He only longed feverishly to see the marriage an accomplished fact. To Monica's prayers that he would save their child from the miserable fate of being this man's wife, he turned a deaf ear. Marjory's consent

was all that he wanted; her mother's great grief did not trouble him.

"It will soon be over now," he murmured one morning, standing near the open window in his library. "Trelawny my son-in-law, his lips are sealed. And Lindo—"

The door burst open and Davy Lindo flung himself into the room.

"Such a discovery!" he blurted out, mopping his streaming face with his handkerchief. "Mave Gallagher, Hugh Devereux's daughter, has come back! Under the name of Yvonne de Lara, she is to sing here—here, fancy!—to-morrow night. She is the born image of her dead father. No one could mistake her. If your wife meets her we are undone,—all is lost!"

"Who brought the girl here?" Darien asked hoarsely. "I thought she was gone forever."

"Trelawny, the — fool, caught by her beauty, engaged her to sing."

"We must get rid of her, Davy."

"How's that to be done, since she's here, with Brian Cardew, too, who swore long ago to find her relations?"

"You" (Darien shuddered) "are a man of resources. Think how we can get her away."

"If you pay me—some forty thousand pounds, I'll find a way."

Darien fell back, a cold sweat upon his brow.

"Such a sum is impossible."

"Then things must take their course."

"If you were to blazon the whole story to the world, I could not give it to you."

"Oh, very well! A pretty figure Philip Darien will cut when all is revealed, and the papers ring with the sensational tale of Hugh Devereux's murder in the Australian bush, the theft of his money and letters, the escape of—"

"Stop!—for Heaven's sake stop!" Darien's face was ashen grey, his lips blue. "No one knows who killed Hugh Devereux."

"There are two of us to swear that

you did. Trelawny and I were the only witnesses of his death, and circumstances point to you. You were the gainer: you married the murdered man's cousin, the heiress. You hunted his wife away from what was by right her home, to die by the roadside, her child—Hugh Devereux's child—clasped in her arms. All these years you and yours have been enjoying her money, her property, whilst she, poor girl—"

Maddened, Philip Darien sprang forward, his arm raised, when a wild cry made his blood run cold, and he staggered back speechless with horror, as Monica, pale and trembling, walked in by the open window.

"I have heard all, Philip,—heard that Hugh Devereux left a child, and that you knew it," she said, in a faint, sad voice. "This is terrible. But, Phil, we must be honest,—make restitution at once."

"Don't be a fool!" (flinging her from him with an oath.) "Possession is nine points of the law. The property—money are ours—"

"No: we are usurpers,—cruel, wicked usurpers. We must find Hugh's child. Davy Lindo will help us. He must know."

Davy laughed, a scornful, mocking laugh, and glanced at Darien with a much relieved expression in his cunning eyes. Monica was not as dangerous as he had feared. She had heard only his concluding sentences, and had not yet grasped the fact that Mave Gallagher, of whom she had often heard, was Hugh Devereux's daughter and the rightful owner of Slievenagh House.

"If she once knew that, all the fat would be in the fire," he told himself. "But she shall not know, till the girl is where neither money nor property can avail her anything; and Monica, in spite of herself, is heir to it all. Hugh's child in Kingdom Come, she'd never blow on us. So that's settled."

"You will help us, Davy?" Monica implored. "You can if you will, I feel sure."

"I'll do my best. But you must give me time," Davy answered in gentle, soothing tones. "Don't fret about it: when our dear Marjory is married, Darien and I will work hard to find the girl, and all will be done exactly as you wish."

"Oh, thank you! You are kinder than I thought. But this will stop my child's marriage. Henry Trelawny wants money, and Marjory will now have nothing. Thank God! O Phil, our darling is not happy! I came here just now to beg—to implore you to break off that odious engagement. For God's sake, do! Tell Trelawny she has not one penny. That will be enough. He will go at once and leave her free."

"You talk nonsense! Marjory has promised. The day after to-morrow she will be Trelawny's wife."

"No!" Monica drew herself up and her eyes blazed. "I can prevent that now, and I will. I myself will tell Henry Trelawny all. I know him better than you do. He will never marry a pauper." And, turning away, she walked quickly out of the room.

"Monica!" Philip Darien started after her. "Stay! Listen!"

Davy caught him by the coat and drew him back.

"Let her go. What a joke!" (flinging himself into a chair and laughing hilariously.) "Fancy Trelawny's face! The story is so new to him." Then, jumping to his feet, he said in Darien's ear: "Yvonne de Lara must not come to sing at Slievenagh House: she must disappear."

"How?"

"Leave that to me. I have a plan." He relapsed into silence for a moment, and stared with twitching mouth at the carpet. "The yacht is ready?" he asked presently.

"Yes. Trelawny and I are going for a sail this afternoon."

"Marjory must invite Yvonne de Lara and Brian Cardew to a picnic on Tory Island—say to-morrow. There may be

a storm, or—don't look so wild—Marjory can get left behind at the last moment; and you, too, if you feel nervous."

"I'll have no foul play. I—"

"Of course not! What an idiot you are! Foul play? Well, I never! Get Marjory, however, to write the note of invitation. I'll take it over to Warrender Park myself. I'll wait right here till you come back. Make that frozen image—Marjory—write nicely, encouragingly. Away you go!"

(Conclusion next week.)

At St. Edward's Shrine.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

OCTOBER 13 is the feast of St. Edward the Confessor, the second founder of Westminster. It is the anniversary not of his death (which happened on January 7, 1066), but of that day in the twelfth century when, after his canonization, the body of the sainted King was taken from its grave before, and placed in a shrine behind, the high altar of the Abbey, which was till the Reformation a centre of pilgrimage.

This year October 13 fell upon a Sunday, and on Sundays the chapels of Westminster Abbey are not open to casual visitors. But on Monday, the 14th, many hundreds of the Catholics of London came all day long to visit the shrine, to kneel before it, to say the Rosary openly, beads in hand, and to pray for the conversion of England. A few years ago the Catholics began to come on the saint's feast. At first there were only a few, and the vergers on duty requested those who knelt at the shrine to move on. Such irregular devotions were not encouraged. But since then there has been a change in the attitude of the authorities of the Abbey. For the last few years they have expected their Catholic visitors on St. Edward's Day,

and have done everything courteously to facilitate their access to the shrine, only interfering to regulate the movement of the visitors, who enter at one end of the chapel and leave by the other.

This year I made my visit to the shrine in the afternoon. It was a sight such as one might have seen in some Catholic cathedral of the Continent. When I first saw the Abbey many years ago, neither I nor any one else ever thought that in our lifetime such a scene would be witnessed at Westminster. In those old-fashioned days the verger led his party of tourists round the Abbey, and told his story, pointing out one by one tombs of kings, queens, and great men. "This is the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, who founded the Abbey," he would say, and then turn to show the old coronation chair that stands at the west end of it.

Now, as I enter on this October day, I see men and women kneeling at the railing around the shrine. Many of them are saying the Rosary. As I come in, a lady leans forward to touch one of the pillars of the shrine with her Beads, as if to gain the saint's blessing for them. Tourists, guide-book in hand, stand and stare in surprise. Not the least astonished is a Frenchman. I guess by his looks that he is not a "clerical," for he seems sadly puzzled. At one side of the chapel I recognize a friend, Father Philip Fletcher. He has spent most of the day here as a kind of supervisor of the pilgrimage he has done so much to revive. He tells me that he had to intervene to persuade a devout woman not to light a candle before the shrine. Her purpose was excellent, but it is prudent not to do more than the Abbey authorities readily permit.

Thirty years ago Father Fletcher was an Anglican curate at St. Bartholomew's, Brighton. It was a very "High" church. There were five curates. In a few weeks three of the curates and some eighty of the congregation became Catholics. All three of the convert clergymen and several of

the laymen became priests. After working for a while in the diocese of Southwark Father Fletcher took up as his life work the organization and direction of a confraternity of priests and laymen working and praying for the conversion of England—"The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom." This is not the place to tell how it has worked and what it has accomplished. The gathering round the shrine of St. Edward is one of its results.

Until very lately the shrine looked bare and neglected. It is formed of a lofty stone base about six feet high. On top of this is a wooden arcade, quite without ornament, enclosing an ironbound case, inside of which is the coffin of the saint. At the coronation of the present King of England, another Edward, the shrine was decorated for the first time in centuries. A splendid pall of a rich red silken fabric was hung over the upper arcade, falling down on each side over part of the base. This pall, or veil, is still there as a permanent adornment of the shrine. It has a fringe of gold, and along the lower edges on each side runs an inscription in large embroidered letters also of gold:

DEO CARUS REX EDVARDUS NON MORTUUS EST
SED CUM XPO VICTURUS DE MORTE AD
VITAM MIGRAVIT.

Which may be translated: "Dear to God, King Edward is not dead, but victor with Christ over death, has passed to life." There is no invocation of the saint, but the inscription is a beautiful one, and it is pleasant to see that in it the language of the Universal Church is used.*

* The reverent treatment of the shrine by King Edward VII. is a pleasant contrast to what occurred at the coronation of Queen Victoria in the old Protestant days of 1838. In one of her letters, lately published, we read how the chapel was used as a luncheon room after the ceremony. She writes: "I again descended from the throne and repaired with all the peers bearing the regalia, my ladies and train-bearers, to St Edward's Chapel, as it is called, but which, as Lord Melbourne said, was more unlike a chapel than anything he had ever seen; for what was called an altar was covered with sandwiches, bottles of wine, etc."

This shrine of St. Edward is, I believe, the only one in all England that survives from old Catholic times. Here the body of the saint still rests as it rested through hundreds of years from his canonization till the Reformation, with the daily Mass said at his altar close by. There is now at the east end of the shrine what looks like a little altar, but it is only a communion table for the Anglican "celebration." It was placed there a few years ago. It is covered with a cloth, and on it are two candlesticks, and above, against the end of the shrine, a cross. I am told that some of the Ritualist High Churchmen had a "celebration" here at six in the morning of St. Edward's Day.

But to come back to the story of the shrine. The body of St. Edward was originally buried in front of the altar, probably in the middle of the space where the present transept crosses the nave. There was already a popular veneration of the holy King, and William the Conqueror had the stone coffin in which the King had been buried enclosed in a casing decorated with gold and silver. Then during more than a hundred years there were frequent miracles at the tomb. In 1102 it was opened and the body found flexible and incorrupt. In 1181 St. Edward was canonized by Pope Alexander III.

It was then decided to place the relics in a shrine near the high altar. Late one evening, by lantern light, the abbot, the prior, and some of the Benedictine monks of Westminster opened the tomb and the stone coffin, and found the body of the sainted King still unchanged. One of those who were present has left a record of how St. Edward lay in his tomb. The body was clad in a golden robe, with purple leggings and shoes, and with a gold circlet round the head. His beard, long, white and curled at the ends, flowed down on his breast. There was a signet ring on his right hand, which the abbot removed that it might be kept separately

among the treasures of the Abbey. The body was taken from the coffin, placed on a carpet, and then lifted into the "coffer" prepared for it, in which it was to rest in the shrine. This first shrine is supposed to have been behind and above the high altar. The day of the enshrining was one of solemn festival. King Henry II. was there, with the prelates and nobles of the kingdom. There was a procession around the Abbey, the King and a number of his peers bearing the coffer on their shoulders.

Half a century later, under King Henry III., as a result of the growing devotion to the Confessor and the increasing number of pilgrims to his shrine, the present Chapel of St. Edward was built behind the choir and high altar, and the coffer containing the relics was transferred to the new shrine in the chapel. On the stone base, which we still see, the case containing the relics was placed, enclosed in an outer casing of gold and silver, richly adorned with enamels and precious stones. When Henry VIII. began his plunder of the monasteries, the costly shrine was broken up; but the body of the saint was placed in a coffin and buried in the Abbey, on the north side, says a contemporary record. When Queen Mary for a few years restored the Catholic worship at Westminster, it was replaced on the base of the old shrine in St. Edward's Chapel, and enclosed in the wooden arcades that now form the upper part of the structure.

Father Leslie, S. J., in his "Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey," quotes from the contemporary diary of Henry Machyn an interesting account of this last translation of the relics of St. Edward. Under date of March 20, 1557, Machyn writes: "Was taken up again, with a hundred lights, King Edward the Confessor, in the same place where his shrine was; and it shall be set up again as fast as my Lord Abbot can have it done. For it was a goodly sight to have seen it, how reverently it was carried from the

place where it was laid when that the Abbey was spoiled and robbed; and so he was carried, and goodly singing and incensing as has been seen, and Mass sung." And a month later the diarist tells how he heard Mass at Westminster, and dined with the Abbot, and then went "to see St. Edward's shrine new set up."

There can not therefore be the slightest doubt that the relics of St. Edward still remain in his shrine at Westminster; but the body is no longer in the perfect state in which it was at the earlier translation. At the coronation of James II. a great scaffolding with seats on it was erected in the chapel; and when it was being removed a heavy beam fell on the shrine, broke through the upper arcade and smashed the coffin lid. Before the damage was repaired the interior of the coffin was examined. The body was found to be reduced to a skeleton, and there was a great amount of dust around it. The royal robes had also decayed, but there were pieces of linen and gold-colored silk. The teeth were perfect and there was a gold circlet round the brows. Lying between the shoulder blades where it had fallen from the breast was an enamelled crucifix on a gold chain twenty inches long. The crucifix was given to King James. The coffin was closed, and, for further security, placed in a strong oak chest clamped with iron. Until the veil was lately placed over the shrine, this ironbound chest could be seen from Henry V.'s chantry, an elevated chapel from which one could look down into the interior of the wooden arcades of the shrine.

Such is the history of St. Edward's relics. Their presence at Westminster still makes the desecrated Abbey a holy place for Catholics. Not only on the day of the saint's feast, when they pray there in such numbers, but even on other days one may sometimes see a Catholic separate himself from the crowd of mere sight-seers and kneel at the shrine. No one now living may survive to see it, but surely this

revived devotion to St. Edward at Westminster is a forecast and presage of the day that will yet come when this splendid church will be restored to the worship of the faith in which St. Edward lived and died. He built the great Abbey as a good work in substitution for the pilgrimage to Rome which he had vowed to make, and from which he was dispensed on account of the necessity of his remaining in his kingdom. It is the "Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster." No Englishman dreamed in those times of a little local Church of England in rebellion against the successor of the Prince of the Apostles. We may hope that the day will yet come, through St. Edward's intercession, when his far-famed Abbey will be Catholic once more,—the day when, as a Catholic poet pictures it,

Tudor Henry's fretted walls will sound
To steps and voices meet for hallowed ground;
When that cold altar will receive the Guest
Three centuries absent from His place of rest;
When life and light will banish night and death,
And the great minster breathe with living breath.

Before a Picture of St. Stanislaus.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

The Gazer saith :

HOW fair the painter's hand hath shown
Yon blest, untutored child!—
His brow as bright as marble stone,
His smile so angel-mild;
Those gentle eyes, upturned fore'er
In virgin ecstasies of prayer.
He 'scaped the evil ways of life,
Nor knew the peril nor the strife.

The Seer replieth :

Ah, say not so! Thou ill hast read
The legend of his days:
His heart with anguished sorrow bled,
He fought through weary ways.
No grief his lovely look doth hold,
Nor trace of fires the chastened gold.
For 'tis a gift to virgins given,
To guard on earth this smile of heaven.

A Memory of Oklahoma.

BY M. I. BOARMAN, S. J.

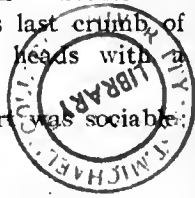
LAST summer I was sent to Oklahoma to give two retreats,—one to the diocesan clergy, and the other to the Sisters who have charge of the Indian mission at Anadarko, a small town at the foothills of the Wichita Mountains. Anadarko has its romance. It received its name from a tribe of Indians who met their fate on a hill hard by the town. The story goes that, years before the advent of the white man, a certain tribe—the Sioux, if I recall rightly,—took to the war-path, having confided their women and children to the protection of the Anadarkos. A false rumor having spread that the Sioux had been defeated in battle, the Anadarkos treacherously massacred their protégés, sparing never a soul, save the daughter of the chieftain, who was given in marriage to one of the braves. The victorious Sioux, upon their return, learning of the treachery, at once attacked the Anadarkos, and annihilated the whole tribe. The mission house, distant about two miles from Anadarko, marks the very spot where both slaughters took place.

My visit to this romantic part of Oklahoma was made in August. Throughout the long sultry days, the blazing heat of the sun was reflected in waves which fairly danced over immaculate fields of cotton and boundless stretches of golden maize. The orchards were all aglow with ripening fruit; and the burdened trees groaned under a heavy weight of apples, peaches, plums, and glistening cherries. Harvesters were busy in the fields, and heavy wagons, filled with freshly garnered grain, lumbered along the country roads. Every evening, as the sun disappeared beyond the mountains, a cooling breeze fresh from the gulf sprang up, and, sprinkling the air with blessings, invited the more timid to come forth and enjoy a respite from the sultry heat. In the

cool of the evenings, I rambled through the wheat fields, or along the banks of the Arkansas, or down to the prairie-dog village. My constant companion and faithful guide on these little outings was Herbert,—and just here I should tell my readers who he was.

Herbert was a half-breed Indian boy of eight summers. He was also a half-orphan. At the time I met him, his father, a full-blooded Indian, had passed to the happy hunting grounds; whilst his mother, a full-blooded white woman, was still tackling the mean earth for a living. And it was, no doubt, to avoid a serious handicap in her struggle for existence that she had placed little Herbert under the care of the mission. The blood in Herbert's veins, like oil and water, refused to mix; and of this fact his conduct was the best evidence. At times the Indian asserted itself, and he was taciturn, alert, secretive, and cunning. The humor would pass, and the Saxon or Celtic blood gain control; and then he was loud, boastful, domineering, and quick to resent a fancied insult. As time wore on, he grew haphazard, like the wild grass indigenous to the soil. But, withal, he was the pet of Father Isidore and the Sisters; and, I might have added, their sorrow too; for he was full of mischief and always in trouble. A score of watchmen could not have kept him under eye, as he was ever on the lookout for something new. Now you would find him skimming the tall grass, chasing a rabbit along the furrows of the vineyard; again, you would hear him singing and shouting as he climbed a high tree to rob a bird's-nest. It would not be long before you would see him dashing around the corner of the house on a pony, or crawling through a broken window pane in the pantry. The chickens and ducks—poor things!—were never quite certain whether he intended to give them his last crumb of corn-cake or crush their heads with a sudden projectile.

Above all things, Herbert was sociable.



and, as his little Indian companions had departed for the parental wigwams, he thought himself justified in associating with the hired workmen, and with the motley Indian idlers who infested the mission. It is no wonder, then, that at the early age of eight years he had acquired a vocabulary and a number of accomplishments which would unfit any boy for entrance into polite society. His outbreaks of temper were, like the cyclones that sweep Oklahoma, sudden and terrible, but of short duration; and followed always by a purified air and a beautiful calm.

One afternoon, as I was seated at my desk in an upper room, I was startled by loud cries and childish wails that proceeded from an outhouse. Hurrying to the window and looking out to find the cause of the commotion, I saw Herbert rush from the shed and across the yard, all in tears, and rubbing his back and legs as if in great pain. Poor boy! he had just received a severe "switch-massage," at the hands of one of the Sisters, in punishment for some ungallant breach of the well-established laws of health. My heart went out for the poor little fellow, and I rushed downstairs to greet him, and to soothe him with kind words and marks of affection. My deep interest was soon rewarded. He ceased to cry, and readily acknowledged that the punishment was well deserved; and promised, though somewhat reluctantly, to forgive, if not forget,—an Indian never forgets.

The better to cheer his wounded heart and make him forget the stings that flesh is heir to, I took him up to my room, and, opening my valise, produced a pair of Scapulars. I explained to him their full meaning. How his dark eyes flashed with delight when I told him that they were to be his own, and that the devout wearing of this Scapular of Our Lady would bring him blessings and make him dear to the Mother of Our Lord! I told him that henceforth she would be to him as a mother. He melted down as I read the prayers from the

ritual and enrolled him. When I had finished, he arose with joy, and, grasping the front piece with both hands, marched downstairs and paraded about the premises as happy as a big chief at an "adoption-dance." He showed his Scapular to all whom he met. After this I took occasion, in our little walks, to instruct him in the catechism; and found, to my great delight, that he had already acquired a fair knowledge of the elements of religion. He was improving every day, and struggling hard to conquer his evil tendencies.

Several times as we trudged along I heard him talking to himself and saying: "I love the Scapular, but I don't love the Sister. Yes, I love the Sister, too, when she is good to me. You think you've got a big-heap head, but I know something too. The Blessed Virgin is my Mother just as much as yours."

On Thursday of the second retreat, Herbert was ordered by Father Isidore, grand superintendent of the mission, to take the dog-cart and haul water to the men who were threshing wheat in the field just across the road. The boy was overjoyed with the importance of the commission, and fulfilled it so well and quickly that he had plenty of time to play. Finally, one of the men suggested to him that he drive down to the water-melon patch and get a melon for the threshers. He had been warned not to leave the field. But boys are boys, you know; and whenever you appeal to their stomach, they easily forget a few things. The patch lay in the centre of the adjoining cotton field. Herbert drove at once as far as the barbed wire fence, and, leaving the horse and cart, slipped under the wires and started on foot for the melon patch. Poor lad! little did he suspect that he had been preceded to the spot by an ugly black bear, which had broken from its chain and had come down from a neighboring farm. They met in the cotton field face to face. The struggle was one-sided, short, but terrific. It was witnessed

by no human eye, heard by no human ear, but the broken stalks, the trampled grass, and the blood-stained ground, proved plainly that the little hero did not lay down his life without a struggle.

His absence was finally noted, the alarm given, and the search begun. Word soon reached the house that Herbert had been killed by a bear. I could not believe it. Seizing a gun, and riding like mad in the direction taken by the men, I came to the fateful spot. But, alas! it was too late. There lay Herbert dead, his face to the earth, and his bleeding body crushed and lacerated by horrid wounds. Eagerly I unbuttoned his little blue waistcoat, and there—thank God!—I beheld resting upon his bosom the Brown Scapular of Our Lady; and I said to myself: "Poor boy! after all, it is well with you." Death is always terrible, come in what shape it may; but I firmly believe that the death of Herbert was his entrance to a better life. I thought of the Scripture, "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul." Had he lived, who knows but that his intense nature and strong passions would have quickly led him into the dark paths that end in eternal death?

The murderous bear was soon found and dispatched with a rifle ball. The body of Herbert was reverently carried to the mission house and dressed, and laid out with all due love and ceremony. Wild flowers were brought by the Indians and placed upon his coffin. Loving friends watched by his side, and many were the fervent prayers offered for the repose of his soul. On the morrow a little funeral train, followed by his mother, Father Isidore and the Sisters, could be seen wending its way to the little Indian cemetery. Here the boy was gently laid out to rest.

The story of Herbert's death will be long handed down in the village; and his little Indian friends will often visit his grave; and, peeping over the wild

grass, look with awe upon the tiny mound of earth, and wonder at the courage of the young brave who, single-handed, fought unto death the big bear of the mountains. And of his resting-place it shall also be writ: "The grass was green above the dead boy's grave, and trodden by feet so small and light that not a daisy drooped its head beneath their pressure. Through all the spring and summer time garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands, rested on the stone; and when the children came to change them, lest they wither and be pleasant to him no longer, their eyes filled with tears, and they spoke low and softly of their poor dead cousin."

A Child's Funeral in Flanders.

BY AUSTIN OATES, K. S. G.

A TINY cot, with draperies of white and blue, occupies a very large space in a very large drawing-room. Nestling within it, midst lace and pillows, peeps forth the sweetest, gentlest of little faces; chubby hands are closed softly over a silver medal of Our Lady, pressing it to the heart that has ceased to beat. Two blue eyes, but faintly dimmed by death, seem to seek the gaze of those two eyes, blurred with fast-falling tears, of the mother whose joy he was, whose loss is hers. How fast those tears fall upon that placid, pallid little face, upon the still rosy lips, and upturned, glassy eyes! A mother's love is in them. God alone can assuage the intense sorrow He has willed to cause.

The patter of many little feet is heard in the hall. A black-robed nun glides softly into the drawing-room with the tiniest of coffins. So tenderly and lovingly she lifts the little one from the cot which that mother bought and decked out with such pride and joy, from which night and morn she sought the little occupant's first greeting and caress. So tenderly.

and lovingly the good Sister wraps him in his snow-white shroud and lays him down in the cot the mother is to see no more.

Still the patter of little feet in the hall, the patter of little feet outside in the roadway. Sister has taken her little charge and has placed it on the smallest of biers; over it she drapes a white and blue pall. Twelve little faces are turned toward the bier, twelve pairs of little eyes much moistened with tears gaze into Sister's eyes, which are also moist. She gives a sign: twelve little hands raise the little bier and hold the white and blue pall; twelve pairs of little feet toddle reverently and slowly down the hall steps, and fall into line behind a group of twelve more little toddlers following the banner of the Confraternity of the Holy Childhood.

How demure is the demeanor and behavior of these little ones! Their curly heads are bare; their little feet keep steady time; their little lips whisper, with those of Sister, prayers as the way to the church is wended. Their little hearts wonder and wonder what has deprived them of a little friend, whose ruddy face and roguish smile they loved to see.

So they bear him to the church. Here are gathered many for the Mass of the Angels. The grey haired and bearded *Suisse* ushers in the procession, and, with the sacristan and beadle, places the children's little charge upon the catafalque, and groups them around it. How gentle is the old ex-gendarme as he handles the little coffin, arranges the wreaths and flowers, and directs the young ones to their places! The organ peals forth. Its notes are not sad ones: there is a jubilant and joyous ring in them. How vividly is depicted the grief and sympathy on these young faces as they watch the countenances of those who owned and lost the little one!

At the Offertory all go to the altar rails to venerate the paten and one and all receive from the hands of the officiating

priest a mortuary memorial card, not bordered in deep black, but in bright blue, white and silver,—typical of an addition to God's choir of angels.

The Mass is over. Preceded by priests and acolytes, the little ones take up their small friend and wend their way to the village cemetery, through lines of sympathetic people, past the school, lined up against which are the school children with heads uncovered and Rosaries in hand. Here, too, are grouped the nuns, all eager to bid a last farewell to one much loved.

The cemetery is reached. Around the grave—so small a grave,—side by side with that of one whose daughter now mourns a mother's first loss, is the grandchild laid; a last look, a long, lingering one from the broken-hearted father; a wondering, anxious glance from the little ones as they cast into the grave the flowers they have brought.

Relieved of their charge—a much prized one,—they turn over their mortuary cards. Therein, indeed, may the sorely-stricken parents find consolation:

“Parents chers, offrez a Dieu vos larmes et vos sanglots, votre enfant cheri prie pour vous, et vous aime. . . Tenez bien votre cœur au ciel où vous avez ce petit saint qui vous attend un jour.”

“Introduire une âme dans le ciel, c'est sauver sa propre âme.” (St. Jac.)

“Dear parents, offer to God your tears and your sobs. Your cherished child prays for you and loves you. . . Keep your hearts fixed on heaven, where this little saint awaits your coming.”

“To introduce a soul into heaven is to save one's own soul.” (St. James.)

SAY what you like, mankind will believe no one but God; and he only need try to persuade mankind who believes that God has spoken to him.—*Anon.*

It is best to follow even the shadow of the best than to remain contented with the worst.—*Dr. Van Dyke.*

The Legend of St. Martin's Summer.

AROUND the memory of great warriors, remarkable saints, and popular heroes, have sprung up those flowers of history which bear the name of "legends." November, coming round once more, reminds us of one of these men,—one who, by his genius, sanctity, and miracles, converted the greater part of Gaul to Christianity,—in a word, the famous St. Martin.

The story of his cloak is generally known: how the young Roman officer, though still a catechumen, on a cold winter's day divided his mantle, and gave half to a shivering beggar. Such is the historical fact; but there has been added a legend, which accounts for that bright, sunny fortnight in November called St. Martin's Summer.

"Silver and gold I have none," said St. Martin; "but what I have I give, in the name of the Lord." At these words, so the legend runs, the earth shook with joy, and nature was suddenly transformed; the sun shone forth and dispelled the clouds; rivers burst their coating of ice; while birds, that had sought their winter refuge, flew out; for they thought spring had come. Then a voice, heard by all, came from heaven: "Martin, because thou hast had pity on this the lowliest of thy fellowmen, I grant thee a foretaste of paradise this day. For I say to thee, all those who here below take pity on the unfortunate shall enjoy in heaven perpetual spring."

And that, says the legend, is the origin of *L'été de la St. Martin*, or St. Martin's Summer. In the United States the same sunny fortnight is known as Indian Summer.

To love one human soul is to have the capacity to love all; and through a great affection for the friend at his side a man reaches out and touches hands with his remotest human kin.—*Anon.*

A Monstrous Accusation.

THE unjust accusation is often made by the secular press—and, truth to tell, is sometimes heard from the lips of ignorant Catholics who pride themselves on their enlightenment—that the Roman Congregations, notably those of the Index and Inquisition, while ignoring every kind of extravagance which errs on the side of credulity, superstition, and fantastic pietism, is ever suspicious of and prompt to condemn anything which makes in the opposite direction—viz., toward intellectual reasoning and progressive thought. An examination of the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," remarks Father Hull, of the Bombay *Examiner*, would show this accusation to be false and unjust; and he cites the following instances to prove that the Church, as the guardian of Christian faith and morals, is solicitous not only to check those excesses which tend to rationalism, scepticism, and under-faith, but also to suppress those which have a tendency to excessive pietism, credulity, and over-faith:

(1) When Henri Lasserre (converted to the Church by his cure at Lourdes) began to undertake a translation of the Scriptures into French, his project met with the greatest encouragement from the then Pope, whose letter of recommendation was actually affixed to the volume when it appeared in print. Nevertheless, no very long interval elapsed before the work was put on the Index, and the reason was chiefly this. The translation was found to be in many places erroneous, not on the rationalistic but on the pietistic side. That is to say, the writer had allowed the teaching of the Church to impose itself on the text, thereby putting into the Scripture a stronger support for Catholic doctrines than the text itself really justified. Thus (to cite an instance from memory) where the Gospel says "Drink ye all of this," Protestants sometimes construe the passage into a command that all, laity included, should partake of the chalice. Lasserre, if we remember right, rendered it, "Drink all ye twelve of this." There is no doubt that the meaning is correct; but the text does not say this.

(2) There is a little devout treatise by a beatified saint (Louis-Marie Grignon de Mont-

fort) which advocates the use of little chains as a badge of slavery to Jesus Christ,—an idea unobjectionable in itself, apart from the dislike which English people have for the word "slavery" in any connection. Apparently instigated by this suggestion, a certain group of people went further and formed themselves into a Confraternity of the Slaves of the Mother of God, and introduced the wearing of little chains as the badge and symbol of this slavery. Although the idea was also capable of a harmless interpretation, Rome condemned the wearing of chains by this confraternity, as something likely either to lead to excess or to be misunderstood.

(3) Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist are both well defined, each having its proper and distinct object. Recently an attempt was made to combine these devotions into one, under the title of "The Association of the Eucharistic Sacred Heart," and certain emblems were invented to embody the idea. This led to a decision from Rome disapproving of the movement. The Inquisition laid down the principles (i) that the cultus of the Sacred Heart in the Eucharist was no improvement on the cultus of the Eucharist taken simply; and (ii) that the cultus paid to the Sacred Heart in the Eucharist differed in no way from the cultus of the Sacred Heart taken simply; (iii) therefore that the new emblems should be forbidden as leading to errors not to be tolerated; and that nothing of these errors should be introduced into the prayers or other devout practices of the faithful.

(4) A Spanish author recently wrote some articles attributing to St. Joseph the privilege of an immaculate conception. These writings, as maintaining a novel pietistic doctrine not according to the faith, were put on the Index on February 20 of the present year.

It would be easy to multiply such instances as these. Times without number, in our own day, the Roman Congregations have condemned superstitions and excesses,—innumerable books, practices, and devotions calculated to mislead the faithful and to bring dishonor on religion. But the unjust accusation is still repeated that the Catholic Church is the fountain-head of credulity and superstition. The charge is more than unjust—it is malicious.

THE convinced convince, the persuaded persuade, as the meek disarm.

Notes and Remarks.

The growth and spread of rationalistic and socialistic literature, which is undoubtedly one of the gravest and most disquieting features of our time, has prompted the Hon. Secretaries of the London Catholic Truth Society to issue an appeal to English-speaking Catholics everywhere for help to counteract the evil, or at least not to suffer the propaganda of error to have it all its own way. The C. T. S. has for some time devoted its attention to the supply of anti-rationalistic literature of a simple and popular character; and has recently appointed a strong subcommittee, under the presidency of Mgr. Parkinson, rector of Oscott College, to provide for the publication of works dealing with the more fundamental points of the socialistic system.

The response to this appeal should be in some degree proportionate to the extent of the evil to be combated. Its magnitude has not been exaggerated. "Publications which assail religion in every shape, and advocate in one form or another a social revolution, entailing consequences which no man of sober judgment can contemplate without dismay, are poured continually from the press; they are bought by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and are read by millions. Undoubtedly their leaven is working far more widely and deeply than many can easily believe; and amongst those whom they affect are known to be a large number of Catholics, especially workmen."

Along with feasting sumptuously and attending football games on Thanksgiving Day, the American people, as recommended by President Roosevelt, would do well to meet in their homes or in their churches, "devoutly to thank the Almighty for the many and great blessings they have received in the past, and to pray that they may be given the strength so to order

their lives as to deserve a continuation of these blessings in the future." And it is unlikely that many sermons preached on Thanksgiving Day will contain anything more worthy of serious reflection on the part of our people than this paragraph of the President's proclamation:

Much has been given us from on high, and much will rightfully be expected of us in return. Into our care the ten talents have been entrusted; and we are to be pardoned neither if we squander and waste them, nor yet if we hide them in a napkin; for they must be fruitful in our hands. Ever throughout the ages, at all times and among all people, prosperity has been fraught with danger; and it behooves us to beseech the Giver of all things that we may not fall into love of ease and of luxury; that we may not lose our sense of moral responsibility; that we may not forget our duty to God and to our neighbor.

In the November issue of the *Catholic World*, Father Searle concludes his interesting papers on "Recent Results of Psychological Research." These paragraphs, among others, will possibly prove illuminative to some of our readers:

The result, so far, of the investigation has been good, in convincing most of those who have taken part in it of the fact of future existence; and, as they have been too busy in this work to determine from the communications much with regard to its character or varied conditions, the tendency has been perhaps as much toward true religion as away from it. Already, indeed, we see indications of a recognition that the Catholic Church has been right in her teaching as to evil spirits, among those who are not so much occupied in verifying the phenomena, but have taken them for granted. And there probably is not much danger of any one constructing a consistent system of doctrine as to our future life from the spiritist communications, even though still believing them to come from departed human souls; for they are so various and even contradictory in themselves, as we have seen, that to construct such a system out of them is practically impossible.

The probability is that our experimenters will finally, and before so very long, discover what the Catholic Church has known all along, that the existence of spirit is distinct from matter is certain and unquestionable; and, furthermore, that psychical influence on our lives is continual, for good or for ill; and that what we have to do, if we wish to be secure, is

not to sneer at the spirits, but, as St. John says, "to try the spirits, if they be of God." We may be fairly sure of this; for no one can go very far in a bold and unrestricted experimental examination into these matters without having his fingers, at least, burned; he will see, as many spiritists have already seen, that it is playing with fire; and to the investigators, as to those who have tried spiritism as a religion, the dangers to morality will become evident. And these investigators are men of high character, as little inclined to vice as fallen man, without special grace from God, is likely to be. When this result comes, they may perhaps find out that there is an institution on this earth, founded and enlightened by God Himself, which has been acquainted from the beginning with this matter that they are investigating, and could have told them and warned them about it before they began.

The one practical conclusion to be drawn from the whole study of the learned Paulist by the ordinary everyday Catholic is: let spiritism severely alone, and don't allow the so-called exposures of the whole system by more or less flippant magaziners to induce you to believe that the system is wholly free from diabolism.

The fifth annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, recently held in Dublin, was the occasion of a brilliant lecture by General Sir William Butler, characterized by Cardinal Logue as both a gallant Irish soldier and a distinguished Irish littérateur. "The value of the lecture," says the *Catholic Times*, "lies in the warning it gives against materialistic as opposed to ideal tendencies. The ordinary view of the superficial observer is that wealth and power and equipments for war are the bases upon which the stability of nations must rest, and the surest guarantees of their endurance. General Butler does not hold that opinion. It is his belief that the salient features of the life of the most powerful nations to-day indicate not progress but ultimate ruin. The wild theories of need and greed, the rivalries of races and countries, and the cynical adoption of the doctrine that might is right, are, he holds, leading men along downward paths to a

cataclysm; and he urges his countrymen to hold fast to the old standards,—the standards of the days of Ireland's earlier Christianity; for faith and patience and a missionary spirit are the seeds of life."

Faith and patience and a missionary spirit! If the General's theory be right, and the antitheses of these qualities be accordingly the seeds of national death, there is more than one country at present tottering all unconsciously to a speedy downfall. And what student of civilization will question the truth of the theory, or can fail to see that history has more than once repeated itself in the ruin as well as the rise of empires and republics?

The process graphically described in a bit of American slang as "eating crow" is becoming a rather familiar one to the governmental authorities in France. More than once or twice since their expulsion of monks and nuns they have been constrained to seek the aid of these religious in works of public utility. The latest case in point is contained in a dispatch to the Vatican to the effect that the French authorities in their Indo-Chinese colony have requested the members of the Catholic religious institutions established there to give help in the nursing of lepers, since it is impossible to find lay attendants willing to undertake the task. If the authorities could only see it, the French religious teachers are fully as badly needed at home, to prevent the spread of the leprosy of crime and immorality, as are the nurses in Indo-China.

Concluding an interesting and all too brief essay on "The Loneliness of Success," in the current *North American Review*, Mr. Arthur C. Benson writes:

And yet the strange thing is that it is rare to find successful men who are not disappointed by the quality of success when it comes. It seems, before a man gains it, so radiant, desirable and sustaining a thing; but seen close, it is apt to prove both wearisome and paltry. Only if a man values the great things of life, such as love and friendship, above the lesser things,

such as honor and credit, can he keep his heart tender and pure. Then he does not lose the balance and the proportion of life, but wears his success only as a robe of state which he is sometimes bound wearily to assume; while his real life is hidden from the world,—the real life, that is, of simple human emotions. Such a one is more grateful for being a man than for being a successful man; and realizes that glory is not a thing to be ensnared and pursued and captured, but that it rather comes unasked and unsought, not as the reward but the consequence of being simply and sincerely himself, and of daring to say what he feels rather than what the world will congratulate him upon and envy him for feeling.

All of which sounds worth while, not to say noble; but none of which gets to the very root of the matter, at least from the Christian viewpoint. Given the premises of Christian faith, there is no logical escaping the conclusion that, in the last analysis, the only really successful man is the saint, and the only irremediable failure the man who dies at enmity with God. And if Mr. Benson opines that the saints—or their closest imitators—are lonely, there is one branch of psychology in which he is lamentably deficient.

As an instance of the reversion of the best modern thought to the sociological doctrines of the Church, we quote the following from the *London Spectator*:

Instinctively, most Socialist theorists have realized that the family is inimical to Socialism, owing to the desire which it creates for the possession of private property, private life, and an existence based on individualism. Therefore the family must be destroyed. But the family can not be destroyed without also the destruction of marriage; for once let a man and woman bind themselves for life and bring up their children in a home, and you have an institution which is bound to shatter the Socialistic ideal. The easy talk about the State being nothing but a great family is based on the falsest of false analogies. But though this instinctive dread of the family as bound to oppose Socialism, if it is allowed scope, may be the chief reason why Socialism has always resulted in the advocacy of some form of promiscuity, open or covert, it is not the only reason why sexual communism has been advocated and is advocated. Though the fact is not admitted or realized by most

Socialists, the demand for Socialism is in reality a throwback to primitive ideas and primitive instincts. The organization of the savage tribe is largely socialistic and communistic. It is true that we also find in the primitive community the beginnings of very strong family institutions, but these are the growing instruments destined to emancipate mankind from the savagery of Socialism. The family was primitive man's path of escape from communism. When, however, man wearies of the struggle toward the light of true civilization, as he does periodically, the idea surges up in his mind that he must retrace his steps. Though he gilds it with the name of Progress, what he really means and desires is to get back to his old savagery, in which all things were common and nothing unclean.

The Church, in safeguarding the family, has been society's mainstay; and in anathematizing divorce, is the life-preserving agency in present-day civilization.

We can not say that we are deeply interested in explanations of the existing objection of Central African tribes to boil the milk of their cattle; but we greatly admire the spirit of Dr. J. G. Frazer, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, having proposed an explanation of this anthropological puzzle—if such it can be called—which he afterward discovered was not original, hastened to send a communication to this effect to *Man* and the *Athenæum*. We quote a portion of his letter:

I thought that the explanation was novel; but since publishing it I find that I have been anticipated by my friend M. Marcel Mauss, who had briefly but clearly given the same explanation in a review of two recent volumes on the Masai by Messrs. Merker and Hollis. Thus if our explanation of the rule ['Seethe not a kid in his mother's milk'] deserves to rank as a discovery, the priority of the discovery certainly belongs not to me, but to M. Mauss. This is the second time of late that views of mine, which I supposed to be novel, have been anticipated by my French friend and fellow-worker. While on my side these anticipations serve only to raise my opinion of M. Mauss' learning and acumen, I am happy to know that on his side they make no difference in his friendly relations to me. I am sending a similar communication to *Man*, and I propose to insert a note to the same effect in the printed report of a paper which I had lately the honor of reading to the

Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres at Paris.

There never was and never can be any conflict between true science and real religion. They are allies, not antagonists. If all scientists and all theologians had the spirit of Dr. Frazer—were more concerned about the triumph of truth than about their personal reputation,—there would doubtless be perpetual peace instead of intermittent warfare between the brethren devoted to science and the brethren versed in theology.

Events move so rapidly in our day that the newspapers of a year ago are practically chronicles of ancient history; but if one recalls the sage lucubrations put forth by some of our able editors last year anent the forthcoming establishment of a national (not Roman) Catholic church in France, one feels inclined to ejaculate the Gallicism, "It is to laugh." *Gil Blas*, the atheistic Parisian journal, does laugh, in this wise:

It is scarcely a year ago since the Pope forbade the formation of associations culturelles, thus inspiring M. des Houx, of the *Matin*, with the brilliant idea of founding a new church, Catholic, Apostolic and French. This project made a great noise in the morning journals, according to which the whole of France was about to unite in the extraordinary exploit of separating itself from the Pope and still remaining Catholic. To-day the "Catholic, Apostolic and French" church of M. des Houx has given up the ghost, after dragging on a wretched existence for a few months. It is true that one or two associations culturelles were formed, and scandalous scenes were witnessed in the chapel of the Barnabites in the Rue Legendre, where schismatic and interdicted priests officiated. This "Church of France" was neither militant nor triumphant; it was something without a name,—it was nothing. It was condemned before it was born. There are probably a thousand religious sects and systems in the world to-day. Anybody who chooses can found a religion. In the domain of religion one can do as one wills, always saving and excepting one thing—remain a Catholic while repudiating the sovereignty of the Pope and the hierarchy of the Church. For the Catholic Church is one and entire in its hierarchy and tradition. It is open to you to believe in God and Jesus Christ

without being a Catholic; but if you do not believe in the Infallibility of the Pope and the sanctity of the Catholic Church, you are not a Catholic. Thus one can not help smiling at the naïveté of a handful of people who dreamt of founding a rival Catholic Church which should be French and not Roman.

Not less amusing is the naïveté of the non-Catholic critics who now profess to believe that the up-to-date Modernists are going to prevail against the teaching Church that has survived hundreds of just such heresies.

An apparatus for measuring thunderstorms, which have hitherto eluded all attempt at measurement, has now been devised by Prof. de Guillén Garcia, of Barcelona. We find mention of it in the Research Notes of the *Athenæum*. Taking advantage of the fact that every flash of lightning, however feeble, generates electric waves, the professor has established in his laboratory an instrument which registers, on a receiver equipped with a Morse recorder, every flash occurring within a distance of one thousand kilometres. This, however, which he calls a *ceraunograph*, does not permit him to distinguish between several storms occurring at the same time; and for this purpose he makes use of another instrument, which he calls the *ceraunophone*, and which appears to be a modification of the loud-speaking telephone. Thanks to this apparatus, he claims to be able to distinguish storms occurring at a distance even greater than that mentioned above, and, further, to say whether they are approaching or receding from the point of observation.

While one is used to hearing of polyglot attendance in the schools of New York or Chicago, it is surprising to read in the Boston *Pilot* a paragraph like this:

Twenty-four nationalities are represented in the Bowdoin primary school, Boston, as follows: American, Italian, Greek, German, Dutch, Jewish, English, Irish, Scotch, French, Canadian, French-Canadian, Swedish, Armenian, Danish, Negro, Portuguese, Swiss, Polish, Finnish, Hun-

garian, Welsh, Norwegian, Roumanian. The expressions, English, Irish, Swedish, etc., are to be taken literally: they don't mean, as formerly, American descendants of foreign-born parents. The master of the school expresses his pleasure to be in this position, adding: "It makes an optimist of me. I believe now that when one race is ahead of another, it is due merely to incidental circumstances. I have come to the conclusion that all human beings are potentially able."

A very sensible conclusion, and one which is usually the outcome of wide reading or extensive travel. There is no surer sign of a narrow, illiberal, and defective culture than the ridiculous chauvinism that identifies patriotism with the depreciation of every other country and race than one's own.

Recent Australian exchanges give interesting reports of the celebration of Archbishop Carr's Silver Jubilee as prelate. In an appreciation of the Archbishop's character, the *Austral Light* has this illuminative paragraph:

In connection with the material progress of the Archdiocese, one gift which had no small share in the phenomenal success is his love for evangelical poverty. Those who know him best assure us that his hatred of money is as great as his fear of debt; that he takes a positive delight in emptying his purse on every foundation stone which he lays, and at the opening of every building which he consecrates to the service of God. And this is so exceptionally rare a gift that the inspired writer (*Eccclus.*, xxxi) wonders where or in whom it can be found. "Blessed is the rich man that . . . hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in money nor in treasures. Who is he, and we will praise him? For he hath done wonderful things in his life."

Quite corroborative of the foregoing is this statement from another exchange: "The sum of £8000 was presented to the jubilarian. But Dr. Carr, personally, does not benefit a penny; for £6,746 went to clear the debt on the Cathedral Hall; the rest his Grace gave toward the primary school system of the Archdiocese." In the light of such facts as these, the wonderful extension and growth of the Church in Australia becomes thoroughly intelligible.

Notable New Books.

Free-Will and Four English Philosophers—Hobbes, Locke, Hume, and Mill. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

It was a happy inspiration that moved Father Rickaby to publish these pages, written, as he tells us, more than thirty years ago. The very fact that so great a thinker, after so much time given to reflection, and with so vast an experience in teaching, maintains substantially the same opinion on the subject treated, commends his work strongly to the attention of the reader. Father Rickaby takes successively each of the philosophers mentioned, clearly exposes the theory of each in his own words, and points out its merits and defects. Nor is his criticism purely negative; for side by side with their theories he advances his own. For him a volition is fundamentally the reflexive acceptance of a motive by the conscious self,—a theory which, we believe, contains a great deal of truth.

Although it does not present the didactic method of a text-book, the present work, by reason of the plan adopted by the author, is clear; and the student who is already acquainted with the general elements of the problem will find it interesting, enlightening, and stimulating.

A Day with Mary. By Caryl Coleman. The Fleming Press. New York.

Almost liturgical in its simplicity and unction is this compilation of "verses, prayers, and words of praise in honor of our Blessed Lady." There is a tribute of chivalrous respect to the Queen of Heaven in the very choice of paper, in the artistic arrangement of matter, in the rubricated initials; while in the versicles, responses, etc., one traces Mary's life from her being in the thought of the Father to the supreme hour of divine motherhood. The verses quoted carry out the spirit of this love of Our Lady, thus showing the oneness of heart of all who feel her sway. From St. Luke to Sir Edwin Arnold is a far cry, and yet these mark the time limits of the world's praises to Mary. It seems ungracious to note a flaw in so fair a volume, but there is an evident misprint in line fifth, page twelve.

The Princess of Gan-Sar. By Andrew Klar-mann. Fr. Pustet & Co.

This is a Biblical novel, with Mary Magdalene as the heroine, and Judas Iscariot as the villain irredeemable. The dominant impression which one receives from the book is that Magdalene's character and conduct are painted in colors

a good deal lighter, and Judas' in colors considerably darker, than it has been the custom to use in presenting their portraits. Not, of course, that any tints could be too black for the traitorous Apostle in his later days, or too bright for Magdalene after her conversion; but the account given of the earlier careers of both is undoubtedly at variance with prevalent opinion. Frankly, we do not like either picture. As for Magdalene, the traditional penitent is a more touching and efficacious example to present to erring womankind than is the Bowdlerized substitute proffered to us here; and the Saviour's mercy is anything but enhanced by the substitution.

For the rest, the story is well told; and if the number of characters is great enough to become somewhat unwieldy and embarrassing, one's presumed acquaintance with Holy Writ helps one to avoid getting bewildered. The narrative is of generous length—421 pages,—and the publishers have given the book exceptionally attractive binding. It is not, be it said further, a novel for young readers.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. Vols. II. and III. By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. B. Herder.

It is now five years since the first volume of this excellent series of Papal biographies was offered to a public that proved exceptionally appreciative of the scholarly work therein represented. That first series dealt with the Roman Pontiffs who reigned while Italy was under the domination of the Lombards, and concluded with the life of Hadrian I. The present volumes discuss the Popes who ruled the Church while the Carolingians, the conquerors of the Lombards, held the reins of empire; and comprise the biographies of the Pontiffs from Leo III. (795–816) to Stephen VI. (885–891) inclusively. Between these two Popes, in the space of seventy years, no fewer than thirteen occupants filled the Chair of Peter; and the reader's interest in the present work may be stimulated by glancing over the list of their names: Stephen V., Paschal I., Eugenius II., Valentine, Gregory IV., Sergius II., St. Leo IV., Benedict III., St. Nicholas I., Hadrian II., John VIII., Marinus I., and Hadrian III.

As will be seen, some of the Pontiffs with whom Father Mann's new volumes have to do were exceptionally notable rulers; and the history of the Papacy in their day forms a most interesting narrative, apart from the philosophical insight which an attentive perusal thereof affords into questions that have been a continuous matter of controversy from their day to ours. The False Decretals, for instance, receive adequate treatment in connection with

the life of Nicholas I.; and this concluding paragraph of the chapter devoted to Benedict III. would effectively dispose of the fabled female pope, even if the unhistoric character of the story regarding her were not now universally admitted:

"Although Benedict reigned so short a time, a comparatively large number of his coins are extant,—almost as large a number as of any Pope up to the days of John XXII. (1316-1334.) At least five denarii of this Pope are known. All of them bear on the obverse the names of Benedict Papa and S. Peter. On the reverse, three of them bear the name of Louis, with the addition of Pius, or Imp. (*imperator*), or both. But two bear on the reverse the words 'Hlotharius Imp. Pius.' These last-mentioned coins furnish one of the conclusive arguments against the pontificate of a Pope Joan. As Leo IV. died on July 17, 855, and the Emperor Lothaire on September 28, 855, and as the coin shows Benedict and Lothaire, Pope and Emperor, alive together, it can not be that a Pope Joan, or any other Pope, had, as pretended, a reign of over two years between Leo IV. and Benedict III."

The stylistic excellences of lucid expression, orderly sequence, and nervous statement observable in Father Mann's former work are again visible in these later volumes: they will be found thoroughly readable. As for their worth to the literature (English, at least) of the Papacy, there can be no question. The period which they cover is one comparatively untouched; and the author will probably receive from the present occupant of the Papal throne as cordial thanks for his latest series as were proffered to him on the publication of his first volume, by Leo XIII.

Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. Browne & Nolan.

This course of lectures, delivered before the Irish Literary Society of London, well merited reproduction in the substantial book-form in which, thanks to Mr. O'Brien, we now possess the interesting series.

Students of Irish history will find much in these carefully prepared and quasi-authoritative discourses to interest them; and, if they be Irish students, very much to gratify them as well. "1641," in particular, puts rather a new face on a matter which has been persistently misrepresented by nine out of every ten Englishmen who have written about it. Philip Wilson, M. A., discussing in "Strafford" a "judgment concerning toleration in religion," drawn up and published by the Protestant prelates of Ireland, with Archbishop Usher at their head; remarks that "it may be commended to the

attention of those pious persons who are accustomed to declaim against the bigotry of the Vatican." Here is one paragraph of the judgment in question: "The religion of the Papists is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine, erroneous and heretical; their Church, in respect to both, apostatical. To give them, therefore, a toleration, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine is a grievous sin, and that in two respects. . . ." In contradistinction to this, Arthur Houston, K. C., LL. D., states: "No Protestant ever suffered persecution at the hands of the native Irish in Ireland; and when Protestants fled from persecution, in the reign of Queen Mary, to Ireland, they were harbored and protected by the Irish Catholics."

The notes appended to the several lectures give useful references to original sources; and, typographically, the volume is a good specimen of book-making.

Home for Good. By Mother M. Loyola, of Bar Convent, York, England. Edited by Father Thurston, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Mother Loyola certainly knows girls, and in none of her books has she shown this insight as regards their character more than in the present volume. The instructions are meant to cover a most critical period in the young girl's life—namely, the years following her departure from school. The subjects touched upon pertain to a young woman's home duties as well as to her social obligations. Books and friends, works of charity, temptations, worldliness, vocation,—all are presented in a concrete way, and are illustrated by examples which bear Mother Loyola's lessons home. We commend this book to mothers and teachers as well as to the young girl who is "home for good."

The Life of Blessed Julie Billiart. By a Sister of Notre Dame. Benziger Brothers.

The life of the saintly foundress of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame (of Namur) holds a special interest in our times; for she seems to have been inspired with a knowledge of the needs of this materialistic age. "Seek first in all things what will make your salvation secure," is the keynote of her teaching. It was the keynote of her own life as well. However filled with duties, however burdened with care her days, she always found time to seek assistance in the performance of her duties, and consolation in her trials, at the foot of the altar.

Verily, Mother Julie's vocation was "for all over the world"; and her spiritual daughters are to-day enjoying the blessed fruits of her labors, her prayers, her heroic sacrifice.

Fairy Young Folk

Count Joseph's Precious Stones.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

COUNT RUDOLF sat at the festive board
In his old baronial hall,
Where the face of many an ancestor
Looked down from the pictured wall.

And thus to the trusty page he said,
Who waited beside his knee:
"Go, take my casket of jewels rare,
And bring it hither to me."

He poured them out in a glittering flood,
He lifted them one by one;
Each gem, scarce dimmed by the light of day,
Shone out like a lesser sun,—

Sapphires, that held in their crystal hearts
The blue of the summer sky;
Emeralds, green as the grassy turf
Where a streamlet wanders by;

Rubies, red as the passionate blood
In the soldier's heart of fire;
Pale opals, in whose quivering depths
Lay a spell and a weird desire;

Diamonds, that caught their lordly blaze
From burning tropic sand.
Count Rudolf turned to the quiet guest
Who sat at his brave right hand.

(A noble brow had the stranger, marked
With many a thoughtful line);
"These are *my* jewels," Count Rudolf said;
"Count Joseph, what are thine?"

Count Joseph raised his earnest face,
Wide glanced his luminous eye.
"Thy jewels, my friend, are rich and rare,
But richer by far am I.
"Two only of precious stones have I;
Yet why should I care for more,
Since these, in their worthiness passing price,
Outvalue thy princely store?"

Count Rudolf rose from his chair of state
With a glance of hot disdain;
The gems he swept from the glittering board,
The casket he locked again;

And thus to his guest: "My horsemen wait:
If it please thee, let us go;
For I would look on thy jewels twain
Ere the morrow's sun be low."

And over many a winding way
They journeyed side by side,
Till, worn with travel and gray with dust,
They came to a valley wide.

Count Joseph stayed his panting steed
At the brow of a sloping hill,
Where just below, in the peaceful shade,
Stood an ancient, moss-grown mill.

He stretched his hand with a noble grace
To the toiling millstones gray.
"These are my precious stones," he said,
"Unresting night or day.

"From many a score of bounteous fields
Is brought the golden grain;
Bread fills a thousand rustic boards,
And peace and plenty reign."

Count Rudolf heard, but spake no word,
Turned homeward without rest;
And the poor who learned to bless his name,
Blessed, too, his stranger guest.

Saving the Fragments.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked a busy man one day who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject. "Oh!" said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way; and, of course, they count up at the end of the year."

Boy-Martyrs of England.



T was a common though erroneous belief throughout medieval Europe that the Jews of that period not only permitted but enjoined the death by crucifixion of a male child on each Good Friday, in scorn and mockery of the death of Christ. That such impression was wrong is now universally conceded; but that many Christian children in various countries were martyred by Jews in contempt of the Faith of Christ is undoubtedly true. Several cases are recorded by old chroniclers as having occurred in England, and two of these boy-martyrs have long been regarded as placed among the saints.

The young saint, William of Norwich, was an apprentice to a tanner of that city. He was only eleven or twelve years of age, and was the son of poor country people. He was a good boy, much devoted to the observances of the Church, and fervent in prayer. It was in Stephen's reign, some say in 1137, others in 1144, that the little lad was decoyed from his employer's house to the abode of some Jews, and there mocked, bound, and crucified. His left side was also pierced.

The account of the boy's martyrdom came from a Jew who later became a Christian; but the monks of Norwich, who discovered the child's dead body, found on it the marks of his cruel sufferings. Some there were, even then, in the midst of the popular indignation roused by the infamous crime, who contended that there was no martyrdom at all; but the monks held that the boy was a martyr, like the Holy Innocents,—not because of sufferings but because he had died for Christ.

The English chronicler relates: "The Jews of Norwich tortured a Christian child with the same torments with which Our Lord was tortured, and afterward buried him. They thought it would be hidden, but Our Lord manifested that

he was a holy martyr. The monks took him and buried him honorably in the minster; and he performs, through Our Lord, wonderful miracles, and is called Saint William." The English calendars commemorate Saint William on the 24th of March.

The circumstances attending the martyrdom of Saint Hugh of Lincoln were similar to those narrated above, save that Saint Hugh was condemned to death at a mock trial, at which Jews from all parts of England were present. One of them, named Joppin, who had taken part in the trial and subsequent death, confessed the crime. Many Jews were arrested, but the majority were released through the intercession of the monks. In no case in England, save in that of the little Saint Hugh, did any Jew suffer for such crimes. The body of the martyr was interred in Lincoln's beautiful minster, and the cult of Saint Hugh grew rapidly. His tomb was for centuries a favorite place of pilgrimage. To it, we are told, came lonely women and mothers grieving over the pains or sins of their children, so that his fame waxed greater than that of any Lincolnshire saint. Saint Hugh was martyred in 1255.

Of much higher rank than Saints Hugh and William was Saint Kenelm, the boy-king of Mercia, one of the seven kingdoms of the English heptarchy. He was, we are told, "small in age but great in mind and piety," when the death of his father gave him the throne. His guardian was his ambitious sister Quindride, who coveted the kingdom for herself. This unscrupulous woman hired a ruffian to take the life of the innocent boy. He was murdered singing the *Te Deum*, and fell dead as he repeated the words, "the white-robed army of martyrs." His body was hidden

In Clent cow-pasture under thorn.

But a ray of heavenly light revealed its whereabouts, and the young King was buried in Winchcombe in Gloucester. Many miracles proved his sanctity; and

Kenelm took a place among England's saintly kings, while his unnatural sister was driven from the kingdom she had sinned to gain. Saint Kenelm's death took place in 820. In Clent valley, where the saint met his death, there is yet a well bearing his name.

Another English King bears the name of Edward the Martyr; though perhaps his claim to such title is, in the strictest sense, doubtful. Not so, however, is his claim to our regard as a saint. The young Edward—he was but thirteen—succeeded to the English throne in 975. Monastic writers of his own age and later historians agree in enumerating his virtues—his purity of mind and body, his prudence and modesty, his clemency and charity. They dwell, too, on his gifts to the poor during the famine of the years following his accession to the throne, on his tender affection for his younger brother, and on the respect and deference he paid his step-mother Elfrida.

This Queen had plotted to secure the throne for her own son; but at a great council of the nation Saint Dunstan had pleaded Edward's cause with such force and eloquence that he was unanimously chosen King. Three years went by peacefully and happily. The youthful King went out hunting one day, and, in kindly courtesy, stopped at Corfe-Castle, the residence of his stepmother; and while drinking of a stirrup cup from Elfrida's hand he was stabbed to death by servants—"acting," says an ancient historian, "under the Queen's command." Many miracles attested the dead youth's holiness; and the day of his death—the 18th of March—was observed for long years as a national holiday.

The reign of Elfrida's son was singularly unfortunate. He proved a weak and worthless ruler, and pestilence and famine aggravated the horrors of Danish warfare.

THE Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XI.—THE FERSENS.

As Whirlwind approached Martha's house, after leaving the Works, her courage began to fail her. She hesitated whether to enter the garden by the front or rear entrance, fearing to meet the guests on her way. At last she came to the conclusion that they would be in their own part of the dwelling, regulating their effects; and, opening the gate, she began to walk quickly toward the kitchen.

But she had chosen the wrong path. They were all in the back garden, drinking tea; and Martha was with them, as much at ease as though she had always known them. A jealous pang shot through Whirlwind's heart; she would have run away again, if she could have done so without being seen. And yet it all looked so pleasant and homelike that she longed to be in the happy group. Under the outspreading branches of four oak trees that formed a square, a table had been placed, and the family were gathered around it in a pleasant group.

The little girl was the first to see the visitor.

"What a pretty little thing!" she said in a whisper to her mother. "It must be the one Martha has told us about."

Martha turned quickly, rose from her seat, and, hurrying forward, took Whirlwind by the hand.

"Come, my dear! I am so glad you came to-day!" she said. "The folks are eager to make your acquaintance."

There was nothing to do now but to respond to the invitation. They were all smiling. Whirlwind endeavored to smile also, but she felt so embarrassed that she dared not look about her.

"This is my dear nursling, my little Whirlwind," said Martha. "You will all be such good friends!"

Everybody rose expectantly to welcome

the child. The gentle lady put her arms about her and kissed her.

"I am Mrs. Fersen," she said; "and this is Mr. Fersen; and the boy is Alfred, and the girl Bessie. Now sit down with us, dearie, and have a cup of tea."

Whirlwind shrank back: she was not prepared for all this friendship.

"I just came for a minute to see Martha," she said. "I think I must go back very soon."

But the lady made room, beckoned to her daughter to get another cup and saucer, and, taking the child by the hand, seated her beside her at the table. Whirlwind was touched; she could almost have wept to know that some one desired her company. However, she did not feel hungry, and ate very little of the hot, buttered muffins her hostess placed on her plate.

"You are not eating, dearie," said Martha, who had been observing her closely.

"I am not hungry; I have just had my luncheon," she replied, resolved that she would not sail under false colors with her new acquaintances. "When I went home, Martha," she explained, "Cousin Ellery had a letter there for me from papa. But she would not give it to me, and I took it from the table as quickly as I could and ran away."

"Where did you go?" inquired Martha, gravely; while the boy and girl looked at each other in amazement.

"I ran up to the loft, and went to sleep. After a while Miss Allen came and had Minnie bring me some luncheon. Then I came over here. I wanted to ask you, Martha, whether it wasn't right to take my own letter?"

Martha looked distressed.

"Everything seems to be wrong over there," she replied. "I can't think, though, my dear, that you ought to have taken the letter."

"Why wouldn't your cousin permit you to have it?" asked Mrs. Fersen.

"I don't know her at all," answered

Whirlwind. "She only came to stay while papa is away. And she doesn't like me; does she, Martha?"

"It would seem not," was the old woman's answer. "But you are not blameless, Whirlwind."

"First she began by saying that she would never call me by the name papa gave me, but that I must be called Angela. That is my real name; but it reminds him of mamma—for it was hers,—and it makes him feel sad to hear it. I told Cousin Ellery I would not be called Angela, but that did not make any difference to her. Then she said I must have my hair plaited, and I wouldn't. And so I am not to eat in the dining-room until I do, and I never will!"

"How long has this state of things been going on?" inquired Mrs. Fersen, gently.

"She has been here only three days," replied the child.

"And how long is your cousin likely to stay?"

"Three months, at least," said Martha. "And I have told the child it would be so much better to do as her cousin wishes, unless she is determined to have war in the household all the time."

"Has she children of her own?" said Mr. Fersen.

"No, sir," rejoined Whirlwind. "She is good to children though, Miss Allen says. She never sees them: they are poor children; but she gives money to take care of them. I should think they would all be glad Cousin Ellery never goes to see them."

"Is it Miss Ellery Pine Melloden, the philanthropist, who is your cousin?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know whether she is a philanthropist or not," said Whirlwind. "But she is very cross and hateful."

"Admitting that what you say is true, my dear," said Mrs. Fersen, "would not your father wish you to be obedient to your cousin while you are in her charge?"

"Yes; he told me to be," answered Whirlwind. "But he didn't want her to

call me Angela, and he *likes* my hair this way."

"Só do I," said Mr. Fersen. "Yet, for the sake of peace in the household, it would be better to do as she wishes."

But Whirlwind shook her head, and pushed back her chair.

"I think I must go now," she said. "I have to write to papa to-night, and it takes me a long time to think what to say. I'll have to pretend I'm not lonesome and that everything is going on all right, and it will be very hard to do that. I suppose Cousin Ellery will tell him every blessed thing, though. Thank you very much! I hope I shall see you all again."

"Of course you will see us again. You must come over every day, if your cousin will allow it," said the father. "I would like to sketch you, my little girl."

"Thank you!" replied Whirlwind. "But if you are all going to be on Cousin Ellery's side—and Martha is,—I *can't* come." And, throwing her arms about Martha's neck, she began to weep bitterly. The old woman led her away, the younger woman followed them.

"Poor little thing!" said the father. "She is an odd child. I wish she had a firm but loving mother to guide her. Men do not know how to take care of girl-children."

Alfred and Bessie whispered softly to each other as they began to clear away the tea things. Mrs. Fersen led Whirlwind to her sitting-room.

"I want to show you something," she said. She paused before a beautiful photograph of the Madonna, seated in front of the house at Nazareth, the Infant Jesus standing beside her, learning to read from a scroll of parchment.

"My dear," observed the lady, "here you see the Son of God and the Creator of all things performing a childish task at His Mother's knee. He was always obedient, always docile, always an example to every child."

"Yes," said Whirlwind, pushing back her hair, "I know that. It is a lovely

picture, and the Infant Jesus could never do wrong, of course. But if I had such a sweet Mother to obey, I would do it. She would not be cross or unreasonable. It isn't the same thing at all."

"Your cousin is in the place of your parents."

"God never meant her to have little girls, so He didn't send her any. Our Lord would not ask me to do the foolish things Cousin Ellery wants."

"If you would only give up in this one instance, I feel sure your cousin would be quite agreeable in future."

"If you had ever seen her or heard her talk you wouldn't think that, Mrs. Fersen," replied the child. "It sets my very teeth on edge only to hear her speak, and I *can't* think why papa—" a fresh burst of tears interrupted her; again she rested her head on Martha's shoulder.

"There, there, dearie!" said the old woman. "I think I must go up and see Cousin Ellery,—perhaps to-morrow."

"No, no! Don't come, Martha!" cried the child. "She will only be mean to you, and say I can't come here any more. And then you won't let me; for you want me to obey her. Don't come, Martha!"

"Very well, then; I won't."

"We hope to see you often," said Mrs. Fersen, smoothing the wayward locks. "Come every day, if you can. My boy and girl read and draw a good deal. Perhaps you would like to join them."

"Yes, I'll come," answered Whirlwind. "At first I thought Martha wouldn't want me,—that she wouldn't love me any more when she had the other children. But now I think she will, and I am sure I'll like to be with them. But you mustn't ask me to plait my hair; for that will make me lose my temper. And when I lose it, I am awful. Isn't it so, Martha?"

Before the old woman could answer, Whirlwind had bent forward, kissed the faces of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother in the picture, and fled from the room.

"Dear child!" said Mrs. Fersen. "There ought to be some way of putting things

straight for her. Her cousin must have an unfortunate disposition."

"She will never make Whirlwind obey unless she changes her methods," said Martha, wiping her eyes. "She has been spoiled, no doubt; but she has been motherless nearly all her life. No one has ever been cross with her before."

"Never mind," rejoined her guest. "We shall put her in the Rosary to-night, and shall be very kind to her. I hope, after a while, we shall be able to make her see that she is at fault. She seems very frank and affectionate."

"She is both," said Martha. "With you and your dear children, ma'am, I hope soon to see her happy once more. But as to her getting on with her cousin, I scarcely look for it."

When Whirlwind reached home, she went directly to her cousin's room.

"May I speak to you, Cousin Ellery?" she asked.

"Yes; sit down. I hope you have come to say you are sorry for your conduct, Angela," she answered coldly, in the voice that so exasperated Whirlwind.

"First, Cousin Ellery, if you will promise not to call me Angela, and don't make me have my hair plaited, I will be as good—as good, and do everything the way you want it."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Cousin Ellery. "Miss Allen, come here!" (The secretary made her appearance from behind a screen.) "Here is this impertinent child trying to make a bargain with me as to what she shall and shall not do, and what I shall and shall not do; as though she were a young queen, instead of a saucy, twelve-year-old girl that has been spoiled out of all reason. But I have something here that will settle your case effectually, I think, my girl," she continued, turning to Whirlwind. "I telegraphed your father immediately after luncheon, telling him that you refused to obey. I did this, fearing he might be so placed for a time that he would not receive a letter. This is his answer."

She handed Whirlwind a yellow slip of paper containing these words:

"Must obey, implicitly."

As Whirlwind read the telegram, the room seemed to spin round, and everything turned yellow before her eyes. Her hand trembled, as in a choking voice she asked:

"What does 'implicitly' mean, Cousin Ellery?"

"It means *absolutely*,—that you must do what I tell you in all things."

For a moment Whirlwind stood looking at her cousin. At length she said:

"I want to ask you why, when your name is Melloden, you wrote to papa, 'Ellery Pine.' I saw the torn-up letter in the waste-basket."

"My name is Ellery Pine Melloden," replied the astonished spinster. "I have always done it with intimate friends, because it was my mother's name, for one thing; and there are other reasons that I do not need to explain."

"One reason is enough," said Whirlwind. "If you can do that, I have a right to be called what I please. Papa doesn't know *how* I have been disobedient. You could not have explained in a telegram."

"Come, come!" rejoined her cousin, impatiently. "Either you obey me, or I shall write to your father and tell him I feel obliged to treat you with the greatest severity. You may choose between a quiet, normal life for the next three months, or making everybody, including your absent father, very uncomfortable."

Whirlwind began to tear the yellow paper in her hand into long, narrow pieces. When she had finished, she crumpled them together; and, still holding them, walked slowly from the room without another word.

(To be continued)

A LITTLE girl being asked by her Sunday school-teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered: "I don't know, ma'am; but I guess they dried themselves first."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Another volume of sermons by Father Bernard Vaughan, entitled "Society, Sin, and the Saviour," is among Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.'s new books.

—Scientific journals notice with regret the death, at the age of seventy-six, of Prof. Domenico Capozzi, of Naples. He was the author of several valuable works on pathological subjects.

—Part II. of "Leading Events in the History of the Church," the excellent series written for children by the Sisters of Notre Dame, deals with the early Middle Ages,—from the sixth to the eleventh century inclusively. Bound in stiff paper covers. R. & T. Washbourne, publishers.

—The *American Ecclesiastical Review* announces that Benziger Brothers are to bring out, early next year, the first volume of an English text-book on Moral Theology, by Father T. Slater, an English Jesuit. Such a work, in the vernacular, will be something of a novelty; but the *Review*, an excellent authority on the subject, predicts for it a wide field of usefulness.

—In its notice of a collection of extracts from Newman by a well-known Catholic author, the *Athenæum* expresses surprise that he did not put "The Idea of a University" under contribution; and adds: "There is no finer passage in Newman, there are few finer in the range of English literature, than the famous 'character of a gentleman.'"

—While Catholic daily paper under the immediate control of the ecclesiastical authorities may not impress the man on the street as the best possible evolution of the modern press, still it will clearly be a decided gain over existing conditions; and hence Quebec Catholics, in whose city the paper is to be published, may well be congratulated.

—A very attractive picture is placed before the reader in the introduction to "True Historical Stories for Catholic Children," by Josephine Portuondo. (H. L. Kilner.) We see a mother telling the stories to her children, the firelight showing the wonder in their eyes as they listen to the loved voice. The historical characters pictured range from Constantine to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Pepin to Samuel de Champlain. History taught in this way can never be forgotten.

—More and more is the "uplift of the Psalms" coming to be recognized; and those who have felt the influence of these sacred songs—for they

were the hymns of the ancient Hebrews—will agree with Dr. Van Dyke, who says: "They touch all sides of human experience, and vibrate with distinct yet blended notes of joy and grief, hope and fear, faith and doubt, penitence and praise." All this is apropos of a neat edition of "The Psalter; or, Book of Psalms in Latin and English," Douay Version, just published by Benziger Brothers.

—"The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick," written by Katherine Tynan, with pictures by L. D. Symington, and a foreword by Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler, is an artistically unique tribute to Erin's great Saint and Apostle. It is dedicated lovingly

To exiled folk that roam,
And to the happier ones at home.

The fair, broad pages, with emerald borderings and mystical illustrations, make one think of the old Arthur books, and we can but echo the author's closing couplet:

Blessed St. Patrick, sweet St. Bride,
Bless this book and scatter it wide!

—A priest of rare culture was the late Canon Friedrich Schneider, whose death, in his seventy-second year, is announced from Mayence. He was the author of a large number of valuable works on art, and exercised great influence on questions affecting the restoration of many of the principal German churches. It was mainly owing to his exertions that the famous Roman remains of the Saalburg were properly cared for. His best-known works are: "Baugeschichte des Mainzer Doms," "Kleine Studien über mittelalterliche Elfenbein- und Emailwerke," and "Theologisches zu Rafael."

—On the cover of Benziger's *Catholic Home Annual for 1908*, an angel bearing an olive branch raises the curtain which separates the Old and the New Year; beyond the curtain is the Holy Family. Here is a happy augury indeed; and those who realize in their lives the conditions thus symbolized, will be thrice blessed. The annual is, as usual, an almanac, Church calendar, and literary treat combined. Several well-known writers are represented in this popular year-book. The present issue, however, impresses us as being less interesting than former ones.

—Monsignor John J. ... in a comprehensive preface to "Praying-Stones to Heaven," says: "As when a day's hard work is before us, a little walk and breath of morning air will help to carry us through, so this little taste of the

'Imitation' and the thought of a saint may be a spiritual tonic for the day." Here we have an idea of the book and its purpose. The compiler, Evelyn L. Raymond-Barker, has arranged thoughts for each day of the year, drawing from the treasury of the "Imitation" and the Lives of the Saints for the theory and practice of everyday piety. This little book of inspiration is supplied in the United States by Benziger Bros.

—If the supply of ultra-Protestant fiction has fallen off in recent years, it is doubtless because the demand and encouragement are not so great as formerly. The time has happily gone by for this sort of literature. It no longer finds favor with the general public, and even the secular press is now disposed to denounce it. Of a recently published tale with a prevalent anti-Catholic flavor, the *Publishers' Circular* says: "As an attack on the Roman Church, it is full of bad manners, ill-temper, and uncharitableness. The only possible effect we can conceive it will have upon intelligent readers is to prejudice them against the particular form of religion it wishes to glorify." And the *London Tribune*, in concluding a scornful notice of another such production, remarks: "For the sinful soul, this book may be recommended as a salutary penance."

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.

- "A Day with Mary." Caryl Coleman. 60 cts., net.
- "The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. II. and III. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.
- "Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649." Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. \$1.50, net.
- "The Life of Blessed Julie Billiart." A Sister of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.
- "Home for Good." Mother M. Loyola. \$1.25, net.
- "Free-Will and Four English Philosophers—Hobbes, Locke, Hume, and Mill." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.25, net.

- "The Princess of Gan-Sar." Andrew Klarman. \$1.50, net.
- "Stepping-Stones to Heaven." 60 cts., net.
- "The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick." Katherine Tynan. 40 cts., net.
- "Ten Lectures on the Martyrs." Paul Allard. \$2, net.
- "Fountain of Living Water; or, Thoughts on the Holy Ghost for Every Day in the Year." Rev. A. A. Lambing, L.L. D. \$1.50, net.
- "The Ordinary of the Mass." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.
- "Thoughts and Fancies." F. C. Kolbe, D. D. 75 cts., net.
- "Folia Fugativa." \$1.50, net.
- "The Curé's Brother." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Outlines of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women." Rev. Joseph Selmen. \$2.
- "Children's Retreats." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.
- "Ireland and St. Patrick." Rev. William B. Morris. 60 cts., net.
- "Westminster Lectures." Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Thomas Wallace, of the diocese of Portland; Rt. Rev. Joseph Dunn, diocese of Erie; and Rev. Nicholas Deinlein, O. M. Cap. Sister M. Charles, Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Emelita, Sisters of the Holy Cross. Mr. James Watson, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Daniel Driscoll, Mrs. Mary Bishop, Mr. John Quinnen, Mr. James McParlon, Mr. Gregory Dietz, Mr. Robert Chappius, Mrs. Johanna Driscoll, Mrs. Helen Reisinger, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Emil Hering, Mrs. Thomas Doherty, Mr. J. H. Weitzel, Mrs. Margaret Cullen, Mr. John Benson, Mrs. William O'Brien, Mr. George Dunning, Mrs. Mary Conran, and Mr. William Morrison.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."
 To the Filipino student fund:
 L. M., \$5; Child of Mary, \$1; A. L., \$1.
 For Bishop Berlioz:
 K., \$5; Mrs. H. V. J., \$10; A. G. S., \$5.
 The Gotemba lepers:
 A. G. S., \$5.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 23, 1907.

NO. 21.

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

A Temple Fair.

BY M. L. ESTRANGE.

WHY parents brought thee to the House of Prayer;

But even then, sweet Mother mine,
Thou wert a Temple fair,
Fashioned by hands divine.

God's spirit rested on thy mystic walls;
On thee, within the holy place,
As soft as night dew falls,
Descended His sweet grace.

Aloft the shining angels bore thy vows:
In heaven high the Eternal Three,
Father and Son and Spouse,
Sweetly looked down on thee.

The Presentation of Our Lady.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

THE Rosary of the Blessed Virgin might well be called the Rosary of Jesus, if that name were not claimed by another beautiful exercise, which our pious grandmothers knew off by heart, but which, I fear, has, like the Jesus Psalter, dropped out of use. Each of the fifteen decades of the Rosary places before our eyes a scene in which Our Lord is the central figure; even the first two and the last two are not exceptions. Thus, the Assumption and the Coronation of our Blessed Lady make us look on Jesus. To the former we apply the text, "Who is this that cometh up from the desert,

flowing with delights, leaning upon her Beloved?" In the latter it is by her Divine Son that the Blessed Virgin is crowned in heaven with the brightest diadem of glory. As Jesus is the centre of every "Hail Mary," so He is the centre of every mystery of the Rosary.

The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Temple is not one of these mysteries of the Rosary; for Jesus did not come till the Archangel Gabriel was sent, some years later, to that holy child when she had reached womanhood. Many pious writers are of opinion that the child Mary was thus consecrated specially to God when three years old; but Benedict XIV., most learned of Popes, says we can not rely on the authenticity of a certain fragment attributed to Evodius, who was Bishop of Antioch, and lived soon after the time of the Apostles, in which the leading dates of the Blessed Virgin's life are distributed thus: "When three years old, she was presented in the Temple; and there, near the Holy of Holies, she spent eleven years. Then by the hands of the priests she was delivered into Joseph's guardianship. And when she had passed four months with him she received that joyful message from the Angel. When fifteen years old, she brought forth the Light of the World on the twenty-fifth day of the month of December."

Although St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. John of Damascus, and St. Andrew of Crete repeat these circumstances, they can not be accepted as certain. Especially as regards the date of the Presentation, it

is significant that, whereas formerly the prayer of the feast began in this manner, *Deus qui sanctam tuam genitricem, templum Sancti Spiritus, post triennium in templo præsentari voluisti, . . .* ("O God, who didst will that Thy Holy Mother, the temple of the Holy Ghost, should after three years be presented in the Temple"), important changes were made in this prayer as it stands in the liturgy of the Church. It is no longer addressed to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the play on the word "temple" disappears; and, above all, the *triennium* is omitted. These words were expunged by the Sovereign Pontiff, Sixtus V.; and the prayer now runs thus:

Deus, qui beatam Mariam semper virginem, Spiritus Sancti habitaculum, hodierna die in Templo præsentari voluisti, præsta, quæsumus, ut ejus intercessione in templo gloriæ tuæ præsentari mereamur. Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum.

"O God, who didst will that Blessed Mary ever-virgin, the dwelling of the Holy Ghost, should to-day be presented in the Temple, grant, we beseech Thee, that, through her intercession, we may merit to be presented in the temple of Thy glory. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

Whatever doubts, however, may rest upon the particular circumstances connected with it, the general fact of the Presentation, as the last and greatest of the Benedicts has told us, can not be called in question: it is guaranteed by a sure and constant tradition, and by the celebration of the feast on the 21st of November. That celebration began in the Eastern Church many centuries before the Western Church adopted it. Amongst those who labored to secure for this festival its proper place in our calendar, Benedict XIV. gives the chief credit to Father Francis Tarrianus, or Torres, one of the Jesuit theologians at the Council of Trent, who, perhaps as a recompense, died on the very day of the Presentation, November 21, 1584. It was a good day for him to appear before

the judgment-seat of the Blessed Virgin Mary's Son.

Father Fabius Ambrose Spinola, S. J., whose meditations have been translated from their rich Italian into Latin, German, French, and Spanish, but never into English, asks in one of his meditations on this amiable mystery: "Why, O Lord, such haste?" Is she not already all Thy own? The house in which she dwells, is it not holy? This question might be answered by the lines of a French poet, in a somewhat different meaning:

Le ciel aime les fleurs et pour les cueillir belles,
Ne fait point de retards.

God loves young flowers, and loves them fresh
and fair,

And so He culls them in the morning air.

In another meditation, Father Spinola answers his own question in words borrowed from St. Ignatius' favorite, Father Peter Ribadeneira, whom I will quote from a fine old English translation:

"It was fitting that the blessed child who was to be the Mother of God should not delay to consecrate her soul and body to the service of her Spouse; for as early fruit, fresh and newly gathered from the tree and with its bloom upon it, is more gustful and pleasing than the withered fruit, handled and fetched out of the market, so the service which is done Our Lord in our tender years is more grateful to Him than that which is offered to Him in old age; although God is so good that He receives the late sacrifices also, and pays with great liberality and bountifulness those who go to labor in His vineyard at the setting of the sun."

The Italian Jesuit followed his Spanish brother very closely, as may be seen by comparing the two passages in the originals.

God's love for humility, secrecy, obscurity, and self-annihilation on the part of His most favored creatures, is another point which must strike us in glancing at this most hidden part of a life that was hidden from the beginning till the end,—hidden always in God, though not

yet "hidden with Christ in God." St. Thomas Aquinas is said to have had a special devotion to the hiddenness of God; and God Himself has been well said by the baker-poet of Nimes, Reboul, to love "the silence of good things,"—*le silence des bonnes choses*.

I once noticed in a seedman's circular a passage about spring-flowering bulbs, of which I kept a copy for its fancied bearing on the present subject; though indeed it rather illustrates the expediency of the hidden life as a preparation for public life:

"It is well to keep them (when cultivated in glasses) in a dark closet, where there is just sufficient warmth to excite them to growth, by which they will be induced to throw out roots freely while the leaves are at rest,—a very important consideration in their management; for, should their leaves be excited into growth (which is quickly done by light and warmth) before they have a sufficiency of roots to keep up a proper supply of nourishment, they will become weakly, and their flowering imperfect. When the roots are sufficiently thrown out, they may be gradually removed to more light and heat; their leaves and flowers will then be rapidly developed."

I may join with this passage some words of Father Richard Strange, an English Jesuit of the first half of the seventeenth century. What he says about the parents of St. Thomas of Hereford may be applied to Joachim and Anne, the parents of the Blessed Virgin:

"They resolved to place this precious treasure which God had given them in a safe retreat; as nature, or rather the Author of nature, teaches the little pearls, when they are soft and tender in the shell, to retire under shady and hollow rocks; being otherwise not only exposed to violence of waves and weather, but also subject to change color and to be sunburned if they float in the open sea."

This bit of natural history about the little pearls hiding themselves for fear of

being sunburned is hardly as trustworthy as my seedsman's advice about spring-flowering bulbs. But, in serious truth, God, as Father Strange has just reminded us, is the Author of nature as well as of grace, and the operations of grace often follow the analogy of the operations of nature. And that treatment of the spring-flowering bulbs and that conduct of the little pearls might well suggest useful hints for the management of our spiritual and intellectual life.

That portion of our Blessed Lady's life to which the thought of her Presentation turns our hearts and minds, has within the last half century become the object of special devotion, under the title of *Mater Admirabilis*. A religious of the Sacred Heart painted on the wall of one of the corridors of their convent of the Trinità de' Monti in Rome a fresco representing the Blessed Virgin at work, such as she may have been during her stay in the Temple. This holy picture has been more appropriately called "The Virgin of the Temple," and also *Madonnina del Giglio* ("The Little Madonna of the Lily"), from the lily which bends toward the young Maiden as she sits at her distaff, with her book open beside her. It is said that the Abbess Makrina, when an exile from Minsk, where the nuns had been cruelly treated by the Russians, gave it its present title, by which it is designated in the Papal grant of indulgences and in other official documents. Pope Pius IX. visited it and blessed it, and ever since this shrine has been a place of pilgrimage.

The first handbook of the devotion, by Father Alfred Monnin, who was also the first biographer of the Curé d'Ars, Blessed John Baptist Vianney, was entitled "Mater Admirabilis; or, the First Fifteen Years of Mary Immaculate." Now a hundred years before Madame Perdrau obeyed the happy inspiration to portray the "Verginella del Tempio" on the walls of the convent of the Trinità de' Monti, Benedict XIV. quoted with approval a

grave and erudite writer, Baillet, as saying that the feast of the Presentation was instituted by the Church *ut honor habeatur innocentiae morum quæ inter infantiam et Annuntiationem in Beata Maria Virgine exituit*, "in order that due honor might be paid to the innocence of life which shone forth in the Blessed Virgin Mary between her infancy and the Annunciation,"—namely, during that very portion of Our Lady's life on earth on which the devotion to the *Mater Admirabilis* strives to fasten the special attention of the faithful.

Nano Nagle placed the first Irish-born Order of nuns under the shelter of this sweet and amiable name—the Presentation of Our Lady. Dominicanesses, Carmelites, and Poor Clares were in Ireland already in spite of all the rigor of the penal laws; and Nano Nagle herself had first introduced the Ursulines. But she next founded the first Order of Irish birth; and, as these Sisters were to instruct the children of the poor and humble, and to guard their piety and purity, they were fitly assigned a name which would remind them of the corresponding period in the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, while she was being brought up within the sacred precincts by the holy women who were consecrated to the service of the Temple.

These thoughts, and the holy associations that for various reasons cling round the title of *Mater Admirabilis*, will, I trust, help some of us to make use habitually of this devout invocation, "O Mother Most Admirable, pray for me!"

Try to disengage yourself from so many cares, and take a little time to think of God and to rest in Him. Enter into the secret chamber of your heart, and banish from it everything save your Creator alone and what can help you to find Him; then, having closed the door, say to Him with all your soul: "Lord, I seek Thy divine countenance: teach me to find it."

—*St. Augustine.*

Aunt Charity's Home-Coming.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"THE very mischief is to pay," said Mr. Allen Monroe to his wife, when he returned from a confidential chat with some political allies. "Forbes let it accidentally leak out in his speech at Baldwin's Corners last night that I had no show whatever. If you believe it, he trotted out old Aunt Charity; said a man with an aunt in the poorhouse had no business legislating for decent people. When a fellow runs for office, they rake up everything that'll tell against him, and I've been afraid of this. It'll spread like wildfire. The opposition papers have got hold of it already."

"There's just one thing to be done," answered Mrs. Monroe, who had planned for a gay winter at the State capitol. "To-morrow morning at nine o'clock you take the limited train, slip off to New Hampshire, get Aunt Charity, bring her back, give her the best room in the house and a new black silk gown, and I'll take her out in the automobile every day. Then tell the managers of your campaign that the report is false, and they'll do the rest."

"By George, Emily, you ought to go to the legislature yourself!"

"Well, if I can't go, I intend that you shall. I, too, have been afraid of this. The word 'poorhouse' is such a scarecrow, and the people here would never believe how comfortable she is. And we've done so much for her! I gave her my mink furs after the moths got in them, and last spring I sent her two old evening gowns and my broken opera-glass; and every Christmas since I've been married I've mailed her a nice little booklet or a card, or something."

"But those things won't cut any figure in speeches. When I was in Hilltop last summer, I told her if she wanted anything

to let me know, and gave her a two-pound box of candy; but the bare, bald fact remains that I let my mother's old sister go to the poorhouse, and the enemy isn't going to forget it."

"It isn't the enemy we care about: it's the public. And when your speech-makers sing their song about your aged relative being kept in luxury, and she sits up at the front window with a real lace cap on, votes will be turned in your direction. I'll pack your suit-case to-night, and about Thursday morning Aunt Charity will have the surprise of her life."

"What a woman you are! I believe, in Napoleon's place, you would have won Waterloo," said Mr. Monroe.

Anxiety had suddenly left him. Hope trailed a bright new garment through the paths of his imagination. This club in the enemies' hands should work its owners' own destruction. An hour before that, little old Aunt Charity had figured in his mind as a withered and commonplace crone of ill-omen; now he thought only of an aged gentlewoman, whose rich attire should be exhibited in his drawing-room windows — with the curtains carefully drawn aside.

Meanwhile the subject of this conjugal conversation sat, unconscious of her coming grandeur, in her pleasant chamber in the almshouse of Hilltop. The inhabitants of that simple village had not condescended to allow the county at large to care for its poor old women: they were housed in a mansion whose roof had sheltered many generations; and never, I do believe, was there a more snug and comfortable retreat for the derelicts of life. The kindest fruits of the earth were carried to the long table around which its inmates gathered; the fairest flowers adorned its quiet rooms; in fact, it was so much of a distinction to be a permanent resident of the Home, as it was called, that Joel Currier had been known to remark that the institution encouraged "shiftlessness," and that when he got lazy enough he was going there to board.

"You'll be welcome!" laughed Aunt Charity; and the other old dames shook their knitting-needles at him in emphatic assent.

They had grown very reminiscent this evening over their tea. Perhaps its unwonted flavor stirred their memories. It had been sent to the minister's wife by a far-off missionary, and was of great strength and delicacy. They were chatting of Thanksgivings past.

"The coldest one I recollect," ventured Mrs. Doolittle, who was quite deaf and never knew when other people were talking, "was just before the war, when—"

Here the door was suddenly opened by Joel.

"A telegraph!" he said,— "a telegraph for Aunt Charity!"

A bombshell or a mouse would not have created more excitement. Aunt Charity sank back in her chair, pale and trembling.

"I never had a telegraph in my life," she said.

"The snow was up to the window-sill," resumed Mrs. Doolittle, who gathered that something was wrong, and thought it her duty to enliven the conversation.

"Here are your specs," said Joel, opening the yellow envelope; "and you've no money to lose, and no relations of any account to die. Brace up, Aunt Charity, and read your telegraph."

"Will arrive Hilltop Thursday morning. Be prepared to return with me. Allen. I don't understand," she said.

"Why, it's plain as the nose on your face," explained Joel. "Your nephew is coming to take you to his house for a visit."

"But this isn't his handwriting."

"No: the telegraph girl wrote it out," said Joel.

"Do I have to go?"

"That's just as *you* say."

"Well, it's awful good of him, and I always thought I'd like to travel. I guess I will." So it was settled.

Mr. Monroe arrived promptly, and seemed in a hurry to get away again. He openly despised Hilltop, and Joel just as heartily despised him; and, perhaps because she could not hear, he made of Mrs. Doolittle a safety valve. "Monroe's a mean cuss," he said; "and I'll bet he's up to some trick now."

"Sick?" answered Mrs. Doolittle, her mind still running on the famous cold Thanksgiving. "No, we weren't any of us sick; and it was awful lucky, for the doctor couldn't have got there through the snow."

Mr. Monroe produced some of his wife's quiet and most elegant raiment (thoughtfully sent by her for the emergency), in which Aunt Charity was dressed under the supervision of the minister's lady, and which struck such awed terror to the hearts of the pensioners of the Home that they were shy and silent when the time came to say good-bye.

Joel watched his chance, and quietly pressed some money into the hand of his old friend.

"If the time comes when you need it to make you comfortable, use it," he told her.

Then the train moved on, and they saw Aunt Charity at the window, wiping away her tears with a lace-bordered handkerchief.

The Home was not the same after she left. The cheerful heart of it was gone, and a querulous spirit pervaded its low-roofed chambers and halls. The old women, for the first time beginning to complain of Fate's unkindness, and to think of themselves as paupers, poured their complaints into the ears of the villagers who visited them. Even the preparations for Thanksgiving were half-heartedly attempted.

Grandma'am Floyd, whose task it was to chop the mince-meat, declared that the beef was stringy, and the apples small and full of worm-holes.

"I don't see much to be thankful for," she observed; "and chopping makes my shoulder ache."

True to their traditions, the more prosperous people tried to soothe these refractory grumblers; and the parson announced that the Thanksgiving collection would be devoted to the winter requirements of the Home. But, strange to say, it was all of no use.

"We're just objects of charity," growled Mrs. Doolittle. "I don't care if we do have new blankets. The old ones will last us through. There ain't much use of living, anyway."

'Twas the night before the great day, the preparations for which were completed. Every room was reeking with spicy odors; the turkeys were stuffed and dressed, and there was a wild rumor afloat that there was to be ice-cream with candied cherries in it. Yet Aunt Lois was weeping silently, and Grandma'am Floyd was lamenting her loneliness.

"We're nothing but a useless lot of old critters," she wailed.

"You're the most ungrateful pack I ever saw in my life!" said Joel, who had called with some chocolate candy.

"That cold Thanksgiving before the war we had fifteen barrels of apples in the cellar," continued Mrs. Doolittle.

"It's snowing now," said Joel, going to the window, "and I shouldn't wonder if we had sleighing by to-morrow. The wind—suffering cats! if that isn't Aunt Charity coming up the walk!"

Yes, it was Aunt Charity,—the same little Aunt Charity, with her mended gown and her steel "specs," but with the sunshine in her face. The old women risked their lives by flying down the stairs at breakneck speed; and they threw their arms about her and brushed the snow from her shawl, some laughing, some crying.

"For evermore!" said Aunt Lois. "How on earth did you get here?"

"On the cars," she answered. "And I ran all the way from the depot, I was so glad to get home. Let me get my breath first, and I'll tell you all about it."

They took her to her own chair by the

hearth in the keeping-room; they brought her a cup of tea of double strength, and smoothed her hair, and patted her hands tenderly; and when she got warm she told them:

"I enjoyed it like everything at first," she said. "It was so nice to have warm water to wash my hands with all the time; and I used to pity the folks at the Home, that had to break the ice in their wash pitchers every morning in winter. Allen's wife was awful kind till after he got beat in the election. She wouldn't let me work a mite, though I offered to wipe dishes for the hired girl. When it was pleasant they took me out in the automobile; and I enjoyed that, till one day we ran over a dog, and Allen and his wife just laughed, and got mad because I cried. Then I got homesick, but I thought Thanksgiving would cheer me up; and I got out a little bunch of herbs for Allen's wife. There was sweet marjoram and summer savory and thyme in it, besides the sage. 'I raised them myself,' said I; 'they're for the turkey dressing.'—'Turkey?' said she. 'Why, we're not going to take dinner at home Thanksgiving. We're going to a game of football, and Ellen will take some luncheon to you in your room.' I didn't say anything—I couldn't,—but I thought an awful lot, and I laid my plans, and read the paper. And yesterday I took my old carpet-bag, and left a note for Allen, and slipped away to the depot. I thought if I ever needed Joel's money, then was the time; and—well, I managed to get here somehow. And here I am, and to-morrow is Thanksgiving, and let us 'praise the good God from whom all blessings flow.'"

They stood up solemnly, and took one another's hands, and sang the old Doxology.

"The Lord's been terrible good to us," said Grandma'am Floyd, forgetting her recent grumblings.

"Especially to me," answered Aunt Charity, softly; "for I was far away, and I am safe home for Thanksgiving."

"Discouraged because of the Way."

BY EMILY HICKEY.

WITH the earth-dust on our raiment and the
earth-tears on our cheek,
Wrestling sorely in our passion, in our patience
very weak,
Far off, far off seems the city which from far we
still must seek.

Past the sunrise and the sunset glories of the
east and west,
Where the fair and good things ripen to the
fairest and the best,
Where the heart beats on untiring, and in serving
is at rest.

Oh, the never-ceasing conflict! Oh, the stress
on heart and brain!

"Lord, deliver us from evil!" mournfully we
cry again;

But the underbreath of passion is, "Deliver us
from pain!"

Look upon us, God and Father! There is none
to save but Thee.

Look upon us, God and Father! Strengthen
Thou each feeble knee;

Thou canst make the deaf to hear, the dumb to
speak, the blind to see.

Shame on us,—on us faint-hearted, pausing here
to weep and moan,

When beyond all thought's conceiving is the
glory we have known,

Seeing, Father, Thou didst love us into life, who
were but stone!

Bid the weary silence break because of symphony
and song,

And the weary darkness pass because of glory
white and strong,

For the love that kills all coldness, and the right
that slays all wrong.

MAN'S happiness, as I construe it, comes
of his greatness: it is because there is in
him an infinite, which, with all his cunning,
he can not quite bury under the finite.

—Carlyle.

In the Cemetery of Père Lachaise.

BY R. M. SILLARD.

THE French were, I believe, the first who idealized, and embellished with flowers, wreaths, gardens, and vestiges of this world's luxuries, the place where the dead rest after the troubles and the cares and the sordid interests of this life. In France, as soon as the remains have been consigned to the earth, the survivors seek by every means to link the loved ones, now hidden from their sight, with the family which once was theirs. They treat the grave tenderly, as though the silent tenant beneath could hear a harsh or unkind word. They cover it with the flowers he most loved. They remember the various epochs of his life—his birthday, his bridal day, and the day on which he died. And on their anniversaries, fresh garlands are woven round the monument, and crowns of immortelles are hung on the stone that bears his name.

And, that none may be uncared for, even those who went down silent and alone to untended graves and quick oblivion, there has been one day set apart in France,—a day sacred, not exclusively to the dead still linked by kindred to the world, but sacred to all now mouldering into ashes. The Day of the Dead it is emphatically called. The scoffings of "philosophy," the storms of revolutions, the coldness of scepticism, have never obliterated this day from the memories of the French people. On the 2d of November—Le Jour des Morts—every cemetery in Paris is crowded with one long and ever-changing procession, from every grade of life, and all in the deepest mourning. Last year a quarter of a million mourners passed through the gates of the Cimetière du Père Lachaise, in Paris, on the 2d of November, between sunrise and sunset.

Père Lachaise Cemetery is the largest

and most interesting of the Parisian burial-grounds. Here are the dead whose names are still, in the living world, heard above all others; as, in this city of the dead, their stately monuments tower above the humbler and unnoted tombs. Many visitors to Paris find no sight better worth seeing than Père Lachaise. To "do" the great cemetery faithfully is as laborious a day's work as the most enthusiastic sight-seer need crave. No maze was ever half so perplexing as Père Lachaise's two hundred acres of winding paths and lengthy avenues. If the stranger starts, with a map, as soon as the gates open, at seven in the morning, and succeeds, without being exhausted, in seeing all the tombs and monuments of the illustrious dead before the custodian's warning cry of "*On ferme les portes!*" is sounded at sundown, he may consider himself good for all the museums, churches, and chateaux in the whole country.

It would take days to see all one would like to see here,—almost as many days as to visit those monuments whose domes and spires are rising in the distance amidst the living Paris. The site of the cemetery was well chosen. It is named after François Lachaise, a Jesuit Father, who was born of a noble family in Aix, in the year 1624. He was chosen by Louis XIV. (*le Grand*) to be his chaplain in 1675; and he had built for him a charming country house to the east of Paris, where he lived for thirty years. This house occupied the site of the present cemetery chapel, and the beautiful gardens belonging to it were converted into a burial place in 1804.

Like most semi-rural resorts, Père Lachaise looks its best in the early summer and late autumn. Those who have seen it in autumn can never forget the picture it presents. The trees are all in leaf, and perfumes are wafted about the grounds. The grassy paths are flanked on either side by borders of pinks, whose blooms have passed away, but whose silvery foliage still remains. Here and there among

the chestnut and cypress trees are the magnolia and the ash. About the low white stones are rhododendron, lilac in white masses and in purple; while pretty daisies, candy-tuft, and tulips cluster around the graves. But the tulip, even in pure white, is too gaudy a flower for a grave; clad in gay colors, it seems strangely incongruous. The softly-colored, velvet-cheeked pansy, cheerful but modest, is better, and it is omnipresent. The pansies, in their profusion and beauty of size and coloring, are alone worth a visit to Père Lachaise. Their bright faces shine up at the sun as though death were not, or they were promised a share in the eternal life with the dear ones they keep in memory.

Daisies twinkle in the grass here and there; buttercups, overflowing with sunshine, nod contentedly as the breeze rocks them; dandelions, weighed to earth by their gold, gaze vainly up at the freed spirits of their kindred, who hover a moment around their old homes, then disappear at a breath. Tiny blue violets, pure and unguarded, look shyly out of green hollows at the carefully sheltered bluebells and the myrtle in its glossy leaves; now a little fir bush or a big tree with heavy dark-red foliage warms the scene, or a tall, standing honeysuckle, with its delicate pink and buff flowers, scents the air.

The names of avenues and paths add not a little to the idyllic beauty of this garden of the dead. The occasional glimpses of the Seine, which open unexpectedly, are one of the delights of a stroll along the Avenue de la Chapelle, the Grand Rond, and the Chemin Casimir Delavigne. As we pass up the Avenue Principale we can not fail to notice one of the most remarkable as well as the most touching inspirations of modern sculpture—the Monument aux Morts. It was carved out of an immense block of limestone by A. Bartholomé. It represents a tomb, toward the broad entrance of which suffering humanity is pressing.

A young couple has already crossed the threshold of the tomb, which is being held open by the Angel of Immortality, while within reposes a family whom death has joined together. The inscription over it is from Isaiah, ix, 2; and St. Matthew, iv, 16. Close by, off the Avenue du Puits, is the very remarkable and unforgettable tomb of Abélard and Héloïse.

The statues we see farther on, making the avenue look like a gallery of sculpture, are mostly those of military warriors—Marshal Masséna, General Gobert, Count de Valence, Marshal Lefebvre, Desèze, General Foy, and Marshal Grouchy, who arrived too late at Waterloo. Then other tombs, the fame of whose tenants, unlike that of some heroes of the battlefield, lives in their work,—children not of the sword, but of heaven-born genius. Here sleeps Lafontaine, surrounded by the heroes of his vivid fables; here Béranger, the best of the world's song writers; here the genial, kindly Auber, of Opera fame, and his learned master, Cherubini; also the Polish Chopin, and the Italian Bellini, and Bizet; they all sleep here together. So, too, Talma, the tragedian; Garcia, the father of Malibran; and Tamberlick, the prince of tenors, above whose grave is a beautiful statue of an angel strewing flowers. The greatest of French statesmen, Thiers, has an imposing monument and chapel erected to his memory. Not far off are the tombs of Rosa Bonheur, Gustave Doré, Daubigny, Gros, and the greatest of all landscape painters, Corot. The statues and monuments to all these illustrious men and women are the work of David d'Angers, Cartellier, Pradier, and Eugene Delaplanche, famous sculptors, who likewise sleep in Père Lachaise's beautiful garden.

Near the spot where lie Béranger and Alphonse Daudet, the fascinating novelist, is one of the most beautiful monuments in the cemetery. It is the mausoleum of the Demidoffs, a Russian countess and prince. Its pure white marble is quite dazzling in the sunlight. Still farther

down this path is another striking monument. It is a statue of a veiled female figure leaning against the grating of a dungeon. This is the tomb of Raspail, the famous democrat and physiologist, whose wife died during his imprisonment in 1848.

What famous names we see engraved on cross and headstones as we continue our walk!—Molière, whose remains were transferred hither shortly after the opening of the cemetery; Beaumarchais; Chénier, the poet; Scribe; Alfred de Musset; Auguste Comte; Emile Souvestre; Balzac, over whose tomb we might write these words from his great work "*Le Socrate Chrétien*": *Dieu est le poète, les hommes ne sont que les acteurs; ces grandes pièces qui se jouent sur la terre ont été composées dans le ciel*; Rossini, the renowned composer of immortal music; Michelet, the historian; Brillat-Savarin; Rachel, the tragedienne; Stéphanie de Genlis; General Hugo, father of the author of "*Les Misérables*"; and Bernardine St. Pierre, the author of "*Paul and Virginia*."

There are many handsome monuments erected by public subscriptions, such as the one to the victims of the fire at the Opéra Comique in the year 1887; an obelisk in the Rond-Point in memory of municipal workmen killed by accidents (*victimes du devoir*); and a pyramid of granite, surrounded by bronze statues of soldiers, commemorates the National Guards killed at Buzenval, and the soldiers who fell at the siege of Paris in 1870.

There are graves, too—marked not by marble, but common stone, and even wood,—with simple inscriptions that tell whole histories, stir your imagination, and send it wandering into the regions of poetry and romance. There are many graves here which appeal more strongly to the imagination and the heart than those more celebrated and elaborate which we have passed in the course of our walk. Here is a tiny one, scarce two feet long, its grassy plot and its marble slab all covered with glass, as if the mother

would still shield her child from the winds and storms of heaven, as heaven has forever shielded it from those of earth. Many graves of children have childish playthings—some broken, just as the little hand last left them—amidst the flowers.

On many humble graves we notice lowly crowns, not of roses and camellias, but of common field-flowers and holly. The pale china rose, the wallflower, and the fragrant mignonette are here and there scattered. Flowers are plentiful in Paris. All classes are fond of them; and there is not an event of which they are not a feature, from the christening to that baptism of tears, the grave.

Many are the curious headstones. One, facing us near the entrance, says to the passer-by: *Dieu vous bénisse*. On another, evidently an Italian tomb: *Implora eterna quiete*. Can anything be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore!*

But why go on? The imagination of a most imaginative people has, through one hundred years, inscribed their annals on the tombs of this cemetery. We will leave them now. A strange silence falls upon the place as we look back from without the gate. The sun still shows through the mass of tender green; it warms the cold white stones, and smiles a cheerful adieu.

It is in the power of all young and ambitious and intelligent men to insist upon decent political methods, upon the nomination of reputable candidates, upon wise measures of legislation, upon the subordination of personal interests to the public good. All this may well be done, and the more effectually done, by those who ask no reward from the powers that be, and no salary from the public treasury, for being outspoken and brave.

—Frederic R. Coudert.

In a Roundabout Way.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XXIX.

"IT'S a lovely day for a sail," said Brian next morning, as Mave and he walked down the hill together, after early Mass. "It's almost a pity you refused the Dariens' invitation."

"And spent a whole day away from you?" (with a blush and a roguish glance.) "Thank you! The idea did not please me."

"I'm very glad it did not. But I'd like you to know Marjory, Mave. She's a fine girl."

"So Lady Warrender says. Still her letter was stiff and formal, and the putting off of the concert in so indefinite a way was rather cool."

"She's not herself just now, sweetheart; and she said Mrs. Darien was seriously ill, so she could hardly help putting off the concert."

"I suppose not, poor girl! O Brian, if only she could be saved from this marriage with Trelawny!"

"Nothing" (sighing) "short of a miracle could prevent that now, Mave."

"I'm afraid not. No wonder her mother is ill,—broken-hearted, Lady Warrender says. Have you seen Mrs. Darien lately?"

"Not for years. I must call and inquire for her this afternoon."

"Let us go together, after breakfast. It will be a nice walk. And I will wait for you at that pretty stile at some distance from the house."

"That will be charming. The men folk will be out yachting, Marjory also; and, as I am not likely to see Mrs. Darien, you won't have long to wait."

"And, as Lady Warrender is lurching some miles away, I am free till tea time."

The walk was one of the pleasantest the young people had ever had together, and it was long before Brian could make up his mind to leave Mave by the stile

and proceed on his way to Slievenagh House.

"The sooner you go, the sooner you'll be back," she cried gaily. "And I'll enjoy twenty minutes' quiet meditation."

"You'll be safe here, alone?"

"Safe?" Her merry laugh rang out upon the breeze. "Such a question! Run along, dear boy! You seem to forget who I am. Fancy Mave Galagher not safe in Donegal!"

"It does seem absurd." And, laughing, he kissed his hand, and walked away.

Mave's time alone was short; her happy reflections speedily ended by the unexpected appearance of Davy Lindo by her side. At the sight of this man, the terror of her infancy and girlhood, she shuddered and slipped quickly from the stile.

"Mrs. Darien sent me for you," he said, standing straight in her path. "She is ill and is most anxious to see you. Will you come to Slievenagh House at once?"

Mave looked at him a little doubtfully. She felt he was not to be trusted. Still she knew Mrs. Darien was ill; and as Brian had gone on to Slievenagh House, it could not harm her to go there also.

"I'll follow you there," she said quietly. "Mr. Cardew is with Mrs. Darien by now."

He grinned, and cast a cunning, malicious glance in her direction.

"It's always pleasant to go where friends are. Come along." And he strode on across the field, and out through a big gate onto the road. Mave followed him at a little distance, wondering what Mrs. Darien could want with her so suddenly.

"It is odd," she thought. "But perhaps it is only to apologize for putting off the concert; although, if she is ill, she could not help it, poor lady!"

All at once Davy turned down a narrow, winding lane; and scarcely had Mave entered it when she saw she was being duped.

"This is not the way to Slievenagh House!" she cried. "I will not go down here."

But Davy seized her by the wrist and

dragged her on, saying in a fierce tone:

"This leads to the Bay. Mrs. Darien is there, on board the yacht."

"I will not go!"

"We'll see about that, my beauty! I think I'm a bit stronger than you." And, catching her by both arms, he was staggering toward an opening in the hedge, when the sound of approaching wheels startled him, and he set her quickly on her feet again, awaiting the passing of the vehicle, in a fever of rage and impatience.

But the carriage did not pass; and as it drew up suddenly beside him, Mrs. Darien put out her head; then, quickly opening the door, sprang onto the road.

"Davy," she said, "I've been to see Father McBlaine about—" she stopped short and caught wildly at the carriage door, as, glancing past Lindo, she met Mave's sweet eyes. The girl hurried toward her, and Mrs. Darien gave a cry of joy.

"Oh, I see it all,—know everything! You are Hugh Devereux's daughter, the child we robbed!"

Mave grew red, then pale. Her heart throbbed to suffocation, and she breathed heavily.

"I am Mave Galagher, the child," she said slowly, "that was found by the roadside in her dying mother's arms, many years ago."

"You must be Hugh's child. Thank God! No one could mistake you. The likeness is wonderful. Davy, you know his portrait and must see—"

But Davy was gone, racing like a madman down the lane. Breathless, panting and excited, he reached the harbor, and, boarding the yacht, cried wildly to Darien and Trelawny, who stood together on the deck:

"It's all over! Monica Darien knows everything! She recognized Mave! We are undone! Put out to sea!"

Ten minutes later the *Mermaid*, all sails unfurled, went down the Bay, scudding swiftly before a brisk and rising breeze.

"If only Philip would come home, Marjory!" Monica cried continually, as evening came on and her husband did not return. "I long to tell him of my discovery,—long to give up everything to Mave!"

"Yes. And, O mother," (there was color in Marjory's face, a look of hope in her eyes) "we'll get away from this! The nightmare of the last few weeks is over. I" (flinging her hands above her head) "am free! Thank God,—thank God!"

"Mave has come to her own in a round-about way," Mrs. Darien smiled; "and I am grateful, deeply grateful, that she has come to it at last. We'll be happier away from this, Marjory."

"Much happier. I hate the place."

"And you have no fear of poverty?"

"None. I will work for you, mother; and, with the help of God and Our Lady, we'll get on well."

"My darling child! Oh, if Philip would only come home!"

The hours passed, evening turned into night, and yet Philip Darien did not return. As the darkness deepened, a fierce storm arose; and as she listened to the wild whistling and shrieking of the wind, Monica's heart was full of terror and sad foreboding.

So when next morning they told her, as gently as possible, that the *Mermaid* had gone to pieces on the rocks off Tory Island, and that all on board were lost, she cried out:

"I knew it! God's will be done!" And she fell fainting to the ground.

"No, neither mother nor I have ever regretted leaving Slievenagh House," Marjory said quietly. "It belonged to Mave, and brought us only misery and bad luck, as all ill-gotten goods must always do to those who possess them."

While she spoke, Frank Devereux was thinking how lovely the girl had grown during the last two years. She had borne her troubles with such patience and so

cheerfully that there was a beauty and charm about her now that had been missing in the days of her prosperity.

"And," he asked at last, "Mrs. Brian Cardew's right was proved beyond a doubt by her mother's marriage certificate, and the letters from Hugh Devereux found in Davy Lindo's cottage?"

"Yes. In a note tied up with the pocketbook containing these things, the wretch confessed that he had stolen them by force from the poor woman, and then left her to die by the roadside. When Denis Galagher found her she was just expiring."

"It is a strange tale, and the change has been a hard one for you, Marjory."

"No, Frank, not as hard as you think. God has been very good to us, and dear mother and I are far happier than we were in the midst of wealth and grandeur. Mave has been most generous,— would be more so if we would but allow her. I am getting on well. My stories sell now. And you, Frank, have been the kindest of friends. Oh, I am content,—indeed I am!"

"Marjory," he said, laying his hand gently on hers, "may I hope to be more than a friend to you some day? You say you are content: could I ever make you truly happy?"

She did not speak for a moment. Then she raised her head, and their eyes met.

"Yes, Frank" (the color deepening in her cheek): "I feel sure now that you could make me very happy."

(The End.)

It is not enough to do good things: we must do them well, in imitation of Christ our Lord, of whom it is written: "He did all things well." We ought, then, to strive to do all things in the spirit of Christ; that is, with the perfection, with the circumstances, and for the ends for which He performed His actions. Otherwise, even the good works that we do will bring us punishment rather than reward.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

A Great Missionary Bishop.

I.

ON June 27, 1906, died Monseigneur Osouf, the first Archbishop of Tokyo. In his decease, the Church in Japan suffered a most serious loss. Although there are many fervent and fruitful laborers still left in the vineyard he watered and tended, his was a personality so rare, so well-balanced and wise, that the niche his devotion and piety created for itself can not soon be filled.

Monseigneur Pierre Marie Osouf was born in Normandy, in the diocese of Coutances. He was the eldest of twelve children. They were a pious and united family. Whenever the Archbishop alluded to his youth, to his home, or to his country, he always seemed to renew the happy time he had spent among them. In memory and in spirit he was with them from the beginning to the end.

Pierre Marie began his Latin studies under the tutelage of an uncle, a curé in his native diocese. From the presbytery of his uncle he passed to the College of St. Lo, in September, 1841. He there pursued the study of the humanities and philosophy with great success, gaining and preserving at the same time the esteem of all who knew him. His philosophy completed, he entered the larger seminary of Coutances in 1848, for the study of theology.

In taking the resolution to consecrate his life to the service of God, Pierre Marie had also supplemented it by the resolve to offer himself as a subject for the Foreign Missions. No one who knew him was astonished. It is indeed a circumstance often observed by the most thoughtful students of human nature, that the most delicate and refined souls, nurtured in bodies also delicate and refined, are, as a rule, the most self-sacrificing and generous. Such was the case with the young Pierre Marie Osouf. At that period the journey to the Orient was not made in

a few weeks, as it now is, with all the ease and convenience furnished by magnificent steamers. On the contrary, the missionary, literally speaking, took his life in his hands. It was a time of dangerous and bloody persecutions. In order to engage in the apostolic career, it was necessary not only to possess moral courage, but physical health and strength beyond the ordinary.

Few were the laborers who offered, and truly might they be regarded as heroes. Pierre Marie did not lack courage; it is the humble who have most, but his health was a serious obstacle. It was far from robust, and his superiors would not suffer him to depart. The physicians declared that he could never survive the fatigues of the voyage or the hardships of the climate. He was therefore compelled to remain at Coutances, where during a period of three years he filled the office of secretary to the Bishop. The time of waiting was not lost. The young secretary, in his daily work, was given the opportunity of becoming familiar with business and making acquaintances among men of affairs; and this was, later on, to be of great benefit to him in the administration of his own diocese. In the meantime his health grew stronger, and when the time of probation had expired he was in a condition to put into execution the great desire of his heart.

Quietly and unostentatiously as he did all things, the future Archbishop started for Paris, travelling by rail for the first time in his life, and then only a portion of the way, as the road was built only as far as Evreux. He arrived at the Rue de Bac, happy as only a man can be who sees the life work he has planned inviting him to complete it. His first act was to say Mass; he was then received by the pious and spiritual M. Allrand, superior of the Seminary. He was welcomed, it is hardly necessary to state, with that all-pervading and joyous charity which is the great characteristic and the glory of the Seminary of Foreign Missions.

After ten months in the Seminary, the solemn ceremony of departure took place on June 1, 1856; and several weeks later, the no less solemn embarkation from Bordeaux on a merchant vessel bound for the Far East.

In 1856 the passage through the Red Sea was not open; it took place only in 1863. The route was by way of Africa, doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Under these conditions, life aboard ship was altogether different from what it is at present. Passengers were few, and obliged to be together for a long time, and so had occasion to become very intimate. They were like one large family, under the protection and authority of the captain. Monseigneur never forgot the impressions of that pleasant voyage. The ship arrived at Singapore in October, after a passage of nearly four months, one of the most peaceful and rapid that had ever been made up to that period.

At Singapore, Monseigneur Osouf exercised the office of procurator,—one, it seems, for which Normans are particularly fitted. He remained there six years, when he was transferred to Hong Kong. After residing there for four years, he was again appointed procurator,—an office which he had so admirably filled at Singapore, and which for many reasons is most undesirable, while it requires special gifts to render its ministrations satisfactory to all concerned. To fill it worthily it is not enough to be intelligent: one must have patience, discretion, amiability, and above all things good judgment.

Monseigneur Osouf possessed all these virtues in an eminent degree. Whether exercising hospitality to strangers and missionaries, or receiving and consoling the sick, and providing for their wants, nothing could surpass his gentleness, kindness, his deep sensibility, his exquisite politeness, which, exercised as a true religious can exercise it, becomes in itself a virtue. The only complaint ever made of him was that he was "too good," too generous. But he was not all heart, and heart only:

he was also a man of resourceful ideas. Tarrying to-day for the first time at Hong Kong to visit the Home of the Foreign Missions, one is struck with wonder and admiration at the buildings. "What architect constructed them?" is the oft-repeated question. And the response is always the same: "Monseigneur Osouf, when he was procurator here."

He made long and exhaustive studies of different forms of architecture, with the result that the buildings erected under his supervision are marvels of solidity and beauty,—two qualities which do not always accompany each other. When it was objected to his plans that they would require an extraordinary expenditure of money, he wrote on the subject to M. Delpech, superior of the Seminary in Paris, who replied: "You are not building for a day only; if you spend a little money they may find fault with you once or twice, but not nearly so much as they will five years later, when if you had not done well, you will have to begin all over again."

At Hong Kong Monseigneur Osouf showed himself to be so invaluable a member of the Society, that it was determined to recall him. It was thought that he would be a great acquisition to the Seminary, and he received orders to return to France. It cost him not a little to leave the scene of his cherished labors, but he made no sign; and, placing his affairs in the hands of his successor, he set out on his return journey. In France he was received with great joy, both at the Seminary and at Coutances, where they had never thought to see him again. His father and mother were still living; the family had been largely augmented by nephews and nieces since his departure, while those whom he had left children had grown to manhood and womanhood.

For two years he calmly pursued the even tenor of his way at the Seminary. He made little noise, but the perfume of his good example still lingers in that spot, which was but an oasis in the history

of his labors. He was soon to set forth once more.

Up to this time Japan consisted of a single mission, under the vicariate of Monseigneur Petitjean. But this extraordinary country, opened to the world only ten years before, had made such rapid strides in material progress of every kind, that it behooved Religion to set out at the same pace; and it soon became evident that one man, be his zeal ever so great or his counsellors ever so wise, could not hold the necessary jurisdiction over so large a country. Japan was divided in two portions: the south, with its magnificent Christianity twice secularized; and the north, where almost every trace of it had disappeared. In the south, Nagasaki, sanctified by the blood of the martyrs, was guarding jealously the heroic traditions of the saints; in the north, Tokyo, the new capital, was fully awakened to every demand of modern civilization, and had become the principal centre of the intellectual and political life of the Empire.

Under such conditions, the separation of the Japanese mission into two divisions was absolutely necessary. Monseigneur Petitjean remained at Nagasaki, where he had labored and suffered, sowed and reaped; while the mission of Tokyo was called upon to choose a chief and director. Père Osouf was chosen by the majority of suffrages, much to his own surprise and great chagrin. But he had no choice: his superiors commanded him, and he must needs obey. He was consecrated on the 11th of February, 1877.

Before taking charge of his mission, Monseigneur Osouf paid a visit to Rome. He was received in private audience by the Sovereign Pontiff on the 2d of May, after which he embarked for Japan. On the 8th of July his solemn installation took place at Yokohama, in the church of the Sacred Heart, in presence of the clergy, the French and Spanish Ministers and other representatives of various Catholic countries. He was at that time nearly

fifty years of age, and the numerous duties incidental to his charge would not permit of his acquiring as complete a knowledge of the Japanese language as he would have desired. This, however, was not so great a difficulty as it might have been elsewhere. In the first place, his priests were really the instruments by which religion was taught and extended; they were very close to the people, capable of interpreting between them and their Bishop; in the second place, it is not considered good form in Japan for the highest functionary to communicate directly with the people; he seldom addresses them save through his subordinates. There is usually an intermediary who interprets and explains; it is considered *de rigueur* to do so.

Moreover, the Japanese are very susceptible to impressions. Speech is not everything with them; it is not only that which they hear with their ears that is best comprehended by them: they attach a great deal of importance to gestures, carriage, manner, and expression. In these particulars the new Archbishop satisfied every requirement. His urbanity, his gentleness, his kindness, his dignity, the soul that beamed through his eyes, the sanctity that shone in his countenance,—all appealed to them, morally as well as aesthetically.

Again, he was fortunate in possessing wise, zealous, and prudent priests. During all the years that they labored together, they worked in the utmost harmony with one another, and in docility toward him who had been chosen as their guide. These untiring helpers never failed him.

When Monseigneur Osouf arrived at Tokyo, there were three residential missionary houses established, but no church worthy of the name. They had only temporary chapels, where the neophytes assembled; and he at once saw the necessity for building a church. Thanks to the munificence of a French nobleman, Count Daru, formerly Minister under Napoleon III., the corner-stone was laid at Tsukiji, on December 4, 1877. This

was a great and imposing event, and for the good Archbishop one of the greatest joys of his life.

No one who has ever seen this church can fail to admire it, not on account of its size—for it is small, and has always been called "the Tsukiji chapel,"—but because, although most entirely lacking in ornamentation, it is built in the purest Gothic style, in the most exquisite proportions. And the visitor, on learning how it was constructed, admires it still more; as on the one side there was the Archbishop, not familiar with the language of the country; on the other, the Japanese workmen who had never seen a Gothic church, and who had not the faintest idea of the work they were called upon to do. But they are a quick and adaptive race; and on the day the building was blessed, August 15, 1878, in the midst of the universal joy, no one was happier than the carpenter whose blind faith had led him to produce this *chef-d'œuvre* of art, docility, and patience. This little church is now the Cathedral of Tokyo. It may more fitly be called the monument of the saintly man who conceived the plan and superintended its erection.

Until the year 1880, the missionaries, confined as they were to the open ports, had great difficulty in reaching the mass of the Japanese people. They were not permitted to dwell in the concessions granted to foreigners, unless engaged, nominally at least, in the service of some Japanese as tutor or professor. They were not permitted to journey into the interior, unless provided with a passport stating that their health required it, or for the purpose of study or scientific observations. But they hastened to profit by all these aids, hampered only by the lack of means, which as their missions were multiplied became still more pressing. It was then that the Archbishop contracted the debt which later he liquidated by making a journey to the United States, where he went about collecting from city to city. He made many friends in America,

and he is still remembered with pleasure by many who met him in this country.

Before returning to Japan, he paid a visit to Rome, whither Leo XIII. had summoned him. The great Pope gave him a letter for the Emperor of Japan. On the 16th of August, 1885, the Archbishop arrived at Yokohama, where he was met by all the Christians of the city, who, after giving him a magnificent ovation, conducted him triumphantly to the church. At Tokyo he met with the same welcome, his people surrounding the train, near which the carriage of the French Minister awaited him. Having asked for the privilege of an interview with the Emperor, it was granted him. He presented the letter of Leo XIII., and was received with all the honor and ceremony accorded the ambassadors of foreign powers. The Mikado expressed his appreciation of the friendship of the Sovereign Pontiff, affirming his desire to continue in the march of progress so auspiciously begun, and promising to the Christians every liberty enjoyed by his other subjects. Monseigneur Osouf returned to his home deeply gratified.

II.

Once more in Japan, the Archbishop resumed his labors, which were in the future to be more arduous than any he had performed in the past. His private life was as regular as though he had been in a monastery. At half-past four he rose from his bed. Having waked the other members of his household, he spent some time in prayer. During the day, having begun it early, he accomplished an immense amount of work. The needs of his mission were his first thought and care; during a period of more than ten years he succeeded in doubling, by various means, the resources which he received from the Propagation of the Faith.

He had a simple and practical plan for the evangelization of Japan. In order to dispense with so much travel among the missionaries, which was not only expen-

sive but dangerous and exhausting, he proposed to establish in the most important places a house and two priests. One of them was to travel through the adjoining province, the other to remain at home in charge of the Christians already converted, to prepare others for baptism, and to give lessons in French to as many as would profit by them. This plan was not fully realized, owing to lack of means as well as men; but wherever tried it was successful; and wherever it was put into execution, may be found to-day a piece of property, a chapel suitable for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, and a modest home for the missionary.

In a country which is making such rapid strides in modern civilization as Japan, it is necessary for Catholic education to keep pace with the dissemination of Protestant errors. Ordinarily the missionaries were engaged in labors too arduous to found schools, which were an imperative necessity. Monseigneur was compelled to have recourse to others outside the Society of Foreign Missions. He hesitated long before taking this step. He was very peaceful by nature; he knew that missionaries of different nationalities and different Congregations, although none of them had lacked either zeal or intelligence, had not always worked in harmony. On the contrary, after having labored early and late, and suffered the greatest hardships in the cause of Christianity, they had sometimes disedified the fervent Japanese converts by their private disagreements. The Archbishop feared to introduce new elements of discord. Fewer laborers and more harmony was a principle that appealed strongly to his just and impartial mind.

Meanwhile error, in the name of science and education, was spreading unchecked through the Empire. Finally Monseigneur addressed himself to the Marianite Brothers, well known through their celebrated College Stanislas, which they had established and directed before the law of spoliation had been issued. They were

no novices in the art of teaching: they had been tried and proven. Having been founded for the express purpose of working side by side with parish priests, they had no difficulty in living in harmony with them. They were just the men needed in Japan. They arrived in 1887. From the first their work was visibly blessed by God; they have schools at Tokyo, Osaka, Nagasaki, and Kumamoto; a novitiate and apostolic school at Nagasaki; in all about two thousand pupils, with magnificent prospects for the future.

Schools were also established for young girls. The Sisters of the Infant Jesus or the Ladies of St. Maur were already at Tokyo before Monseigneur became bishop. The Sisters of St. Paul invited there by him, arrived in 1881. Beginning by accepting only the children of the very poor, they gradually enlarged the sphere of their usefulness, until all classes of society were numbered in their schools.

In the early days of his episcopate, Monseigneur Osouf was a great traveller, and his journeys were long and arduous. It was before the days of railways, and much of his travelling had to be done on foot. When absent on these visitations, he did not relax the severity or regularity of his daily life. If he had a few spare moments he spent them in reading, writing or meditating. He accommodated himself to the most uncomfortable lodgings and the most undesirable food. He knew that his people gave him always of their best, and his inborn politeness was so fine that he never complained even by a sign or a look. In a word, it would be difficult to combine a greater personality and more entire simplicity of life. These qualities are particularly attractive to the Japanese character. On his side, he admired the same qualities in his people, so distinctive of them. Patient, silent, and mortified himself, he could not but appreciate their endurance, frugality, and extraordinary reserve.

Even his recreations were employed in a useful manner. After having taken

a little exercise, he would look over the things which belonged to the sanctuary—vestments, ornaments, altar linens, etc.,—setting this or that apart for some mission that needed it; even sharing in the work of his "little tailor," a former pupil of the Holy Childhood, in repairing them. He was very skilful in the use of the needle, a great and necessary accomplishment in a missionary; and so humble and unconscious of any singularity in this regard was he that one day, after he had given Confirmation and had returned to the boat which was to reconvey him to Tokyo, he said to the missionary, who accompanied him: "Excuse me, but I must finish my meditation. This morning, when about to put on my stockings, I found they needed mending, so I was obliged to repair them."

During his long episcopate, from 1877 to 1906, Monseigneur Osouf saw many changes in Japan. Religious liberty having been fully declared on June 15, 1891, Tokyo was raised by Leo XIII. to the dignity of a metropolitan See, with the Sees of Nagasaki, Osaka and Hakodate for suffragans. By this proclamation the four vicars apostolic were named bishops.

For Monseigneur Osouf, the establishment of the hierarchy was the crown of his humility. For himself he sought only obscurity and silence,—a fact which was well known to all those with whom he came in contact. Living constantly in the presence of God, as he did, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of virtue, which had its influence on everyone who came within its sphere.

Beautiful lives are like beautiful days: they have their dawning, their progress; their noon, and their decline. Religious liberty, for which he had so ardently hoped, and so fervently welcomed, was far from producing the anticipated results. Religion had no longer the effect of novelty with the people; after the Constitution they busied themselves more with politics. Parties were formed, newspapers established; liberty and independence

strode with outstretched arms to embrace the multitudes so eager to receive them. With the development of commerce and its various industries, an irresistible movement among all classes turned toward realism; and, in spite of the redoubled efforts of the missionaries, the desired results were not achieved. At the same time the benefactors of the missions were fewer; death carried some of them away, indifference succeeded to the former generosity of others.

The diminution of resources was a most serious blow; the good prelate felt it deeply. Years also began to tell heavily upon him. He asked for a coadjutor. After some delay his request was granted. Monseigneur Mugabure was appointed; but the Bishop was soon deprived of the consolation and assistance of his helper. The coadjutor was summoned to Europe, where he remained two years. Meantime the infirmities of Monseigneur Osouf rapidly increased. He suffered intensely from rheumatism, his lower limbs becoming almost entirely useless. Not being able to take very active exercise, his blood became poor, his digestion weak. Although he never complained, he felt his helplessness keenly. Happily, he had the society of God as his constant and unfailing resource. The more he became isolated from the world, the nearer he drew to that divine shield and protector.

His time for devotion was regulated precisely as it had always been. He conformed in every slightest particular to each rule of the Church. His cycle was the liturgical year. He celebrated each recurrent feast as though it were for the first time. The great business of his day was the Mass. When he was unable any longer to descend to the church, he said it in a room close to his own chamber, which he had converted into a chapel. This was his place of retreat, his heaven.

The thought of death had long been a familiar one to the good Archbishop. He saw it approach with the greatest tran-

quillity. Slowly but surely his faculties began to fail. It became known abroad that he had not long to live. As soon as the sad news was spread about, many of the Christian Japanese desired to visit him; none of them met with a refusal. It would have pained the kind heart of the dying prelate if they had been denied. One of them, an old man with white beard, among the first and most exemplary Christians of Tokyo, said to him: "When you are with the good God, do not forget to ask for the salvation of Japan,—the conversion of the Japanese to the true Faith,"—"Oh, no!" replied Monseigneur. "When I see Our Lord, that is the first thing I shall ask of Him,—that He will save the Japanese; not only those of Tokyo, but of all Japan."

The end came on the 27th of June, 1906. When the holy Archbishop, clad in his pontifical robes, lying on his poor mattress, was presented to the veneration of the faithful, everyone remarked on the great change which had taken place in his appearance. With the casting aside of mortality, he seemed to have resumed his youth; the wrinkles of age had disappeared from his face, his lips smiled; his whole pose, at the same time dignified and gracious, impressed all who came—and they were thousands—in a most remarkable manner.

"Why," the Japanese at once began to say to each other,—“why should we not erect a statue here, in front of his church, to our beloved father, the first Archbishop of Japan? It would be an honor to ourselves and our country.” Accustomed as they are to deify great and good men, if it had been left to them, they would have had no hesitation in canonizing him immediately. All religions and all classes united to do him honor. The most conservative of the Japanese papers cited his life as a model for all,—one as irreproachable as his doctrines. According to an English journal of Yokohama, he was “a man who seemed born without the inherent weaknesses of

human nature. One fears to profane such a life by reviewing its history."

It is often said, and with truth, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. Applied to Monseigneur Osouf, the proverb is false. On the contrary, those nearest to him always loved him the most. If one desired to know exactly what manner of man he was, one had only to question the servant who had attended him, the sacristan who had done his bidding for many years, and had participated in the joys of his faith and piety.

He lies at the foot of the cross in the cemetery, where repose so many of his confrères and children, missionary priests and Sisters. On the simple monument which marks his grave, the words to be engraved are few, terse, but most expressive. They describe him to perfection:

VERUS CUM DEO, VERUS SECUM, VERUS CUM
PROXIMO.

"True to God, true to himself, and true to his neighbor." Could mortal man be more?

Crises of Catholicism.

WE have already referred to the current issue of the *Catholic World* as one of remarkable interest, and quoted from two articles which impressed us as being of exceptional importance. Indeed the present number is a near approach to the *Catholic World* in its palmy days, when the illustrious Father Hecker was its chief. We rejoice all the more at the change, because it has long been desired; and we like to believe that the Catholic reading public share our gratification. There is no dearth of Catholic periodicals, but just such a magazine as Father Hecker planned, and to a great extent realized, is a desideratum. The field for it is wide—ever-widening,—and a fair measure of success is sure to attend well-directed and persevering efforts on the part of those in charge.

Yet another paper in the November number of our contemporary deserves

notice—"The Crises of Catholicism," by Cornelius Clifford. *Actualité* is not its only merit: it is thoughtful and suggestive in every paragraph. We quote those passages likely to be of greatest interest to the average reader:

The times are big with change. It is not merely that the bulk of that yearly growing body of uneven knowledge, with which the exponent of Catholic thought is bound in loyalty to make himself familiar, is felt to have so increased in weight that the centre of gravity of the scholastic, as apart from the dogmatic, world may be said to have shifted its position; it is also that a new sky has been forming above our heads; new planets, new constellations have swum quietly into our ken; and we are in need of a fresh orientation. So much may be admitted without contention. Liberal or Conservative, thinker, student, or popular controversialists,—all may meet on the neutral ground of this common desideratum. The comparative calm of the past six and thirty years shows signs of breaking up; and all who have an interest in the Church's intellectual life, as distinguished from her deeper, moral, and sacramental existence, are in danger of finding themselves in the welter once more.

It would be easy, of course, to misread this altered condition of things; easy to exaggerate it, and so spread mischief and irritation, and a most illogically un-Catholic feeling of alarm. How effectively this has been done at various times during the past few years we need scarcely remind the reader who has kept himself in touch with current theological happenings. A group of well-intentioned scholars, whom it would be superfluous to name, because every single-minded student of our time is their acknowledged debtor, have permitted themselves to speak as though the mountains which are round about Jerusalem were destined speedily to disappear in a vast cataclysm of "higher critical" conjecture, without leaving a vestige of the more obvious aspects of present-day Catholicism to survive. Vaticinations of that sort serve only to darken counsel. Like the too-citatory Paget in Tennyson's "Queen Mary," whom Cardinal Pole feels constrained to rebuke "in tropes," they have possibly confounded a substance with its shadow.

It was the shadow of the Church that trembled.

On the other hand, it is almost as easy to shut one's eyes to the situation and ignore it altogether. Of the two alternatives, it is not difficult to say which is likely to present the more depressing consequences. It has ever been one of the inexplicable ironies of Church history

that the not-undiscerning among the *unco guid* should be so ready to prolong their slumbers, not alone while the devil is scattering his crepuscular cockle among the wheat, but even long after the Lord of the harvest has ordered it to be gathered into His barns.

The Northern and Teutonic peoples of the world, for whom conduct is more important than theory, and for whose return to religious unity true reformers like St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri, and the wise Theatine, Caraffa, worked and prayed, are beginning to show signs of an interest in latter-day Catholicism, which is as inspiring as it is difficult to justify on any purely rational or political grounds; while the Southern or semi-Latin races of Europe and America, in their turn, are apparently about to experience a similar change of heart. Already there are tokens of it for those who can read. The ultra-secularistic movement, for instance, with which these peoples have been largely identified for the past sixty or seventy years, if not yet arrested, is at least confined to more decorous channels. Much of the old insensate rancor of their leaders has disappeared; and there is unmistakable evidence, in more than one quarter of the horizon, that the public opinion of the English-speaking communities of mankind may direct them toward the pursuit of ideals which, when accepted, may yet furnish Catholicism with a hundred social opportunities and outlets for its zeal, beside which the political prestige of the past will dwindle into insignificance.

Whatever else may be alleged against Catholicism as an historical whole, it can never be alleged against it that it is intellectually moribund, or hide-bound, or out of touch with the true actualities of the age in which it lives. It is always pertinent, because always alive. . . .

Its power of renewal seems never to fail it. When it all but dies along with the crumbling classical world in Northern Africa, it suddenly takes root beyond the Danube and the Rhine, where it flowers primarily in the gorgeous figure of a suzerain church, and ramifies under a score of guises, religious, political, or economical, which one feels can only be inadequately expressed and summed up in the recondite theologies, the symbolism, the naïve complexities of the art and life of the Middle Age. Amid all its moral sinuosities and adaptations to environment, as intricate and as difficult to decipher sometimes as the traceries of its unique cathedrals, it never loses its original definition of type, and is, even in the face of the all-scrutinizing modern world, more completely of a piece with its Roman and Palestinian beginnings than is any oak of the forest with the buried tap root out of which it springs. . . .

Catholicism is one thing, and accounts of Catholicism are quite another. Whether we make use of rhetoric or poetry or painting, sculpture or architecture, whether we mount higher still into the resources of the technical soul and seek in music a mysterious vehicle of prayer, we are still dealing with symbols which are a kind of abstraction; and Catholicism is more than a symbol, as it is surely more than an abstraction. It is, like the Incarnation, an Economy, a divine adaptation of divinely human means to a divine end; or, rather, it is the Incarnation itself writ large, as with a certain geographical and secular largeness; a projection of the Mystery once hidden from the foundation of the world into the vastness of all actual and possible human needs.

It has been set forth as a system and described in terms of Plato and Aristotle. Thomists have enriched its schools with a persuasive completeness and simplicity of vocabulary. Scotists have pleaded in behalf of its sacramental mercies, and almost enhanced them by arguments that still stir the consciences of its ministering priests. Descartes has armed apologists in its defence; Kantians and Neo-Kantians, and the followers of even Hegel himself, have furnished considerations out of which later thinkers have attempted—no doubt sincerely and consistently—to rationalize, not only its more recondite mysteries, but also the incredible beginnings of its remote past. Essays similar to these will in all probability be made again. In a sense they are inevitable; though authority from time to time may frown upon them, and possibly condemn them, because they seem to lay hands upon the intangible and look like attempts to reduce to an abstract formula what is too vast and real and vital and concrete for adequate expression in the thought-forms of any school.

Perhaps, when all is said and done, the best account of the Mystery will be found in a necessary and confident adaptation to our present needs of Christ's eternal account of Himself. Catholicism is more than a system, because it is a Way,—the Way; it is more than a philosophy, because it pretends to be a Truth,—the Truth; it is more than a venerable and historic religion, because it inevitably reveals itself as Life.

How Catholicism still performs this threefold function in a world always prone to prophesy the Church's approaching demise, the writer promises to show in future articles. They will be welcomed by the class of readers who are more interested in watching the signs of the times than in looking at printed pictures.

A Winter Berry.

Notes and Remarks.

WHEN the strawberries and currants and blackberries and raspberries are all gone, or are to be enjoyed only in the form of jellies and jams, there is a season when no berries are to be found on the bushes or in the markets. But when the weather begins to get frosty, and there are signs of Thanksgiving cheer in the shops and in the pantries, a winter berry makes its appearance,—namely, the cranberry.

The cranberry of our country grows on vines which make their home in wild bogs, or in places converted into bog-land, in New England, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Long Island. The bogs are usually covered with water during the winter, as a protection against frost. This measure serves also to drown an insect that works great havoc with cranberry vines. It spins a thread around a group of growing leaves, hides itself in the midst, and eats them at its leisure. The bog soon looks as though a fire had passed over it, so this insect is called a "fireworm."

The vines blossom in summer, generally about July 4; and the berries begin to ripen after the petals have fallen off. The flowers are small and white, often tinged with pink; the stamens are bright orange, the flower-stem deep crimson, and the leaves glossy green.

The berries are picked in the fall, and are shipped all over the country. While the preferable method of picking them is by hand, American ingenuity has devised certain special rakes and combs wherewith the process is made considerably less tedious and wearisome. The three principal varieties of the cultivated cranberry are designated by the berry's form—bell-shaped, bugle-shaped, and cherry-shaped. They are an important feature of the Thanksgiving dinner, and are also a special Christmas berry. Sometimes they are strung on thread to decorate trees, and the bright red berries form a pretty contrast with the dark cedar background.

In accordance with a formal request from his Holiness Pius X., the Bishop of Tarbes has asked all his brethren in the episcopacy to have regular commissions appointed for the study of the principal cures effected at Lourdes on behalf of persons belonging to their respective dioceses. Among the members of each commission must be numbered physicians of well-accredited science and skill. The reports of the various commissions will be submitted to the judgment of the Roman Congregations. "It accordingly looks," comments the Cambrai *Semaine Religieuse*, "as if, thanks to the co-operation of medical science, the day has come when Lourdes is to furnish men with the strongest and most convincing arguments for faith in the supernatural." Personally, we have not the slightest doubt that, the matter once thoroughly examined and studied in all its bearings, Rome will affirm the miraculous nature of many of the cures worked at the Grotto. Human science has ineffectually tried for the past half century to give a credible explanation of the marvels occurring there; and it may well be that the Golden Jubilee of the Apparition of the Immaculate Conception will be signalized by the Church's setting the seal of unquestionable genuineness on the supernatural character both of the Apparition and the prodigies of which it was the forerunner.

Those who have kept abreast of Catholic affairs in England of late months, and who have been interested—as what Catholic has not?—in the school question as it exists in King Edward's realm, will be inclined to sympathize with this expression of opinion by the *Catholic Times*:

We think it is no small gain to the cause of Catholic elementary education that we have succeeded in impressing both political parties with the importance of coming to terms with us while we are all on the way. It has been said by some of our correspondents that there was

an undercurrent of hope in responsible quarters that, with a little deft handling, the Catholic vote might have been so manoeuvred in the lapse of time that it could have been carried over solidly into the Conservative camp. Perhaps it would be truer to say that there was an undercurrent of fear. But in reality we are sure that, so far as the responsible ecclesiastical authorities are concerned, there never has been, there never will be, any intention on the part of our episcopal leaders, not even the slightest idea, of intruding any but purely religious considerations into the strategy of a campaign which to them and to all Catholics is simply a sacred struggle for justice, holiness, truth, and peace.

This we hope will be obvious to all our readers. Any suspicion to the contrary would do untold harm; and we must put it aside, all of us, as a temptation of unrighteousness. Our fight for our schools is a religious contest. That we fight it out on the lines of politics is unavoidable; we have no other lines on which to fight. But we fight as Catholics first, and as politicians afterward. Our politics—always prescinding from this struggle for our schools—are very varied. Some of us are Conservatives, some Liberals, some Nationalists, some Labor. Those of us who are Conservatives would wish to see our schools saved by their political party. Those of us who are Liberals, or allied to the Liberals, would similarly wish that the schools may find salvation from the Liberals. Time will tell whose hopes or fears are well founded. For ourselves, we want to see our schools saved; and from whichever party we can get safety for them we shall take it.

There is a general disinclination in this country to the formation of a Catholic political party, such as the German Centre; but perhaps the Federation of American Catholic Societies may sometime find it well to imitate the action of our English co-religionists. We all should assuredly be Catholics first and mere politicians afterward, *not* the reverse.

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, dated Aug. 1, 1907, his Holiness Pius X., "in order to encourage the piety of the faithful, and to excite in them feelings of gratitude on account of the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation of the Divine Word," grants that in each and every enclosed

convent of nuns, and in other religious institutes, pious houses, and clerical seminaries, possessing a public or private oratory with the right of permanently reserving the Blessed Sacrament, the privilege shall be enjoyed yearly, henceforth and forever, of celebrating three Masses (or, if more convenient, one Mass only) during the night of the Nativity of Our Lord, and of giving Holy Communion to all who devoutly wish it. Moreover, his Holiness declares that the devout hearing of this Mass (or these Masses) shall count for all present as a fulfilment of the obligation of hearing Mass according to the law of the Church.

Not the least of the trials which Catholic missionaries in pagan lands have to endure is the opposition of sectarians, notably perhaps the Presbyterians. The explanation of it is the wondrous success of our missionaries and the scathing criticism of their enemies so often indulged in by Protestant travellers. A wealthy American, who, with his wife, had been a generous supporter of sectarian foreign missions, was heard to say, after a tour of the world and a visit to some missionary establishments which he had befriended: "I have spent my last dollar in that way. If I were a Roman Catholic, however, I should double my contributions toward the support of the missions conducted by that Church." We have faith enough in our separated brethren to believe that the publication of such venomous attacks as the following, from the *Cumberland Presbyterian* (Nov. 7, 1907), must have, with many readers, an effect quite the contrary of what was intended:

You can not know what a curse Catholicism is in these mission points,—how it oppresses and robs the heathen in the name of Christ, and gathers together the villains of a place to work their wickedness in concert. They work secretly and quietly, these priests, till they have immense power in a place before it is realized. Then they get some of their buildings burned, or some damage done them (by their own instigation, of course), bring lawsuits, get large sums of

money, and quickly erect veritable castles for their work. They depend on these methods to get funds. Then they lease great sections of cities, and sublet to the poor, whom they persecute shamefully.

This paragraph is from a letter to the Rev. and Mrs. George W. Martin from their daughter, Mrs. Mabel Martin Boydston, Kuling, China. The only rebuke we can trust ourselves to give to these worthies is to declare that in an experience of many years we have never known a Catholic missionary to calumniate Protestants. On the contrary, we have always heard generous praise when commendation was in any way merited, and gentle words of forgiveness for animosity manifested or injury done.

Of timely interest, during this Month of the Holy Souls, is the following extract from one of the articles which Father Roche is contributing to several of our contemporaries, on "The Business Side of Religion":

The men and women who are acquiring property with the confident hope that their children will make due reparation for their sins of covetousness and greed, ought to know by this time that such reparation is never made. The wealth of the penurious is generally a curse to those who inherit it. The last thing such heirs think of is of making any reparation for injustice, uncharity or fraud. One thing has been shown by experience, and that is that the graves and the souls of the covetous are generally neglected by those to whom they leave their property. It is a retribution for the cupidity which closed the heart to the demands of justice and religion. It is an ever-present object-lesson which has become so familiar that no one heeds it.

Apropos of the general title of Father Roche's papers, it may be said that it is eminently "good business" for the Catholic to be generous toward deceased relatives and friends. The mercy we deal unto others, that same will surely be dealt unto us.

While advice from the pulpit to the pew is both more common and, of course, more congruous than are counsels from

the pew to the pulpit, the latter are occasionally worth thinking upon and following. Here, for instance, is a sane bit of advice contributed to the *London Catholic Times* by "Auditor," presumably a layman:

The Catholic must, of course, bear in mind that his priest has a great many duties to perform; that he can not, like the actor, devote his whole time, or even a good part of it, to thinking out how he is to express his thoughts or use his hands in the pulpit; and, above all, that oratory is to a large extent a gift. I think he does keep these considerations before him. He does not expect that a hard-worked clergyman who has to say Mass, hear confessions, baptize, marry, and discharge the thousand and one duties that fall to the lot of the rector or curate of a mission, can address a congregation in the glowing language and masterly style of a Bossuet, a Massillon, or a Segneri. What he does look for is a message which will give him food for meditation during the subsequent week,—a message told in clear, emphatic accents, not one of which is lost. He believes that the pulpit is a power which may be employed not only to instruct and stimulate Catholics, but to draw non-Catholics into the Fold. He is of opinion that training in the art of public speaking after as well as during college days would be of great advantage to the clergy; and that if, in connection with the work of the pulpit, there were displayed as much enthusiasm and skill and such clearness of enunciation as one finds exhibited on the political platform, the number of our converts would be increased and multiplied.

The old dictum that the actor speaks his fiction as though it were truth, and the preacher his truth as though it were fiction, is apparently not without verity even in our day.

Apropos of the rapid spread of the Faith in New Zealand, our antipodean contemporary, the *Tablet*—on whose statistics, by the way, we have learned to rely with assurance,—has these striking paragraphs:

Only some sixteen years ago Thomas Poynton was still among us. He was the first Catholic settler in the land of the moa—a Western Celt, a scion of one of the two races that did most to spread the Faith in this far outpost of the Empire. Catholic Emancipation had not yet

been passed when, in 1828, he touched New Zealand earth at Hokianga. Thomas Poynton lived to see in his adopted country 4 bishops, over 200 churches, some 500 religious of both sexes, and a Catholic population of over 80,000 souls. And he saw it all in the period that intervened between the summer of his manhood and a green and honored old age.

And thus the Church in New Zealand unfolded gently, — emerged like the petals from an opening rosebud. In 1840 the white Catholics of the Colony were not above 500 in a total population of some 5000; to-day their numbers far exceed 100,000, with 230 churches, 190 priests, 60 religious Brothers, 750 nuns, a Provincial Ecclesiastical Seminary, 2 colleges for boys, 25 boarding-schools for girls, 18 superior day-schools, 15 charitable institutions, and 106 primary schools in which some 8000 children are nurtured into a full and wholesome development of the faculties that God has bestowed upon them. The parable of the mustard seed is told again in the rapid growth of the Church in New Zealand from the small beginnings of seventy years ago.

New Zealand and the Church suggest Macaulay's famous tribute, and emphasize his statement that the number of her (the Church's) children is greater than in any former age. "Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old." When the reviewer wrote these oft-quoted words, in 1840, New Zealand held 500 Catholics; to-day she holds twenty times that number.

A statement recently made by a contributor to the New York *Evening Post* in regard to educational advantages afforded in Peru seems to have been as much of a surprise to Catholics as a shock to Protestants in this country. "When Harvard College was a mere babe," says the writer, "the University of Lima was approaching the completion of its first century. This institution, now past its 356th birthday, entitled the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos de Lima, was organized but twenty years after Pizarro's first warlike invasion of Peru, and within sixteen years of the founding of the City of the Kings, now known as Lima."

Ignorance accounts for the sensation

occasioned by these words. Some who have commented upon them should have been minded of the statements made only a year or so ago by the Hon. John Barrett, American Minister to Columbia, writing in the *North American Review*. Mr. Barrett's official reports, be it noted, are to the same effect. Unlike most men, he has the courage of his convictions. Let us quote one or two passages of his article, as that number of the review happens to be just at hand:

How few North-American scholars and men of culture or breeding realize the existence in the South-American countries of excellent universities, advanced scientific and commercial institutions, literary societies, and groups of progressive thinkers, writers, poets, historians, editors, painters, sculptors, architects, and professors, as highly gifted, and as numerous in proportion to population, as those of the United States and Europe!

In every capital of Latin America there is a greater proportion of highly educated people, in the true meaning of the term, than in the average city of the United States; and it is astonishing to find the number of men and women who have been trained in the best schools of Europe. Nearly every high-class Latin-American, whether he be a professional man or a merchant, speaks French fluently as well as Spanish. Of how very, very few North-Americans is this true!

That the participants in a heated polemical discussion may in their private capacity be as friendly as are the opposing counsel in a legal battle royal, is once again shown by the following remark which occurs in a sketch of the late Father Ignatius Ryder, contributed to the *London Catholic Weekly*:

It may be noted here that during what appeared to be a bitter controversy between Dr. Ward and Father Ignatius, a correspondence was being carried on between them of a most friendly and often amusing character. If this correspondence still exists, it would probably be well worth publishing, as Father Ignatius was one of the most amusing and delightful of letter-writers.

An adequate memoir of Father Ryder, the last of Newman's intimate associates, would be welcomed everywhere.



Jean Pierre's Good Fortune.

BY D. L. F.

THE day was warm and the sermon long; yet such was the eloquence of the preacher that the large congregation which filled the church of St. Thomas gave no sign of impatience or fatigue. One stout old gentleman, however, was a solitary exception. Seated in a distant corner, the words of the text had, indeed, reached his ear; but his attention had wandered from the pulpit to the red and blue dots which danced in through the stained windows, thence to the motley crowd which surrounded him, and lastly to a small urchin who stood leaning against one of the pillars.

This boy was the picture of poverty, from the crown of his rimless hat to his hobnailed boots.—boots which would have fitted one twice his size. But the crowning feature of his attire was his coat, which was one mass of patches, each of a different hue; and the onlooker fell to wondering whether anything of the original material yet remained. The lad himself seemed totally unconscious of the oddity of his appearance, and stood listening to the sermon with such rapt attention that the stout old gentleman felt tacitly rebuked, and finally made an earnest effort to catch the purport of the preacher's words.

The sermon, however, was drawing to its close; and a few minutes later the congregation had broken up and was streaming out of the church, the stout old gentleman himself being caught up in the vortex and deposited outside, in the Rue du Bac. As he started, walking briskly toward the Seine, he again caught sight of the strange little figure which

had attracted his notice in church. To his surprise, he saw the ragged urchin stop before a beggar and drop a penny into his hat. The next minute the boy had sped onward, until, meeting a second beggar, he again drew a copper from his pocket. This time the gentleman was unable to restrain his curiosity.

"Look here, youngster! What is your name?"

"Jean Pierre, Monsieur."

"Well, Jean Pierre, you don't look overburdened with this world's goods, yet here you are throwing away your money right and left."

The urchin thus addressed hesitated only a second. The Paris street boy is not shy, and the old gentleman did not look so very formidable.

"You see, Monsieur, this is how it is. I want a new coat very badly, and mother can't afford to buy me one; and the preacher told us just now that what we gave to the poor God would return to us many times over; so I thought that for my two pennies God would perhaps give me a coat. They were my own pennies, Monsieur: I earned them this morning by carrying a lady's parcel."

The old gentleman had stood an amused and interested listener to this quaint explanation. As he met the boy's artless gaze, his face softened.

"You will get your coat, youngster, never fear; and, to lose no time, we will go and choose one this very minute. Come along!"

And this oddly assorted couple set off down the street, peering eagerly into every shop that seemed likely to contain the coveted article.

Half an hour later a casual passer-by might have seen a delighted urchin tearing down the street with a large brown paper parcel under his arm; while a stout

gentleman stood gazing after him, with a smile on his face and a warm feeling at his heart, such as he had not known for many a long day.

Jean Pierre's good fortune did not end here; for some weeks later, through the old gentleman's interest, he obtained a situation as errand boy in a large warehouse. Great was his delight when for the first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first thought was for his kind patron; and, emboldened by the splendor of his attire, he marched straight up to the great house and pulled the bell. His delight was further increased when the old gentleman failed to recognize him at first, then thumped him on the back, vowing he had never seen such a change—*never!*—and admired him to his heart's content.

"Live up to your buttons, my boy! Keep straight, please your employers, and you will get on in life."

The old gentleman's parting admonition became a true prophecy; for several years later Jean Pierre rose to be manager of the very same warehouse he had entered as an errand boy.

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"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XII.—A TRUCE.

Whirlwind went to her own room and threw herself upon the bed. She knew there was no alternative but to obey her cousin; still her sense of injustice was so strong and her self-will so great that she could not for the time being see how the terrible *fiat* could be accomplished. The dinner bell rang while she was debating with herself and struggling against the evil spirit that prompted her to ignore the behest of her father. Her love for him was so intense that she felt not the least resentment against the implicit command he had issued. Everything that had occurred had been, in her opinion,

the fault of her cousin. On her alone rested all the blame. Up to the present time, she reasoned, she herself had been guiltless; though she was obliged to admit that in future, should she disregard her father's wishes, she would be a sharer in that guilt.

Whirlwind's room was over the dining-room. She could hear voices, she thought, in argument. Perhaps Miss Allen was pleading with Cousin Ellery to allow her to come down. She could distinguish the mild, gentle accents of the secretary, then the deeper tones of her cousin, and fancied the shake of the iron-gray curls as she refused to be lenient to the terrible offender. She began to feel hungry, and wondered whether Minnie would bring her something to eat, or if she should have to forage for it in the kitchen after the others had finished. Then she saw the door open softly, and Miss Allen entered.

"My dear," said that lady, coming over to the bedside, where she sat down beside the dishevelled child, "your cousin has consented to let you dine with us, provided you promise to let Minnie braid your hair to-morrow morning. That is a concession from Miss Melloden, who is usually very firm. You remember she said you could not come to the dining-room until you had obeyed her. And you love your father too dearly, I am sure, to disobey *his* orders."

"It was mean of her to telegraph," answered Whirlwind. "I can't go to dinner to-night, Miss Allen. Will you ask Minnie to bring me something to eat here? I am awfully hungry."

"Very well," answered the secretary, still gently. "You will feel better and in a more compliant mood in the morning, I am certain. Good-night, my dear!"

She bent and kissed the hot forehead. Whirlwind pressed her hand, and she went back to the dining-room.

Minnie came up soon afterward with a loaded tray.

"I think you are very foolish, Whirl-

wind," she said. "Your cousin and you are both headstrong, but she is bound to win in the end. It would be almost better to have been born without hair than to have such a fuss made about the way you are to wear it."

To this Whirlwind did not condescend to reply save by a haughty "You needn't stay, Minnie," which only caused the girl to smile. She said nothing more, but, after laying out the things neatly on a small table, left the room.

Whirlwind ate heartily, reflecting all the time, however, on an idea that Minnie had unwittingly put into her mind. From time to time she looked in the glass, catching her hair between her hands and turning her head this way and that. When she had finished she placed the tray outside, locked the door, and, lighting the gas jets on each side of her bureau, took a large scissors from the top drawer. For a moment she hesitated,—then, lifting it to her head, she began to cut her hair. Click, click, it went on, and in a short time the bureau scarf was covered with little tufts of golden hair.

"I ought not to have done that," soliloquized Whirlwind, regarding them. "I should have spread a newspaper. But it can't be helped now. I'll clean it up afterward."

Click, click, the scissors went on,—now here, now there; and in a short time the outward aspect of Whirlwind's head was completely changed. Irregular wisps of hair stuck out at intervals; part of it was cut very close, and some looked as though it had been shaven. But the child proceeded with her work very diligently until she had achieved something like uniformity in the effect. At last it was completed to her satisfaction; and, laying down the scissors, she looked at herself in the glass. The result did not displease her.

"It looks funny," she said aloud; "but it will soon grow. And I guess there will be tiny curls all over my head, like I used to have when I was little. Cousin Ellery can't say anything now, I'm sure. My

hair isn't flying about any more; but—it can't be braided either!"

There was triumph in her voice. She had forced her cousin to a compromise,—at least so she thought, and would have said had she been able to put the thought into words. And she did not doubt that, whatever her father might say, he would not blame her in his heart for this evasion of her cousin's command. As yet there was no regret in her mind for the loss of her beautiful hair, which had never been cut since her babyhood. She had done a clever and sensible thing; everyone concerned must now be satisfied.

Carefully removing the ornaments from the bureau, blowing little stray hairs from each as she did so, she gathered up the scarf carefully, emptying its contents into a large newspaper, which she put on one of the shelves of her closet.

"I will give it to Martha to make a pin-cushion," she said. "She has often told me I ought to cut my hair and give it to her to make a pin-cushion. Now she may have it. Won't she be surprised, though?"

Having set the bureau in order once more, she perceived that her clothing was full of stray threads of golden brown.

"How disorderly I am!" she thought. "I ought to have pinned a towel around my shoulders."

Her work had left her in a cheerful state of mind. She began to prepare for bed, shaking each garment so vigorously out of the window as she took it off that Minnie, in the next room, said to Esther:

"Whirlwind seems to be shaking her ill-humor off with her clothes."

"I'm not again her myself," replied the cook. "The cousin is a harsh creature; but we dare not coddle the child. 'Twould be a mistake."

Whirlwind said her prayers very complacently; for she had no remorse of conscience for what she had done. On the contrary, she looked forward to the morning with a good deal of anticipation, partly pleasurable, partly curious. The loss of her hair did not trouble her in the

least. She was up early next morning. Her appearance was not so favorable in the daylight. But she brushed what hair remained on her head up and down, across and back again, in order to create the effect of curls.

"I wish I could have shaved it," she said; "it would grow faster and more evenly. I shouldn't be surprised if Cousin Ellery would scold me for having cut it, after all."

She hastened with her toilet, however, took off the bedclothes, and opened the three windows wide to let in the sunshine; asked God, on her knees, most fervently to teach her obedience and patience, and went downstairs.

Minnie remarked to Esther:

"I believe that child is actually going to breakfast without having her hair braided. There will be another fuss now."

"Never mind; we haven't a word to say. She'll be sent out again. Put by that biggest plate of strawberries for her."

Their remarks were cut short by an exclamation from the next room. It was Miss Melloden, aghast at Whirlwind's appearance.

"You incorrigible child!" she cried. "What *have* you done to yourself now?"

"Cut off my hair, Cousin Ellery," said Whirlwind calmly, taking her accustomed place. "I *couldn't* have it braided, so I cut it off. It will make it thicker, and it won't be long enough to fly around while you are here."

For once Miss Melloden was at a loss. To do her justice, she had no thought of persecuting her charge for persecution's sake. She only wished to perform what she considered her duty. And Whirlwind, consciously or not, had outwitted her.

"Eat your breakfast," she said at last. "You are a mystery to me."

"Papa always called me 'an open book,'" replied Whirlwind, making the Sign of the Cross and folding her hands devoutly before she attacked her berries.

Miss Allen smiled behind her napkin.

"My dear," she observed, "you do look

somewhat ridiculous at present; but, as you say, it will be the better for your hair. And as it was only the fly-away, unkempt appearance of it that annoyed your cousin, I am sure she will forget the past."

"Let it be so," rejoined Miss Melloden, regarding the child curiously from over her glasses. She was indeed a mystery to the spinster, whose intercourse with children had all been at second or third hand. "I am beginning to believe she does not realize her own shortcomings," she continued, addressing Miss Allen.

"What child does?" was the reply.

"And, Cousin Ellery," said Whirlwind, "now that you are not angry about the hair-cutting, and we are going to try to get on together, I want to ask you if you will not *please* call me by my name?"

"Angela?" answered Miss Melloden, in surprise.

"Oh, not at all! I mean the name that everyone calls me."

"I can not possibly do it," rejoined Miss Melloden. "My lips would refuse to utter that nonsensical appellation."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to give in, then," answered Whirlwind. "It won't be for long; and if papa doesn't hear it, it can't make him feel bad. And it was mamma's; and maybe if I *try* to listen to it, and answer when you call me by it, she will help me to be good. And there's another thing, Cousin Ellery, and that's the *only* reason. It isn't to please you—because you are cruel to make me do it,—but I know I *must* obey papa."

"What a *mélange!*" said her cousin. "This is indeed a remarkable child."

Whirlwind went on eating her breakfast with a good appetite. Before they left the table, Miss Melloden said quite kindly:

"I think we ought to have some instructive reading this morning, and perhaps some needlework. Miss Allen will attend to that."

"Oh, do let me have vacation till Monday, Cousin Ellery!" said Whirlwind. "I don't feel like beginning to learn so near the end of the week."

"And we have all that correspondence to dispose of before Sunday," added Miss Allen. "This is Friday."

"Very well," responded Miss Melloden. "We will begin an improving course of reading on Monday, then."

"I am going over to Martha's," said Whirlwind.

"Would it not be better and more polite to ask if you *may* go over to Martha's?" inquired her cousin.

"May I go, then?" asked the child, quite pleasantly.

"Why do you spend so much time there, my dear?"

"I love Martha. And there is a nice family there now—a gentleman and lady and a boy and girl,—and they read and draw. They asked me to come. And, besides, I want to take my hair to Martha to make a pincushion."

"A pincushion! I should burn it, in your place," said Miss Melloden.

"Oh, Martha will like it! She used to tell me to cut off my hair and give it to her for a pincushion. It will make quite a large one, I think."

"Very well," assented Cousin Ellery, amicably. "People have queer tastes. You may go."

"Thank you!" she remembered to say, in the light-heartedness of her new estate.

After Whirlwind had run the gauntlet of criticism and reproof from Esther and Minnie in the kitchen, she ran upstairs for the package containing her shorn locks, and was soon skipping along the road to Martha's. The family were already in the garden, with books and work, when she arrived.

"Goodness me! What has happened to the child!" she exclaimed, when Whirlwind made her appearance, with a cheerful "Good-morning, all!" uttered in a gay voice, to hide the embarrassment she really felt.

"I cut off my hair to please Cousin Ellery," was the reply; "and I have brought it to you to make a pincushion."

"Cut it off to please your cousin!"

answered Martha. "I thought all the trouble came about because she wanted you to braid it."

"She did; but I would not do that. So she sent a telegram to papa, and he sent one back saying that I must obey her *imprisently*—or something like that; so I cut it off. My hair will not be long again before she goes, and it will come in curly. Don't you think so, Mrs. Fersen?" she concluded, turning to that gentle lady.

"I believe it will," was the rejoinder. "But was your cousin satisfied?"

"I think so. She was quite pleasant, and allowed me to eat breakfast with them. And I've given in to being called Angela, Martha," she went on, affectionately caressing the old woman's hand. "Papa won't hear it, you know, and I guess mamma will be pleased. I look dreadful, but I don't care for that. And the curls will be quite grown by the time papa comes home."

"I am very glad peace has been restored, at any price," said Martha.

"Yes, it is much better," replied Mrs. Fersen. "You look like a cherub now, my dear," she remarked to the child, "I shall have to paint you."

"Not till my hair begins to curl, though," replied Whirlwind.

"It has begun already," said Bessie. "In a few days it will be lovely."

"Now, children, I am going to leave you to get acquainted with each other, while I write some letters," observed the mother. "After that, we shall begin our vacation studies."

(To be continued.)

A Good Answer.

Sir Walter Scott one day met an Irish beggar in the street, who asked him for sixpence. Sir Walter could not find one, and so gave him a shilling, saying with a laugh, "But mind, now, you owe me sixpence."—"And may your honor live till I pay you!" came the instant reply

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The inclusion of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" in the popular series of "Heart and Life Booklets" prompts the editor of *Catholic Book Notes* to remark: "It is matter for satisfaction that a work embodying distinct Catholic teaching should find a place in a series which circulates chiefly among Protestants."

—A new paper is published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Archdiocese of New York. It is called *The Good Work*, and is devoted to the interests of Catholic missions at home and abroad. It will appear six times in the year—November 1, January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, and September 1. The first number is interesting and promising.

—Educational Brief No. 20, issued by the Superintendent of Philadelphia's Parish Schools, is a reprint from the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, "The New Syllabus: Its Meaning and Purpose," by the Rev. Dr. Heuser. A neat pamphlet of thirty-two clearly printed pages, No. 20 compares favorably with any previous issue in Father McDevitt's excellent series.

—The Christian Brothers have deservedly achieved such distinction in all matters relative to primary education, that any text-book prepared by them has a strong presumption in favor of its excellence. A cursory examination of the "Fourth Reader" of the De La Salle Series convinces one that it is as thoroughly good as was to be expected. Published by the La Salle Bureau of Supplies, New York.

—Our English exchanges announce the death, after a long illness, of Mr. E. R. Wyatt-Davies, M. A., who will be remembered as the author of two excellent text-books of history, which are as much used by non-Catholics as by Catholics—namely, "History of England for Catholic Schools," and "Outlines of British History for Catholic Schools." Mr. Wyatt-Davies became a convert to the Church in 1893. His father, Dr. Herbert Davies, was distinguished by his investigations into disease of the heart, one of its noticeable maladies being known as "Davies Heart."

—The favorable reception accorded, two years ago, to "Letters on Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J., has induced that author to issue a second series under the same title. This same title, by the way, is not particularly accurate; the work is a doctrinal treatise, or an expanded catechism, rather than any species of correspondence such as, on the

face of it, the title suggests. As the first series dealt with the Commandments, this second one discusses the Sacraments—or, rather, four of the Sacraments. A third volume is to deal with Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony. The fulness of practical details which we commended in the first volume is again conspicuous in the present one. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"A Parable of a Pilgrim," an eighty-page threepenny booklet issued by the London Catholic Truth Society, is a reprint from Wynkyn de Worde's fifteenth century edition of "The Ladder of Perfection," the most celebrated of the devotional works written by "Reverend Master Walter Hylton of Thurgarton, Canon Regular." Besides the Parable which gives its title to the booklet, it contains also "The Re-Forming of the Soul in Feeling," "Humility and Love," "Prayer," "Holy Writ," and "Reasonableness." Emily Hickey, who has edited the little work, has made only such alterations from the original vocabulary of "The Ladder of Perfection" as are necessitated by the obsolescence of some terms and the changed meaning of others. The result is that the excellence of Hylton's counsels is enhanced by the quaintness of the phraseology. A booklet worth binding, and one to be, in Bacon's phrase, "chewed and digested."

—Art students and lovers of art will welcome an exhaustive study of the works of Boticelli and his school, in two volumes, by Mr. Herbert Horne. The first, which will soon be for sale in this country, includes the life and works of Boticelli, and an appendix of original documents. The second volume, which will be issued before Christmas, will contain a detailed study of the school of Boticelli, with a catalogue of all the known paintings and drawings by him and his pupils, a bibliography, and a full index. The illustrations, in photogravure, include nearly the whole of Boticelli's genuine works, several of which have never before been reproduced. Messrs. Bell & Sons, publishers. "The Sanctuary of the Madonna di Vico, Pantheon of Charles Emanuel I. of Savoy," another new art book by L. Melano Rossi, is published by the Macmillan Co. Besides a frontispiece in color, it contains numerous photogravure plates and other illustrations.

—Travellers and "stay-at-homes," students and general readers, will welcome an English translation of Father Barnabas Meistermann's well-known "Guide to the Holy Land," which

is among Messrs. Burns & Oates' new publications. In his preface to the work, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Salford says that all the features of an ideal guide-book are supplied in this "Catholic Baedeker." "The author's long residence in the Holy Land, and his constant experience in every portion of it, have rendered him so familiar with all that concerns modern life and travel in those regions that it would be difficult to secure a more practical guide; while as for the scientific and critical side of the work, all those who are acquainted with Father Barnabas' preceding learned monographs on various disputed questions of Palestinian topography and archæology are aware that the erudite Franciscan is one of the most competent scholars in these subjects, and may be trusted to treat such questions with both critical acumen and wide knowledge. . . . It appears to me that in the hands of a professor or student, this eminently practical handbook, with its copious maps and plans, its abundance of concise information, and its constant references to the text of Holy Scripture, will prove an invaluable adjunct to text-book and atlas; and as such I feel justified in recommending it warmly to Scriptural professors in universities and theological colleges, as well as to those of the clergy who are interested in Scriptural study,—an ever-increasing class, as one may sincerely hope."

The book contains as many as twenty-five colored maps and one hundred and ten plans of towns and monuments.

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.

"A Day with Mary." Caryl Coleman. 60 cts., net.

"The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. II. and III. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.

"Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649." Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. \$1.50, net.

"Free-Will and Four English Philosophers—Hobbes, Locke, Hume, and Mill." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.25, net.

"The Life of Blessed Julie Billiard." A Sister of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.

"Home for Good." Mother M. Loyola. \$1.25, net.

"The Princess of Gan-Sar." Andrew Klarman. \$1.50, net.

"Stepping-Stones to Heaven." 60 cts., net.

"The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick." Katherine Tynan. 40 cts., net.

"Ten Lectures on the Martyrs." Paul Allard. \$2, net.

"Fountain of Living Water; or, Thoughts on the Holy Ghost for Every Day in the Year." Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. \$1.50, net.

"The Ordinary of the Mass." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

"Thoughts and Fancies." F. C. Kolbe, D. D. 75 cts., net.

"Folia Fugativa." \$1.50, net.

"The Curé's Brother." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 75 cts.

"Children's Retreats." Rev. P. A. Halpin. \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Edward Tucker, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. J. R. Enzlberger, diocese of Belleville; Rév. James Gleason, diocese of Omaha; and Rev. John Galligan, diocese of Burlington.

Brother Julius, Brothers of the Sacred Heart.
Sister M. Fortunata, of the Sisters of Charity.
Mr. Antonio Eknaga, Mrs. Edna Tavener,
Mr. James Mealey, Mr. M. T. Wideman, Mr. Mark McKenna, Mrs. F. L. Ashe, Mr. William Fuhrer, Mr. Joseph Zwibel, Mr. Henry McPake, Miss Sarah Wilson, Mrs. M. Heffernan, Mr. E. R. Wyatt-Davies, Mrs. Mary Craven, Miss Anna George, Mrs. Catherine McGlyn, Mr. J. Purling, Mrs. E. Shannon, Mr. James Bovard, Mr. L. Dillon, Mr. Robert Wray, Mr. P. Ward, Mrs. Mary Fisher, Mrs. J. C. Reinhardt, Mr. Thomas McDonald, Mr. James McDonald, Mr. Henry Deuber, Mr. David West, Mr. William J. Croke, and Miss Margaret White.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For Bishop Berlioz, Japan:

C. J., \$1; Mrs. J. T., \$1.

The Franciscan Sisters, Jamaica:

C. J., \$1.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 30, 1907.

NO. 22.

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

After the Harvest.

THE wheat hath given its hoarded flour,
The grape its sun-brewed wine;
All nature hath returned its dower,—
What offering is mine?

Have I brought forth life's perfect fruit,
Its blessing-laden grain,
Made strong by Christ, the living Root,
Made ripe in heat of pain?

No purple vintage crowns my toil,
No wealth of golden sheaves;
Yet may I quicken others' soil,
As do the wind-swept leaves.

* * *

The Poet of Purgatory.

A CRITIC of no mean ability declares that, in his opinion, "the most profound as well as the most beautiful part of all the work of Dante is the 'Purgatorio.'" And its exquisitely tender and pathetic, its weird and solemn stanzas are peculiarly appropriate for that melancholy month, "the saddest of the year," which the Church has set apart for remembering in a special manner the dead.

In describing the approach to that region,

In which the human spirit from sinful blot
Is purg'd, and for ascent to heaven prepares,
the poet by a happy symbolism portrays the contrast to those Tartarian shades that contain the souls condemned to eternal woe. "Serene is the aspect of

the pure air," with its "hue of Eastern sapphire"; while "the radiant planet that to love invites makes all the Orient to laugh."

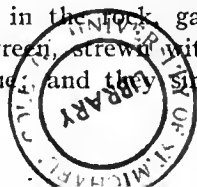
With his guide and mentor, Virgil, he lands upon the isle of Purgatory,—that solitary shore,

That never sailing on its waters saw
Man, that could after measure back his course.
And, standing there in contemplation,
the pair suddenly descri

A light so swiftly coming through the sea,
No winged course might equal its career.

This proves to be "God's angel," who, setting at naught all human means, "winnows the air with those eternal plumes," lessening the distance "between such distant shores," and guiding a bark wherein are contained a hundred spirits. They chant as they go "When Israel came out of Egypt." Blessed by the angel with the Holy Sign, they leap ashore, inquiring the way to the mountain of purification.

That sacred eminence is not, however, to be at once ascended by all comers. The poet meets with many who have waited hundreds of years for the privilege. These include such as have deferred their repentance to the last, or who have been guilty of heinous sins; so that "thousands of moons have waxed and waned" upon the place of their detention, which, apparently, is not always a place of suffering. Many of these souls, once famous upon the earth, await their turn within a vale hollowed in the rock, gay with grasses of living green, strewn with flowers variegated in hue, and the song



as they go the *Salve Regina* or intone the *Te Lucis Ante*, just at the hour

that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell.

At that Vesper time, the poet, overcome by weariness, falls into a deep sleep; and "when the Dawn looks palely o'er the eastern cliff, lucent with jewels," he is carried by the lovely lady, Lucia, to the height hard by the gate of Purgatory. There he is admitted, with his illustrious mentor, by the "courteous keeper of the gate"; and beholds the "trinal steps," of marble white, of "hue more dark than sablest grain," of blood-red porphyry. These are guarded by a heavenly spirit; and as the hallowed portal turns upon its hinges, the first sound that issues forth is the thunder of choral voices in a hymn of praise to God.

In his immortal verse, the Tuscan depicts with appallingly graphic power the various torments by which souls are "cleansed from stains, that they may be made all fair"; and in his imaginary awards the punishment is fitted with the utmost nicety to the offence. Thus "the forfeiture of pride" is paid by being bent under heavy burdens. "Curb'd to earth beneath their heavy terms," they are compelled "under this weight to groan until they have appeased God's angry justice,"—

since I did it not
Amongst the living, here amongst the dead.
As he descries the anguish of their countenances, he pauses to reflect:

O powers of man, how vain your glory, nipp'd
E'en in its height of verdure, if an age
Less bright succeed not!

He draws thence the warning:

Christians and proud! O poor and wretched
ones,

That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust
Upon unsteadfast perverseness! Know ye not
That we are worms, yet made at last to form
The winged insect, imp'd with angel plumes?

Every species of pride is there brought low: those whom "wrong or insult seems to gall till they do thirst for vengeance,"

those "who doat on other's evil," and again they to whom the fame and glory of earth were everything. The kindred sin of envy is purged in another cornice, or circle, which "knots the scourge for envy." There all who inordinately desired the goods of their fellows are clothed in "sackcloth vile," their eyes transpierced by wire. These were the souls that "sickened at the thought" of the prosperity of others. Continuously urged onward—"here plies the oar that loitered ill,"—are those

in whom intenser fervency
Haply supplies, where lukewarm erst ye fail'd,
Slow or neglectful, to absolve your part
Of good and virtuous.

Sins of gloom or indifference to good, a failure to correspond with "the highest love," are expiated in vapors dense; while sins of wrath are loosed in hideous darkness.

Hell's dunnest gloom, or night unlustrous, dark,
Of every planet 'reft, and pall'd in clouds,
Did never spread before the sight a veil
In thickness like that fog, nor to the sense
So palpable and gross.

Thick mists encircle them, through which they stumble into darkest night.

The poet is particularly severe on sins of avarice, "that inveterate wolf, whose gorge ingluts more prey than every beast beside." He apportions thereto a commensurate punishment. "This mount inflicts no direr penalty." Such sinners are condemned to "tarry motionless, outstretched," incapable of action; and he gives the reason:

As Avarice quench'd our love
Of good, without which is no working; thus
Here Justice holds us prison'd, hand and foot
Chain'd down and bound, while heaven's just
Lord shall please.

Struck with the thought, he cries:

Thou cursed thirst
Of gold! dost not with juster measure guide
The appetite of mortals?

In still another of those fearful rounds of Purgatory wherein are purged the seven deadly sins, gluttony receives its penal torment. In that cornice,

Every 'spirit
Whose song bewails his gluttony indulg'd
Too grossly, here in hunger and in thirst
Is purified.

Ambrosial fruits, toward which their hands
are perpetually outstretched, elude the
touch; and streams of water, which they
may not reach, gush forth to mock their
devouring thirst. While the odor of this
fruit and the spray upon the verdure
thus torments them, an angel sings:

Blessed are they whom grace
Doth so illumine that appetite in them
Exhaleth no inordinate desire!

Those who have been guilty of the
grosser sins, "to medicine the wound that
healeth last," are "enclasped by scorching
fire" so intense that the narrator exclaims:
I would have cast me into molten glass,
To cool me, when I enter'd; so intense
Rag'd the conflagrant mass.

Through such dread atonement must they
enter into joy.

The singer of those other worlds spares
nothing, in suggestion or detail, to impress
upon the mind the awful expiation which
must follow offences against "the Almighty
Sire," even when those sins are forgiven.
He shows furthermore how long-continued
such sufferings may be:

Some thousand years have past, and that
Is, to eternity compar'd, a space
Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye
To the heaven's slowest orb.

The poet endows his spirits with a
semblance that is "shadow call'd." Hence
he bestows upon them a personality, as
it were, so that they may exclaim:
Speech is ours, hence laughter, tears, and sighs.
They take with them at their departure
from life memory, intelligence and will.
He explains that

Here the ambient air
Weareth that form which influence of the soul
Imprints on it.

Hence, according to the poetic con-
ception, they are impressed by their
surroundings, and suffer the unspeakable
pains of Purgatory precisely as they might
have done on earth. And those torments
are of the same intensity as those of the

nether regions. He, however, sets forth
with the full power of his genius that
essential difference to which allusion has
already been made, and this pervades the
whole atmosphere of the holy mountain:

How far unlike to these
The straits of hell: here songs to usher us,
There shrieks of woe!

The greetings are courteous and holy:
"God give ye peace!" The shades are
gentle shades; and the voices of the
spirits are heard in the deepest darkness,
in the fiercest flames, praying or joining
in canticles of praise:

Each one seem'd to pray for peace,
And for compassion, to the Lamb of God
That taketh sins away. Their prelude still
Was *Agnus Dei*; and through all the choir,
One voice, one measure ran, that perfect seem'd
The concord of their song.

Now it is the recitation of the Lord's
Prayer, recited amid pains so excruciating
that their very looks would seem to say,
"I can endure no more"; or it is the
impassioned cry:

Blessed Mary, pray for us!
Michael and Peter, all ye saintly host!

More frequently still it is the hymns of
the Church, familiar then as now, echoing
through the rockbound slopes.

The spirits devout,
Heard'st, over all his limits, utter praise.

Their sentiments, moreover, are those of
humble resignation to "the Will omnific,"
of lowly supplication, crying, "O God
have mercy! . . . Thy kingdom's peace come
to us!" And that peace is already with
them,—consolation and the certainty of
ultimate happiness. For "peace in that
blessed council is their lot,—spirits secure
whate'er the time may be."

The very rocks of Purgatory are graven
with holy or with elevating images. The
story of the Annunciation, the figure of
the Virgin Mother, and of Gabriel, who
brought to earth the tidings of peace, are
there portrayed. David dances before
the Ark; Trajan, the Emperor, hears the
widow's suit. Charity and love are the
essential atmosphere of the place. The

holy mountain shakes to its very base, and a tremendous shout of jubilation rises upward, "Glory in the highest be to God!" as the expression of the joy that pervades the entire region when one soul is released from durance.

In the various circles, instances of the virtues opposite to the vices there punished are related, or the beatitudes repeated with earnestness and fervor. Sometimes it is the angel of God who with "dazzling radiance dims the sight"; or, standing with joyous mien, chants the holy song; or in the glimmer of white dawn points the upward path. In fact, the presence and watchful care of these angelic ministrants are all-permeating, and the suffering souls are cheered by the encouragement of the "family of heaven."

Another great truth which the poet impresses upon the mind is the duty of intercession of the living for the dead. As citizens of one true country,

We should help them wash away the stains
They carried hence; that so, made pure and light,
They may spring upward to the starry spheres.

And he urges those who remain on earth, by every means in their power, to hasten their deliverance. He also shows the longing of these patient spirits for the assistance of "all for whom the thread of Lachesis has not yet been spun." They

Pray'd for others' prayers
To hasten on their state of blessedness.

He makes them explain

what can here
For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills
Have root of goodness in them.

And they cry out from depths of burning flames, "Remember ye my sufferings"; or "With thy prayers sometimes assist me." Frequently they beg of him to inform surviving relatives of their sufferings unspeakable, and to ask their prayers; or they recall with joy and thanksgiving the help they have already received in their upward progress.

In fact, in this division of his truly Divine Comedy, the Tuscan speaks almost with inspiration. It is a voice from

beyond the tomb that commands our attention; for such would be the language of those souls in prison were they to break the bonds of death or to recross the viewless bourne. It has been well said that in all save his politics Dante reflects the spirit of the Ages of Faith. He certainly reflects both the mind and the theology of the Church, and in so doing makes the strongest appeal to the human heart as well as to the belief of Christians. Almost it seems as if the voices most dearly loved could be heard from out the awful silences in that piteous supplication:

O soul, who yet
Pent in the body, tenderest toward the sky,
For charity, we pray thee comfort us.

Lightening the sorrows of that penal realm, the poet leads onward through the waters of Eunoë and of Lethe—the one having power to take away remembrance of offence, the other to bring back remembrance of good deeds done,—and leads finally to the celestial forest, the living greenness, the songs of birds, perpetual spring, the far-famed nectar, and every fruit. This is yet but the Terrestrial Paradise, the prelude to the everlasting blessedness, into which the prayers and suffrages of good men on earth shall speed the spirits of those who fall asleep in peace.

IN the unbroken vision of the centuries all things are plastic and in motion; a divine energy surges through all; substantial here for a moment as a rock, fragile and vanishing there as a flower; but everywhere the same, and always sweeping onward through its illimitable channel to its appointed end. It is this vital tide on which the universe gleams and floats like a mirage of immutability; never the same for a single moment to the soul that contemplates it: a new creation each hour and to every eye that rests upon it. No dead mechanism moves the stars, or lifts the tides, or calls the flowers from their sleep. Truly this is the garment of Deity, and here is the awful splendor of the Perpetual Presence.—*H. W. Mabie.*

The Strife Obscure.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

Lord! who can trace but Thou
 The strife obscure 'twixt sin's soul-thralling spell
 And Thy keen spirit, now quenched, reviving now?
 Or who can tell
 Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's brow,
 Why Saul and Demas fell?
 Oh, lest our frail hearts in the annealing break,
 Help, for Thy mercy's sake!

"The Hidden Ones," Newman.

I.

"WE are alone," exclaimed Raoul,
 "and the opportunity is a good
 one! See, I have my *thème* with
 me. And you, *mes frères*?"

"I have mine," said Ferdinand, drawing
 a folded white paper halfway out of his
 coat pocket.

"And yours, Bertrand?"

"Mine also is ready, *mon ami*."

"Ah! then," said Raoul, "let us sit down
 and read to one another a few pages. *Ciel!*
 but it will be almost the last time we can
 be alone together. Who knows where or
 when we comrades three will meet again?"

"Let us forget that part," observed
 Ferdinand, "and enjoy the present."

"Thou art wise, *mon frère*," rejoined
 Raoul. "And now, Bertrand, you are the
 youngest, so we will give you precedence.
 And, first, what is your *thème*?"

"My *thème*," was the answer—and in
 the boy's eyes was a tender light,—"is
 'Enthusiasm.'" He unfolded his paper as
 he spoke and began to read: "'Enthusiasm
 was used by the Greeks to mean the state
 of one possessed and inspired by a god.
 How shall we find this enthusiasm? By
 gathering all the powers of the soul into
 a high unity, and turning them to action;
 by doing with all our hearts the work
 that comes to us. Such action makes
 the enthusiast capable of infinite patience
 and endurance.'"

The clear, boyish voice paused for a
 moment, and then read on:

"The enthusiast loves knowledge because
 God knows all things; he loves beauty

because God is its source; he loves the
 soul because it brings man into conscious
 communion with God and His universe."

"Bravo!" said Ferdinand, clapping his
 hands. "Read on, *mon frère*."

"I think that will do," was the answer.
 "We have only half an hour before the
 chapel bell rings. It is your turn, Raoul."

The one addressed unfolded his paper
 and spread it out before him.

"My *thème* was suggested by Père de
 Casson, and is 'Science versus Faith,'" he
 said. "We premise, to start with, that
 faith is necessary to the divine plan. If
 science could make all things intelligible,
 knowledge would swallow faith here, as
 St. Paul declares it shall hereafter. Science
 alone can not find truth. Faith alone,
 however, can lift man to the infinite; while
 science and faith, when they go hand in
 hand, give man the ability to think in many
 directions and on many subjects that are
 closed to faith alone."

"That is very fine," said Bertrand.

"There is more," answered Raoul;
 "but that is enough for to-day. It is your
 turn, Fernan, *mon ami*."

"My *thème*," said Ferdinand, "is 'The
 Intellectual Life.' 'The lover of the intel-
 lectual life knows neither contempt nor
 indignation, is not elated by success or
 cast down by failure. His experience
 teaches him that man in becoming wiser
 will become nobler and happier. His
 power of sympathy is enlarged.'"

The young reader paused for a moment,
 and his fine dark eye kindled as he glanced
 at his companions ere resuming his *thème*.

"Since man is not the highest, he may
 not rest in himself; and culture, therefore,
 is a means rather than an end. It is not
 length of time but intensity of application
 in which lies the strength to be derived
 from the intellectual life."

"That is one of the best ideas yet,"
 said Bertrand. "We might all three make
 it our motto when we leave here—not
 length of time but intensity of applica-
 tion,—and in all we do, little and great.
 What say you, *mes frères*?"

"Agreed!" answered the other two.

"And there goes the chapel bell," added Raoul; "and we can put our new motto into use at once. Let us run, let us fly! We will reduce the length of time by the intensity of our application."

The three friends laughed gaily as they started on a brisk run up the long avenue that led to the Lycée conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. In a few moments the house door opened and closed behind them.

As the bell ceased ringing, the branches behind the bench where they had been sitting parted, and presently a tall, handsome youth emerged into view, and glanced cautiously around.

"I am safe here for half an hour," he said; "then back to *Madame ma mère* and the private tutor, which, upon my soul, is not half so interesting as life here would be."

He mused for a moment, and then resumed his soliloquy:

"And strange that I, too, have my *thème* all prepared for Monsieur Adolphe. 'It must be on Freemasonry,' was his command. 'You understand, *mon ami*?' he said. 'I wish you to learn all you can about that glorious institution. But at the same time be cautious. Write your *thème* so it will satisfy, and not alarm, *Madame ma mère*.' Oh, he's a clever devil, that Adolphe!"

The youth leaned forward, and, picking up a smooth pebble from the gravelled path in front of him, threw it far out into the miniature lake that stretched beyond the grassy bank at his feet.

"A good shot, that!" he said. "And now for your *thème*, André, my boy. Let us see if it will sound at all like the wisdom of those comrades three. Upon my word, what they said sounded vastly well; but how Adolphe would have laughed at it! I am not sure but that he will laugh at my *thème* also, though he will pretend to his rich patron, *Madame ma mère*, that it is *so fine*."

Drawing a folded paper from his vest pocket, the young cynic began to read:

"The foremost fundamental principle of Masonry is belief in God. It teaches most impressively immortality of the soul and the resurrection. The unchangeable laws of the "ancient usage of the craft," as it is called, lays down that no man or body of men can make innovations in the body of Masonry.' So far, so good for *ma mère*. When she reads that she will nod over her knitting, and drop her needles to applaud. Then when Adolphe asks if I can not be a Mason some day, she will quickly assent.

"Masonry teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Attempts have been made to substitute for the name of God that of "a creative principle," but without success. Its system of ethics embodies brotherhood, love, relief, and truth. Act honorably by all men. Practise temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice. These are cardinal virtues.' So far, so good. But now here is where Adolphe gets in his wedge.

"Obedience to the laws of one's country was in 1717, as it is now, the law of Masonry; and in this same year was instituted the Grand Lodge, having power over all others. The Grand Orient has power to dispense with some of the provisions of the law, in cases where he deems that adherence to law would not be subservient to the interests of Freemasonry. It is necessary for us to understand that nothing is committed to writing: everything is secret. It teaches by legends, allegories, symbols, forms and ceremonies. Every ceremony, every badge of office: every adornment of the lodge, every article of Masonic clothing and furniture—in fact, all and everything upon which the eye rests, and every sound that reaches the ear, in the working of a lodge, is intended to teach or impress upon the mind of the initiated a precept or principle of Masonry."

The youthful neophyte folded his paper, and, replacing it in his coat pocket, clapped his hands softly.

"*Hein!*" he said aloud. "On those last

clauses Adolphe rests his case. The government of France must be obeyed, even though God should be banished from its system of ethics. And the Grand Orient has power to annul our adherence to the law, if the law interferes with the principles of Freemasonry. But what a fool Adolphe is not to see that the very first principle of Masonry holds all the rest in check! 'Belief in God is its foremost, fundamental principle; and "the ancient usage of the craft" lays down that no man or body of men can make innovations in the body of Masonry.' Upon my soul, if knocking the *bon Dieu* off the roster is not an innovation, what then?

"So far, so good, André; but what follows? Why, my boy, it is the secrecy of the whole thing that makes the Masonic power. With no written laws to govern it, with everything conducted on a basis of secrecy, it follows as a matter of course that the will of the Grand Orient, for weal or for woe, can be made supreme."

Once more, point by point, the handsome youth went over in his mind the subject of his *thème*, until suddenly a bell in the distance sounded, bringing him to his feet.

"Nine o'clock!" he said; "and Adolphe will be waiting. And, by the same token, *ma mère* pardons not readily the unpunctual one. Therefore, *hélas!* I must fly."

Suiting the action to the word, the next moment found him making his way quickly through the grove of trees whence he had come half an hour earlier. In five minutes more he had scaled the iron fence that bordered the road, and was walking rapidly northward to where his mother's chateau crowned a low hill overlooking the river.

II.

It was scarce two hours since the sun had risen on the ancient city of N., but the courthouse was crowded; for was not M. Ferdinand Villon, one of France's greatest *avocats*, to sum up the case for the prosecution in a trial that had already lasted for weeks? And who that had the

chance to hear his masterly summing up of the evidence would miss it? Then, too, so many strange elements entered into the case! The legal battle had been so fiercely waged between opposing counsel that all France was stirred to its depths, and those who were not within reach of N. scanned the newspapers eagerly. Even in Paris it was the absorbing topic of conversation; and bets were made on the outcome in the cafés and on the boulevards.

A crime of an atrocious nature had been committed. The colonel of one of France's crack regiments had been found murdered in his barrack, and suspicion pointed to one of the junior officers under his command as the assassin. The evidence against him was strong, notwithstanding the fact that the young officer stoutly asserted his innocence. It was known that on the night of the tragedy he was away on leave; but his inability to prove an alibi, or bring forward any witness who could testify as to his whereabouts at the time of the colonel's death, had so far been against him.

When M. Villon began to speak, a hush fell on the vast crowd present. Beginning in a low, carefully modulated voice to state point by point the case for the prosecution, he finally rose to the heights of oratory. The evidence seemed plain,—so plain that for the crime to go unpunished would mean there was no justice in France. The honor of the army, the safeguarding of every citizen, the strength of the law, required that the prisoner at the bar should suffer for his ill deed.

For a second there was a pause, and a low murmur ran through the court room. The address had been marvellous, masterly; only a splendid intellect, such as M. Villon was known to possess, could have presented all the facts in the case so well. France was proud of its *avocat*.

M. Villon's fine dark eye swept the great crowd before him, as he uttered his concluding words:

"The chief point on which the evidence rests is that the prisoner did not get his leave until ten o'clock that night. He asserts that nearly two hours later, at twenty minutes of twelve, he was walking toward the station to catch the midnight train to Paris, when he met and spoke to his colonel, who, wrapped in a long dark cloak, seemed anxious to escape recognition. The colonel, he asserts, was alone; but the prisoner further says that he himself was not alone. Questioned as to who was his companion, he will not answer. His life hangs in the balance, and yet he refuses to bring forward this mythical witness who could save him. And finally, gentlemen, there is the testimony of France's learned physician, Dr. Raoul Charron, to the effect that when he was called in early the next morning to view the remains of the murdered colonel, his examination convinced him that the man had been dead since nine o'clock the night before,—fully three hours before the time when, according to the prisoner, he met and spoke to his colonel on the road to R.; and fully one hour before this same prisoner left his barrack, situated only a short distance from the colonel's own quarters. Gentlemen, the case is plain; and, confident that justice will be meted out correctly, I submit the issue to you, to France, and to the world."

M. Villon bowed and sat down; and a great wave of suppressed excitement, a low murmur of tongues, again swept over the crowded court. A door at the back of the room opened and closed; a quick, firm tread passed up the long corridor; and all eyes were turned as a tall, soldierly man, apparently about thirty years of age, was seen making his way toward the raised platform at the other end of the room. He directed his steps easily to where the counsel for the defence was whispering with several of his colleagues, while every eye was upon him; and so great was the interest he excited that no one noticed the start of surprise

on the part of both M. Villon and the prisoner. There were a few hurried, whispered words, and then a hush fell on the crowded room.

"Gentlemen," observed Maitre Grandin, counsel for the defence, "a new witness has appeared for the prisoner at the bar,—one whose importance changes the whole aspect of this trial, inasmuch as he claims to be the friend who was with the prisoner the night he met his colonel on the road to R. He will now be sworn as a witness."

A few moments ago the crowd, hanging breathlessly on M. Villon's eloquence, was ready to send the prisoner to the gallows; now a storm of applause broke forth as the counsel for the defence ceased speaking. Versatile France, easily dominated by the latest dramatic situation, had forgotten M. Villon.

There was a confused murmur of voices; then a hush fell once more on the room, and the young officer took his stand in the witness box.

"Your name?"

"Bertrand de Remy."

"Your age?"

"Thirty years."

"Occupation?"

"Captain of Chasseurs-à-Cheval."

"You are a friend of the prisoner, Lieutenant André Dumont?"

"Yes."

"You were with him at twenty minutes of twelve on the night of May 15, on the road to R.?"

"I was."

"The time, hour and place are as he stated?"

"Yes."

"And at this point on the road you both saw and spoke to Colonel S.?"

"We did."

Again a wave of excitement, and even a low thunder of applause, were heard in the court room, which was quickly silenced by the court.

"Captain de Remy, you have been duly sworn, your testimony admitted; but, nevertheless, so grave is the case that we

ask you once again: are you sure the man you saw and spoke to was Colonel S.?"

"I am sure."

"Where did he seem to be going?"

"In the same direction we were. He was walking slowly; we were walking rapidly, and hence overtook him."

"You passed him?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him again after that?"

"For a moment, yes."

"When and where?"

"At three o'clock the next morning, in the Gare du Nord in Paris."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No: we passed him. It was only for a moment that we saw him when we left the train."

"You infer, therefore, that he travelled to Paris on the same train you did?"

"That is my impression."

"Now, Captain de Remy, one word more. Where were you and the Lieutenant going? Had it anything to do with the supposed disappearance of the Colonel?"

"Our movements had absolutely nothing to do with Colonel S. As to where we were going, Lieutenant Dumont must answer."

"You may sit down," said the court. "Lieutenant Dumont will be examined again to-morrow."

Maitre Grandin, counsel for the defence, now arose. The testimony of this new witness, he said, was indisputable. A young man of stainless integrity and honor, he had come to his friend's rescue as soon as he could reach him after hearing of his plight. Captain de Remy introduced new and strange complications into the case. According to his testimony, he saw Colonel S. at the Gare du Nord in Paris at three o'clock Wednesday morning, May 16. Six hours later—at nine o'clock of the same day—the Colonel was found murdered in his barrack. It was possible that the Colonel could have journeyed back to R. that same morning, and have reached his barrack by seven o'clock;

but hardly without being seen, as it was then broad daylight, and the regiment was astir. Besides, according to the learned medical expert, Dr. Raoul Charron, when he saw the remains at nine o'clock, the Colonel had been dead fully twelve or thirteen hours.

The counsel for the defence here sat down, confident that the case for his client wore a different aspect from what it had worn earlier in the day.

An hour later the crowd streamed out of the court room and dispersed throughout the city. Presently a side door in the building opened, and M. Villon, the great *avocat*, came quickly down the stone steps to where his automobile was waiting to take him to his hotel. At the same moment a fair-haired, rather stout man drove by in a closed carriage. The driver suddenly halted, and the stout man sprang out and made his way to the pavement, just as the door, that had closed on M. Villon, opened again to give egress to a handsome young man in the uniform of a captain of Chasseurs-à-Cheval. Pausing a moment, the third comer ran down the steps and joined the two others, who were already exchanging greetings.

"Raoul!"

"Ferdinand!"

"And you too, Bertrand, *mon ami!*"

"So we meet again," said the young officer, "and after thirteen years! It is well met, is it not, *mes amis?*"

His candid blue eyes looked out on the other two with the same frank, earnest gaze of the youth of seventeen. Clearly, Bertrand de Remy had lost neither his ideals nor his enthusiasm.

"And we are all mixed up in this case," said Villon. "Send your carriage away, Charron, and both of you come home with me for dinner."

The great Doctor looked at his watch.

"I was on my way home for that very purpose," he answered. "An hour, then, Ferdinand, *mon ami*. *Ciel!* but it will seem like old times."

This Living Age.

BY FRANKLIN C. KEYES.

THE age of living is upon us now;
 Men *only* live, and living unlearn how
 They ought to die, unlearn how they should love:
 Unlearn themselves, unlearn the heavens above.
 And yet the greatest souls the earth has seen
 Did only live; and even Heaven's Queen
 Performed no other deed than living right,—
 Loving the will of God, and in His sight
 Walking obedient. She ownéd nought
 That might enrich her fame; no armies fought
 Beneath her banner; no proud argosy
 Was hers; she left no priceless gallery
 Of painting nor of sculpture, not a song
 To keep her memory for ages long.
 She only lived and loved, and found her good
 As well beside the cradle as the Rood.
 The age of living is upon us now,—
 Let us, then, live; and, Mary, teach us how!

A Sacrifice to the Lord.*

A BRIEF season of complete earthly happiness, followed by a terrible bereavement, desolation, resignation, self-immolation,—such are the features of the life of Madame the Countess de Saint-Martial, whose memoir has recently been presented to the world as a memento of affection from the hands of her brother. It offers an example of courage, energy, and charity worthy of the Ages of Faith.

The Countess de Saint-Martial was born on the 11th of August, 1856. Her father and mother, Frederick Rudolphe de Fischer, and Isabelle Blanche Marie de Watteville, belonged to some of the most ancient and aristocratic families of Berne, Switzerland, which had long since forsaken the Catholic Faith, and had become strong Protestants.

The early days of the future Countess

* "Sursum Corda. Letters of the Countess de Saint-Martial. In Religion Sister Blanche, Sister of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul." By her brother, Baron Leopold de Fischer. Benziger Brothers.

de Saint-Martial were passed peacefully in the maternal home, under the care of Christian parents. She was always a serious child,—fond of study, silent, reserved, and not a little self-willed. "Naturally domineering," says her biographer, "she tried to rule and discipline her young brothers. As she grew older, she turned this resolute will to good purpose, and acquired self-control. This same energy, added to natural generosity, made her love to cope with difficulties, provided she conquered ultimately. She soon became mistress of herself; and, as the Scripture expresses it, she held her soul in her hands."

She was specially attracted by the study of religion; and the older she grew, the more her soul craved truth and beauty. She was gifted with extraordinary tact and most excellent judgment. She had a special talent for languages, speaking French, German, English and Italian with fluency. She entered society at the age of eighteen; but the admiration she excited did not affect her in the least. Her principal enjoyment was in athletic exercises, in which she was proficient.

In 1874 she became the affianced bride of the Viscount de Saint-Martial, the second son of Marie Claude Achille du Faure de Saint-Martial, a man distinguished in every relation of life. The heroic deeds of the Saint-Martials are mentioned as far back as the fourteenth century. The Viscount de Saint-Martial, having embraced a diplomatic career, was successful in many brilliant enterprises and delicate missions, obtaining great distinction at Rome, Berlin, Petersburg, and London. It was while filling an appointment at Berne that he met his future wife.

After their marriage they visited the relations of the Viscount in France, where the youthful bride was deeply edified by their piety, and the Christian harmony that reigned in every home. While there she accompanied her husband to church,—or rather persuaded him to go more fre-

quently than had lately been his wont; and though, at the time, she believed that all roads leading to God were equally good, she wished to become familiar with the principles of his religion. She therefore studied the practices and doctrines of Catholicity, inquired the meaning of its ceremonies, and, like a veritable Guardian Angel, brought her husband back to the religious fervor of his youth.

Although they were fond of society, and popular in their large and brilliant circle of friends, peace and order and happiness reigned in that Christian home, which lacked only one thing to complete its happiness,—a child. For ten years this season of uninterrupted joy and prosperity continued; then the brilliant young diplomat was suddenly stricken. He died after three days' illness, heroically consoled and sustained by his faithful wife. The brother of the Viscount, the Abbé de Saint-Martial, had been with them in their days of joy, and now he shared in their sorrow.

After the death of her husband, Madame de Saint-Martial said to her brother-in-law: "I wish to acquaint you before any one else of an important decision which I have just taken. I intend to become a Catholic. Perhaps I ought to have done this before. Albert wished it, and I have promised to do so."

After the first days of her widowhood had passed, discouragement overwhelmed her; but she soon conquered her despair. Generously offering to Almighty God the happiness which had been hers, together with her sadness and resignation, she found herself, at the age of twenty-nine, at the threshold of a new and entirely different life. She at once employed herself in reading Catholic books. She found a pious and enlightened guide in Father de Régnon, the distinguished Jesuit. He cleared away her remaining doubts and apprehensions, and she became a Catholic. This was in the spring of 1886.

It was at the dying bed of her husband that she first felt called upon to embrace

the religious life. With the gradual passing of the first intensity of her grief, it might be supposed that this resolution would abate in fervor; but such was not the case. And here, as all through the remainder of her career, a singular situation seems to present itself. She felt that it was the truest and safest road by which she must save her own soul and work for the salvation of others; but it had no real attraction for her: she did not long for it as a refuge for her world-weary heart, or as a bright light in the ocean of her darkness and desolation. On the contrary, in the cloister she was to find her Gethsemane, where the angel stood always, the chalice in his hand; while in the depths of her spirit, for her comfort and strength, she never ceased hearing that sublime cry of self-immolation, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, O Lord!"

It was only her thirst for supernatural things that made the Countess de Saint-Martial forbear even to struggle with the force that led her to the cloister. Her vocation was not in any degree the result of a natural impulse. She loved the beautiful and luxurious things of earth; she loved the interchange of kindred minds, travel, liberty; yet so impressed was she with the conviction that God called her that she heroically turned her back upon them; and, laying down all that had made life enjoyable in a material way, she assumed the lowly garb of a nursing Sister of Charity.

Never were parents dearer to the heart of a loving child than hers; never friends more congenial; never home and country more beloved. The sacrifice it cost her to leave them can be measured only by the extent of her eternal reward. Her parents behaved nobly, though it tore their hearts to resign her to a life, the consolations of which, being Protestants, they could hardly understand. Apropos of this she writes to the Baroness Jocteau, her husband's cousin and her own intimate friend, in August, 1887:

"... Ah, dear, how true it is that when

Our Lord asks us to make some great sacrifice, He helps us to accomplish it! You know how acutely I felt telling my poor mother of my decision. Well, an unforeseen incident has delivered me most unexpectedly from my embarrassment. I think I told you that we returned sooner than we expected from Lucerne, on account of the visit of a very dear old friend of mamma's, whom she had not seen for seventeen or eighteen years. This lady is French and a Catholic. She remained two days with us; and, naturally, we discussed various subjects. Through her I let mamma know that I could not continue the life I was leading, as I felt the need of taking up some definite work. This friend did her part so well that the next day mamma spoke openly on the subject; and, in answer to her plain questions, I informed her of my decision. I had intended to keep it from her a little longer, but all was thus providentially arranged.

"Mamma has received the news admirably. She is overcome with sorrow, but there is no bitterness; and it was a great relief when I mentioned the convent which I had chosen, as she has a great horror of enclosed Orders where nuns are seen only behind gratings. And this is easy to understand. Has not all this come to pass wonderfully? Notwithstanding, it is a constant struggle; for, naturally, mamma often tries to persuade me to give it all up. She pictures most charmingly the life I might yet lead in the world. She, who was always adverse to my remarrying, now advises me to do so. . . . Sometimes I see tears in her eyes, and she speaks of her desire to die soon, in order to avoid seeing me in religion. Then she stops suddenly, saying: 'I must not speak thus to you, for you have enough to suffer on your own part.' My dear friend, it is terrible to be obliged to inflict such sorrow; the rest is nothing compared with the necessity of grieving those we love."

About the same time she wrote the

following lines to her brother-in-law, the Abbé Saint-Martial:

"... I still count upon your help when the moment comes to distribute certain articles, each of which recalls to me some moment of happiness. When will it be? God knows. Do pray that this time of agony may not be prolonged, for I fear lest I should shrink back. . . . I am to begin a time of probation in about eight or ten weeks, before returning to wind up temporal concerns in order to be free to take up a useful life and to consecrate myself unreservedly to Our Lord. Is not this the only choice worthy of me and of Albert? Sacrifice alone can satisfy the soul that has tasted such intimate happiness. To love and to suffer is the very essence of life. If we only take the trouble to reflect on the matter, how plainly we see the reasons why trials assail us! And we are struck by the goodness of God, who saves the soul just when He appears to crush it. I was unconsciously slipping on a dangerous descent when this terrible trial overtook me. Who knows that Albert's salvation and mine were not seriously compromised? It is at the same time terrible and grand, heart-rending and consoling, to see the means employed by the Providence of God, who wills our only good.

"I feel so imperative a need of something, no matter what, that I am frequently on the move. This life is composed of insignificant events; and there is always danger of our becoming inordinately attached to some person or thing, or of unconsciously allowing ourselves to yield to every caprice, on the pretext that, before long, we shall have to give up all. There is no lack of temptation of all kinds,—the delight of being independent, the liberty to go where one pleases, natural inclinations which claim their rights, complaisance in feeling oneself loved; but, superior to all these attractions, the inward desire of the soul to rise above makes itself felt. All these are sources of suffering. *Fiat!*"

To the Abbé de Saint-Martial.

“BERNE, April 18, 1888.

“Personally, I have done nothing extraordinary: it is Our Lord’s marvellous works that we must praise and admire; it is He who has willed to transform a soul that was too much inclined to earthly joys. To produce such a change, a great blow was necessary; and this entailed a great bereavement, and God alone knows what it cost me. . . .

“Step by step I shall reach the top of my little Calvary. And I long for this time to come; for these last weeks are so full of painful emotions. In truth, if God’s grace had not sustained me marvellously, I could never have lived through such painful hours. The last two days of my stay at home, my poor father was continually in tears and almost unable to speak; his voice was choked with emotion, and he constantly repeated that I could have no love for him, that this step would be his death, that my mother would soon become blind with weeping. Is not this a real martyrdom? As for me, I finished by becoming so bewildered that I asked myself if I were not mistaken.”

To the Baroness Jocteau.

“PARIS, May 24, 1888.

“Must I confess it, dearest, that when I sit down to write the last word to each one, when I try to express my thoughts, this martyrdom suffocates me, I feel my heart contract, and tears rise to my throat and eyes? My anguish at the present moment is very great; for the hour is at hand when I must completely give up my independence. Nevertheless, I am at peace; and you know as well as I do that this peace of soul is compatible with the tortures of suffering. . . .

“I think I have a proof that I am taking the right view of matters by a little incident that occurred recently. I spent Tuesday evening with an old friend of Albert’s. We went to the Théâtre Français; and I frankly admit that the literary merit of the new piece, combined

with the perfection of the acting, made one harmonious whole which interested me greatly. . . . The gentleman who accompanied me made the following remark: ‘Your calm and peaceful demeanor reverses all my preconceptions. I see you always self-possessed, a perfect woman of the world, able to converse on any subject, well-informed on all questions of the day, and taking a lively interest in various topics; yet you speak so sensibly and naturally of the new life that you are about to enter upon,—one so totally different from your present life! I always thought people entered convents only under the influence of enthusiasm, or as the result of some bitter disappointment.’ There, you see, is at least one to whom I have not spoken on this subject, who will now have clearer ideas concerning religious vocations. . . .

“To-morrow is the great day; this time to-morrow I shall be lying on one of those horrible, coarse beds, with the prospect of getting up at four o’clock. How strange it will be to give up my perfumed linen and silk stockings, and to adopt the coarse living of the poor!”

On September 14, after she had been some months a probationer of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, we find her writing thus to the friend of her heart:

“You will not deny that you take very great care of your little white hands. Well, if you could but see the rough paws that are writing to you, you would be afraid. It seems absurd, nevertheless it is true that I suffer a great deal with my hands. I do not do any very rough menial work, or even ordinary coarse work; but my hands are so red, scratched and chapped, that I think they open from fright! I am ashamed of it, but I must own it is one of my greatest physical pains. This reminds me of Countess Zichy, maid of honor to the Empress of Austria. About two years ago she entered a convent of the Visitation in Friburg. When Mgr. Mermillod asked her what she missed most she replied her ‘almond paste.’ . . .

"You ask me if I am getting accustomed to my new life. Yes, I am beginning to love it, although I am divided between two contrary sentiments. But I remember that this suffering is my best offering, and I am satisfied. What am I really giving to Our Lord? A soul full of weakness, a broken heart, a nature accustomed to allow itself every satisfaction, an intelligence which has never studied the things of God, and bad health. All this is little enough, and I do not deceive myself in this respect. But, after all, what else have I to offer? Does not the merit of the sacrifice depend on the spirit in which it is offered? Well, it is just here that I am cowardly. On the one hand, I am resolved to give everything without restriction; but, on the other, my wretched nature shrinks from sacrifice in detail, and I continually reclaim the independence which I had abdicated. Still, Our Lord is so merciful and so good! He knows how my heart was broken by the great separation; that I can never again be as I once was, nor can I offer Him the first-fruits of my life."

The first post of the new daughter of St. Vincent—in religion Sister Blanche—was at Turin, in the Hospital of St. Jean, where she was greatly admired by all, and idolized by the patients. She devoted herself entirely to her work, conquering her natural repugnances, and making herself eminently useful. After four years of this life she was sent to France, and stationed at Angers. An active life suited her. It took her away from sad, regretful thoughts. In a contemplative Order, she would not have lived long.

An illness having weakened her, she was sent to the little village of Hay to rest. Here she was to find her true and most congenial field of labor. The Sisters of Charity have two houses there: one for old and weakly Sisters, the other for aged and infirm men and women. Sister Blanche became the right hand of the superior, as well as the benefactress of the place. Her excellent education enabled her to render valuable services. She had

an admirable system; everything was orderly under her strict but gentle rule.

This life continued ten years. She made wonderful improvements in the House of St. Genevieve, and was regarded as a saint by the people in the neighborhood. They appealed to her in all their necessities. Her activity was too great for her strength. As the years progressed, the tone of her letters became more and more cheerful; she was absorbed in the sorrows and ills of others; she lost herself entirely in her work.

Still, now and then one could detect a note of sadness underneath the account of her busy days. There was an undercurrent of melancholy in her character that could not be entirely suppressed. Who knows to what it might have led her, had she not chosen the career of self-abnegation that pointed from the foot of Calvary to the heights of heaven? It might have plunged her into worldly pleasures, whose whirling vortex would have engulfed her. It might have tempted her to try forgetfulness of the past in intellectual studies, that would have led her to an unconsolated and unchristian end. It might have soured her inquiring and restless disposition until bitterness and cynicism would have scorched her spirit with their incinerating fires. As it was, charity had called her and she had responded. She was a generous soul, who, in casting herself into the arms of God, reached out her own to embrace suffering humanity. Self-renunciation was her crowning virtue, and it carried her to an early grave.

The end came suddenly and quite unexpectedly, in the midst of her labors and plans. She is an example of the marvellous ways of God, and the wonderful effects of His workings in the human soul; of the mysterious methods He uses to draw them to Himself. The Countess de Saint-Martial possessed in an eminent manner that sublime charity without which no good work is of merit before the God of all charity and all holiness.

My Friend Honor Guinty.

BY ALICE DEASE.

I DID not often see Honor Guinty; for she lived far-away inland, not in our parish at all, but in Dereen. In the good old days, when such things were, her father had been our great-grandmother's postilion; otherwise we should hardly have known her, for her cottage stood quite beyond our usual rounds. As it was, her name figured on our Christmas list; and if any of us passed her way, we stopped to see her; but it was only a few years ago that my acquaintance with her ripened into friendship. When first I knew her, and for a long time after, she had a little old brother living with her. He was half crippled, — youngest, weakest, and last remaining of a band of brothers. It was when he died that I first heard something of Honor's past.

I was paying her a visit of condolence; and, sitting in the kitchen of her tiny two-roomed dwelling, she told me of the others, — of Brian and Christy and Mosheen, fine men all, who had gone away years ago, and died in America.

"Had you no sisters?" I asked in all innocence; and it was only a look, come and gone in an instant, on the old face that showed me I had unwittingly touched on an unwelcome topic.

"I had, then, daughter," she answered, and then stopped abruptly.

Her thoughts had so evidently flown back to the time when she and the unmentioned sister had been girls together, where to-day she sat a lonely old woman, that I said no more.

"I had, then," she repeated, after a moment's pause; "and she the prettiest girl from this to Galway. God—"

I thought, fancied perhaps, that there was a moment's hesitation; and I expected the formula, so beautiful in itself, but sometimes used mechanically, "God forgive her!" But instead came

the prayer, heartfelt and earnest, "God bless her!" And my curiosity was aroused. I suppose my face showed it, for of her own accord Honor went on:

"'Twas your own grandmother—God give the light of heaven to her soul!—that could have told you of Catty Guinty; for there was great talk of her once, and this day maybe there's not one in the parish remembering her, barring myself. It was too dull a place for her, was Dereen; and away she went into service. But your grandfather—God rest his soul!—brought home a soldier servant to the town, and after a while me and him—him and me—were for getting married. Then Catty was fain to come home; for the boys were in it that turn, and there was no one to mind the house. And—and 'twas she that was the pretty creature, and me only a plain-faced piece. So they went off one morning and got married. Maybe he was not much of a chap, but the world never held another for me. The neighbors had great talk about it, striving to comfort me, saying this thing and that; and me with a hurt within that no pity could heal, except it was the pity of Christ."

"And did you, could you forgive him?" I asked. Her plain, bald statement brought it all before me far better than any flowery explanation could have done.

"Daughter! I loved him!"

I was young then, and the implied reproach was lost on me.

"And her?" I persisted, tactlessly.

"Forgive her!" she repeated. "Wasn't it God's will, astore? And isn't it the grand thought entirely that the Cross of Christ Himself was less weighty for the trouble that He put on me?"

Then she told me that when he married, the runaway bridegroom had given up my grandfather's service, and for twenty years and more nothing had been heard of him and his wife. Honor did not even know if they were alive or dead; and so she said, "God bless them!" for that would serve them here or hereafter.

A long winter passed before I saw

Honor again; and one spring day, riding past her lane end, my heart smote me for my neglect,—smote me at first slightly, and then, as I turned down the byway, with a pang of real regret. Before me, and blocking up the narrow pass in front of the cottage, I saw the poor man's van,—that peculiar, dreaded vehicle which, since the evil day when workhouses were started in Ireland, has carried unwilling paupers to the hated grey house in the neighboring town.

At once I concluded that poor old Honor was going to end her days in the poorhouse; and, knowing how unwelcome any witness to her departure would be, I turned my back on the black box on wheels, with its ancient horse and still more ancient driver, and retraced my way to the highroad, anathematizing myself as I went for having done nothing of late for my poor old friend.

A week later, at the Union I found out my mistake. I asked for Honor. She was not there. I asked the reason of the van's visit to her house, and learned that it had taken a passenger *from*, not *to*, the workhouse. Catty had come back,—not the selfish beauty of long ago, but an old, crippled, helpless woman. I think Honor's surmise was right. The soldier can not have been "much of a chap." Anyhow, the end of Catty's life in England had been the poorhouse; and thence she had been sent back to her native Union.

Had I not believed in Honor's forgiveness of the past, it would have been proved to me in the way that she took her sister home and tended her. For, although Catty was a good deal the younger, she looked years older than Honor. Her life had evidently been the harder, after all. And now when Honor was still able to keep her little house going, Catty could only sit by the fire and grumble,—and that she did! But poor old soul! I suppose it is always easier to forgive than to be forgiven.

For some years they lived on together; then, after one severe winter, Honor was

again left alone. Catty could not have been a cheerful companion, but Honor had borne with her; and when she was gone, she missed her sadly. The two extra shillings that no longer came in outdoor relief from the Union were a loss, even though there was a mouth less to feed; and when I saw Honor in the springtime she was praying hard that God would send her some one who would keep her company in her old age, and help her to tend the tiny garden, or cut the turf bank against which the house was built, according as the season demanded. She never doubted that in God's good time her prayers would be heard; but neither she as she spoke, nor I as I listened, were aware that something had already happened, which was destined to bring about what she prayed for.

Her house is made principally of mud,—floor and walls alike; although there are stones here and there to strengthen the latter. The kitchen gets a little light from the ever-open door; but the inner room depends on a piece of glass, some twelve inches square, for all its light. And, although Honor swept and dusted with great care, keeping her house as clean as circumstances allowed, it is really no wonder that a little green plant should have sprouted up in one corner, and have grown up unnoticed until its topmost leaves reached the table.

On this table—the only furniture, except a bed and a chair, that the room contains—stands a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Once it was a white figure of Our Lady of Lourdes: now it is smoke-grined, in spite of the net veil that always hangs over it. Two plain vases stand beside the statue; and there are pictures, now dingy, but once of gaudy coloring, that hang against the mud wall. This is Honor's altar; and here, after Catty's death, when she was alone, and too feeble to walk the four long miles to Mass, she spent many of her leisure moments. I never remember seeing any flowers in the vases, so probably Honor did not

think much of decorations; but when, of its own accord, a pretty green plant grew up out of a crack in the mud 'twixt wall and floor, and spread itself out at Our Lady's feet, she left it there, and even took a certain pride in its growth.

At the feet of the statue, the stalk divided into five parts; but these, having nothing to support them, twined together, growing up behind the statue until they rested on the veiled head of Our Lady's figure. I saw it there. The stalks were hard and fibrous; the principal one seemed to be of woody growth; but the leaves were soft and very green, and there were tiny prickles round their indented edges, showing the thistly nature of the plant. Whether, consciously or unconsciously, Honor had helped the direction of its growth I can not tell. The foot-square window let in its little share of light exactly opposite the altar; yet the plant grew up behind the statue, turning away from the light to do so.

I saw it in May; and as the days passed by, it began to be whispered around that there was something mysterious in its growth. How the report arose I do not know; but the neighbors first, and then people at a distance, began to visit Honor; and some among them asked permission to light a candle before the statue, and leave it behind them,—a silent prayer that flickered upward and surely reached to Heaven at last. The little room, close and airless at the best of times, grew unbearably hot in June and July, when also these candles grew in number; and the plant, showing perhaps its ordinary nature, began to droop, and its leaves died down and withered.

Honor's prayer for company had, indeed, been answered; and, although it was not in the way she had intended, still many—nay, most—of her visitors left her something in the shape of money, which, all put together, made a little nest-egg that would help to feed a permanent companion, if such presented herself.

I did not go to Dereen during the

summer months: Honor now had little need of visits. But I heard in August that a sixth stalk had made its appearance, this one growing in front of the statue, and reaching to Our Lady's hands. The plant was to Honor, in all sincerity, a Heaven-sent messenger and companion; and the prayers that she sent up to God before that little altar were heartfelt and true. But of the many who came to see it, curiosity alone brought some; and as the popularity of the plant increased, so, too, did the takings of the publican at the cross-roads, a lonely house where "*bona fide* travellers" could refresh themselves undisturbed on Sunday afternoons. The priest at Dereen spoke of the abuse of what might have been a good thing; but, even if his parishioners heeded his words, those who transgressed came, for the most part, from places beyond his influence. Words having no effect, he was obliged to have recourse to deeds. He went to the cottage, and pulled up the plant and green leaves and brown stalk, and burned them on Honor's hearth with the turf sods she had laid down to cook the potatoes for her dinner.

If she had thought only, or even most, of the money it brought her, she could not have borne the loss of her plant as she did. "God sent it, daughter," she said to me, "and His own priest took it from me. Sure I couldn't have a surer sign but that He'd done His will with it." And, going home, I thought to myself, whatever the plant may have been, here was faith that in these days of carelessness came little short of a miracle.

Last time that I saw Honor she had a human companion—"a lone, desolate woman like meself," she said,—and the little hoard of offerings had been enough up to that to supplement their weekly pittance. All they need is a little sum in hand twice in the year,—once for potato setting, once for turf cutting. And as long as the priest whose duty made him burn the thistle is in the parish, I know that Honor will never go without these sums.

The Light o' the Glen.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

SHE'S gone,—gone away from Glen-na-mona forever, into a new world and a new life; and it's little wonder that in the hearts of us there's lonesomeness and grieving; for she was our darling, and the light o' the Glen through many a long, long year.

She was the light o' the Glen surely, with her coaxing smile, and her kind brown eyes, and her tender voice and bonny face, and her big warm heart that had no hate for any one, and that loved the Glen and the Glen people, and the woods and the bog and the birds, and everything that was in it and about it. Aye, it's no wonder at all that the trouble and grief is on us this evening for her that's gone away from us forever!

She was different from us, and still she was one of us. She was a lady and we were poor; she had the learning and most of us hadn't; she mixed and mingled with the highest in the land, and we never were outside the Glen in our lives; but she was one of ourselves, and knew us and loved us, and shared in our sorrows and our joys. She had no pride in her and no darkness, and that's the reason, I think, every man, woman and child in the Glen thought there wasn't her likes in the whole wide world.

It's many's the time she came up the breen there of an evening, and into the door, with a smile like a ray of God's blessed sun. And there she'd sit on that side of the fire and meself on this side; and she'd keep talking for hours about everything she knew would please me, and about them that's far away—God look down on them this night! Sure it's little the world knows the fear and fretting that is sometimes in a mother's heart. And she'd have me telling her stories about old times, and about the children when they were little. And there she'd be sitting

before me, with sometimes a tear shining in the brown eyes of her, and sometimes she shaking with laughter when I'd be after telling her something comical. Och! it's herself that could make me talk about the times that's gone, better than any one ever came in on that door. And to think that she'll never sit there again,—that she's gone out of the Glen forever and ever!

Whenever any one was sick she was always first at the bedside, with words of comfort and something else as well. Whenever a boy or a girl was going to America (and, my grief, it's many a one that's gone!) she'd always come to bid them good-bye, and to tell them to remember Glen-na-mona no matter where they'd be. And then she'd go to the mother of the one that was gone, and ease her heart with the kind words she could speak like the priest himself. And who'll we have to say a word to us now?

The greatest friend she had in the world—barring him that won her heart and that brought her away from us to-day,—barring him, the greatest friend she had was the widow's Paidin below, that makes the rhymes for the papers and that does be reading the Irish books. 'Twas to Paidin she'd come when she'd have any trouble on her; 'twas to Paidin she'd write when she'd go away from the Glen, and send him books and papers; and 'twas from Paidin she got the Irish and all she knows about Ireland, as much as from the books she'd be reading.

And Paidin, sure, thought there was nobody in the world half so kind or half so good as "Purty Peggy O," as he'd always call her. She knew the lad as well as he knew her, and her friendship was like sunshine brightening his life. She had the gift of the poetry too, and that's what made them so fond of each other. Such rhyming and romancing and discoursing as they used to have! And the widow herself told me that the two of them used to write letters to each other all in poetry.

"If the world was all like her," says Paidin to-day, "there wouldn't be much trouble or grieving in it." And he spoke nothing but the truth, for she had the grandest way with her ever you knew. Sure she wouldn't be easy till she got all the people of the Glen over to see her wedding presents, and to promise her their prayers before she'd go. And 'twas easy to see that the grand people loved her as well as ourselves; for such a sight of gold and silver jewellery I never saw in my life before.

"And here's the one I like the best of all, Rosie," says she, with her finger on a grand picture with printing on it, that was on a table. And then she told me what it was; and 'tis I that was proud, and no mistake, when I knew it spoke for us all,—for all the people of the Glen.

The widow's Paidin had made a grand rhyme—or a poem I think they call a real good one of them—for her wedding day, and sent it off to Dublin, and got it printed down like a picture, the way that she could keep it always. There were tears in her eyes and she reading it over to me. And no wonder; for it's many's the happy day she spent in Glen-na-mona, and maybe she was thinking that she'd never be coming over to see the brave bonfire any more, nor the haymaking, nor anything at all.

From us all to-day you're going away, and there
isn't a cloud in the sky,
Nor a frown at all on the smiling earth, nor even
a breeze to sigh.

But there's many a tear that you can't see, and
there's many a silent prayer
Going up to Heaven and asking God that His
blessing may be your share;

And that every hour of the years to come may
be filled with joy for you,
That no shadow of sorrow may ever fall on the
heart that was always true;

That the smile we loved on your bonny face
and the light of your laughing eyes

May never be dimmed by grief or care till the
love that we bear you dies;

That the light of love be about your home and
above the path you tread,

That the flowers of love be fresh and fair when
the roses of June are dead,

That so it may be through all life's day till the
sun is sinking low,

Is the prayer that's going to God this morn for
Purty Peggy O.

That's what was written on the picture. And I made her read it over and over again, and she teaching me like a child till I had it all home with me. And every minute I'm saying it to myself, and "Amen" at the end of it; for it's like a prayer. Poor Paidin! it's he that's lonesome enough this evening for the friend that's gone away from Glen-na-mona forever into a new world and a strange life. That's the way always,—the sad parting will have to come with the best of friends. Nothing lasts long in this world, and there must be somebody grieving.

God and His Holy Mother be with you on your journey, Purty Peggy O, child of my heart! And may every minute and hour of the years that are stretching out before you, and every inch of the road your feet'll be walking, be as bright and as happy as I'd wish them to be! And may He that sees and knows everything watch over you and guard your bonny head when you're far away from Glen-na-mona and the hearts that'll love you forever!

THE motives of credibility which may be learned by reading and study do not produce the absolute and perfect certainty of faith. They lead a man to see that the objects of faith are worthy of belief; they show him that he is under an obligation to give to them the assent of faith. But it is grace, it is God, who inspires the soul with the pious inclination to believe,—the *pia affectio ad credendum*.

—Cardinal Vaughan.

An Ever-Timely Subject.

ONE of the unfailing symptoms of a man's having reached the somewhat loosely indicated period known as middle age is his increased interest in matters pertaining to the table, in the quantity as well as the quality of the food of which he partakes. The majority of people, up to the age of thirty-five or forty, practically disregard any other rule of diet than the simple one of eating as much and as often as their appetite invites them to do. Once on the shady side of forty, however, a goodly number discover that their physical well-being renders it imperative that they pay some attention to the subject of dietetics. It is not a particularly pleasant discovery to the man whose appetite is a hearty one; and if, in addition to a uniformly good appetite, he has a tendency to indolence, he rather resents the axiomatic dictum of the physicians, that "most persons over forty eat too much and exercise too little." Yet his personal observation, if not of his own case, at least of that of more than one friend or acquaintance, should convince him that the doctors are right. With half as much food and twice as much exercise as they take at present, nine-tenths of the middle-aged of to-day would stand a much better chance than they do at present of becoming octogenarians.

A recent writer quotes the famous oldtime dietist, Luigi Cornaro, whose ideas on the subject were so far vindicated in his own person that he lived to be one hundred and four. The passage is worth reproducing, if only to show that, in the three and a half centuries which have elapsed since the old Italian wrote it, nothing especially new on the subject has come to light:

There are old lovers of feeding who say that it is necessary that they should eat and drink a great deal to keep up their natural heat, which is constantly diminishing as they advance in years; and that it is, therefore, their duty to eat heartily, and of such things as please their

palate, be they hot, cold or temperate; and that, were they to lead a sober life, it would be a short one. To this I answer that our kind mother, Nature, in order that old men may live to a still greater age, has contrived matters so that they should be able to subsist on little, as I do; for large quantities of food can not be digested by old and feeble stomachs. . . .

And thou, kind parent Nature, who actest so lovingly by thy aged offspring, in order to prolong his days, hast contrived matters so in his favor that he can live upon very little; and, in order to add to the favor, and do him still greater service, hast made him sensible that, as in his youth he used to eat twice a day, when he arrives at old age he ought to divide that food, of which he was accustomed before to make but two meals, into four; because, thus divided, it will be more easily digested; and, as in his youth he made but two collations in a day, he should, in his old age, make four; provided, however, he lessens the quantity as his years increase.

And this is what I do, agreeably to my own experience; and, therefore, my spirits, not oppressed by much food, but barely kept up, are always brisk, especially after eating, so that I am obliged then to sing a song, and afterward to write.

Nor do I ever find myself the worse for writing immediately after meals, nor is my understanding ever clearer, nor am I apt to be drowsy; the food I take being in too small a quantity to send up any fumes to the brain. Oh, how advantageous it is to an old man to eat but little! Accordingly, I, who know it, eat but just enough to keep body and soul together.

There is, in connection with this subject, one consideration which is very generally overlooked. It is that there is such a thing as progressive suicide; and that self-murder, whether inflicted instantaneously or brought about by deliberate indulgence in practices that inevitably lead to apoplexy, or to deadly diseases of the heart and kidneys, is substantially the same sin. The "heavy drinker" is not more certainly killing himself by inches than is the heavy eater who indulges in three full meals a day, and does not take enough exercise in the twenty-four hours to justify even one of his trips to the dining-room. More fasting and additional physical exertion would work wonders in the matter of restoring or preserving health.

Notes and Remarks.

It was a blunder, or worse, to strike the words "In God we Trust" from the new gold eagle. We say "or worse," because it is rumored that this action was at the instance of a certain society for the secularization of the government, which is said to have an energetic representative at the Capital. The reasons given for the suppression are not convincing. Granting that the motto was abused, the irreverence to which the President referred in his explanatory statement was by no means so general as to be indicative of national sentiment. An abuse should never destroy a use. The protests against the omission and the demands for restoration, coming from all parts of the country, leave no room for doubt that the vast majority of the American people cherish the motto, and consider it quite appropriate for coined money, and desirable as an expression of public faith in the Supreme Being. The United States is evidently not disposed to follow the example of France in obliterating the name of God from her coinage; and it is significant that the attempt to do so should have met with prompt, general and vigorous opposition. Another significant fact is that ribald, irreligious periodicals published in Rome, in which the Pope himself is insulted and caricatured, are suppressed in the United States. If American Catholics are proud of their country there are very good reasons why they should be.

It is always a painful shock to have our Divine Lord put on a par with a mere creature, — compared to any human personage, however exalted. In the last sentence of an Introduction, by Mr. Lionel Giles, to a new translation of "The Sayings of Confucius," published in "The Wisdom of the East," Confucius is put along with "three others, and only three"—Buddha, Mohammed, and Christ, — as having

reached a success, "measured by results," above all other lives. Our shock in this case was relieved by the happy comment of a non-Catholic writer, who, after expressing doubt about the statement, added: "Confucianism lies at the root of the morals of the Chinese upper class, and once lay at the root of those of the shrouded court of the Mikado of Japan. Neither Japan nor, as regards the overwhelming majority of its people, China seems to be under the dominant influence of Confucian teaching. On the other hand, Francis of Assisi has probably affected the modern world in a far greater degree."

The affectionate reverence in which St. Francis is held by so many outsiders is one of the things at which we never cease to wonder. His influence would seem to be on the increase. If his non-Catholic clients would only try to get at the secret of it!

Notwithstanding the lamentable pass to which religion has come in France, there exist here and there in all parts of that country veritable centres of true Christian living, wherein are annually held regular retreats for men. All ranks and conditions—employers and laborers, masters and servants—attend these spiritual exercises. The results are admirable. The men return to their occupations not only better Christians individually, but very often apostles, Catholic knights without fear and without reproach. M. de Bonneval, in the *Messenger de Sainte Anne*, cites the following incident as a rather original case in point.

Of all the employes in a certain industrial concern, only one had followed the exercises of a men's retreat that had just been concluded. The other workers knew about their companion's "piety," and purposed having some fun with him on the subject when he returned to his work. Among the band there were naturally some free-thinkers, and one of them, who set up for a wit, took the lead in rallying the religious laborer. Accordingly, as

the latter joined the group of workmen standing about the gate before the bell rang for the beginning of the day's labor, the free-thinking joker saluted him with: "Say, old man, as you are just off retreat, I suppose you are a priest now, and so can give me absolution." A hearty laugh followed this sally, but it was soon hushed in order that all might hear the "pious one's" answer. It came forthwith, and hardly admitted of a rejoinder. "Priest? No, I'm not; so I can't give you absolution. But, all the same, I can, even without being a bishop, give you confirmation. Here you are!" And with that he gave the fellow so vigorous and resounding an "episcopal tap" on the cheek that the joker fell to the ground amid a roar of applauding laughter that effectively restrained him from future pleasantries about his pious comrade.

While one can not approve of what is called "muscular Christianity," one must admit that the *argumentum ad hominem* is sometimes very effective; and its employment in cases like the above is to be condoned rather than condemned. The Holy Man of Tours, we remember, once silenced a blasphemer by a smart slap in the face.

Archbishop O'Connell is quoted as saying to the Knights of Columbus in Boston on a recent occasion: "I have always taken the greatest interest in your organization, and I hope to continue to do so; but if you go into politics and insist upon destroying yourselves, then I shall have nothing whatever to do with you." The Boston prelate presumably deprecates any attempt to make the organization the tool of designing politicians, who enlist in its ranks merely to further personal ambitions which, in their individual capacities, they could never hope to see realized. We feel quite sure that Mgr. O'Connell would be the last to dissuade the Knights of Columbus, or the members of any other Catholic society of men, from taking an intelligent and

active interest in the politics of city, State, or republic. It should be entirely possible in any such society for men of the most widely divergent political views to work together in absolute harmony for the specific ends of their association. Only when a political question is directly made a religious one, or, better, when a religious question is made a political one, should Catholics in or out of a society sink their political preferences and unitedly oppose any party that would infringe on their religious rights.

It may be said furthermore that a Catholic young man ought to be all the more public-spirited for being a Knight of Columbus. We think the organization is doing much toward forming a body of citizens of whom Church and State will some day be proud. When one of its members happens to be a candidate for some political office which he is especially well qualified to fill, it is quite natural that he should have the cordial support of his fellows. Our own one fear for the Knights of Columbus is lest the standard for membership be lowered.

"It is a Christian idea," says Cardinal Capecilatro, "and one natural to man, that private ownership of property is just. But this Christian idea is altogether different from the pagan one—that a man can do what he likes with his private property. To a Christian, ownership of property must be conditioned by three things: firstly, by justice in its acquisition and increase; secondly, by orderliness and goodness in its employment; and, thirdly, by a recognition of the claims of charity, which regards the human race as one family, all men as brothers, and God as giving temporal goods for the benefit not merely of the possessor but of his needy brethren." The prelate laments that so many Catholics in these later times fail to recognize this Christian concept of private ownership of property, and act as though they held the pagan idea, that they were entitled to do what they like

with their own. His Eminence evidently believes that an effective way in which to meet the Socialistic attack on private property is to persuade wealthy owners that they will be working for their real interests by regarding their duties as well as their rights, and by acting up to that conception of ownership which follows from their acceptance of Christian principles of moral conduct.

It is one of the perennial mistakes, in the social and economic world, that people of all classes are far more concerned about securing their full quota of rights and privileges than about acquitting themselves of their patent duties and responsibilities.

The Anglican prelate, Bishop Welldon, contributes to the *Nineteenth Century and After* a paper, "Literature, Secular and Sacred," whose concluding paragraph will interest our readers:

I claim that the New Testament, as an ancient writing, should be treated like any other ancient book. If it is so treated, then whatever canons of evidence are sufficient for the authenticity of classical literature are sufficient for that of the books of the New Testament. It is unscientific to make demands of evidence for one part of ancient literature which are not made for another part. No evidence for or against ancient literature is nearly so satisfactory as external evidence; and the external evidence in behalf of all the books of the New Testament, except perhaps the Epistle to Philemon (where the deficiency of evidence is easily intelligible) and the Second Epistle of St. Peter, exceeds, and in many instances vastly exceeds, the corresponding evidence which can be adduced for the great mass of ancient Greek and Latin literature.

The point is well taken. The two Epistles mentioned belong, of course, to the Catholic canon of Scripture; but the Bishop's doubts concerning them do not lessen the force of his general argument.

The *Hartford Courant* does not minimize the responsibility laid upon saloon-keepers, druggists, and others who sell intoxicating liquors. "When the saloon makes drunkards," it says, "it is more or

less accountable for all that the drunken men do." While it would, of course, be easy to lay exaggerated stress upon the degree of moral guilt incident to such accountability, there can scarcely be any question that the vender of spirituous liquor to those already intoxicated, or to those who, he knows by experience, become criminal when inebriated, incurs a direct responsibility of co-operation which no Christian man can conscientiously assume. The *Courant* is of the opinion that the liquor venders have the settlement of the drink evil practically in their own hands. If they continue to sell indiscriminately to all who can buy, they will inevitably strengthen the hands of those who wish to prohibit the sale altogether.

Attention is called by Abbé Bertrin, in a recent issue of the Paris *Croix*, to one notable feature of the miracles wrought at Lourdes during the last National Pilgrimage. It is that, contrary to the experience of the past dozen years, the greater number of the cures effected last summer occurred, not during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, but in the piscinas themselves. Says Abbé Bertrin: "A detestable campaign had been waged against the piscinas of the Grotto. It was said that the water they contained was virtually poisonous and constituted a public danger. The miracles in these very piscinas were God's answer."

The same writer—who, by the way, is the author of a thoroughly scholarly and critical study of Lourdes—says further about the Pilgrimage: "For forty-eight hours we lived in an atmosphere truly supernatural, between earth and heaven, and nearer heaven than earth. I appeal to all who attended as assiduously as I did the Bureau of Verifications, that clinique of the miraculous,—I appeal to all, be they believers or agnostics. Did they not find themselves transported during some hours into a new country, where the laws that rule the world do not

exist, where a hidden hand plays with such laws, where the extraordinary seems trite, and the impossible becomes real?"

In a footnote appended to a scholarly exposition of the latest Papal Encyclical, a contribution to the *Month* by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, we find this incidental defence of one whom his countless admirers have been pained to hear classed among the Modernists:

It has been suggested in some quarters that this doctrine of the "religious sentiment" as the source of our religious knowledge is substantially the same as that of Cardinal Newman in the "Grammar of Assent." Our readers should not be misled into imagining this to be the case. The Holy See is not likely to have wished to condemn our great Cardinal and his luminous teaching in this indirect way, and we know as a fact that the idea did not enter into its mind. Besides, although with a little ingenuity it may be possible to bring together some Modernist phrases and some phrases of the Cardinal's, and draw a plausible parallel between them, the two conceptions on analysis are radically different and opposed.

No one familiar with the full scope of Newman's literary and theological output will assert that Father Smith's statement of the case is too strong. Indeed he might have cited words of Newman which express abhorrence of the teaching that revealed religion is not a truth but a sentiment and a taste, not an objective fact, not miraculous. Liberalism—it is called Modernism now—was what Newman most dreaded. "For thirty, forty, fifty years," he said, "I have resisted, to the best of my powers, the spirit of Liberalism in religion." The assertion that the Encyclical *Pascendi* in condemning Modernists was aimed at Newman, or that it identified him with them, is absurd on the face of it.

Before interpreting in their favor any theory, idea, or opinion even, put forward by the "most illustrious thinker and theologian of the nineteenth century," the little group of persons in England and New York who refer to themselves as

"Liberal Catholics" would do well to read and inwardly digest what Newman said *inter alia*, on receiving official notice of his elevation to the cardinalate, and in reply to an address of congratulation on his return to England. We quote the words in the order of utterance:

In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints—namely, that error can not be found in them. But what I trust I may claim throughout all that I have written is this—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the Holy Church.

There is, from the nature of the case, so much imperfection in all literary productions, and so much variety of opinion, sentiment, and ethical character in any large circle of readers, that whenever I have found it a duty to write and publish in defence of Catholic doctrine or practice, I have felt beforehand a great trepidation lest I should fail in prudence, or err in statement of facts, or be careless in language; and afterward, for the same reasons, I have been unable to feel any satisfaction at recurring in mind to my composition. That what I have said might have been said better, I have seen clearly enough,—my own standard of excellence was sufficient to show me this. But to what positive praise it was entitled, that was for others to decide; and, therefore, when good Catholics, with divines of name and authority, come forward and tell me, as you do, that what I have published has been of great service to my dear mother the Holy Church, it is, I can not deny, a great reassurance and gratification to me to receive such a testimony in my favor.

It must be said, in extenuation of the amusing blunders made by the non-Catholic reporters of Catholic functions, that they sin in very respectable company. Only a year or two ago, Mr. Goldwin Smith, of unquestioned eminence as a scholar, confounded the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady with the Virgin Birth of Christ; and now we have the oldtime "Thunderer," the *London Times*, discussing the Roman Congregation of "Rights." Of course, as the lamented Brother Gardiner used to say, "the world do move," but its progress along some lines appears to be imperceptible.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

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THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Saint Aidan and His Boys.



It was on Easter Eve, in the year 627, that Paulinus, one of Saint Augustine's followers, baptized Edwin, King of Northumbria, in a little hut, the site of which is now covered by York's glorious minster. Many of the people followed their King's example and became Christians. Six years later the savage old heathen, Penda of Mercia, conquered Northumbria; Edwin was slain, and the kingdom in part returned to the worship of Woden and Thor. Bishop Paulinus fled to Kent, taking with him the widowed Queen and her infant children; while Justus, a deacon, was left behind to keep alive the sacred spark of Faith in the unhappy land.

After a period of strife and confusion, a relation of the dead King, Oswald by name, conquered the heathen hosts on Heaven's Field. Oswald in his youth had found refuge in the famous Monastery of Iona; and on the battle eve its sainted founder, Columba, had appeared to him, bidding him take the cross for his standard and promising him victory. With his own hands Oswald set up a wooden cross, similar to those he had seen in Celtic grounds; and, kneeling before it, he bade his small army call on the living God. His faith was rewarded: the heathen hosts fled, and Oswald succeeded to the throne of Northumbria.

His first care was to re-establish the Christian Faith; and it was to the Celtic Church, which had sheltered him in exile, that he appealed for help. The appeal was not in vain; yet the first missionary sent from Iona was not successful. He returned to the island, reporting that it was vain to think of converting a people so rude and barbarous. "Was it their

stubbornness or your severity?" asked Aidan, a monk of Iona. "Did you give them the milk first and then the meat?" All voices called on the speaker to undertake the abandoned mission. Aidan was consecrated bishop, and departed, at his superior's bidding, to set up his bishop's See at Lindisfarne, an island off the Northumbria coast.

Of Saint Aidan's early life little is known. He was trained at Innescattery, a monastery on the banks of the Shannon, and proceeded from that house to Iona. The great English historian, Bede, however, has much to say of his gentleness and charity. He tells how the Bishop went on foot along the broad Roman roads, and sheep paths on the moors, pausing with all the folk he met, urging the Christians to practices of piety, and begging the heathens to become converted. As he taught he acted. He was constant in prayer and meditation, gentle and charitable, full both of zeal and discretion. The quietness of his life combined with his activity made men speak of his death-day as "Aidan's rest."

Many stories are told of the Irish Bishop and the saintly King Oswald. Aidan knew nothing at first of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and it was a touching sight, Bede tells, to see the King translating to his thanes and earls the advice and instruction of the Bishop. Once, as Aidan and the King sat at table with the great chiefs of the nation, the King heard that a multitude of the poor and hungry waited fasting without. Oswald ordered the untasted meat to be carried to them, and the silver dishes to be broken up and divided amongst them. The Bishop blessed the royal hand. "May this hand," he said, "never grow old!" And when the King fell, fighting against his old enemy Penda, the "white hand" blessed by

Aidan did not decay. When all else of Oswald had perished, his right hand, fresh and uncorrupt, was preserved in Saint Peter's Church in Bamborough; and Aidan lived to see the King he had loved so well venerated as a saint.

On the death of Oswald, the kingdom of Northumbria was divided between Oswy and Oswin, his younger brother and his nephew; and Aidan's jurisdiction extended over the two kingdoms. Oswin once bestowed on the Bishop a horse to carry him on his lengthy journeys; but Saint Aidan soon gave it away to a beggar on the road. Oswin was told of this. "Why did you, my Lord Bishop, give away the horse that was to be all your own?" he demanded.—"Is a horse worth more in your eyes than God's poor?" Aidan asked severely in reply; and the monarch humbly knelt at his feet to beg forgiveness. It was lovingly accorded; but Aidan wept. He turned to an Irish priest by his side. "The King is too humble: he will not live long," he said in his native tongue. His prophecy was soon fulfilled. Oswin was put to death by his kinsman Oswy on the 20th of August, 651.

Twelve days later Aidan went to his reward. Perhaps the shock of Oswin's death hastened his end. He was taken suddenly ill, and died leaning on the wooden buttress that propped up one of the walls of his church at Bamborough. Thus the three saints so closely connected in life are united still in death. Saint Oswald's feast-day is on the 5th of August, Oswin's on the 20th, and Aidan's on the last day of the month.

Saint Aidan founded many monasteries, notably two—Melrose and Coldingham, names familiar to all readers of Scott. But he did a greater work still. He gathered round him and trained for a native priesthood a school of twelve boys. Bede speaks of them as "Aidan's boys." Among the twelve were Eata, who became first prior of Melrose, and later Bishop of Lindisfarne; and Saint Wilfrith, who

labored overseas among his Teutonic kin, the Frisians and Huns. But the most famous of the twelve were the brothers, Saints Ceada and Cedd. The former, after his training under Saint Aidan at Lindisfarne, went to Ireland for improvement in "sacred letters." He was recalled to his own country, and assisted his brother in founding, in Yorkshire, a monastery, which he governed for some time. Afterward he was appointed to the See of York; but he vacated this to Saint Wilfrid, in obedience to the decree of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and retired to his monastery. He was again called on to govern a diocese, that of Lichfield in Mercia; and for two and a half years he labored with great zeal. The Archbishop of Canterbury wished him to make his visitations on horseback instead of on foot; and as time went on he was obliged from age and weakness to do so. Saint Ceada died in the great pestilence of 673, on the second day of March; and, as the monks prayed round him, one saw his soul conveyed to heaven by his brother, Saint Cedd, who had died some time before.

Saint Cedd had labored for a period among the Mercians; but, on the conversion of the King of the West-Saxons, he was appointed Bishop of London. He ruled his diocese with ability and wisdom, and showed in his own person a love of prayer and solitude common to the Celtic monks among whom he had been educated. He was present at the famous synod of Whitby in 664, but died soon after at the monastery which he and his brother had founded in Yorkshire. The Church commemorates Saint Cedd on the 7th of January.

At Fault.

IN "covetous," plainly you see
That the last of the syllables three
Is pronounced simply "tus";
So whoever says "chus"
Is as faulty as faulty can be.

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIII.—SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Shortly before twelve o'clock, Whirlwind appeared at the door of Martha's room, with a package in her hand.

"Martha, you forgot to take the hair," she said. "What kind of cushion are you going to make of it? Mrs. Fersen says that if you use the hair you had better make a bag of coarse muslin and put it in, so that the air will penetrate. She says a piece of a flour sack will be the best thing."

"What a looking cushion that would make!" cried Martha. "But I suppose I could cover it with Swiss and put a ruffle all around."

"She is going to teach me to crochet Afghan stitch, and I can make a cover for it after I know the size. You can have any color you want: pink or blue, or stripes of pink and blue and yellow, or red and green. Mrs. Fersen has heaps of wool."

"That will be very nice," said Martha. "To have a cushion made of your hair, dearie, and a cover crocheted by your own little hands! I shall be proud indeed."

"And it will please you to know I am learning to do things, won't it, Martha?"

"Indeed it will. How do you like your new friends, dearie?" inquired Martha, lowering her voice.

"I think they are splendid," was the reply. "And they know so much, those children! Bessie is no older than I am, yet she can do so many things. She never gets tired doing them, either. I know I should, Martha."

"Not if you were accustomed to it, my dear," said Martha. "That is how a little girl should be. But you have had no mother, and have been allowed to run about like a wild thing. You are not to blame. What did you do this morning?"

"Well, first they had a page of cate-

chism. Mrs. Fersen asked questions and explained it. I never understood things like that before. I never could remember catechism, either."

"You've learned but little of it, my dear,—not enough."

"Well, papa has not much time. I guess men can't do that kind of thing right. Bessie is going to make her First Communion, and her mother explains. And then she reads two pages of Bible History. It's awfully nice. And after that she read us a fairy story called 'The Little Prince and the Crooked Old Woman.' Oh, I've had the nicest time! And Mrs. Fersen thinks I ought to make my First Communion too, Martha."

"So you ought, dearie."

"She says I could be prepared with Bessie. They will be here three months. And papa will be home then."

"It's a good thing to be thinking about, my dear. But you must be very obedient indeed, remember. You must not forget that you are to obey your cousin, and perhaps give up to her in many ways that will be hard. That will be a very good preparation."

Whirlwind looked thoughtful.

"That *will* be hard," she said; "though I had already made up my mind to obey her, because papa said I must. And that reminds me, Martha, that I haven't written that letter yet. But I'm going to do it after lunch. And, Martha, they want me to come over to-morrow morning, and we can all go to church together Sunday in the big wagon."

"What big wagon?" asked Martha.

"Ours," replied Whirlwind. "Won't there be room for all of us and Minnie and Esther, with Fritz to drive?"

Martha began to count on her fingers.

"The four Fersens and you and the girls and myself, and Fritz,—that will be nine. And there can be three seats put in. Yes, that will be just enough."

"Won't it be fun?" cried Whirlwind. "And perhaps Father Anker will come home with us to dinner. But no: I

wouldn't like to ask him; Cousin Ellery is so funny."

"Perhaps the good Father might enjoy a little joking at dinner," said Martha, dryly.

"Joking? I didn't mean that," replied Whirlwind. "I meant she was so—well, so queer."

"I think he will have been already invited by the Plowdens or the Greens," said Martha. "Better not ask him till papa is here again."

"I wanted to talk about my First Communion," rejoined Whirlwind. "I think I could be a *very* good girl if I were always with the Fersens, and could make my First Communion, Martha."

"I believe you could," was the reply. "They could get you into good ways at least, and give you a start for the future."

"There's the hair on the table, Martha," said Whirlwind. "It is well wrapped up, so that it won't be flying about."

"It did enough of that on your head," rejoined Martha. "But just put it in my bedroom on the little shelf. Will you, my pet?"

When Whirlwind returned, she said:

"Martha, I look just dreadful in your glass. But my hair will soon grow even; don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Martha; "though you are a sight now. I'd ask you to have a bite with me, but your cousin might not be pleased."

"I couldn't stay to-day," said Whirlwind. "I must write to papa, you know. Good-bye!"

She was off with one of her sudden, impulsive movements, and for the first time in several days Martha could hear her singing as she went. She stopped at the office to tell Robert he need not hold her mail for her, as she thought her cousin had decided to let her have it; and she would not go to church in the boat: he need not wait for her.

"You've done something to your hair, haven't you, Miss Whirlwind?" inquired

Robert, surprised at the change in her appearance.

"I cut it off to please Cousin Ellery," she replied.

"You were very nice to do it," said Robert. "I suppose it will all be grown out again when your papa gets back."

"Oh, yes! in beautiful curls," rejoined Whirlwind, hurrying away.

She found Miss Allen at the garden gate waiting for her.

"I was about to go to meet you, my child," said that lady. "We have hardly had a word with each other these past two days. And I wanted to praise you for having behaved so generously to Miss Melloden."

"I don't deserve any praise for it," answered Whirlwind. "I would never have done it if papa had not sent that telegram. But I *hope* there will not be any more fussing after this. And, O Miss Allen," she continued, as they turned toward the house, "I was wrong about those people! They are as nice as they can be. It was good for me that they came: I can learn lots from them,—my religion, and the Old Testament, and to sew, and fairy stories. And Mrs. Fersen is going to teach me to draw. Alfred and Bessie are just what I need to help me from always being too lively and too cross. They are so well-behaved. I thought I wouldn't like that kind of people, but I do; and Martha and I are real good friends again. Won't you come over and get acquainted with the Fersens, Miss Allen?"

"Yes, I should like to when I have time," was the reply.

"Well, any day will do. I expect to be there a great deal now," said Whirlwind.

At dinner Cousin Ellery repeated her wish that Whirlwind should begin a regular course of study the next week.

"I don't need to do that now," replied the child. "I've already begun with the Fersens."

"With the Fersens?"

"Yes: the people that are staying at Martha's."

Then she launched into a very enthusiastic description of her new friends and their acquirements, concluding with the remark that everything had been arranged about the programme for study for the coming week.

"Your new friends may be entitled to much of the extravagant praise you give them," rejoined Miss Melloden. "But it strikes me as not in favor of Mrs. Fersen that she should take it upon herself to order and arrange your occupations and amusements without consulting me, who am your guardian in the absence of your father."

"Oh, she didn't, Cousin Ellery,—she didn't!" Whirlwind hastened to reply. "I told her I would go over, and she said I might if you would give me permission."

"That places her in a better light," said Miss Melloden. "I think I shall go soon—perhaps this evening—to see that wonderful Martha and her guests. I shall be glad to have you join them in their studies if they seem to me desirable persons, particularly as I can find plenty for Miss Allen to do here with my own work."

"All right, Cousin Ellery," said the child. "Shall we have an early dinner and go over?"

"Perhaps," answered Miss Melloden. "Yes, I think that would be a good plan."

"On Sunday we are all going in the big wagon to Mass," said Whirlwind. "Fritz will drive."

"Those people are Romanists also?" inquired Cousin Ellery, quite innocently; for she was feeling more kindly toward her little cousin than she had hitherto done.

But Whirlwind's face turned a vivid crimson as she replied:

"Please don't say 'Romanists,' Cousin Ellery. Papa hates the word worse than anything. He says it is a term of contempt. There was a man once that worked for him, and he *would* keep saying it all the time, and at last papa sent him away."

"I fear he would have to do the same in my case, unless he could give me a

satisfactory reason for his displeasure," said Miss Melloden, relapsing into the former chilliness of manner and accent. "I have heard the term used all my life in connection with your Church; and I meant no contempt when I said it, I assure you."

"Why can't you say Catholic?"

"There are several Catholic churches. I do not acknowledge yours to be the only one."

"But, then, it is the oldest and the only *true* one."

"It may be the oldest, but how can you prove it to be the only true one?"

"Our Lord would not have founded two or three churches," said Whirlwind. "He founded just *one*, and all the others have been corrupted from it."

"You had better say," observed Cousin Ellery, with a smile, "that *it* became corrupt, and the others detached themselves from it."

"Yes, rotten branches," replied the little girl, with great emphasis. "They fell off, or were cut off because *they* were corrupt, not the Church."

"You are too young, child, and far too ignorant, to argue on such questions, especially with those who are much better informed," said Miss Melloden.

"Cousin Ellery, how can *you* know better about my own Church than I do?" exclaimed Whirlwind. "If you did, you could not help being a Catholic yourself, because Mrs. Fersen says—"

"Oh, your new friends have been talking religion, have they?"

"They had to, teaching catechism. The children have a few questions every day, and Mrs. Fersen says—"

"I have no desire to hear any more of what Mrs. Fersen says," rejoined Miss Melloden; "and I command you to be silent on the subject both now and in future. I had hoped that things were about to go smoothly, but it seems that your impertinence and assurance must crop out on every occasion. You quite irritate me."

"And you do me," said Whirlwind. "You are so contrary, Cousin Ellery! It *must* be your fault, because I was hardly ever in trouble or fusses till you came."

"Not another word, I insist!" replied Miss Melloden. "And you do not go to Martha's this afternoon."

"I did not intend to go," answered the child, rising from the table. "If you will excuse me, I will go and write a letter to papa."

"I wonder you have the manners to ask to be excused," remarked Cousin Ellery. "You may go; your room is far better than your company. I am sure your father will be pleased to hear from you,—that is, if you give him a truthful account of yourself."

Whirlwind, already halfway to the door, flashed back an angry glance at her cousin, but said nothing. She went to her own room, got out her ink and paper and began to write. But there were many pauses between the sentences: she could not get on well with her letter. She had intended telling all her troubles to her father, but somehow it was not so easy as she had thought; it was difficult, too, to acquit herself of culpability in all that had transpired. And there was another and more potent reason. Her kind and affectionate little heart could not inflict pain on the beloved parent, who would not fail to sympathize with her even though he might reprove. Whirlwind felt this to its full extent; and, after various ineffectual efforts to make an interesting letter out of nothing—as she must do unless she related the disagreeable happenings that had taken place since he had left,—ended by sending him a very stiff, short letter, which was no more satisfactory to herself than it was likely to be to the absent recipient. Just as she had finished it, Miss Allen came in and asked her to take a walk. Whirlwind needed no coaxing: her strenuous though ineffectual mental labor indoors had left her in need of fresh air and exercise.

(To be continued.)

A Little Black Beetle.

When the Holy Family fled into Egypt, they passed a group of husbandmen who were sowing corn. Fearing lest their pursuers, Herod's messengers, would learn their whereabouts of the farmers, Our Lady begged them, if any one asked when the Holy Child had passed by, to reply: "He passed here when we sowed our corn."

This the husbandmen readily agreed to do. And, lo! during the night the corn sprang up to full height, so that when the soldiers of the cruel Herod passed, they found the farmers reaping. Upon inquiring when the Holy Family had passed, and being told that it was when the corn was sowed, they made answer: "'Tis, then, of scant use to pursue, since 'twas so long ago." And they returned whence they came.

A small black beetle, however, had heard the conversation, and, like many little folk, wanted to tell all he knew; so he piped up shrilly: "The Holy Family passed here last night." But one of the soldiers trod upon him, and his voice was hushed. It is in memory of this that, in Scotland, to see a black beetle is considered bad luck, and a Highlander kills it as quickly as possible, saying: "Black beetle, black beetle, *last night!*"

St. Andrew's Cross.

The cross of St. Andrew is always represented in the shape of the letter X; but that this is an error ecclesiastical historians prove by appealing to the cross itself on which the saint suffered. St. Stephen of Burgundy gave it to the convent of St. Victor, near Marseilles; and, like the common cross, it is rectangular. The cause of the error is thus explained. When the Apostle suffered, the cross, instead of being fixed upright, rested on its foot and arm, and in this posture he was fastened to it: his hands to one arm and the top, his feet to the other arm and the foot, and his head in the air.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Not all reviewers assume the oracular tone in discussing the books that come to their table. Our Quebec contemporary *La Vérité* says of a volume of poems, "Élévations Poétiques," by the Abbé Burque: "The poems of Father Burque make healthy reading; of their poetic worth we are not competent to judge."

—"The Sacramental Life of the Church," by the Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J., (B. Herder) is another of the admirable paper-covered booklets (239 pp.) by which the scholarly St. Louis Jesuit is doing such effective work in the field of apologetics and catechetics. It comprises ten chapters as lucid in style as they are replete with matter.

—Mother Salome, of St. Mary's Convent, Cambridge, England, has again put the little ones under obligations; and we feel sure that all who read her "Good-Night Stories" will pay their benefactress with affectionate remembrance and prayers. These stories are just the kind that children like, and there is a little lesson in each one of them. One would think that Mother Salome was able to read the hearts of the wee folk for whom she writes.

—"Penance in the Early Church," by the Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, is a thesis presented for the degree of Doctor in Divinity, Maynooth; and is accordingly a book for students rather than for the general reader. The penultimate chapter furnishes a short sketch of the subsequent development of the doctrine under consideration. Our clerical readers will be interested in comparing this study of a Maynooth graduate with the Rev. Dr. Hanna's article, "Absolution," in the Catholic Encyclopedia. M. H. Gill & Son, publishers.

—It is gratifying to notice that books of a spiritual nature for children are keeping pace with the output of juvenile secular literature. A work of the former kind is "Conferences for Children on the Gospel of St. John," by Sister M. Teresa, O.S.B., Princethorpe Priory, England; it is published in this country by Benziger Brothers. These conferences include stories of Our Lord's life, and the lessons that meditation on the events recorded should teach. To us they seem somewhat lacking in the special qualities which appeal to the young; yet much good is sure to result from this book.

—The fate that attends most printed books is something little thought of by the public at large. The *Athenæum* notes the declaration of

Prof. Herzberg of Berlin and the Librarian of the Berlin University that our volumes as printed at present will be obliterated within two centuries. With regard to newspapers, the process will be far more rapid. It is alleged that the principal cause of this is the employment of paper made from wood-pulp. To remedy this, it is proposed by the German authorities that a certain number of each edition of a printed book should be printed on paper of a superior character for libraries and Record Offices.

—An adequate appreciation of Petrarch's character and scholarship, together with an outline of the events of his career, is afforded in a new work by Mr. H. C. Hollway-Calthrop: "Petrarch: His Life and Times." (Methuen & Co.) The author's attitude toward the poet throughout is one of generous sympathy. In reference to the period following Petrarch's coronation, he says:

The crowning honor of Petrarch's life produced in him not a sense of satiety or contentment with repose, but, on the contrary, a livelier and keener ambition, a noble eagerness to deserve the fame which the world had already awarded him. Those who can not see beneath the superficial flaws of a character may speak contemptuously of his vanity, his affectations, his greed of fame; far other is the estimate of those who have read his heart and know the high idealism, the insatiable appetite for toil, and the profound sense of devotion to his calling, which lay beneath these insignificant and not unlovable foibles.

Of the poet's services to learning Mr. Hollway-Calthrop has this to say:

It is not possible precisely to define the quality of temperament which enabled Petrarch to communicate the spirit which others had been able only to possess; "charm" affords the only explanation, and charm defies analysis. It is evident from his whole career that he possessed both intellectual and personal charm to a rare degree; he fascinated men's imaginations and fired their hearts. . . . So his reputation grew, and his influence became more potent every day; and the studies that he loved, from being the monopoly of a handful of scholars, became the inspiration of the world's culture.

There is no evidence, it seems, that Petrarch became a priest late in life; however, he must have received Minor Orders, for he held a canonry in the Cathedral of Pisa.

—Catholic readers throughout the English-speaking world will regret to learn of the premature death of Dr. William D. J. Croke, prominent for a good many years past as Roman correspondent of a number of Catholic journals on both sides of the Atlantic, and distinguished as a linguist, historian, and archæologist. A kindly personality as well as a talented litterateur, Mr. Croke enjoyed the genuine esteem of a very large circle of lay and clerical friends;

and his decease in this month of the dead will ensure for him a wealth of suffrages more precious than any eulogistic tribute that can be paid to his worth and works. *R. I. P.*

—Merely as an offset to the preposterous claims to even-handed justice and strictest impartiality set up for sundry non-Catholic writers of more or less note, we quote an observation by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History, Madrid. It occurs in an article on Lea's "Inquisition," in the *New York Times' Saturday Review*:

It is strange that the two chief historic workers of our generation in the Anglo-Saxon world—the late Prof. Maitland and Mr. Lea—should both have shown this anti-Romanist bias. After all, Anglo-Saxondom is Protestant. This is the more to be regretted as, in my judgment, the whole key to the annals of the Inquisition has to be found in its comparative independence from the State on the one hand, and from Papal jurisdiction on the other.

—The strength that lies in short words is well illustrated in the following sonnet by an author whose name escapes us, familiar as the lines are:

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want or woe or fear is in, the throat;
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart; or a strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more beight than breadth, more depth than
length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows but burns not, though it beam and shine;
Light, but no heat,—a flash, but not a blaze.

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.

- "Penance in the Early Church." Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D. D. \$1, net.
- "Conferences for Children on the Gospel of St. John." Sister Mary Teresa, O. S. B. 85 cts., net.
- "True Historical Stories for Catholic Children" Josephine Portuondo. \$1.

- "Good-Night Stories." Mother Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "A Day with Mary." Caryl Coleman. 60 cts., net.
- "The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. II. and III. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.
- "Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649." Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. \$1.50, net.
- "Free-Will and Four English Philosophers—Hobbes, Locke, Hume, and Mill." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. I. \$1.25, net.
- "The Life of Blessed Julie Billiart." A Sister of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.
- "Home for Good." Mother M. Loyola. \$1.25, net.
- "The Princess of Gan-Sar." Andrew Klarman. \$1.50, net.
- "Stepping-Stones to Heaven." 60 cts., net.
- "The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick." Katherine Tynan. 40 cts., net.
- "Ten Lectures on the Martyrs." Paul Allard. \$2, net.
- "The Ordinary of the Mass." Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Thomas Bolton, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. Aloysius Dannenhoeffer, diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. L. R. Larche, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Cornelius Schoenwaelder, O. F. M.

Sister M. Vincentia, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister Joseph, Daughters of Charity; and Sister M. Georgia, Sisters of St. Agnes.

Mr. J. D. Meise, Mrs. Lena Schmidt, Mr. William H. Thorne, Mr. Thomas McGovern, Mr. Laughlin Walsh, Miss E. V. Thompson, Mr. Thomas Kiernan, Mrs. Clara Koerdt, Mr. John Costello, Mrs. Julia Clerkin, Mrs. Eliza Coyle, Mr. Hugh Ward, Mr. George Ferris, Mr. William Power, Mrs. Catherine Bennett, Mr. John Downey, Mr. Francis Stumpf, Mrs. Mary Murphy, and Mrs. M. B. Herlick.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

- For Bishop Berlioz, Japan:
A priest, \$60; M. Quinn, \$5.
- The Filipino student fund:
Miss M. J. C.. \$1.



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 7, 1907.

NO. 23

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

To the Ever-Blessed Virgin.

BY MONSIGNOR JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

I.
VIRGIN Mother, Martyr, Saint,—
 Purest, fairest! Who shall paint
 Beauty peerless, free from taint?

II.
 Thou, Perfection's highest crest!
 Thou, of saints the very best!
 Thou, beloved beyond the rest!

III.
 Gentle, modest, loving, good;
 Model of all maidenhood;
 Fairest Lily of the wood.

IV.
 Heaven's choicest scented Flower,
 Welcome as refreshing shower
 In the noontide's sultry hour.

V.
 Give this child of sin and care
 Of thy love some little share,
 Keep him from the devil's snare.

VI.
 From thy bounteous mercy-seat
 Grant him, prostrate at thy feet,
 What thy wisdom judges meet;

VII.
 Till he may to heaven soar,
 There forever to adore
 Him whom Thou, chaste Virgin, bore.

IN this life there is no purgatory, but either paradise or hell. He who bears tribulations with patience has paradise, he who does not has hell.

—*St. Philip Neri.*

Admonitions for Advent.

BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP HEDLEY.

AT the beginning of the holy season of Advent, the light of Our Lord's coming shines in the distance, cheering the Christian heart in the mist and winter of earthly life. This blessed coming, as the Church celebrates it year by year, is a sacred and beneficent anniversary, which renews and applies to each living generation the treasures of the Incarnation. And when the soul meditates on this coming in the flesh, and the constant and gracious efficacy of that coming in the spirit, there always must be, and there always is, the suggestion of that other coming, still in the dark and unknown future—the coming of the Lord Jesus to judge the living and the dead. The liturgy of the Advent season is full of the Judgment. The Lord is to come once more, in power, in awfulness, in mystery, in the terror of surprise. Life is mere folly unless it takes this future coming into full account. To live one's life wisely, therefore, is to prepare for that day which on one side of the veil is called Death, on the other side Judgment.

To speak fully on preparation for the Judgment would be to treat of human life in all its aspects. Let the present paper, therefore, be confined to one or two points that the circumstances of the hour seem to invest with special importance.

First of all, no man or woman can be prepared for the Judgment without a rational and Christian estimate of that persistent and universal spiritual plague which we call sin. The soul which stands before the dread tribunal with the sinister mark of grievous sin, unrepented, upon its being, is lost forever. That is the one vital fact about the Judgment. When a man finds himself there, he has lived his earthly life, and has finished his probation. He has had every chance, every grace, and every warning. Even at the last moment, before death finally tightened its grip upon him, he could have turned to God and his Saviour, and freed himself from an enemy far more deadly than death. But now the everlasting day has dawned, and the opportunities of time have passed away, never to return.

Nothing can alter this hard and fixed fact, which makes the Judgment what it is. Human life is full of great events, and the history of human thought, human speech, and human action seems very striking. But no laws or customs of man, no progress, no achievements, no views of right or wrong, no refinement of mind or feeling, can ever change the stark and stubborn fact that every man who dies in sin will, at the Judgment, be most certainly condemned.

One of the great dangers of the present day is to disbelieve in sin. The old teaching of the Catechism was that sin is an offence against God, or any thought, word or deed against the law of God. This the Church firmly holds and teaches, and children learn it at school and at the altar. But it is a teaching which it is very difficult to keep alive in the present world of men and women. There has been so much free speculation, so much unbridled discussion, that people have hardly a definite idea of God at all, much less of what it means to offend Him. In the world of to-day, God is no longer our Creator, our Sovereign Lord, our Father and our Judge. A strong and increasing party deny that we can

know anything about Him. The so-called churches and sects have nothing definite to say. People talk of law and necessity, of mechanical and physical force, of impulses that we can not control, of a will that has no responsibility. Instead of sin, we hear of mental weakness; crime is not a fault but a disease, and the idea of punishment for wrongdoing is said to be irrational.

These views are in the air, and they have deeply affected the simple people, even those who would warmly reject them. Sin is no longer sin. It is evil, disagreeable, foul and dangerous, and it must be repressed; but it is not an offence against God. Pride, lust, and dishonesty are perhaps disagreeable and objectionable, but they are not regarded as treason to our Father in heaven, as blighting the soul with spiritual death, or as wrecking one's personal life for all eternity.

Against this fatal view of the moral life the Catholic can not be too carefully on his guard. It is certain that our Lord Jesus Christ will come to judge the soul of every man, and that He will hold sin to be really sin,—the great spiritual evil for which every man is, each in his own case, responsible, and for which he will be subject to the awful condemnation of the Judgment. Neither the custom of the world, nor temptation, nor the vehemence of passion, nor personal gain, nor the lax advice of friends will prevent a sin from being a sin in the sight of the Judge. Therefore take your rules from the teaching of your pastors. Believe firmly that your Father in heaven seeth you at all times, and that His most holy law, which takes its source in His own being, is the law of all laws.

Immodesty and impurity may be widespread, and may be disregarded by men, and treated even in a light and jesting spirit. Nevertheless, they who go to Judgment with these sins upon them go to a dark and terrible reckoning. Cursing, revenge, anger and passion too often make the homes of our people unhappy and

the very streets disgraceful. These things are against decency, law and order; but, what is far more serious, they will certainly draw upon every man who does not check himself the sentence of the Lord Jesus Christ. Drunkenness is looked upon as a weakness, a disorder, or perhaps a subject of ridicule rather than as a sin; but for all that it is a deadly sin, and any man struck down in deliberate drunkenness will find the great Judge inexorable. Dishonesty in a hundred forms infects business and corrupts the dealings of masters and of men; many of the customs of trade are gravely unlawful, and men give interpretations of their own to the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." But the law of God can not be got rid of: sins are sins, and the things that are done in disregard of the teaching of the Catechism and the confessional will be called by their right names at the sitting of the Judgment.

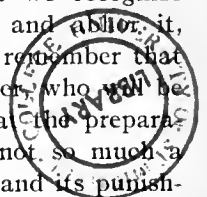
Then there are the laws of the Church. The fact that the authority of the Church is disregarded by the population of a non-Catholic country makes even our own people careless about the observance of those precepts which she has laid down for the general advantage. For example, she abhors mixed marriages. Even when the non-Catholic party is good and reasonable, she objects to admit such a person to her Sacrament of Matrimony; and experience proves that there are numerous dangers to the faith and pious practice of the Catholic party and the children. Yet Catholic men and women become engaged to non-Catholics without hesitation, and even go as far as to marry in a non-Catholic place of worship or before the registrar. There are other laws regarding marriage,—laws which forbid union between those who are related to each other; laws which, before marriage, require proof that a person is free to marry; laws which prohibit the remarriage of persons who are divorced. These marriage laws are disregarded in a non-Catholic population. But they are

grave and binding laws,—some of them, indeed, being merely a more explicit statement of the divine law itself.

It should be recognized by every Catholic that any one who breaks these laws of the Church in regard to marriage, and in other matters on which she has legislated, incurs the anger and the sentence of Him who is to judge all men. To break the law of the Church in a serious matter is to incur the guilt of sin. Whether it be marriage, or Mass, or abstinence, or the keeping holy of the Sunday and other days, sin is sin; the Church bindeth and looseth by the authority of Christ; and the obligations which the ignorance and the pride of the world refuse to recognize will be upheld with a stern and firm hand by the Judge who shall come in the clouds of heaven.

No one, then, can prepare for the Judgment unless he is firmly persuaded that there is such a thing as sin against the Lord God of Hosts, and that sin will be marked, accused, judged and condemned at the Judgment. The evil that men do has many bad effects. It brings trouble, disorder and disaster upon the human race. But all these bad consequences are nothing in comparison with sin. Every Christian must hold fast to this. And there is much that the world refuses to call evil which is really evil of the worst and blackest kind. Often when there is peace, progress, refinement, laughter and content, there is the unheeded presence of sin; and there ought to be anxiety, repentance, tears, and sackcloth. The Judgment will show the truth. But we, with the light of our holy faith, must do our best to realize the truth before that terrible day.

Our Lord and Saviour, then, will come to judge sin. But whilst we recognize sin, and whilst we dread and abhor it, we must at the same time remember that it is Our Lord, and no other, who will be the Judge. This means that the preparation for the Judgment is not so much a terrified anxiety about sin and its punish-



ment, as a deep and genuine piety toward Our Lord Himself. When we have once recognized that certain things are offences against the God who made us, the true temper of a Christian heart is to detest sin for that very reason. That is the way to disarm the Almighty Judge. The service of our Creator is not merely obedience to laws and commands. If we could see far enough and deep enough, we should understand that all this wide and stern code of divine commands is nothing more than the revelation of the purity and holiness of God. We are called upon to be holy because He, the Lord our God, is holy. The Christian life, therefore, is, before all things, piety unto our Father in heaven. True piety must necessarily insure our keeping God's commandments, and must therefore rob the Judgment of all its terrors. True piety must always recognize sin as sin, and humbly stand on its guard against it in every shape. But true piety goes much further than that: it makes a good life easy, cheerful, and even delightful. The reason of this is that a real love of the heart for Christ makes self-denial for His sake a pleasure.

The neglect of piety among our people is one of the saddest experiences that a pastor can have. Our Catholic flock is so swallowed up and hemmed round by those who have not our faith, that the presence of Jesus Christ in the world can hardly make itself felt among them. For Jesus Christ, although He has gone up to the heavens, still takes measures to be present to His people. It is for this that He has left behind Him a visible Church, through which He ever speaks; and the sacraments—especially the Holy Eucharist,—in which He heals, enlightens, lifts up and gives strength to all; and the Mass, in which He gives the most bounteous answer to every prayer and sigh. These holy dispensations, which are as real and substantial as the earth we tread and the bread we eat, are embodied to a great extent in our church,

our altar, and our priest. Properly used, they tend to sanctify the whole of a Christian's time,—his home, his work, and his leisure. They mean sorrow for sin, worship, thanksgiving, and prayer. At the present day the great Christian inheritance hardly affects the greater part of the flock. The church is outside of their life, even if there is a hurried visit on Sundays. The Catholic spirit and feeling have no chance of penetrating into the streets and the houses. The general life of our people is gross, worldly, without spiritual aspiration. They live as part of the multitude. They hardly know what piety is.

Is there any remedy for so lamentable a failure of the desires and intentions of Jesus Christ? Such an existence as many of us are content with is but a poor preparation for that Judgment in which the very first question of the Judge will be, Hast thou loved the Lord thy God with thy whole heart? Can we devise a means of stirring up piety?

There are means, as need not be said. From time to time even the worst of us listen to the preacher or the missionary, and find ourselves face to face with God's altar or God's judgments. We all know well enough that we could make a far better use than we do of church, sacraments and priest. And doubtless we all feel at these times that we are not only treating our Divine Saviour very badly, but are incurring the most serious risks at the Judgment that is to come. We feel that we are hoping for the next world without making a proper use of this; that we are counting upon eternity and yet wasting the great gift of time. For we can not have that piety which is a preparation to meet Our Lord in His Judgment unless we deliberately and conscientiously set apart a fair amount of time to practise it. It is here that the essential point lies. If we will not give *time* to Jesus Christ, we can not serve Him.

Time is very valuable to men. But there are, and always will be, two sorts of men in this world: those who avariciously

use all the time they can get for their worldly benefit, and those who waste time, hate work and love idleness. To be a pious man, one must neither be immersed in money-getting nor a slave to idleness. One is bound to find enough time in the midst of worldly work to practise piety. And one is also bound to shake off indifference and laziness in order to practise piety. For example, you can not practise piety unless you get up betimes on the morning of Sunday and spend a certain time at Mass. You can not be really pious unless you give time to the church on the Sunday afternoon. You can not be pious unless you manage to go to confession from time to time, and make time for Holy Communion. You can not be pious unless you find time every day to say your prayers, and unless you secure a quarter of an hour now and then to read a religious book.

All these things are a tax on your time. With most of us, there is plenty of time to spare. We may have to work; but work and piety are not at all incompatible. What we have to do is to shorten our idleness, to interrupt our useless loafing, to give less time to some of the senseless and dangerous amusements that everywhere compete for our attention. There is no other way to be pious than to find time for it. The exercises of a pious life, and all that goes under the name of religion, take time; and if a man refuses to take the time for them, he simply refuses to be pious. This should be well understood. And it may be laid down with the utmost confidence that if a Christian man or woman will only exercise enough self-denial and good management to secure the time for Mass, sacraments, the word of God, and daily prayer, Our Lord will bestow on that man or woman the gift of piety. And what does that mean? It means that, in spite of having to live in an indifferent and unbelieving world, the Christian will walk in the presence of Jesus Christ. It means that Our Lord will show Himself to him as

his Father and his only friend, turning his hopes to heaven, and teaching him to use this world as a means to secure the next. It means that the common, everyday life of the world will be dignified by the noble ideals of faith; and that while the Catholic, in his poverty, it may be, and in his lowliness, seems to spend himself in gaining his bread and keeping his family, there will be all the time a spiritual life within his breast, which will be found surviving in its strength and beauty when the earthly life has ceased to be.

Is it not possible that we should lead this double life? Can we not manage to unite the life of spiritual piety with the life of work and business? We must, or else we can never hope to be prepared for the Judgment.

Let us look within our hearts, in the silent presence of God. Let us understand that, as Catholics, we are bound to have clearer ideas than other people and loftier aspirations than other people; that is to say, clear ideas about what sin is, and more earnest desires to love and imitate our Lord Jesus Christ. Then may we look forward with humble confidence to the day of His Judgment.

It is to the opposition of Arius in the fourth century that we owe the fully developed orthodox doctrine of the Incarnation; it is to that of Macedonius that we are indebted for the portion of our Creed defining the nature and operation of the Holy Ghost. What has hitherto been the actual result of the modern scientific attack on the historical veracity of Holy Scripture, but a closer examination of the text, a more painstaking historical investigation, and with these a most entire vindication of the accuracy and historical trustworthiness of its several books. Facts indeed have come to light, through recent documentary and monumental research which, but for the attack, might never have seen the light of day.

—J. Godfrey Raupert.

An Unsolved Mystery.*

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

IT is beyond doubt that a sick-nurse must perforce experience many a strange happening in the exercise of her calling. I can truthfully affirm that such has been the case with me, at least. Some of those in my recollection arose from personal peculiarities of patients, others from accompanying circumstances; some are to be explained on natural grounds, others not. Of the latter class, none have impressed me more, or presented greater difficulties in the way of a solution, than that which I am about to tell.

It is beside the point to relate the circumstances which led me, the younger daughter of a Scottish landed family, to take up nursing as a profession. I need only say that I have found in its exercise not only congenial occupation, but also an opportunity of studying human nature in its varying phases, which has rendered it profoundly interesting.

It was early in my career that I received one morning, in the Edinburgh institution to which I was then attached, an imperative summons from a totally unexpected quarter. The telegram ran:

ACHNACAIRNIE.

Come at once. Patrick dangerously ill.

OGILVIE.

My twin brother, as I knew, had gone to join a shooting party in a Caithness-shire Lodge, at the invitation of some people whom I barely knew, but with whom he was very intimate. Agatha Lyndsay, Mrs. Ogilvie's beautiful sister, was to have married Patrick; but, to the intense grief of everyone who knew her, she had been carried off by Mediterranean fever, when travelling with her people; a few months after the engagement had been announced. That was two years before the date of my brother's illness.

* Founded on fact.

I had never seen Agatha, and Patrick's intense grief at her loss had silenced any reference to her between us, beyond the utterance and acknowledgment of loving expressions of condolence. But, from all that I had heard of her, I could realize that his loss must have permanent effects upon his usually happy, buoyant disposition; and the news of his illness filled me with alarm. The poor boy would have little spirit, I feared, to fight against a dangerous malady, overshadowed as he had been for months past by his bereavement. So it was with a heavy heart that I started on a journey, of which, in spite of its length, tedious delays, and complicated route, I should under ordinary circumstances have thought little.

The tiresome monotony of ten hours' travel in stuffy compartments, however, was bound to come to an end at last, and it was with much relief that I hailed the arrival of the train at the tiny country station at which I had to alight. Mr. Ogilvie, with kind forethought, had driven to meet me in a small pony-cart, in order to expedite our drive as much as possible, and at the same time put me in possession of the necessary information regarding Patrick's condition. A thorough wetting had resulted in a bad cold which had developed into pneumonia. Competent medical assistance had been at once procured, and everything now depended upon skilful nursing. "So, of course," he added kindly, "we wired to you."

The three-mile drive was soon accomplished, and we drew up at the door of Achnacairnie Lodge. It was a roomy modern house, approached by a short drive through an avenue of pines; and, like most dwellings of its kind, compensating for the absence of anything like an adequate flower garden by the picturesque landscape visible from its windows.

Mrs. Ogilvie, whom I met for the first time, received me in the entrance hall. A gentle-voiced, sweet-faced, fair blonde of about thirty, she impressed me most favorably with her quite sisterly greeting.

In answer to my eager inquiries, she was glad to be able to report the doctor's satisfaction at Patrick's progress, so far; but, until the crisis had passed, nothing could be predicted as to the final result.

An extraordinary stillness reigned through the house, as Mrs. Ogilvie led me up to the rooms that had been prepared for my use. As we passed up the staircase running round three sides of the ample entrance hall, I could not help remarking that the hall, in spite of its lounges, easy-chairs, rugs, and tables strewn with books and journals, wore an uninhabited look. This was explained by the fact, which I learned later, that the house party had been summarily broken up, and that no one except my host and hostess, with the addition of the servants, remained in the Lodge.

I was not long in washing off my travel stains, and in drinking the tea which had been promptly sent up to me; for I was impatient to begin my labors. I found poor Patrick weak and ill, and flushed with excessive fever; for his temperature at times ran unusually high. He was overjoyed to see me; but I had little difficulty in persuading him, after our first affectionate greetings, to submit to the quietude and silence absolutely necessary for his satisfactory treatment. And thus began, so far as I was concerned, a strenuous conflict with a disease which, even though it should not prove fatal, might easily sow the seeds of an incurable malady.

It was nearly a week after my arrival when the doctor declared the crisis to be near at hand. He took a favorable view of the case; for Patrick, as he rightly judged, had always been a steady, sensible boy; and his constitution had never been impaired by excess of any kind, whatever it might have suffered from the effects of his cruel bereavement. Yet I could not suppress a feeling of dread—unwarranted under the circumstances—that, as I had often proved by experience, medical

opinion might be mistaken. It was impossible to shake off the unwelcome anxiety that dominated me, notwithstanding all my efforts to do so; and I concluded that it must be my close relationship to my patient—the closest possible, indeed: that of twin brother and sister—which overcame the cool, business-like attention to duty, to the exclusion of all personal interests, which my profession had hitherto asked and obtained at my hands.

"In about two hours I expect a change," was Dr. Fairclough's parting remark, after his five o'clock visit. "I shall be here again before that time; meanwhile we can do nothing more than we are doing."

We had deferred, for that day, the usual bulletin by wire to our people at home. It would be possible, it was hoped, to give more cheering news later.

As I stood by Patrick's bed, looking down on the poor lad, burning in the fiery furnace of his disease, and unconscious of my presence, the foolish presentiment that I was to lose him mastered me again with stronger intensity. I crept away toward the window, and seated myself in the deep recess behind the shrouding curtains, fighting with all my might against the hideous thoughts that thronged upon me. After a while the peaceful scene below began to soothe my spirit. The calm autumn landscape—the long stretch of moorland purple with heather bloom, the cool river winding like a silver ribbon down the wide strath, the wooded heights in the distance—cooled and refreshed my jaded senses, and imparted some of its peace to my soul. I could pray quietly and resignedly once more.

A faint voice called from the bed.

"Nan, Nan! Has the hour struck?"

"What hour, Patsy?" I asked gently, moving back to his bedside.

"Her hour," he said,—*"six o'clock."*

I looked at the timepiece on the mantelshelf: it wanted a few minutes to the hour.

"No, no," I said quickly: "it is not six yet."

Some delusion was evidently troubling

his poor brain. I bathed his hot temples with cooling lotion.

"Try to sleep, dear," I said. It was imperative that he should be kept as free from worry as possible; though sleep, I knew, was far from him as yet.

"I must not sleep," he answered, in the same dreamy, unemotional voice. "I must be awake when she comes for me."

Then he babbled of shooting, called his pony, whistled to his dog; yet always returned again and again to the same plaintive cry:

"Is it time? Has the clock struck yet?"

The timepiece was not of the striking kind, and we Humes are far from superstitious; yet the insistent question awoke within me an indefinable dread of something, I knew not what. It moved me to do what in my reasonable moments I should have ridiculed as childish: to put the hand of the clock an hour in advance. "Who is this expected visitor? Not the dead Agatha, surely! Can she be coming to fetch him away from life?" Such were the thoughts that chased each other through my terrified brain, as I quickly pushed round the hand of the timepiece. Alas! even as I did it, my heart failed me. Before my own watch had indicated that hour, the worst might have happened.

Again came that faint cry from the bed:

"Is it time? Has the clock struck the hour?"

I whipped up my courage. I knelt down by the bed, and said in a quiet but firm voice in his ear:

"Patsy darling, can you not sleep?"

"Is it not time yet?" was the persistent response.

"The clock says nearly seven," I answered clearly. "Try to sleep a little."

"Seven!" he cried,—"seven! And she has not come?"

"No," I answered boldly.

In the same instant I heard a sound which brought back all my fears. There was a gentle knock at the bedroom door. My heart stood still. But I forced myself

to rise; and, trembling with terror, I crept toward the door and turned the latch.

A girl was standing on the threshold,—a strange girl, dressed in unwonted guise. The sick-room was darkened; the passage outside the door was but dimly lighted at that hour by a window on the staircase at some little distance away. In the uncertain light, the face that confronted me shone ghastly pale. A mass of brown hair above it was crowned with a tiny wreath of white flowers. The girl's neck and arms were bare, and she was robed in some clinging white fabric with lace about the bosom,—dinner dress, had it been dinner hour.

I do not know how long I had stood there, but it was long enough to take in all these details, when I became aware of a firm resolution on the part of the strange visitor to enter; it was not so much from anything expressed in movement—for the figure remained absolutely still and silent—as from some instinct within myself. The thought filled me with indescribable horror.

"No, no!" I said hoarsely, as though in answer to an appeal from that unearthly figure. "The doctor has forbidden any one to enter."

She spoke no word, yet the feeling deepened within me that she would force me to yield. I roused my will by a supreme effort, and asserted it against that of my opponent.

"You shall never enter!" I said, through clinched teeth, while every nerve in my body trembled at the strain. "I am determined that you shall never enter!"

With all my strength I pushed to the door, against some invisible force exerted in opposition. It was hard work; but a resolute will lent strength to my arms, and I succeeded in closing and locking it. Then I ran to the bedside. The crisis was over. Patrick was softly sleeping.

I was as near hysterics as ever a woman was when the doctor's voice called gently from outside the door. I quickly unlocked

it, murmuring some excuse which he was too preoccupied to notice.

"He will do now," he said with a pleased smile, as he approached the bed. "When did he fall asleep?"

"A few minutes ago," I faltered. "He was wandering a good deal, and then he dozed off."

"Why, your clock is absurdly fast!" Dr. Fairclough exclaimed, consulting his watch. "It is but a few minutes past six."

"That timepiece is not of much use," I answered weakly, wondering how to explain. "I always trust to my watch."

The satisfactory condition of his patient stopped any more questioning on the doctor's part, however; and the vagaries of the clock were never again alluded to.

Patrick's recovery was assured from that moment. He rapidly gained strength, and in a few weeks was well enough to travel with me to our own home, where loving hearts had been so long and anxiously awaiting our coming.

No light had been thrown upon the strange incident which had been to me such a source of horror and dread at the moment when my brother's life hung in the balance. Quiet observation had convinced me of the impossibility of any human visitor's having attempted to enter the sick-room; for there was no one in the house answering to the description of the unknown girl. I was certainly in full possession of my senses, as the locked door and the condition of the clock could testify. I had to come to the conclusion that the event was one of those preternatural happenings which, as I have said, a nurse sometimes experiences.

But the matter was not destined to remain altogether unsolved. Idling in my mother's drawing-room one wet afternoon, pending the arrival of tea, I began to turn over the contents of a portfolio of photographs. Glancing without much interest over one after another of the cabinet portraits of unintelligent-looking men and overdressed women, I suddenly met a face which startled me.

Gazing at me from her pictured presentment was the ghostly visitor to Patrick's sick chamber! There was the pallid face, the mass of flower-crowned hair, the bare neck and arms, the clinging white dress. I sat with the picture in my hand, with my eyes fixed upon it as though I had been mesmerized. At last I was able to speak.

"Who is this girl, mother?" I asked, controlling my voice to the best of my power.

"That," she answered sorrowfully, "is poor, dear Agatha Lyndsay. Patsy gave it to me in memory of her. He thought it the best of all her portraits. It is really very like her. I do not care for the dress; but such artistic poses, as they styled them, were just then fashionable. She was a sweet girl." And mother went on to speak of the sorrow caused to so many by her early death.

I was scarcely listening. My mind was teeming with queries. Had Patrick a presentiment of coming death? How could the entrance of the apparition affect the result? Why should so much depend—as it had seemed to do—upon my resolute will to prevent that entrance? Had I really seen the girl at all? Perhaps it was a case of second-sight, or of one of those unexplainable premonitions which do sometimes occur.

I have never yet found a satisfactory answer to such queries. I leave the interpretation of the whole matter to those who are better qualified to explain it.

THE origin of the name Rotten Row is in dispute. Some assert that it is a corruption of the words *Route du Roi* (Way of the King); while others say that it was formerly the road on which dead bodies were carried to avoid public thoroughfares; and hence, in old Norman, *Ratten Raw*, or *Roundabout Way*. Still another authority tells us that it comes from "rotteran" (to muster), and was once a place where soldiers paraded.

Rain in the Night.

BY MARION MUIR.

HAVE you heard the raindrops fall
 When the night is dark and still?—
 First a patter on the wall,
 Then a ripple like a rill;
 Soon a flash, and all the street
 Runs a torrent black and loud,
 And the bridges lose their feet,
 While the haughty trees are bowed.
 So with people in the land:
 First a murmur, then a cry;
 Then in wonder every hand
 Lifted, shouting, to the sky.
 Feeble little words go round:
 First a grief and then a wrong;
 Soon may come the rushing sound
 Of an armed, resistless throng.

The Strife Obscure.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

III.

REGRET I can not stay longer with
 you, *mes frères*; but I must report
 for duty at eight o'clock, so you must
 pardon me if I now make my adieux."

The young Captain arose as he spoke, and, with a few more words among them, he soon took leave.

Maitre Villon closed the door after him, and returned to the luxuriously furnished dining-room which the Hôtel Dieu had placed at his disposal. As he resumed his seat, Dr. Charron looked at him and smiled.

"Thirteen years, Ferdinand," he said, "and De Remy still keeps his ideals. *Mon Dieu!* several times when we were talking I paused to choose my words. With those clear blue eyes opposite me, I felt that some things could be left unsaid."

The great lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"But what would you?" he said. "It is one thing to be a boy, my friend, another to be a man. For myself, I pursued

the intellectual life, and it led me far away from worn-out superstitions."

"I fear my experience has been the same," said the physician, musingly. "And yet, Villon, to this day I know of no one whose intellect was finer or whose mind had a broader scope than our old tutor, Père de Casson, at the Lycée; and to him what you call worn-out superstitions were living realities. We know beyond a doubt that he believed what he taught us."

"If that is so," said Villon, "why did you abandon faith and keep only science? Now I remember it: that was your *thème* when we graduated."

"If I am not mistaken," rejoined the physician, "you, too, Ferdinand, saw more than one aspect of the intellectual life at that time,—something different from what you now follow. What mysterious power caused the change?"

"The same power that changed you," was the answer.

"You mean—?"

The lawyer raised a warning hand.

"Understand, my friend," he said, "I did not lose my faith suddenly, nor did you. Two paths opened before me. I had learned what was that tremendous, mysterious, secret power which could reward or crush those on whom it laid its hand; and I—well, I thirsted for power and fame. If I swam with the tide, success was sure. France, I said to myself, has changed: the old Faith, the old ideals are vanishing. It was whispered to me that a new order of things was to arise, and I knew that the power that decreed it was absolute; and so—I chose the path that led to fame and fortune."

The grey eyes of the physician took on an expression that for a moment recalled the Raoul of his college days.

"Has it all been smooth sailing?" he asked. "Have you always felt satisfied?"

"Suppose I ask the same question of you?" said Villon.

"Ah, well!" was the response. "I fancy the question must be left unanswered, though there is no doubt we have arrived

at the same conclusions. Science fascinated me. It ever beckoned me on; and I found science and religion incompatible, so I gradually dropped the one as I advanced further in the other."

"Ah, my friend," said Villon, "you are not so wise as you think! Look at Morgagni, Auenbrugger, Laennec, and Pasteur,—great physicians all of them, and good Catholics as well."

"To get back to our subject," observed Charron, almost harshly. "You were saying before De Remy left us, Villon, that there are certain aspects of this trial of André Dumont that the public has yet to hear of. What are they?"

The two friends were soon deep in conversation over the celebrated case, and ceased only when a glance at his watch warned the physician that he must hurry away to his patients.

Meanwhile Bertrand de Remy, having reported to his commanding officer, had been granted leave of absence for forty-eight hours. He made a hasty visit to his barracks, and was soon walking through the city, and presently down a broad avenue that led to the outskirts of the town. Half a mile beyond he came in sight of a small but charming chateau that stood a little way back from the road. Passing under the *porte-cochère*, he rang the bell and was admitted by an old serving-man, who greeted him as a friend.

"Is my mother at home, Louis?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine. She is in the salon."

Entering the room on the right of the wide hall, the young officer was greeted with an exclamation. A charming little lady, still almost youthful in appearance in spite of her grey hair, arose to meet him.

"Bertrand, my dear boy! What an unexpected pleasure!"

"Only for a few hours, mother mine!" said the young man. "I have a multitude of things to attend to." And then he

proceeded to tell her about the trial of André Dumont, and that he had obtained leave to journey to A., to obtain more data, which he thought would strengthen his friend's case.

"The whole affair is very strange," said Madame de Remy. "Charron is a reputable physician, and both he and others are sure the Colonel had been dead thirteen hours when he was found. Yet you say you saw him alive and well in Paris only a few hours before he was discovered dead in his barracks here in N. Do you think Bertrand, *mon cœur*!" (and Madame de Remy crossed herself), "that what you saw was a vision?"

"Mother dear," said the young man in a laughing, caressing voice, "it was no vision or dream, but the real Colonel in the flesh. Of that I am sure."

The clear blue eyes of the son looked into the soft brown ones of the mother, and what the latter saw there satisfied her,—honesty, loyalty, truth. It was her boy still, little Bertrand, though clothed in the uniform of a captain of Chasseurs-à-Cheval.

Two hours later the young officer was bidding his mother good-bye, preparatory to taking the midnight train for A.

"I have just time to spend a day there, mother," he said, "and get back by the time my forty-eight hours' leave is up."

She saw him depart, and then called Louis to place a lamp in the hall window. The night was dark, and the lights of the chateau were soon left behind. But Bertrand de Remy knew every inch of the road, which ran in a straight line two miles beyond the chateau. It ended in a little railroad station, where the midnight train would stop if flagged.

The young officer had chosen this route instead of the longer one of the road back to the main depot at N., so as to save time, and remain with his mother as long as possible. He walked quickly, without meeting any one, until he came to a point a mile and a half from his mother's chateau, and only a quarter of

a mile above the little station. Here there was a large tank where the midnight express always stopped for water. On one side of the road where he was walking was a grove of trees, on the other, a level meadow of unoccupied land, beyond which was the railroad. Just as Bertrand reached here, to his astonishment he heard the whistle of the approaching express. In a flash he comprehended that his mother must have made some mistake in the time, when he had asked the hour instead of looking at his watch. If he could not takè this train he could not get to A. and back before his leave was up; and reach there he must and would, for André Dumont's sake.

The next moment he was racing across the meadow, reaching the gigantic water tank just as the long train of cars glided around a curve in the road and came to a standstill. Bertrand's mind worked rapidly. If the conductor on the train was one he knew, he would have no difficulty in being taken on as a passenger. As he looked up and down the line, two dark figures, heavily cloaked, stole out from behind the water tank. The night was starless and without any moon; and the young officer had his eye on the swinging lantern of an approaching railroad employee, so he did not see these figures, who, softly and noiselessly, took up a position behind him. The swinging lantern drew nearer, and the next moment De Remy uttered an exclamation of relief.

"Ah, Pierre!" he said, and then in a few words he explained.

Pierre, a veteran officer of the road, was all bows and smiles. Here was an unoccupied compartment he would unlock for Monsieur le Capitaine and his friends, and they should not be disturbed; he, Pierre, would see to it.

The blowing of the whistle drowned the latter part of the conductor's speech as he walked down the line, accompanied by the young officer, and closely followed by the mysterious strangers. Unlocking a compartment, the conductor held the door

open while Bertrand sprang in, quickly followed by the two behind him,—the one a man, the other a woman. Closing the door, the conductor gave the signal to start, and in another second the train was gliding across the plains.

Inside the compartment, Bertrand de Remy had turned in surprise at the dark, mysterious figures that he now saw for the first time. Even as the train began to move he laid his hand on the bell cord to summon the conductor, when the taller of the two threw off his cloak, at the same time that the smaller and more slender figure sprang forward and laid a detaining hand on his arm. A laugh and a gay voice greeted him.

"By the honor of France," it said, "we have cheated them all,—Villon, Charron, the learned judge, Monsieur This and Monsieur That! What say you, Bertrand, *mon brave?*"

"André!" exclaimed the young officer. "You here! How and why?"

"O my wise philosopher," was the answer, "who would not be without rather than within prison walls? As to the how, the best sister in the world came to my aid. My escape is chiefly due to her."

A caressing voice sounded in the young officer's ear.

"Ah, Bertrand, *mon cœur*, how fortunate this meeting! Now that we have you, André's escape is sure."

The dark, beautiful face of the young girl gazed up at him with a beseeching expression. Habitual self-control forsook the young officer. With a cry he sprang forward.

"Aimée!"

IV.

Amazement, confusion, joy, all mingled in the young officer's face as he gazed from one to the other of the two figures before him: André, one of his best friends, whom only that morning he had left behind prison bars undergoing trial for the most serious crime of which man is capable; and the girl, Aimée, André's sister and his (Bertrand's) fiancée, in order to see whom he had obtained his forty-eight

hours' leave at a time when he could ill be spared. What did it all mean? Why should André have sought to escape when his release on honorable grounds seemed so sure?

"Upon my soul, *mon brave*," said André, "you look like the stuck pigs we used to see when as boys we went to the fair. Where is your French blood, my friend? Let us laugh and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

But the young officer did not smile. His grave blue eyes turned toward the girl for a solution of the situation, and both her love and her womanly intuition made her respond.

"Come and let us sit down," she said, "and I will explain. And you, André, cease being so ribald."

Once seated, Aimée Dumont slipped her hand into her fiancé's, and gave him a glance that reassured him. The world might be upside down, but he still had Aimée.

"Listen, *mon cœur*," she said. "We are alone and understand each other here, so we can speak plainly. You know that marvellous secret force to which we have all three given our allegiance; that society which will make of our beloved France a nation so great and glorious that no other will be her peer? It is wise, this society. It knows all; it sees farther than we see. It plans, invents, commands; for us, we need only obey."

The girl's dark eye kindled, and she continued:

"All this you learned, Bertrand, that night you were initiated into the society. The very night it was that poor Colonel S. was murdered. As to us two, André and I, we have been learning it from Monsieur Adolphe for years. Well, Bertrand dear, Adolphe came to me two days ago. The society had, for wise reasons, decided that André must escape. It was not for us to question; they willed it, we would obey. Adolphe planned it all. I journeyed here with good Jean, André's foster-brother. We went to the prison together. Two of

us, you observe, went in, and two came out; but it was André who came out, and not Jean. To-morrow he will be found—our good Jean, so simple and so brave,—and all France will ring with the tale; but the trial will come to an end. For the present André is here, and he journeys now to place himself in the hands of the society, and they will see to it that he is not arrested again. It is all very simple, *mon ami*, and very clear; is it not?"

Across Bertrand de Remy's brain came floating some words from a lecture by his old tutor, Père de Casson. "Enthusiasm," said the tutor, "should have truth for its goal, and truth lies at the end of a straight road. Look, then, neither to the right nor to the left, nor be deceived by side issues or false enthusiasms. For false ideals and false enthusiasms can not lead to truth; and without truth for its first beginning and last end, no enthusiasm, however ardent, is worthy of the name." Should that early teaching, in face of the present temptation, now be forever lost? The young officer's mind, which had been in a chaos, regained its balance.

"It is not so long," he said, "since I learned that the fundamental law of the society, next to its belief in God, is supposed to be respect for the laws of its country. The law of France, André, even though unjustly, put you in prison. You were having a fair and honorable trial, openly before the world. To my mind, your escape this way has been base."

"The age of chivalry, *mon brave*," said André, "is passed."

"But not the age of honor, *mon ami*."

"Pooh!" was the answer. "Look you, Bertrand, the will that governs the society is supreme; that will ordered my release. For what reason you will know later. It is for us simply to obey."

"I am a soldier of France," said the young officer, proudly, "and as such I know no laws but the plain open laws of my country. This society, with its secret laws, I repudiate henceforth and forever."

"It will be so much the worse for

you if you do," replied André, quietly.

"Think twice, Bertrand, *mon cœur*," interposed the young girl. "You are excited and upset now; but the society is too great and glorious to be lightly given up."

"Aimée dearest," said the young man, looking fondly at his betrothed, "I had begun to doubt this society even before to-night, when doubt has changed into certainty. You have been deceived, so have I; but with me the veil has now been withdrawn. I would die for France, but I will not assist her secret enemies to ruin her."

"Pull the bell cord," interrupted André, gloomily, "and summon the conductor and denounce me. *Ma foi*, but it will make a dramatic scene!"

"No," answered the young officer, quietly. "I did not bring you here, André, nor did I assist you to escape; hence, so far as I am concerned, you may go free. I shall leave the train at the first stopping place and return at once to N."

But Aimée arose with a little cry.

"I cast in my lot with Bertrand," she said. "Listen, André, my brother! Something tells me he must be right, and you and Adolphe all wrong."

The young girl paused for a moment; then, with a little gesture and sigh, she turned to her betrothed:

"And you, Bertrand, do not leave me. Stay with us until we reach A., and then you can take me home. Once there, we can talk it all over and see our way more clearly."

"Ah, dearest!" said the young man, "we will work together for God and France, you and I; and not in darkness or behind closed doors, but in the clear light of day. Is it not so?"

"Very pretty, indeed!" said André. "And now I am weary, and move that we drop these theatricals and compose ourselves to sleep. When we reach A., at daybreak, you two can go your way and I will go mine. *N'est-ce pas?*"

He turned down the light as he spoke,

and settled himself comfortably in a corner of the railway carriage. There was little or no fear of pursuit before the next morning, and by that time he would be safely out of harm's way.

Sleep came quickly to the young Lieutenant; but to Aimée it was long in coming, and to Bertrand not at all. He hailed with joy the first beams of daylight; and lost no time, when the train reached A., in seeing Aimée safely home. The lovers had a few hours' talk in the garden of the chateau where Aimée lived with her aunt, her parents having been dead several years. Point by point the two young people went over the teaching of Monsieur Adolphe, together with their own individual experience of the cult.

"It is all very simple," said Bertrand. "We have been deceived, that is all. But I am beginning to see, dear one, that what we thought such a glorious cause is neither Christian nor Catholic."

All France rang with the escape of Lieutenant André Dumont. Why had he attempted it when his release through Captain de Remy's testimony seemed so sure? If he was not the assassin, who was? And if he was innocent, why had he fled? It was supposed that Captain de Remy would again be summoned to appear before the court, especially as he was known to have been on leave the night of the escape; but for some inexplicable reason this was not done. The papers laid stress on the fact that he was known to have been with his mother from eight o'clock until nearly midnight, between which time Lieutenant Dumont made his escape. Perhaps the conductor on the express train could have told a great deal; but he, too, had decided to keep silent. For want of the prisoner, therefore, who had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up, the counsel for both the defence and the prosecution were dismissed, and for the time being the case was closed.

Notes on the Sunday Collects.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I.—THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

IF we study the model of all prayer, the one taught us by Our Lord Himself, and which we call specifically His, we shall find that of the seven petitions which it contains, the first three concern God's glory; the last three, our spiritual welfare; one, and one only, refers to our temporal needs. This, when we come to reflect on it, is but another way of teaching us the lesson, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Do we ask, What things are these? The answer comes from the same divine authority: "Your Father knoweth what you stand in need of before you ask Him." "Your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things" (food, drink, and clothing).*

The Church, whose mind is that of her Lord, has taken this *Oratio Dominica* as the keynote of all her prayers, but chiefly of those collects wherein, at her Sunday Masses, she sums up as it were the lessons of her Office, the petitions to which they give rise. Ancient custom, prior to the sixteenth century, made the Lord's Day what is known as a "greater double" feast, taking precedence, as was surely fitting, over all feasts of lesser rank. Thus, in the Ambrosian Rite, still used at Milan, the *Dies Dominica* takes precedence, liturgically, of all feasts, however great, even of Christmas.

It seemed necessary to say this much by way of introduction; and what is here said may explain, to some readers of these "Notes," why, though the Mass is of a saint or a festival, the Gospel in English is announced as "the Gospel read in the Mass to-day."

Let us turn, however, to the collect for the first Sunday in Advent, and see, first,

how it accords with the Lord's Prayer; and, secondly, how it sums up in its petitions the lessons of the Mass and Office for the day.

"Raise up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy power, and come; that by Thy protection we may deserve to be rescued from the threatening dangers of our sins, and to be saved by Thy deliverance."

Here the two petitions from the Lord's Prayer which are dwelt on at once present themselves: "Thy kingdom come," "Deliver us from evil." Both have, of course, a special reference to the season of Advent,—to the coming of Christ's kingdom, and to the deliverance which He came to bring us. As to the first, "The kingdom of God is within you," as Our Lord told His Apostles.* But the petition, "Thy kingdom come," means more than this. It means that "kings and prime ministers, and all manner of persons, in public or in private, diplomatizing or whatever else they might be doing, should walk according to the Gospel of Christ, and understand that this [is] their law supreme over all laws."† As to the second petition, this of the deliverance is signified by "the Name which is above every name"—the human name of the Incarnate Word: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."‡

Let us now see in what manner the collect sums up the lessons of the Mass and Office of the day. The Introit begins, "To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul"; and ends with the prayer, "Show me, O Lord, Thy ways, and teach me Thy paths." It is an expression of trust and confidence; a prayer to be led in God's way,—in the way which leads to His kingdom.

In the Epistle § St. Paul warns us that "it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer

* St. Luke, xvii, 21.

† Carlyle, "The Hero as Priest."

‡ St. Matt., i, 21.

§ Rom., xiii, 11-13.

* St. Matt., vi, 33, 8, 32.

than when we believed. The night is passed, and the day is at hand,"—the day of His coming. In the Gospel, taken from St. Luke, our Blessed Lord tells not of His first but of His second advent; not of deliverance but of judgment. Yet that, surely, is a lesson which the holy season is intended to enforce.

The Gradual and the Offertory repeat, almost word for word, those of the Introit; the Communion has reference to the blessings that attend His coming: "Yea, the Lord shall show loving-kindness, and our land shall give her increase." The Post Communion of the Sunday dwells on the same thought: "May we receive Thy mercy in the midst of Thy Temple, O Lord!" To what end? "That we may anticipate with due honor the coming solemnities of our renewal." There are here two allusions to passages of Scripture which the compiler of the Advent Masses had, doubtless, in his mind: "And presently the Lord, whom you seek, and the Angel of the Testament, whom you desire, shall come to His temple."* The other refers to that "renewing" whereof St. Paul speaks: "If, then, any be in Christ, a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are made new."†

If now we turn to the Breviary Office, we shall find it full of allusions to the coming of the Christ, from the *Invitatorium* of the *Venite* at Matins—"The Lord, the King who cometh, come, let us adore,"—through the responsories of the nine lessons, the antiphons at Lauds (used throughout the Day Hours), to those of the *Benedictus* and of the *Magnificat*, each of which is taken from Gabriel's message to the Blessed Mother. It is the same theme throughout,—the coming of the King. The notes are now joyous, now full of solemn warning; but they form one perfect harmony, the Church's canticle, the Church's message to her children at the beginning of the year which is her own.

II.—THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The collect: "Stir up our hearts, O Lord, to prepare the ways of Thine Only-begotten Son; that through His advent we may be prepared to serve Thee with purified minds."

The whole of this prayer is, one may say, an embolism, an amplification, of the petition, "Thy kingdom come." "To prepare the ways of Thine only-begotten Son." The reference, of course, is to the words of Isaias (xl, 3), "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the wilderness the paths of our God,"—words which, it will be remembered, John the Forerunner claimed as applying to himself: "Stir up our hearts."* We are reminded once more of Our Lord's words already referred to: "The kingdom of God is within you." That is what "Thy kingdom come" means, first and chiefly; and it is God only who can stir up our hearts to prepare the ways of His only-begotten Son, in ourselves and then in others. "That through His advent"—through His coming—"we may be prepared to serve Thee with purified minds." This also is what the coming of Christ's kingdom in our hearts brings with it: purity of mind. "Blessed are the clean of heart," He tells us Himself; "for they shall see God."† It is to the pure in heart that His kingdom shall come; but it is His coming that shall make them pure indeed.

The Introit is taken from the thirtieth chapter of Isaias, "People of Sion, behold the Lord shall come to save the nations"; and ends with the prayer, "Hear, O Thou Shepherd of Israel,—Thou that ledest Joseph like a sheep!"‡ The Epistle, from that of St. Paul to the Romans (xv, 4-13), contains a reference to yet another prophecy of Isaias (xi, 1, 10) concerning the "Root of Jesse," the King who shall reign over the Gentiles. The Gradual, from two Psalms (xlix and cxxi); speaks

* Malach., iii, 1.

† II. Cor., v, 17.

* St. John, i, 23.

† St. Matt., v, 8.

‡ Ps., lxxix, 2.

of the same coming: "Out of Sion, the loveliness of His beauty, God shall come manifestly." The Gospel * ends with Our Lord's witness concerning St. John the Baptist: "This is he of whom it is written, Behold I send My angel [My messenger] before Thy face, who shall prepare Thy way before Thee." It is to this passage also, possibly more than to "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," that the petition in the collect refers; since, if our hearts are indeed stirred up to prepare the ways of God's only-begotten Son, there is a very real sense in which we, too, shall be "messengers" even as John the Forerunner was.

The Offertory, from Psalm lxxxiv, is a prayer for quickening, for mercy, and salvation; the Communion, from the prophecy of Baruch, calls on Jerusalem—that is, on the Church—to "stand on high, and behold the joy that cometh to thee from thy God."

The "Notes" in the preceding chapter, since they contained much that was introductory, left little space for a consideration of the concordance of the Breviary Office with the Mass, in respect of allusion to the coming of Christ. If, however, we turn to the Scripture lessons at Matins, we shall find that they are taken from that very chapter of Isaias (xi, 1) to which St. Paul refers in the Epistle: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots"; a part, in fact, of that most wonderful Messianic prophecy to which the Church recurs again and again at this season. The responsories take up the same theme; indeed, this constant use of Scriptural passages, Scriptural allusions, is, one may say, the chief charm of the Divine Office.

Turning now to the antiphons used at Lauds, Vespers, and the Day Hours, I have noted down, in their order, the passages of Scripture to which they refer, or whence they are drawn.

1. *Ecce in nubibus cæli*.—"Behold, the Lord shall come in the clouds of heaven." The allusion here is plainly to St. Matthew, xxiv, 30,—to that Second Coming, the thought of which pervades the Church's mind at this season, and with which she desires to fill the minds of her children, so that they may attain the reward promised to "all them that love His appearing." *

2. *Urbs fortitudinis nostræ Sion*.—"Sion, the city of our strength." You will find the passage whence this is taken in Isaias xxvi, 1. It has reference not only to the coming of Our Lord, but to that "opening of the gates" which was to follow His coming. See also Judith, xiii, 13; and Psalm xxiii, 7, 9.

3. *Ecce apparebit*.—"Behold, the Lord shall appear!" In the original passage † it is "the vision" that shall appear; but, as often happens, the Church applies the words to Him who is the subject of the vision.

4. *Montes et colles cantabunt*.—"The mountains and hills shall sing praise before the Lord." The first part is taken, word for word, from Isaias, lv, 12; the *quoniam veniet* is an allusion to various passages of Scripture, such as are frequently found in the Breviary and in the Fathers.

5. *Ecce Dominus noster*.—"Behold, Our Lord shall come!" This, again, is an allusion rather than a quotation. The ideas, I would suggest, are derived, by one intimately familiar with Scripture, from Psalm xii, 4, "Lighten Thou mine eyes"; and from St. John, i, 9, "That was the true Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

The antiphons at the *Benedictus* and at the *Magnificat* each contain St. John the Baptist's message to Our Lord from his prison, "Art Thou He that art to come, or do we look for another?" ‡ and so harmonize, in turn, with the Church's Advent message.

* St. Matt., xi, 2-10.

* II Tim., iv, 8. † Hab., ii, 3.

‡ St. Matt., xi, 3.

The Holy Wells of Cornwall.

BY E. BECK.

CORNWALL, making allowance for extent, rivals Ireland in the number of its holy wells; and this is in great part explained by the fact that most of the Cornish saints were Irish or of Irish race. All countries and all ages, pagan and Christian alike, have had their sacred springs and fountains; and in the British Isles, the Druids, we are informed, made many offerings to the presiding deities of their wells and streams. When Saint Patrick began his missionary career in Ireland, he was tolerant of any customs or habits of the people that did not infringe on faith or morality. The bards or poets of the country were treated by him with respect and kindness; and it will be remembered that Dublack, chief bard of the King of Ireland, was one of his first converts.

In the earlier centuries of the Christian era, the baptism of adults was performed by immersion, and the place of baptism was almost always close to the church. Besides this, a font of pure water was a common feature in the porches of the churches of France and Italy. In these countries pilgrims and travellers were glad to wash their hands and wayworn feet ere they proceeded to assist at any sacred service; and an inscription over the font usually reminded the travellers of the importance of cleansing the soul by penance.

Saint Patrick, during the time of preparation for his great work, had witnessed these observations. When he reached Ireland there were neither churches nor baptisteries; and, with that ready thought which made him pull the shamrock in order to illustrate the Trinity, he utilized for baptisteries the springs and wells beloved by the Druids; acting as Saint Philip did when he baptized the

Ethiopian in a wayside stream. Thus the wells, dear to their fathers, became dearer still to the early Irish Christians, and were no doubt endowed with healing virtues from the prayers of the ritual and the merits of the saint. Likely Patrick, too, told these converts of the rivers and pools of the Holy Land,—of the Jordan and the baptism of our Blessed Saviour, of Bethesda's sacred pool, and Jacob's holy well.

Time went on, and in the years following the introduction of Christianity the Irish saints loved to retire to some lonely spot to serve God with more fervor and piety. Some, probably, took up their abode near wells blessed by the great apostle, and thus additional sanctity attached to these wells. Others built their hermitages by some unfrequented or unknown spring; and when tidings of their austere lives and great sanctity spread abroad, persons came from far and near seeking the benefits of their counsels and prayers. Wonderful cures are recorded as taking place at the wells that supplied one of the absolute needs of the anchorites. The saints died, but the people did not forget them, repairing frequently to the places sanctified by their presence in life to beg their intercession with God.

But numbers of the early Irish saints were not satisfied to remain in their own land: apostolic zeal for the salvation of souls—still a distinguishing trait of the Irish priesthood,—or a desire for a more complete isolation from their kith and kin, sent many of them over the sea. Numbers emigrated to Cornwall and Wales, and some to Brittany, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. All were devoted to the faith and customs established by Saint Patrick. Wales has for the most part forgotten the history of her holy wells; but in Cornwall they yet retain the names of the saints to whom they were sacred.

There are several wells in the county bearing the name of Saint Piran, an early Irish Bishop. Saint Piran (or

Kiaran, as he is known in Irish calendars) was born in the south of Ireland. By some means he learned so much of the truths of Christianity that he set out for Rome, and, after a length of time, was ordained and consecrated bishop. He returned to Ireland, where he converted his mother Wingela, and others of his relations, and gave Saint Patrick valuable assistance in his missionary labors. The reverence paid him by his countrymen was the cause of his migration to Cornwall. He settled near Padstow, where several disciples joined him. There he ended his mortal pilgrimage by a happy death on the 5th of March, on which day his feast was long kept by the miners of that part of Cornwall. He was generally regarded as the patron saint of tanners. Until recently the well wherefrom Saint Piran drank was covered by a large building capable of affording accommodation to three or four persons. The water of the well was said to be extremely beneficial in the cure of the childish disease known as rickets. Saint Piran's mother accompanied her son to Cornwall and settled not very far from him. A well in the parish of Lanivet bears her name.

Doubtlessly Saint Piran and the other Irish saints of Cornwall acted with the Cornish people as Saint Patrick did with the Irish. The wells whereat the Druids had worshipped were turned into places of baptism; and it is certain the early Christian churches of Cornwall rose precisely near the spots where pagan gods had been worshipped. And thus the people trod the old paths in order to become Christians and to assist at the sacred mysteries of the new Faith.

Not far from Bodmin, on the way to Truro, is the Well of Saint Conan, partly covered by a building in a fair state of preservation. This saint is commonly regarded as an Irishman. He was one of the first bishops of Cornwall, and was wont to retire to the spot where the well is, during the holy season of Lent, for stricter seclusion.

On the bleak promontory of the Lizard, Saint Runon had his hermitage. He, too, was an Irishman; he is mentioned as a bishop and confessor in the English Martyrology. The well bearing his name is protected by a building in good condition, and the water is said to be extraordinarily pure and cool. Saint Maw was also an Irish hermit, who retired to Falmouth, where a church and a holy well bear his name. Saints Leven and Ludgvan were Irishmen. Both retired from the world at an early age; and the latter has a church and a well bearing his name in the town of Ludgvan, three miles north of Penzance.

Saint Madern was probably of Irish birth. He lived and died near Land's End, where a chapel bearing his name was long famous for pilgrimages and miracles. A Protestant bishop of Exeter, Dr. Joseph Hall, writing in 1641, bears witness to the cures wrought through the Saint's intercession. A vice-warden of Cornwall, in a manuscript preserved in the Bodleian Library, tells us that far into the eighteenth century people journeyed, and not in vain, for relief of their ailments to Saint Madern's Well. This well, by the way, still supplies the people of the village of Madron with their drinking water.

An old historian, Hals, tells that two wells near Truro took their name from "a lady of honorable lineage born in Assisium, bearing the name of Clare"; and tradition says the Poor Clares had a nunnery not far from Truro. Another Italian maiden was remembered on the north coast of Cornwall, in a well and chapel dedicated to Saint Agnes. Several wells bear the name of Saint Anne; one or two, that of Saint George. It is said the monks of Lindisfarne, in their efforts to preserve the body of the great Saint Cuthbert from the Danes, carried it to Cornwall; and at a place near Crantock where they rested with their burden, a spring of pure water burst forth. To this spring in olden times sickly children were brought on Ascension Day, and numerous

crutches showed that cripples had been cured of their lameness through the aid of the Northumbrian saint. Another well bears the name of Saint Samson, Archbishop of York; and two, that of Saint Martin.

Saint David, patron of Wales, was intimately connected with Cornwall. He and his mother, Saint Nun, have given their names to many wells; while the names of other saintly descendants of his grandfather, Brechan, Prince of Wales, are bestowed on wells all over the country. Brechan was, it is asserted by some, an Irishman who migrated to Wales and married the daughter of a Welsh king. Among the better known of his children are Saint Cadoc, Abbot of Llancarvan in Wales, whose feast is kept on the 24th of January; and Saint Keyne, who lived a recluse in Somerset and Cornwall. Of all Brechan's fifteen holy children, Keyne was said to be the most saintly and the most beautiful in body and mind. She ended her holy life near the well which bears her name, and which after her death was said to be endowed with a peculiar virtue. Robert Southey, in a now forgotten ballad composed when Poet Laureate, writes:

If the husband of this gifted well
 Shall drink before the wife,
 A happy man henceforth is he;
 For he shall be master for life.
 But if the wife should drink it first,
 God help the husband then!

What is really true is that Saint Keyne in her last illness was soothed by the ripple and murmur of the spring. "She blessed it," says an ancient chronicler, "desiring that its waters might give peace on earth." In course of time this blessing of peace came to mean the mastery in the state matrimonial of the husband or wife. In the window of Saint Neot's Church, the Welsh prince, Brechan, is represented; and in the folds of his robe are the portraits of his fifteen sainted children. Saint Neot, too, has his well, still covered by a substantial building. He

was the warm friend and trusted adviser of Alfred the Great.

There are many more holy wells in old Cornwall. Even so far west as the Scilly Isles there is one called after an Irish virgin named Wenna, who crossed from her own country in a boat made of twigs and hide. Nothing is known of her save that she "lived a holy life, died a happy death," and left a blessing on the spring that bubbled up beside her lonely dwelling.

Example Set as Well as Followed.

ILLUSTRATING his opinion that, generally speaking, wealthy Protestants are more generous in their gifts to religious causes than are the corresponding class among Catholics, Father Roche, in one of his articles on "The Business Side of Religion" (appearing in several Catholic papers), gives this instance:

When the Methodists started a few years ago to raise a twenty million New Century Mission Endowment Fund, everybody smiled. They raised it, however, within an incredibly short space of time. One Methodist layman from his desk at Kenosha, Wis., raised seven million five hundred thousand dollars of that fund, through the medium of a typewritten appeal to Protestant men of wealth all over the country. There must be considerable love of God in the hearts of men who give thus generously of their means for the propagation of Christian teachings. It is greatly to be regretted that their example is not followed more generally by those who have the happiness of belonging to the household of the true Faith.

We beg to say that the example is followed and another example *set* by wealthy Catholics, — one which many millionaire Methodists would do well to emulate. As regards this denomination, we are entitled to speak by the card. Their generosity is admirable, and their love of God "considerable" no doubt; but the sound of trumpets is what we dislike; and there is a great deal of it, as Methodists themselves sometimes complain. Wealthy Catholics are every **whit as generous** as wealthy non-Catholics.

Of course the number of the former—as wealth is computed nowadays— is comparatively small; but they give generously, constantly, and — unostentatiously as a rule. The more frequent and more munificent their benefactions, the greater would seem to be their reluctance to have them found out.

We know of one millionaire Catholic in the United States, whose name is seldom if ever mentioned in connection with “princely gifts” of any sort, that expends a “little fortune” every year in charitable work. A Catholic lady of our acquaintance once supported forty poor families for a whole winter from her private purse. And this is only one of innumerable benefactions on her part,— and very probably the only one, too, of which any public mention has ever been made. (It is hoped that this writing will escape her notice.) Another Catholic lady contributed \$20,000 to a good work to which her attention had been called in these pages. It was only by accident that we learned of this benefaction, and there is no telling how many others are to her credit. A capitalist in one of our Western cities—a strayed Catholic,—having heard of some need of a certain mission in one of our new possessions, called on a well-known layman and begged him to “get them everything they want, and send me the bills.” Last week a bishop told us of a Catholic gentleman whose yearly alms amount to \$60,000 or more, though in some quarters he has the reputation of being “close-fisted.” We could multiply such examples from personal knowledge.

It is a mistake to suppose that wealthy Catholics are not generous because their benefactions are unheralded from the housetops. And let us venture to add that if the men of wealth among us are not especially interested in educational undertakings, it is for the very same reason that many of the reverend clergy are not particularly concerned about art or music or literature or—foreign missions.

Notes and Remarks.

From the Oxford correspondence of the *London Tablet* we learn that the Catholic undergraduates at the University now number between sixty and seventy, distributed among the various colleges as follows: “New College and Exeter have eight each; Brasenose, six; Balliol, five; Christ Church, Pembroke, and the non-collegiate body, four each; Queen’s and Hertford, three each; University, Merton, Magdalen, St. John’s, and Jesus, two each; and the remainder are scattered singly over the other colleges. The Jesuit Hall numbers ten undergraduates, and the Benedictine Hall seven.”

The writer adds: “There are some half a dozen Catholic graduates resident in Oxford, including two fellows and tutors of their respective colleges. A secular priest from the archdiocese of Dublin has joined the non-collegiate students, and two Fathers of the Order of Picpus have done the same within the past fortnight. It is a consoling reflection that in our university city, where Anglicanism still strives so tenaciously for pre-eminence among the rival Protestant sects, there should now be twelve or fourteen Catholic priests living and working, each in his own way; and six or seven chapels established in various quarters of the city (besides the mission church of St. Aloysius) where the Holy Sacrament is reserved, and there is a centre of devotion for at least a few faithful worshippers.”

“And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.” If any one had prophesied as late as thirty years ago that at the beginning of the new century there would be this number of Catholics at Oxford, he would have been ridiculed for his rashness and probably suspected of a leaning toward Liberalism.

The choice of Charles Santley for the distinction of knighthood was a happy one. King Edward is to be congratulated

as well as Sir Charles. He is the first singer to be thus honored; but, then, his career has been an exceptionally long one, and he has constantly devoted his great gifts to the service of high art. Friends and admirers in every part of the world will rejoice to hear of his enrolment among the "musical Knights." Like Sir Edward Elgar, he is a Catholic, and his wondrous voice has often been heard in humble churches and in aid of charities which, though highly deserving, were without adequate support. Sir Charles has already celebrated the golden jubilee of his professional life; may his *Nunc Dimittis* be long delayed!

We are glad to learn from the *Monitor* that the crusade quietly begun in San Francisco some weeks ago against obscene picture-shows and lascivious postal cards bids fair to be thoroughly successful. Systematic work on the part of the police in securing evidence has revealed a state of things at which even they were astounded. "You can not conceive," Chief Biggy is reported as saying, "the fearful viciousness of the things. With all that had been previously said and written in mind, I still had no idea that such degrading and utterly nameless things could be in circulation."

It is safe to conclude that the maker of that statement, having the power and means to suppress the evil, will lose no time in doing so. It would be well for chiefs of police in others of our cities and larger towns to turn their attention to the same matters. Eternal vigilance—police vigilance—in such cases is the price of decency.

The London *Catholic Times* is not particularly credulous as to the number of so-called Liberal Catholics who, according to a self-constituted representative of English Catholic thought, are considerably in evidence in Edward VII.'s dominions. "Such a negligible quantity,"

says the *Times*, "has the Liberal Catholic been that it is necessary to explain to ordinary folk he is not a member of the Liberal Party who professes the Catholic Faith, but a Catholic who in the interpretation of Catholic doctrines and principles strains them unduly. We have therefore yet to learn who are these English Catholics who were yesterday Liberal Catholics and to-day, as Modernists, assume the office of correcting the Christianity of the Pope, and where and why they have been hiding all those years."

In London apparently, as elsewhere, there are a few Catholic laymen given to taking themselves quite too seriously, and eager to attain conspicuousness by posing as scholars so consummate that the limited intellectuality of the Holy See moves them to rather contemptuous pity. In England they write to the *London Times*; in these United States they contribute to the columns of the *New York Sun* and the *Independent*; and in neither country is their personal valuation of their importance concurred in by the general public.

The Hague Conference does not appear to have impressed one writer on world-politics as having definitively settled many, or any, of the vexed questions of international polity. The publicist who writes "Foreign Affairs: A Chronicle," for the *Fortnightly Review*, is thus outspoken as to one point in the mighty game of Empire:

The naval question will keep up a fundamental antagonism between the English and the German nations upon the most vital of all political issues, until German policy alters, or that policy leads to disaster at sea. . . . The only possible hope lies in the plainest speaking upon this point; and a great responsibility lies upon such unconditionally pro-German newspapers as the *Westminster Gazette*, when these organs flinch from telling their Teutonic contemporaries, who quote them gladly, that the direct and intensifying naval competition between the two countries must dominate the diplomacy of both, must create a secular antagonism between the peoples, and must ultimately lead to war or the repeated peril of war. It would be abject

folly to blind ourselves to these considerations, or to palter with the inner truth of the situation in our dealings with the German people.

The writer further points out that naval supremacy means much more to Great Britain than to Germany. The latter Empire can be preserved—as it was created—by military strength alone, but sea-power is absolutely vital to the former. The summing up of the matter is that, in the naval competition between the two countries, "Germany is fighting for her dinner, but England is fighting for her life."

It is now seven years since Thomas Davidson, known as "The Bohemian Scholar," finished his journeyings, — in Scotland, where he was born; in England, Italy, Greece, Canada, and the United States, where he died. All who knew him, or know of him, will welcome some memorials just published by Prof. William Knight, of the University of St. Andrew's. To teach that philosophy is not a "position" at all, but a life; that human welfare is outside any special type of economic and political organization; that, in itself, social organization is mere machinery; that the material has no common measure with the immaterial—that human satisfaction and wealth bear no determinable ratio to each other,—such would seem to have been Davidson's mission. In pursuance of it he journeyed far and wide, teaching, writing, and lecturing where he might, living as he could; but leaving everywhere a reputation for great scholarship, and impressing all with whom he came in contact by the rare strength and simplicity of his character. His longest stay anywhere was at a convent of the Fathers of Charity at Domodossola (between Baveno and the Simplon), where he made warm friends, and studied the Rosminian system of philosophy, on which he wrote a learned book. This wandering scholar, as Prof. Knight calls him, held that the philosophic life, the peace of God, was within the reach

of all. Let us hope that he found that peace in the end.

Two passages of a paper on "The Higher Education of the Breadwinners," by Thomas Davidson, are proof both of his rare wisdom and deep sympathy with the masses from whom he seemed so far removed. We commend these extracts to the careful perusal of all who are engaged in educational work:

There are three kinds of education, which ought to be distinguished, but which at present we do not distinguish with sufficient care: (1) culture,—that is, the education necessary for every human being, in order that he may be able worthily to fulfil duties as a member of social institutions; (2) professional training, necessary for the earning of a livelihood; (3) erudition, demanded by those who would advance science, or give instruction in it. It is regrettable that both in our schools and in our colleges these are hopelessly mixed up, and that the first receives but scanty attention.

We have not done our whole duty by the breadwinners when we have made them comfortable: we must go further and make them cultured and wise. Now, what must be the nature of such culture and wisdom? We may answer: Such as shall enable their recipients to play a worthy and generous part in all the relations of life, and to enjoy those high satisfactions that come of such worthiness. We may express this otherwise, by saying that they must be such as to enable a man to know and understand his environment; to take an intelligent interest in all that goes on, or has gone on, in the world; to enter into lofty personal relations, and to live clean, tasteful, useful, self-respecting lives.

Mr. A. L. Pitcher, whom we presume to be a non-Catholic, is an American school-teacher who has spent something more than two years in the Philippines. His testimony as to the people with whom he came in contact—both natives and American officials—is accordingly entitled to some credit. In an exceptionally interesting communication appearing in a recent issue of the *Independent*, this gentleman says among other things:

I went to the Philippines to help show the natives something about American schools and to teach them English. I was assigned to

an inland town of Pampanga, a province of Luzon. The people of this town were friendly and hospitable when, a perfect stranger, I came among them. I saw that they were not savages, that they wore clothes—scant, to be sure, but modest; that they had profited to a high degree from the civilizing influence of Spain. I was surprised to find in a peasant community so high an intellectuality.

I was admitted to their family life,—an intimacy that proved to me their respect for old age; their love for their children; their reverence for the family, accountable for monogamy, legitimate children, and a wholesome observance of marriage. I found that in their relations one with the other their conduct was marked by a dignified courtesy and a constant good nature. . . .

The low, worthless Americans let loose in the archipelago are far from being the equals of those they bully. The brutal coarseness with which this class of officials administers American justice to a people still in mediævalism is completely estranging the Filipinos and perverting their ideas of Americans. Our nation is judged by these things and these persons; the natives receive impressions which work for no good to the government at large, and which frequently drive them to the hills to avenge themselves on a government so represented. It is thus largely a question of winning or antagonizing the Filipinos through provincial officials.

It is exasperating to learn that our government and our people as well are being thus misrepresented; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the "bullying officials" referred to may be replaced, as rapidly as may be, by decent and self-respecting successors.

The absence of religious inspiration in professedly religious pictures is the capital defect which Father Ollivier, O. P., ascribes to present-day art. In a sanely critical communication appearing in the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, he explains just what is lacking in the best specimens of contemporary religious art. Here is a suggestive and illuminative passage from his article:

One of the most glaring faults of modern painting is that painters do not know the New Testament, and never take the trouble to analyze to the core those personages of the Gospels whom they elect to represent, and this

in spite of the reconstruction or revision of Bible characters and events of which our age is so proud. Even those who have lived in the East, in order to steep themselves in its atmosphere and associations, so that they might be better able to interpret it, too often confine themselves to an external view of it. Under the idea that nothing changes in this land of immobility, they perceive only the low and common where they looked for the noble and the grandiose. This is because they were never initiated into the inner vision of man's nature, and into the inner meaning of exterior objects. For instance, any carpenter whatever of Nazareth serves them as a model for St. Joseph, who certainly was no ordinary carpenter. The boatmen of Tiberias are by them considered to be Peter, Andrew, James, and John,—fishermen, it is true, on the same lake, but neither of the same origin nor of the same physiognomy. An ordinary woman of Bethlehem is to them typical of the Virgin Mother.

Perhaps the simplest explanation of the whole matter is contained in the trite old Latin proverb, *Nemo dat quod non habet*,—Nobody gives what he doesn't possess. To make his canvas glow with really religious atmosphere, the artist must be permeated with religious feeling. In painting no less than letters, *le style c'est l'homme*,—the style is the man.

We noticed recently, on our "With Authors and Publishers" page, a new edition of "Tributes of Protestant Writers"—to the truth and beauty of Catholicity. A quotation that might well be inserted in a future edition of that work is the following statement of Frances E. Willard, of whom a popular encyclopedia says that she "probably did more for the cause of temperance than any other person of her time":

I am a Protestant, but there is no blinking this fact: the Catholics are, in this country and in Ireland, ahead of us in social purity. You can take a Protestant family into a London slum and put them into a dirty room on the right-hand top of the stairs, and then put a Catholic family on the other side of the stairs, and you will find after two, three, or four years, half of the girls of the Protestant family have gone to the bad, and all the members of the Catholic family have

retained their virtue. I was astonished when I went to Ireland by the contrast between that country and our own. I heard from Protestant and Catholic, Unionist and Home Ruler alike, that, although they may be packed together, you will find that they are the most virtuous peasantry in the world. How is that? I tell you it is because the priests have preached sedulously and inculcated in the confessional and in families the duties of parents to children and the duty of young people to each other. In this matter the result is, I say frankly, a moral miracle, before which we Protestants have reason to bow our heads in shame.

Miss Willard was not the first, nor will she prove the last, thoughtful Protestant to regret that the sixteenth century "reformers" did away with the confessional.

Writing of mixed marriages, the editor of the *St. John (N. B.) Sun* says in conclusion:

There is one feature of the Roman Catholic attitude toward marriage which commands the approval of all right-minded folk—that is, the assumption that marriage is a holy thing, to be entered into as a solemn sacrament, and to be sacredly adhered to. While it properly has its civil side, its legal conditions and restrictions, the subordination of the religious to the legal element invites deplorable consequences. If all the churches were as insistent upon this as the Roman Catholic, marriage ties would be less lightly held, and the world would be spared the shame of seeing courts of law, notably in the United States, playing the hired pander to indiscriminate lust.

This, we learn, is what they call "straight talk" down in New Brunswick, and the subject demands it. Such deliveries from press and pulpit in this country would be appropriate and timely. If the divorce evil is not checked in some way, it will be useless, after a while, to inveigh against it at all.

A secular journal of Manchester, England, furnishes the following item, which, we venture to say, will prove of novel interest to the majority of people on this side of the Atlantic:

Recent events have reminded people of the importance of excommunication as a weapon of the Roman Church, and those who read the

Thirty-Nine Articles will not need to be reminded that the Church of England can also excommunicate. But probably few people know that a person excommunicated from the Anglican Church (at any rate, for certain offences) is still liable to the imposition of six months' imprisonment by the secular power.

Even if the law has fallen into desuetude, its existence clearly shows that the disciplinary regulations so scathingly rebuked by Protestants as among the horrors of "Roman rule" were quite familiar to Protestants themselves at a time when they were more united and more disposed to strict observance than at present.

Three new historical facts, of some interest if of no great importance, are revealed by the letters included in "The Heart of Gambetta," by M. Laur. The private life of the "illustrious French statesman," as Gambetta used to be called, was far from being irreproachable. Nothing could exceed the contempt in which he was held by Thiers, who used to refer to him as "a raving maniac." And there is no longer room for doubt that Gambetta deliberately pretended to favor a schism such as would detach the Church in France from Rome, in order to force the Pope to accept his proposals for the separation of Church and State.

Apropos of the attempt to make a "Modernist" out of Newman, *Rome* says, parenthetically:

This Modernist trick is not very modern, after all; for it was tried, and with some success, by the Jansenists who fathered all their errors on St. Augustine. It was also tried during the lifetime of Leo XIII., when a whole bevy of French writers, including the apostate Charbonnel, adopted a number of subversive religious theories and endeavored to exploit them as the genuine beliefs of the *major et sanior pars* of the American Church.

As somebody once wrote somewhere:

Nothing under the sun is new,—
The old was old in Solomon's day;
The false was false and the true was true,
As the false and the true will be for aye.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MARY

The Advent Time is Here.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THE Advent time is here,
And Christmas is at hand,
A holy feast and grand,—
The fairest of the year,
For joy and goodly cheer
It brings to all the land,—
The Advent time is here,
And Christmas is at hand.

Though earth and sky look drear,
And Penance takes command,
Still do our souls expand
With gratitude sincere,—
The Advent time is here,
And Christmas is at hand.

“Whirlwind.”

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIV.—IN PENANCE.—A JOURNAL.

“HAVE you written to your father?” inquired Miss Allen of Whirlwind, as they emerged from the garden to the river path.

“Yes,” replied the child; “and I don’t like the letter a bit. Before he went away, I thought I was going to enjoy writing to papa; but I don’t seem to have anything to tell him—that I *ought* to tell him. I hate to be complaining, and there doesn’t seem to be much else to do.”

“Tell him about your new friends, and keep out the unpleasant things, if there are any,” said her companion.

“Yes, I *might* do that. But I never know when Cousin Ellery is going to pounce on me, Miss Allen.”

“Nor she when you are going to pounce upon her! You are not unlike in some

ways, Whirlwind. She means well, and so do you.”

“Yes, I suppose we do. But she is very hard-hearted, Miss Allen, and I am not.”

“Neither is she,” said the secretary. “As I have already told you, dear, she is constantly doing good.”

“Well, don’t let us talk about her at all. It makes me angry. I wish papa were home.”

“Why don’t you write to him in the form of a journal?”

“How is that?”

“Why, just put down the daily happenings, leaving out, if possible, as I said just now, the unpleasant things. When you have written several pages you can send it to your father, say weekly.”

“I think I should like that, Miss Allen. How shall I begin?”

“Well, like this, for instance: ‘Monday, June 27.—Went to church yesterday. We had a fine discourse from the Rev. Mr. Brown—’”

“Our priest is Father Anker, and he does not preach well at all,” interrupted Whirlwind; “so I couldn’t possibly write that, Miss Allen. But he is so good and kind that everybody likes him, and no one cares whether he can preach or not. He gives good, sensible instructions, papa says. I might put in the journal: ‘Father Anker is as nice as ever.’”

“Oh, as you like, of course!” said Miss Allen, with a tolerant smile. “You are very literal in some ways, Whirlwind, and in others just the opposite. I meant only to give you an idea of how a journal should be written.”

“I will begin it on Monday, then,” said Whirlwind. “I wish Monday were here. I don’t like to begin to-morrow because I’ve just written.”

Miss Melloden did not come down to dinner: she had another severe attack

of neuralgia. Miss Allen and Whirlwind passed a pleasant evening together. They played one or two games of solitaire, and Miss Allen told the story of Undine, which the child had never before heard. She retired to rest in a most amiable and thankful state of mind, which continued during Saturday. We shall allow the little girl to relate the occurrences of the next few days, as follows:

Monday, June 27.—I am going to keep a journal to send you, papa. Miss Allen told me to do it, and I think I will find it easier to write to you that way—just telling you things. First I want you to know about the Fersens. They are the people who have come to live with Martha. Before they came I was mad at Martha for having them; but when I saw them first (I was up in a tree looking down), I liked them—the father and mother, the boy and the girl,—and in the afternoon I went over to see them, though I told Martha I would not. And they are awful nice, papa; and I am learning so many things from them.

Yesterday, when we were in the wagon going to Mass, Mr. Fersen told me he was going to write to you about getting a place at the Works, to do dezining for paterrens. I hope you will give it to him, for then they will stay at Melloden.

Miss Allen told me I must not write unpleasant things to you; but I have to, if I want you to know what happens. I think I ought to tell you that I cut my hair because Cousin Elery wanted me to platt it. I thought we would be good friends after that, but we are not. On Sunday morning—that was yesterday—I started to climb in the big wagon with Fritz, to call for the Fersens and Martha, to go to Mass. Minnie and Esther went in the boat with Robert, so 'as not to take up so much room, and to be back earlier to get the dinner, because it is shorter by the river. But Cousin Elery was in the garden, and there was a little splash of rain, and she called me back and said the weather was going to be bad, and to come

into the house and read my Bible. And I told her I didn't have any Bible of my own, and that Catholics *had* to go to Mass when they could. But she said I must come right in. But I ran away, and I had no hat: and I went in the wagon with Fritz, and he drove over to Martha's, and we all went to Mass. Mrs. Fersen lent me a hat of Bessie's—she's the girl,—though I did not want to wear any; but Martha said I looked like a scarecrow with my hair sticking out all over my head; and, besides, women can not go in church without hats.

Dear papa, I am awful tired, and I will finish to-morrow.

Tuesday Morning.—Well, we went to Mass; and, though the clouds were thick, it did not rain at all. There were many people there, and the little Higgins twins are in pants now. And a woman brought a teeny baby to Mass, and she sat next to me, and it held my finger nearly all the time; and it was good. I prayed for you very hard. Father Anker preached so nicely. He said love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that persecute you. And I put my face in my hands, because I wanted to think. If Cousin Elery is my enemy—maybe she isn't,—I can't love her; and if she is, I can't either. But I can do good to her some time when I get a chance; and I *did* pray for her, right there, real hard. Father Anker asked about you, and he said I could make my First Communion with Bessie, if her mother would teach me my Catechism, and she will.

When we came to the cottage again, Martha said: "Come in, Whirlwind, and have dinner with me. Fritz can tell your cousin. I do not think she will mind." I knew she *would* mind, because I ran away; but I did not tell Martha that. So I went in, and we had dinner; and I played with Bessie and Alfred till four O'Clock, and then I came home. But I left Bessie's hat there; and when Cousin Elery saw me coming she took me by

the hand, and she said I was a bold, bad girl, and to go up to the *attic* for the rest of the day. So I went up; and she said my hair looked dreadful, and it would never curl; but I didn't care. And she said I couldn't have any supper.

So I went up to the attic. And it began to rain, and I lay in the little bed that used to be my crib, though I had to crooken up, it was so short. But it was very "comfy," for I put a pile of comforts on. Do you remember, papa, how I used to squeeze up to your shoulder when I was little and say, "Now I am very comfy"? I wish I could do that now, papa, though I am a great big girl.

And then Minnie came creeping, creeping up; and the stairs creaked, and we laughed and laughed, because we were afraid Cousin Elery would hear her; and I had a good supper. And she went down again, and got *two* candles, and lit them, and put them on a shelf. And then she went away, and it began to rain and pore and pore. And so I found an old piece of brown paper, and I had a pencil in my pocket, and I wrote these verses I am sending you. They are not the first verses I ever wrote; but I tore up some, four or five times, because I did not think they were good; but I think these are pretty good. And when they were all finished I went to sleep, with comforts under me and over me. And I prespired dreadfully. And when I woke up the sun was shinning, and Minnie came up, and she said Cousin Elery did not mean for me to stay in the attic all night, and to come to breakfast. And I went, and this is the potrey:

THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

TO FATHER.

O the rain upon the roof!
 I love to hear it fall,
 When every one is gentle,
 And I have no grief at all.
 In the winter and the summer,
 And especially in spring,
 To hear the rain a-poring
 Is a very pleasant thing.

But when *some one is hatefu*

And I am cross again,
 And I'm shut up in the attic,

I do not like it then!!!

O the rain upon the roof!

I'd rather hear it glide
 Through the tin green painted gutter,
 If you were by my side.

Wednesday Morning.—I was so glad to get your letter, and to know that you were not very mad at me, but wanted me to do what Cousin Elery told me, because it would not be for long. And I was pleased to hear that Mr. Fersen is the very man you have been looking for, and could not find him, because you did not know where he was; and that if he wants to stay and work for you dezining (I can't spell that word) he can.

I have to tell you that I have been saucy again to my cousin—oh, how I wish she wasn't! After breakfast, she said if I would promise to be good, she would forgive me this once, because Miss Allen, who is nice, begged her to. And I promised, because you say that I must obey her, and I want to, but I think I did what was right last Sunday. And I said I *had* to go to Mass Sundays when the priest came, once a month. And she said she was sorry to hear I had no Bible, and that she would give me one. And I asked her if it was King James' Vershun, and she said yes; and I told her I could not read that, because it was not a Catholic Bible. And she said the Catholic Church was narrow, and I said it could not be because it was the biggest; and she said it *was*. And then she said she did not see why, if my religion taught me to be good, and I knew so much about vershuns, that I could not be a better girl. And I said I only knew about them since Friday, when Mrs. Fersen was explaining the Catechism. And she said *Mrs. Fersen* was narrow; and I laughed, and I said she was *plump*; and Cousin Elery said I was impurtinint and to go back to the attic, and I went; and when I was there I cried a while, but pretty soon I found some comic

papers and I saw a funny piece of potrey. It began, "There was an old woman named Sarah." And I wrote one something like it, and here it is. And I am in the attic now, and the first time I get down I will send you this journal, because I love you very, very much, dear papa, and remain as ever,

Your lonely little WHIRLWIND.

Here is the funny potrey, and I hope you will like it:

ABOUT TWO PEOPLE.

There was an old person named Elery,
And she was not like fresh sweet Cellery,
Because she was musty
And fusty and crusty,
This horrid old person named Elery.

And there was a young person named Whirl-wind.
On her head she could hardly one curl find.

The young maid was sad,
But the old one was glad,
For she hated this poor little girl, mind!

MISS W. M. AWTHER.

(To be continued.)

Blondel the Singer.

Near the little town of Landau, among the wooded hills in the Annweiler valley, there are three stately crags rising up into the air. The name Trifels, by which these three rocky ridges are known, was given to the three castles which were built on them. The ruins of these fortresses are still visible, and they were once the property of one knight. The chronicles tell us that, formerly, the dynasties of Hohenstaufen and of Hapsburg owned these castles, and that the bloodthirsty Henry VI., son of Barbarossa, imprisoned many of his numerous enemies in these mighty towers.

Brave Richard of England once spent a weary time in the dungeon of this stronghold. In order to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the Saracens, the Lion-Hearted King of England, together with the King of France and Duke Leopold of Austria, set out on a crusade for the Holy Land. But unfort-

unately feuds arose between Leopold and Richard, causing them to become bitter enemies. When the English King, after a long and bloody war in Palestine, turned homeward, he was unfortunately, shipwrecked in the Adriatic Sea, and fell into the hands of the cruel Duke of Austria, who sent him to a stronghold called Castle Durrenstein, near Krems. Later on, the royal prisoner was delivered up to the German Emperor Henry, who imprisoned him in the castles of Trifels.

Richard had one great adherent, whose name is known to us all—Blondel the singer. This youth had long enjoyed the royal favor, and when the news was spread abroad in England that his beloved master had disappeared, and gloomy tales were whispered that the German Emperor had imprisoned him in one of the castles, Blondel took an oath that he would never rest again until his master was found. This faithful minstrel wandered over the banks of the Danube, searching long and diligently for some trace of the King. At last, coming one day to the Rhine, he arrived in the wild, romantic valley of Annweiler and saw ahead the tower of Trifels. There he sat down wearily to rest, wondering, with a great yearning in his heart, if his dear master could be within these mighty walls. Taking his beloved harp, he sang a touching old song which had always been a great favorite with the King. Strange to say, the song was answered from the tower. The King's handsome face was seen at the barred window; and the faithful harper, raising his hands in gratitude to Heaven, greeted him with a low, passionate cry, "My master and my King!"

Blondel then hurried back to England with the joyful news that he had found the much-loved King. A large sum of money was soon collected as a ransom; and, the Pope having remonstrated with the German Emperor, the prison doors of the Trifels castles were at last thrown open, and Richard once more returned to his country.

Sunday in Olden Times.

The learned Abbot Gasquet, in his charming "Parish Life in Mediæval England," gives a good deal of interesting information as to how the English in pre-Reformation days spent their Sundays. It was customary in those old times for a very great number of the people to assist at daily Mass on the weekdays, and in various old records it is noted that the priests of the parishes said Mass at an early hour. This early morning Mass is often referred to as "Morrow Mass," or "Jesus Mass"; and it would seem that the women attending generally carried long rosaries, while those who could read recited the Office of Our Lady. On Sundays, however, everyone, excepting those prevented by age or infirmity, attended the parochial Mass, and not only Mass but Matins.

Matins were recited at a very early hour by the priests; or, in cases where only one priest was available, by the priest and clerk. This was done so that the people might have an opportunity of returning to their homes to breakfast in the interval between Matins and Mass. Sir Thomas More writes: "Some of us laymen think it a pain once in a week to rise so soon from sleep and tarry fasting . . . to hear out Matins."

When the congregation again assembled for the parochial Mass, the holy water was solemnly blessed. For this ceremony the priest, accompanied by deacon and subdeacon, if such were available, came to the entrance of the chancel, where the water was blessed; then the altar was sprinkled, afterward the assistants of the priest, and lastly the people. Often there was a procession, which passed, singing the proper anthems, to the graveyard where the dead took their last long rest. Prayers were offered up at the graves and the mounds sprinkled with holy water. The procession returned to the church and Mass began. It is noteworthy that

the altar and any shrine or image was brilliantly lighted up, while the great "candle wheel," or "rowell," was laden with candles. The sermon, or homely discourse, followed the Gospel; and afterward the bead-roll was read, and prayers offered up for the Pope, bishops, and priests; also for the reigning sovereign and royal family, for all benefactors of the church, for workers and tillers of the earth, and for all in debt or in deadly sin. These orisons were followed by prayers for the dead.

Between two or three in the afternoon of the Sundays, Evensong, or Vespers, were sung, and then the people were free to devote the remainder of the day to rest or reasonable recreation. Not so the priests: Sunday was the day particularly set apart for visiting the aged and the sick.

A Story of St. Francis.

St. Francis was once passing through Assisi and was urged to dine with a young army officer, a devout soul who had a great affection for the saint. As he sat down at the table, the Poor Man of Assisi made his customary mental prayer, during which it was revealed to him that his host was soon to die. He therefore drew him aside and besought him to make his confession, since God had given him this golden opportunity of grace in reward for his hospitality toward Christ's poor.

Believing, the pious youth made full confession, and said his penance, sitting down to table with a gentle smile upon his face. Scarce had he served his guest before, with a cry, "My heart!" he laid his hand upon his side, pronounced the Holy Name and died, St. Francis blessing him as he expired.

A beautiful fresco of the scene was painted by the great master Giotto, and shines to-day in undimmed loveliness upon the walls of the church of St. Francis at Assisi.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The "Little Folk's Annual" (Benziger Brothers), and "The Apostleship of Prayer Almanac" (The *Messenger* Office), should be valuable aids in the sanctification of the year. Besides the usual almanac features, these publications offer some excellent reading matter.

—A Sister of Notre Dame has compiled a beginner's Latin book, "Delecta Biblica," from the Vulgate edition of the Old Testament. The point that differentiates it from most other books of its kind is that the selections are to be used as a basis for grammatical study, instead of presupposing such study. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

—The Woodruff-Collins Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, has brought out in attractive form a third edition of Mr. Richard L. Metcalfe's interesting collection of stories—"Of Such is the Kingdom." If the "eternal woman" of French literature is an enigma, the eternal child of world-literature is an inspiration and a delight.

—The essay on "Tuberculosis," by S. A. Knopf, M. D., a paper which won the prize offered by the Berlin "International Congress to Combat Tuberculosis as a Disease of the Masses," in 1899, has reached a fourth, illustrated, edition. It is published by Mr. F. P. Flori, New York, and is an excellent pamphlet for the perusal of the general reader.

—"The Iliad for Boys and Girls," told from Homer in simple language by the Rev. Alfred Church, will no doubt meet the same welcome that was accorded his earlier efforts to bring the old Greek heroes before Young America. The spirit of the great epic is preserved in this simple prose recital, and its effectiveness is increased by twelve illustrations in color. Published by the Macmillan Co.

—The first issue of Volume IV. of "The Catholic Educational Association Bulletin" contains a complete report of the proceedings and addresses of the annual meeting held in Milwaukee in July last. Some of the papers comprised therein, and some of the discussions following the reading of the papers, are of exceptional interest; and the whole work (a brochure of 396 pages) merits attentive perusal.

—The death is announced of Vicomte de Meaux, Montalembert's son-in-law. He was in his seventy-eighth year. Besides being an eminent statesman, M. de Meaux was an accomplished man of letters, and published a number of valuable books, including a monograph

on his illustrious father-in-law, which is considered a masterpiece. He played a conspicuous part in French politics under Marshal McMahon, and rendered important services to his country. M. de Meaux was a man of noble character and an ardent Catholic. The tribulations of the Church in France, which he doubtless foresaw, rendered his old age doubly sad. *R. I. P.*

—In a neatly bound booklet of fifty-three pages, the Rev. W. Lieber discusses "The 'New Theology'; or, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's Main Conclusions Refuted." On the title-page we find the felicitous text, "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been of old time, which was before us." (Eccles., 1, 10) Father Lieber begins by asking, "Where is the novelty? Where the theology?" and conclusively demonstrates that Mr. Campbell's title is a misnomer,—that his teaching isn't new, and is not theology at all. A readable as well as an instructive little work. R. & T. Washbourne.

—The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, have published an attractive edition of Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* (St. Cecilia), edited, and the organ accompaniment arranged, by H. Clough-Leighter. In artistic and technical requirements this edition is all that could be desired. Of like excellence are several musical publications from Messrs. Cary & Co., London; notably "Mass of St. Gregory," "Mass of St. Bruno," and a "Short Requiem Mass," by Richard Terry, organist and choir director, Westminster Cathedral; also "Catholic Hymns and Benediction Services," by S. B. Bamford. The merely ornate has no part in these musical settings.

—"Stories of the Miracles of Our Lord," "The Gift of the King," and "The Story of the Friends of Jesus," by a religious of the Holy Child Jesus (Messrs. Benziger Brothers), are juvenile books to be commended without reserve; and we hope that they will find their way into many Christmas stockings. The author has the right touch, and children will read the stories with genuine interest. The nature of the contents is suggested by the titles, except in the case of "The Gift of the King," which is an explanation of the doctrines and ceremonies of Holy Mass. The illustrations are artistic and add much to the effectiveness of the text. We can not, however, approve of the publishers' presenting seventeen pages of advertising matter at the end of the book. Price 60 cts. each.

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers are to be congratulated on the excellence of the second issue of

their "Ecclesiastical Diary, Ordo, and Note-Book," a briefer and appropriate title for which would be "The Priest's Vade-Mecum." As compared with the issue for 1907, this one for 1908 presents a number of improvements, a notable one being the inclusion of the Ordo for those who use the *Kalendarium Clero Romano Proprium*. The publishers' acting upon suggestions asked for from the clergy has increased the book's pages from 302 to 445, although the bulk remains practically the same. Priests who are familiar with the 1907 issue will need no urging to procure its successor; others will thank us for calling their attention to a decidedly convenient handbook for clerics.

—Young authors with an ambition to write for children would do well to make a study of such stories as "Whirlwind," by Mary E. Mannix. The instalment of this tale published in our present number is especially commendable. Besides possessing literary talent, one must understand and reverence and love young folk in order to be able to write of them and for them as this lady does. There is nothing in Catholic juvenile literature that we know of superior to "Whirlwind." Fiction is to be judged by its ethical value as well as by its literary form. Without a suspicion of "goody-goodness," this story is bathed in a religious atmosphere and generates religious impulse. It is more of a satisfaction to us than we can express to be able to provide fiction of this sort for Catholic children. Their adult seniors would find Whirlwind's journal enjoyable in every line.

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.

"Delecta Biblica." A Sister of Notre Dame. 30 cts.

"The Iliad for Boys and Girls." Rev. Alfred Church. \$1.

"The 'New Theology'; or, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's Main Conclusions Refuted." Rev. W. Lieber. 30 cts., net.

"Ecclesiastical Diary, Ordo and Note-Book." \$1

"Sursum Corda." Baron Leopold de Fisher. \$2, net.

"Penance in the Early Church." Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D. D. \$1, net.

"Conferences for Children on the Gospel of St. John." Sister Mary Teresa, O. S. B. 85 cts., net.

"True Historical Stories for Catholic Children." Josephine Portuondo. \$1.

"Good-Night Stories." Mother Salome. 75 cts., net.

"A Day with Mary." Caryl Coleman. 60 cts., net.

"The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. II. and III. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.

"Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649." Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. \$1.50, net.

"The Life of Blessed Julie Billiard." A Sister of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Henry Kappel, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Very Rev. Francis Graham, diocese of St. Joseph; Rev. John Metzler, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Joseph Powers, diocese of Providence; Very Rev. John Cooke, diocese of Hexam; and Rev. John Kent, O. P.

Sister Mary (Morgan), of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Rodriguez, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister de Chantal and Sister Benigna, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Joseph Storka, Mrs. H. E. Philipson, Mrs. John Sheehy, Mrs. Bridget Connor, Mr. Edward Carter, Mrs. W. T. Hughes, Mrs. Anita de Guyer, Mr. David O'Donnell, Miss Lucy Mattimore, Mr. John Condon, Mrs. Margaret Jarvies, Mr. Michael Mallon, Mrs. M. D. Wolff, Mr. M. J. McCormick, Mr. John Morrison, Mr. R. J. Butler, Miss Mary Harrity, Mr. Daniel Ehret, Mr. John Weldon, Mr. William and Annie Cullen, Mr. John Miskell, Mrs. Susan Kall, Mr. Thomas Davin, Miss Rose Beavan, Mr. Hermann Kurtz, Mrs. Mary Murphy, and Mr. M. W. Baldwin.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

To the Filipino student fund:
Robert Culshaw, \$5.

For the Gotemba lepers:
E. U., \$2.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:
Friend, (*per* Rev. J. L.,) \$5.



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

VOL. LXV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 14, 1907. NO. 24.

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

In Expectation.

BY S. M. R.

HE comes, He comes, the promised One!
 O Sion, lift your gates!
 Let watchers call from turret tall:
 The King of glory waits!
 He comes with power in His hand,
 This Ruler from afar.
 O hail the King, whom angels sing,
 Whose herald is a Star!
 His form is as of Libanus,
 His face is as the sun.
 Behold, He waits! Lift up your gates!
 He comes, the Holy One!
 The Prince of all the heavenly host
 Is here, O blessed day!
 Make haste each heart, lest He depart
 And come no more this way.

Mary in Advent.

BY DOM BASIL WELD, O. S. B.

WITH the return of Advent,
 when our altars are once more
 bedecked in the sombre purple
 of the Church's Liturgy, in-
 stinctively a feeling of suspense, of expect-
 ation, comes over the spirit of every good
 Catholic. Every devout soul has a longing
 for the approach of Christmas, a season
 of true rejoicing. For this season it
 behooves us to prepare, just as, if royalty
 were about to visit us, we should make
 straight the path, clear away all rugged
 stones on the way, and render, as far as

possible, the journey of the king pleasant and smooth.

Yet the joy of Christmas to the devout Catholic is concentrated on one particular object—not the season, but the day. The day of Christmas is the *dies lætitiæ* (the feast of gladness) to each one of us who loves our Divine Lord Jesus, who is "Christ, the Son of the living God." But why is intense joy realized on that day by every Catholic heart? Because on the 25th of December we celebrate the actual manifestation of Our Divine Lord in His human flesh, born of the Virgin Mary, by the power of the Holy Ghost. This is the consummation of the Christian's joy—to welcome with open arms, with the warmest and truest heart he can command, his Divine Saviour on earth, the little Babe of Bethlehem.

But with the thought of that most happy day itself we are not so much concerned now: at present we have chosen to consider the "coming" or "advent" of Our Lord, not as already being accomplished, but in the sense of expectancy. This concerns us now; and in no better way can we ponder on the subject than by considering the attitude of our Blessed Lady, who, twenty centuries ago, about this time was herself preparing for the coming of her Divine Son, and who in all things should be our model.

"Hail, full of grace!" were the words of the Angel to that chosen soul, the elect of God, on the day of the Annunciation, some seven or eight months before the time we are considering. "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee! Blessed

art thou among women!" Thou, of all Israel and Judah, hast been chosen to be the Mother of the Son of God. Well may thy soul, O Mary, magnify the Lord; for thou art indeed blessed. Blessed art thou not only amongst all men and women on earth, but thou art also blessed amongst the angels in heaven; for thou art now, and wilt be ever henceforth, the Queen of Angels, the purest of the pure, the royal Mother of the Messiah, the Redeemer of mankind, our Lord and God; and all the nations of the earth shall sing thy praise and bless thee, their Mother, for evermore.

And Mary answered: *Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*. ("Be it done to me according to thy word.") Her heart was ready to fulfil the commands of God; and she rejoiced exceedingly that, however unworthy, she would be upheld by the hand of the Most High, and that she should become the actual Mother of her Saviour, the Longed-for of ages.

Now let us think what Mary did till Christmas, the day when her Son would be born. We know she went soon after, in compliance with the implied wish of the Angel, to greet her holy cousin St. Elizabeth, the aged wife of the high priest Zachary, who lived south of Jerusalem, some three or four days' journey from the village of Nazareth, at a place which is known to this day as St.-John-in-the-Mountains, where the sainted Baptist was born.

Imagine the surprise, and withal the happiness, of that visit! Mary and Elizabeth, Joseph and Zachary; the greeting of those two happy couples. Joseph the Just and Zachary—still bound in silence by the hand of God—were spellbound as they witnessed the recollected embrace of Mary and Elizabeth. Imagine the greeting! Think of all that greeting meant. And Mary's soul magnified the Lord; and Elizabeth not only felt but voiced her wonder at the touch of God, at the closeness of her Saviour. "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" And the infant "leaped for joy" in its mother's womb

as it recognized the near presence of God. *Conversatio nostra in cælis est*.—"Our conversation is in heaven." The greeting of those holy mothers concerned things divine, and their conversation was of the heavenly country.

Holy Scripture says that our Blessed Lady stayed with St. Elizabeth for three months, and that then she returned to Nazareth, where she must have become a "singular Vessel" of devotion. She was now truly enough the Ark of the Covenant, containing the Holy of Holies; the tabernacle of Him who had come to redeem Israel from all its iniquities.

Ponder how Mary prepared now for Christmas! Think how prudent she was, how recollected, how near her Lord; how she must often have spoken to her Son and sought His blessing. Think of that wonderful union, Mary and Jesus. *Mysterium Dei*,—wonder of faith, joy of hope, bliss of charity. Think of the angels in that humble cottage: how they hovered round Mary. To His angels He gave charge over her, lest she bruise her foot against a stone; that they might watch over her and keep her in all her ways. Think of Joseph the Just, the faithful one; how he, too, treasured Mary, his beloved spouse. What secrets of things unknown to this world then entered his mind and ear!

Paratum cor meum, Deus,—*paratum cor meum*. ("My heart is ready, O God,—my heart is ready.") How often must our Blessed Lady have considered those words! How she must have longed for the birth of her Child! In the chilly evenings, as the winter came on, can we not picture her sitting by her humble fire, knitting with slender fingers the tunic, perchance, for her Babe yet unborn; discussing with her holy spouse the ways of God; "pondering these things in her heart," and joining in prayer?

There is another thought still to be considered before we put away the picture. We have said that Mary's soul was wrapt in expectation of the coming of Our Lord. This must have been so. But expectancy

has a twofold aspect, which no doubt had a place in Mary's mind. To expect may be a source of joy or of uneasiness, or it may contain something of the double quality. We think this last must have been the case with our Blessed Lady. Our Lady's joy can never be sufficiently told; on the other hand, we can imagine to ourselves her anxiety,—not anxiety in the sense of want of dependence on God: Our Lady had complete reliance on the assistance and guardianship of God and of St. Joseph. But she knew not how men would take the mystery she was about to unfold to them; she could not tell how she was to face the many difficulties which would of necessity be in her way before the eventful Birth could take place: where the King should be born, where He would manifest Himself to men; whether she herself would be able to do all things as He would wish. This was the human side; and, though confidence in God was complete, the human side of Mary's character must have asserted itself,—only, however, to be corrected by a higher sense of wisdom, of which Mary was full.

And so the days went on, the months, the weeks, the hours; and at last the approaching day of the Birth was near at hand. About that time an edict was sent out by Cæsar unto all the provinces of the Roman Empire, that there should be an enrolment. In other provinces of the Empire it had been carried out in the previous year, but in Galilee and Judea it was to be executed a year later; and so Joseph and Mary found that they must go to Bethlehem, unto the city of David, and there the Child was to be born. The weary journey was before them; but, obedient to the law, they set out; and, after lingering by the way when a halt was necessary, they at last entered the precincts of Bethlehem, the "House of Bread," where the Light of the World and the Fruit of Salvation was first to find His resting-place on earth, and, in time, manifest Himself not only to the Jews but also to the Gentiles.

Told by Father Devoy.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH GUINAN.

THE patient resignation of the poor Irish peasantry under sufferings and trials could scarcely be better illustrated anywhere than in the "Island Parish." Apropos of this, Father Devoy used to relate the touching story of Nora Coghlan, whose life was a striking example of the beauty and sublimity of true Christian fortitude. For the many whose lot is one of bitter sorrows, of tears in abundance, and smiles all too few, there is ever "balm of Gilead" in the example of great afflictions heroically borne; and hence it is good to preserve the memory of the world's lowly, uncanonized martyrs.

It was on the occasion of the Easter "stations," soon after his arrival in the Island Parish, that Father Devoy became acquainted with Nora Coghlan's history. He was requested to come after Mass to attend a sick girl in the house of the Widow Coghlan, who lived in a poor, wind-swept cabin in a bleak, dreary, marshy district known as the "Callows." Not having been told anything about her, beyond the fact that she was fasting and expecting the priest to give her Holy Communion, he took it for granted she was an ordinary delicate person who was unable to come to the church. He found in almost every townland some such quasi-invalids, who availed themselves of the presence of the priest at the "stations" to perform their "Christmas and Easter duty."

When Father Devoy was leaving the house, therefore, after discharging his sacred duties, he inquired of the sick girl, in his usual kindly, considerate way, if she had been "long ailing," or if she expected to be soon up and about again. "I hope," he said gaily, using a local expression, "you'll be able to hunt shortly." She regarded him for a moment

with a look of mingled surprise and perplexity, while the faintest trace of a sad smile played round her thin, pallid lips; and then said, in a tone of resigned melancholy that was very pathetic:

"Ah, your reverence, I'll never leave this bed till I'm put in the coffin!"

"Oh, surely your case is not so bad as that, is it?" Father Devoy remarked encouragingly, as, in consequence of her strange words, he observed her more closely than he otherwise would have done.

She certainly did look very frail and wasted, and her deathly pale and spiritualized features were more like those of a corpse than of a human being. Her face, which was of the whiteness of Carrara marble, seemed neither old nor young, and when in a state of repose was inexpressibly sad, with a sweet, patient sadness. Her brow was contracted into a series of wavy, deeply-furrowed wrinkles that proclaimed unmistakably the victim of long and acute suffering, and gave her a peculiar and pitiful look of pained weariness and exhaustion. She frequently closed her eyes and writhed under a passing spasm, which extorted a low moan, or mayhap sent a tear coursing down her wan cheek.

Seeing Father Devoy's look of commiserating interest and inquiry, she proceeded to explain her history, of which, she concluded, he had not yet heard.

"I think," she said in a sweet, gentle voice, weak and thin like a child's, "they haven't told you anything about how long I have been lying here. It must be a good while, your reverence, since I could see from where I am lying now the top of that poplar tree there in front of the window, when I first took to the bed for good. I watched it growing year after year from this bed until now it is a big tree, I am told."

She pointed to a tall poplar growing at a little distance from the cabin window, while she smiled sadly at Father Devoy's expression of wonder and

astonishment. Indeed, he began to think the poor girl was not quite right in her mind, and so remained silent, not knowing what to say under the circumstances.

"Well, your reverence," she continued, "I've been lying here almost as helpless as an infant for the last *twenty years*, and for nearly five years before that I was able to move about the house only on crutches. But I'm not complaining of the will of God, for I'm sure it's all for the best. God is very good to allow me to put my purgatory, as I hope, over me on earth. Blessed be His holy will for keeping me here so long, lingering between life and death! But do you see that photograph there on the chimney-piece, your reverence?"

"Yes," Father Devoy said, examining it. "A friend of yours, I suppose? A very pleasant-looking face, indeed."

It was the portrait of a remarkably handsome young girl, with a smiling, happy face, full of good-humor and archness, and with merry, laughing eyes that literally seemed to dance with delight. The picture was well preserved in a glass-protected frame, and was evidently a much prized souvenir.

"That's myself," she said, with a slight tinge of color in her face and a little tremor of pardonable pride in her voice,—"that's myself, when I was sixteen years of age. It was taken a short time before I got bad. I have changed a good deal since then, your reverence; indeed, I am, God help me! My school companions used to say I grew fat on laughter and good-humor, when I was a young girl like that. Sure twenty-five years of pain and suffering is able to take the fun and humor out of any one, your reverence; isn't it?"

Again she essayed that sad, sickly smile, which smote the heart with tender pity for her far more than would a sob or even a burst of weeping.

When Father Devoy was leaving, with a promise to call soon again to see her, he extended his hand in his customary

friendly way, but was not a little surprised to find that she apparently declined the salutation.

"Ah, your reverence," she said apologetically, "I'm sorry I can't shake hands with you! But I can't lift either of my arms. *They're dead*, both of them, for the last ten years. I scarcely know I *have* an arm, God help me!"

In the ghostly phantom of a smile which accompanied this remark, Father Devoy noticed a thing that puzzled him heretofore in comparing the photograph with the original. Somehow, while the rest of her features remained in a state of frozen sadness, as it were, her eyes laughed. Yes, in those large, lustrous, brilliantly beautiful orbs something of the old humor and drollery of her merry girlhood still lingered when she tried to smile.

Everyone in the parish knew the sad story of poor Nora Coghlan. At sixteen she was as healthy-looking, handsome, and promising a girl as one would meet in a day's walk. She was then an apprentice to a dressmaker in a neighboring town, beloved by all who knew her for her sunny, happy disposition, and the innocent, light-hearted gaiety of her manner. As was natural in one of her years, she relished the pleasures of life in her humble sphere with all the zest and freshness of a merry, happy, vivacious girl in the bright springtime of youth. But ere the bud had fully blossomed the killing frost came and withered it. She got an attack of acute rheumatism, which soon developed into what the doctors termed rheumatoid arthritis. It rendered her a helpless cripple, eventually causing deformity and atrophy of the limbs. The rose-bloom soon faded from her cheeks, and her laughing face by degrees settled into an expression of sad, resigned melancholy, as she saw the chances of recovery becoming more and more hopeless. Thus the sweet dream of youth was very short for her, poor thing! And in after life she needed sorely the

consolation of the saying of Sydney Smith, that if you make people happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

After some years, during which she could hobble about after a manner on crutches, she lost the power of her legs and arms absolutely, and her hands became bent inward from the wrists. She then entered on a new phase of her weary existence as a helpless, bedridden invalid, who had to be spoon-fed like a baby.

Nora Coghlan lived two years after Father Devoy first saw her. During that time he very frequently visited her, and always found her the same gentle, patient, suffering angel, never uttering a word of complaint, but, like Job, ever blessing God. Her elder sister, who had been her devoted nurse for a quarter of a century, declared that she was such cheerful and helpful company for her aged mother and herself that they did not know what they would do when God was pleased to call her. When the young girls from the neighborhood came to see her, she gave them good advice with the air of one who had done absolutely with the world's petty concerns, and was now looking down on mundane things from the calm, unruffled serenity of a better land. Indeed, she was looked on as the saint of the parish, and her prayers were sought and valued by many. Father Devoy used to declare that he always felt the better and more humble for having seen and conversed with her.

It was literally true to say of her that she died by inches, growing gradually weaker day by day until the vital flame flickered out at last. A day or two before the end came, she sent for Father Devoy at an early hour in the morning, saying she desired to see him very specially as soon as he could conveniently come, and apologizing for the trouble she was giving him,—for he had visited her the previous evening. He found when he went that she was troubled with a scruple; and it will

probably stir the fount of tears in some to hear what that scruple was which gave her qualms of conscience.

"I dreamed last night," she said, "that I was in heaven, and that I was exactly like what I used to be when the photograph on the chimney-piece was taken; and when I awoke I had a great longing that my dream might prove true, and that I might be young again and strong and have the use of my limbs in heaven. Now I'm thinking it was wrong to wish for such a thing, for I'm afraid it was vanity; and if it was a sin I want you to ask God to forgive me before I die. Sure if I only see God, what matter about being a cripple? So I'm glad I have that off my mind now, as it was a trouble to me."

When Father Devoy assured her, in a voice tremulous from emotion, that in heaven all were forever young, and free from sickness and bodily ills, and that, consequently, he was sure her dream would be realized, she was very happy. He was ever after firmly convinced that in her case he assisted at the deathbed of a saint—for he saw her breathe her last breath,—and that when her pure and chastened spirit at length left its frail tenement it passed at once through the golden gates to the land where sorrows and sufferings are no more. Surely her twenty-seven years of trial had purchased for her the martyr's crown. Surely she walked in health and beauty in the land of perpetual youth.

Another story illustrative of the pathetic realities of life in the Island Parish was that about Martin Dinnigan. Three bachelor brothers and a maiden sister of this name lived together on a seven-acre farm. When the sister died, the year before Father Devoy came to the parish, the oldest of the brothers, John, the owner of "the place," then a trifle over fifty, recognizing the necessity of having a housekeeper, turned his thoughts to matrimony. Before, however, he could conveniently "bring in a wife," one of his brothers should go. The lot of expatria-

tion fell of necessity on the youngest, Owen; for the remaining brother, Martin, was lame and hunchbacked from the effects of an accident which happened to him when he was a child. Hence it was decided among them that Owen, who was about forty-five, should receive his portion out of the paternal estate and leave for America.

Owen was a genial, easy-going, good-natured giant, strong as a horse, but simple as a child and gentle as a woman. Between him and his brother Martin, the cripple, there existed the most extraordinary attachment,—tender, mutual and constant. Indeed, on the part of the latter it was hero-worship and admiration of the most unbounded and extravagant kind. He was never tired talking of Owen, of whom he was excessively proud, and for whom he would in very truth lay down his life; and the great man returned this warm affection by a chivalrous conduct toward his deformed brother which was often touching to witness. The oldest, the wooer of Hymen, was of a cold, morose, unsympathetic disposition, with but little of the milk of human kindness in his sluggish nature.

Hence the grief of the attached brothers at parting can be well imagined. The scene on the early morning when Owen left the old home was perhaps as heart-breaking a one as any associated with such sad leave-takings, in which hand grasps hand for the last time here below, and eyes look wistfully into eyes with the hungry gaze of those who expect to meet no more on earth. In their case, at least, it was so.

The separated brothers corresponded regularly for some time. Owen was earning good wages in New York as a coal-heaver,—an occupation for which his great strength peculiarly fitted him. After a year or thereabouts, however, the expected letter from Owen did not come. Months passed, and still no letter. Almost daily poor Martin limped on his crutches to the post-office, two miles away, to

inquire if there was "e'er a letter from Owen"; and so wistful and yearning was his look of expectancy on each occasion that it grieved the heart of the kindly old postmaster to have to say No. That regular message from across the sea had been the chief solace and delight of the cripple's forlorn life since the departure of his idolized brother, and its sudden and inexplicable interruption was a privation which only those can fully appreciate who have had a similar experience.

At last, however, Martin received an American letter, but the superscription was not in Owen's handwriting. It was from the chaplain of a hospital in New York, and gave a detailed account of a sad accident to Owen Dinnigan, who sustained fatal injuries by falling into the hold of a coal vessel some seven or eight months previously. At any rate, it broke the news gently that, fortified by the rites of the Church, after a brave battle for life, Owen had died in the hospital, having as a last request charged him, the chaplain, to send his love, his little earnings, and his few personal effects to his brother Martin in Ireland. His dying words, the letter said, were the following: "Poor Martin! I'm afraid the news will break his heart. But God's will be done."

The words were indeed a prophecy. for the weak, delicate hunchback never recovered from the shock of the dread news. It crushed and broke him, such was the depth and strength of his affection for his beloved brother, whom he followed to the better land in less than twelve months. Father Devoy in the interval was unremitting in his attention to the poor cripple, and generally found him occupied at one of three things—his Beads, his prayer-book, or reading Owen's letters, all of which he had preserved, and which were so thumbed and tear-stained as to be almost illegible. On one occasion Father Devoy consoled him by telling him he was 'putting his purgatory over him on earth' by his patient endurance of

suffering; on which the invalid remarked naively:

"So, you think, Father Devoy, I might go straight to heaven when I die without having to go first to purgatory, in consideration of the poor time I had in this world,—for, except my religion and the company of poor Owen, I had no pleasures? So you really think I might put my purgatory over me on earth, do you, Father Devoy?"

"I hope you will, Martin," the priest replied encouragingly, somewhat surprised at his earnestness.

"And do you think, your reverence, that Owen is in purgatory?" he continued presently.

On Father Devoy declaring that it was generally believed that few people were found worthy at death to be immediately admitted to heaven without having first to pass through the purifying fires of purgatory, Martin said with pathetic fervor:

"Well, Father Devoy, if God lets me go to heaven at once, and I find that poor Owen isn't there but in purgatory, do you think would God allow me to go to purgatory to take some of Owen's punishment on myself, so as to get him out the sooner? If He did, I would do that much for poor Owen,—God knows I would!"

Father Devoy used to say that he never thought of this quaint and extraordinary declaration without experiencing a tendency to cry. Surely greater fraternal love than that no man could have.

A MAN who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere: he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to that he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains, there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be called sincere and lasting.—*Dr. Johnson.*

December.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE ancient hills are piled with winter's snow
That lies like some white blossom on the world;
And in the bitter wind the orchards blow,
Their boughs with ice impearled.

Across the empty meadows and the wold,
The merry music of the sleigh bell rings;
And somewhere in the distance, dim and cold,
The snowbird sings and sings.

How bare the world of winter and how wild!
Yet O how full of cheer its bosom broad,
Since on its whiteness once was warmed the Child
Given to men by God!

 The Strife Obscure.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

V.

IT wanted one hour of the forty-eight that would end his leave of absence when the young Captain of Chasseurs-à-Cheval presented himself before his Colonel. It was seven o'clock in the evening, and he found the barracks in a state of excitement, and some move clearly on foot, the nature of which was soon unfolded to him.

There had been a serious disturbance at F., in the west of France. A picked company of the regiment was to be sent there early the next morning, and Captain de Remy was appointed to its command. The young officer looked pale as he stood, silent and erect, listening to his Colonel's instructions.

"You go under sealed orders, Captain de Remy, with the understanding that this disturbance is to be put down in accordance with your instructions. The people must be made to conform to the law. Our orders from the Minister of War on this point are very strict. No leniency whatever is to be shown."

"Yes, Monsieur le Colonel," answered Bertrand.

"When you reach F.," continued the Colonel, "consult at once with the mayor and the government's representative, who is already on the spot, and then take action with them. Be ready to start at daybreak to-morrow. The horses are fresh, and the ride will take only about five hours."

The Colonel had been brief, almost curt,—a fact that was not lost on Bertrand De Remy.

At six o'clock the next morning the Captain rode out of N., at the head of his command; and, once clear of the city, officer and soldiers put their horses at a gallop. A fresh breeze blew over the vineyards and fields through which their course led, and the clear morning sun lit up chateaux and peasants' cottages as they rapidly made their way westward. The ride in the fresh air was the best tonic the young officer could have had. It cleared his brain and restored his mental poise, which had been sorely tried within the past forty-eight hours.

He asked himself had he been blameless in all that had occurred; and conscience answered "No." Had he not allowed devotion to his fiancée and her brother to lead him into a course regarding which he had not inquired too closely? His affections and enthusiasm had led him astray. In the society, he thought he saw the future salvation of France; and it had proved to be a veritable cancer, which, unless it was eradicated or its power impaired, threatened France's very life as a nation. He knew the danger he incurred in having penetrated into the secrets of the society only to repudiate them; but he was brave, and gave no thought to any personal danger.

Their five hours' ride led through a country district, and was unmarked by any incident. It was about eleven o'clock when the red roofs of the houses and the tall spires of the cathedral of F. came into sight. As they drew nearer, they saw

that some excitement seemed to be on foot, which the sight of the soldiers clattering through the town seemed to increase rather than diminish. In the square in front of the cathedral a large and vociferous crowd was assembled. Peasants, townspeople, children, and a few gendarmes mingled in a confused and constantly moving mass of humanity. In the rapid glance he gave in passing, De Remy noticed ladies, apparently of high rank, side by side with peasant women holding their babies. Here and there the black soutane of a priest showed distinct and sombre against the brilliant color of the women's dresses.

Drawing rein for a moment, the young officer inquired his way to the office of the mayor; and was directed, none too civilly, to a tall, narrow building across the square, and facing the cathedral. Bidding his command wait outside, he mounted the steep, narrow stairs to the office of the mayor, and was met at the door by a short, lean man, who greeted him in excited French.

"My God, but it was terrible, terrible! The city was almost in the hands of a mob, and for twenty-four hours I was completely at their mercy. The gendarmes were powerless; they were driven back again and again, and one of them almost murdered by the angry throng. But now—Heaven be praised!—Monsieur le Capitaine and his soldiers have come, and all will be well."

The Captain saw the need of instant action. Drawing his sealed instructions from his pocket, he opened and read them. They were brief. Bertrand de Remy, on reaching F., was to seek out at once Monsieur Adolphe, Secretary of Government Affairs, who, with his confrères, had been sent to F. to carry out some plans of the government which had been the means of arousing this extraordinary disturbance. He was to consult with Monsieur Adolphe, and lend him all the aid possible to suppress the insurrection and restore order.

Putting the paper back in his pocket, De Remy turned to the mayor.

"Where is Monsieur Adolphe?" he asked. "I must see him at once."

"Ah, Monsieur le Capitaine, he is even now at the Convent of the Sœurs Miséricorde, just outside the city. For three hours this morning he was within the cathedral, in the face of great danger. Then he slipped out of a side door and made his way to the convent, unnoticed by the mob, who think he is still in the cathedral sacristy. Oh, but it was a clever move! They have immense treasures, these Sisters. Some of their sacred vessels were given them in the past by kings and queens of France."

To all this the young Captain paid little attention. He was not here to talk of gold and jewels, but to attend to his military duty. The official was evidently a very loquacious person.

"I would like to see Monsieur Adolphe at once," he said.

"You can certainly, Monsieur. I will appoint a guide. The prefect of police is here, and will await Monsieur's pleasure. His horse is below, and he will not lose an instant in conducting Monsieur le Capitaine and his men to the convent."

"Where is Monsieur le Préfet?" said the young officer, almost impatiently.

A tall man came forward.

"At your service, Monsieur."

"I am pleased to meet you," said Bertrand. "Come on, Monsieur!"

The two men hurried down the steep stairs; and, once in the street, Monsieur le Préfet unfastened his horse and vaulted into the saddle. Bertrand was already mounted, and soon they were galloping across the square and down a side street to the outskirts of the city.

The convent, a magnificent building, set in a park, and crowning the brow of a low hill, was soon reached. It took only a moment for soldiers and Préfet to ride at a brisk trot up the long avenue to the convent door. Here a peculiar scene awaited them.



"*Mon Dieu*, what does it mean?" said Bertrand, turning to the Préfet, whose sense of humor seemed to be getting the better of any other emotion.

The heavy oak doors of the convent were closed, the blinds of the windows were barred, and there was no sign of life save in front of the door. Here, securely fastened by ropes to one of the stone pillars of the *porte-cochère*, was a small and very stout man of about sixty, very red in the face and apparently very angry.

The Préfet drew his horse close to that of the young officer.

"That is Monsieur Adolphe," he said.

Bertrand was off his charger in a moment; but already the bound dignitary was pouring forth a flood of excited information, interspersed with vituperation of those who had so closely tied him. He, Monsieur Adolphe, accredited representative of the government, had never been so outrageously treated. For three hours, while he and his confrères had been trying to take an inventory of the church property in the cathedral, they had been beset by a howling mob, who had threatened their very lives. They had ended by locking him and his friends in the sacristy with all the gold and silver vessels of the church spread out before them. "Feast your eyes on all you can see here," they had said; "but know, O you robbers and thieves, that into the church or near the sanctuary you shall not go."

For three mortal hours he had sat there, until the mayor had created a diversion by sending the gendarmes to make a sortie in front of the cathedral; and, in the rush, he had managed to unlock the sacristy door and let them out. He, Monsieur Adolphe, called Heaven to witness that that was enough. But when, in obedience to his strict duty, he and his confrères had repaired to the convent to take the inventory of its property, and, further, to give notice to the nuns that within a week they must close their

establishment and leave France, he had been met by barred doors, and admittance was refused. And—oh, crowning humiliation!—as he stood there, commanding the nuns in the name of the law of France to unlock the door and admit him, he had been seized by seven devils in the guise of men, who had quickly bound him and left him in his present plight, finishing up by carrying off his aids to—Heaven knows where. They should suffer for it, these nuns! Let them now confront the majesty of France's army—and so forth, and so forth.

Monsieur Adolphe paused for breath; and the soldiers, obedient to military discipline, awaited the order to unfasten his thongs. But that order did not immediately come.

The Captain of Chasseurs-à-Cheval was very pale.

"Do you mean to tell me, Monsieur Adolphe," he said, "that all this excitement and disturbance is due to an order from the government, first, to take an inventory of all Church property here, and, secondly, to expel the nuns from their convent?"

"That is it, Monsieur le Capitaine."

"And you are here as the government's chief agent in the matter?"

"It is even so, *mon Capitaine*."

"Then understand, Monsieur Adolphe," said the young officer—and there was scorn and anger in his voice,—"that you deserve all you have received and more. I was sent here to quell a disturbance,—to engage, as I supposed, in such work as befits a soldier of France and a gentleman. But France, it seems, has no better game to play than to outrage the rights of the Church and hound defenceless women from the country. With this game, Monsieur Adolphe, I will have nothing to do; nor will I permit the soldiers under my command to move hand or foot in the matter. For yourself, as you can not remain here forever, I will order your release, but only on condition that you take the first train for Paris."

Monsieur Adolphe gasped. It was incredible, unheard of! An officer of France refusing to obey orders!

"Do you know it means ruin to you?" he said.

De Remy's blue eyes flashed.

"Ruin to me as a soldier of France—yes," he answered; "but the preservation of my honor. I will not render to Cæsar the things that are God's."

"Very fine!" said Monsieur Adolphe. "The man is surely mad."

"And now, Monsieur Adolphe," added Bertrand, "I will order my men to unbind your cords, on condition that you promise to go direct to the station and take the first train for Paris."

Monsieur Adolphe considered.

"Very well," he said, "I will go."

De Remy signed to two of the soldiers to undo the thongs that bound the imprisoned man; at the same time he hurriedly walked a few paces down the carriage drive that ran parallel with the convent. But he saw no sign of human life; and, coming back, he mounted the stone steps to the main entrance and deliberately rang the bell.

A small aperture in the heavy oaken door was presently opened, disclosing to view the pale face of the portress.

"*Ma Sœur*," said the young officer, lifting his cap as he spoke, "I am not a foe but a friend. You have little cause to regard my uniform with respect; but if you will admit me to see your superior, you need fear no harm. Tell her Captain de Remy wishes to see her on matters relating to the safety of herself and her nuns."

There was truth and sincerity in the young officer's face and voice that carried conviction to his sorely tried listener.

"I believe you, Monsieur," she said. "I will carry your message to Reverend Mother."

She closed the opening in the door, and Bertrand remained motionless until her return in about five minutes. This time there was the sound of iron bars

being let down: the door was presently opened and he was admitted.

He had scarcely disappeared from view when Monsieur Adolphe, now free of his confining bands, turned to the soldiers who were scattered around, resting on the grass. They were alone, the Préfet having left some five minutes before.

"My men," he said, "listen! You heard your Captain refuse to obey his orders. Ruin and disgrace await him, and you will share his fate. I am the government's lawful representative. If you will follow me now, at once, into the convent, you will have nothing to fear, and will all be substantially rewarded. First, then, I want your Captain taken prisoner and held until we hear from your Colonel; secondly, I want your co-operation in carrying out my orders to take an inventory of the Church property here and at the cathedral."

Monsieur Adolphe spoke rapidly and with insistence. The men hesitated; they were genuinely fond of their Captain, but they knew that what Monsieur Adolphe said was true. The latter saw their hesitation; and, with that intuition which has so often enabled a single man to sway a multitude of Frenchmen, who, *en masse*, always require some one to tell them what they want, or what they should do, he acted before the soldiers had time to think further.

"Forward!" he cried. "Follow me, my men, for the honor of France!"

Suiting the action to the word, he ran up the steps and laid his hand on the massive bronze handle of the door. There was a second of suspense,—then, with a cheer, the men were behind him. The door, which had only been closed and not fastened, was flung open; and the horde of undisciplined men, for the moment free of all military control, surged into the great hall of the convent. They had a momentary glimpse of a long line of frightened nuns in the distance; then the ranks broke, and the nuns fled toward the back door of the parlor. One of the men

began to sing the *Marseillaise* as Monsieur Adolphe, flushed and triumphant, opened the parlor door at his right, preparatory to taking the refractory Captain of Chasseurs-à-Cheval a prisoner.

For a moment there was a confused murmur of voices, as the nuns flocked around the Mother Superior, who had arisen from the chair at the end of the room, where she had been talking to Bertrand de Remy. It had been a trying and vexatious day, but Monsieur Adolphe felt that this was his hour of glory. He turned to the men behind him and said:

"Take yonder Captain a prisoner."

There was a flash of steel; a glint of gold lace as it caught the sun slanting through the wooden shutter of an east window; a tall form advancing across the room, and untold fire in a pair of stern blue eyes that faced the intruder and his men on the threshold of the door.

"How dare you, Monsieur Adolphe!" cried a clear, sonorous voice. "And you, Hector, Louis, Eugène! Are you soldiers of France to join in pastime like this? Back, every one of you, or I will use my sword."

He advanced further, his tall, handsome figure drawn up to its full height, his gleaming blade held in front of him.

To the poor nuns, terrified, trembling, expectant, it seemed as if the blessed Archangel Michael, with his drawn sword, had come down from heaven to do battle in their defence. They saw the men waver, and then fall back step by step, as Bertrand drew nearer and nearer, his steel blade flashing in the rapid circles he cut in the air.

Then Monsieur Adolphe collected his scattered wits and spoke:

"Forward, you hounds!—forward, or it is ruin for you!"

"Back!" cried De Remy, in a voice of thunder. "Back, men, to your horses; and stay there till I come."

With one accord the men turned and fled. That voice and presence were to be obeyed.

There was a soft footfall behind the

young officer; and the Mother Superior, very slender and very pale, passed him and made straight to where Monsieur Adolphe, very red and very angry, was breathing out threatenings and slaughter after the vanishing soldiers. She laid a light hand on the arm of the excited man.

"My father!"

"Victoire!"

"What does this mean, father? What are you doing here?"

"*Mon Dieu*, Victoire, I thought you were safe in Belgium!"

"I was, father; but that was a week ago. Now I am here, sent hither as superior to this community to lead them to far-off America, because unhappy, distracted France will harbor us no longer. We have said our *Fiat*, and we go."

Beads of perspiration stood on Monsieur Adolphe's brow. Despair, shame, humiliation, overwhelmed him. He had been found out by his only child,—the one being on earth whom he loved, and whose respect he craved. It was his daughter he was turning out into the world, an exile from her country and from him.

"O my God! Victoire!" he exclaimed. "Not you! I did not mean it for you. You were safe in Belgium, I thought,—safe from harm."

The young nun's eyes flashed.

"Yes," she said, "I know all that. This is your Nemesis, father. All these thousands of women who are pouring out of France have fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters,—dear ones who mourn them as you will mourn me. I understand now what that wonderful secret service is to which you have devoted your life. You think it will bring France honor and glory, but already it is dragging her name in the dust. For look you, my father: this struggle between Church and State is going to end in a second Revolution. When religion is banished from France, then will the poor man arise in his might to fight all order and law."

Monsieur Adolphe was past speaking. His daughter's prophecy laid bare a

hideous future. What if that power that hedged him around and ruled France should indeed be broken, and by the very forces its teaching had created?

"And now, father," said the nun, "you must go. Captain de Remy has promised us his protection until to-morrow morning, when we all leave here. He is a brave man and we know we can trust him. He and his men will keep guard outside to-night. In the morning we leave for Havre."

"Let me go with you, Victoire," said Monsieur Adolphe.

"Can you do it?" she asked.

Alas! he knew he could not. Where was the moral courage to break his chains?

At the first words showing the relationship between the unhappy man and the young Mother Superior, Captain de Remy had left the room. Monsieur Adolphe and his daughter were alone. Very slowly the man arose. He seemed to have aged ten years in the last half hour. The nun laid her cool hand on his brow, then bent and kissed him.

"*Mon père,*" she said, and her voice broke, "will you not learn to be merciful to the *pauvre Sœurs* because of to-day? Cease this sacrilege, this robbery,—this anarchy turned inside out, for that is what it is. And now farewell!"

He heard her light footfall pass down the hall; the glass door leading toward the chapel opened and closed, and he was alone. With a groan he walked out of the room, down the long stone steps, and out under the *porte-cochère*. Without a word to De Remy or the soldiers, who, thoroughly ashamed, were now completely under their Captain's control, he walked down the avenue and out of the convent gate. In another hour he was *en route* for Paris.

VI.

Captain de Remy was court-martialed and dismissed from the army. France had no use for so disobedient an officer. But the little mother smiled, as she fastened his father's sword to his belt,

and pinned to his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor that a better and purer France had given to his grandfather; for had not her son faithfully served the King of kings, who once ruled France through St. Louis? And was he not worthy of a long line of great and glorious men of France, whose light can never grow dim?

She smiled still more bravely, this little mother with the soft brown eyes, upheld by that courage that only mothers have in its perfection, when she had to say good-bye to Bertrand and Aimée, who were leaving France to begin a new life beyond the seas.

"I am too old to leave here," she said, "but you, my children, are young and strong. Go, and may God bless you in a new life of honor, usefulness and love!"

So they set sail for the New World, and knew not half the pain in the heart of the little mother, who, left behind in the old familiar surroundings, sent up fervent prayers for them and for France.

Is it not true that France, dragged to depths of infidelity, has still left some faithful souls, who give her of their prayers and tears and vigils? And, therefore, may she not rise again to heights of sanctity? The race is not always to the swift or to the strong.

"Patience, my heart!" said the little mother. "The time will come."

Several months later André Dumont was closeted alone with the head of the secret society.

"And now," said the younger man, after an hour's interview, "as it was not I who murdered Colonel S., who was it?"

The master shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"*Parbleu, mon ami,*" he said. "It was a case of wheels within wheels. The Colonel was known to be bitterly opposed to us. A staunch and bigoted Catholic, the idol of his men, he possessed an influence that we feared. He had a twin brother, this Colonel, his very image,—

a man devoted heart and soul to our cause. We sent him to warn the Colonel that an officer of France is not a missionary. In the discussion that followed, François S. got angry and accidentally killed the Colonel. It was François, wrapped in the Colonel's cloak, whom you met on the road,—François whom De Remy saw at the Gare du Nord in Paris, and mistook for the Colonel. So far you understand, my friend?"

"Simple enough when once explained," said Dumont. "But why was I spirited out of prison just as De Remy appeared on the scene?"

"Wheels, wheels again, *mon brave!* De Remy appears, *Parbleu!* but there is his sworn word that he twice sees his Colonel at a time when the best medical authority says he was lying dead. An investigation follows; they get on the trail, and the twin brother is traced. *Mon Dieu*, they have him! It all comes out. The Reactionists raise a commotion; even the Pope takes a hand in it. 'Down with the secret societies!' they cry. So you perceive, *mon brave*, discretion is the better part of valor. That fool of an Adolphe works on your sister, Mlle. Aimée. She goes to the prison, disguised; and, behold, presently you are free! There is no investigation, all is well, and—"

There was a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Monsieur Adolphe.

"Your pardon, Monsieur!" he said. "The matter is urgent. Dispatches have been received that report an uprising among the wine-growers all over the south of France. The people, backed by three hundred mayors, refuse to obey the gendarmes. They are ugly and defiant.—*O mon Dieu*," Adolphe muttered under his breath, and his teeth chattered as he tried in vain to control a trembling of all his limbs, "it is," as Victoire said, "the beginning of the end."

(The End.)

In the Region of the "Snows."

BY L. P. MURPHY.

THAT picturesque north shore at the head-waters of Lake Huron, and the fairy islands adjacent, comprise one of the most naturally beautiful and historically interesting regions of America. Romance has colored this spot with the sunset splendor of the brave Objibways, who long held it as their heritage. The tales which Longfellow wove into his Indian epic are told to-day in their native tongue by the descendants of these same Indians, who are unconscious of the fact that they have been immortalized in song. Here those tales were gathered by Schoolcraft, and imparted through interpreters to Longfellow. Here were enacted some of the most thrilling dramas of religion in the days of the early Black-robles; and here, too, war was made more awful by the savage atrocities of Michilimackinac and the surrounding country.

Through the fortunes of war in the early centuries of possession and dispossession, of conquest and defeat, of the struggles of France and England for supremacy,—the Indians suffered, and this northern shore became the last stronghold of the scattered forces of the Objibways. The stretch of mainland, once an impenetrable forest, with here and there a slight clearing on the beach, whence by day the smoke of the wigwams ascended, and by night the camp fires lighted the dark waters, is no longer theirs; for the Indians, like the trees of the forest wherein they roamed, have been almost cleared away.

At the gateway of the "Snows," gleams beautiful Mackinac Island, the home of the spirits, the fairy realm of the Objibways. Indian folklore tells of the white Indians who once peopled this island; of their valor, beauty and strength; of the giants; of Kwasind, the strong

SILENCE is the understanding of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.—Anon.

man, and his prowess,—how he changed the path of the waters and broke the power of the winds to make a safe passage for the spirits of the islands. As proof that these stories are not wholly sprung from the imagination of this most imaginative race, the remains of giants have been discovered in recent years; and other relics found in excavations give substance to the tales that are told. These beautiful islands were once the Indians' paradise, as they are now the summer paradise of the white man.

Following the north passage through the "Snows," we leave, on our left, historic St. Ignace,—the spot forever sacred to the memory of Father Marquette, since 'twas here he embarked in his frail canoe on that most venturesome trip to find the Father of the Waters. Hither his remains were brought back by his devoted Indians, to lie unknown for over two hundred years, till found and honored by the people of St. Ignace. Often his canoe went this same route of our boat, through the channels of the "Snows," going at times beyond far Sault Ste. Marie.

To our right is Bois Blanc, with its famed life-saving station, and Round Island and the lighthouse. Of Bois Blanc, there is many a pretty legend foremost among them that of the Indian maiden who saved the lives of two voyageurs by lending them some of her bright apparel, and canoeing them through the intricate channels to safety in the "Snows." On her return in the moonlight, while her heart, glad at her deed of mercy, was singing a plaintive love song, she was slain by a jealous brave. On still moonlight nights, the Indians tell you her canoe is seen gliding across the channels, and the sweet pathos of her voice is heard among the pine trees.

Before us lies Flower Island, exquisite in its evergreen beauty, rock-ribbed, high-cliffed, the interior abounding in wild flowers of every color and description; its only inhabitants the wild sea birds, its only visitor the adventurous sailor.

The spars and masts of wrecked sea craft strew the shore. Many years ago a pirate ship was wrecked here; but many another, with its ill-gotten store and ungodly crew, escaped through these channels when King Strom, the daring, unprincipled Mormon leader of Beaver Island, played hide-and-seek with the Revenue boats and brought them to their destruction. The whole fury of the open lake breaks over this little island of flowers, seeming to exhaust itself before calming down in the shelter of the islands beyond.

These channels of the "Snows" are full of danger for the larger boats, because of the many small islands and the rocks and reefs. For this reason the government has erected two of the finest lighthouses in the world at either end of the course. As a further precaution, an Indian guide must direct or steer all passenger and mail boats through this difficult route. We pass the fisheries, where as recently as twenty-five years ago the Indians came in tribes with their fishing nets. Now the white fishermen catch the fish systematically. The lifting of the nets is a very beautiful sight on a clear summer morning, when one sees the myriads of fishes entangled in the meshes, their scales flashing in the sunlight.

In the distance, to our left, is the old Indian mission of Pine River, of which Bishop Baraga wrote. It is one of those out-of-the-way places which the present-day missionary finds almost inaccessible. He must reach it in a sailboat, or by a wearisome journey overland. We pass Brulé Point, with the old Portage road through which in other days the *courriers de bois* and the Indians reached the northern encampments. This Point now shelters beautiful Wilderness Bay; and as our boat, winding through the islands, comes within sight of the first landing-place in the "Snows," the golden cross of the new little mission church of Our Lady of the Snows shines out over the blue waters.

On the hill beyond stands the mission church, now dilapidated and time-worn; old though it is, it replaced another church. Many years ago a venerable Jesuit missionary gathered his forest children around him, and built this little chapel in the woods. With these Indians were white pioneers—Irish explorers, brave in heart and strong in faith, who had blazed their way through the forests; loyal French-Canadian voyageurs, and half-breeds. This picturesque chapel is exquisite in its cleanliness and bright with Indian adornments. It is associated with holiest memories,—with lives of sanctity lived in the wilderness; with Indian braves and maidens of beautiful deeds and holy aspirations; with scenes of happy, bright-eyed, dark-skinned children tasting for the first time the Bread of Angels; with nuptial ceremonies where many a proud Hiawatha claimed his Minnehaha; with the baptism of old, obdurate pagans, their hearts long hardened by the white man's treacheries, but coming at last to claim the treasures that 'the rust and the moth can not consume, nor thieves break through and steal,' their griefs and hardships made less poignant by the promises of faith.

Eight years ago, in this chapel, Shabahway, the last pagan Indian in the region, was baptized at the age of one hundred and four years. For almost a century she had withstood all attempts at conversion. At one time the most beautiful stretch of this north shore was hers; the deeds are in her possession to verify it. One particularly interesting paper bears the signature of Benjamin Harrison ('Tippecanoe), granting protection to her "meadows in the Snows" as a grazing ground for her cattle; another deed, dated 1825, shows her right to the greater part of Marquette Island. She is now a charge upon the township,—a picturesque and pathetic old figure, full of vitality, still able to weave her mats and baskets, catch fish and pick berries to sell. And in this very same chapel

another old Indian woman, now dead, raised her cracked voice, unmindful of the titterings of the vulgar tourists, to her beloved Mother Mary, while the young braves and maidens lost courage in the presence of the pale-faces and were unable to join her.

These Indians use the hymn-books and prayer-books compiled for them by Bishop Baraga, who simplified for other missionaries the great task of mastering the Chippeway language. His name is bright in the records of the Northland. He often visited the whole of this region on snow-shoes; no hardship was too great for him, no soul too small to seek. The story of his life is a thrilling one. His journeyings took him often from Sault Ste. Marie on foot, in the depth of winter, through the trails, through the "Snows," across to Arbor Crache, in the lower peninsula.

His hymns, as sung by the Indian men, are soul-stirring; one especially, to the air of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," raises the soul to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The pale-faced worshiper must be forgiven if during this chorus a grim humor recalled the American text of this hymn, and its application to these *real* Americans. Other hymns are arranged to various French and German airs. The singing is without accompaniment, and the effect is sometimes startling and weird. But, however wanting in tone or quality, Indian hymns are not lacking in the true expression of the heart.

Of the Indians, it may truly be said their religion is a joy, and its special day a holiday. They come on Sundays from far and near, in various kinds of craft, their hearts as glad as the raiment of the women and children is gay and picturesque. It is an impressive sight, that of the boats coming up the bay; for no one can direct a boat like an Indian, so simply and accurately does he manage the sails, and so sure is he of making a safe and easy landing. The whole Sunday is spent in religious observances. Vespers seems to be an especial delight.

The largest and most picturesque of the "Snows" is Marquette Island, twenty-one miles in length, and stretching opposite the mainland. It is thickly wooded, and at the eastern extremity the Indians have clearings.

On the point across from the new church is the grave of a chieftain, one of the ancient braves, who promised to come back and inspire his people should they ever lack courage. The Chippeways say he keeps his promise. He may be seen on moonlight nights standing at his grave in his accoutrements of war. Instead of inspiring courage, however, his appearance seems to have the contrary effect. The Indians will not go near the grave at night, and are loath to visit it even in the daytime. If one gaze long enough across the water at the spot, in the clear moonlight, the old warrior can be conjured up by the imagination. But one forgets the ghostly possibilities in contemplation of the rare beauty of the scene,—the silvery splendor over the pines and firs, and the waving pathways of light leading to shadowed and wooded distances.

On Marquette Island there is the ruin of an old mission church; and Indian tradition has it that the son of the King of France came there, in military regalia, with gold laces, medals, and epaulets, to superintend its construction. On the mainland across from this church is the ancient Indian burying-ground, where Father Marquette often officiated. It is a most picturesque spot,—a high elevation, wooded, and carpeted with grass and wild flowers; it dates back almost three hundred years. At present the site is lost to the Indians, much to their sorrow.

The last Indian burial there was distasteful to the new proprietors of the land. The writer was present at this ceremony,—the burial of a child. Many of the old Indian customs are still allowed, making the event unique and pathetic in the extreme. There was the solemn procession from the forest chapel; the

little pine casket wrapped in birch-bark; the profusion of wild flowers; the weird chanting of the Indian hymns; the trip down the blue Huron in the Indian sail-boat; the stolid faces of the father and mother of the little one,—no sign of tears, no show of emotion; brave in their grief. It was not owing to lack of sorrow—for their children are their greatest and dearest treasures,—just the stoicism of the race. For days they had not tasted food, and on their faces was a never-to-be-forgotten expression of deepest sadness. The Black-gown, their faithful friend, was there, consoling, pitying, encouraging. So wonderfully do these poor people control their grief, so strong is their faith, that a group of curious onlookers questioned: "Do these creatures feel?" But too well do they feel, and most keenly,—not alone the universal griefs, but the particular wrongs to which they have been subjected.

Long famous for his incapacity in all his dealings with the whites, especially as a real-estate man, the Indian points to smiling acres lost to him by some trick of trade. Deeds are in evidence, and have been read by the writer, strangely and adroitly made, whereby some Red-Feather or Blue-Sky transfers all his possessions for a few pieces of salt pork, some flour and tobacco, and a generous supply of "fire-water" to put him in proper condition for this legal (!) transfer. There was one such deed properly attested and signed with the grantor's mark long after said grantor was in possession of the illimitable acres of the happy hunting ground. Another interesting paper showed how a young Indian real-estate agent, in faithful imitation of the white trader's methods, sold his mother-in-law's broad acres for a barrel of flour, a pair of shoes, some tobacco, and the usual modicum—a jug of fire-water.

Through the final item in this transaction more than one Indian has lost not only his lands but the fine qualities that were distinguishable in even his savage

nature. It has robbed him of his bravery, spirit, courage; and it has been perhaps the main factor in the degeneracy of the race. This Northern region has been so generously blessed by the labors of heroic missionaries, so sanctified by the breath of martyrs, that it is sad beyond expression to see this last evil contending against and overthrowing their mighty efforts. Whilst the first Black-gowns had to deal with the savage nature, these later ones must strive with a nature vitiated by "the influence of fire-water. They are not obliged to find their way through the trackless forest, nor to shed their blood; but harder to the true missionary than either of these trials is the deadly blight in the harvest.

Behind the hills and in the secluded spots are the Indian villages,—houses built mainly of rude logs, but comfortably furnished within. Each little home has its garden, not large enough to entail much labor, but yielding sufficient to tide its owners through the "long and cruel winter," providing the lake and the woods be propitious. Despite adverse conditions, they are happy. To come upon them unexpectedly in the midst of the children's play or the family occupations, they seem the happiest people of all. But the presence of the white stranger makes them darkly suspicious and taciturn. The tourist is to them a necessary evil. He buys their baskets, moccasins, mats, and maple sugar, and plies them with questions which they are diplomatic enough not to answer or to understand. On the other hand, the Indians get much amusement out of the ordeal; for they have a native humor, and from their own standpoint can criticise keenly.

Their homes are attractive and comfortable with all the picturesqueness of the Indian life. On the walls may be seen hunting implements, skins of wild animals, snow-shoes, moccasins, deer horns, and holy pictures, in vivid German art, bought from the Jewish peddler. On the floor are reed and birch-bark mats of their own

weaving. In a tiny hammock slung across the corner, and over the mother's bed, one often sees the papoose, the object of affection and care; for the Indians are devoted to their children, spending much time in training them, and keeping them clean and well dressed. So gentle and courteous are these Chippeways that it is difficult to realize in them the descendants of a warlike race. Their religion, which is part of their life, shows a wonderful influence.

Besides the Indians, there are, in the "Snows," pioneers of almost every Christian race. The Swedes found in this rocky mainland a congenial home; while from the very first the hardy Danes and the Indians were hospitable friends. There are Bohemians, Norwegians, Scotch, Irish, Finns, English, French,—and, strangest of all, far in the country, where, under the hand of toil, the stones and stumps have given way to fertile farms and pastures, there is a colony of children from sunny Italy. Through some wild colonization scheme, they found their way to the cold, frozen regions of the North. But Providence has given them a beautiful location, hundreds of feet above the lake level, sheltered from the north wind by high hills, and looking to the south, not over the blue Adriatic, but upon the silvery Huron.

They seem as much out of place as a grove of olives among the pines and firs. These poor Italians have, however, kept the Faith and the Commandments, despite the fact that they have had no priest to converse with them in their native tongue. A priest from Marquette, Michigan, recently found them out, and visits them as often as possible, making their hard lot bright with the joys of their religion. They are unique among the worshipers in the church of Our Lady of the Snows, with their bright, quaint costumes, oldtime finery and jewels, and their deep devotion. There is a pathos in the faces of even the children, as if the inherited longing of the exile. It is

strange to observe the same pathetic expression in the faces of the Indians who have verily lost their native land, and the Italians who have unwillingly found it,—contrasted with the self-satisfied, prosperous, well-fed expression of the average tourist, who knows how to wrest the possession from them and make something out of it.

Looking out over the strange congregation, unusual in its diversity of nationalities, yet all united in the one old Faith, all under the benign influence of Our Lady of the Snows, all striving for the same heaven, the words of the Benediction hymn have a strange and sweet significance:

Oh, grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee!

Notes on the Sunday Collects.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

III.—THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE collect: "Incline Thine ear, O Lord, we beseech Thee, unto our prayers; and enlighten the darkness of our mind by the grace of Thy visitation."

Once more the petition of the collect is "Thy kingdom come." The passages of Scripture here alluded to are, chiefly, these. The first, Psalm xvii, 29, *Deus meus illumina tenebras meas*, which the Tudor (Coverdale) version renders: "The Lord my God shall make my darkness to be light." The next two are from Psalm cxviii, 105, 130: "Thy word is a lantern unto my feet and a light unto my paths." "Thy word . . . giveth light and understanding unto the simple." From the Psalms, again, we get another reference, since those who compiled the Church's Offices were above all things familiar with Holy Writ: "For with Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light shall we see light."* The most obvious allusion, however, is contained in the

last verse of the Song of Zacharias (the *Benedictus*): "To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."* This, itself, is a reference to a passage familiar to the holy priest Zacharias—namely, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light"; † and also to the following, "That was the true Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." ‡

This Sunday, it should be noted, is known as "Gaudete," from the first words of the Introit: "Rejoice in the Lord always." If we realize in any measure what the coming of the true Light means to "the darkness of our minds," how "at the brightness of His Presence" the clouds removed, § we shall understand the reasonableness of St. Paul's injunction, "Rejoice in the Lord always"; shall know what he meant when he spoke of himself "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." || How shall we not rejoice, who, sitting "in darkness and in the shadow of death," have seen "a great Light," even "the Dayspring from on high"? The Introit ends with the thanksgiving: "Lord, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land. Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob." ¶

The Epistle, from the first words of which the Introit is taken, speaks of another gift which Christ's coming is to bring us: "The peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding."** It was the message of the heavenly host on the first Christmas night: "Peace on earth to men of goodwill." Light and peace,—these are the gifts which He brings to those who love His appearing.

The Gradual, from Psalm lxxix, is a prayer that God may stir up His power and come to save us. The Gospel, according to St. John, i, 19–28, recounts St. John the Baptist's witness concerning himself, and concerning Him "the latchet

* St. Luke, i, 79.

† Isa., ix, 2.

‡ St. John, i, 9.

§ Ps., xvii, 13.

|| II. Cor., vi, 10.

¶ Ps., lxxxiv, 2.

** Philip., iv, 7.

of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose." The Offertory repeats the last words of the Introit, as if, one may say, the compiler of this Office loved to recall them: "Gracious unto Thy land,"—gracious to His inheritance, He has "turned away the captivity" of His chosen people. The Communion, from the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaias, is God's message delivered by the mouth of His prophet: "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come and will save you."

The petition of the collect, as we have seen, is "Thy kingdom come." The coming is to bring light and peace, so that we may "rejoice in the Lord always." The *Invitatorium*, at Matins, for this Sunday differs from that for the first and second: "The Lord is now nigh at hand. Come let us adore,"—the first part being, clearly, taken from the first verse of the Epistle. The lessons for the first nocturn at Matins are from the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaias, beginning: "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah,"—in harmony, as we note, with the "Gaudete" of the Introit. But we note, further, that the Prophet, like the Apostle, speaks of the peace that shall follow the coming of the Messiah: "Thou wilt keep peace,—peace because we have hoped in Thee,"—a passage which the King James' Version renders: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

The theme of the responsories at Matins, drawn, as before, from the rich treasure-house of Scripture, is, as we should naturally expect, the coming of the promised Messiah. It is a theme which, as we shall see, the antiphons at Lauds repeat over and over again.

1. *Veniet Dominus*.—"The Lord shall come, and will not tarry." This, once more, like the third antiphon for last Sunday, is from the prophecy of Habacuc concerning the vision. We note, however, that our present antiphon goes on to say:

"He shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness,"*—a lightening of the darkness of our mind to which holy Job refers when he says: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ears, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and do penance in dust and ashes." †

2. *Jerusalem gaude*.—"Jerusalem, rejoice with great joy." The allusion, apparently, is to Isaias, lii, 9: "Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem." But we note chiefly how, if the first antiphon refers to the Light that is to come, the second antiphon accords with St. Paul's "Gaudete."

3. *Dabo in Sion*.—"I will give salvation in Sion." This is, word for word, from Isaias, xlvi, 13, except that "Jerusalem" is named in place of "Israel"; the City of Peace rather than the Chosen People.

4. *Montes et omnes colles*.—"The mountains and hills shall be made low." See Isaias, xl, 4; and refer to St. Luke, iii, 5, where the passage is quoted by St. John the Baptist.

5. *Iuste et pie vivamus*.—"Let us live justly and piously." The reference, which may almost be called a quotation, is to Titus, ii, 12.

The antiphon at the *Benedictus* is taken from the message of the Archangel to the Blessed Virgin: "He shall sit on the throne of David, and over His kingdom forever." At the *Magnificat*, the Church addresses Our Lady in the words of St. Elizabeth: "Blessed art thou, Mary, who hast believed!" ‡

There remains space only to note that the "Great O's," as they are called, the special antiphons at the *Magnificat*, used from December 17 to December 23, seem to belong to this week, and are doubtless to be found in any Vesper Book. It may interest some of my readers to learn that a metrical paraphrase of these most beautiful antiphons is given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (Anglican), set to an air which, I believe, is of Spanish origin.

* 1. Cor., iv, 5. † Job., 5, 6. ‡ St. Luke, i, 45.

New Light on an Old Question.

MAXIMS, or summary statements of established principles, are useful, whether in religion or in law, for a variety of purposes; but it can scarcely be claimed for them that to the common run of mankind they are self-explanatory. A pithy expression of a general rule of conduct, such as St. Augustine's, "Love God, and do what you will," may be absolutely correct when properly understood, but may also be the reverse of correct when misapprehended by the undiscerning. "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," is a maxim which may be very easily misunderstood by those who are not versed in legal lore; and among the commonplaces of religious writers there are axioms and aphorisms fully as liable to misconstruction by those who are unskilled in theology.

One such axiom, or maxim, is our Catholic dictum: "Outside the Church there is no salvation." By the great mass of non-Catholics probably, by very many of them unquestionably, this statement is supposed to be equivalent to saying that none but professed Catholics can, by any possibility, be saved; that, outside visible communion with the Church, damnation is inevitable. That this is the construction—or, rather, misconstruction—given to the axiom by the members of the various sects has been made abundantly clear of late years by the tenor of the questions put time and time again to priests engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics.

We have been interested in reading a forceful and illuminative sermon on this subject delivered by the Rev. John Gavin in the cathedral at Westminster, London; and the following extracts will probably prove equally interesting to our readers:

Let me lay down at starting three statements that are of faith: (1) Whoever dies in the state of grace, free from mortal sin, is certain to see God, face to face in heaven, although the vision

may be delayed by some suffering in purgatory. (2) Whoever dies in mortal sin of thought, word, deed, or omission, goes straight to hell forever. (3) God wishes all men to be saved (I. Tim., ii, 4); for He came not to judge the world but to save the world. . . .

A pagan commits a mortal sin against the natural law. How is that sin to be forgiven? Mortal sin is cancelled by sanctifying grace, which presupposes faith; and divine faith to the pagan is a stranger. Is there no hope for him, nor for the millions in paganism who may be guilty from time to time of what is in them grave transgression? Are we to condemn them to everlasting burnings? No theologian would for a moment think of condemning any to the hell of the damned except for full and deliberate fault. The heart of the pagan averted from God by grave sin can turn back to Him urged by natural motives of fear and hope and true repentance. Such motives do not cancel mortal sin, but at least they remove all affection to it, and thus afford free scope to the exercise of God's mercy.

The great theological maxim helps us through the difficulty: *Facienti quod in se est Deus non denegat gratiam*. Grace is never wanting in the hour of need to the soul in its honest and best endeavor to find its God. Everlasting fire shall not claim that soul as its prey. God can by countless ways enlighten it to believe in Him, in His word as punishing guilt and rewarding virtue. He can draw aside the veil hiding His sovereign beauty, that the soul may love Him for His own sake, and repent of those mortal sins as offences against Him, so worthy of love; and in such acts of perfect love and perfect sorrow there is implicitly contained the wish to do all God wants, and to be baptized by water, were this command realized or possible of fulfilment. And thus, through baptism of desire, as we call it, the work of justification is complete and the soul of the savage, as we call him, is clad in sanctifying grace, and becomes an heir to the kingdom of the saints.

We are never justified in saying that any one in particular, still less whole nations, are condemned to hell by the Saviour of the world. The number of the elect is known to God alone. Should you read of a theologian, or even of a saint, who condemns the mass of human beings to everlasting flames, you are distinctly justified in holding that such is not the doctrine of the Church. Souls are not judged or condemned in battalions. Each soul is judged according to the light granted to him. No Jew or infidel, no Anglican or Catholic, is ever condemned to everlasting perdition, except because calmly and deliberately, and with full reflection, he has refused to serve God according to his knowledge.

Men are condemned for sins of the flesh and for the far graver transgression involved in the refusal to believe Gospel teaching; but in each case there must be determined malice.

There is no minimizing of dogma, no toning down of the Church's supposititious rigorism, in this statement: it is sound Catholic doctrine that no one is damned save through his own fault.

Conflicting Testimony.

NO wonder there is so great a difference of opinion among us regarding the religious situation in France. We are assured by witnesses equally deserving of credit that things are going from bad to worse, and that a marked change for the better is noticeable; that every great feast sees the churches more crowded than ever before, and that the attendance at Mass is falling off everywhere; that the number of communicants is increasing fast, and that the people are becoming more and more neglectful of the sacraments. One writer declares that the process of religious disintegration is going on in every part of the country; another contends that it is only in certain localities that religion is losing ground. What are we to believe?

There is certainly some basis for the opinion expressed by an eminent French priest, that if there was a general election next week the results would be the same as in the last one. The tyranny of the government is not generally resented by the Catholic population. In many parishes, even in La Vendée, shelter has been refused to the *curé* when evicted from his presbytery. The expulsion of nuns continues, the desecration of churches is of frequent occurrence, Catholic officials everywhere are being deprived of their positions; and yet there is no great stir among the people. Is their indifference only temporary, or will it continue, and, if so, increase? The situation appears desperate. But, then, there is no telling what may happen in France or what Frenchmen may do from day to day.

Notes and Remarks.

"Protestant Testimony to Devotion to Our Lady" was the subject of an impressive sermon delivered a few Sundays ago in Liverpool by the Rev. Father Naish, S. J., a report of which we find in the *Catholic Times*. In the present age, he said, a great change toward the Church was being witnessed in the Protestant world. Those who forty or fifty years ago held that she was unscriptural, that she had departed from the Word of God, now confess that Catholics alone were the real defenders of that Word, that they alone had preserved the purity of the Scriptures and their correct meaning. Men found that Catholics, and Catholics alone, knew their minds, and were prepared to defend their principles to the last; and so a great change had come over public opinion, those who before refused to consider the Catholic position in its true sense being now prepared in increasing numbers to do so; and it would be a crime for any Catholic not to set that position and the truths of the Church before them.

During the past four centuries, the preacher continued, the English people had tried to rob Mary of the great honor to which she was entitled, and had as far as possible tried to degrade and dishonor devotion to her. What was the result? That in no country in the world with the same power, the same state of civilization, and the same natural goodness of character, was woman so degraded. He spoke of the masses, of the women and girls of the slums, of the drunken creatures of the drink shops. Was not this degradation of woman one of the results of the casting out of devotion to Mary, of the refusal to accept her as the ideal Woman, as the most beautiful and supremely grand type of holy womanhood? The elevated position of woman in Christian countries was due to the elevating and refining influence of devotion to Mary.

Father Naish spoke optimistically of

the future of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in England. Doubtless, he said, the people would drift away into indifferentism in increasing numbers, but he believed that the great majority would stand firm in Christian faith. Were not the people of this country, he added, coming back to Catholicity, and might we not well build our hopes for the future upon the undercurrent of devotion to Mary? To-day in many a stately church, in many a grand old cathedral, are signs of the revival of the ancient devotion to Our Lady; and the time will come when her praises will again be sung throughout the land.

If ten per cent of the people affected with the malady purchase "Worry: The Disease of the Age," by Dr. Saleeby, the book will surely go rapidly into the ranks of the best-sellers. Here is a suggestive paragraph summarizing the author's views on one always timely topic:

Again, there is the popular fallacy that mental overwork is the cause of premature decay and even of insanity. But the case is simply not so. Brain-work, as such, never killed or harmed anybody. Brain-work in a stuffy room will kill you of tuberculosis; brain-work plus worry has killed thousands; brain-work plus worry plus insomnia, many thousands more. But if the brain-work had been omitted, the impure air or the worry and the consequent loss of sleep, would have had just the same result.

Worry undoubtedly kills, or renders useless, a good many more people than does work; and, moreover, strict attention to one's appointed work is an excellent preventive of the more common kinds of worry. One variety of the mischief that 'Satan finds for idle hands [and minds] to do' is precisely senseless fretting over unalterable past deeds or problematical future trials.

Writing to the *Examiner* (Bombay), Father Power, S. J., of Edinburgh, commends the editor's use of capitals for the Divine Name, in St. John, viii, 58. He says:

Here as elsewhere in St. John, I think Our Lord clearly pointed to Himself and assumed

to Himself the unutterable Name of His Father, God. No commentator has ever seen the necessity of introducing "I AM" as you print it, in St. John, xviii, 5. The Garden of the Agony was suddenly invaded by an armed band sent by the chief priests and the Pharisees to arrest Jesus. To His question "Whom seek ye?" they answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." The Douay, Authorized and Revised Versions give Christ's reply thus, "I am he," and two out of these three always print *he* in italics. Now, what does this use of italics mean? It means that the translators, not finding the personal pronoun in the original Greek, made up their minds, rashly I think, to supply the omission. The Vulgate saw no such necessity, and renders the Greek with absolute accuracy, "*Ego Sum.*"

The point is an interesting one, and will probably be discussed at length in connection with the projected revision of the Vulgate, under the presidency of Dom Gasquet.

At the annual meeting of the archbishops, held April 26, 1906, it was decided to appoint a Director-General for the colored missions of the United States. At the next meeting, held in April, 1907, the Rev. John E. Burke, of the Archdiocese of New York, was appointed to fill the position, and authorized to begin active work in union with the local bishops. In May, 1907, the charter of incorporation of "The Catholic Board for Work among the Colored People" was duly granted by the State of Tennessee. The membership of this Board consists of Cardinal Gibbons; Archbishops Ryan, Farley, and Blenk; and Bishops Allen of Mobile, Byrne of Nashville, and Keiley of Savannah. A meeting of the Board was held at the residence of Cardinal Gibbons on July 30, 1907, to adopt the constitution and by-laws, according to the provisions of the charter received.

This Catholic Board, thus constituted, now makes its first appeal to the bishops, priests, and people of the country in behalf of this special work, warmly recommending the Rev. John E. Burke, who, guided by a further zeal for the souls of the colored people, whom he has served so faithfully for twenty-four years, has

accepted the arduous duties of his new position at the solicitation of the archbishops. He feels certain of great encouragement and large substantial aid from the clergy and laity, as he begins his labor of love with the confidence and blessing of the hierarchy. His duties, as indicated in the by-laws of the new organization, are "to create and foster the missionary spirit among Catholics and others in favor of the colored people,—preach on this subject in churches and elsewhere, distribute literature and form associations in aid of the work." We quote this strong endorsement from Cardinal Merry del Val:

Hence his Holiness most earnestly wishes that the work of the apostolate to the colored people, *worthy of being encouraged and applauded beyond any other undertaking of Christian civilization*, may find numerous and generous contributors; to all of whom, as a pledge of his gratitude, he imparts his Apostolic Benediction.

In an open address to the fathers and mothers of his diocese of Salt Lake, published in the *Intermountain Catholic*, Bishop Scanlan draws a forceful picture of present-day results of Godless education and the frenzied cult of wealth and pleasure. The following paragraphs make useful reading for parents in more States than that in which Mormonism has its headquarters:

"Well," you ask, "what can we Catholics do to arrest the decay or stay the degeneracy?" Nothing,—apart from our prayers, our example, the purity of our own lives, absolutely nothing. Stand aside; these people will exterminate themselves; they are doing it now. They did it in New England, and the old and historic names familiar to our fathers have disappeared from the census. It is as true now as in the days of the prophet: "The people who will not serve God shall perish." It is almost impossible to live, uncontaminated, in a social atmosphere charged with mephitic impurities, where even boys and girls of tender years are morally diseased. But Catholic parents saved themselves and their children from infection in a more corrupt land and age,—in Rome, in Antioch, in Alexandria. And, by adopting the same precautions and making use of the same sacra-

mental remedies, Catholic parents can do it now.

It is supremely sad; but these people are destroying themselves by divorce, by murder, by suicide, by abortion. We appeal to our clergy and to Catholic fathers and mothers to instruct well the young children in the saving truths of the Church; to watch unceasingly and faithfully over their morals, and to lead them often to the Sacraments, that they may be saved from the contagion of the social and moral diseases corrupting and destroying society.

Apropos of the children, parents can not be too frequently reminded that the obligation to supervise their reading of books and papers is as grave as is their duty to keep them from bad company. A bad book is oftentimes a worse companion than a bad boy or girl.

An extension of the work effected by the Catholic Holy Name Society is advocated by the *Toronto World*. It publishes a form of pledge which it would have its readers sign, and thus promise both to refrain from profane language, themselves, and to assist in discountenancing profanity in others. The *World* would adopt the Catholic appellation "Holy Name" for the new association, and thinks the title would prove a bond of desirable union between Catholics and Protestants. It is to be hoped that the movement may grow rapidly and widely. All Christians may assuredly unite in an earnest endeavor to stem the torrent of present-day profanity, the most utterly senseless and unremunerative—to say nothing of its sinfulness—use to which language can be put.

The vagaries of the "New Theologians" inevitably challenge the wit of the satirists. G. K. Chesterton, in the *Illustrated London News*, falls foul of one such pretentious theologian, who has written this erudite statement:

When modern science declared that the cosmic process knew nothing of an historical event corresponding to a Fall, but told, on the contrary, the story of an incessant rise in the scale of being, it was quite plain that the Pauline

scheme—I mean the argumentative processes of Paul's scheme of salvation—had lost its very foundation; for was not that foundation the total depravity of the human race inherited from their first parents?

Mr. Chesterton discusses the statement with an admirable combination of wit and wisdom, concluding:

I am honestly bewildered as to the meaning of such passages as this, in which the advanced person writes that because geologists know nothing about the Fall, therefore any doctrine of depravity is untrue. You might sum up this writer's argument abruptly, but accurately, in some way like this: "We have not dug up the bones of the Archangel Gabriel, who presumably had none; therefore little boys left to themselves will not be selfish."

Should any serious-minded reader object that flippancy is to be deprecated in all such matters, he may profitably be reminded that there is Scriptural warrant for occasionally answering a fool according to his folly,—and, in the last analysis, we opine, the "New Theologians" of the non-Catholic world, like the Modernists of the Catholic one, are not pre-eminently conspicuous for their sanity or common-sense.

Coincident with the progressive reform of church music, there is going on in England a movement for the introduction, or reintroduction, of congregational singing. Mr. Richard Garven writes to the *Catholic Weekly* on the subject in this outspoken fashion:

Of the religious value of real congregational singing we need not speak. It is almost incalculable. This is a fact well understood by all the great leaders and organizers of religious movements, from St. Paul downward. Nothing is so inspiring as the united singing of a number of people. It does them as much good as a sermon,—much more good than some sermons. . . .

For most things in the world an excuse of some sort may be invented, but for the absence of congregational singing there can never be any shadow of excuse whatever. If singing were a difficult or irksome duty, there might be some reason for leaving it to a specially trained choir. But the case is quite otherwise. All people who can sing, and most of those that can't, are really

in their heart of hearts quite anxious to use their voices as much as possible. They thoroughly enjoy it, and are prevented only by a lack of confidence or by sheer bashfulness; they only need some one to give them a start. Those who say that to ask the congregation to sing is to thrust on them an unwelcome and onerous burden are talking nonsense. All people enjoy singing when once they start; but they want starting.

This is perhaps a somewhat optimistic view of the matter; but no one will controvert the statement that congregational singing, properly executed, is both devotional and inspiring—"of incalculable religious value."

There is no knowing nowadays what one may meet with in a book on religion by a non-Catholic author. Many of these works, it must be said, are full of interest and of ideas, though to a Catholic the interest is often painful and the ideas absurd; while the admixture of truth and error, the show of reverence tinged with irreverence, the evidence of blindness and cleverness, are appalling. In "Christus Futurus," a new book by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," a plea is made for the reintroduction of the methods of the early Church in regard to the healing of disease. The author writes as if Christianity, as ordinarily understood, bade us leave disease uncured; and his object appears to be to establish a belief in the efficacy of faith-healing and its importance, the need and possibility of the exorcism of demons to-day, and the falsity of every form of asceticism, Christian and non-Christian.

With much of what our author says we are in agreement, but many of his arguments are based on an antithesis that is utterly false. Christianity does not bid us leave disease uncured, and never did. Some form and measure of asceticism, however, is a *sine qua non* for every follower of Christ. One who writes on the subject of asceticism should be careful to distinguish between joy and pleasure. Our Lord's words in reference to the kingdom

of evil are not to be gainsaid; however, we are unprepared to express an opinion as to the general need of exorcism.

We never hear the devil spoken of without being reminded of what Archbishop Vaughan of Sydney once said: "As men get misty in their notions of the God-Man, they become vague in their belief in him whose power that God came to crush." Our author quotes the Anglican Bishop Gore as saying: "The devil never did a cleverer thing than when he persuaded people to doubt his own existence."

"One point," says the London *Catholic Times*, "which the Anglican Bishop of London touched upon the other day in addressing members of his flock at St. Stephen's, Bow — on 'The Relations of the Church of England to Other Branches of the Church and Other Bodies of Christians,'—merits the notice of all denominations in this country. During his recent visit to Canada and the United States, the Bishop was struck by the kindness prevailing among the different Christian denominations in speech and action. At Quebec, where six-sevenths of the population are French Catholics, all the Catholic institutions were thrown open to him, and he was invited to every public function that took place during his visit. The same friendliness is met with by Anglicans from all the French Catholics in Canada. The Anglicans on their part admire the life and work of the Catholic Canadians, whose villages are models of order, who seem to need no police, and amongst whom the parish priest is always a power for good. The Christians in the United States, the Bishop discovered, show toward one another a similar mutual good feeling; and he affirms that he will never rest till that spirit is diffused throughout this country."

The *Catholic Times* applauds the Anglican prelate's purpose, and says 'tis needed. While admitting that there has been a

considerable improvement within the last quarter of a century in the tone of religious discussions in Great Britain, our esteemed contemporary still questions whether polemics are conducted anywhere else with so much bickering and carping.

In the current *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society* we find the narrative of a singular occurrence in the early history of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Francis X. Reuss gives the story in the words of the venerable missionary priest from whom he heard it a few years ago:

During my younger days in the mission, I was visited at the pastoral residence one evening by the son of a deceased Mennonite preacher, who had lived near where the little old log chapel had stood, on Lancaster pike, between Mt. Joy and Elizabethtown. He introduced himself to me, and told me that he had called for the purpose of receiving instructions, with a view to entering the Catholic Church. To discover why he had received that special grace, I asked him how he conceived the idea of entering the Church; he replied:

"Well, Father, I must tell you the whole story, which is most remarkable. My father was a Mennonite preacher and an exemplary man; he had been baptized when we boys were quite grown, and he took to preaching. He led a good and devout life, taking great care of his family of boys and girls, and it was a large one. He fell ill and died after a long sickness. We laid him out on his bed. I think for about two hours he remained thus; but to our surprise, after lying for two hours apparently dead, he suddenly sat up on the bed and spoke, saying to us that we must all become Catholics, that that was the true and only Church. This was all he said; and then he laid himself down again, and so died, and after due time was buried. And this, Father, is the reason why I have come to see you, and be received into your Church."

The wise in their own conceits would probably explain the foregoing as a case of suspended animation and the accidental expression of a subconscious idea. Ordinary practical Catholics will regard it as a specific act of God's mercy, a possible reward of unquestioning good faith in an erroneous creed.



The Child of Mary.

BY M. C. J. M.

FAVORED mortal, Mary's child,
Can tongue reveal thy bliss?
The spotless angels 'round her throne
Know not a name like this.

For *thou* canst say, as Jesus did:
Madonna, Mother mine!
For He Himself on Calvary's Hill
Hath made *His* Mother thine.

She guides and guards thee every step
Of life's dark, rugged way;
If thou but trust and cling to her,
Thy feet can never stray.

Fear not! Thy soul is in her hand,—
She knows the price it cost.
Fear not! It never yet was heard
That Mary's child was lost.

The Monk of Lorch Abbey.

ON an island in the Rhine, not far from the ancient little town of Heppenheim, stand the ruins of the once rich and powerful Benedictine Abbey of Lorch. This Abbey was founded by Pepin, father of Charlemagne, King of the Franks; and it stood during many centuries, until the devastations of the Thirty Years' War destroyed the church and cloister. An interesting story is connected with it.

Once when Charles the Great was journeying through the Rhine countries, he came to Lorch. The old ruler was received by the abbot and his community with great respect. Being weary, the Emperor retired early to his chamber; but the cares of his kingdom drove sleep from his eyes. Finding no rest, he arose and went to an inner chapel attached

to the cloister to relieve his heart in prayer. Thinking himself quite alone, he knelt down at the altar and remained there for some time in fervent devotion.

When he was about to return, he saw to his surprise that he had not been alone. A tall, grey-haired monk was kneeling behind him, apparently absorbed in deep prayer, and a young man was standing near. The Emperor, hidden behind a large pillar, felt himself attracted by this strange pair. The venerable appearance of the monk struck his attention, and he observed him closely. He waited patiently until the monk had finished his devotions; and as the old man was led away by his youthful guide, Charlemagne saw that he was blind.

In the morning the Emperor related to the abbot what had happened, and inquired the name of the monk. But the only information he could receive concerning him was that he was called Bernhardus and had come from a distant cloister; his lineage and the name of the monastery where he had formerly dwelt he refused to divulge. Impelled by curiosity and sympathy, the Emperor desired to be conducted to the monk's cell.

When he was face to face with the old man, the Emperor's features underwent a great change. He could no longer be mistaken. This tall man, in whose countenance pain and sorrow had left their traces, had once worn a prince's crown; and when Charlemagne had dethroned Desiderius, his father-in-law, this man had rebelled against him, had been imprisoned and afterward generously forgiven; but having again plotted against the Emperor, the latter had consigned him to a cloister for the rest of his life. Yes, it was Thassilo, Duke of Bavaria.

Thus the feudal lord and his vassal stood before each other again, conqueror

and conquered, both grown gray with life's cares; the latter, robbed of his eyesight, not knowing who thus addressed him.

"My brother," said Charles, deeply touched, grasping the monk's hand, "he who now is speaking to you was once your great enemy. Both our heads have grown gray, and the resentment of the feudal lord against his proud vassal has disappeared forever. Those times are long since past. Charlemagne stands before you, offering you pardon and wishing to be reconciled to you. Let the last spark of rancor which you once fostered against me escape from your heart."

Overcome by emotion, the monk fell down at the Emperor's feet.

"My King and my sovereign!" cried he in a broken voice. "I have sinned heavily against you, but will strive to expiate the wrong by penance and atonement until death. When I heard of your arrival in the cloister, I went by night to the altar, praying to Heaven for forgiveness for my rebellious conduct; and I now implore your pardon, which is my last earthly wish."

The monk, overcome with emotion, fell fainting to the ground. Charlemagne, greatly moved, ordered every attention to be paid to his old enemy, now his venerated friend.

The next morning the Emperor, wishing to see Thassilo again before leaving Lorch, went himself to the monk's cell but the abbot informed him that the old man had quietly expired during the night.

In Idle Moments.

Chancellor D'Aguesseau, becoming vexed because his wife was in the habit of keeping him waiting for a quarter of an hour after the dinner bell had rung, resolved to put the time to good account, and the result was a learned work on jurisprudence in four large volumes. Another eminent man, having often to wait for his barber, learned the Spanish language in the otherwise idle moments.

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XV.—THE JOURNAL RESUMED.

July 3 or 4 (I forget which).—I am not in the attic now. I was till Wednesday afternoon. Martha came to see if I was sick, and Cousin Elery came upstairs with her to see me. First I would not unlock the door, because I did not want to see the crooel cousin; but when I heard Martha begging, "Do let me in, dearie!" I couldn't help it, and I opened the door; and then we both cried, Martha and I, and put our arms around each other. And then I see Cousin Elery wiping her eyes, and I got very mad and I said to her: "Why do you make believe and cry, now that Martha is here, when you are so crooel to me when she is at home?"

And she said: "I do not mean to be crooel, my dear."

And I enteredupted her and said: "I am not your *dear*, and I do not want to be your *dear*."

Then she said: "Very well. I don't care about that. I have been put in charge of you, and you must obey. You are a naughty girl, and I must make you good."

And then I said to her: "You will never make me good, not if papa stays away ten thousand years. I shall be like the lady in the donjon keep."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Cousin Elery; "and *you* don't either, child."

"I know very well," I said. "It is a lovely book I found, and I am reading it. She could weep and she could sleep, and all around the place she'd creep, at night, within the donjon keep."

"How poetical!" said Cousin Elery. "I did not know you were a poet."

"I am," said I, thinking of the verses I sent you, papa; and then she said such a foolish thing. "What cheek!" it was.

And I said: "If my cheeks are thin,

Cousin Elery, it is your fault, because I have been shut up in this room, like in a donjon, nearly three days."

And then Martha said: "Whirlwind dearie, do not answer Miss Melloden back that way. It is very rude to do so."

And then I said: "I won't, Martha,—I promise you I won't, after I have told Cousin Elery just two things."

"What are they?" said Cousin Elery.

"First," I said, "I want to tell you that I did not compose that potrey about the donjon keep. It is in the book. It would be a falsehood if I let you think I did, and I do not want ever again to tell a lie."

"Do you sometimes?" she said.

"Once I did tell a great big one," I answered her. "Martha knows, and Miss Allen. It was about Gentle Waters."

"Gentle Waters?" said Cousin Elery, looking at Martha. "I don't understand."

"You don't need to, either," I said. "It is nothing about you."

"Is this irony?" she said.

And then I said: "I don't understand you, Cousin Elery."

And Martha said: "It's nothing, Miss Melloden."

And I said: "There is one other thing I have to say, Cousin Elery, and then I shan't ever talk to you any more."

"But, Whirlwind," Martha said, "that wasn't what I meant by answering back. It was that you should not be rude or disrespectful to your cousin."

"Why do you call her by that ridiculous name, Martha?" Cousin Elery asked. "I shall never do it."

"That is what I wanted to talk about before I stop," I said. "I don't like you at all, Cousin Elery, and you hate me; but there is one thing I want to thank you for."

"What is that?" she said. "I do not hate you, but I am surprised that you can find anything to thank me for. I seem to be a monster in your eyes."

I looked at her a while. "You are tall, Cousin Elery, but you are not big enough for a monster," I said.

Then she and Martha laughed, and I did not like it very much; but I said: "I want to thank you for not calling me by my other name, as you said you would, Cousin Elery."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Always, ever since, when you talk to me, when you come to the place where the other name—not Whirlwind—comes in, you stop a moment as if you were going to say it, and you *don't*. You say nothing at the end, or just 'child.' It must be very hard for a person like you to do that, Cousin Elery; isn't it?"

And then, papa, she began to scold me so hard, so hard—and I hadn't been bad—that I cried and cried; and she said to Martha that I was an actress, papa,—an *actress!* Wasn't that silly?

I will now stop. No: I must tell you first that Cousin Elery and Martha almost quarreled in the corner. And then Cousin Elery said to Martha that I could go and stay with her till Friday, and maybe longer; and I was *so* glad. And then she went downstairs, and first I called out: "Thank you, Cousin Elery!" And she looked back and smiled. And I said: "Cousin Elery, if you knew how nice you look when you smile, you would always do it." And that time she went right on. And then I hopped and skipped downstairs. And Martha packed my bag, and I forgot to say good-bye to Miss Allen and the girls. But I ran back again and said good-bye. And I almost flew, I was so glad. And I sang all the way:

The summer sun is shining,
No little girl is pineing.

The river's brightly flowing,
And she is glad she's going.

And all the bees are humming:
"She's coming,—Whirlwind's coming!"

But Martha said the bees never made any noises that sounded like those words at all, and there was no insect that did. But I could hear them—I really could,—and I told her so; and she hugged me, and I kissed her. Now I must stop, for I am tired. Good-night, darling papa!

The Middle of July.— So many things have happened! I hope I can remember all. When I got to Martha's they were all real glad to see me, and Bessie and Alfred and I had a race. They said I flew, and I told them they would if they had been shut up in the house so long. And I was *so* glad, papa, they could run and jump and play, and loved it. We had a holiday all day, and I was so happy that I almost cried. It was so lovely, too, at night, to wake up and find myself in the cot, close to some one that loved me. And Martha put out her hand when she heard me stir, just like she used to do when I was little, and she said "Dearie, dearie!" and in a moment we were both asleep again. And, papa, I am learning to croschay, and I like it.

First we do our lessons, and then Mrs. Fersen reads or tells us two stories every day; and Bessie and I croschay while she does it, and Alfred carves some wooden things. He sells them, papa, and I am going to buy something for you from him for Christmas. And if Mr. Fersen is away sketching, we go to where he is, with a basket full for luncheon. And if he is at home, we have it under the trees, near Martha's. And I showed the children the chesnut tree where I saw them; and we all climed up and sat there a long time, and talked about the "Swiss Family Robinson," and surprised their papa and mamma when they came walking around, together. I was so glad when Mr. Fersen told me you had written him a letter, and that he would think about staying here to dezine for you. He would like to do it, but he must be in the open air part of every day. I hope you will let him do that, papa; then he will come, I am pretty sure.

For four days I was with them, and not once did I get mad or disobedient. I was nearly angry, though, when Martha told me on Saturday morning I must go home now, and stay with Cousin Elery and Miss Allen that day, and maybe I

could come back on Sunday. She said that was the way to find out if I was really good or not, and so did Mrs. Fersen. She said it was very easy to be good if no one contradicted you, and I think that is true. So I came back, and Cousin Elery was real kind; but I was sorry to hear that Miss Allen's grandfather was dead, and she had to go home for a few days. I said: "Cousin Elery, I will try and keep you company then." But she said: "Gracious, child, don't think of it! I'm used to being alone, and I must confess I have no faculty for managing children." Well, I did not think she was very polite. But I was glad she did not want me to stay with her, because I was sure there would have been another quarrel, and maybe I would have to spend some more days in the attic. I wouldn't like that.

Esther made roly-poly pudding for dinner, with blackberries, because I came home; and Cousin Elery and I almost had a fuss about that. She would not eat any, and she said that it was putting poison in the stomich to eat such stuff, and that you ought not to let me do it. And I said you liked it almost better than any dessert, and that your grandmother used to make it. And then she said that Esther must never make it again while she was here; and rang the bell, and Minnie came, and she told her to tell Esther. At first I thought she was going to send my pudding away, but she didn't. And after supper we walked in the garden, and she told me about the poor children in big cities. And it was awful. I thought of it in bed and nearly cried. The next day was when the dreadful thing happened, and I am going to tell you about it, but not to-night. But no one is dead, which is a wonder; and Cousin Elery and I are both well. I dreamed of it last night, though; and Minnie came in because I had the night mare, and she slept on the lounge, and I was glad she did it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The "Sunday-School Hymn Book," compiled by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and published by the Oliver Ditson Co., should find favor with directors of children's choirs everywhere. The selections, both as to music and text, are in accordance with the spirit of the Church, as manifested in late pronouncements from Rome—a surety of which is found in the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Boston.

—A recent addition to the Past and Present Library, an attractive series of English books for sale in this country by Mr. B. Herder, is "The Love of Books"—Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon" (1281-1345). It is a volume to delight the heart of a book-lover. Bishop de Bury was at one time tutor to King Edward III., and was for his day a great traveller as well as an ardent bibliophile. Though modernized, the language of the present version has the flavor of the long ago; but the strictures of the good Bishop might well be hung up as warnings to many readers in public libraries to-day.

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have brought out a new abridged edition of "The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena," translated from the Italian by Algar Thorold. The Introduction to this excellent addition to mystical writings at once establishes a sympathetic interest in the privileged Saint of Siena, and insures the right viewpoint,—a very necessary thing in works dealing so directly with the supernatural. Of the revelations themselves, it suffices to say that "truth was to St. Catherine the handmaid of the spiritualized imagination, not, as too often in these days of the twilight of the soul, its tyrant and its gaoler." The book is very tastefully produced.

—While there is very much that one might say, there is very little that one need say about Mr. Crawford's Christmas story in a notice of it. Removing the outer covering of the book, glancing at the publishers' circulars addressed to editors, admiring the elegant appearance of "The Little City of Hope," and reading the last line of it, was a continuous act with us. It is an intensely interesting story, with a masterful blending of the sorrowful and the glad; joy, of course, being the dominant tone. Every one of Mr. Crawford's readers remembers the titles and something about the contents of all his books,—which is much to say, he has written so many; but no reader can ever forget—such is the interest inspired—the principal characters of the present story, or the events which brought

happiness to them on Christmas Day. It would require too many words to explain why, but we like "The Little City of Hope" better than some of Mr. Crawford's more elaborate productions. There can be no question about the power of a book that must be read at one sitting. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

—Of "Meditations for Monthly Retreats," for the use of religious, the Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J., says in his preface: "It is old to readers of German and Flemish, but now makes its first appearance in an English dress." These meditations will be hailed with genuine satisfaction by the members of many a religious community. A compact little volume of 232 pages, published by Benziger Brothers.

—Three new books for boys by Father David Bearne (Messrs. Benziger Brothers) form an important and timely addition to Catholic juvenile literature. The titles are: "Nick Roby," "The Guild Boys," and "New Boys at Ridingdale." Father Bearne's characters are all true to life, and he has a way of making his readers really acquainted with them. To find some of the "old boys" among the "new boys" is like meeting intimate friends. There is, of course, an English atmosphere about these stories; but it really doesn't make much difference, for boys are boys the world over. There is no dearth of fun in Father Bearne's books,—the right kind of fun, the sort that young gentlemen (not prigs) are sure to enjoy. Price, 85 cts. each.

—"A true poet, one of a small band," was the late Francis Thompson, whose checkered career closed in a peaceful death at dawn on the 18th ult. His forty-seven years were crammed with pain. It was of such rarely gifted souls that another Catholic poet, Denis Florence MacCarthy, wrote:

The poet's heart is a fatal boon,
And fatal his wondrous eye,
And the delicate ear,
So quick to hear,
Over the earth and sky,
Creation's mystical tune!
Soon, soon, but not too soon,
Does that ear grow deaf, and that eye grow dim,
And Nature becometh a waste for him,
Whom, born for another sphere,
Misery hath shipwrecked here!

Mr. Thompson was a poet of the first rank; no doubt; but his "golden musics" are unquestionably for the cultured few. These find wealth of imagination, subtlety of thought, and high suggestiveness where the uncultured many discover only confusion, obscurity, and blankness. And yet there are poems in his slender

books, "The Hound of Heaven," for instance, that would seem to require no interpreter and should be known to all lovers of poetry. Francis Thompson will probably be lost sight of for a time when those who knew him have passed away, but future critics will surely place him among the immortals; and let us hope that the beauty of poems like "Daisy" will some day appeal even to the class of readers to whom most of the little that Mr. Thompson wrote is now caviare.

—When one finds the name of Olive Katharine Parr on the title-page of a book one feels that the time spent in reading the volume will not be wasted. Miss Parr's former literary achievements give assurance that any new work of her's will be found worth while. And the nine stories comprised in "Back Slum Idylls" are distinctly worth while. That the stories are "fact, not fiction, . . . not the invention of a vivid imagination, but the sober, uncolored portrayal of criminal lives whose threads have become interwoven amongst my mother's, during her labors in prison, workhouse, and slum," only adds to the interest attaching to each of the narratives; while it detracts nothing from the skill with which the story-teller blends literary grace and humor and religious undertone with the realism of a newspaper reporter, keen-eyed and alert. The denouement of several of the tales, faithful to life if not to art, suggests that truth is often not only stranger but sadder than fiction. A book to procure and to read with pleasure and profit. The publishers, R. & T. Washbourn, have increased the attractiveness of the volume by inserting a goodly number of excellent illustrations.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with a 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 Little City of Hope." Marion Crawford. \$1.25.

"The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena." Algar Thorold. \$1.80, net.

"The Love of Books (Philobiblon)." Richard de Bury. 60 cts., net.

"Meditations for Monthly Retreats." \$1.25, net.

"Delecta Biblica." A Sister of Notre Dame. 30 cts.

"The Iliad for Boys and Girls." Rev. Alfred Church. \$1.

"The 'New Theology'; or, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's Main Conclusions Refuted." Rev. W. Lieber. 30 cts., net.

"Ecclesiastical Diary, Ordo and Note-Book." \$1.

"Sursum Corda." Baron Leopold de Fisher. \$2, net.

"Penance in the Early Church." Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D. D. \$1, net.

"Conferences for Children on the Gospel of St. John." Sister Mary Teresa, O. S. B. 85 cts., net.

"True Historical Stories for Catholic Children." Josephine Portuondo. \$1.

"Good-Night Stories." Mother Salome. 75 cts., net.

"A Day with Mary." Caryl Coleman. 60 cts., net.

"The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. II. and III. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.

"Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649." Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. \$1.50, net.

"The Life of Blessed Julie Billiart." A Sister of Notre Dame. 40 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Augustus Niemann, of the diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Agatha, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Alfred Allan, Mr. Louis Young, Mrs. Catherine Blair, Mr. Owen Beaven, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mrs. Elizabeth Monaghan, Mrs. Mary Johnson, Mr. John Galvin, Mrs. Magdalene Zink, Mrs. Ellen Trotter, Mr. William Wessels, Mrs. James Harkins, Mrs. Catherine Denniston, Mr. George Riley, Mrs. B. Eberhardt, Mrs. Anná Lannan, Mr. Frank Holmes, Mrs. Bridget Leane, Mr. George Simendinger, Mrs. C. Hayden, Mrs. M. Brehamy, Mr. A. B. Hill, and Madame Clémence L'Espérance.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

For the Gotemba lepers:

Child of Mary, \$1; Mrs. S., \$1.

To the Filipino student fund:

M. S. D., \$2.





THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.
(Lateran Basilica.)



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

VOL. LXV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 21, 1907. NO. 25.

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

He Came unto His Own.

INTO the world the Master came,—
 Into the world He made;
 Down through the rows of shining stars,
 Over the far horizon bars,
 Down through the golden sunset flame,
 Into this world of shade.

Over the world the tidings flew,—
 Over the world that slept;
 Over the earth and over the seas,
 Over the bending forest trees,
 Thrilling the darkness through and through,
 Darkness that vigil kept.

Unto His own the Master came,
 Happy their blessed lot!
 Closed were their hands to gifts He brought,
 Closed were their homes where rest He sought,
 Closed were their hearts, O bitter shame!
 His own that knew Him not!

C.

Our Lady at Christmas.

BY DOM BASIL WELD, O. S. B.



T. JOSEPH was a scion of the tribe of Judah and of the House of David. As such, in obedience to the edict of Rome, it was necessary for him to present himself at Bethlehem of Judah, the home of the House of David, to which he belonged. With St. Joseph went Mary, his virgin spouse, who was with Child.

Over hill and vale they passed until at length they reached the country of

Benjamin and the land of Judah; just north of the border stood Jerusalem, and a few miles south of it Bethlehem. All along the route the holy couple must have met others travelling to their respective cities and towns; and no doubt as our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph neared their destination, and crossed the fields of Booz, wherein Ruth many generations before had gleaned the corn, and the pastures where David the King, of the root of Jesse and of Ruth, had tended his flocks, they thought of all these treasures of traditional and written lore so dear to the Hebrew heart; and they must have passed by the way Rachel's tomb, wherein Jacob laid his beloved to rest; and remembered that it was at Bethlehem of Judah that Samuel had been anointed king.

Mary must have remembered also that it had been foretold that the Messiah would be sprung from the House of David and of the seed of Jesse; and that by the prophet it had been written: "And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule My people Israel." And she may have asked herself who would anoint Him as King? Moreover, she now knew, so far as human reason could tell, that her own Son was to be born in this same city; that there she was to raise up the Seed which was to crush the serpent's head; the Fruit of the Second Eve, which was to manifest to the Jews the God of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and to the world, the Saviour of all those

who would hear His voice and listen to His teaching.

As they approached the city, or as we should say now the town, of Bethlehem, Mary and Joseph saw that it was crowded: with a few friends it may be (Joseph's kinsmen), and many strangers; and a cold fear passed into that Mother's heart lest there should be no room for her and her Babe in the inns and lodgings of the town. And so, indeed, it proved. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." "And it came to pass that when they were there her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." And our Blessed Lady found verified in her those words of the Prophet Isaias: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a Son; and His name shall be called Emmanuel,"—which, being interpreted, is "God with us."

The inns and houses being too full to admit them, Mary and Joseph were compelled to find shelter in a cave, or cavern, on the side of the hill, a place used for the stabling of cattle on the winter nights; for in Palestine the nights are cold, and often the snow lies on the ground "deep and crisp and even." Here, in the humble home of the beasts of the field, the ox and the ass, our Divine Saviour was born. Mary, Joseph, and now Jesus: "And thou shalt call His name Jesus,"—the Christ, or anointed one. Here, then, was *contentment* in the midst of cold and want: the humility of heaven expressed on earth!

On the hills hard by shepherds were watching and keeping guard on their sheep: "And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to

you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign to you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

Imagine the spellbound astonishment of those humble, simple men. They—could it be true?—were to be the first to recognize their God on earth! "And suddenly there appeared with the angel," who had announced the joy to them, "a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." Spellbound still, "it came to pass," continues the beautiful Gospel narrative, to which no other words could compare, "after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger."

Imagine the surprise of the shepherds on entering that grotto so well known to them, where perchance they had driven in their own sheep when the wolves were about. They had come to find a King! What splendor the idea of a king must have conveyed to minds such as theirs! And yet *here* was the Saviour of whom the angels had spoken,—"the Infant lying in a manger"; and with Him Mary and Joseph, alone of all the human race! Imagine their surprise and wonder.

Imagine, too, Our Lady's feelings at this moment. Who can speak them? Had she also heard the strains and melodies of the angelic choirs? Had she been comforted by the sight of the hosts of angels that hastened to and fro in that little cavern to obtain a glimpse of their King? It may be: we are not told; but we may legitimately think it must have been so. At such a moment Mary's vision must have been raised, we would say, beyond the mere sphere of human understanding.

The Gospel story tells us only of the shepherds: "And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this Child." They came and they adored. How beautiful the scene in its very simplicity, known to us, as it is, on our every Christmas picture! "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." Such was their first Christmas Day,—a day they could not well have forgotten to the end of their lives, even as we ourselves have the happiest of holy and peaceful recollections of our own first Christmases spent in childhood. "And all that heard wondered, and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, *pondering them in her heart.*"

To our Blessed Lady the marvellous ways of God, quite inscrutable to human unravelling in their deeper depths, had become a source of wonder, astonishment, and study. She felt that she was now entirely in the hands of God; that she was, after all, merely the instrument of God, through whom and to whom He was to do "great things" for men. She felt, too, that reliance on the right hand of the Most High was her only hope; that without Him she could do nothing, but with Him all things "that were written" might be accomplished.

"And after eight days were accomplished that the Child should be circumcised," Mary and Joseph passed up north to Jerusalem, and the Child was named Jesus, "which was called by the angel before he was conceived in the womb. And after the days of her purification were accomplished, *they carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord. . . .* And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon; and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was in him. And he received an answer from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of

the Lord. And he came by the Spirit into the temple. And when His parents brought in the Child Jesus, to do for Him according to the custom of the law, he also took Him into his arms, and blessed God and said: Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace: because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel. And His father and Mother were wondering at these things which were spoken concerning Him. And Simeon blessed them."

Such was holy Simeon's joy,—a gladness which enabled him to speak his *Nunc Dimittis*, and to be content to die for the peace of it. Christmas Day should be to us also a day when the vision of our Divine Lord in the Crib, as represented in our own humble way in our churches, should prove to each one of us a pledge of our eternal salvation; a day of rejoicing exceeding great, with a spiritual gladness, in that on that day "a Child is born to us," a Son is given to us, whose name shall be called the Angel of the Great Council, Wonderful, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. On that day a Light shall shine upon us, which shall be a sign to us of future glory and a pledge of never-ending beatitude.

THE custom of putting various greens in the churches on Christmas Day is a very ancient one. It would seem to be strictly in accordance with Holy Scripture; for we read in *Isaias* (lx, 13): "The glory of Libanus shall come to thee, the fir tree and the box tree and the pine tree together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will glorify the place of my feet." An old Saxon couplet ran,

Whosoever against holly doth cry,
In a rope shall be hung full high;

while a fifteenth century carol begins,

Holy and ivy, box and bay,
Put in the church on Christmas Day.

A Social Effort at Loon Lake.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

IN December, having begun to dream of home and the long delights of Christmas, Miss Brazill described for Angelique, eldest daughter of the house of Landry, the glories of the festival in the cities of the South. Between her and Angelique a feud existed, based on the fact that Miss Brazill had partaken of her favorite chicken in July. At the table Angelique had refused to share in the morsel; and on being pressed for an explanation by her mother, replied with dignity:

"Mother, I can't eat my friends nohow."

"Well, good gracious," said her mother, "if you had just told me it was your friend, I could have taken any other."

As nearly all the chickens held some intimate relationship with Angelique, she could not indulge in the delicacy thenceforward. She never forgave Miss Brazill, who, more to tease Angelique than to express her own feelings, described minutely a Christmas in the South.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," cried Mrs. Landry, "don't give her the idea of Christmas trees, or she'll upset the whole place trying to get one! You know by this time how sot she is."

Everyone in Loon Lake knew. The child of ten ruled the town. For sheer determination, Angelique resembled a mountain torrent descending: nothing could stop her. As Miss Brazill had no small experience with children, and had long ago learned to appreciate the forces residing in small people, it occurred to her then that life might be made more interesting for Loon Lake by letting this force loose at the Christmas time. However, heeding the warning of the worried mother, she offered no encouragement. Angelique surveyed her some moments, evidently with two thoughts in her mind: the eating of her chicken friend and the Christmas experiences of the

city lady. Then she turned to her mother.

"I want a Christmas tree, mother."

"There she goes!" cried Mrs. Landry. "Angelique, put on your hood and run over to Cherrier's for a pound of ginger snaps. Ask *him* to give you a Christmas tree."

"You've certainly done it this time," she said to Miss Brazill when the child had gone. "I'll have to find a Christmas tree and fix it up somehow, or we'll get no peace. I never in all my life saw any human creature so sot as that child. Where she got it I don't know. I'm easy enough, and as for Zeb—"

Words failed her to describe the easiness of Eusebe Landry's nature. He had not done enough work in five years to keep him in tobacco. Good-looking, amiable and lazy, he left it to his wife and their relatives to solve the problems of eating and drinking and getting shelter and clothes. As they had to do it, Eusebe gave himself no thought about their method.

Miss Brazill, being able to plan a little, now drew up a scheme which might profitably direct the force called Angelique into action. In due time the child discovered that Loon Lake people knew nothing of Christmas trees. She came then to her opponent with the statement now more familiar in the place than the winter winds.

"I want a Christmas tree, Miss Brazill."

"Then listen to me, Angelique. Will you do what I tell you to get one?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You want a Christmas tree just like I told you the other day?"

"Yes, ma'am,—a tree, and a Santa Claus, and an entertainment and cakes."

"Very good. Now, first, your papa must go to work for the grocer and make some money. Mr. Cherrier wants a man. If your papa works from now till Christmas he will have plenty of money. Second thing to remember: Mr. McDonough must let you have the schoolhouse for the entertainment. Ask him. Third thing

to remember: Mr. Ryan must play and dance and sing at the entertainment. Ask him. Fourth thing to remember: Mr. Cherrier must shut up his store and take us all in his team to Mass at Lyon Mountain on Christmas Day. Ask him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

And she went away after another doubtful survey of the woman who had eaten her favorite chicken.

"And she never looked more 'sot' than she does now," Miss Brazill thought. "I wonder if any one could afford to carry that determination through life?"

The four tasks set for Angelique represented the impossible in Loon Lake. Nick Ryan, the station agent, sang and danced and played the violin delightfully; ever ready to display his accomplishments for the railroad men in shanty gatherings, but afraid of a public appearance or an audience, with Miss Brazill in the front seat. The school-teacher had just enough courage to walk to and from his daily task, after which he disappeared from human sight in his room or in the woods,—a sweet, shy boy, overcome by deformity and melancholy. The grocer was known as the stingiest man in the world, and the meanest money-grabber. He never closed his store, never left it for a minute, never gave away the value of a straw, never took a day off; just slaved and saved, kept his wife busy with such boarders as could be found in the vicinity, and spent his leisure denouncing the extravagance of men. Zeb Landry had worked a month on two occasions, before and after his marriage. Against such ramparts Miss Brazill maliciously sent the innocent but determined Angelique.

Something had to be done for the community, and she herself had neither the strength nor the nervous power. Of all that once belonged to her there remained just two things: bread and a stone. Some phrases are born, not made; and this one fell from her lips at the close of a day of desolation,—her first day in

Loon Lake. Health had slipped away from her, leaving behind a threat of consumption; she had to count her steps and be sure of a seat against fatigue. Friends were few and distant; she had money enough for two years; and the future, once so bright, reminded her of the boy eating the apple: there might be no core to it. The physicians told her that good feeding in the Adirondack air would probably restore her health, and she now simply lived to eat. Her poverty fixed upon Loon Lake as a residence; and the one thing which reconciled her to the wild, bare spot was the mountain at whose feet her cottage stood. It rose on a slant of a mile a full thousand feet above the plain. The buccaneers of commerce had stripped it of its garments of green, so that the poor, sublime stone stood naked, rugged, desolate, like her own life, ridged with fright and despair, made hideous with the rubbish of destruction; looking like an angry porcupine with its burned, branchless trees, it had not abated its height or its dignity before incredible misfortune. Heaven was as near to it as ever!

What a lesson it taught her in the first days of her bitter exile! The sun burned it, the moon and the dews soothed it, tempests lashed it, and rains swept away more and more its beneficent soils. Where gentle brooks once sang along its sides, leaping like children from ledge to ledge, mad torrents now tumbled or dry courses remained; yet amid the cruel wreckage, wherever the soil favored, little bushes had begun to grow, with the evident design of concealing the scars and wounds of the barbarian. She ate her meals and lunches in sight of Lone Mountain; and her life was summed up in the sad, severe phrase: bread and a stone!

With the winter had come strength and renewed interest in life. The little deceits of life, with which we all surfeit ourselves, had fallen away from her mind and heart; and she had come to understand the beauty, even the profound

sweetness, of little things. A neat room, table service, and the kindest care a generous heart could provide, cost Miss Brazill the paltry sum of five dollars a week. It was all she could afford; but Mrs. Landry felt that a gold mine had been placed at her service when her boarder stipulated that entertainment at that price should continue for two years without regard to prices in the market. Current cash avoided Loon Lake, and the coming of Miss Brazill proved a financial event,—a social event as well; for the village admired her from afar, taking acute interest in her gowns, of which she had a gorgeous supply, mostly out of style, but tasteful, becoming, and, for the place, splendid.

Of course there was not much to the village. Across the road the railway station, with Nick Ryan in charge; a little farther down, old man Cherrier's grocery; at the turn of the south road, a district school, where Harry McDonough taught five children six months of the year; a few log cabins in the distance; and the railroad, which brought travellers and train men daily. They saw Miss Brazill morning and evening, in her best gowns, seated on the veranda or walking by the lake; and they adored her respectfully, which she enjoyed, recalling Napoleon's saying: better be first in a village than second in Paris. But this village sadly needed a stirring up; and in pure gratitude for her returning strength, public admiration, and private favors, she sent Angelique Landry forth to persecute the sleepy villagers with the idea and plan of a Christmas tree.

Angelique was a character in her tenth year, but had enjoyed the distinction from her birth. Her round face indicated nothing in particular. From choice, she wore her hair in two small pigtails, ornamented with small bows of ribbon. Neither the sarcasm of Miss Brazill nor her example, nor the persuasions of her mother, could abolish the pigtails or the bows. She lived her own life, independent

of her own fancies, and callous to bribes and favors. Like any child, she seemed more or less obedient and flexible, until, as her mother expressed it, "she got sot." After that no known power could disturb her onward course. The illustrations of this power were many. Miss Brazill remembered two. In the matter of going to school, which she loved, Angelique attended or absented at pleasure, without previous consultation with her parents, who gave up the struggle early. In the matter of the favorite chicken, she had never forgiven Miss Brazill, probably never would; and regarded the lady, even dressed in her best, with a placid indifference worthy of the drawing-room. But Loon Lake liked her, heard her with good-humor and respect, and petted her as far as it dared. She set out to arouse it to the delights of a Christmas entertainment.

Angelique's method, as far as could be learned, resembled somewhat the Ancient Mariner's:

He holds him with his glittering eye;
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child,—
The Mariner hath his will.

The schoolmaster was the first to succumb, and suffered himself to be led one day into the presence of Miss Brazill, where he sat fidgeting, with the rolling eye of Angelique upon him. Having made up his mind to oblige the lady and please the child, he found strength to pass the ordeal; and he had the shrewdness to perceive the aim of the lady in using the child.

"The thing was never heard of before in this place," said he; "but I'd like to do what I can to help along. The children ought to have something."

"An entertainment and cakes," Angelique suggested.

"Did you ever see the like of this child, Miss Brazill? She will not rest till we have the Christmas tree and all its accompaniments,—if not this year, then next summer or next Christmas. They noticed it at home since she was five years old. She is bound to succeed. She's a more public

character in Loon Lake than I am." "Then we must support her," said the lady, warmly; "and I shall go with you to the school to-morrow, look over the place, and decide what kind of an entertainment to give."

Thus began an acquaintance which led to the gradual unfolding of the poor schoolmaster's nature; for Miss Brazill took a hint from Angelique's success and method, adopted him, as it were, and made innocent demands on his time and attention which bore excellent fruit. The two paid a visit of ceremony to the station agent to secure his aid as an entertainer, and found Angelique seated on the table in the office, stolidly holding forth the glories of a Christmas tree in the South, and insisting on his aid.

"Why, I could no more do it," said Nick earnestly, "than I could fly. The sight of the people would paralyze me."

"We have a beginning of a program," Miss Brazill said softly,—"an opening address from Angelique."

"Capital!" roared Nick. "She would open a mine, or a bank, or an oyster, just by her look. She's opening up the town."

"Then Mr. McDonough and I will give a scene from Richard the Third."

Mr. Ryan looked at the teacher in some amazement.

"Well, of course, if the whole town is going in, I can't hold back," he said. "But you had better be prepared to carry me out after I make my bow."

"Oh, you will get used to it at rehearsal, so that when the time comes it will seem quite ordinary to entertain. Rehearsals begin five days before Christmas, and I shall be in charge."

Two weeks before the event Miss Brazill looked out on the snowy face of Loon Lake nature, expecting to see signs of sympathetic convulsion in its frozen features. Zeb Landry had gone to work for the grocer on a ten days' agreement! Nature gave no token of astonishment. The sun rose, the forests crackled loud in the intense frost, biting winds blew

out of the north. Zeb at work was a portent in itself.

"Angelique has got to be dressed for that opening speech," was his explanation. "There's less money in my house and among my friends around the holidays than any other time. Of course everyone is spending a whole lot on himself and his people; so I had to go to work for the first time in ten years, I reckon. Little girl's smart, even if I say it. She's got to have that dress, and I've got to have a few togs myself to match."

Miss Brazill wondered. After three such triumphs, Angelique should find it easy to overcome the miserly nature of the grocer for the space of a day; but avarice is a fearful thing, so she said with deliberation to Angelique:

"Mr. Cherrier is the leading man in Loon Lake, and he should do the very best thing of the holy day: shut the shop and take us all to Mass, like the Shepherds going to Bethlehem."

Once a month the priest came from Lyon Mountain to say Mass in the station on a week day. The grocer had the only horses and conveyance in the place. If he resisted the blandishments of the terrible Angelique, the first part of the ceremonies would fail; for no one could walk nine miles to church and back in such weather. Perhaps he had never heard, never thought, the simple declaration of Miss Brazill, solemnly repeated by Angelique, word for word, as she sat on the counter in the store, within easy reach of ginger snaps and brown sugar. He had a real regard for this child, because she would never receive any grocery favors, nor make free even by look with his tasty supplies. The spirit of the enterprise had faintly touched him, and he had accepted the invitation to deliver the closing speech. The leading man in Loon Lake! Lead the people to Bethlehem as the Shepherds who went first to visit the Lord! Mr. Cherrier paused in the most interesting occupation of his life—weighing out sugar to a

customer, with a profit of five cents to the pound,—and said:

“By gum, I’ll do it! If I’m the leading man in this town, it’s time I took the lead at my own expense. I’ll do it!”

“Do what?” said the customer.

“Send down for Jones’ carryall and take this hull blooming town to Mass on Christmas Day.”

“Cost ye something,” was the tart reply.

But the grocer and the citizens threw to the winds all thought of expense, and rode to church Christmas morning thirty strong, quite overpowering the congregation at Lyon Mountain, who had never seen Loon Lake *en masse* before. Miss Brazill quietly took charge of Angelique, to make sure that the heroine of the day missed nothing worth seeing. All the sweetness of the child’s deep nature rose to her placid face at sight of the beautiful Crib, and the lovely waxen figure of the Infant lying in the straw. Her eyes blazed, her lips parted, her little hands suddenly reached out to the baby in the Crib. To Miss Brazill, it was like an ecstasy of a saint, so spontaneous was it, so complete, and at the same time a revelation of the deeps within the strange child. Out of it she did not come during the Mass. It decided Miss Brazill to part with a small memento of happier days which she had long treasured: a miniature Crib in colors. Angelique found it on the table in the parlor before dinner, with her name written on the card attached. The deeps flashed again at the thought of actual possession; but the donor knew that the murmured thanks contained no hint of forgiveness for that past offence.

The entertainment at the school proved a great success, coming as it did after the pleasures of the day. Loon Lake and its visitors had never seen themselves assembled before, and were both proud and timorous over the result. The performers shook in the knees, but held to their parts so stoutly as to create favorable impression: the Shakspearean scene raised poor Harry a peg in the general esteem

and a mile in his own; and Nick Ryan nearly blubbered at the ovation to his clever dancing, singing and playing. The leading man of Loon Lake, after getting over his fright, became verbose and even tedious; however, he won great honor. But Angelique, in her new dress and her stoical satisfaction, reigned supreme as the queen of the celebration. She soon lost sight of her own share in its success, and wilted with fatigue when there was no more to do, sleeping sweetly in her father’s arms on the way home.

“I would have been awake all night after such success,” Miss Brazill said to the schoolmaster. She thought the whole matter out afterward in her warm room looking out on the lonely mountain. Two thoughts sweetened her mind in the holy hour before sleep. The first was the beauty of life,—life apart from duties and pleasures the mere living, with full consciousness of here and hereafter; life free from that vexatious struggle for position and money, which cuts off all view and pleasure of life itself; life like the life in Angelique: active, vital, persistent, fruitful, triumphant, but lost in God as hers was in the innocence of childhood. Serious, stubborn, delightful Angelique! She suggested the second thought of the holy hour. Undoubtedly the current of a new, a novel idea had swept the incongruous crowd of Loon Lake along into a single, useful channel; breaking to pieces the exclusiveness bred by shyness, avarice, laziness, and lack of confidence. But a clever manager like Miss Brazill would never have had the success won by the child, because suggestion from her would have bred opposition; and so to Angelique might honestly be attributed the opening of hearts which had that day taken place in the rude, hard-shell community. Far off as old Isaias seemed to be from the modern world and Loon Lake, his prophecy had illustration even in this wilderness: that “the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them.”

Of Mary.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

MARY! the wintry blast
That through the city passed,
Beat sharply on thy breast,
Where soon His head would rest.
*(Anguish and fear were crying through the night,
But in her heart what tempests of delight!)*

Mary! the wind blew cold
On hill and moor and wold;
Fast fell the snow,—a white
Ghost in the depths of night.
*(Pain and despair sighed ever through the street,
But in her heart a dream lay white and sweet.)*

Mary! thy travail made
The wind and world afraid,—
Fearful for thy pure sake
That night Love's heart did break.
*(But in her soul a blessed vision gleamed,
And of the dark and grief she never dreamed.)*

Luisita's Vocation.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

IT was Christmas Eve; Mother Provincial stood at the door of the chapel, admiring the beautifully decorated altar. By her side was a tall, gray-haired woman; and to them presently came a small, dark, gentle-faced Sister, with soft brown eyes and a most engaging smile.

"You have surpassed yourself, Sister Teresa," said Mother Provincial. "Every year it is more artistic and lovely."

"Yes, Mother," answered the nun, simply. "It is very pretty that way, with the poinsettias and the background of dark green palms. It was so good of you, Señora, to send them! It was to me a breath of old times, and a reminder of that other Christmas Eve, six years ago, when I learned for the first time the meaning of a 'vocation.'"

"I have never forgotten it," observed the lady. "And I take some credit to

myself for the development of that same vocation."

"And well you may. But for you, where should I be now?" answered Sister Teresa, smiling radiantly, as she hastened back to the sacristy.

"She is a dear, good little soul," said the superior, turning to the parlor with her visitor. "And if there was ever a born religious, Sister Teresa is one."

"God be thanked!" said the other. "Yet I shudder to think that, but for a little *finesse* on my part, how different might have been her fate. But the Lord knows how to draw to Himself those whom He has chosen."

The little altar in the old adobe chapel was a glory of palms and poinsettias, made ready, by the hands of Luisita and her efficient helper, for the Christmas Mass on the morrow.

"It is lovely, is it not?" said Luisita. "And it is you who have made it so, Señora."

"No indeed, not I, but you," was the reply. "I have been watching all the morning how deftly your small fingers work, *chiquita mia*."

"Because I love to do it," said the girl. "It is so sweet to be always near the altar, Señora."

"Luisita, if you were in the right atmosphere, I believe you would have a 'vocation,'" rejoined her companion.

"What is that?"

"If you were in a different place,—under the right influences, I mean."

"And what is a 'vocation,' Señora?" asked Luisita, throwing back the long heavy braid of her hair, as she gazed with soft, clear eyes into the face of her friend. "And why do you think that if I were in certain places I should have one? Do they buy them?"

"You innocent creature!" exclaimed her companion, with a subdued little laugh, proper to her surroundings. "It is—it is—well, it has several meanings, of course; but in the sense in which I

used it just now, it means that you look to me as though you ought to be a good little nun."

"I have never seen a nun," answered Luisita, gravely. "But I have read much of Santa Teresa de Avila, in a book of my grandmother's, written in Spanish. English I can not read."

"But you speak it very well."

"That is because of the tourists who come to the hotel of my grandfather."

"And you have never seen a nun? How strange! Is there no convent in the city?"

"Yes, Señora, there is one; but I have never been there."

"The mother-house is not more than twenty-five miles from here, Luisita."

"True, but I had no reason to go there."

"And you have not desired to go?"

"No, Señora; I have never thought of it."

"What do you like best to do, Luisita?" inquired the lady, after a pause.

"To sweep and dust the chapel for the coming of Father Francis, and to gather the flowers for it; to wash and iron the altar cloths, and to mend the vestments when they are torn; and, best of all, Señora, to take out of the cabinet in the sacristy the old laces and surplices and albs of drawn-work and air them, and then smooth them again and put them away. I have lavender in the garden just to lay between the folds, Señora."

"And you have never cared to go to town, Luisita?"

"No, Señora; I have never thought of it,—not once."

"You have all the marks of a cloistered nun," said the lady, smiling.

The Señora had come to the village for her health, and had been appointed to the charge of the public school on the American side of the river, where Luisita's grandfather resided. She boarded at the hotel, and thus had become quite intimate with the family, which consisted of the shrewd, money-loving grandfather, the placid grandmother, and the "delicious"

little Luisita. She could imagine no other title so appropriate, and thus she always thought of the gentle, beautiful and guileless girl.

That evening Luisita came to the Señora's room. She had been crying.

"Señora," she said, throwing herself on her knees beside the sofa where her friend was resting, "I am very unhappy. I am to marry."

"To marry? Why, you are not yet seventeen! And who is wanting you to marry, Luisita?"

"My grandfather. He wishes me to marry Carlos Mendes, the big cattle ranchman at Rosalia; and I dare not say 'No' to my grandfather."

"But you are not pleased? I see that you are not."

"Oh, no, Señora! No, never to marry I would wish. I love better to be an old maid like Sara Bolas, and take care of the poor and the altar."

"Does Carlos know this?"

"He knows nothing; it would not to him matter. It is a kind of bargain with my grandfather. It is some dispute for years about land. This will settle it."

"What manner of man is this Carlos Mendes? Is he young?"

"Oh, no, not young! He has girls as old as I. Twice before has he been married. Two of his daughters are now at school in the city, at the convent."

"Is he here now?"

"Yes: in the corral, with grandfather."

The Señora rose from the sofa, went to the window and looked out. Standing beside the hatchet-faced grandfather, she saw a large, burly man, a whip in his hand, with the cracking of which he was emphasizing his remarks. His coarse black hair was thickly sprinkled with gray.

"You could never love him, I am afraid, Luisita,—never!" she said sorrowfully, turning away.

"Love him? Oh, no!" answered the girl, with a shudder. "He is nearly always drinking, Señora. It seems to me that I shall die if I must marry Carlos Mendes."

"Go away, dear!" said the Señora, softly. "Go to your own little room and pray. Let me think what can be done."

After Luisita had gone, the teacher strolled out to the corral. She was a good horsewoman, and a fine judge of horses. She soon became engaged in conversation with the two men. She praised the splendid animal on which Mendes had come from his ranch; and when the old man was called away she walked up and down the garden, still conversing with the would-be suitor of Luisita, till the great bell rang for supper. They went together to the table, from which Luisita was absent. The cattle-dealer found her a most charming and sensible woman.

"Does the Señora object to my having a smoke?" inquired Mendes, when they had finished.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "But would it not be pleasanter in the arbor?"

Carlos readily assented, the grandfather looking after them with some apprehension as they passed into the garden.

"Little Luisita was not at table," began the Señora, carelessly, as they seated themselves in the arbor. "She is such a nice child, I miss her when she is not there."

"A beautiful girl," answered Mendes. "I do not mind telling the Señora that—that I am asking her hand in marriage."

"Ah, so?" replied the lady, as though surprised. "But is she not very young?"

"I like that better," answered Mendes, squaring his shoulders. "I am a young man still: but four years past forty."

"The marriage is settled, then?"

"Well, yes. I must say that the girl is not very willing, but that will pass. They are often so. The grandparents approve; it will be to her good. I suppose, Señora, that she has no other lover?"

"She has none," replied the lady. "She has never thought of such a thing. She is the sweetest, the most innocent child I have ever seen."

"So much the better," said Mendes. "She will be all right with me. She will not have to work—I have two faithful

Indian servants,—and my daughters will be companions for her. We have great fun at the ranch and much company."

"Oh, you have daughters, Señor?"

"Yes: two. They are at school in the city, at the convent of San Xavier."

"Ah, that is good!" Then the lady leaned her head upon her hand and remarked, as though the thought had just occurred to her: "Pardon, Señor, but Luisita is such a child, yet so bright and quick to learn, that a year in the convent, at school, would be of the greatest benefit to her. If her grandparents would permit it, you can not imagine how it would improve her. She would then shine anywhere, Señor,—yes, anywhere. And it would give her time to become accustomed to the idea of matrimony. She is so young, Señor."

"Very well, very well," answered Carlos Mendes, who was really a very simple man. "I think your idea is good,—very good; and the girls can become better acquainted. I am not in a hurry, but naturally my daughters will marry, and I do not wish to be left alone. And, then, too, I propose going to San Francisco one day, to spend at least part of my time there, and I should want my wife to be as fine and clever as the best."

"If you would mention it to the grandfather?" suggested the Señora, innocently.

"I will do it," replied the cattle-dealer, heartily. "I will do it this very night."

Thankful and satisfied, the good Señora retired to rest. Whatever the result, she felt that Luisita would now be afforded an opportunity. If at the expiration of a year the girl should go willingly to the sacrifice, she would have had time to prepare for it; if unwillingly, she would be strengthened for it; and if, as the Señora believed would be the case, her inclinations led her strongly in another direction, Our Lord would see to it that she obtained the desire of her heart.

Great was the joy of Luisita when she learned that her grandfather had decided

to send her to the convent for a year, even though his purpose was to fit her to be the bride of Carlos Mendes. It gave her time. A year was so long, and God was so good; she would pray every day that the sacrifice might be averted; and she would pray, too, for "the darling Señora." A great many changes might take place in a year, though the sixteen that preceded it were never so placid and uneventful.

Before three months had elapsed, Carlos Mendes the fickle had found a more complaisant and suitable wife in Santa Lucia, whither he had gone to arrange for the disposal of some cattle. It was the winter of the disastrous flood. The hotel was filled with water to its second story; the poor old grandparents suffered so greatly from its consequences that they both died in the spring; and thus, as vacation approached, Luisita was free to enter the novitiate. Her pious, innocent heart had yearned toward it from the moment her eyes had first rested on the black robes and soft, fluttering veils of "the doves of St. Teresa."

Nothing in her blameless and useful life has ever given the Señora such satisfaction as the result of the timely and well-conceived scheme which sent Carlos Mendes far afield, and gave a favored soul to San Xavier of the Palms.

Noiselessly, deftly, tastefully and piously the good little sacristan of the convent fulfils her multifarious duties. When rapt in her devotions, her beautiful dark eyes uplifted, her companions think she greatly resembles the picture of their beloved patroness above the side altar. But in the hours of recreation, there is no merrier laugh in the community room than that of Sister Mary Teresa.

MERELY because it has been our good fortune to be able to serve some one, we should not act as if we held a mortgage on his immortality, and expect him to swing the censer of adulation forever in our presence.—*W. G. Jordan.*

The Holydays in Ireland.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

AMONG the various Christian peoples, none, perhaps, commemorate the great Christian festival of the Nativity quite in the spirit and manner of the Irish at home. Strict observers, as they undoubtedly are, of the annually recurring festivals of the Church, Christmas has, however, for them a peculiar significance. It is the festival of festivals,—a feast wondrously ideal to a people so essentially imaginative, faith-enduring, and hospitable.

Even months beforehand, thought will be taken in preparation for the suitable celebration commemorative of so honored and supreme an event. This will be shown in the curtailment of the household expenses by the womenfolk,—whose resources in that respect, goodness knows, will be meagre enough already; the men, always partners in the general economy, will voluntarily forego the luxury of glass and pipe; while the younger members of the community will have recourse to the genius presiding over the destiny of the money conjuring-box. For those able to afford the expense so early, or who are endowed with more than the average sufficiency of the world's store in ready cash, a turkey or two, or a couple of geese, will be bought and penned to be fattened; otherwise, the purchase can not be made till Christmas week, when a less plump and savory, but more costly, article will be the result. Destitute, indeed, must be that family whose poverty forbids the presence on the dinner table of a goose or turkey on the day which, above all others of the year, the repast is supposed to be graced by roast or boiled fowl.

With the arrival of Christmas week, preparations become general. In the poorer quarters, whether of village, town, or city, an unwonted activity manifests itself. During that week a thorough

house-cleaning will be in course of operation. The houses, both inside and outside, will be lime-washed, and the doors and windows new-painted. The furniture will be judiciously touched up; the pictures dusted and polished; the pots, kettles, pans, and pails scoured and brightened. A new piece of furniture—some culinary utensil, a picture, or some other cheap ornament or bric-a-brac,—will surely be added to the domestic hoard, for use or adornment. (Many a need in this direction is commonly deferred for Christmas prices and Christmas savings, in order the more cheaply and more easily to be supplied.) Then, when everything has been rearranged, when neatness, sweetness, and order give place to the chaos which the cleaning operations had necessarily created, every article adorning the walls and every available niche and corner of the house is garlanded with sprays of holly and ivy, bought from venders who, going from house to house with their little bundles of evergreens, do a brisk trade.

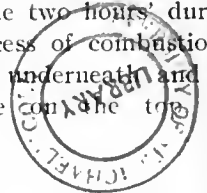
All this evidence of neat and dexterous labor is mainly the handiwork of the women,—those deft and skilful workers who have imposed upon themselves the task as a labor of duty and of love. At this season of the year, the men will be engaged, more or less, till late at night in their various employments: they will have little time to devote to other work than that which maintains their respective families; and so it necessarily largely devolves on the women to make the Christmas preparations.

Nor is it at little sacrifice that the women acquit themselves so admirably. Amid the multitudinous duties inseparable from the proper management of even the humblest household, they bestow a wealth of time and attention on the adornment of their lowly abodes. Neither will a spirit of friendly rivalry be absent among them. Each will vie with the other as to excellence or superiority of display. Still, a becoming congratulatory spirit abounds. The one compliments the other

on the tone or tint distinguishing her walls from that of her own, on the taste exhibited in the decorations within, or the festive appearance of the arrangements generally; though mayhap, at the same time, mentally reserving the opinion that her own efforts are the better. Bitterly hostile, however, will the opinion be, and stern the judgment, as to those (rare exceptions, as it invariably proves) who, through apathy or other preventable causes, weave not a garland in honor of the Saviour's Birth.

The house decorations will hardly have been completed when thought is taken for the supply of such creature comforts of life as befit the approaching festivities. The first consideration in that line, with all good Irish housewives, is the fabrication of the Christmas cake. This is regarded as quite an event in every well-regulated Irish household of the class of which we write. The homemade Christmas cake ranks at least as high in importance, from a time-honored festive point of view, as the home-fed fat goose or turkey. It would not be Christmas at all if mother's "bastable" Christmas cake was missing from the Christmas board. It is unique, matchless; there is nothing to equal it; it is a confection *par excellence*.

Mother's Christmas cake is as toothsome as it is wholesome, ample as it is sound, generous as it is homely. It is genuinely Irish, distinctly native to the soil, Celtic to the core, and a tribute to the large-minded generosity of the compounder. The children—the *bouchalini* and *cailini*—are filled with boundless admiration, and are seized with a profound yearning as they follow with eager eyes the mazes of the fruity mass, which, responsive to every touch of the subtle manipulator, assumes a more compact and regulated form, till finally deposited in the bastable, or low, round, pot-like baking apparatus. Having, in the interval of some two hours' duration, undergone a process of combustion, with a slow coal fire underneath and a rather quick peat-fire on the top, or



conical-shaped lid, of the baking utensil, it emerges a steaming brown mass, singularly pleasing alike to the taste and eye.

Except among the middle class, a plum pudding is not considered a necessary adjunct to the Christmas fare. In any case, such a confection would be too expensive for people so pecuniarily circumstanced as the Irish poor, even apart from the fact that the Christmas bastable cake is thought adequate to serve and fulfil all the needs and purposes which a sweet tooth craves and covets. In a sense, too, a plum pudding is regarded by those people as an alien invention: it is looked upon as purely an English confection, typifying the less discriminating tastes, the satiated appetites of the Saxon. To their minds, the thing is typically English (Saxon and Protestant), and so could not well accord with the simple and Catholic predilections, from the various points of view, of the Irish Celt.

Somewhat in the same light do those we speak of regard the Christmas tree; but more especially the idea of that mythical personage, Santa Claus. Santa Claus, be he ever so benevolently inclined, necessarily must come under the denomination of an alien. Neither his mode of procedure nor his appearance accords with the Irish conception of the inhabitants of the spirit-world. At the holy season of Christmas, no Irish child can know or understand the idea of any divinity other than a pure celestial being,—a guardian angel, a patron saint, and the rest of the heavenly throng, who are clothed in the effulgence of purity and light; and above all the God-Child, whom the imaginative infantile mind sees born once more in Bethlehem and lying helpless in the Crib, adored by His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, and the shepherds, with the hosts of choiring angels bringing the glad tidings to earth, and all the peoples of the Christian world joining in the act of supreme homage.

The divinity of the lowly Irish child is no snub-nosed, bibulous-looking Santa

Claus; and if he should come at all, it would hardly be in the belated sled or through the chimney flue (a horrid means of entrance); nor would he make one's stockings—pah!—the vehicle by which sweetmeats, sugar plums, candies, and all other luscious things, might be conveyed in the dread dead dark of night to the sleeping children. No: the conventional Santa Claus has no legitimate place in Erin. The Irish child's divinity, should he manifest himself, would come on golden wings in a glory of heavenly effulgence, bearing in crystal vases gifts that would neither fade nor die.

The cost of the ingredients for the Christmas cake will be the first serious inroad on the sum total of the Christmas savings. The next appreciable drain on the family exchequer is the purchase of the Christmas joint, as an accompaniment to the roast goose or turkey, the Christmas groceries, and the bottle of "usquebaugh," most kindly and potent of cordials, which even the exacting teetotaler will allow the poor man, in order to lend éclat to the festivities of the occasion. Then the balance of the hoarded store will be expended on clothes or on odds and ends for the family. If the cash in hand permits, or if "American money" has been timely received from some member of the family in that storied land of the West, the eldest boy at home might get a complete outfit; the eldest girl, a new hat the father, a new coat; the mother, some similarly needed article of apparel; while the little ones of the interesting group are not forgotten. It is here now that Santa Claus would discover himself, or would be discovered, performing the proper functions of his office in truth and in fact, when an Irish father or mother is seen to present as a Christmas gift a tasselled cap to little John, a pinafore to little Mary, a pair of boots to Michael, and a frock to Nora.

As a rule, there is nothing more thoroughly enjoyable and edifying than the manner in which an Irish Christmas

is celebrated. All look their best and brightest; all are attired with more than holiday neatness, and a decorous festive spirit abounds. During Christmastide no member may be absent from the family board, gathered under the one roof-tree. It is a law which, though unwritten, is rigidly observed even by the most indifferent, that the Christmas rejoicings should be carried out purely as a private family function. And so feast and song and dance make joyous the occasion, strictly within the privacy of the family circle, from the Eve until the great Day has expired.

But though a festive spirit abounds, and dance and song and quib and prank make all too short the gay, good time, it must not, however, be supposed that the religious character of the occasion is being forgotten or ignored. It may be taken for granted that in every household there will be found one or more of its members communicating at the altar at the early Mass on Christmas morning. Not only that, but, during Advent, evening devotions will have been regularly attended at the various neighboring churches. Indeed, throughout the Christmas season the churches will be thronged with worshippers, coming from the highways and byways to kneel in humble adoration before the altars and lowly Cribs.

Degenerate, indeed, must they be who are unresponsive to the promptings of divine faith, or indifferent to the inspiring example exhibited by the vast majority of their fellow-creatures during this holy season. There are none, however, so debased, so disloyal to the teaching of their youth, so false to the faith instinctively in them, as callously to lose Mass on Christmas Day. One has no hesitation in saying that, in practical application, the religious element predominates in the celebration of the event, of which festive rejoicings form so large a part.

Amid all this merrymaking, seasonable feasting and jollity, the tender emotions, the sigh and the tear, however, must get expression, no matter how earnest the

effort to suppress them. The Irish are nothing if not affectionate and emotional; and this season, far above all others of the year, brings to mind remembrance of the dear ones gone—dead or far away. The welcome presence of many they love is missing from the Christmas board; their place is vacant at the hearth; their dear voices are no longer heard as of yore. Some they can not hope ever to see or hear this side of the grave; others will return in days to come; while others again are already counted as lost. Remembrance of the latter now is what largely provokes the tear to spring unbidden to the eye, the sigh to heave the bosom. Those who keep in touch with home, they are sure, have not deviated from the path of virtue. Faithful letters from the kindred far away are an earnest of their love of home and fidelity to religion; a proof that they are good, practical Catholics, fond, devoted children, and respectable citizens of what has fancifully become known as "the Greater Ireland." In the Irish view, to be a good Catholic and a devoted son is to be a good citizen, and *vice versa*. And this is what makes poignant the feelings of those at home who hear no longer from the absent ones. They fear the wanderers have lapsed, have fallen from virtue, thus proving false to religion and the purity of their home-life; that the evil contamination of a great city has demoralized them, and rendered them a prey to the influence of vicious associations and surroundings.

The pathos, the tragedy, the mystery of it! Ah, if those heedless, erring ones could only realize the consequences of their desertion, their cruel, criminal neglect, as their defection, alas! all too often proves, how many an Irish home would be made infinitely more joyous, infinitely more happy at the blessed Christmas season! How many a silent tear would be unshed, stifled groan be unfelt, breaking heart be unknown? And all that is craved is the tribute of a kindly remembrance. Those leal and

tried hearts at home—fond and devoted fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters—covet no golden store, nor desire to impose any burden as a task or even as a duty to be fulfilled personally in their own regard. No: all they ask and crave and ever pray to Heaven for is a place in the memory of the sons and daughters and kindred from whom the sea illimitably divides them.

When the Christmas chimes ring out, and the Christmas greetings are exchanged on every side—which must happen equally abroad as at home during this joyous, peace-inspiring season,—then it is that the faithful ones can not understand the obduracy of the absent relatives. Surely they must be case-hardened, lost to friends, home and kindred,—such will be the inevitable conclusion. Most frequently, however, those at home are not forgotten by the stranger far away; former friends, ever constant and considerate, not content with sending to their own people the usual Christmas money order, with words of hope and encouragement, remember also old friends and friendships. They make kindly inquiries, send seasonable good wishes, and not unfrequently a little present of jewelry or other article of personal adornment.

Unlike the custom obtaining in other countries, New Year's Day is observed by the average Catholic Irish peasant as little more than the other festivals of the year which the Church makes obligatory to keep holy. As a matter of fact, the celebration of the New Year is regarded by the Catholic peasantry at large as very much of a Protestant function. The ringing out of the Old Year, the ringing in of the New is made the occasion of boundless rejoicing by the Protestant community; and the Catholic Irish peasant, being strictly orthodox, can not quite see his way to participate actively in the jubilant manifestations. In any case, with the Irish poor the Nativity proper and the Epiphany are the festivals to be signally honored at the season. Indeed, these

festivals are so much a part of their religious concepts, so enshrined in their hearts and kindred to their feelings, that the one has become familiarly known as the "men's Christmas," the other as the "women's," or "Little Christmas." And as it is the women who make the "men's Christmas," as it will be playfully twitted, so it becomes the men to act a reciprocal part, and suitably honor the lesser festival. Nor, truth to tell, will the average Irish peasant ever be found unresponsive.

Frau Meyer's Wish.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

FRAU MEYER was thinking that Christmas Eve of how the festival of the Nativity used to be celebrated in her own Westphalian province,—of the carols that used to be sung, the Midnight Mass at the abbey church, and the home hearth, round which the children clustered waiting for the coming of the "Rupert Knecht." This mysterious personage was the donor of gifts to good children in the name of the Christ-Child. Frau Meyer's eyes grew moist and her round, rosy face a shade paler as the recollections pressed upon her and made her realize her loneliness. Her husband had died, her surviving children were far away. Yet to-morrow was Christmas, and the old, old message would be given from many a pulpit, and pealed from numberless steeples: "I bring you glad tidings of great joy. . . . For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

Those were the only really glad tidings that the old world, laboring under its burden of sin and sorrow and futile endeavor, had ever heard. For they made the joy and the sunlight and the beauty of nature seem real and a foretaste of better things to come. And from those glad tidings resulted that other message, "peace and good-will to men."

Yet here was she alone in the roar and the rush of the huge city, with no creature

to love nor to whom that message might be extended. It is true that she gladdened the hearts of the little ones by dispensing, with cheerful and smiling patience, those articles which formed her stock in trade: the tarts and the cakes and the sweets of various kinds, to which the Teutonic cookery gave a certain individuality. Nowhere else in the neighborhood could those wonderful *kuchen* be had—the honey cakes and nut cakes, and the *nudeln*, and the quaint little gingerbread figures, and the gilded walnuts for the adornment of Christmas trees, and half a dozen other dainties that caused the mouths of children innumerable to water.

During all these weeks, the shop had, indeed, been a glittering point of attraction, with its Christmas favors, its warm and grateful smell of delicious cookery, and its tempting piles of cakes and candy. Frau Meyer had been selling almost at a sacrifice, giving now from her stock to some famished, round-eyed child of want, or selling at a nominal price to those who had only a penny or two to spend. But to-night she longed for something more,—some one who could share her loneliness, sympathize with her thoughts, and to whom the great to-morrow could be made a day of joy. And the longing grew into a definite and irresistible wish.

While she thus pondered—for it was getting late, and business was slack—her attention was suddenly attracted by two persons who came and stood outside. A woman was there, who had been walking for hours, holding her little son by the hand. She had been trying to get work, and had been met everywhere by the more or less curt rejection of her demand. Her appearance was, on the whole, against her. Her clothing was deplorably shabby, hanging loose and ill-fitting upon a wasted frame; her face was gaunt and haggard from a long illness, no less than from years of want and care. She had come out of the hospital, and, after a few futile struggles, found herself thus starving in the heart of the huge metropolis.

Hunger gnawed at her heart; but, more lamentable still, she knew that the child at her side was hungry, and, with precocious fortitude, strove to keep back all complaint, and to dry with furtive hand the tears that rolled down his wan cheeks. The smell from Frau Meyer's bakery had increased these pangs of hunger; though to the boy they were almost forgotten in his wondering delight at the Christmas adornments of the window. The decorated cakes, the peppermint canes and baskets, the numberless figures in clear red and yellow candy, the hearts and the stars, the strings of popcorn and of colored paper, the Christmas tree ornaments in gold or silver tinsel, seemed to the poor waif as almost magical.

The mother's thoughts meanwhile had wandered with singular irrelevancy to other Christmas Eves, when, hopeful and happy, full of strength and energy, she had been helping her mother in the kitchen at home to provide the Christmas cheer. Then she had married and had come to New York; one misfortune had followed another, till, widowed and ruined in health, she was literally homeless and penniless, in the whirlpool of the great city.

A drowsiness, born of the cold and weariness, seemed to steal over her. She heard, or fancied she heard, somewhere the Christmas bells ringing. Perhaps it was from the church of her native place; snow-covered fields stretched out before her; with half a dozen other youths and maidens, she was hastening to the church for Midnight Mass; and to-morrow would be the great day of gifts and household joy.

She was roused from these musings by the voice of her little son:

"Ain't they just splendid, ma!"

He was pointing eagerly at the various objects in the window, and a sharp pang shot through the mother's heart. She was powerless to give to this idolized child even the smallest of those delights which are the natural heritage of children at Christmastide. No, with all her love and tenderness, she could not even assuage

the pangs of hunger that she knew must be rending the child.

The boy, catching her expression of poignant distress, and observing the tears that began to force themselves from the haggard eyes, cried out in his piping treble:

"Never mind, ma,—never mind! I ain't so very hungry."

But even as he spoke, the poor pale face flushed pitifully, and tears stole from the eyes that were gazing wistfully at Frau Meyer's treasures.

At that very moment the door opened. Some one else had perceived those tears. The good Frau had been watching the forlorn pair through the window, divining the situation. Her heart, big with Christmas thoughts and memories, rejoiced that thus her wish had been granted.

"Come in, my poor woman," she called, "Maybe you are tired, and it is cold."

Her kindly face beamed upon the two; and as they hesitated her right hand beckoned to them. The woman staggered through the door, and, sinking into a chair, sobbed aloud. The spectacles that covered Frau Meyer's blue eyes were dim as she looked on with tender comprehension, saying no word, but allowing the grief to exhaust itself.

"I'm tired and ill," the woman said at last; "and my boy is starving on Christmas Eve."

"Starving!" exclaimed Frau Meyer. "It shall not be so! Come, quick!"

She led them into her own little room behind the shop, where their hunger was soon appeased, and their chilled, shivering bodies warmed at a cheerful fire, and with cups of steaming coffee. As they ate, Frau Meyer studied them. She saw that they made the Sign of the Cross before they began their repast, and she heard the mother murmur a fervent thanksgiving. That, together with certain other signs which her experienced old eyes noted, told her that the guests were really worthy of her assistance. She scarcely glanced at the letter of recommendation that the woman brought from her

parish priest. Her mind was made up:

"It is the Christ-Child who has sent you here," she declared. "You shall stay by me until the holidays are past. I have a room to spare. You and the boy can give help in the busy days. And after that we shall see,—yes, we shall see."

The prospect of staying there, to help in that emporium of delight, fairly made the boy giddy.

"O ma, ain't it just splendid?"

The woman, pressing the child's hand, and smiling through her tears, said to Frau Meyer:

"There was another Mother who was wandering homeless on Christmas Eve. She and her Son will reward you."

Frau Meyer nodded, half smiling, half crying.

"They have sent you to me," she said; "for also was I alone in the big city, and it is not good to be alone on the Christ-Child's Feast."

Notes on the Sunday Collects.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

IV.—THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE collect: "Raise up, O Lord, we pray Thee, Thy power and come, and with great might succor us; that, by the help of Thy grace, that which our sins impede may be hastened by Thy merciful forgiveness."

This collect, the chief petition of which is, plainly, "Thy kingdom come," seems to call for a somewhat closer study than we have given to those which preceded it. In the first place, we note that the words "Raise up" are a translation of the Latin *excita*, which, in the collect for the second Sunday in Advent, was translated "Stir up [our hearts]." The meaning in both cases must, I think, be sought for in some simile of awaking, as out of sleep,—a simile not unfamiliar in Hebrew writings, whence the compiler chiefly drew his allusions and images. The most strik-

ing use of this simile is to be found in Psalm lxxvii, 65—"Then the Lord awaked as one out of sleep,"—where the Latin for "awaked" is *excitatus est*; literally, "was stirred up." To the devout Jew, Jehovah was pre-eminently a Personal God; it was natural, therefore, that the imagery of Scripture should present Him as angry, repentant of His purpose, asleep, forgetful; since man, inevitably, thinks of God in human terms,—the only terms familiar to him. Without, however, trenching on theology, we may say that our collect prays that God may show forth His power on our behalf.

But the second part of the collect stands in even greater need of explanation. What is it that "our sins impede"? Nothing less than His coming into our hearts. It is in our hearts, first and chiefly, that we must prepare the ways of God's only-begotten Son; it is our sins most of all, our sins only, which hinder His coming; for how shall He come into hearts that are full of evil? When He came to earth the first time, we read that "there was no room for them in the inn." How often does He come to hearts in which there is no room for Him? "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." So we pray that God's merciful forgiveness may hasten the coming which our sins impede.

The Introit, *Rorate celi desuper* ("Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above"), is from the forty-fifth chapter of Isaias; and the prophet's imagery was surely taken from Psalm lxi, 6, "He [the King's Son] shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool, even as the drops that water the earth"; just as the first part of the psalmist's simile was surely an allusion to Gideon's fleece.* It is an imagery full of the silence and mystery of His first coming,—of His coming into our hearts.

In the Epistle† St. Paul appeals from man's judgment to the judgment of God, and bids us "judge not before the time"—of Christ's appearing. And he gives as a

reason that He "will bring to light the hidden things of darkness,"—that darkness which, in last Sunday's collect, we prayed God to enlighten. This Epistle, therefore, seems to accord better with last Sunday's collect, for this very reason; than the one appointed. The Anglican Book of Common Prayer, indeed, following, possibly, the pre-Reformation English use, transposes the two Epistles.

The Gradual, from Psalm cxliv, tells how "the Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him," and prays for the hastening of His coming. The Gospel* tells of the baptism of John "for the remission of sins," and of his witness concerning himself. The Offertory is, once more, Gabriel's message to the Blessed Virgin: *Ave Maria, gratia plena*; since, at this season of Advent more perhaps than at any other, Holy Church constantly directs our thoughts to her "of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ." It is of her that the Communion tells, in the "sign" given by God Himself to the House of Israel: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel."† It is St. Matthew who tells us how God gave the same "sign" to His servant, St. Joseph; and who gives us the meaning of the name Emmanuel, "which, being interpreted, is God with us." A recent writer—Mgr. Barnes, in the *Downside Review* for July, 1906,—gives reasons for believing that this first part of St. Matthew's Gospel was drawn from a document written by St. Joseph himself.‡

The explanation of the collect has left us little space, within the limits assigned to these notes, for any consideration of the Breviary Office for the day. The Invitatorium, at the *Venite*, is the same as last Sunday's; the lessons of the first nocturn are from Isaias, xxxv, beginning, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad"; the responsories take up the theme of His coming. The antiphons

* St. Luke, iii, 1-6. † Is., vii, 14

‡ "The Birth Narratives," *loc. cit.*

* See Judges, vi, 37-40. † I. Cor., iv, 1-5.

may be briefly noted, giving chiefly the passages of Scripture whence they are taken, as readers of these notes will, I trust, study out the Church's Sunday lesson for themselves, on the lines here laid down.

1. *Canite tuba in Sion*.—"Blow ye the trumpet in Sion,"* not in grief and distress, but because "the day of the Lord is nigh."

2. *Ecce veniet*.—"Behold, the Desired of all nations shall come,"† "and the House of the Lord shall be filled with glory." (See III. Kings, viii, 11.)

3. *Erunt prava*.—"The crooked shall be made straight";‡ ending with the prayer, "Come, Lord, and tarry not."

4. *Dominus veniet . . . magnum principium*.—"The Lord shall come." (See St. Luke, i, 33: "Of His kingdom"; also Isaias, ix, 6.)

5. *Omnipotens sermo Tuus*.—"Thine Almighty Word." § Note that the Church, unable to restrain her joy at the nearness of her Lord's coming, chants "Alleluia" after each of these antiphons.

The antiphon at the *Benedictus* is, once more, Gabriel's *Ave Maria, gratia plena*. For the *Magnificat*, one of the "Great O's," spoken of last week, is appointed, according to the day of the month on which this Sunday happens to fall.

* Joel, ii, 1.

† Aggeus, ii, 8.

‡ Is., xl, 4.

§ Wis., xviii, 15.

The Coming of Our Lord.

LOVERS of the antique and the picturesque can scarcely fail to be charmed with the following passage "as touching the coming of Our Lord," selected from the "Legenda Aurea," Englished by William Caxton (1483), who says of it: "For in like wise as gold is most noble above all other metals, in like wise is this Legend holden above all other works." The quaintness and eloquence of the translation throughout are admirably illustrated in this extract:

The profit of his coming is assigned of many saints in many manners; for Luke saith in the fourth chapter that our Lord was sent and came to us for seven profits, where he saith: The Spirit of our Lord is on me, which he rehearseth by order; he was sent for the comfort of the poor, to heal them that were sick in sin, to deliver them that were in prison, to teach them that were uncunning. To forgive sins, to buy again all mankind. And for to give reward to them that deserve it. And S. Austin putteth here three profits of his coming and saith: In this wretched world what aboundeth but to be born to labour and to die. These be the merchandise of our region, and to these merchandises the noble merchant Jesus descended. And because all merchants give and take, they give that they have, and take that they have not; Jesu Christ in this merchandise gave and took. He took that which in this world aboundeth—that is to wit, to be born to labour and to die; he gave again to us to be born spiritually, to rise and reign perdurably. He came to us to take villanies and to give us honour, to suffer death and to give us life, to take poverty and to give us glory. S. Gregory putteth four causes of the profit of his coming: Studebant omnes superbi de eadem stirpe progeniti, prospera vitæ præsentis appetere, adversa devitare, opprobria fugere, gloriam sequi:

THE Christmas season is near,—the season, as Washington Irving says, for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bonds of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of once more calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again, among the endearing mementos of childhood.

They of the world, in their pride descended of the same lineage, studied to desire the prosperity of this present life, to eschew the adversities, to flee the reproofs and shames and to ensue the glory of the world. And our Lord came incarnate among them, asking and seeking the adversities, despising the prosperities, embracing villanies, fleeing all vain glory. And he himself which descended from glory, came, and taught new things, and in showing marvels suffered many evils. S. Bernard putteth other causes, and saith that, we travail in this world for three manner of maladies or sickness; for we be lightly deceived, feeble to do well, and frail to resist against evil. If we entend to do well, we fail; if we do pain to resist the evil, we be surmounted and overcome; and for this the coming of Jesu Christ was to us necessary. To that he inhabiteth in us, by faith he illumineth our eyes of the heart, and in abiding with us he helpeth us in our malady, and in being with us he defendeth our frailty against our enemies. . . .

Then let us pray that we may in this holy time so receive him that at the day of judgment we may be received into his everlasting bliss. Amen.

A Perfect Model.

More abundantly, perhaps, than any other season of the ecclesiastical year, the Christmastide furnishes valuable and graphically presented lessons well worth pondering over by religious, the young, penitents, and all who are immediately subject to legitimate superiors. Not the least important and practical among these lessons is one which that eminent master of the spiritual life, St. Francis of Sales, thus succinctly formulated in a discourse on the virtue of obedience. "I take for my model," he said, "the little Babe of Bethlehem, who knew so much, could do so much, and yet allowed Himself to be managed without a word."

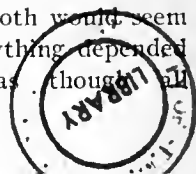
Notes and Remarks.

In the journalistic aftermath of the recent—if it is really over—panic, we find this rich gleaning, taken from the *Detroit News-Tribune*:

There are doubtless hundreds of others [panic "heroes"], but there is one who is known. What his standing is, whether he is even a millionaire, or a man whose honest and generous conduct of business affairs has kept him in the ranks of only the comfortably fixed, can not now be said. His name is Edward J. Sullivan, and of what he did there is no doubt. He advanced an idea and backed it up with an action. First, he wrote to all the persons whose mortgages he held, and voluntarily gave them a 90 days' extension in which to pay interest due, and granted the same extension in mortgages which he could otherwise have foreclosed. Next, he wrote to those who tenanted his property and extended their payments 60 days, with promises of making it 30 days more should conditions warrant. All this was, of course, within his private business. In his letters he said he was relieving those with whom he did business of every financial worry within his power to relieve, and for this reason: that he did not want them to feel they had to swell the ranks of those who had lost their heads in the flurry. He said he was sure everything would be all right, and to prove it he acted as he did. Having done this, he asked his correspondents if they could not do something of the kind for the men who were indebted to them. In fact, he started an endless chain of confidence and relief among a class of men who otherwise would have been agitated by grave fears, and whose fears would in turn have agitated others.

Whether or not Mr. Sullivan be a hero, readers of the foregoing will agree that he measures well up to the highest standard of a good man and true citizen.

That the Catholics of England fully realize the fact of their being face to face with a great crisis as regards the future of their schools, is shown by their energetic and unceasing efforts to secure educational equality. The bishops of the country, needless to say, are with the people heart and soul. The motto of both would seem to be: Agitate as if everything depended upon agitation, pray as though



depended upon prayer. Discussing the probable features of the new Education Bill, the *Tablet* says in conclusion:

But whilst thus preparing to take all the human means possible to avert the disasters that threaten our schools, we are more than ever conscious of the need of help from on high. Heaven helps those who help themselves, but on condition of their asking for assistance. Therefore it is that the bishops, in their Advent pastorals, are bidding us turn to God in our trouble and pray for the preservation of our schools. From this grand crusade of prayer none are to stand aloof. Therefore the children in the schools of the various dioceses are to be associated in the work. And for this purpose the use of the following prayer is enjoined:

"Dear Jesus, have pity on Your little children in England and Wales. Save the schools where we are taught to know and love You, and never let us lose the faith for which our martyrs died.

"Dear Mother Mary, pray for us!

"Martyrs of England, pray for us!"

All doubts as to the assent due to the decisions of the Biblical Commission established by Leo XIII., and the authoritative weight attaching to them, are settled by the new *Motu Proprio*, in which Pius X. makes this declaration, equally strong and clear:

"... Wherefore we find it necessary to declare and prescribe, as we do now declare and expressly prescribe, that all are bound in conscience to submit to the decisions, regarding doctrine, of the Biblical Commission, which have been given in the past and which shall be given in the future, in the same way as to the decrees approved by the Pontiff of the Roman Congregations; nor can all those escape the note of disobedience or temerity, and consequently of grave sin, who in speech or writing impugn these decisions; and this in addition to the scandal they give, and the other reasons for which they may be responsible before God; for other temerities and errors usually accompany such oppositions.

"Moreover, to check the daily increasing audacity of a great many Modernists who are endeavoring by all kinds of sophistry and devices to detract from the

force and efficacy not only of the Decree *Lamentabili sane exitu*, issued, by our order, by the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition of July 3 of the present year, but also of our Encyclical Letters *Pascendi dominici gregis*, given on September 8 of this same year, we do by our Apostolic authority repeat and confirm both that Decree of the Supreme Sacred Congregation and those Encyclical Letters of ours, adding the penalty of excommunication against contradictors. And this we declare and decree, that should anybody—which may God forbid!—be so rash as to defend any one of the propositions, opinions or teachings condemned in these documents, he falls *ipso facto* under the censure contained under the chapter *Docentes* of the Constitution *Apostolicæ Sedis*, which is first among the excommunications *late sententiæ* simply reserved to the Roman Pontiff. This excommunication is to be understood as *salvis pœnis*, which may be incurred by those who have violated in any way the said documents, as propagators and defenders of heresies, when their propositions, opinions, or teachings are heretical, as has happened more than once in the case of the adversaries of both these documents, especially when they advocate the errors of Modernism that is *the synthesis of all heresies*."

During the Old Home Week in Boston, a few months ago, the Rev. P. Greg. Hügle, O. S. B., was discussing with a prominent musician of that city the subject of Plain Chant rhythm and harmonization. Father Hügle, writing about it in *Church Music*, says:

Meanwhile the hour for an organ concert was approaching, and, being eager to attend it, I invited my friend to come along. "Not for any money," he said. "I could not sit down and listen for an hour and a half to those fugues and pieces. I have heard and played the numbers on the program so often that I am sick of them. My ambition at present is concentrated upon Plain Chant." When I expressed my astonishment, he continued: "The more I follow up the process of musical evolution, the more I seem to notice that the serpent is biting its own

tail,—or, in other words, that we are drifting into the channel from which we set sail. The latest opera of Debussy is proof of it; it is nothing less than well-disguised Plain Chant. I, for my part, am very anxious to study the Gregorian from its first beginnings up to the most elaborate forms. The melodic problems of the traditional chant have roused my keenest interest. There is art, sublime art, in the golden proportions which are discovered in almost every specimen; there is strength, manly strength, dignity, and elegance of a superhuman nature, in the structure of the whole."

We are of the opinion that one of the most marked features about the revival of Plain Chant, consequent upon Pius X.'s *Motu Proprio* relative to church music, is the surprise of both pastors and people in discovering that they really enjoy it. To our personal knowledge, not a few clerics and laymen who, only a few months ago, rather belittled Gregorian Chant have been converted, by hearing Mass and Vespers sung effectively in the oldtime way, to a very genuine admiration of the veritable music of Mother Church.

We have had frequent occasion to quote in these columns appreciative criticisms of the social and domestic virtues of the Italian immigrants to this country. Judging from one of a series of articles contributed to the *London Tribune* by Mr. George R. Sims, the same people in English cities are equally admirable:

When we pass into the Italian Quarter, we have to rely upon the courtesy of the inmates for the opportunity of inspecting their dwellings. There are no complaints to justify official intrusion. The women who welcome us and do the honors are comfortably clad, and their smiling faces are clean and wholesome-looking.

But the principal object of our visit is to see the children. We find them in clean, comfortable bedrooms, lying in good, clean beds; and a patchwork quilt of bright colors generally completes the picture of comfort. There is ample accommodation for all the children, who are as cosily bestowed as any child of well-to-do parents could wish to be. Many of the babies have separate cots. All the children are as clean as soap and water can make them, and there is not one that does not show that it is the object of paternal love and solicitude.

I turn to my kindly guides, Dr. Scurfield and

Mrs. Franks, and I tell them that I have always found these comfortable conditions in London's much-abused "Little Italy," and in every Italian Quarter that I have visited in the big provincial cities. The infant mortality among the poor Italians in our big towns is lower than among their native neighbors. That is proved by the official returns, and the reason is to be found in the good motherhood of the wives of the poor Italian street-hawkers.

The murderous proclivities of a few "Black Hand" desperadoes should not blind Americans to the manifold virtues of the great mass of Italian immigrants to our shores. As a rule, they are distinctly a gain to the country.

As a variant explanation of a subject that has often been treated in these pages, we quote the following somewhat lengthy extract from a paper on the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, contributed to the *Examiner* by Father Hull, S. J.:

Such is the great human family of God on earth. We should rather call it a divino-human family,—divine by its inclusion of Christ the Divine Son, and human by its inclusion of the many human brethren. And now comes the point. As it is a *divine* family, it must have God for its divine Father. But, moreover, as it is a *human* family, so also must it have Mary for its human Mother. Mary is the Mother of that family in two ways,—in the fuller sense by *generation*, in that she is the true Mother of Jesus Christ the first-born; and in the less full but still real sense by *adoption*, in that we are the adopted brethren of that first-born Son.

This is the reason why Mary is in a true and real sense our Mother. If the foregoing theology is accepted, the conclusion follows. Our filial relations to Mary are therefore not based merely on her affection toward us, nor merely on the bequest which was made on the cross in regard to St. John: they rest on the reality of Mary's maternal relation to her Son Jesus Christ, and on the reality of the adoption of sons by which we become children of God, brethren of Christ, and coheirs with Him of the kingdom of heaven.

Now, the relation between mother and son is perhaps the sweetest of all, and one which, especially when sublimated into the spiritual order, is best calculated to engender a deep feeling of devotion. The relations of son toward father are characterized chiefly by reverence and subjection, while those of son toward

mother are especially of the tender kind. Hence the enthusiasm of Catholics toward Mary is amply explained. It is no depreciation of our relations to God as our Father, or to Jesus Christ as our eldest Brother, that the devotion to Mary should take a more enthusiastic form, simply because in her case the appeal is to the most human sympathies and the most instinctive springs of emotion. Any "overdue prominence" which, to an outsider, devotion to Mary may seem to take in the practical life of the faithful, is therefore amply accounted for. It is a rule of psychology that the more human the object, the more spontaneous is its appeal to us. Devotion to God, being absolute and supreme, is more sublime in a certain way; but is it also more reverential and disparate, and therefore less human. Devotion to Christ comes next in order, combining as it does the reverential with the affectionate on account of the link of a common nature. But devotion to Mary, though certainly lowest in the scale, comes most nearly down to our human level, and appeals to us more naturally just for that reason.

It is on the same basis of the adopted sonship that the Communion of Saints is founded. The saints are not merely so many fellowmen, worthy of our respect and reverence as eminent servants of God. All this they are indeed, but they are something more. They are by adoption our brethren and fellow-children of God; and hence the enthusiasm and tenderness of a family relation pervades and sublimates all our dealings with them. Then again, amongst the saints Our Lady is not merely the first and foremost, ranking with them in the same category and only more eminent in degree: she is all this, but she is something more. The rest of the saints are our brethren and fellow-children of God, but Mary is the Mother of the whole family of saints and sinners alike; and hence she stands in a category apart and above the rest, just as the relation of son and mother is deeper and more tender than the relation of brothers among themselves.

It would be a surprise to people who are accustomed to think of ancient nations as steeped in ignorance to know how many inventions, generally regarded as modern, were already old at the beginning of the Christian era. Dr. A. F. Rudolf Hoernle, in his recently published "Studies in the Medicine of Ancient India," states that the amount of anatomical knowledge shown by medical writers of India of the sixth century B. C. is surprising in extent

and accuracy. Dissection of human bodies was practised, but, apparently, not that of animals. At the International Congress held in Rome a few years ago, Prof. Guerini exhibited several specimens of dental art which proved that something very much akin to bridge work was practised in ancient Italy so efficiently that it has lasted many centuries. Artificial crowns have also been found in Etruscan tombs. Dr. Deneffe states that in the museum of the University of Ghent there is a set of artificial teeth found in a tomb at Orvieto, with jewels and Etruscan vases; he gives their date as from five to six thousand years before Christ.

One advantage of historical research which we do not sufficiently appreciate is that it shows the utter absurdity of many such stories as that a Pope of the Middle Ages excommunicated the comet. If people who lived before the time of Our Lord were so enlightened, those living centuries later could not have been so ignorant as it is customary to regard them. They doubtless knew a thing or two about astronomy, dentistry, etc.

Writing from Florida to the *Missionary* Father P. Bressnahan says: "Last week I went into a country place, where there was one Catholic, to see about some persons I left under instruction last June; and I preached all the week. Two or three of my class had left, and of those remaining I found only one really ready for baptism. In all, there are six under instruction now; but the average attendance was only fifteen, one of whom is Catholic."

One reads frequently of the inspiration an orator receives from a large and appreciative audience. Think of the lack of such extraneous aid to eloquence involved in speaking every day for a week to an assemblage of fifteen! The missionary's true inspiration came, of course, from other and higher sources; and we doubt not that he was truly eloquent, because thoroughly earnest.



Carol.

☉OME sing we all a merry lay:
The morrow it is Christmas Day,—
The day of all good days the best!

Come sing we all how long ago
There came some shepherds through the snow
To see the Babe on Mary's breast.

And sing we how the shining choirs
Pealed forth with lutes and golden lyres
To give earth's joy a heav'nly voice.

Sing, sing how in that Stable poor
The Saviour of the world, 'tis sure,
Has come to make all hearts rejoice.

Then shout, ye men, full loud and high,
And, youths and maidens, join your cry;
For Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Yea, Christ is born this blessed night,
And angels from their glory's height
Sing, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

THAMONDA.

Noël Night.

BY JOHN HANNON.

LET me read you a little lecture on the season, the month, the day and the hour when our Blessed Lord was born. You know that He was born in winter, in the month of December, on the twenty-fifth day of that month, and at midnight. But how? St. Luke leaves us dark on these four points; St. Matthew just mentions the first Noël; St. Mark and St. John say no word at all about it. You are indebted for the Feast of December 25 to that constant tradition of the Church, which we shall look at more closely in our little Noël Night lecture.

"Tradition" means the handing down of truth from generation to generation,

unwritten. Of course traditions are put down in books quite often, but not necessarily; so long as they are truthfully handed down, it matters little whether they be written or not. You know as surely, from your grandparents, what your great-grandfather did for a living as if he had been a famous man and you had read it in a book. If tradition be so trustworthy in truthful family history, what must be its value in divine revelation, which God Himself guards "all days even to the consummation of the world"?

Look up in your New Testament the second Epistle to the Thessalonians. At the fourteenth verse of the second chapter, St. Paul says: "Therefore, brethren, stand firm, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our Epistle." St. Paul actually gives first place to the unwritten word of God. Now, suppose I ask you point-blank why you believe that "Christ our Lord was born on Christmas night"? Perhaps you will reply: "Why, Catholics have kept it up since the very beginning!" If you say this, you have said well. You have scored a point.

From time immemorial—or, as you have put it, from "the very beginning"—the Feast of the Nativity has been solemnly kept in the Church on December 25. We find witness of this in the earliest days of Christendom. The unknown authors of a very ancient book, "The Directions of the Holy Apostles," of the second or, at the latest, the beginning of the third century, St. Hippolytus of Porto (A. D. 220), St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and all the early Fathers are in agreement as to the universality of the Christmas date in their day. It has never been disputed *since* in the Church, and it could not have been disputed *before*, or they would certainly have mentioned this, and

endeavored to bring contradicters round, as the Fathers of the Church always did. That was their work, in fact,—to point out and to condemn newfangled opinions which Catholics had never heard of till inventors made them up.

You touch upon the right note when you bring up the Midnight Mass and the two other Masses on December 25. You may argue from this, and from the jealous witness of the Church in earliest times, that the first authoritative testimony as to the time of our Blessed Lord's birth must have come either from an Apostle or from the Blessed Virgin herself. The tradition is twenty centuries old; it must have begun while Our Lady still lived; and the Apostles (without writing it down) propagated it throughout the world from what God's Mother told them. They could have confirmed it, had they liked (and perhaps they *did* like), by referring to the registers of the general census of the Roman Empire, preserved not only in their time, but as late as the year 200, when the African lawyer Tertullian mentions them.

If a few non-Catholic writers question the 25th, they do not move very far from it in their reckonings, which place Christmas on January 5 or 6. The reason for their choice is interesting. All Christian antiquity proclaimed (we have St. Augustine's word for it) that Our Lord was born "at the winter solstice." Now, the winter solstice was entered wrong in the Jewish almanac. The Jews reckoned it January 5; the Romans called it December 25. By the sun it should have been the same date, of course,—the day when the sun touches the Tropic of Capricorn. But there were no astronomical instruments then, and even the Romans were a little bit out in their reckoning; for science now places the winter solstice about December 21. Still Our Lord was born on the day which the Romans called the winter solstice,—that is to say, on December 25. If two or three German professors still uphold the "back-number" almanac of the ancient

Jews, it really does not matter very much. Would *that* were the sole opinion dividing them from the Church of Christ!

Another curious objection to the Catholic date is set forth by a Protestant minister, Dr. Cumming, in his "Sabbath Evening Readings on St. Luke." He denies that Our Lord could possibly have been born in winter, because the Bethlehem shepherds were watching their flocks at the time. In December, he argues, grass would be too scanty for the sheep, and the nights too cold for the men.

Dr. Cumming did not know the Holy Land. Every traveller to the East will tell you how variable is the climate of Palestine. Perched up on a height, Bethlehem itself has on many winter nights "a nipping and an eager air"; but it is far otherwise in the lush valleys extending to east and southeast of the town, along the Dead Sea side. In these (it has been established by Barclay, after five years' careful observation) the thermometer never gets well within six degrees of freezing point; a tiny fraction under 38° is as low as the mercury sinks. If you have Baedeker's Guide-Book to Palestine and Syria, at about page 50 (I haven't a copy by me as I write), you will read of the mildness of these low-lying Bethlehem vales. As for the plentifulness of Bethlehem pastures and corn-fields, it is enough to remember that it is this which gives its name to the tiny city overlooking them—Beth-le-hem, "the house of bread." Saints have seen in this a higher meaning; for it was in Bethlehem that the Living Bread came down from heaven.

We now know more than we did of the Church's tradition concerning the season, the month, and the day of our Blessed Lord's birth. A word about the hour, and our little lecture may close.

Midnight is suggested only in the most general terms by St. Luke. The angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds to announce the Nativity while they kept the "night-watches over their flock." Thus we must turn to Catholic tradition

again to know at which night-watch the shepherds heard the *Gloria*. It is fixed for us by the Church's interpretation of a text from the Book of Wisdom (xviii, 14): "For while all things were in quiet silence and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word leapt down from heaven from Thy royal throne." These words refer in their primary sense to the angel who rescued the people of Israel from bondage by slaying the first-born of their captors. Early Christians, enlightened by the tradition of Noël Night handed down from the beginning, found in the text a veiled prophecy of the Nativity, and the Church set its seal upon their belief.

Our task is done; our "little lecture" on the *season*, the *month*, the *day*, and the *hour* of the birth of our Blessed Lord is over. The valleys about Bethlehem, we have seen, are warm and sheltered. Perched on its eyrie above them, the little "House of Bread" has many a cold and piercing night, especially at midwinter. In the half-open stable of the inn, the night winds blew fiercely, while the shepherds in their deep dales felt but the faintest breeze. The soul of the new-born Infant was irradiated from on high with the splendors of the Beatific Vision, but His body felt acutely the first assaults of human suffering. In the rough manger, unshielded from the cold save by the swaddling clothes, He wailed like other little new-born children. One of those infant cries would have sufficed to redeem the whole world.

The Yule Peace.

Since early days, it has been the custom in Scandinavia to observe what is called the Yule Peace. This lasts from Christmas Day to the feast of Epiphany, and is proclaimed by a public crier. Any violation of this peace is severely punished. All quarrels are adjusted, and old feuds laid aside during the period.

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVI.—AN EXCITING TIME.

August 1.—It seems a long time, and it *is* a long time, since I wrote in my journal, papa; but I haven't forgotten a single thing. I must tell you all about what happened to Cousin Elery, and how *she* happened to go. And now I am all alone. But I go over to Martha's every day, and sometimes they come here; and Esther likes them, and makes us cookies.

Well, I thought I *would* try and be a *little* company for Cousin Elery, even if she did not want me. I was firmly rezolved not to bother her. The next morning after the day she said she did not want me, I was just going to take my croshtay and sit in the summer-house with her, until she sent me away; and then I could run over to Martha and the Fersens, and feel that I had done my duty. Mrs. Fersen tells us always to do our duty, and we will find that things turn out better. But I met her—Cousin Elery I mean—at the foot of the stairs, and she said: "Come and walk with me a while, child. I need exercise." So I tucked my croshtay away in my bag, and hung it on my arm, so that I wouldn't have to go back to the house for it again when she would let me off to the Fersens.

So we walked in the garden some, and then she said: "Come to the back part of this place: I haven't seen it." So we went; and when we had gone as far as the old, old barn that no one ever uses, she said: "Is there a well here? I see an old windlass." And I said: "No. Maybe once there was, but it must have been filled up." So she got a kegg and pulled it out in the sun and sat down. "You may sit on the ground beside me," she said. But I told her I didn't like to sit in the sun, only to run and walk in it. Then she said: "Don't be stubborn, but come and sit on the ground at my feet.

I want to have a serious talk with you.”

So I thought I would better obey her, and was going to, when she began to jam the barrel up and down on the ground, to find an even place, I guess; and all at once something cracked, and Cousin Elery and the kegg she was sitting on fell in!!! It was a covered-up well; rotten boards and grass were on it, and no one knew it. I ran over, and heard her screaming, and I looked over the edge. There she was, standing in dirty water, and crying. I could see the water. She was pretty far down. “Don’t be afraid, Cousin Elery,” I said. “I will go for help.” So I ran back to the stable, to Fritz, and he hurried. “Bring a rope,” I told him, and he did. When we got there Cousin Elery was screaming and screaming, and she never stopped. Fritz told her not to cry: there was no danger; but she kept on. I did not think such a strong person as Cousin Elery would scream like that.

Fritz said: “I have a strong rope: I will let it down, and you tie it tight around your waste, and I’ll hawl you up.” She said: “Oh, I can’t, I can’t! I’m afraid I can’t tie it tight.” He said to me: “What shall we do?” I said: “I know. Let me down, and I will tie the rope around her waste in the sailor not you taught me, and then you can heave her up.” Fritz said: “And what about you?” I said: “Cut that awful long rope in two, and put one half around me, and give me the other piece in my hand to tie Cousin Elery.” He said: “But I must go and get George to help me pull her up. She is too heavy.” And Cousin Elery kept on crying and crying. When the boys came back, George said: “How far is the water up, Miss?” She said: “To my waste.” George said: “Then Miss Whirlwind can go down with safety.”

And first I made a not, so as to show them I knew how; and then they tied it around me, and I swung down. I was a little dizzy, but when I got to Cousin Elery she said: “You can’t tie a good not,—you can’t. Get a ladder.” But I

said: “We have none long enough. It will be all right.” She was shivering, and at last she let me tie the rope around her waste with the sailor not, and they hawled her up, and she screamed all the time. And Fritz had told Esther, and she came with a mackintosh, and they hawled me up right away, and I was in water almost up to my neck, and my clothes all covered with green scum, and Cousin Elery’s. And Esther put the mackintosh around her, and she said to me: “You are a heartless child, and as cool as a cucumber when I was in the water. Not a tear was in your eye.” And then I got mad and I said: “Tears were doing no good, Cousin Elery.” And Esther said: “My dear, do not be unkind. Lean on me, Miss Melloden.” And they walked away.

Minnie was there too; and Fritz wanted to carry me home, and Minnie said: “My lamb,—my precious lamb!” And it made me laugh and laugh and cry, and then laugh again. And at last he wrapped me in the waterproof Minnie brought, and he did carry me all the way to my own room, and Minnie made me go to bed. And the funny thing was that she cried too. And Martha came, and the Fersens. And in the afternoon Cousin Elery was well and walking around, but I could not get up. I was weak, they said. And Martha came the next morning, and she did not go away for two days.

And so, papa, Cousin Elery went home. She said she could not stand it. And before she went, I was downstairs. Then, she said: “Good-bye, child. I have written to your father to explain. I can trust Martha to take care of you.” And I did not say I was sorry she was going, for I was glad. And she said: “I think you are right brave; and I believe some good could be made of you, if you were not given your own way. But if you are, I pity you and your papa when you are grown up. Try to make improvement in your conduct.” And I only said: “Good-bye, Cousin Elery. I hope you will have a pleasanter time.” And she said: “I

am sure I will, after I get over that shock. I could hardly have had it more unpleasant than it has been here."

So that is all about Cousin Elery. And I am glad she is gone. And you need not be afraid for me, for I am very happy now, papa.

August 20.—How glad I am that the Fersens came here to live with us and Martha till you come back, my own dear papa! Mr. Fersen says the arrangement about the business is all finished, and that when you come home you will fix up the stone cottage at the other side of the road for them. And we can always be together as we are now. I am sorry, though, that you must stay away till Christmas; but it will not be half as bad as if Cousin Elery was here. Then I think I could have really died, or run away. But where could I have run to? Nowhere. I do not know anywhere but Melloden.

One night when I was in the attic I felt like going softly, softly, and stealing out into the garden, and down to the river, and getting into the boat, and floating, floating down till I came to the dam. And then I remembered that once Pane forgot to shut the gates, and a man was drowned; and I thought how awful it would be if that would happen to me, that I would be floating along in my lonely sorrow, and suddenly there would be the dam, and the rushing water, and poor little *Whirlwind* would be swallowed up in the whirlpool. I tell you I covered up my head and did not think of going in the boat any more.

Martha says I must tell you the reason I had to lie in bed two days was because some way the rope twisted me round and round when they were pulling me up, so that I nocked against the sides, and got black and blue on my shoulders and arms. And I tell you it was all kinds of colors, green even, and purple and brown. But it is nearly well now.

We are not having lessons now for two weeks, except Catechism for our First Communion; but Mrs. Fersen says the

first of September we will have regular lessons in the long attic room. There is a big table there, and she found two large maps stode away and she hung them up. We will study history and gography, and Mrs. Fersen says a little spelling will not hurt us. My hair is coming out just splendid, in pretty little curls. Mr. Fersen said I looked like a frangelico angel with a halow around my head, but Martha said appearances are descitful. I am far from being any kind of angel, she says; and I know it very well myself, though I am not real bad now like when Cousin Elery was here.

But one day I was pretty awful. I made Martha a cover for the hair-cushion—pincushion, I mean—with afgan stitch, pink and white; and she said it was pretty, but she did not put it on, but she kept on one made on turkyish crash, in cross-stich, red and green, that Bessie made for her. Martha has the old nursery for her room while she is living here; and every day for three days I looked, and still she did not put it on. And on the fourth day, it was Saturday, I looked and saw still the cover which Bessie made her, and all at once I felt *very* mad. And she came in, and I turned around and said: "Martha, I could almost pull off that cover from your cushion, and I hope you are not going to make me act mean to Bessie, because I really love her in my heart." And Martha said: "What do you mean, Whirlwind? I was hoping that you were all over your tauntrums, now that you say the Rosary and sing with the rest in the garden every night to the dear, patient, gentle Holy Mother." I said: "How can I help it when you like a strange child better than me, and keep her cover on your pincushion days and days, after I give you one?" Martha said: "Whirlwind, I am sorry and surprised to hear you talk like that, and to think that you would be so rude. If you had waited till to-morrow morning you would see your cover on the cushion, because I intend it for a Sunday cushion. Besides, it

would not have been treating Bessie well to pull off her pretty little cushion cover as soon as you had given me another."

And I saw how jealous and unjust I was, papa; and I began to beg Martha's pardon, and was backing out of the door, and I fell down three of the steps and turned my ankle. And Bessie came running to help me and she was so sweet and kind that I was ashamed, and told her how mean I had been. And Martha kissed me, and Bessie was so nice, and said she did not mind at all. And then I said: "I am sorry now, Bessie; but I am such a Whirlwind that I never know when I am going to be hateful; and I want you to remind me that I say now I will never be jealous of you again, if I ever act as if I am." And she promised, and I hope I will never be. Alfred is such a nice boy; but sometimes he teases us, and then I feel like getting angry. But Bessie only laughs, and she says that is his way, for boys can not help teasing.

She has a bed in my room, and Esther brought down another little bureau from the attic, and a small table from the attic, too, covered with a white cloth, for a washstand, and that Japanese screen for a purtishun. And we have a sofa and two chairs and a table with our sewing and books, and some pictures in your dressing room; and it is all so still and clean, and like you in there, that I hate to come out.

How sorry I was to hear that you can not come home till nearly Christmas! But if the Fersens and Martha were not here, I could not bear it. And we are going to make our First Holy Communion on Christmas Day.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE Christmas customs of America at the present time appear to have been drawn from all the nations. The Christmas tree is German, Santa Claus is Dutch, the stocking is Belgian, and the "Merry Christmas" is English.

Christmas Legends.

There is a legend that the ash, green and full of sap though it was, tendered its wood for burning in the Stable on the wintry night when our Saviour was born; and that its ruddy glow warmed the Holy Child. As everyone knows, green ash, more than any other forest tree, makes a cheerful fire. The old saying has it:

Ash green makes a fire for a queen.

When England was Catholic, the Christmas fagot was of ash, bound with hazel withes. The hazel, another legend tells us, had this place of honor given it because its early catkins first broke forth to give shelter to Our Lady and St. Joseph as they journeyed to Bethlehem. An old verse runs:

The pond'rous ashen-fagot, from the yard
The jolly farmer to his crowded hall
Conveys with speed.

The aspen alone among the trees paid no homage when the angel choir sang their glad song at Bethlehem, remaining stiff and motionless; and ever since it has been doomed to tremble even on the stillest summer day. To "tremble like an aspen" is a familiar saying the world over.

Why the Holly is Used in Christmas Decorations.

The holly, or holy bush, it is said, was the one that burned on Mt. Sinai before the astonished gaze of Moses; and its crimson berries are marks of that sacred fire which burned without consuming. The burning bush, we know, is a figure of the dear Mother of our Saviour, who is called by many ancient writers "the bush on fire with the love of God." Chaucer says:

O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O Bush unburnt, burning in Moses' sight!

This explains why the holly is so extensively used in Christmas decorations.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In a booklet of twenty-four pages, Messrs. Benziger Brothers publish the six "Roman Acts and Decrees" concerning frequent and daily Communion. It should find favor with all zealous pastors of souls.

—In a compact and convenient little volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, Mr. B. Herder has brought out Father J. B. Müller's "Handbook of Ceremonies," translated from the German by the Rev. A. P. Ganss, S. J., and edited by the Rev. W. H. W. Fanning, S. J. The book exemplifies the secret of being concisely full, brief yet thorough. It should prove a welcome addition to liturgical works in English.

—"Irish Songs," edited by N. Clifford Page, and published in attractive form by Oliver Ditson & Co., will prove welcome to lovers of the old melodies which carry that appeal to the heart peculiar to Celtic productions. In this collection are to be found all the old favorites, and many new songs that will soon win a place of their own. The accompaniments are in keeping with the spirit of the songs, and add to the general value of the book.

—The American Book Co. seem to be purveyors in general to the schools of our country. Among their recent publications are another of the Baldwin books.—"An American Book of Golden Deeds," a collection of inspiring stories of heroism; "Half Hours with Mammals," by C. F. Holder, which introduces the reader to many familiar as well as unfamiliar animals in their natural geographical environment; and a new Frank G. Carpenter reader, along industrial lines, with "Foods" as the subject of interesting chapters on various staples from flour to spices.

—"Melior of the Silver Hand" is the title of a collection of "Stories of the Bright Ages," by Father Bearne. (Benziger Brothers.) The opening tale strikes the keynote of romance,—the romance of sweet piety and purity of life. There are lessons in all these stories, and one feels better for reading them. The saints as portrayed by our author were very pleasant people to live with; and, if we only knew how to look for them, we should find the same sort of people to-day. It is not the doing of extraordinary things, but the doing of ordinary things extraordinarily well that counts.

—Of "A Colonel from Wyoming," a story written by J. A. H. Cameron, and published by the Christian Press Association, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia says (preface, p. 5): "Altogether I heartily commend the book to

all. It has none of the trashy modern *swash* about it, and its perusal will give no suggestion to our young readers other than wholesome, strong, and manly mental purity." Further than this it need only be said that "A Smuggler from Cape Breton" would be a truer title for the book, and that Mr. Cameron takes an unconscionable time in bringing his chief characters into juxtaposition.

—Writing in the current *Bookman* of the Letter-Box of the New York *Mirror* of seventy years ago, Stanley Johnson gives some enjoyable excerpts from the oldtime editor's plain talks to his contributors. Prefacing one such extract, in which the *Mirror* complains that editors of some other periodicals do not credit it with matter taken from its columns, Mr. Johnson says: "One more selection will be a gratifying proof of the improved manners among editors." If this means that editors nowadays do not withhold credit—in other words, do not steal matter—from contemporaries, Mr. Johnson's experience has been decidedly different from ours.

—"Eucharistic Soul Elevations," by the Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp., is made up of a series of "thoughts and texts gleaned from Holy Writ and the Roman Missal, methodically arranged as preparations and thanksgivings for Holy Communion." In the opening chapter, Father Stadelman speaks with unction of the treasure bequeathed to men when, at the Last Supper, Christ gave Himself to be the food and nourishment of our souls. Then follow thirty-five brief meditations, embodying devout reflections before and after Holy Communion. Doubts and fears concerning frequent Communion are dwelt upon in separate chapters, and the little book closes with the Decree of the Sacred Congregation on Daily Communion. John Murphy Co.

—Four years ago, a Canadian Catholic physician, William J. Fischer, published his initial volume of poems, "Songs by the Wayside." In the interim, his name has become familiar to the readers of sundry magazines, our own among the number; and his new book, "The Toiler and Other Poems," will appeal to a much larger audience than did his first one. That this second volume contains more than one hundred poems speaks well for Dr. Fischer's prolificness, though we are tempted to regret that the time spent in writing one-half the number was not devoted to the repolishing of the other half. Altogether too often, in reading this author's lyric productions, one has one's pleasure in a fine thought or bright fancy marred

by a false rhyme, a banal phrase, a limping metrical foot, or other evidence of defective technique. In the very first stanza of his title-poem, for instance, we find this quatrain:

Where roses lay he found sharp thorns,
And shadows near sunbeams,
Black night walked with his fair, white morns,
Despair rode on his dreams.

Now, the kindest critic—and we confess to a very kindly feeling for Dr. Fischer—must balk at being required to accent "sunbeams" on the second syllable, so the irritation caused by that second line spoils one's pleasure in the whole poem. This much being said, it is a pleasure to add that there are many pieces in the volume to please even the critical, and to stimulate and edify all who read its musical pages. Publisher, William Briggs, Toronto.

—"The Church in English History," by J. M. Stone, is professedly a manual for Catholic schools, but may be recommended also as a book for general reading by those whose knowledge of England's ecclesiastical history is fragmentary rather than complete. A volume of almost three hundred pages, it contains an interesting and connected story of the Church in England from the introduction of Christianity into the country until the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act in 1829. A valuable appendix contains Cranmer's "Declaration" against the Sacrifice of the Mass. The book bears the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Arundel, and is published in this country 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.

- "Handbook of Ceremonies." Rev. J. B. Müller. \$1.
 "The Church in English History." J. M. Stone. \$1.
 "Melor of the Silver Hand." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "Eucharistic Soul Elevations." Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp. 50 cts., net.
 "The Little City of Hope." Marion Crawford. \$1.25.
 "The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena." Algar Thorold. \$1.80, net.

- "The Love of Books (Philobiblon)." Richard de Bury. 60 cts., net.
 "Meditations for Monthly Retreats." \$1.25, net.
 "Delecta Biblica." A Sister of Notre Dame. 30 cts.
 "Ecclesiastical Diary, Ordo and Note-Book." \$1.
 "The Iliad for Boys and Girls." Rev. Alfred Church. \$1.
 "The 'New Theology'; or, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's Main Conclusions Refuted." Rev. W. Lieber. 30 cts., net.
 "Sursum Corda." Baron Leopold de Fisher. \$2, net.
 "Penance in the Early Church." Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D. D. \$1, net.
 "Conferences for Children on the Gospel of St. John." Sister Mary Teresa, O. S. B. 85 cts., net.
 "True Historical Stories for Catholic Children." Josephine Portuondo. \$1.
 "Good-Night Stories. Mother Salome. 75 cts., net.
 "A Day with Mary." Caryl Coleman. 60 cts., net.
 "The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. II. and III. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.
 "Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649." Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Paul Cwiakala, D. D., of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. C. J. Knauf, diocese of Peoria; Rev. Patrick Reardon, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Michael McAuliffe, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. Joseph Schaefers, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Michael Horrigan, O. P.

Sister Barbara and Sister Felicitas, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Charles Davis, Mrs. Josephine Sandman, Mr. Peter Dunn, Miss Helen Wells, Mr. Denis Kerin, Mr. Joseph Mussillon, Master Austin O'Toole, Mr. Joshua Cottrell, Mrs. M. O'Brien, Mr. E. D. Henry, Mrs. Ellen Bradley, Mrs. Mary Ward, Mr. John Rodzewicz, Miss Margaret Hayes, Mr. C. J. Nix, Mrs. Garrett O'Neill, Mrs. Margaret Leidemann, Mrs. Mary Dunn, Mr. E. A. Harrison, Mrs. Peter Higgins, Mrs. Sedon Straub, Mrs. John Claffey, Mr. Sylvester Wirtsberger, Mr. Benjamin Starr, Mrs. John Coyle, Mr. Edward Coyle, Mr. John Reynolds, Miss Anna Bennir, Mr. Andrew Dunigan, Mr. Louis Beauregard, Mrs. Catherine Foley, Catherine Mahoney, and Mr. James Wainright.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 28, 1907.

NO. 26.

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

Christmas at the Farm.

BY M. E. M.

THE children *all* are home;
 With tears my eyes are blind,
 I hardly thought they'd come,—
 Oh, but the Lord is kind!
 Back at the hillside farm,
 With father and with me!
 God save them all from harm,
 From sin and poverty!

Sometimes 'tis lonely here,
 Our dear ones far away;
 But through the long, long year,
 We wait for Christmas Day.
 And now it will be Dan,
 And then it will be Jess,
 Or Jack or little Nan,
 To cheer our loneliness.

To-day we have the seven,
 Brave, comely, straight and tall.
 Oh, 'tis a glimpse of heaven,
 Again to see them all!
 But seldom they do come,
 Soon must they take their flight;
 But, oh, thank God they're home,
 All, all, this Christmas night!

THE worship of the Virgin is to my mind—the mind of an unbeliever—full of holiness and beauty. We owe to it much that is ennobling in life, in art, in literature. I myself see in the Virgin the exquisite incarnation of Divine Motherhood, well worthy of the reverence of any man.

—Robert Buchanan.

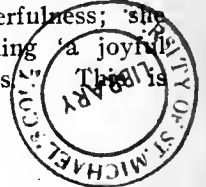
The Saint of the Crib.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



NOTHING is more capable of inflaming our souls with love and confidence in the divine goodness than the mystery of the Sacred Infancy," says the seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure, whose own heart was certainly on fire with devotion to the Master he served so faithfully with tongue and pen. And we might humbly add that nothing so arouses pious affection for Christ's Most Blessed Mother as the mysteries of Our Saviour's birth at midnight, amidst the coldness and bleakness of the rocky cave near Bethlehem,—the mysteries of those earliest moments and days of His mortal life, with which Our Lady was so intimately bound up. For, in the Latin Liturgy, the special characteristic of this great feast of our Lord's Nativity is twofold: first, *joy*, which the whole Church feels at the coming of the Word made Flesh; and, secondly, *admiration* of that glorious Virgin, true Cause of our Joy, and ever Immaculate Mother of God. In truth, there is hardly a prayer or a rite at this glad season which does not imply these two grand mysteries—an Infant God and a Virgin Mother.

"The Church Offices," to quote that high authority, Cardinal Wiseman, "are always full of life and cheerfulness; she ever prays in hymns, making a joyful noise to God with psalms."



particularly the case at Christmas, and also—a fact worthy of note—whenever Our Lady's aid is invoked. We all recall the words of the sweet Vesper hymn we know so well:

Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collatetur.

Can we think of the Crib at Bethlehem without remembering the Seraphic Saint of Assisi, who loved his God with passionate intensity, whose own birth in a stable bore a strange resemblance to the opening days of his Infant Saviour, and whose devotion to Christ's Virgin Mother has been rivalled by none? In fact, St. Francis, so winning and so fascinating, so filled with sweet and deep simplicity and truth, seems the saint ever most tenderly associated in our minds with Christmas, "the Feast of feasts," as he himself called it,—one which, each year as it came round, he celebrated with extraordinary piety and gratitude. The Divine Babe of Bethlehem appeared to him the Love of God made visible, and in one of his poems he thus fervently exclaims: "Thou art born of love, not of the flesh; Thou art love made man to save men!"* "No one better than he," says one of his biographers, "has appreciated Our Lord's words: 'God so loved the world that He gave it His only Son.' He desired to return love for love."

In order to do this, he wrapt himself in silence and contemplation, whilst at other times he displayed a kind of rapture of holy joy. Joy, indeed, as we know full well, was one of his special characteristics. A vein of sunshine, so to speak, ran through his entire life and work. It has been well said of him that "he had a horror of sadness as a real enemy to good, although never was a soul more filled with penitential sorrow. He was as bright as a spring morning where the sun rises above the mountains without a fleck of cloud." And this brightness and child-

like gayety of heart was never more noticeable than at Christmas, when he considered that even the very earth itself ought to show by its gladness that it felt the dignity of the Guest who had come to inhabit it.

We read, in the beautiful story of his life, how on one occasion, when the Feast of Christmas happened to fall upon a Friday, the brethren at Portiuncula were discussing amongst themselves the question as to whether the abstinence should be kept on so great a festival. Brother Morico maintained that no dispensation ought to be given. St. Francis, however, held a different view. "How can one think of abstinence," he cried, "in connection with the commemoration of so wondrous an event?"

His devotion to the Nativity inspired in him a sort of rapture of affectionate confidence. He was so overflowing with love for God made man, and, through God, with love for his fellow-creatures, that he would have all happy on this blessed day. Even the beasts and birds had their share in his all-embracing charity; for the chronicler goes on to say that, "in memory of the humble witnesses of our Saviour's birth," Francis desired that all the oxen and asses should be provided with better food; and he added: "If ever I can speak to the Emperor, I will beg him to make a universal edict, obliging all those who have the means to spread corn and grain along the roads, that the birds, especially our brothers the larks, may have a feast."

We need scarcely add that his love for Our Lady showed itself in a reverent homage, a tender, filial piety, and a chivalrous devotion, which no words can describe. He made her the Patroness of his Order; he regarded her as his Mother; indeed, as Celano observes, "it would be difficult to tell the extent of the duties he rendered her." "She has made the God of Majesty our Brother," he was wont to exclaim, and ever more and more, as the years went on, he loved to commend his

* "Amor de Caritate," strophe 27.

many children to her maternal care, begging her to protect them always, to comfort and direct them in every difficulty, to be their consolation, their Queen, and their guide.

One day at table, we are told, a Brother, in the course of conversation, remarked that the Blessed Virgin was very poor when she gave Our Lord to the world. It was enough for Francis. Tears began to stream from his eyes; he rose, and, "in order to be more like his Immaculate Mother, he went and finished his poor repast on the bare ground."

The Seraph of Assisi, in embracing what may now appear an extreme form of poverty and humiliation, did but imitate his divine Model, who, "though He was rich, yet for our sake became poor." The disciple would not be above his Lord. He took Christ literally at His word, and achieved the marvellous sanctity to which he ultimately attained by the closest following in the path of his Master that this world has probably ever seen. As was natural in one so devout to the Holy Childhood, he had a particular predilection for simplicity. He held that where simplicity is, there is grace; ostentation was detestable to him, and deceit and duplicity things abhorrent. He was, in the words of Celano, *simplex in omnibus*; and, side by side with this simplicity, he showed, says a modern writer, "that extraordinary courage which alone can withstand the allurements of a strong though unreal world." He was, moreover, "utterly sincere." No sort of pretence could find a place in his frank and generous nature. He carried the love of truth "to the extent of a passion," says the Abbé Le Monnier, whether in intercourse with God, with himself, or with his fellowmen; and exacted an actual and perfect agreement between his thoughts and his words.

The beautiful, poetical mind of Francis, as well as his crystalline purity of soul, made common things uncommon, and turned to gold the dross of daily life. His

soaring spirit, his tender affection for humanity, even though misguided and weak, drew all hearts to him; and it has been truly and charmingly said that he was "always helping men to put their feet on the track of dawn." To lose himself for others and for God,—this was the real secret of his greatness. His vast charity and deep self-sacrifice ("for he had ever in him that lovely trait of character, the romance of sacrifice") were really based upon his extraordinary love of his Creator and of Christ our Lord. "Jesus was all things to him: Jesus was in his heart, Jesus was on his lips, Jesus was in his eyes, in his ears, in his hands. He was his whole being."

It must never be forgotten that the Church is indebted to St. Francis of Assisi for the beautiful Christmas devotion of the Crib; it was he who first practised it, and obtained a special sanction for its establishment from Pope Honorius III. And thus it has come about that through each succeeding century countless thousands of faithful worshippers have knelt, in vast cathedrals or humble sanctuaries, before the representation of the poor Stable at Bethlehem, feeling their whole being moved to a keener realization of the mercy and goodness of Him who deigned to become a little child for us.

"It happened in the third year before his [Francis'] death," observes St. Bonaventure, "that, in order to excite the inhabitants of Grecio to commemorate the Nativity of the Infant Jesus with great devotion, he determined to keep it with all possible solemnity." As a matter of fact, he had long had this project in view, and took advantage of his visit to Rome to bring the subject before the Pope, who, as we have seen, gave gracious approval and consent. St. Francis was strongly convinced that if this holy mystery were depicted with something more nearly approaching reality, the beneficial effect produced upon the faithful would be incalculable.

Having gained, therefore, the permission

of the Sovereign Pontiff, he immediately dispatched a message to a certain nobleman at Grecio, named John, whose high birth was more than equalled by his nobility of mind, and whose devotion to the saint was unbounded. "I wish to keep Christmas night with you," Francis said; "and, if you are agreed, this is the manner in which we will celebrate it. You shall choose a place in your woods,—a grotto, if there is one; you must put into it a manger with hay; and bring in an ox and an ass, in order that it may resemble as closely as possible the Stable at Bethlehem; for I greatly desire to see with my own eyes a representation of the birth and poverty of the Divine Child."

John of Grecio warmly appreciated the idea of his holy friend, entering with the greatest eagerness into all his plans, and arranging everything in exact accordance with his request. The brethren in the neighboring convents were duly informed of what was to take place, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages were also invited to be present. Thus it came to pass that when Christmas Eve arrived an immense multitude, bearing torches and lighted tapers, walked in stately procession to the ceremony. "The forest resounded with their hymns of praise," says St. Bonaventure; for the brethren sang carols, which were taken up by the people, and echoed and re-echoed through the woodland vistas.

"A night that has illuminated the world could not remain in darkness," remarks Thomas of Celano in this connection. And the author of the *Dies Iræ* calls it "the delicious night." Francis was at the head of the spectators, rapt almost in ecstasy. To give St. Bonaventure's words once more: "The man of God stood before the manger, full of devotion and piety, bathed in tears and radiant with joy."

At midnight, the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass was solemnly celebrated in the very centre of the forest; "and the Gospel was sung by St. Francis, the levite of

Christ." It will be remembered that the depth of his humility withheld him from receiving the dignity of the priesthood,—a dignity of which no servant of God was ever more worthy than he who bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus.

How awe-inspiring, yet how infinitely touching, must have been the spectacle of that Midnight Mass amidst the woods of Grecio! We can imagine how the wind whispered its low accompaniment in the arching branches overhead, whilst the stars in heaven looked down on the countless tapers that glimmered like miniature stars below. We can picture the reverent devotion of the vast throng; the dark, mysterious silence of the forest; the swaying censers, the melodious sounds of praise and prayer. We seem to hear the voice of Francis preaching to the assembled multitude on the Nativity of the Babe of Bethlehem. We feel the marvellous power and charm of the saint's personality; we are moved almost to tears by the simplicity, yet extraordinary force and fervor, of his discourse. This, like all his sermons, was unstudied: his eloquence was the eloquence of a burning soul, of a heart that was always "full of love for God and love for men." It has been well and truly said that "it is the living faith in one soul which moves another"; and this faith, vivid, luminous, absolute, St. Francis possessed in a pre-eminent degree.

Then, we are told by St. Bonaventure that as the Adorable Sacrifice went on, "a certain valiant and veracious knight" (another writer says this was the same John of Grecio who had prepared the Crib) "affirmed that he beheld, sleeping in that manger, an Infant marvellously beautiful, whom the blessed Father Francis embraced with both arms, as if he would awake Him from sleep." All the spectators were in a state bordering upon rapture; for had not they also taken part in this triumph of simplicity, poverty, and humility?

Verily, their eyes had beheld wonderful things,—things which must have made

their hearts thrill with heavenly gladness, and which must have left behind memories that no after years could efface. Full of devotion, they carried away hay from the Crib; and a pious tradition says that this hay miraculously cured diseases. However that may be, it is certain that Almighty God was marvellously glorified in His servant. Five years later, when Francis had gone to his reward, and been canonized, the people desired to erect a chapel to him on this spot in the woods, where he had celebrated Christmas with them in so remarkable a manner.

The Feast of the Nativity is distinctly a feast of holy joy, and for this reason we love to associate with it that *vas electionis*, Francis, "the apostle of pure joy"; the saint who proves so incontrovertibly that it is to the simple, the straightforward, the pure in heart, that joy comes. To him, then, let us turn at this holy season of Christmastide, begging him to obtain for us some of his own sweetness and brightness, "his delicate refinement of nature and fascination of joy." He, perhaps, more than any of the blessed, can teach us to love Our Lady and the Holy Babe of Bethlehem. He, more than any, can show us how to forget ourselves and rejoice in others and in God.

IN the Incarnation, the Godhead was united to human nature, that so man might be partaker of the Divinity; so in this Adorable Sacrament, the person of the God-Man is presented to us in the form of bread, that so each of us may be in some manner partaker of it, and incorporated with it. Our dear Lord was not content to be amongst us, He desired to be within us; He was not satisfied with belonging to our kind, He desired to belong to every individual; He did not think it enough to be seen and touched by the few who had the happiness of knowing Him in the flesh, unless those who came after, to the end of time, as St. Macarius writes, "could have the same blessing."—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

A Feast-Day in Cordoba.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

AMONG the many beautiful customs falling into decay, none shows more rapid decline than the old one of walking in procession. Indeed, most of us have so lost this processional sense that anything not savoring of a military parade strikes us as false to modern conditions, and theatric in character. How much our lives have lost in this hyper-consciousness, a glimpse of the old coronation processions, the cortege of the Lord Mayor in London, or the uncomfortable gathering of caps and gowns at an American university, makes apparent. If it be to religious ceremonial that we must look for preservation of the procession, how often shall we not find, instead of the decorous, simple and naïve advance of choristers and clergy, only the wooden attitudes and stony faces that suggest the armory rather than the house of prayer!

But, in speaking of the decay of processions, it is principally to the outdoor celebrations that we refer. Practically speaking, there are not, with the exception of certain coronation features and burlesque survivals such as the Mardi Gras, any real processions left in the world outside of Spain. Even there, the great processions of Seville begin to take on the military character that has been gradually assumed by the public celebrations of the "Corpus" at Munich and Vienna; and it is only by chance, and in out-of-the-way corners, that one comes upon the true "progress" or ceremonial outing of other days.

If we could take one of our oldtime May Day processions, add perhaps hundreds to it in numbers, and dignify it with the presence of clergy and village elders, we should have something like the procession that wound its way through the alleys of Cordoba in Spain one balmy February afternoon. What was the par-

ticular festival? There was certainly no holy calendar to enlighten us; so it may be assumed that the celebration was of a merely local character, and as much a civic as a religious feast.

The average American in Cordoba tarries long enough to cross the Roman-Moorish Bridge of Calahorra, which spans the sluggish Guadalquivir, and rush through the mosque of Abderrahman, where the canons now chant their Office to the Virgin of the Assumption as calmly as, on the other hand, the *muezzin* cries "Allah Akbar" from the minarets of Santa Sophia, the dechristianized shrine of the East. Of the labyrinth of alleys, with their whitewashed walls, their hidden gardens, curious *patios*, churches, convents and asylums, he rarely sees anything.

It was in one of these little squares we found ourselves, in a space of rough cobble-stones surrounded by a few dingy little shops, and at one end a church façade elaborately decorated in the plateresque manner of the sixteenth century. We formed part of a group of some fifty or sixty men and boys—soldiers and *bourgeois*,—in cloaks and shawls and ulsters, notwithstanding the mildness of the afternoon. They were typical specimens of the male gentry of the shrunken cities of the south of Europe, who, with very rare exceptions, know nothing and care nothing about the history of the ruins they inhabit; whose leisure hours in the ill-kempt *cafés* and *circolos* are taken up with interminable discussions of politics and finance, whenever it is not a question of their amorous career.

How these languid folk manage to subsist has long been one of the unsolved problems in finance. Nor let the romantic-minded be mistaken as to their real social condition. The historic families in almost every case have died out or deserted the smaller cities, and now congregate (often pitifully enough) in the social capitals. The gilded youths of these little *plazas*, *campos* and *piazas* are almost invariably the sons of the mercantile class, who,

on their return from the military and church academies, devote themselves to the career of "fine gentlemen"—*fare il nobile*, according to the Roman phrase,—which in these little places amounts to swinging tinselled walking-sticks, introducing strange fashions of dress supposed to originate in Paris, and answering and receiving long epistles in some dingy *café*.

We had hardly arrived when the *plaza* began to fill up with private equipages. Out of the church came several hundred women and children, as a military band was heard approaching. Suddenly the bells from scores of church towers began to jangle so wildly as to send little "goose waves" up and down the back. Here at last was something which, after years of reading, we had despaired of ever beholding,—a real procession of the old time, such as used to walk the streets of every town and city of Europe when men's hearts were younger and lighter.

The long line of coaches made the narrow *calle* almost impassable for the crowds that began to surge through it. Certainly in no other country are carriage appointments more admired or more elegant than those of even the small centres of Spain; and nowhere are the *majoral* and grooms more impressive and handsome in their liveries than those who sat along this alleyway, their top-hats respectfully held upon their knees.

The noise from the belfries grew almost painful in volume, though individually the bells were very melodious, and rung by hand; as we could see from where we stood two or three small boys in every bell-loft doing their very best with large mallets.

Down the *calle* came a detachment of the local cavalry, whose mounts recalled the barbs of romance only by way of contrast; then a goodly number of laymen—ancient bedesmen, no doubt—carrying on a platform a large statue of the King St. Ferdinand, wearing a trailing velvet cloak, a tinsel crown, and carrying several gory heads in token of his prowess in

delivering Cordoba from the Moors as far back as the year 1236.

The next detachment consisted of a large body of boys of all ages, wearing the semi-military uniform that seems essential to the educational ideas of the Mediterranean mind. These were followed by tiny children, many of whom were exquisitely beautiful; then came the ladies of the city, all of them in the severest of black, wearing the black veils and mantillas. Everybody—man, woman and child—carried a lighted taper; and there was breeze enough to make this feature as exciting as it was beautiful, for the wax flew far and wide.

There now appeared a superb shrine of silver and gilt, with an image of Nuestra Señora; it was borne on the shoulders of four elderly gentlemen in evening dress and gorgeous decorations, escorted by mace-bearers in velvet robes, and followed by the municipal dignitaries.

While the brass band discoursed some rather irrelevant opéra-bouffe marches, the procession moved along at a languid pace, with every now and then a pause, either to enable the bearers of the banners and images to rest, or to do honor to certain households by having the images, as it were, pay them a visit of ceremony. The mingled reverence and light-hearted curiosity of the throng were delightful. Where indeed are wits quicker than in Andalusia? The processionists, while conscious that they were facing a very critical gathering of their fellow-citizens, were able, nevertheless, through lifelong familiarity with the custom, to preserve a natural ease and correctness of deportment, which would have been impossible under other conditions.

The women were of all classes, from the splendid matron with the profile of a Grecian coin, from the *garba* whom Zurbaran would take as model for his saints, to the simple Gracias, Lolitas, and Paquitas of Murillo; and the *salada* and *sandunga* of Goya, whose features spoke of Tangiers across the Strait. If it will

shock anybody to hear that some of these ladies had expended their rice powder too freely even in the cause of religion, let him or her grow gracious in the thought that we are now in a land where the tiniest infants are not infrequently decked out in this manner, and where even the poorest mendicant may with propriety pause to slap her cheeks with the puff before crying an alms of the señoritas.

Standing near us were three or four young army officers of the unshaven, provincial variety. Some of the young ladies happened to arouse their interest, and now and then they did not hesitate to express their opinions before the objects of their attention were out of hearing. Some of the ladies took no notice; but once in a while there came along a true daughter of Andalusia, who in a whisper gave back banter for banter in a fashion which caused the young gallants some difficult moments.

Thus they filed by, in two long lines, through the narrow, tortuous *calles*, over the cobble-stones more or less neat, of the lost little village that was once the centre of the arts and sciences of the European world. The uproar of the bells never ceased for a moment; rockets began to hiss into the blue sky of evening; one of the confraternities started a hymn, but the voices died away,—the bells were too much for them.

But not all was peace until the end; for while the distinguished señors who had borne the silver image were resigning their posts of honor and stepping into their coaches, suddenly down the line rushed a *padre*, who must have been master of ceremonies or in some authority. He had caught sight of our frivolous young friends of the army, and hurled at them some highly-spiced remarks on their indecorum, "especially in the presence of Englishmen,"—an infelicitous allusion to ourselves. Not content with this, he handed the culprits over to the high officer, evidently their commandant, who was taking part in the procession.

There was a moment of suspense in Cordovan military circles. The jollity of the officers was evidently at an end for the day, as, in the view of all, they limply disappeared down another important alley of the town, to take refuge on the lounges of their clubhouse,—no doubt greatly aggrieved.

We then observed that we had all the while been standing opposite a convent: not the kind of convent that governments confiscate—all turrets and carved stone,—but a plain little house of plaster, with screened balconies where the nuns and school children can hang out their blue and white draperies, and peep down at the processions on beautiful evenings such as ours was at Cordoba. As we came away there was a group of youngsters looking down at us with smiles of curiosity, and over the roof shone the brilliant evening star.

• ————— •
Carol.

(There are modernized versions of this fifteenth-century carol, but the flavor belongs to the quaint old form.)

¶ SING of a Maiden
That is makeles; *
King of all kings
To her Son she ches. †

He came al so still
There His Mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
To His Mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
There His Mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and Maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a Lady
Goddess Mother be.

* Matchless.

† Chose.

The Babylonian Eagle.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

“AND who in the world are you, forcing yourself into a house without so much as ‘By your leave’? That’s what I want to know?” And Bridget Nealon folded her arms and stood before the thin, wiry man who had just crossed the threshold.

“I won’t give any trouble, ma’am,—not a bit. It isn’t my way. I’m a bailiff, ma’am. There’s an order” (the speaker pulled a sheet of paper from one of his pockets) “against Mr. George Melville for the sum of twenty-five pounds nine and six, for goods supplied by Messrs. Woods & Co.”

“Oh!” Bridget groaned. “Is that it? I had my doubts about *him* paying that bill. Come in here,”—she led the way to the kitchen. “*He’s* dying, and Miss Mary has trouble enough, dear knows, without the like of this.”

Bridget sat down in a chair and rocked herself to and fro, while John Carter stood ruefully regarding her.

“I won’t be any trouble,” he repeated; “and maybe I can be of use. Is it Mr. Melville that’s dying?”

Bridget nodded emphatically.

“Sure he never had any knowledge at all, at all. He owned as nice a place in Sussex as you’ll see, and mortgaged it to put the money in some shares or other that were to make him a fortune. They didn’t, and one misfortune followed another till we came here to London,—he and Miss Mary and I. Miss Mary was clever and got employment in a ladies’ school near; and, one way and another, we managed to live. But if ever the master got money in his hands, he’d have to be buying some shares or other. And now he has brought this fresh bother on her. Ochone! ochone!”

The bailiff shifted uneasily about.

“Don’t take on so, ma’am,—don’t now!” he pleaded. “And if I can be useful in

any way, I'll be glad. At a time of death, you know, women feel nervous; and I won't be any trouble at all. I have to do my duty, but I'll do it as nice as possible,—I always do. My name is John Carter, and you'll find I haven't a bad character anywhere, ma'am."

Bridget checked her sobs with an effort. "'Tis the tea that's doing it, Mr. Carter," she explained. "I can't sit up without two or three cups of strong tea, and I take night about with Miss Mary,—the best daughter ever man had, and the hardest put on. Sure I mind when she might have married well, and now she's toiling and working from morning till night at one thing or another. She paints Christmas cards and writes children's stories; and however she'll get twenty-five pounds paid, I don't know. And there's the doctor's bill and other things. She gave her father the money to pay Woods. I saw her. Woods is the grocer. Are you laying the order on the furniture?"

John Carter nodded.

"I am sorry to do it," he said dolefully.

Bridget motioned him to a chair near the fire.

"Sit down. We need not let *her* know. If she comes down, you can slip into the scullery, or say you're a cousin of mine or something,—yes, say that."

Carter promised to do as she wished; and Bridget proceeded to prepare a "cup o' tea" for him, and, with the freedom of her kind, acquaint him with her history.

"Sure 'tis Irish I am. I was Miss Alice's maid, and I came with her to England when she married Mr. Melville,—it's the fine, handsome gentleman he was then" (Bridget sighed); "and sure I couldn't leave Miss Mary when the troubles came. It was the blessing her mother didn't live for the worst of them. And now the master's dying. He had his faults—all of us have,—but he wasn't bad. And now there's your tea," she went on; "and I don't know what in the world we'll do about the furniture. Whist! Miss Mary's calling!"

Bridget darted up the stairs with an agility worthy a younger woman; and John Carter, understanding somehow the meaning of the muffled sounds from the rooms above, left his meal and crept noiselessly up the stairs. Bridget met him at the top.

"He's gone!" she cried,—"gone,—dead, and without a word!"

Carter saw the threatening hysterical symptoms, and led her downstairs.

"Drink this," he said, handing Bridget a glass of water; "and think of the young lady. I was in one of the big hospitals till I got this hurt" (the man exhibited a right hand minus the thumb), "and I know what to do for the poor dead gentleman. I wouldn't be a sheriff's bailiff only that I'm fit for little else, and one must live. Send the young lady to bed," he went on after a pause. "You can invent some story about me, and you and I will do what is needful."

And so gently and decorously did the bailiff perform the last offices for the dead man, that Bridget's heart was won.

She then threw open the door of the sitting-room, when their work was ended.

"There isn't much of value there," she said. "Wait a minute till I speak to Miss Mary. She is moving."

While the servant was speaking to her mistress, Carter's eyes surveyed the tiny sitting-room.

"Not much of value — ah! what is this?" The man lifted a small bronze eagle wanting a wing, and examined it. "It might be worth a good deal to one of those antiquarian gents, like Sir John."

He had the eagle still in his hand when Bridget rejoined him.

"Are you looking at the bird? It was given to Miss Mary by an uncle of hers, who was an engineer in foreign parts. He used to say it was from the town where a great old king reigned."

"What king?"

"He had a long name,—I don't mind it; but he used to be eating the grass."

"Oh!"

Carter had not much historic lore. He replaced the bronze eagle in its former position, and inquired how the young lady was bearing up. Bridget lowered her voice.

"She thinks you're some one I know," she said. "And she's dreadfully puzzled how to get money. She sold long ago any little articles of jewelry she had."

"Would she sell that?"—Carter indicated the disabled eagle.

"Is it worth anything?"

"It might be. And I know a gentleman who has a craze for things of the kind."

"Wait a minute. I'll speak to her."

Bridget's minute lengthened to a dozen. When she came back she was accompanied by a pale-faced, sad-eyed girl, who might, in other circumstances, Carter decided, be very good-looking. She held out her hand to the bailiff. He touched it respectfully.

"You are Bridget's friend, and you have been kind," Mary Melville said. "I can not thank you as I ought."

"Don't mind, Miss," Carter answered awkwardly.

"I am badly in want of money," the girl said tearfully, "and Bridget tells me that you think the bronze eagle would sell."

"Yes, Miss. A gentleman I used to know buys odd things like it," Carter replied. "He lives in London too."

"Could you—would you bring it to him, please?"

The officer of the law hesitated. Once in possession, a bailiff should remain in possession; but the circumstances of the case and the girl's eyes decided him.

"Yes, Miss," he said.

"Oh, thank you so much!"

She folded the eagle up in paper and handed it to Carter, who moved downstairs followed by Bridget.

"I'm neglecting my duty in going," he said; "but you'll let me in again. Honor bright, you know."

Bridget's early life in Ireland had not been without experiences of seizures by the officers of the Crown.

"You're a decent man, and I'll open

the door for you; though I have been glad to see the sheriff's men kept out before now. You're going on Miss Mary's errand, and you'll come to no harm in doing so," the Irishwoman promised.

When Carter reached the dull, respectable house in Harley Street, where resided Sir John Fortescue, president of the Royal Antiquarian Society for Great Britain, he was at once conducted to the library. Sir John was not alone.

"Hello, Carter! How are you?" Sir John exclaimed. "Business dull in your line, eh?"

"Not exactly, sir. I'm on a job just now, and I have done a wrong in coming here. I made a seizure of the furniture in a house to-day. The father—the debtor—has just died, and the daughter is in sore want of money. I volunteered to bring this article to you to see if you'd care to buy it, sir."

Carter shook the wrappings from the eagle and deposited it on the table. Sir John gave a start.

"Good gracious!" the learned gentleman ejaculated, as he examined the bird. "Why, this—" Sir John put on his glasses and scrutinized the article by the glare of the electric light. "Marvellous! wonderful! Carter, where on earth did you get this?"

"I told you, sir: in a house where I made a seizure on account of Woods & Co.," Carter answered.

"And the owner is willing to sell it? She's a woman, you say? Does she know its value?" Sir John asked breathlessly.

"She doesn't think it worth much," replied Carter. "An uncle of hers got it, or found it, somewhere in foreign parts."

"Come here, Felix," Sir John said; and a gentleman came forward. Sir John placed the bird in his hands. "Do you know what that is?"

"A bird wanting a wing, isn't it?" said Felix Fortescue.

Sir John snorted.

"It is Babylonian,—Babylonian, I tell you! Does the lady know that, Carter?"

"I suppose she does. I don't know," said Carter. "Miss Melville just gave it to me. The old servant did talk about a king—"

"Miss Melville?" Felix interrupted,—
"Mary Melville?"

"The lady's name is Mary," Carter assented, and wondered at the younger gentleman's excitement.

"Is she brown-haired and blue-eyed?" Felix asked eagerly.

"Where was the eagle found?" Sir John interrupted; and poor Carter looked helplessly from one to the other.

"In foreign parts," he replied. "And as for the lady, she's a nice girl; but as to her eyes or hair, I don't know."

"It must be Mary Melville, uncle," Felix Fortescue said,—
"George Melville's daughter."

"The girl you were engaged to?" Sir John inquired. "She disappeared?"

His nephew assented.

"Yes. Mr. Melville lost his fortune in speculation. I was then in Africa as war correspondent, and Mary fancied the engagement should be broken on account of Mr. Melville's losses."

"I remember. There was talk, too, of some discreditable card business?" Sir John said.

"Mr. Melville was more sinned against than sinning in that," Felix answered. "Mary broke off the engagement, and father and daughter were lost sight of. I never could trace them."

"This is Babylonian, I am almost certain." Sir John tapped the eagle. "I'll give five hundred pounds for it on chance."

"Five hundred?" Carter gasped.

"I'll take Miss Melville your offer," Felix said; and he journeyed back with the bailiff.

Bridget lifted up her hands as the two entered.

"Mr. Fortescue!" she cried.

"Yes, Bridget," Felix said. "Why did you not let me know?"

"How could I? I can't write; and, besides, *she* forbade me to mention where

we lived," the woman answered. "Thank God you're come, anyway!"

John Carter's claim was at once settled; and Sir John himself came to bring Mary to Harley Street, once her father's funeral was over.

"Felix has waited for you, my dear," he said kindly. "He would never have consented to marry any one else; and my sister (she's an invalid) will be delighted to have you staying with us. And you and I have to settle what sum you are to receive for the Babylonian eagle."

Some Old Letters.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

AMONG the books recently published in London is one the title of which, "Before and after Waterloo,"* suggests that it is a grave historical work or a military treatise. It is, however, a collection of delightful gossiping letters, written in the days when letter-writing was not yet a lost art,—the days before post-cards, telegrams, and hastily scribbled notes. The writer was a remarkable man,—an Anglican country clergyman, who died Bishop of Norwich in the Established Church of England. He is best remembered as the father of a famous son, Dean Stanley of Westminster.

Edward Stanley was a Liberal in the good sense of the word. The benefited clergy of the Church of England a hundred years ago were mostly "true-blue" Tories, who regarded all reform, even of the most moderate kind, as a pandering to Revolution, and the proposal to give Catholics the ordinary rights of citizens as a compromise with idolatry. Stanley was an advocate of Catholic Emancipation and of other measures of reform. Perhaps his wider views were in part the result of his wider knowledge. In the first years of the

* "Before and after Waterloo." By Edward Stanley, some time Bishop of Norwich. London: Fisher Unwin.

nineteenth century, war closed most of the Continent to English travellers. Edward Stanley had a passion for travel, delighted in studying the ways of other lands, and was quite free from the old prejudice that the Englishman is so superior to the mere foreigner that he has nothing to learn from him.

When peace with France was signed at Amiens, Stanley at once crossed the Channel. He made another tour after the first restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, and again after Waterloo. These letters, illustrated by most artistic sketches from his pencil, record his impressions. They give terrible pictures of the devastation caused by Napoleon's wars, recent traces of which the traveller saw everywhere. There are on almost every page interesting glimpses of the life of a hundred years ago, — anecdotes of famous men and women whom the traveller met, strange experiences arising from the conditions of the time. We, who run across the Channel in a turbine steamer in an hour, can hardly realize what the crossing was in the days of sailing "packets." In one crossing to Ostend, Stanley found himself becalmed at sea, and the passengers were face to face with starvation. A boat was sent to beg supplies from another ship, and a high price was asked for what was taken. The mate remarked that things might have been worse, for he had once been ten days at sea between Dover and Ostend. We now cross the Atlantic in half the time. On land, travelling was by carriage on the roads, hiring horses every few miles for a short stage.

Roaming about Western Europe in this leisurely way, Stanley had time to write long, pleasantly descriptive letters. The Catholic reader finds here and there a passage of special interest, because it tells something of the state of religion in Napoleon's days. Travelling to Paris in 1802, Stanley passed through Rouen. He wrote to his brother that he had tried to buy for him some beautiful stained glass. It was just after the years of the Revolu-

tion and on the eve of the Concordat, and his letter shows something of the desolation of the sanctuaries of France. "Almost all the churches," he says, "and all the convents are destroyed; their fine windows are neglected, and the panes broken or carried off by almost every person." The stable where his horses were put up had evidently been part of some ecclesiastical edifice, for it had beautifully colored windows. He found out that a banker named Tezart owned the churches, having bought them as a speculation. He goes on to say:

"I went to the owner of the churches and asked him if he would sell any of the windows. Now, though ever since he has had possession of them everybody has been permitted to demolish at pleasure, he no sooner found that a stranger was anxious to procure what to him was of no value, and what he had hitherto thought worth nothing, than he began to think he might take advantage; and therefore told me that he would give me an answer in a few days, if I would wait till he could see what they were worth. As I was going the next morning, I could not hear the result, but I think you could for one guinea purchase nearly a whole church window."

At St. Denis, near Paris, Stanley saw the great abbey church, the old burial place of the kings, roofless and falling into ruin. In Paris itself, twelve years later, he noted that, if there was any religion left, the people were very secret about it, so little sign of it was to be seen. It was different in Belgium. There, at any hour of the morning, if he entered church or cathedral, he saw a crowd of people hearing Mass. He was struck by the devotion of the congregations, and pleased with a custom that has since disappeared. All the women, when they went to church, wore for their headdress only a black veil. It seemed reverent, he thought, and made the young women look beautiful, and the older ones dignified. He wished it could be observed every-

where as the fashion for church-going. Catholic art and Catholic ceremonial impressed him, notwithstanding an occasional outburst of Protestant prejudice.

More than one incident reveals his kindness of heart. Travelling in the east of France in the year 1814, he found on the roads hundreds of disbanded French soldiers, released from their captivity in Germany at the peace, and plodding patiently homeward, many of them disabled by their wounds. He was always ready to give one of them a lift on his carriage, and this led to an interesting meeting. Long as his account of it is, it is worth transcribing in full. It makes one feel grateful to the writer, and calls forth at the same time admiration for the object of his charity. The scene of the incident was the road between Verdun and Metz, on a hot midsummer day of 1814. Here is Stanley's story, in which I have translated the conversations which he notes in the original French:

"We overtook a poor fellow, more wretched than most we had seen, toiling along with his bivouacking cloak tied round him. He too solicited a lift on the way; and, misunderstanding my answer, said in the most pitiable but submissive tone: 'Well, sir, you will not permit me to get up on the carriage?'—'Quite the contrary,' said I: 'get up at once.' After proceeding a little way, I thought I might as well see whom we had got behind us, and guess my astonishment when I received the answer! Whom do you imagine, of all the people in the world, Buonaparte had raked forth to secure the imperial diadem upon his brow, to fight his battles and deal in blood, but—a monk of La Trappe! For three years had he resided in silence and solitude in this most severe society, when Buonaparte suppressed it, and insisted that all the novitiate monks [presumably the younger monks] should sally forth and henceforth wield both their swords and their tongues. With lingering steps and slow our poor companion went. In the battle

of Lutzen (May, 1813) he fought and conquered. In Leipsic (October, 1813) he fought and fell; the wind of a shot tore his eye out, and struck him down, and killed his next neighbor on the spot. He was taken prisoner by the Swedes, and was now returning from Stockholm to his brethren near Fribourg. The simplicity with which he told his tale bore ample testimony to its truth, but in addition he showed me his Rosary and credentials."

What a picture we have here! The poor Trappist was certainly one of God's faithful ones. Torn from his cell, wounded, a prisoner, he keeps his Rosary, a proof he had not forgotten the lessons of the cloister. We see his patience in his "submissive" reply to what he thought was a disappointing refusal; and his heroic perseverance in the fact that, in all his misery, he was making his way slowly and painfully by hundreds of miles of weary pilgrimage, back to the old life of the Cistercian abbey. As Stanley continues his story, we see more of the gentle courtesy of the monk. Our traveller goes on:

"After having talked over the battle, I changed the subject, and determined to see if he could wield the sword of controversy as well as of war; and accordingly, telling him who I was, asked his opinion of the Protestant faith and of the chief points of difference between us. He hesitated a little at first. 'Wait, sir: I must think a little.' In about a minute he tapped at the carriage. 'Well, sir, I have thought.' He then entered on the subject, which he discussed with much good sense and ability, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in French; and, though he supported his argument well and manfully, he displayed a liberality of sentiment, and a spirit of true Christianity, which quite attached me to him. I asked him his opinion of the *salvability* of Protestants and the infallibility of Catholics. 'Listen to me,' was his reply. 'I think that those who know

that the Catholic religion is the true religion and do not practise it, will be damned; but as for those who do not think as we do,—no, sir. Don't believe it. No, *mon Dieu!*—no, never, never!—'Are you quite sure a minister ought not to marry? You will recollect St. Peter was a married man.'—'Oh, yes, that is true! But from the moment that he followed Our Lord one hears no more about his wife.' From this we proceeded to various topics, amongst others to the propriety of renouncing a religion in which we conceived there were erroneous opinions. 'Listen to me, sir,' said he. 'Can that religion be good which springs from a bad principle? The English were once good Catholics. The divorce of a capricious King was the cause of their change. Ah, that was not good!'"

At last their ways diverged and they had to part; and the monk marked the parting with a final act of humble courtesy. "Sir," he said, "I hope I have not annoyed you. If I have spoken too strongly to you, who have rendered me such a service, you must pardon me. I am poor and suffering, but I considered that it was my duty." Our author adds: "It was as lucky a meeting for him as for me. I assisted him with money to expedite him homeward; and he entertained and interested me all the way to Metz, when, much against my will, we parted; for had he been going to Pekin I should have accommodated him with a seat."

The episode is as honorable to the charitable traveller as to his temporary guest. Certainly the meeting must have changed the Englishman's ideas of "monkish ignorance," and it may well be that the Cistercian's words and conduct helped to make Edward Stanley an advocate later on of fair play to his Catholic fellow-subjects. The letter published after a hundred years tells of the unknown monk's heroism and perseverance, and one can not help thinking that a man who was capable of such things was one of God's unknown saints.

At My Mother's Feet.

BY A CONVERT.

○ SWEETEST Mother, why was I so long in finding thee? And how did I come to thee at last? For many years thou wert waiting for me,—waiting to wrap thy loving arms round me and carry me into the bridal chamber of the Beloved; to Him whom I had so long loved, but from afar; so often cried to, but ever with a veil between; so long followed, but in the darkness, yet stumbling and struggling on, if perchance I might catch even an echo of His voice, even a glimpse of His garment. How did I find thee, then, O Mother mine? Let me go over it again, my head on thy knee; for I love to see how sweetly and how surely thou didst draw me, while I knew it not.

Look, Mother, at this little worn prayer-book! It was here I first saw thy name, as the name of one to whom men prayed. I was a child when I found it in an old rubbish drawer we loved to peep into. It was age-spotted and unattractive, and I looked into it and left it there. From time to time, indeed, I opened it; for a certain mystery hung about it. But it had no message for me; there was no response in my soul to the burning love in those prayers.

It was later I found its message,—one of those days when my awakened soul thirsted for God and for truth; when everywhere I sought Him and craved for some sign of His presence. It was then the passionate love of St. Alphonsus won my heart, and I took his little book to my room.

Ah, my God, does any one know what that craving is, save those born outside the Fold? The pain of soul-hunger, the agony of soul-thirst; the consciousness that somewhere there is light and warmth, and nearness to the good God who called little children to Him, and yet the power-

lessness to pierce the darkness and come to Him! How silent the heavens seem! From them there is no voice nor any that answer, and the responses given by voices on earth are discordant among themselves.

O my little children, who cry in the night for God whom you can not find, whose hearts hold such secret longings and fears for the things that are not seen, how do I long to bring you to the loving Mother of Jesus! Here you should gather round her, and tell her your joys and your sorrows; tell her your fears and your longings; ask her of God and of heaven; ask her of sin and of judgment. Here at her knee you should learn how best you can please the dear Saviour; how best keep your hearts as the daisies in spring, so fresh and pure and lowly.

O Mother, *my* Mother, though the children know thee not, well are they known to thee; and, while for each one thou pleadest, their prayers and their tears make sweet music in heaven, and God knoweth the time of His mercy. If they but follow His silent drawing, soon they will hear His voice, soon the veil will be drawn aside that hides them from Jesus and thee.

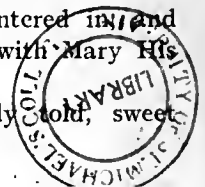
Did I learn this from my little book? Ah, Mother mine, thou smilest (thou art not displeased) on recalling how I left out thy beautiful name wherever it came, or passed over the prayer! If I had known then what I know now of God and of thee; if I had known that face to face with the Eternal Majesty of God in heaven, thou seest all things in Him and through Him; if I had known that He has given into thy loving hands countless gifts of grace for men, even as He gave us His Son through thee; if I had understood that thou canst bestow these gifts on whom thou wilt, just because thy will is one with God's will, and thou canst never will except as He wills,—O Mother mine, if I had known all this, I should have known also that no whisper breathed to thee on earth could fail to reach thy listening ears, and that none would ever cry to thee in vain.

But I knew it not, and I passed over thy name, as if my prayer would fall more sweetly on the ears of the Divine Babe were His Mother's name left unuttered; as if it would be unfitting, when Jesus hung on the Cross, to speak a word of love to her whose bitter sorrow wrung His Heart! How did I find thee, then, my Mother, when those weary years were over? Let me tell it again, caressing thy hand, that I may give greater thanks to God.

It was the Eve of All Saints' (which saint was so good to me, I wonder?), and I was on a journey. Sorrow had come to me that morning, and I knew not how to face what should follow. (Blessed, thrice blessed be God for all I have suffered, for all I shall suffer!) Mother, thou knowest with what trembling hope I stole into that little church near the station at which I was waiting. There I knelt in the silence and offered my will to God, yet scarce knowing how or what to pray. Then the moment came,—the moment for which thou hadst been waiting so long. Without willing it, without reasoning about it, the cry "Mary!" broke through my lips. Only once, and the sound of my voice in the stillness startled me, and the strangeness of thy name to my lips frightened me. "What have I done?" I thought. "What have I said?" And quickly I rose from my knees and hurried away.

Ah, Mother mine, not long was the journey to thee after that cry! At once thou didst begin to teach me. How else did I learn to greet thee and to honor thee before two months were gone,—and not then by feeling or impulse, but by reason itself; working my way through things that I knew, to those that were hidden from me? Where did I find thee, then? Ah, it was where all will find thee who seek thee! I was looking for a little Babe that Christmas time. I followed a Star; I came to a Stable; I entered in, and there I found "the Child with *His* Mother."

But that is too quickly told, sweet



Mother! Let me linger over it and tell it more fully, that I may love thee still more, and give greater thanks to God. I do not know how it began, unless that I was envying the Shepherds and the Wise Men. Perhaps, too, I envied those who could still speak to thee as I should have spoken to thee at Bethlehem. "But which are the realities?" I cried. "Surely not the accidents of time and space?" No, the soul can not be fettered by these.

Time is nought but veiling curtain;
Space is nought, thy soul hath wings:
Rise ye, rise ye and go!

And then I understood that with God there is no past, no future: all is present. I too could share the privileges of the Shepherds; I too could adore with the Wise Men. There in the Stable God will see me,—yea, has seen and does see me actually present before the manger-throne of the Infant Saviour.

And so it was, my Mother, that, looking for Jesus, I found thee too. And having found thee, should I not greet thee? Who indeed could enter there and speak no word of salutation to the Mother of the King? Yes, and the more since He is a little Babe and leaves His Mother to speak for Him.

And then for the first time, O Virgin Mother, I greeted thee with my *Aves!* Yet I prayed not to thee, still doubting if I might ask thy intercession. For my own reasoning alone seemed too little to act upon when a doctrine was involved, and one which I foresaw would open the way to many others, right or wrong. In this, too, thou wert leading me, O Spouse of the Holy Ghost! Thou wert teaching me to look for the Guide who could never lead astray; for the Bride of Him who spoke with authority and not as the scribes (O ye scribes, had I not listened to your "Yeas" and "Nays" until my brain rang with them?),—for Holy Church, to whom we come as little children to learn and to submit, to submit and to learn.

But one more little homage I paid to

thee, sweet Mother, before I found this Guide. Again I was on a journey; our home was broken up, and for the first time I was adrift. Again I came to the little church by the station. It was still Christmas time, and the Crib was there, and before it the votive candles.

Mother mine, how thou must have smiled when thou didst see me light my first candle! I did not know I was simply doing what Catholics did; I knew only that I wished to express in some outward act my love and my homage, and there was the very symbolism that appealed to me. So I dared to light a candle, looking fearfully round to see if perchance I was watched by some hidden person, who would come and reproach me for my presumption. Then I stole quickly away; but I remember even now how gay and happy I was for the rest of the journey.

After that came a year of suffering,—suffering in mind and body and soul. But even in the darkest moments there was one unchanging point of light in the centre of my soul: the gift of confidence in God, which He in His mercy had given me. Then, when it seemed I could bear no more for the perplexity of my soul, I was brought home,—home to my Bridegroom; home to thee, my Mother, who had so long been pleading for me; home from my sojourning in a strange land to the City of Peace.

O Mother, Mother mine, how all is changed! Can I ever forget the first sight I had of the night sky after the fulness of faith had come? In the moon and the stars shedding light over the earth, I saw at once the symbol of what had happened in my soul, when the Queen of Heaven and the myriads of glorious saints, clothed with the brightness of the sun, appeared, and looked lovingly down upon me. And the blue sky of day, the daisies in the grass, the songs of the birds, and all the joy of spring! At last I had found the key to all that speaks of love and happiness and purity; at last my soul was in tune with creation's wondrous harmony.

Ah, my God, what joy hast Thou not brought me out of sorrow! Now I see why all that was most beautiful in nature and in art seemed full of tears before, and filled my soul with longing for something I could not find. But that is all over now, my Mother; and here I kneel at thy feet, thy hand on my head in blessing, thine eyes looking into mine. It is my soul's spring-time, the promise of love undreamed of. "For me the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come."

Notes on the Sunday Collects.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

V.—THE SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE NATIVITY.

THE collect: "Almighty and everlasting God, direct our actions according to Thy good pleasure; that, in the Name of Thy Beloved Son, we may deserve to abound in good works."

"I came . . . not to do Mine own will," Our Lord told the Jews, "but the will of Him that sent Me,"*—referring, one can not help thinking, to those words of the Psalmist: *In capite libri*,—"In the head of the book it is written of Me that I should do Thy will."† And, since He has left us 'an example that we should follow in His steps,'‡ the petition of this collect is, briefly, "Thy will be done" in us and by us.

"According to Thy good pleasure." There is a distinction, as all loving hearts know, between the Father's will and His good pleasure; between what we must do in order to save our souls, and that which love bids us do "unto all pleasing,"§ "as most dear children,"||—as those who have received the adoption of sons, not as those who have received the spirit of bondage. Such a petition, surely,

befits the time of the coming of Him who has said of His Father's will: "I am content to do it." "I do always the things that please Him."*

"Direct our actions": not the great deeds merely—the heroism of saints, martyrs, and confessors,—but "the trivial round, the common task," as Keble prayed. "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do," St. Paul tells us, "do all for the glory of God."† If, as Thomas à Kempis observes, "that can not be little which is given by the Most High God," then equally is it true that "that can not be little which is done to the glory of the Most High God"; since His measure is not our measure, and "God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh than how much he doeth"; and "he doeth much that loveth much."‡

"That in the Name of Thy beloved Son." "Whatsoever you do in word or work," St. Paul tells us once more, "do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ."§ That which we do in His Name must necessarily be pleasing in His sight; works so done must necessarily be good works. Conversely, all works, the least as well as the greatest, not done in His Name, consciously or by habitual intention, can not but fail to please Him. St. Paul, indeed, goes so far as to say that "all that is not of faith is sin."|| It is the obligation involved in our privilege of sonship.

"We may deserve to abound in good works." It is, as the Church teaches us in another collect, of God's only gift that His faithful people do Him good and praiseworthy service; and it is Our Lord who tells us "that without Me you can do nothing";¶ and St. Paul, that "it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do according to His good pleasure."** "Herein is My Father glorified," Our Lord adds, "that you bear much fruit." But as it was from St. Paul that the com-

* St. John, vi, 38. † Ps., xxxix, 8, 9.

‡ I. St. Peter, ii, 21. § Coloss., i, 10.

|| Eph., v, 1.

* St. John, viii, 29.

† I. Cor., x, 31.

‡ "Imitation," Bk. I., xv.

§ Coloss., iii, 17.

¶ Rom., xiv, 23.

|| St. John, xv, 5.

** Philipp., ii, 13.

piler of this collect drew the phrase "to His good pleasure," so it is to him that he owes that note of "abundance." The one to which, I think, he chiefly refers is the following: "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that you . . . may abound in every good work."*

The collect has, in this instance, taken up a large share of our space and attention, though not, indeed, within any measure of its deserving. The Introit, *Dum medium silentium* ("While all things were in quiet silence"), from the Book of Wisdom (xviii, 14), tells of the midnight coming of the Almighty Word of God,—the Word who, as St. John declares us, was Himself God, who "was made Flesh and dwelt among us." The second half of the Introit, taken from the ninety-second Psalm, tells us how "the Lord hath reigned"; of His kingdom in the hearts of men; of His being "clothed with beauty,"—a thought to which, as we shall see, the Gradual again recurs.

The Epistle † contains the charter of our deliverance and of our sonship. "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, . . . that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because you are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts." How else could we hope to act in all things according to His good pleasure, to abound in good works? How, with the Spirit of His Son—"the First-born among many brethren"—in our hearts, can we fail so to act and abound?

The Gradual, taken from the forty-fourth Psalm, recurs, as was said just now, to the thought of Christ's beauty. "Thou art fairer than the children of men." This is He of whom the Bride in the Canticle of Canticles exclaims that He is "altogether lovely." Yet, surely, beautiful only to those who love Him, since "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He is "clothed with beauty" indeed; but, like His Bride,

the King's daughter, all His glory and beauty is from within; visible only (till the veil shall be taken away and our eyes shall behold the King in His beauty in the land that is very far off) to the eye of faith and love.

The Gospel* contains holy Simeon's prophecy concerning this Child,—how He "is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." We are reminded of St. Paul's words, "to the Jews a stumbling-block"; † set, as it were, for the fall of their pride (and ours), and for their rising again after the example of His humility; since "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," even as his Lord,—according to God's good pleasure. Our Lord, indeed, referring to this image of a stone, gives us the true significance of the fall of which Simeon speaks, as also the only alternative. "Whosoever," He says, "shall fall on this stone shall be broken" (as to his pride, his self-will); "but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." It is for us to choose, therefore, between humility and destruction.

The Offertory brings our thoughts back to God's throne and kingdom,—the throne "prepared from of old"; the Secret prays "for the grace of a pious devotion," and for its reward of "a happy eternity"; the Post Communion, for the purging of our sins, and the fulfilment of "our just desires." And since "pious devotion," according to the old meaning of piety, is that of children to a parent, and "this is the will of God, even your sanctification," these petitions are, one and all, variations on that which forms the essential prayer of the collect: "Thy will be done."

Turning, lastly, to the Breviary, we find that the Invitatorium, as well as the Antiphons at Lauds, is the same as on Christmas Day. The lessons of the First Nocturn are from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; the responsories are full

* II. Cor., ix, 8.

† Galat., iv, 1-7.

* St. Luke, ii, 33-40.

† I. Cor., i, 23.

of the joy of the Nativity. "This day true peace hath come down to us," the first begins. The second bids the shepherds tell "whom saw ye? Tell, make known to us." The third dwells on "the great mystery," that the dumb animals should have seen their Lord lying in the Manger; and ends: "Blessed Maid, whose womb was worthy to bear Christ the Lord: Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee!"

The antiphon at the *Benedictus* is, we note, the same as the first part of the Introit; just as the Little Chapters, for the Day Hours, are taken from the Epistle of the Mass; and the antiphon at the *Magnificat* is a paraphrase, so to speak, of the last words of the Gospel.

Enough has, I trust, been said in these "Notes" to enable those who love the Church's Offices—and the many who shall yet learn to love them—to study out the lessons of each Lord's Day and festival, as it comes, in some such way as I have tried to indicate. And in so doing they will, most assuredly, learn that the mind of the Church is the mind of her Lord, her devotion the most pleasing to Him and most helpful to her children; that the law of prayer is not only the law of belief, but of our daily life,—our daily growth in likeness to Him who is the Head of the Church, "which is His body; the fulness of Him who filleth all in all"; wherein we shall come "in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man"—to the completeness of that mortal and spiritual nature which God first created—"unto the measure . . . of the fulness of Christ."

... ANOTHER mode of the transmission of personality is by letters. To be able to say what you mean in a letter is a useful accomplishment; but to say what you mean in such a way as at the same time to say what you are is immortality.

—Augustine Birrell.

Notes and Remarks.

The death of Lord Kelvin, England's, not to say the world's, most eminent scientist, naturally suggests the repetition of a statement which in our day can not be too often reiterated: genuine science and really able scientists have no quarrel with religion. Admittedly the foremost physicist of his time, Lord Kelvin declared, with Sir Isaac Newton, that belief in God is a necessary result of natural philosophy; or, to use his personal phraseology, "science positively affirms creating and directive power." Another distinctive mark of the genuine, as differentiated from the pseudo, scientist is the modesty which invariably characterized the late distinguished professor. Eleven years ago, on the occasion of Glasgow University's celebrating his Golden Jubilee as a teacher, he said: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly in the last fifty-five years. That word is *failure*. I know no more of electrical or magnetic force, or of the relation between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach to my students fifty years ago in my first session as professor."

It would be much better for the world if even the greatest among Lord Kelvin's surviving brother-scientists had a little more of both his knowledge and his unpretentiousness.

The late Duke of Parma was an exemplary Christian as well as a great public benefactor. His immense wealth enabled him to endow a number of religious and benevolent institutions, and to give generous alms to the poor, whom he never lost an opportunity of befriending. A man of scholarly tastes and a favorite with reigning sovereigns, his palaces in Switzerland and Lower Austria,

Hungary, France and Italy, were frequented by many of the most celebrated personages in Europe. As a devout Catholic, he entered heart and soul into the anti-duelling movement; and when an Austrian officer was excluded from the army for refusing, on account of religious scruples, to fight a duel, Duke Robert invited him to become his private secretary. Descendant of a long line of kings, he could trace his ancestry to Robert the Strong, Duke of France, grandfather of Hugues, founder of the Carpetian dynasty. The annexation of the Duchy of Parma to the Crown of Italy by Victor Emmanuel I., in 1860, drove Duke Robert to Switzerland, where he settled down to private life, abandoning all hope of ever again recovering his sovereign rights. Strange to say, his remains now repose in the only vacant space that was left in the burial place of the rulers of Parma, the chapel of Viareggio.

As time goes on it is becoming increasingly evident to the rank and file of the French people that they have been outrageously tricked and cheated by the anti-clericals who insisted on the expulsion of the various religious Congregations, and the confiscation to the State of the Congregations' property. As it is being worked out, the confiscations, instead of adding to the revenues of the republic, are entailing an additional tax upon the people. For instance, according to the *Correspondent*, one of the liquidators, M. Menage, has disposed of the property of twenty-seven Congregations. The sum of 3,710,000 francs was realized; but the cost of liquidation was 3,775,000 francs, so that the liquidator had to receive from the State 65,000 francs more than the amount obtained at the sales. The *Correspondent* prints a long list of the prices at which properties were sold, and they are illuminating as to the methods of the liquidators. Institutions, with their contents, upon which hundreds of thou-

sands of francs were spent, went for mere trifles. The State is bound by law to meet the debts of these plundered institutions, and for this purpose a special tax will have to be imposed. The liquidation has enriched many, no doubt,—individuals who didn't need any further enrichment; but, far from being a profitable affair for the French people, it merely increases the burden of their taxation. A day of reckoning will surely come.

Apropos of the Modernism, which Pius X. describes as "the synthesis of all heresies," the writer of the London *Tablet's* ever-readable "Literary Notes" quotes some characteristic words of Ruskin in denunciation of another kind of Modernism not less detestable in the eyes of the high-priest of art criticism. "In his memorable lecture on Pre-Raphaelitism—the fourth of the Edinburgh Lectures on Architecture and Painting,—delivered a little more than fifty years ago, Mr. Ruskin insists that 'the world has had essentially a Trinity of ages—the Classical Age, the Middle Age, the Modern Age.' And he proceeds to take Leonidas as a type of the first, St. Louis as a type of the second, Nelson as a type of the third. The chief and most distinctive difference between these periods is to be found, he declares, not in any outward circumstances, but in their religion,—'they were essentially different in the whole tone of their religious belief.' And, again, he adds: 'I say that Classicalism began, wherever civilization began with pagan faith. Mediævalism began and continued, wherever civilization began and continued to *confess* Christ. And lastly, Modernism began and continues, wherever civilization began and continues to *deny* Christ.'

"To explain and illustrate his meaning, the lecturer goes on to cite the directions given to an upholsterer in the thirteenth century in regard to alterations to be made in a room for King Henry the Third: viz., he is 'to paint on the walls of the

King's upper chamber the story of St. Margaret Virgin, and the four Evangelists,' etc.; and a further passage concerning a window in the chamber of Prince Edward II.; 'and in the same window cause to be painted a Mary with her Child; and at the foot of the said Mary, a queen with clasped hands.' And after another similar instance the lecturer adds: 'You see that in all these cases the furniture of the King's house is made to confess his Christianity. It may be imperfect and impure Christianity; but, such as it might be, it was all that men had then to live and die by; and you see there was not a pane of glass in their windows nor a pallet by their bedside that did not confess and proclaim it.' In contrast with this Christian Mediævalism, Mr. Ruskin bids his hearers examine their own domestic decorations. 'You will find,' he says, 'Cupids, Graces, Floras, Dianas, Jupiters, Junos. But you will not find, except in the form of an engraving, bought principally for its artistic beauty, either Christ or the Virgin, or Lazarus and Dives. And if a thousand years hence any curious investigator were to dig up the ruins of Edinburgh, and not know your history, he would think you all had been born heathens. Now, that, so far as it goes, is denying Christ: it is pure Modernism.'"

"Let me give you," says a reverend correspondent of the *Missionary*, "a sign of how ripe the harvest is. At my last mission, the Protestants of the little place came to me—this will sound like self-flattery, but I don't mean to mention it for that purpose—and they said: 'If you will stay here three weeks longer and instruct us, we will close our churches and join yours, and enlarge it so as to contain us all.'"

Well may the correspondent ask: "Does not this show a ripe harvest?" It assuredly does; and it is a matter of regret that, despite the good-will of

bishops, the reapers—in the field of non-Catholic missions—are still so few. One thing all pastors, and, for that matter, all teachers and parents, may do to increase the number of laborers in that particular field is to pray for more vocations to the priesthood, and to foster the nascent vocations with which they personally come in contact.

By a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the feast of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes, which falls on the 11th of February, is extended to the whole Church. Hitherto the celebration of this feast has been restricted to particular dioceses and religious communities. The extension of the privilege is due to the Holy Father's personal devotion to Our Lady conceived without sin, whose intercession he constantly invokes for the peace and prosperity of the Church. Next year is the Golden Jubilee of the apparition at Lourdes, the truth of which has been confirmed by some of the most extraordinary miracles on record in modern times.

The echoes of that lusty cheer with which a party of British tars signaled some months ago their appreciation of the Sovereign Pontiff's affability during an audience accorded to them at the Vatican are still reverberating in some of Great Britain's far-distant colonial domains. Our readers will remember that the Imperial Protestant Federation, representing fifty-six of the principal Protestant societies in England, brought the matter to the attention of England's Prime Minister and then to that of the Admiralty. An East Indian paper has this to say of the matter:

The British naval officer perhaps thinks that when he is abroad he can "play with the convictions" of his men unobserved; but there are watchful Protestants at home to keep an eye on his Jesuitical tendencies and bring him promptly to account. A notable case of this has lately come to light in the matter of the visit paid in

June last by certain officers and blue-jackets of the British squadron to the Vatican. A party of men were allowed to go up from Civita Vecchia to see Rome, and the officers who were in charge of them took them to the Vatican. As if this were not enough, the Pope himself, hearing that they had come, went out with his Cardinals to see them. . . .

Now that this admission has been extorted out of the authorities, the question seems to be, What is to be done next? As things stand, a large party of British sailors, a majority of them belonging to the reformed faith, have been in the presence of the Pope and have received his benediction. According to the Evangelical idea, apparently one has only to establish these facts to perceive their enormity. British soldiers or sailors may do honor to the Shah of Persia or the King of Siam, or even to the King of Spain, and receive a kindly acknowledgment in return, without rousing the Evangelical conscience. But a blessing from the Pope of Rome—that is another matter. However, the mischief, whatever it is, is done; for only the Pope himself can take that blessing off again. A fearful situation no doubt for the poor Protestant sailors. And a fearful thing for humanity in general, that people capable of sinking to this amazing depth of bigotry and intolerance should be sending missionaries round the world to try to bring men of other faiths into the same habit of mind as themselves.

That last sentence is somewhat severe, but the Federation's action was a public invitation to all normally sane people to condemn its lack of either courtesy or common-sense.

Apropos of the indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines granted by the Sovereign Pontiff to those who at the Elevation during Mass, or during Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, look at the Sacred Host and say, "My Lord and my God!" the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* has this interesting paragraph:

The Consultors of the *Ephemerides*, Rome, have replied in their October issue to the following question: How should servers of Mass and those assisting at it act to gain the indulgences offered by our Holy Father the Pope to those who at Mass look at the Sacred Host at the moment of its elevation? After the words of consecration the priest genuflects, and at that moment those serving and hearing Mass should

bend the head profoundly and adore with the priest. Then, *kneeling erect*, they look at the Sacred Host when raised above the head of the priest, while saying "My Lord and my God!" Then they bend the head as before, and adore with the priest as he genuflects.

The foregoing is just the kind of specific information for which orderly persons are constantly seeking; and its becoming spread should result in that uniformity of practice which enhances the solemnity of all religious functions.

There has been so much exaggeration of the restrictions imposed by Pius X.'s *Motu Proprio* on church music that it is worth while to reproduce this statement of a competent musician, Mr. R. R. Terry, choirmaster of Westminster Cathedral:

The *Motu Proprio* does not restrain the individuality of modern composers in any way. They are as free now as ever they were to bring to bear on their church music all the resources with which modern idiom and modern technique can provide them. All that is required is that their music shall be in harmony with the mind of the Church; that the gravity, sobriety, and restraint demanded in the house of God shall not be violated; that the liturgy shall be *interpreted* and not *obscured*; and that liturgical laws and regulations shall be respected.

That Gregorian music must be used to the exclusion of other styles is something that has been read into the Pope's declaration on church music; the *Motu Proprio* does not say so, although of course Plain Chant is the ideal music for Catholic churches.

The comparative frequency and infrequency with which in current literature we meet with the names of Newman and Manning illustrates in some measure the truth of Boyle O'Reilly's lines:

A dreamer lives forever,
But the toiler dies in a day.

Not that Manning's name and fame do not still survive; but where his name appears once nowadays in books and periodicals, that of his brother cardinal is quoted a hundred times. All the more interesting, accordingly, is this excerpt

from a readable paper which Canon Vere contributes to the *Southend Catholic Magazine*:

We all know how much Cardinal Manning disliked florid and theatrical music in church. I have heard him order the master of ceremonies to ring the bell and stop the choir when they were singing one of those "Grand Masses" with interminable repetitions. Here, again, his keynote was simplicity. He once wrote: "I am wickedly in the habit of saying that the three maladies which hinder piety are fanciful books of devotion, theatrical music in church, and pulpit oratory."

I have already mentioned how pleased he was when he heard a simple Mass well sung by a surpliced choir, and how greatly he commended the heartiness of congregational singing. . . . As to "fanciful devotions," I remember his saying to me that 'we had too many devotions and too little piety.'

That corporations are not invariably soulless is proved by the proposed action of the Fairmont Coal Company, of West Virginia, the recent disaster to whose mines resulted in a loss of four hundred lives. The company will erect at Monongah an asylum, in which the one thousand children made fatherless by the appalling calamity will be cared for and educated. It is understood that certain wealthy men have expressed a desire to assist in endowing such an asylum, making it permanent for the orphans of those who risk their lives going down into the mines. The action is thoroughly commendable, and quite in keeping with the generous spirit so proper to the Christmastide.

The *New World* does well to protest against the subsidizing, by the State, of the Young Men's Christian Association. The directors of St. Charles' school for boys, in Chicago, have voted to expend \$200 annually for the support of a Y. M. C. A. branch just established at that school. The organization in question is so far sectarian that it is distinctively anti-Catholic; and it has no right whatever to State assistance.

Notable New Books.

The Life of Christ. By Mgr. E. Le Camus. Translated by the Rev. William A. Hickey. Vol. II. The Cathedral Library Association.

We have already noticed the praiseworthy translation of the first volume of this admirable *Life of Our Lord*. We simply draw attention to the appearance of the second volume; for a work that has done so much good, that satisfies the scholar as well as the humble reader of divine things, need not be commended.

We have in this volume a continuation of the events in the public life of Christ. The Sermon on the Mount, the many parables with their instructive lessons, the full declaration of the mission of the Saviour, the foreshadowing, the promise and the privileges of the Church and her head, are all treated in a manner that is interesting, inspiring, and convincing.

The reflections arising from some of the actions recorded of Christ are often encouraging reading. Treating the Master's kindness to Mary Magdalene, we have these words that Christians may well heed: "Nothing is more painful, to one who has by force of energy effected one's own moral resurrection, than entrance among surroundings that are cold, sceptical, and licentious; where no credit is given for victory in the struggle, but where, rather, unfeeling and inconsiderate remarks drive one back again into the past from which one has completely emerged." (p. 36.) We might well add: 'Courage to the sinner, and charity to those whom grace has sustained, is God's will in all things.' The question of whether many or few will be saved is often discussed, but on this point the author remarks very well: "Happily, it is not necessary to solve it in order to be saved one's self." (p. 388.) Thoughts of this nature make the *Life of Christ* by Mgr. Le Camus a most desirable book.

The Immortality of the Human Soul. By George Fell, S. J. Translated by Lawrence Villing, O. S. B. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

At the base of all moral and religious questions, side by side with the verity of the existence of God, stands the truth of the immortality of the soul. It is therefore a question of paramount importance in our day, when agnosticism prevails in so many minds; for on it hangs the solution to the problem of the value and conduct of human life. Father Fell exposes the classical arguments, both metaphysical and moral; pointing out the essential distinction between soul and body, the nature of the soul as an independent being, the

simplicity, spirituality, and consequently the immortality of the human soul. Again, as he says, immortality is demanded by the aspiration of man to happiness, no less than by his moral nature; and finally he shows that the bearing of the belief in immortality on human life, both individual and social, as well as the universal belief of mankind, strongly confirm this truth, which is for the Catholic a dogma of faith.

We congratulate the author on the importance he attaches to the moral arguments; not indeed that they can replace the metaphysical proofs which are fundamental, but because they give them a more concrete meaning, and prepare the ground for their acceptance. Some assertions, we regret to say, are expressed in a somewhat exaggerated way, and are apt to prejudice the reader against the real value of the arguments instead of preparing him to understand them. The book lacks an index, which every work of this size and character should have.

Véra's Charge. By Christian Reid. THE AVE MARIA Press.

Novels of incident are numerous, but novels of incident, atmosphere, and artistic finish are not so common. A story of this unusual class is the present one. It has all of Christian Reid's most charming literary qualities: interest of plot, effective situations, good character-drawing, ease and charm of expression, and of course the finest sense of ethical values.

Véra is eminently strong and at the same time womanly. She fulfils her charge, in the accomplishment of which she finds her own path of happiness,—a path brightened by the love of a good man made better by his love for her. In this story Christian Reid has made clear, without in the least sermonizing, what is the logical sequence of mixed marriages; and incidentally one sees how the "liberal" Catholic is too often but an indifferent Catholic.

Arethusa. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company.

'Age can not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety' of Marion Crawford's inventiveness. With two-score novels—none of them commonplace—to his credit, his inspiration abides as potent and as vigorous as when, twenty-five years ago, his "Mr. Isaacs" taught the fiction-loving world that a new story-teller, and a good, had made his bow to readers of English. And this present volume, be it said at once, is a story, all story, and nothing but story.

The intimation conveyed in the dedication of the book—"The story-teller of the bazaar dedicates this tale of Constantinople to his dear daughter Eleanor"—reassures one at the start that Mr. Crawford has reverted to his earlier

style of fiction, and purposes simply relating a charming tale without inveigling the unsuspecting reader into a study of religious, social or economic problems, that ought to be labelled a treatise instead of masquerading as a novel. The purpose is fully achieved.

In the Harbor of Hope. By Mary Elizabeth Blake. Little, Brown & Co.

The singer of these songs of hope is not a stranger to American lovers of sweet, strong poetry; for Mrs. Blake contributed not a little to our country's treasure of verse. She was indeed, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said of her, "one of the birds that must sing."

Miss Katherine Conway's sympathetic Introduction to this little volume is as discriminating as it is appreciative; and her words of praise are fully justified by the poems that make up the collection. Mrs. Blake shows a truly Celtic spirit in her choice of nature subjects, and still more in her human touches. "In the Windy April" and "The Difference" exemplify this. The ballads and legends have the simplicity that belongs to this attractive form, while the sonnets have the hall-mark of true poetry.

Madame Rose Lummis. By Delia Gleeson. Benziger Brothers.

These pages from real life have a peculiar fascination by reason of the simplicity and sincerity which mark the recital. Madame Lummis, a convert to the Catholic faith, led a truly apostolic life, dedicating her every energy, as well as her fortune, to the poor and the needy, and to the furthering of the interests of the Sacred Heart of the Master.

Madame Lummis entered the Congregation of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, but her health did not permit her to remain in the conventual enclosure. She was always associated with the religious, however, and carried their spirit of zeal and great-heartedness into all the works which claimed her time and attention. It is indeed true that it is not where one is but what one does that counts.

The Return of Mary O'Murrough. By Rosa Mulholland. B. Herder.

This story has all the varying charms of Killarney, which furnishes the setting for it. Blue skies and mist-veiled mountains, tilled fields and green pastures, are brought before the reader, who has seen that blessed land, with a clearness that brings pain to the heart and tears to the eyes. And the stories—for there are two of them woven together—are tender and pathetic. Shan seems too hard, and Mary's fate too sad; yet there is a truth about it all that adds to the pity, the pathos of it. Ireland is truly the land of the tear and the smile.



At the Crib.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BEHOLD the Babe of wondrous birth!

This night He left the skies,
All trembling now, for sins of earth,
In that rough Manger lies.
Canst thou behold, and yet be cold,
Or look with careless eyes?

He came in winter's frost and cold,
That thou shouldst warmèd be;
That heavenly light should thee unfold,
In midnight shades came He.
Come, meet Him here with love sincere;
For much hath He loved thee.

The Christmas Toast.

YES, it is a pity that we can not find some one to clear out this garden," mused Miss Westcott, as she stood at the door of her pretty little bungalow, looking up and down the long, shaded street. "So full of weeds as it is, and so forlorn, it is an eyesore,—an actual eyesore. I don't know what kind of people must have lived here before, to have left it in such a condition. I presume it will take at least a week to make it look properly,—quite a week."

She went in, closed the door, and trotted down the little hall to the kitchen, where Hannah was washing the dishes. At one end of the long table a boy was seated, eating toast; a large bowl of coffee steamed beside his plate. As Miss Westcott entered, he rose, bowed politely, if awkwardly, and resumed his seat.

"Good-morning!" said Miss Westcott, looking inquiringly at Hannah.

"He came, ma'am, just now, asking to cut kindling for his breakfast; and he thought, he said, there might be some other work for him."

"Yes," replied Miss Westcott. "The garden needs doing very badly, Hannah, as you know. I have just been looking at it,—disgusted. Do you understand gardening, my good boy?"

"I do, ma'am," said the boy, with a touch of the Irish brogue that pleased Miss Westcott, who was, herself, an Englishwoman, spending the winter in California with an invalid sister, for the latter's health. "You are Irish, are you not?" continued the lady.

"I am, ma'am," was the answer.

"Have you been long in America?"

"Three years, ma'am. My father and mother came over first, and left me at home with my grandmother. She died, and they sent for me at once. But my poor father was killed by an accident at the gas-house in Boston, where he worked, though he was a schoolmaster at home. My mother was poorly, and we came out to California, hoping she'd be better. She died last month, ma'am."

"Where and how do you live?"

"I live to myself. I rent a room."

"And do your own cooking?"

"What there is of it. I try to get odd jobs of gardening. I like that best. I have two or three places."

"Aren't you glad to meet a Briton in this great country of Yankees?"

"A Briton?" inquired the boy.

"Yes, a Briton, a fellow-countrywoman. We are all the same, you know,—English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch."

It was evident from the expression on the face of the boy that he did not agree with her. But Miss Westcott was not observant, and she did not remark it. The boy stood up.

"You spoke about some gardening, ma'am?" he said.

"Yes," rejoined Miss Westcott. "Come out and I will show you."

He followed her through the kitchen door, around the path to the front part of the house.

"You see what a tangle this is in!" she said.

"Yes, ma'am. You'd like it cleared out,—the weeds pulled, the roses pruned, the ragged vines torn down, and so on?"

"Yes, yes! I see you understand. How long will it take?"

"Two or three days."

"What will your charge be?"

"A dollar a day and my meals, or a dollar and a half without them. I'd like it the first way, ma'am, if it's the same to you; for I hate to do my own cooking."

"Poor boy, I believe it!" answered kind little Miss Westcott. "We shall be glad to furnish your meals. And how about the tools?"

"I have them, ma'am,—a spade and shovel, a hoe, a lawn-mower, and a barrow. It's always better to have your own tools. Some folks have them, and some haven't, and it's a plague to be borrowing."

"That is true. When can you begin?"

"As soon as I get my tools, ma'am. I live close by here."

Miss Westcott went back to the house and told her sister of the discovery she had made. Miss Emily, who seldom left her room, was much interested.

When the boy returned, he found the invalid lady seated at the window overlooking the garden. She began a conversation, which continued at intervals during the three days that he worked at the task of clearing it. She learned that his name was Roderick Mooney, that he had a little money saved, and she came to the conclusion that he was a very good as well as a clever boy. Miss Westcott and Hannah shared her opinion.

As the work progressed, Roderick made suggestions as to changing and planting, telling the sisters that the time was now

favorable for bulbs and seeds of spring flowers. He brought them a catalogue, from which they made selections.

The days lengthened into a week, and at last the boy announced that the work was completed.

"You'll have to water it, of course, till the rains come," he said. "I hope the things will grow, ma'am."

"Roderick," said Miss Westcott, "sister and I have been consulting. We think we should like you to take care of the garden, provided we could make some arrangement. Have you much work besides?"

"No, ma'am: only two or three places. But I've the promise of others. What would be the arrangement, ma'am?"

"We thought we should be glad to furnish your meals. Would that suit you, Roderick?"

"Fine!" said the boy. "Hannah is a great cook, and yours is a plentiful table."

They both laughed.

"Very well," rejoined Miss Westcott. "Let that be understood, then."

Two days before Christmas, Miss Westcott appeared in the kitchen while Roderick was taking his evening meal.

"We are so pleased with you!" she said. "Our Christmas Day dinner will be at three; you must be sure to come, if you are not promised to friends. We shall have a very good dinner. You and Hannah can enjoy it together. There will be turkey—your American dish,—and plum pudding, and afterward you can drink a glass of wine together to the health of the King."

"The King? What King, ma'am?" asked Roderick, his olive skin growing dark with the rising blood underneath.

"King Edward, of course," blandly and unsuspectingly responded Miss Westcott.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am!" said the boy. "I don't like to be uncivil, but I couldn't drink to the health of the King of England."

"Not drink King Edward's health?" exclaimed Miss Westcott. "Why, my dear Roderick,—why?"

"Because I'm Irish," answered the boy;

"and that is the best reason in the world."

"Because you are Irish? Is that not the reason you *should* drink it? Are we not all Britons together?"

"We're not, ma'am," said the boy.

"Have you so soon learned to be disloyal, Roderick?" inquired Miss Westcott, sadly.

"I have always been disloyal in the way you mean, ma'am," replied the boy. "It's natural and right for *you* to drink the health of the King of England, because you are English."

Miss Westcott was a loyalist to the core of her heart; next to her religion, the fealty to her lawful ruler was her strongest sentiment.

"Roderick," she said slowly, "I am sorry, but I think you shall have to find your meals elsewhere. You will be a loss to us—a very great loss,—but I do not believe I could harbor under my roof any one—*any one*, I repeat—who would not be willing to drink the health of King Edward."

"Then I'm afraid you'd have a very lonely house in America, ma'am," said Roderick, hastily snatching up his cap and darting through the open door.

Greatly to Miss Westcott's surprise, her sister did not sympathize with her. Miss Emily could readily understand Roderick's point of view; he was little more than a child, she said; she thought his conduct had shown strength of character; Grace had displayed anything but a Christian spirit at the time when every Christian heart should be full of charity. Poor Miss Westcott had to seek consolation with Hannah, who fully agreed in the course her mistress had taken.

The sisters were standing in the vestibule of the church on Christmas morning, waiting for the crowd to thin out a little, in order that they might reach their cab, called to convey them to, and from the church, because of Miss Emily's infirmity.

"Grace," whispered the latter, "did you see Roderick at Holy Communion?"

"Yes," replied Miss Westcott; "and I was edified. I had no idea he was a Catholic."

"Nor I. But we might have known it," said Miss Emily. "Nearly all the Irish are Catholics."

"Yes, the good ones," replied Miss Westcott. "That boy deserves great credit for having kept his faith in the midst of so many temptations as must daily befall him."

"Yes, indeed. And we, who should have given him a helping hand, may have been the means of casting him down, perhaps leading him astray."

"Do not say *we*, sister. You had no part in it. The blame must fall on me, if there be blame. I went too far."

At that moment a hand lightly touched her arm.

"I beg pardon, Miss Westcott!" said a boyish voice. "But I would like to say a word. I rushed from your door in a very rude manner the other day. I had no right to do it, without thanking you for all your kindness and the fine meals you gave me. I hope you and Miss Emily will excuse me, Miss Westcott; and I wish you both a merry Christmas and many of them."

"Roderick, we were just speaking of you," replied Miss Westcott. "I was very hasty that evening, and have regretted it. Suppose we forget all about it?"

"Thank you,—thank you, ma'am!" said the boy. "I'm sure I'm very willing. Such good kind friends as you have been from the first!"

"To prove that you *do* forget it, then, come home with us to breakfast," said Miss Westcott, warmly. "Hannah will be very glad to see you: we have all missed you. My sister gave me a great scolding about you. Come home with us,—do! Our cab is out there in front of the church."

"Roderick," said Miss Westcott, when they were in the carriage, the boy sitting opposite them in his neat and becoming Sunday suit, a jaunty gray cap on top of

his thick, curling hair, "we were greatly edified at seeing you at Holy Communion."

"And I was as pleased to see you," he replied. "Sure, I never dreamed of your being Catholics. It warmed my heart, ma'am, and made me ashamed of my quick temper. And when I thought it over, ma'am, I saw how shocked you must have been—such loyal English-women—to think that I would refuse to drink the health of the King. But you can't understand it; my father used to say no English person could; and he always bade me to distinguish between the person and the cause. It isn't your fault, nor King Edward's, that the Irish are as they are. I have nothing against *him*, ma'am. I'm told he is a very fine gentleman, and partial to the Irish. But we can't think of him as you do, or as we would think of the President of the United States. But you could never understand."

"I think we do, Roderick," answered gentle Miss Emily. "As you look upon it, nothing else could have been expected than the course you pursued."

"Yes, Emily, I agree with you," said her sister. "From Roderick's point of view, he did right. But I am sorry he *has* that point of view; for, whatever may have occurred in the past, things are brightening now for the Irish. Still, what is done is done; and I would suggest that we leave politics and nationality entirely out of our future intercourse. Don't you think that wise, Roderick?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I do," answered the boy. "It is the only way."

"I really believe," said Miss Emily, "that the tie of religion is as strong as, if not stronger than, the tie of race."

"That would depend on circumstances," observed Miss Westcott; "though no one can deny that the bond is very strong. At any rate, it has served to adjust our little difference this morning; and I fancy we shall all spend a happier Christmas than if we had not met at St. Martin's and knelt together at the Holy Table on this Feast of peace and good-will to all."

"Whirlwind."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVII.—THE HARVEST.

WHEN Mr. Melloden wrote that he was bringing home an old school-mate, a priest, to pass the winter, and that there would be Mass in the house on Christmas Day, the joy of his little daughter knew no bounds.

Mrs. Fersen had gone with the two girls to visit Father Anker, who had examined them in Catechism, and found them unusually well prepared. When the lady learned that Mr. Melloden and his guest would arrive on the 5th of December, she resolved that she would let the children receive their First Communion on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, so that the Virgin Mother might be doubly their patroness, as each bore her name.

After this event, which followed the joyful home-coming like a thanksgiving, Mr. Melloden found time to observe the great change which had taken place in Whirlwind. She had grown in stature as well as in wisdom; her face had lost none of its old vivacity of expression, but it had taken on a shade of thoughtfulness and seriousness, which the father was glad to see. However, she could, and did, still jump and skip about with the quickness and agility of a wood nymph, whose name Father Brown thought would have been the most appropriate for her.

"With all her vivacity, she is very gentle," he observed to Mr. Melloden one morning, as they were going down to the Works together.

"So I used to think until this summer," answered his host. "But the coming of my cousin seemed quite to change the child's disposition. It made me reflect very seriously as to what course would be best for me to take with her. In order that you may better understand the good and bad of her, I am going to show

you the journal she sent me when I was away. It fully reveals the extremes of her temperament."

That evening Father Brown returned the journal to Mr. Melloden with the remark:

"There is *no* bad in her, Fred; she is absolutely upright and open. She will make a splendid woman, if properly trained. I would advise a convent for three or four years. She needs womanly care and the companionship of proper associates of her own age."

"I don't see how I could give her up," replied the father. "She is the life of my life, the consolation of my loneliness; for I am often very lonely."

"Yes, I see how it is," said the priest, thoughtfully. "It seems almost cruel to ask you to part with her."

"I'll tell you," observed Mr. Melloden. "Those Fersens are splendid people, extraordinarily refined and cultured. I mean to keep them here if I can; he is a splendid draughtsman and designer. They are both highly educated, far above their present station in life. I fancy there is some sad story there. Good Mrs. Fersen can teach Whirlwind every domestic art and accomplishment it is necessary she should know; she can also instruct her in French and German, which I have almost forgotten myself, and which will be of use to her some day when we travel. Several years in Europe will complete her education, if we go about intelligently, as I think we shall. Having been there before, I am no novice. What do you think?"

"Probably you are right, Fred," said Father Brown. "Fersen strikes me as being an unusual fellow," he continued; "a perfect gentleman. And his wife is, if possible, still more refined and cultivated. By the way, there is something very familiar in his face."

"Could you have met him before?" inquired Mr. Melloden.

"I can not place him," said the priest. And so the conversation ended.

And now came Christmas Eve, and all the lower portion of the house was a bower of greenery. The front parlor had been converted into a chapel; the impromptu altar was decorated with smilax and chrysanthemums, which Mr. Melloden had ordered from a neighboring conservatory. The children had done all the labor of ornamenting the room, leaving to Martha the work of laying the altar cloths and the final little touches.

In the library, which opened from the back parlor, Mr. and Mrs. Fersen had been busy several days with a Christmas tree. Whirlwind had never seen one, though it was no novelty to Alfred and Bessie, who had one every year. After dinner, the doors were thrown open, and the tree, a large fir, reaching almost to the ceiling, blazed forth with its hundreds of lights and beautiful little ornaments. Whirlwind could almost fancy herself in fairyland. She ran from one to another, kissing and hugging her father, Martha and Mrs. Fersen.

After the first excitement was over, and the elders, seated near the fire, were chatting, Father Brown said:

"That is a German Christmas tree; I have never seen another decorated like it, except in Germany."

"I have often helped decorate them there," observed Mr. Fersen.

"You are a German?" said the priest.

"Would you not know it from my name?" asked Mr. Fersen.

"Perhaps, but not from your accent."

"My father was a German, my mother English. We spent part of our time in each country, and our holidays always with my grandparents near Fribourg."

"I was at college there," said the priest.

"And I also."

Father Brown looked at him closely.

"You must be about my age," he said.

"You can not be William von Fersen?"

"That is who I am, Father," was the reply. "I knew you at once."

Father Brown sprang to his feet. The two men shook hands.

"But how—why—I do not understand!" exclaimed the priest, after a moment. "Was not your family very high up among the nobility?"

"Not as high as hers," said Mr. Fersen, taking his wife's hand. "I am telling you this," he went on, including Mr. Melloden in his remarks, "because to-day I have seen the whole story in the papers. Thank Providence they have not discovered our present abode, but that is probably a matter of only a few days. And I did not wish, Mr. Melloden, to seem to be living here under false pretences."

Apparently, Mr. Fersen had not made himself very clear. The listeners looked at each other and then at him, as if to say, "We do not understand."

Then Mrs. Fersen stepped forward.

"My friends," she said in a whisper, "I was formerly the Princess of ———, but I preferred happiness and content with my husband to the destiny my people had planned for me. I have never regretted it. We have known privations, but our trials have strengthened us,—shown us how to live, and enabled us to have an insight into the lives of others, and do good to them in a way we should never have been able to achieve in our former position. Our children are ignorant of all this; we wish to keep them so. It can avail them nothing, either now or in the future, as we are voluntary exiles from a home which has discarded us. Here we have been free and content; we desire nothing more for our boy and girl than that they grow up to be good Americans and fervent Catholics."

The three children began to divine that something unusual was taking place. They came forward together, but this was a signal for silence in the others. Soon, however, all was brightness and jollity again; and it was after ten o'clock when the party separated.

Five years later, and a frosty Christmas morning. Mr. Melloden was reading a letter; the countenance of the girl leaning

over his shoulder, with a crown of golden-brown hair braided on top of her head, breaking away in little curls in unexpected places, wore an expression of seriousness little akin to the Whirlwind of long ago. But as the letter progressed, her face became wreathed in smiles, and at last, in the veritable fashion of our oldtime, wayward little maiden, she clapped her hands joyfully, exclaiming:

"O papa darling, shall we not go?"

"Indeed we shall," was the reply, "as soon as I can arrange my business for a long absence. I have had the trip in mind for months, and your two years at the convent have been such a success that I feel you are entitled to a reward."

"They have been gone nearly three years," rejoined the girl. "How lonely I was at first—do you remember?—and how silly I was, upbraiding you for advising them to go back on the invitation of Mrs. Fersen's brother! And—but, papa, we must not call her that any more, must we? She is a duchess now; but not changed a particle, or she would not have asked us to come. Oh, how delightful it will be to see them again! I must run and tell Martha."

As she passed from the room, her father looked after her with tears of affection in his eyes.

"How she has grown to resemble her mother!" he murmured. "I feel at last it will be no misnomer to call her Angela. But, though she has become more quiet and reserved, and the Sisters say she has a wonderful poise and dignity for her age, I feel, as she hurries like an eager child up the stairs to Martha, that I have not lost my 'Whirlwind.'"

(The End.)

Best Gift.

A THOUSAND wishes I would send,
My thought of you confessing;
And all are in the boon I pray,
The little Christ-Child's blessing.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Italy is mourning the death of her distinguished poetess and musician, Carlotta Ferrari. Her works, which have been collected into four volumes, include two operas, a Mass, and a poem, "Dante Alighieri," in ten cantos.

—An example which American libraries would do well to follow has been set by the British Museum in framing a regulation that no novel published within the last two years shall be issued to any reader. The object was to check the use of the reading room by idlers who were in the habit of perusing only the most recent fiction.

—The northern nations of Europe anciently assigned portentous qualities to the winds of New Year's Eve. An old legend says:

If New Year's Eve night-wind blows south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold and storms there'll be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If northeast, flee it, man and brute!

—The name of Father Lasance is an assurance that his new work, "Thoughts on the Religious Life" (Benziger Brothers), is timely, devotional, and practical. It is intended as a book of spiritual reading for all Sisterhoods, whether of the active or contemplative life. The instructions and reflections have as subjects vocation, the vows, perfection, the virtues of the religious state, and the means to attain the end of a consecrated life.

—Messrs. Laird & Lee have issued new editions of the ever-popular Webster's Standard Dictionary, in five different sizes, ranging from the Elementary School Edition to the Library Edition. The High School and Collegiate Edition presents a fair sample of the thoroughness and modernity of the compilers. It should be a veritable *vade mecum* to every student. The thumb index is a very desirable feature of this useful book.

—The author of "The School of Death: Outlines of Meditations," the Rt. Rev. Luigi Lanzoni, tells us in the preface to his little book that "death is the mistress of a virtuous life"; and he adds: "The solemn lessons of this trusty teacher are better calculated to disillusion daydreams, to cheer the good and encourage them along the path of virtue, than many volumes of learned speculation." The meditations outlined emphasize the truth that through right dwelling upon the thought of death we learn the gravity of sin,

the punishment incurred by it, and are at the same time imbued with the love of obedience, humility, self-denial, patience, hope and all the other virtues. The citations used in illustration are chiefly from the Scriptures and the writings of the saints. The work is translated by the Rev. G. Elson, and published by Messrs. Benziger.

—The purpose of the Capuchin Father, Exupère de Prats-de-Mollo, in composing his version of "The Way of the Cross" was to lead the faithful soul, by the exterior facts represented by the Stations, to the very Heart of Jesus, where the cause and explanation of all sorrow and all suffering are to be found. His work has been well translated by Leonora L. Yorke Smith; has been furnished with a preface by Father H. Sebastian Bowden; and is published as a neat, cloth-bound volume of 114 pages by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—"The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers," by Miss Sadlier, is a book for boys; and her "Arabella" (B. Herder) is a story for girls. It is all about a little girl who—but it wouldn't do to tell what happened her. Suffice it to say that Arabella and Mrs. Christie and old Silas—yes, and the cousins and the uncles and the aunts are very delightful people to meet in books or in real life. We can't help wondering what became of Arabella, and if she went to school, and if Silas ever became a Catholic, and if the Purple Lady didn't finally marry "Uncle Frederick."

—The Rev. S. Boswin, S. J., is little less than a hero. He has had the courage and persistence to read through the whole literary output of a by no means unprolific fictionist. His critical study thereof, which appeared serially in the *Examiner* (Bombay), is now presented in pamphlet form under the title "The Writings of Marie Corelli." While the majority of our readers will wisely opine that Miss Corelli's books are not really "worth while," they, or some of them, may yet derive benefit from Father Boswin's summaries of her works, and are safe in accepting as fairly just his estimate of each.

—While it is undoubtedly true that teachers of to-day carry a heavier burden than was imposed upon their predecessors, it is also true that there are now greater facilities for a teacher's work. Outlines of all sorts are offered to minimize labor and to bring about satisfactory results in teaching. Among the latest of these time and effort savers are "Outlines for Review

in History," two small books summarizing in suggestive outlines the salient points of ancient history. To the synopses are added fifty typical questions from college entrance examination papers. These helpful little books are compiled by C. B. Newton and E. B. Treat, and are published by the American Book Co.

—It is only a decade and a half ago that America mourned the death of a distinctively American poet; yet, a few days ago, lovers of Whittier—and the country still holds a goodly number of them—celebrated his centenary. The tributes paid to the Quaker poet on the occasion of his passing in 1892 need very little revising in the light of changing literary values and newer criterions of taste. Sincerity, simplicity, directness, and intensity,—these are the distinguishing qualities of his poetry; and, despite the ephemeral nature of many of his themes, and the occasional want of polish noticeable in some of his verse, these qualities will insure the permanence of his fame. Like all true poets, Whittier was a trustful child of God. Modern materialism and agnosticism were foreign to the intellect of him who wrote:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

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. II. \$1.50, net.
- "The Immortality of the Human Soul." George Fell, S. J. \$1.35, net.
- "Véra's Charge." Christian Reid. \$1.50.
- "In the Harbor of Hope." Mary Elizabeth Blake. \$1.25.
- "Madame Rose Lummis." Delia Gleeson. \$1.25, net.
- "The School of Death: Outlines of Meditations." Rt. Rev. Luigi Lanzoni. 70 cts., net.
- "Arethusa." F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.
- "Thoughts on the Religious Life." Rev. F. X. Lasance. \$1.50, net.

- "Arabella." Anna T. Sadlier. 80 cts.
- "The Way of the Cross of the Sacred Heart." Very Rev. Fr. de Prats-de-Mollo, O. M. Cap. 90 cts., net.
- "Handbook of Ceremonies." Rev. J. B. Müller. \$1.
- "The Church in English History." J. M. Stone. \$1.
- "Melior of the Silver Hand." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Encharistic Soul Elevations." Rev. W. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp. 50 cts., net.
- "The Little City of Hope." Marion Crawford. \$1.25.
- "The Dialogue of the Seraphic Virgin, Catherine of Siena." Algar Thorold. \$1.80, net.
- "The Love of Books (Philobiblon)." Richard de Bury. 60 cts., net.
- "Meditations for Monthly Retreats." \$1.25, net.
- "Delecta Biblica." A Sister of Notre Dame. 30 cts.
- "Ecclesiastical Diary, Ordo and Note-Book." \$1.
- "The Iliad for Boys and Girls." Rev. Alfred Church. \$1.
- "The 'New Theology'; or, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's Main Conclusions Refuted." Rev. W. Lieber. 30 cts., net.
- "Sursum Corda" Baron Leopold de Fisher. \$2, net.
- "Penance in the Early Church." Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D. D. \$1, net.
- "Conferences for Children on the Gospel of St. John." Sister Mary Teresa, O. S. B. 85 cts., net.
- "Good-Night Stories." Mother Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "A Day with Mary." Caryl Coleman. 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

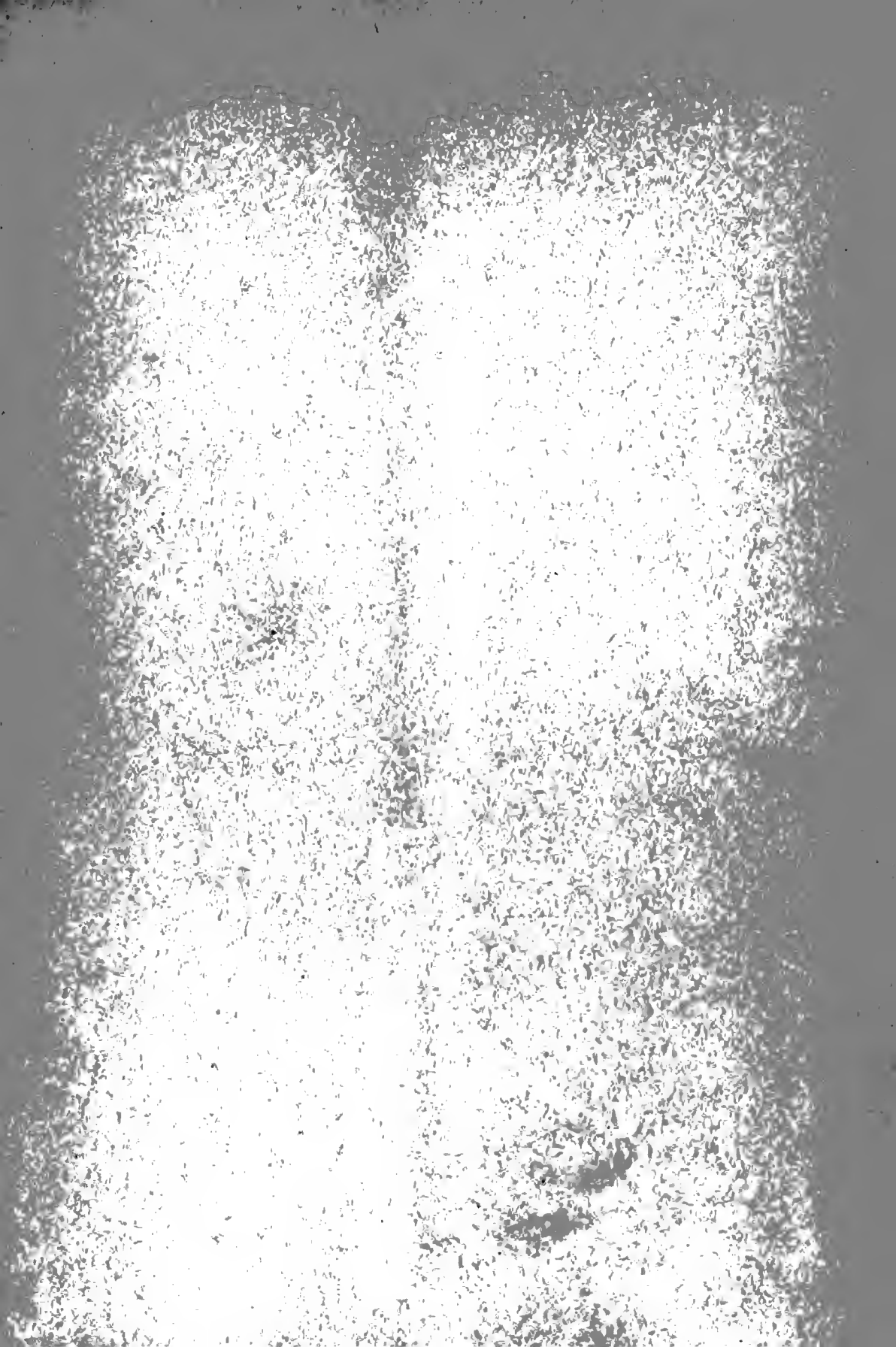
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii., 3.

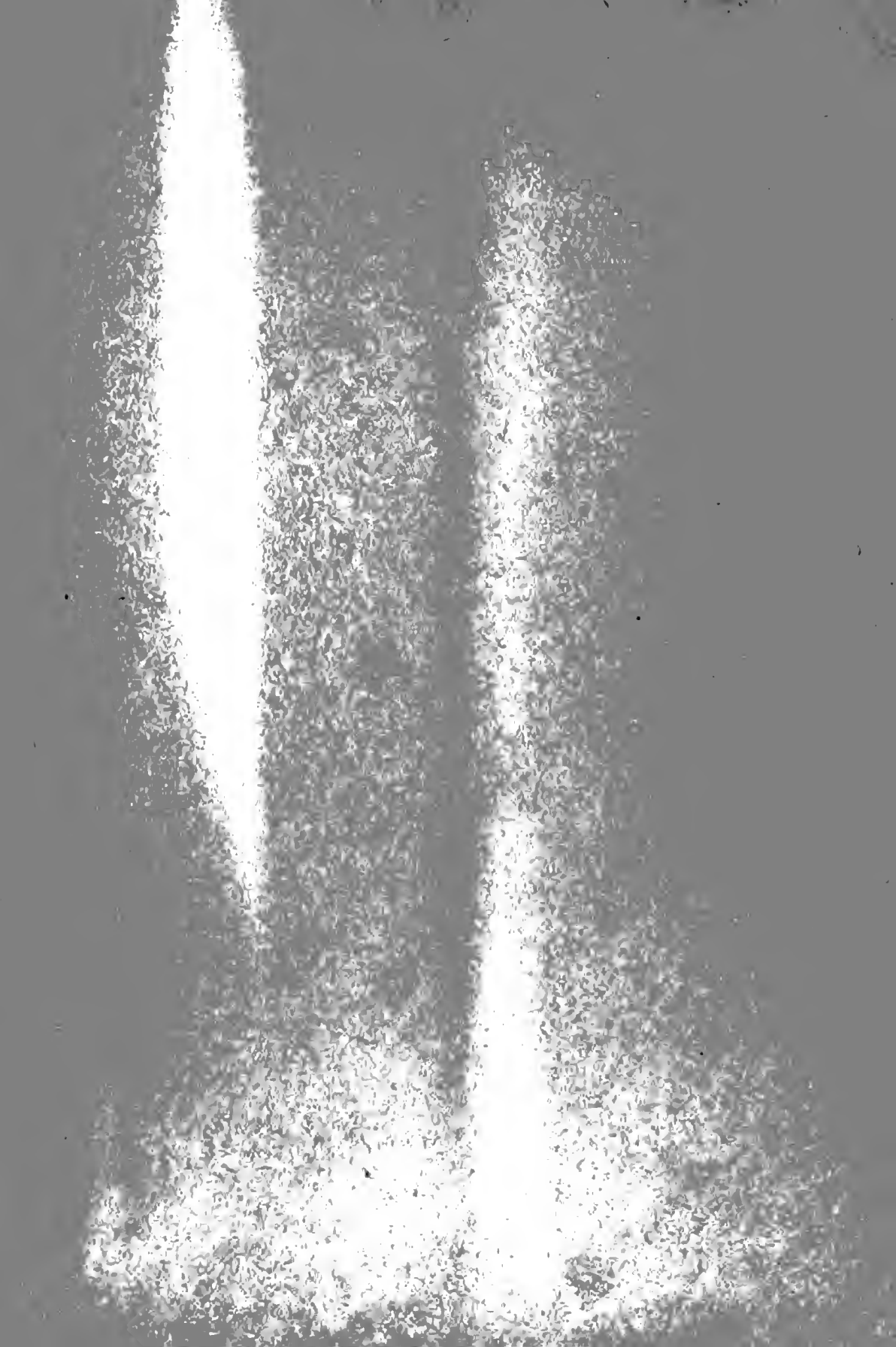
Rev. C. F. Marsau, of the diocese of Portland; Rev. D. F. McCaffrey, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. Thomas Judge, D. D., archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Alexander Nathaushek, S. J.; and Rev. Maximilian Schaefer, O. F. M.

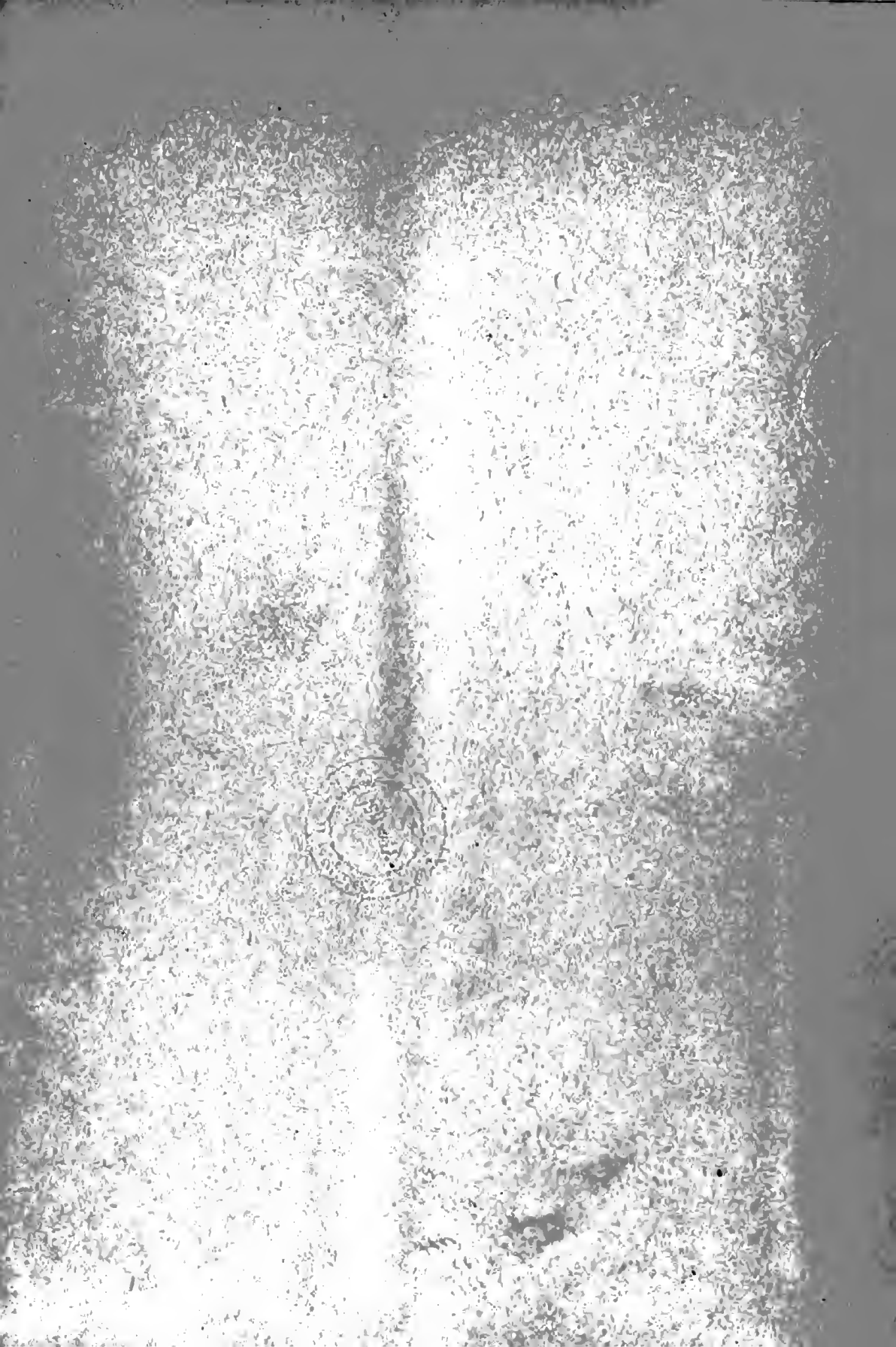
Mother M. Vincent, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Wilson, Mr. Louis De Witte, Mrs. Mary Simmons, Mr. Alfred Downes, Bridget McNichol, Dr. Harold Guerin, Mr. David Keefe, Mrs. John Grace, Mr. Aloyse Grace, Mr. Daniel Driscoll, Mrs. Mary Ellis, Mr. Peter McNamee, Miss Florence Mason, Miss Mary Mulhall, Mr. Adam Miller, Miss Florence Corden, Mr. Alfred Beaton, Miss Agnes Shannon, and Mr. Frederick Kaupp.

Requiescant in pace!









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Ave Maria.

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