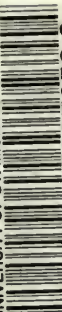


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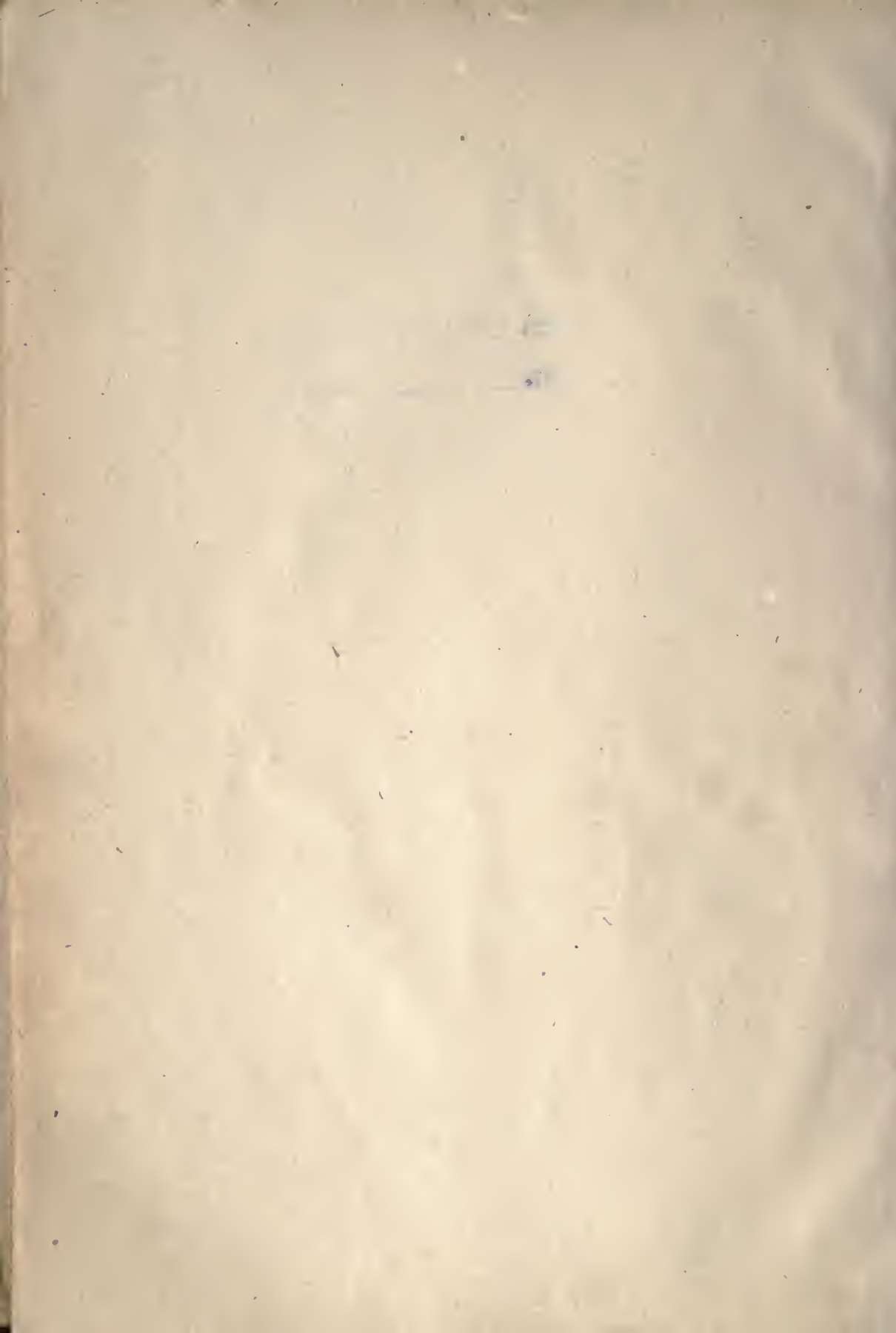
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Magi.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

THEY came on lowliest homage bent,
 Their precious gifts to bring,
 Those pilgrims from the Orient
 Who sought the Infant King.

Bright shone the glad, mysterious Star
 That led them toward the west;
 The light of Faith shone brighter far
 Within each royal breast.

High heaven their love and courage owned;
 Upon that stable floor,
 God in His Mother's arms enthroned
 They hastened to adore.

Their visit paid, with heart aflame
 Each sought his distant home,
 And crowned his witness to Christ's Name
 By grace of martyrdom.

Their relics, brought from Eastern lands,
 Lie in a Northern shrine,—
 Pride of the mighty church that stands
 All stately on the Rhine.

Ye royal saints, who hailed the Star
 And trod the desert way,
 Melchior, Gaspar, Balthasar,
 For us your children pray,

That Faith's clear light may guide our ways
 Till the King's home be won;
 That we, with you, at last may gaze
 On Mary and her Son!

The Madonna of Landen.

BY JOHN AYS COUGH.

PERHAPS you have never been to Landen? You may have seen the glories of the sunset on Himalayan peaks, whose white teeth are reddened with the day's death-blood; or the sun which never sets at all, all summer long, at Hammerfest; and yet the chances are that you have never set foot in the narrow valley of Landen.

It is not over easy to reach, and yet it is not so very far away. The best plan is to walk from Baden-Baden over the Hornisgründe, and so to Allerheiligen, where you can procure lodging at the once great Premonstratensian Abbey, whence long since the White Canons have been driven out. For Landen was a dependency of Allerheiligen, and a few hours' walk up into the forest will bring you to it.

The small, nameless river that flows along the valley, and will ultimately find its way to the great Rhine somewhere out on the plain of Strasburg, is surrounded by pleasant pastures and cool thickets, white with *spiræa*; and these fields are bordered by the advanced guards of the actual forest. Close by the left bank of the river the road winds, with now and then a great painted post beside it, like a huge sugar-stick, to mark the boundaries of the Grand Duchy and the Kingdom of Würtemberg; and now and then also an elaborate Calvary of painted

THE peace of God can come only from the God of Peace.—*Spurgeon.*

wood, with Judas and his money-bag, St. Peter and his keys, and the local saint with proper emblem.

About halfway up the valley is a little detached hill, or mound, crowned with what was once the Monastery of Our Lady of the Wood, and is now the Hôtel du Roi de Württemberg. Long ago its last exiled monk was laid to rest under the shadow of trees all unlike the odorous pines of his own valleys; and now weedy Alsatian waiters, chronically evening-dressed, lounge and chatter in the cloisters where he held a meditative silence. In the prior's cell the thrifty hostess augments her reckonings, and in the great, cool refectory sit blowzy baronesses and impecunious princes.

The chapel alone is undesecrated, for the merciful storms of a century have reduced it to less incongruous ruin; and one can see how beautiful it was once, though it must always have been of plain exterior, and perhaps of no great merit architecturally. The green grass is its only pavement now, and the blue floor of God's heaven its sole roofing; but a few patches of fresco on the walls suggest past beauties, and some of the empty windows show still a little rude tracery. Over the high altar is a large, smooth space, where formerly was to be seen the miraculous picture of Landen.

Many of the peasants in the valleys round about have brightly colored prints, which they claim to be copies of the original painting. These prints show a grave-eyed Teutonic Maiden, with smooth flaxen hair, and fair, sweet face, holding two children in her arms, neither of whom bears any likeness to the typical Christ-Child, who lies smiling at her feet. Behind is a rude representation of the forest on a wild, wintry night—the driving snow standing out against the blackness of the pine-trees, and almost obscuring the light of a pale, cold moon. The following is, in brief, the history of the Madonna of Landen:

There was at Allerheiligen, in the very

height of its prosperity, a certain monk called Rudolph, who had been Count of Ottenhöfen, but who, hearing read the Gospel wherein Christ said to the young man, 'One thing thou lackest,' had left all to his brother, and put on the habit of religion. The young monk made rapid progress in perfection, and was noted for his tender charity, which led him to see in all men but the counterpart and representatives of his divine Master. The poor and wretched for miles around were wont to come to him in all their miseries, and he was frequently to be found in their huts, dressing loathsome wounds, making savory messes with his own hands, and performing the most menial and toilsome labors for the old and helpless, who were unable to do anything for themselves.

One winter a great famine came upon the Schwarzwald, and many of the forest people died; but in the valleys round Allerheiligen the poor were well cared for. The Lord Abbot daily gave large alms of bread to all who appeared at the gate; while the good monks carried provisions and fuel to the sick and aged, who were not able to leave their homes.

But about this time a great sorrow fell upon the monks themselves; their beloved abbot, who had governed the monastery for almost half a century, was called to his reward, and the loss was deeply felt by his bereaved children. However, when the precious remains had been laid to rest under the chancel floor, and a chapter had been held in order to appoint a successor, all the monks were filled with joy to find Rudolph chosen to replace the saintly abbot; although the good Brother was still young, and had never before held an office in the house.

Of all the community, only one monk was grieved at the choice, and that was Rudolph. Nevertheless, he obeyed, and bent his shoulder in meek submission to the burden that had been laid upon him, although he was very sad at heart. "Not for a jewelled mitre did I lay down my helmet of plain steel," he said within

himself; "but rather to be the last soldier in the army of our great Captain, Christ." The keys of the monastery were harder to carry than he had ever found his long sword or spear, and the cross of silver and gold he now bore upon his breast was the heaviest cross that had ever been laid upon him. Yet so well and wisely did he govern the great abbey that, as a sweet odor draweth bees, even so did the reputation of his sanctity draw many youth to his quiet retreat. So great, indeed, was the increase of postulants that it was found necessary to build a new house in order to accommodate them.

The remote valley of Landen was chosen as the hive where the new swarm should take up their abode; and, when the building was finished, certain of the brethren from Allerheiligen were sent to found the new house, among whom was Rudolph. "I have borne," he said, "the yoke of government patiently until now; suffer me, then, to go in peace, to bear a little severity and hardship in this our new home; and choose you a better ruler to be over you,—one who has well learned to obey; for only he who has been long in subjection is fit to govern others." So they suffered him to go; and because he had borne rule (for such, humility is more needful) he was set to cook for the brethren, in which capacity he labored both diligently and gladly, and gave entire satisfaction.

Now, everything at Landen was poor and simple. Even the chapel, though a large, beautiful building, was very plain in its decorations; it contained but two altars, without any paintings. Over the high altar was a great space, where, in time, some pious artist might be tempted to exercise his skill. Rudolph often looked at this vacant spot, and longed to see it filled with a beautiful representation of some scene from the life of our Divine Lord or His Blessed Mother; but for the present there was no hope of seeing his wish realized; he must wait and pray.

However, in the second year of the foundation, a young man—a painter of considerable merit—presented himself at the monastery door, and Rudolph looked upon the newcomer as a messenger from Heaven, in answer to his long and earnest prayers. Brother Willibrord was set to paint the great space above the altar. He began by drawing an outline of his subject, and then filled in a little of the coloring, leaving the background all confused. The monks on coming to the chapel always looked curiously to see how he was progressing, and at last he had finished Our Lady with the Divine Child in her arms. There remained to be executed only the scenery behind the figure, and the ground beneath its feet.

"In the background I shall paint Allerheiligen," said the artist; "and make it appear as though the Blessed Virgin were coming thence to Landen, holding the Christ-Child in her arms." But Brother Willibrord never painted thus, as we shall see in the sequel.

One night in midwinter, when the snow lay thick and deep throughout the valleys of the forest, the monk Rudolph went to pray in the chapel, when his kitchen work was done; and, being wearied therewith, he soon fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not, but when he awoke the lamps were extinguished, and only that before the high altar was still burning. Its mild radiance fell on the plain altar of rough-hewn stone, on the monks' stalls, and on the unfinished picture on the wall. Rudolph knelt in a dark corner apart, and so it happened that he had not been noticed by those who had come to put out the lights in the chapel.

He presently arose, and passing before the altar genuflected, and was about to turn away, when his eyes fell once more on the picture behind it. Then he stood still in wonderment. The Christ-Child was there, lying on the ground and smiling, as He raised His tiny hand to bless; but the *Gottes Mutter* was

gone, and Rudolph saw only the background rough and confused. He looked long, in doubt of his senses, but the picture remained the same: Our Lady was not there, and the Divine Infant lay smiling on the ground.

While Rudolph stood thus, wondering and astonished, he became aware that a cold draught was blowing on his face, and causing the red lamp of the sanctuary to flicker nervously. He went therefore across the choir toward the sacristy, the low, arched door of which he found ajar, and passing thence into a narrow cloister running round the eastern portion of the chapel, came to another postern opening into the monks' garden. This also stood ajar, and through it the cold air of the winter night came strong and keen. More and more was the good monk filled with astonishment and fear, for seldom was this postern opened at all, and never left unlocked through the night. It was not snowing now, and the pale, full moon stared down out of a steel-blue sky upon the forest.

Rudolph went out a few paces, and looked around for sight or sound of aught unusual that might explain the strange occurrence; but all lay still as death, wrapped in the white mantle of the winter night. He was slowly going back into the monastery, his head bent in thought, when he noticed that there were other footprints in the snow beside his own; they were small and light, like a woman's, and were turned away from the abbey toward the forest. He followed them some distance, and they did not cease; up the hill-side they led him, off the main cart-road, and into one of the narrow tracks that lead to the thickest of the wood. Here it was often too dark to see the footprints, but still Rudolph walked on patiently till he came to a place where the moonlight fell again upon the path, and then he found the small footmarks ever pointing forward into the forest.

For an hour he followed them, and now

he was quite in the recesses of the great pine forest. Suddenly the night-silence was broken by a sound that held his heart still, and made his pulses cease to beat. Down the mountain-side from about a mile away there came, on the clear, still air, the bay of many wolves. Where Rudolph stood it was pitch-dark; the pines were thick around, and their black arms were twined together overhead; but a hundred yards in the distance he could see the moonlight on the snow. Should he go backward, or stay here in the darkness, and climb one of the trees, to be in safety from the wolves? or go forward, and see if the footprints still continued? Onward toward the white light and toward the wolves the monk went, making the Sign of the Cross and praying as he approached.

On drawing nearer to the place where the moonlight fell, he saw some one coming to meet him out of the blackness beyond. At first the shadows were about their way, and he could not distinguish whether it were man or woman; but soon the figure came out into the moonlight, and he saw it was a lady, tall and stately, with raiment of glistening white, and a mantle like the blue waters of the summer sea; and in her arms she held two little children, whom she pressed against her shoulders lovingly.

In the shadow of the pines the monk Rudolph stood still in reverent wonderment, his eyes fastened on the vision before him. Full well he knew that dazzling raiment, and that sapphire veil, and those kind, mother-eyes of the Lady coming to meet him. It was the *Gottes Mutter* of the picture Brother Willibrord was painting.

For a few moments, that were to the monk Rudolph as a thousand years, he watched her as she approached; then, falling down upon his knees, he covered his face with his hands, and did not dare to look. Presently there came upon the night air the noise of far-off bells, as of the chime from all the steeples of a Gothic

town, and Rudolph raised his head to hear. Just by him in the snow two small children stood watching him, hand in hand, and waiting for him to uncover his face and speak. But the Lady had left them and was gone.

"Carry us!" the children begged; and, rising from his knees, Rudolph lifted them in his arms, and turned homeward, with the pair nestled against his heart.

The noise of those unearthly bells came no more through the listening air, but soon there was again the cry of the wolves, which grew more distant as Rudolph hurried on. Still he seemed to keep pace, and it was wonderful how swiftly he sped homeward with the sleeping children in his arms. It was not till he reached the open space between the forest and the monastery that he could hear the trampling of the wolves through the thicket, and knew that now, at all events, they were upon his track. How long those last few hundred paces seemed! He hardly dared to look around, and when he did he saw the black forms of the wolves bounding over the snow.

Onward, onward he pressed, and the children were awakened by his speed. The wolves gained step by step; he could hear their panting now; and still the postern was not reached. Great God, if it should be shut! Perhaps the wind had blown it to; it lay in black darkness, and he could not see. Onward, quicker—the postern was all but reached; he would surely be in time. But, nay! he stumbled, and tripped, and fell headlong forward, and the wolves drew on apace. Something surely lifted him up; how else rose he so swiftly? Again he flew forward, like the wind that whistled in his ears. The wolves were hardly a dozen paces from him now, and the postern door was half a dozen still in front. Oh, God, if it should be shut! For all the heat of his running, an icy sweat burst out upon him at the mere chance of that horror; and his eyes were well-nigh strained from looking forward into

the dark shadow, but he could not see. On, on, on; his feet were on the lowest step, but, ah! dear God! the oaken door was shut! Its panels filled the arched doorway, and lay against the doorsills all around. In frozen, icy despair, the monk Rudolph almost turned to face the foe. Was not that less terrible than to press against that sullen door, and be overtaken vainly knocking, where there was none to answer? But, by Christ's dear grace, he did not; hoping against dead hope, he stumbled forward, and fell against the door—and, joy! it yielded; it but lay to, and was not shut. Into the cloister he fell forward, and even that fall well-nigh cost him all. Before the door was quite closed, the wolves were leaping at the threshold. The cloister was narrow, and with his feet thrust against the wall opposite, Rudolph pushed with all his might, and held the door against them; while he sent the two children to ring the great bell in the chapel, and rouse the brethren withal.

Soon through the dim chapel and dimmer cloister the religious came to aid him. The door was pressed to and locked secure; then together they passed, into the chapel, and sang the *Te Deum* in the silent night. As their eyes were raised to the picture over the high altar, greatly were the monks astonished; for the Christ-Child lay, smiling in the snow, and the *Gottes Mutter* held two children in her arms.

The rescued little ones themselves (who had been lost and benighted in the grim forest) were taken back on the morrow to their home, where they remained until they were of age. Then both of them took the habit of religion in the Monastery of Our Lady of the Wood, at Landen, where, in great observance, they lived to a blessed age.

This is the legend of the miraculous picture of Landen.

GOOD resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effects in the mind from which they spring.—*Dickens*.

The Organist of Imaney.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE," ETC.

I.—DAVID AND JONATHAN.

THE river ran swiftly under the shade of the trees—the only ones in all the Glen that could be dignified with the name,—and on its banks two men lay on the rough grass, talking, heedless of the twilight that was gathering softly round them. They were young,—neither of them looked much over twenty; for, though the face of one was worn, it was evidently ill health and not age that had left its mark upon him. He was deformed—a hunchback and almost a dwarf. But it was not his deformity that one noticed first. His face was wonderfully attractive. The features were finely cut, the pallor of his skin emphasizing their delicacy; the mouth was strong and firm, though to-night it drooped with almost childish wistfulness; and the eyes, extraordinarily innocent and candid, though glowing now with the intensity of his interest, were, when his face was at rest, infinitely pathetic and beautiful.

"But that's just it!" he was saying to his companion. They are all ideas, nothing more,—ideals and ideas, and nothing done!"

"Nothing!" repeated the other, and a dusky red crept up into his face. "Nothing! O David, how can you say that to-night, of all nights, when—when, if it had not been for what you have done—"

"Ah, Jonathan, it is just because it is to-night that I feel it so,—just because I know that you are going to-morrow and all the world looks black!"

His voice was low, and it sounded in the other's ears almost like a caress.

"But I'll come back—" he began eagerly.

"Of course you'll come back," replied

David, trying to speak with unconcern. "But will it ever be the same again? No, Thade"—for the other would have interrupted him,— "I don't mean to grumble, and you know I would not keep you back if I could. But remember that until you do come back I shall have no one to listen to my schemes."

"You will write, though!" exclaimed Jonathan. "And you must tell me everything."

"Everything?" repeated David, in a thoughtful tone. "I wonder what that would eventually come to? Perhaps to this: that I tried to persuade the men along the valley and on the lower slopes of the mountains to till their land in a way that it would be possible for it to produce enough to keep them in comparative comfort, and that I failed; that I tried to teach those who live down here near the river to drain their holdings, and with the same result; that I tried to make out a strong case in favor of a light railway being built, and failed; that I appealed to the younger men to work at home as they will have to do over the sea, and failed. O Thade, Thade, that's what hurts the most! I wish—I wish with every fibre in me—to help them, and it is all to no purpose. They go and go. It is not only you who are deserting the old country: there will be twenty others off before the end of the month,—twenty of the strongest and the best. What will be the end? I have such schemes for them, such plans; yet wherever I look it is the same thing—failure! failure!"

Thade slipped onto his knees and drew apart the branches that grew thickly above their heads, making a space through which a long vista of the valley became visible. The mountains rose against the horizon; then there was a band of bog-land—the land that its owners had tried to persuade its holders to drain,—and in the foreground a strip of vivid green showed where in winter the meadows were flooded by the stream. In one place

* Copyright by the author.

the land rose up into a gravelly hill, on which a curious mass of buildings stood. One part was low, mud-walled, but roofed with slates. The other was as yet nothing but walls. Its roof had still to come, and the scaffolding posts that stood around already indicated that it was intended to be of considerable height. The granite looked almost white in the gathering dusk; and the windows, surrounded by cut stone mullions, were as dark slips against them. It was evidently a new church, being built to replace one that was both old and poor.

"Say it' again, David!" murmured Jonathan, softly. "Look up there at the chapel, and say again that all you have tried to do for the Glen and its people has been a failure!"

"The church!" said David, and he smiled at last. "Ah, yes, there will be the church!"

"And if others who are going away from the Glen feel as I feel—and they do, they do!" cried the young man, hotly,—“it won't be the remembrance of what you have failed to do that they will carry with them, but only the thought of what you have *done*. Out in the world—I in London, they in America,—we shall think of those white walls rising up in the dear old Glen; and, please God, it will help us to keep faithful, to make us less unworthy—”

He broke off abruptly, and there was silence; for his companion knew what he meant, and yet he could not speak to disclaim the superiority the words implied: “less unworthy to meet the builder of the church in the next world.” No one else in the band of emigrants would have thought of putting it like that, or of expressing his feelings at all; but with Jonathan—as he loved to hear himself called—it was different. David was the head of his house, his foster brother, his more than friend. Willingly, if by so doing he could have left his straight young body in place of the one so delicate, so deformed, would he have laid down

his life for his friend; but the other lads around would have given another reason for the difference that there was between them and Thade O'Congaile. Thade was music-mad; in other words, it was the artist temperament that both gave him these ideas and taught him to express them.

A lifelong friendship is a loosely applied term, but in the case of Grellan and Thade O'Congaile it was absolutely the case. Twenty-one years ago, when an heir had been born to the O'Congaile, crooked, wee, and feeble, the priest was sent for hurriedly over the mountains to give it baptism before the flickering little life went out again whence it had come. But it so happened that Father Denis was already in Glen Imaney, where he had ridden to give the same Sacrament to the healthy, brown-skinned baby who had come a few days before to the wife of Thaddeus O'Congaile, the master who taught in the hedge school beside the chapel yard. There had been some delay in finding him; for the messenger, not knowing of his whereabouts, had had a thirty-mile ride, coming and going, before he found him in the master's house. Hastening then to the Big House of Imaney, the old priest learned that it was the mother rather than the child who needed his ministrations. The young madam was dying, and the frightened servants had no thought to spare for the wailing baby. So Father Denis took it, swathed and bundled, from the dainty cot, and carried it off to the mud-walled cabin where the other baby lay; and there, in the simple wicker cradle, the friendship began between the two who later on were to become as David and Jonathan to each other,—names that the schoolmaster, father and foster father, made familiar to them long before they were old enough to learn of their Scriptural prototypes.

One of Thade's earliest recollections was being cuffed by his mother for unintentional roughness to his “little brother.” But the cuffing had not to be repeated;

for by the time the bigger boy had found the use of his sturdy limbs, he had learned to love the other only a degree less than his mother did, and just as protectingly as she.

Even when the House of Imaney was reopened and the O'Congaile brought home a new madam to be a mother to his little son, the friendship between the foster brothers was not broken. Until Crellan was eight years old he could not walk—his little stepsister was running about long before that,—but Thade, young as he was, could always be trusted to guide the light carriage whereon his foster brother lay; and the boys were almost as much together as they had been when the mud-cabin was the home of both.

Thade did not like the new madam, although it was through her that he first realized what music was to him. His mother said that he had begun to sing even before he could talk; and not only every tune that was lilted or whistled in the Glen was his, whilst his father was toiling laboriously to make him learn the A, B, C, but he turned into music the flowing of the river, the humming of the birds and bees, and the whispering of the leaves upon the trees.

But it was when Madam O'Congaile played on the straight, old-fashioned spinet, and sang the songs of sixty years ago, that the boy began to understand his own vocation. He must be a musician. Had it not been for Crellan, his hopes could never have been matured. He would have had to wear his heart in the routine of duties that were his father's delight. Teaching stupid little boys, who did not want to learn the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic,—so would Thade have expressed it; whilst to his father it would have been spreading humbly the divine light of knowledge.

But before Crellan went away—his father died when he was twelve and they took him to where there were better doctors and a wider field of learning than in Glen Imaney—he had made up his

mind that Thade should at least have the opportunity he sought. At seventeen he had been allowed to return to what was always home to him, and he chose for his tutor a man who could give what Crellan needed. So for four years the foster brothers had studied,—one heart and soul in his music, making up with great strides for the years that, perforce, he had wasted; the other, taken up by a branch of learning equally engrossing to him and more elusive in its practice than music—political economy and the way of suiting reforms to his immediate surroundings. His knowledge was almost entirely theoretical, and he was before his time; besides, he had not the physique to impress by personal demonstration the soundness of his views. Therefore, though the Glen folk loved him, both as the head of their clan and for the many kindnesses they received from him, the dear wish of his heart came no nearer to fulfilment.

He wanted to make them love their country,—not with the sentimental love that made them wail and weep when they were leaving her; but with the strong, true bond that would be willing to suffer something, some discomfort, for a while; some dull, hard work; the trouble of learning and applying new methods whereby their homes would be improved and their land made fit to support them. But so far, his ideals and ideas—with the exception, indeed, of the building of the chapel—had borne no fruit; and now that his familiar friend, his only confidant and adviser, was going from him, his heart was failing him before the loneliness of the future.

The jingling mail-car would pass through the Glen before dawn, on its way from the coast to civilization, forty miles to the east; and the old folk in the hedge school-house were waiting for the last few hours with their boy. The darkening night reminded Crellan that he could not keep Thade longer. But before he went there was something he had to say, and it was

when their hands were locked together for a last good-bye that he whispered it into his ear.

When the O'Congaile died he had left only a life interest in his property to the son who was to be the last bearer of the old, old name. After Crellan's death all would go to the stepsister, who already, at eighteen, was married into a wealthy English home. Crellan then would have nothing to leave, unless he was able to save something from his life's income. First of all, the church had to be paid for; after that there were two old servants who had been too faithful to be left in want; but when these matters had been settled, he still had another scheme, and it was of this he wanted Thade to know.

"Some day, then," he concluded, "I want to put an organ in the church; and I have thought sometimes that when you have made your name"—he hesitated for a moment, and then decided that to-night he would not even mention any other possibility—"you would come back to the Glen. You could send your own compositions out into the world from here, and then you would have the organ to play. You would teach the children, and they would learn to lighten their own lives with music. Oh, it is a dream, Jonathan,—another of my many dreams! But tell me now before you go that it is not quite an impossible one."

And, though Thade could not answer, Crellan was satisfied that some day, if the summons went to him, his beloved Jonathan would come back again to Glen Imaney.

(To be continued.)

THE Syro-Oriental, the descendants of the Holy Magi, have handed down to us a tradition received from their fathers, that the star which appeared in the heavens on the night of Christ's birth "bore the image of a young Maiden holding a Child in her arms, a royal crown upon His head."

Prevision.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

I CAN not tell what way the years will lead,
How hands may falter and how feet may bleed,
What deep contentment I shall have or need,—
I can not tell.

I do not know why the fleet early years
Should shake me with surmise of future tears;
Why golden suns should set in gloom of fears
I do not know.

I must not ask of winter winds that come
Across the ground where men sleep cold and dumb,
If I shall rest there well,—of my last home
I must not ask.

I shall not shrink, maybe I shall not dread,
When time has slowed my step and bowed my
head,

To go away, to join the cloistered dead

I shall not shrink.

I shall have hope, in spite of heavy shame,
Among God's pensioners to find my name,—
In Him who for the strayed and lost ones came
I shall have hope.

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

I.—THE WAYS OF FATHER TRACEY:

FATHER TRACEY had many and many an offer of a larger and better parish than the out-of-the-world little village of Knockfeen. But he stayed with the simple people he knew and loved, and could never be induced to "go up higher." Every Sunday, at the last Mass, he preached a plain sermon, in which he illustrated his theme from the farm and the crops and the weather, like his Divine Master before him. He was brief or long as he had a mind; but, brief or long, he received the same measured attention. He never scolded or berated; for age had but mellowed and sweetened this man of God, crowned with the silver of seventy years.

And it was better so; for he saved more stray sheep by love and gentleness and pity than he could ever have done by the white light of holy wrath.

On Saturday afternoon, from two to six, he heard confessions in an old confessional that was hidden away under the stairs leading to the gallery. When he gave a word of counsel or consolation, he spoke so low the people said 'the ould boy himself couldn't hear, and so couldn't make plans to spoil the good work of his reverence.' But when he said, *Ego te absolvo*, he spoke with such unction and authority as if he were chasing money-changers out of the Temple. If there were periods of lull—and usually there were, for the parish was small—he walked out on the grassplot of the "chapel yard" and said his Beads or his Breviary, or stood above the grave of a former Knockfeen parish priest who was laid to rest many long years before. It was the only priest's grave to which the "yard" could lay claim.

Father Tracey loved his people, and you may be sure his people loved him. Of a week morning after Mass, he took a walk down the village street, and passed a friendly word here and there as he moved leisurely along.

"Well, Maureen, how is your mother this morning?"

"Oh, she's much better this morning, Father, thank you!"

"I'm glad to hear that, Maureen. You might tell her I'll drop in to-morrow or maybe Wednesday."

Then he passed on till he met a young man from the country leading a spirited horse to the forge.

"Good-day, Mike! That's a fine colt."

"He is, Father; though he do be a bit wild and foolish sometimes."

"You don't tell me! And where did you get him, Mike?"

"I bought him from Tade Clancy."

"Tade of the hill?"

"Yes, Father."

Then Father Tracey would stroke the

arched neck, and the tossing head would turn, and two large eyes would survey the priest with friendly curiosity.

"He's a great animal, Mike. I suppose he cost you a bit?"

"Faix, then, he did, Father! He cost me seventeen pound ten, a week ago ere yesterday."

"That's big money, Mike. I hope God will make him prosper for you."

Then he might meet a "girleen" on her way to school, and he would stop and ask where her brother was yesterday. Maybe her brother was sick, or maybe he had to help in the garden, or perhaps he had to go to the fair. Then Father Tracey would grow very serious.

"Girleen, listen to me! We'll never be anything in these parts without education. Once upon a time we didn't get the chance, but 'tis different now. Tell your father to let Tommy come to school; for Tommy is a good, bright boy and may be something yet."

The "girleen" promised and passed noiselessly away.

If it were a summer morning, this shepherd of his people, their light and their guide, might leave the village scenes behind him to visit some sick or forlorn member of his flock in the country. On either side of the road, as he wended his way, he saw potato fields glorious in their white blossoms, and men with the bone and sinew of Finn Mac Coul's Fenians giving the furrows a last touch of the spade. Or maybe he stopped to watch the wide acres of clover, where the corncrakes lay a-hiding, and the smell of the growing meadows was sweeter to his sense than the perfumes of the desert. Or he might let his eyes wander to the whitewashed house of a farmer, crowned with a new roof of golden thatch. Or he might see men busy following their teams in hayfield or garden, and milch cows drowsing in the shade. Or afar he might hear the river, like a pulse, beating in its ceaseless course, and quickening with life the face of the land.

He lived with his people; their hopes were his hopes, their failures his failures. If the yellow wheat promised only half a harvest, they told him; and he gave, of his large pity, gentle words of encouragement and hope. If a horse or a cow "went against" them, into his heart they poured the story. Especially if death came and took some one from accustomed ways to "ways unknown," he gave the mourners a message of sympathy and hope.

Often, too, in those daily walks he would linger around a great old castle—the memory of a bygone glory—that sent a long shadow of a waning day far across the growing fields. There it stood, with its narrow portholes, and crumbling stone stairways, and dark, echo-making rooms, where the owl and the bat hovered like spirits of evil. The ivy clung fast about it, and knit itself to every stone that else might have fallen. And he had his dream there in the shadow of Ireland's crumbling grandeur, just as any one else would who knew her story. He was a patriot, this gentle priest. And who has a greater right to be patriotic than the Irish priesthood? Has it not proved the Spartan band that guarded Thermopylæ against the crowding hosts?

One summer afternoon in late July Father Tracey hovered about this old castle on his way home from a customary visit in the country. He had not been long there when he noticed a man running across the field toward him. Scarcely had he reached the priest when he cried: "Glory be to the great God! There's a man killed, Father! Come quick!"

The priest followed at once. They reached the highroad leading to the village and walked about two hundred yards. Then on the edge of a grove of trees he saw a number of persons surrounding a dead body. Because of its strangeness and its sadness, the story of the accident obtains in the traditions of Southern Ireland.

Jim O'Brien had bought a couple of trees from the owner of the grove, and

needed the help of a man and a horse to cut down and take home the timber. Widow Madigan and her son Dan—an only child, born twenty-four years before, shortly after her husband's death—were Jim's neighbors. They were "neighbors" not by location only, but by spirit also, and Jim found little difficulty in securing the assistance of man and horse.

Dan Madigan was a typical young Irishman. He had eyes as blue as the sky of his motherland, and a head of hair as black as the wing of a night raven. Though he was a strong man, he spoke softly, and his ways were as gentle as a girl's. He never once made trouble for his fellowmen, and his fellowmen never made trouble for him. So his days were spent keeping his farm of forty acres, which were among the finest in the county.

It was no secret, either, that Kathleen O'Donnell, the best girl in all Munster, was to be his own forever the coming Shrove. Father Tracey himself had helped to make the match,—and a good match-maker he was, too. There was no bargaining, or "splitting the difference." They met, they liked, they loved—and that was the end of it. Now, if Dan loved Kathleen with the deep love of a good heart, Kathleen in her turn thought Dan the strongest and bravest and fleetest and truest and gentlest boy from Cork to Dublin. So they had their dreams and their plans and their talks; and they built their golden castles on the crests of Irish hills, around which daisied fields stretched wide and far. And Dan's mother, who never had much to say—she was the reserved kind of mother whose love does not effervesce in speech,—held this girl to her heart as a daughter who would soften her age with her gentle ways. So everybody—from Father Tracey, who would bless their wedlock even as he had baptized them, and given them their first Holy Communion, and handed them "sacks of sweets" for prizes at school, down to the most critical member of the

little parish—considered Dan Madigan and Kathleen O'Donnell the bravest boy and the finest girl one would meet in a hundred miles of a highroad.

When Dan drove down the white road that July day there wasn't a care in his heart. He had a word of salute for everybody. Jim O'Brien remarked as they drove along:

"Dan, it's great weather entirely."

"'Great' is the word, Jim. I don't believe I ever saw finer crops."

"Yerra that's right! They're the best in years."

When they reached the little grove, Dan tied the horse, with sufficient leeway to pluck big bunches of luscious grass. Jim mounted one of the trees—a giant with great, outreaching arms. He sawed and sawed on one of the heaviest limbs, then stopped a bit and handed a word down to Dan:

"Dan, he's a tough fellow, so he is!"

"He is that, Jim! Let me up at him."

"No: you come up for the other fellow. He's worse yet."

Then Jim began anew and went on with a will. The story is too full of painful memories to linger over it for paltry dramatic effect. Dan Madigan walked directly under the swaying limb to find out how the work was advancing. There was a crash, and in a second his body was crushed beneath the monster limb.

Men hurried to the spot and removed the mangled form. And there they were, a silent circle, when Father Tracey arrived. Of course he gave conditional absolution and said the usual prayers. Then the heart of the gentle priest felt a great pang. When he spoke there was something like bitterness in his words:

"Those are the dear trees to all of us. They have put out the life of the finest boy in Ireland."

Then he noticed Jim, the picture of misfortune, hanging on the edge of the group. His heart melted now and he felt a gentle pity.

"Jim, I'm not blaming you. And God

doesn't blame you. But he that's gone was the friend of all of you."

And those strong men, rugged from sun and soil, wept, and muttered with deference, "Indeed he was!" and "God knows he was!" and "God be merciful to him!"

One can not tell the great sorrow of the mother at home when Father Tracey broke the terrible news. Like every crushing sorrow, it found no outlet. She looked at the son of her heart, the child that lighted her widowhood of twenty-four years, as he was borne through her door. But no tears relieved the terrible burning heart within her. Then there followed the long watching when she sat by the body and looked at the still face, not caring to eat, not wishing to give up her vigil. At her side, brave in her woe, was the girl that in a sense was a widow too. Father Tracey tried his gentlest arts to get the tears of relief to flow, but the tears did not come. The day of the funeral arrived, and then God showed pity. When the body was about to be placed away in the yellow coffin, the mother stopped the bearers and leaned her face down to the cold face of her son.

"Dan, my Dan, child of my heart! And are you going to leave me! Sure you are the light of my eyes and the pulse of my blood, and I can't live without you! Stay, son of mine; or if you don't, may God take me to you soon!"

Then the spring of mother-love burst forth in floods of tears, and the tears brought relief.

Knockpatrick is a graveyard on the crest of a hill, and serves as the last resting-place of all the people of Knockeen parish. Narrow and winding is the road that leads up to it, and you can see its weather-worn tombs many and many a mile away. Three narrow graves lie side by side in one corner, where two ivy-covered walls meet. One "headstone" keeps watch above them, and chiselled into it are these words: "To the memory of John Madigan, his beloved wife Mary, and their son Daniel."

There is a nun in the convent of the Good Shepherd at Limerick, and her face is sweet and her voice is gentle. She goes about each daily task with quiet cheerfulness, and every beggar calls her the "angel Sister." She felt a great grief once, but the weight of that is lifted by love and holy peace; yet at every Mass she hears she prays for the eternal rest of one soul called suddenly away.

There are two priests' graves in Knockfeen chapel yard now. One died many a long year ago. The other is Father Tracey, who, at the venerable age of eighty years, gave a parting blessing to the people of his heart, and went home to God. Many a mother brings her child to the green plot of grass of a mellow summer-day, and in the silence of the place tells to eager ears the story of Father Tracey and his gentle ways.

(To be continued.)

Balthasar.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

THE Parthian Empire was the only power which dared, not only to exist side by side with Rome and independent of her, but to grow with her growth and to expand while she was expanding. Arabia was able to hold tight to her independence, but in fear and trembling: Parthia, in the proudest days of the Eternal City, openly flaunted her, defeated her invincible troops, murdered one of her generals, and captured some of her standards. The Emperor Augustus, whose word was law in his vast dominions, who was adored as a god, pleaded with Parthia for the restoration of the Roman standards—symbols of the civic glory.

This mighty Parthian Empire had been formed by the revolt of the Parthians (a tribe subject to the Persians from time immemorial) and their subsequent conquest of contiguous territory. Old, old,

long-powerful Persia became one of the glories of her former vassals. The Persians had seen the birth and death of more than one empire on the many bloody battlefields on which their famous "Immortals" had played a fearless part. They had once been bred to war and conquest, had once gloried in them. But their day as a world-power passed; and when the sceptre was snatched from them by Alexander, to pass in time into the powerful grasp of the Parthians, they seem to have bowed contentedly to the conquerors' yoke, partly because they had lost their sturdy, independent spirit; partly also because their priests, the magi, wielded an influence in the Parthian Empire only less great than they had enjoyed when their own magnificent Persepolis was the seat of a mighty government. Such was the peace of the Persians—an effeminate peace—at the time that, the clamor of war being hushed over the whole world, Christ was born in Bethlehem.

Like the people about them, the magi had lost not only their ancient glory but their sterling character. The greater number had become rich, luxurious, worldly-minded. They had lost reverence for the faith of their ancestors. They had ceased to cherish traditions carefully preserved through long ages, the chief of which was that, centuries and centuries before, a Redeemer had been promised to the suffering, erring human race. In short, the magi had degenerated from a priesthood into a learned and influential caste.

Happily, however, there were exceptions. In the city of Larah (not far from the ruins of Persepolis, destroyed by Alexander three hundred years before) there was at least one magus who clung with lively faith to the purest of the old traditions. His name was Balthasar. He studied the stars as the Persian priests had ever done; and thoughtfully he pored over the time-stained parchments which contained the beliefs of his ancestors, dwelling most frequently on the promise of a

Redeemer to come; and more than once he discussed this question with a Hebrew living in Larah. How sorely was a Saviour needed! Everywhere men had forgotten the life to come. Everywhere the rich lived amid a whirl of pleasure, while the poor languished in misery and rags.

Balthasar was young; he was good to look upon, and was possessed of vast wealth. He had a gay, laughter-loving, lovable disposition, and for a time he was more sought after than any man in Larah. While the novelty lasted, he enjoyed his pleasure-seeking life to the full. Soon, however, he learned that fêtes and games and banquets leave weariness and discontent behind them; and, to the disgust of his gay friends, he began to devote more and more time to study and to prayer. Made sad and pitiful by the squalor of certain sections of Larah, he went into the homes of the poor, supplying their needs and caring for their neglected sick. Such kindness was new to Larah, and it proved the last straw on the forbearance of Balthasar's friends. They had long thought him peculiar: they now called him a fool. Whom the rich and powerful flattered or scoffed at, the lower classes praised or scorned; and from having been the darling of the city, Balthasar became its laughing-stock. Only the very poor loved him, and they were silent.

He was very lonely. Still young, and devoted to his friends even after he found that their manner of life did not satisfy him, Balthasar yearned for the companionship of those who had ceased to care for him. He tried to keep up some intercourse with them, but was repulsed. On the same streets where he had once been "the observed of all observers," he became liable to open jeers. So he learned to steal forth at night to visit his poor, and to spend his days in the solitude of his magnificent but silent palace. More than once was he tempted to give up his prayers, his fasts, and his charities, and to live as other men; but doggedly he

persevered. The years passed and his isolation became more and more absolute, his loneliness more and more great. Larah forgot him, and went its giddy, thoughtless way rejoicing.

But a day came when Balthasar was suddenly thrust into the limelight. Xerxes, a wealthy and prominent man, hurrying through the market-place one morning, was stopped by one of his friends, Astar, who was smiling broadly.

"Allow me to detain you for a moment, Xerxes," Astar said. "I have an amusing story to tell you. You remember Balthasar, do you not,—the magus who was once like the rest of us, but who became so erratic?"

Xerxes assented. "But I have not seen him for several years," he added.

"Well, he has a new vagary, stranger than any of the others. It will amuse you to hear of it. An important commission from the Emperor brought me into the street at an early hour this morning. The first man I met was Balthasar, dressed even more elegantly than when we knew him. He was about to mount a camel, richly caparisoned. My curiosity tempted me to question him; and, as I was hesitating about doing so, he saw me and called to me in that attractive way of his. (You remember, that he *is* attractive.) His face was beaming; and, though he spoke quietly, I could see that he was deeply moved. The poor fellow is insane, Xerxes! There is no doubt of it. If you recollect, he used to talk much about a Redeemer who was promised—I have forgotten when and to whom, but ages ago. Balthasar always claimed that He is destined to renew the whole human race. And, Xerxes, he told me this morning that this Redeemer has been born." Astar paused, to make his conclusion more impressive, before he added mockingly: "He knows, because *he has seen His star in the west*, and he has gone to adore Him!"

Both men laughed heartily.

"And he left Larah this morning to begin a long journey!" Xerxes exclaimed. "In

December! At the beginning of winter!"

Astar laughed again, more loudly than before; for, while that part of Persia is pitilessly hot during the greater part of the year, from the middle of December until the middle of February the cold is intense, and much snow falls, making the mountains almost impassable.

After exchanging a few more remarks on different topics, the men separated to go, the one to the Hall of Justice, the other to the public bath; and both spread wide the story of Balthasar's latest and wildest vagary. And all Larah laughed and sneered, and predicted that he would never return.

Month after month passed, and again Balthasar and his affairs were forgotten, except that occasionally some one who passed his darkened, deserted palace wondered what had become of him,—wondered without caring. The world loves only its own. Then, when he was least expected, Balthasar reappeared. It was on the morning of a public holiday and the streets were thronged with people. Great was their astonishment when he rode into their midst, mounted on a camel of which Arabia might have been proud. Instantly a crowd gathered about him, creating a great hubbub, cheering, hooting, and asking questions.

Balthasar smiled upon them with the old sweet, sunny smile which made his face so lovable that it was only behind his back that men could long remain his enemies. At last he raised his hand commanding silence; and the silence fell, deep and solemn. Then Balthasar told his story. He had with difficulty made his way over the Persian mountains, into Arabia, and thence into Syria. In crossing the Syrian Desert he had met two men who, like himself, had long studied the heavens. They also had seen the brilliant new star, understood its message, and were following it to offer their homage at the feet of Him who had been born King of the Jews, and who was destined to save the world. Together they had

journeyed until they reached Jerusalem, when the star had disappeared. There, Herod the King had told them that it had been prophesied that the Saviour would be born in Bethlehem.

It was with eyes shining and lips trembling that Balthasar finished his story. He said that when they had left Jerusalem behind them, the star reappeared and guided them to a place in Bethlehem where they found the Child with His mother; and, falling on their knees, they adored Him and offered Him the gifts they had brought. Balthasar added a few details concerning the Saviour's birth; and so he finished his story, simply and without comment.

When he ceased speaking no one moved, no word was said. The hush which had fallen over the crowd hung heavy upon it for a long, long minute.

"Is that all?" a man sneered at last. His voice was loud and rasping.

"In a manger!" jeered another.

"A *king*, and born in a stable!" said a third, mimicking Balthasar's reverent tone.

And, laughing and jeering, the crowd swept past Balthasar, and hurried back to the day's amusements. He was left alone in the square. God's time had not yet come. Sadly he watched the laughing throng,—oh, so sadly! His joy had been great. It had been full of hope—and this, *this*, was the end! That he would never again see the King he felt certain; and the people whom he lived among and loved would not heed. His tidings were for them and they did not care.

He was about to turn his camel's head toward home when a young girl ran up to him. She had hidden behind a tree, allowing the crowd to sweep past her.

"Tell me more," she begged. "It is so wonderful, so beautiful."

Balthasar, taking heart, told her far more than he had had a chance to say to the others. She listened and believed; then ran away to rejoin her companions with the lightest, happiest heart in all the merrymaking throng.

Balthasar resumed his old manner of life, but was, if possible, more alone and more lonely than before. When the people thought of him at all, it was to whisper among themselves that he was either a fool or a maniac. And so year after year passed, and Balthasar's youth slipped from him. He became fifty and sixty and seventy years of age; and still he lived alone, studying and praying and fasting, and patiently bearing his always unsatisfied yearning for love and friendship.

One day, when he was an old man, a sweet-faced, matronly woman sought admittance into his palace. The stolid porter stared at her in amazement. No visitor had knocked at that gate during thirty years. Sullenly he motioned her to a seat on a carved stone bench, and went to give his master the unheard-of message that some one wished to speak with him.

Balthasar was greatly excited. He did not wait for the servant to usher the visitor into the court (the usual reception room in Persian homes), but hurried out to the bench beside the gate to show her the way himself. At his first glance into her face he became still more excited. He laughed to himself, softly, happily. The old porter stood by, marvelling at the unaccountable transformation of his master. He little realized how lonely Balthasar had been.

"You do not know me?" the woman began.

"Indeed I do!" Balthasar contradicted. "It was you who spoke to me in the square the day I reached home from Palestine. You alone, of all in Larah, heard my story with reverence, and believed."

The woman smiled. "I have never forgotten your words. My life, though full of sorrows, has not been unhappy; for the hope you planted in my heart never died. It was always there to comfort me."

She paused, thinking of her past years; and Balthasar, guessing something of

what was in her mind, exclaimed fervently:

"How wonderful are God's ways with each and every one of us!"

The woman assented absently, but an instant afterward she looked into his face and said nervously:

"I have strange tidings for you. I must tell my story and be gone. During the past week a Jew named Thomas has been preaching daily in the market-place. All Larah throngs to hear him. Many are deeply impressed, and none dare scoff, so beautiful is the doctrine which he expounds,—so vast, so appealing, so full of a love such as we have hardly dared dream. He preaches one Jesus of Nazareth, who, he says, taught this new dispensation during three years, confirming it with miracles, and who then died in atonement for the sins of the world. These things happened in Palestine a few years ago. Thomas was one of Jesus' close friends, and heard and saw all. Tell me, Balthasar, is this Jesus He of whom you told me?"

Balthasar was both hopeful and troubled.

"Nay, I know not," he made answer. "But if Jesus was not the King whom we adored in Bethlehem, He was not the Redeemer, that I know. Thomas preaches daily, you tell me? I shall go to hear him. Perhaps,—oh, perhaps—" He could say no more, but his radiant face spoke volumes.

The woman went her way, and half an hour later Balthasar left his palace, and, for the first time in many years, mingled with the people in the busy market-place. Presently there was a great stir; and Balthasar, old and feeble, was thoughtlessly jostled hither and thither by the crowd, all pushing forward in one direction.

The teacher, Thomas, had appeared on the scene.

At first Balthasar was afraid that he would be unable to see or hear; but soon Thomas found a stand above the heads of the people, and with a slight gesture silenced them. Order replaced chaos.

Evidently his influence over them was stupendous. Balthasar crept to a sheltered place on the outskirts of the throng and listened with the rest.

Thomas spoke first of his Master's teaching,—how He had commanded His followers to forgive injuries, to be kind to the poor and afflicted, to set little value on the treasures of this world which rust and moth can consume, and above all to love God and to love one another. He dwelt eloquently on the Master's love for all men,—a love so great that He willingly gave His life for them: and afterward—O wonder of wonders!—He had proven His divinity by rising from the dead of His own power.

Balthasar listened, thrilled to his inmost soul. It was all he had dared hope, and much, much more. That the Saviour so long and so eagerly expected would love His sinful people unto death, a malefactor's death, no man could have dreamed. But Balthasar was troubled, too. Not by one of Thomas' words could he connect this Man with the Infant whom he and his companions had adored in Bethlehem.

For several days he went each day to the market-place to hear Thomas' discourse to the multitude, who, though impressed and charmed, were not convinced; for when he explained the necessity of baptism no one wished it save Balthasar, who dared not receive it because his duty was not clear to him. No mention had been made of Bethlehem. On the third day Balthasar lingered after Thomas' exhortation to speak to him privately; but when the throng had dispersed, the Apostle, talking earnestly with two of the chief men of the city, passed him by unheeding. Balthasar was sorely disappointed.

On the following day the heat was intense, and Balthasar found the walk to the market-place very wearisome. It took him long to reach it. When at last he gained his accustomed corner, Thomas was already speaking, and the first word that he caught was "Bethlehem." It

made his heart beat fast. A joy, deep and sweet, filled his whole being as, motionless, he listened.

Thomas was telling the people that at the time of Jesus' birth in a stable in Bethlehem great miracles had proclaimed Him God. An angel had announced His advent to shepherds watching their flock on a neighboring plain; and Magi from the East, seeing in the heavens a new and brilliant star which they knew heralded the birth of a King of the Jews, had journeyed to Bethlehem to worship Him.

When he said this a strange thrill passed through his vast audience. Thomas saw it—could not have failed to see it,—but without understanding what had so powerfully moved them. He paused, puzzled, and the excited people burst into a loud, exultant shout; and, swayed by one impulse, turned toward an old man who knelt in the background, his face hidden in his trembling hands.

Thomas was mystified, until a woman from the crowd went to him and in a few words told Balthasar's story. At once he made his way to the old man's side, and kneeling at his feet, kissed them reverently. And the Apostle of Jesus and he who had journeyed so far to do Him homage embraced each other with fervor, their hearts full of such joy as only the saints know.

Then Thomas and Balthasar led the way to the bank of the river, the multitude following. In that hour Thomas baptized Balthasar and with him several thousand of his fellow-citizens. And so the long, lonely, prayerful, despised life of Balthasar at last bore fruit a hundredfold.

A Renewal.

BY S. M. R.

☉ STRAIGHT from my heart do I send you this message,—

Message of love and of hope and of cheer;
Take it as pledge of my loyal devotion,
Fondly renewed for each blessed New Year!

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.

LOUISA has hung a mirror in so deft a manner that I can see the people passing on the opposite side of the street, and have, besides, a little vista in which there is a fine strip of grass, green yet, although the calendar tells me it is December. If it were not for calendars, I should not know the time of year, having my own way of telling the seasons. When the robins come, it is early March. Pansies tell me when April arrives. When they write to me from Hilltop that the May-flowers are in bloom, I say, "Our Lady's Month!" When a friend sends me a rose, I know that the Month of the Sacred Heart is here. When the leaves fall, I think of those who, together, are greeting the twilight with the petitions of the Rosary. When Louisa throws open the window and says, "The leaves are gone, but it is like summer," and tells me that all the gates in the neighborhood were carried away the night before, I know that naughty boys are ushering in the Feast of All Saints with the mischievous frolics of *Hallow-eeen*. When the grass is green, it is summer; so it is summer now, although men are carrying home Christmas Trees and there is a respectable snow bank on the north side of the house.

I wish people would spare the lives of the evergreen trees and devise some other way of displaying gifts before the eyes of the astonished youngsters. "The wail of the Little Cedars" does not accord with Christmas bells, any more than the horrible advertising of holiday merchandise does with the *Shepherds' Song*. If there is a time when misdirected and meretricious barter is odious, it is the Feast of the Great Gift.

I will turn my thoughts from the little murdered cedars and look at the grass,—

the carpet which has been called "the forgiveness of nature," but which we will name the universal gift of God. How good He was when He gave it its color—the soft, restful green that comes with healing to tired eyes and heavy hearts! And how it tells of His pity and His love! The scars made by war are covered with a soft carpet almost before the din of the battle has ceased; it hides under the snow, ready to refresh us when the first south winds hover near; it holds the earth in place, so that no torrent or stream can bear it away; perpetually renewed, it feeds the flocks and herds upon a thousand hills; and when civilization, or what passes for that, drives it into exile, it bides its time, ready to return when there are wounds to conceal or barren wastes to cover. Says one: "Our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead."

Irishmen have told me that it is the green sod of their native land which keeps them homesick for the *Emerald Isle*; and men have sickened and died just for the sight of a bit of grass in arid lands where the beneficent rain never falls.

Yes, it will be summer, no matter what the almanac says, as long as the mirror shows that cheerful strip of green.

II.

My friends, with the best intentions in the world, bring me many of the "best sellers" to read. But I do not read them. Why should I waste time on them when "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" is within reach, or Colonel Newcome, holding his little boy's hand, is waiting to talk to me? Sometimes I open these much advertised volumes, and read a dozen pages. Occasionally there is a false charm, that lures me through several chapters before my interest dies. What does the public find in these tiresome books, where

impossible people with hazy pasts discuss unpleasant social problems? I do not wish for the old-fashioned Sunday-school book, where the bad little boy is drowned on his Sunday fishing excursion; but I do want healthy standards and good language.

I hopefully seize a volume that newspaper critics have lauded to the skies. It opens well, but soon the writer seems to have exhausted his mental material; and I turn to a shelf where repose the silent and sympathetic companions of a lifetime. It is so small a shelf! On it are several of Thackeray's works, a couple of Ruskin's, Auerbach's "On the Heights," Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and half a dozen others. The "Imitation" and the "Fioretti" are not there, but close by my pillow when not in my hand. You remember how Charles Lamb wanted his favorite books where he could lean his head against them?

"A dismal lot!" said a caller, looking at my dear shelf. "I'll send you something to cheer you up." The next day she dispatched to me a bundle of "funny" books. They lie on the table, and Louisa dusts them. Let me advise you confidentially never to send a humorous book to a Shut-In. He or she has already misery sufficient.

One of my best-beloved books has no leaves or cover, for its only place is in my memory. It is filled with old songs and fugitive verses, and lines that bring back the sea and the wood, and all fair and sweet and tender fancies that God gives to true poets. At times the music grows stirring; and, as I close my eyes, heroes come trooping,—King Arthur and his knights, Sir Philip Sidney, or Bonnie Prince Charlie at the head of his Highland clans. I am very much obliged to those who in my childhood so sternly kept me at my *task* of learning poems "by heart." There are times when the "Idyls of the King," remembered easily because so dear, make me forget that there is sorrow in the world; and there are hours when the old Jacobite ballads about going

"over the water to Charlie" cause my heart to leap for joy.

If any one reminds me that the Stuarts were an unworthy race who deserved their fate, I can only answer that, as a mother often loves her naughty boy the best, I have a fondness for some of the so-called vagabonds of history, and an impatience with certain ultra-respectable characters whom I suppose I ought to admire. I always, for instance, cared more for Harry Warrington than for his excellent brother, the other of the Virginians; and never quite forgave Thackeray for allowing George to come to life, and monopolize all the happiness.

All of which brings me to the remark that there are too many books. Public libraries are lined with dusty tomes, most of them untrue and many more of them useless. Private shelves accumulate stores of volumes that will never be read and that are a burden to those who inherit them. I have much sympathy with that man who recently advocated the judicious burning of most great stores of books, and an even more profound admiration for those who say to a certain philanthropist: "The poor asked for bread, the old for shelter, and you gave them—books."

(To be continued.)

SHE [Mary] was Mother of our Redeemer, and so from her, as the fountain of His human birth, came all which He did and was and is to us. She being the Mother of Him who is our Life, became the Mother of Life; she was the Gate of Paradise, because she bore Him who restored to us our lost Paradise; she was the Gate of Heaven, because He, born of her, opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers; she was the all-undefiled Mother of Holiness, because the Holy One born of her was called the Son of God; she was the light-clad Mother of Light, because He who indwelt her and was born of her was the True Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.—*Dr. Pusey.*

Golden Counsel Exemplified.

ONE of the Fathers of the Desert was wont to say: "If a man remembers his own sins, he will have no thought of the sins of others; and if he refrains from judging his brother, God's judgment of him will be tempered with mercy, as was declared by Christ the Redeemer."

It is related in "The Paradise of the Fathers" that a certain brother committed an offence in Scete, the camp of the monks; and when a congregation was assembled on this matter, they sent after Abba Moses, but he refused to come; then they sent the priest of the church to him, saying: "Come, for all the people are expecting thee." And he rose up and came. And he took a basket with a hole in it and filled it with sand, and carried it upon his shoulders, and those who went out to meet him said unto him: "What meaneth this, O Father?" And he said unto them: "The sands are my sins, which are running down behind me and I can not see them, and I—even I—have come this day to judge shortcomings which are not mine." And when they heard this they set free that brother.

An old man once asked Abba Poemen, saying: "What shall I do, Father, with my son Isaac, who hearkeneth unto me with pleasure?" Abba Poemen said unto him: "If thou wishest to be of benefit to him, show him an example by deeds and not by words, lest through observing words only he be found useless; for if thou wilt show him by deeds, the deeds themselves will abide with him, and he will profit."

In "The Paradise" mention is made of a certain holy man in Egypt who dwelt in the desert; and a little way beyond him lived a Manichean heretic. This Manichean was obliged to make a journey to one who was of the same error as himself. As he was going along the road, he arrived at eventide at the place where the holy man lived. The Manichean was

in great distress, for he had no place near at hand wherein to enter. Now, he was afraid to go to the holy man; for he thought that he would recognize him, and would not allow him to enter his cell. Nevertheless, being sore pressed, and not knowing where else to go, he knocked at the door of that holy man. The door was opened, and the Manichean went in. The holy man received him with gladness, and he knew who he was, and he relieved all his wants; and the Manichean slept and was refreshed. And it came to pass during the night that the heretic came to himself and said: "How is it that there is nothing which it was seemly to do which this blessed man hath not done for me? Verily, this is a man of God." Then he rose up and fell down at his host's feet and said unto him: "From this day onwards I shall believe as thou believest." And he turned to the truth, and became a friend of the holy man, and lived with him always.

True Success.

AMONG the good wishes formulated on the advent of a New Year and conventionally interchanged among friends and acquaintances, a common one is for prosperity or success. In the minds of probably nine-tenths of those who express the wish, success means an increase more or less notable in the store of one's worldly goods,—a fuller purse, or a larger bank account. And to the great mass of mankind success in life means principally, if not quite exclusively, just that—the accumulation of riches. The successful man, he who is pointed out as a shining example to struggling youth, who receives unflinching consideration during his life, and whose death is commented upon at length in the secular press, is, in common estimation, the individual who has been able to acquire (even if not always by the most honest methods) a notable share of the world's wealth.

From the Christian viewpoint, all this is but a specious fallacy. Success is the achievement of a purpose, the attainment of an end. Now, the chief purpose, the supreme end of a Christian life is, or at least ought to be, the accomplishment of the will of God. Wealth or indigence, power or impotence, genius or mediocrity, world-wide fame or utter obscurity, universal honor or its opposite,—these in themselves are but indifferent conditions: they do not and they can not constitute the success or failure of a being created with an immortal soul for the express purpose of knowing, loving, and serving God. Given sound Catholic principles as premises, there is no logical escape from the conclusion that the only thoroughly successful person in the world is the saint, and the only irremediable failure is the unfortunate wretch who dies at enmity with God.

We have been led into this train of thought by the perusal of several items in recent numbers of our Catholic exchanges. A few weeks ago, the *Sacred Heart Review* commented editorially on "a beautiful life," that of the late Mary A. Scanlon, of Roxbury, Mass., a young Catholic employee of a non-Catholic business firm,—a thoroughly practical Catholic, of whom a Protestant fellow-worker did not hesitate to write thus appreciatively:

She was a devoted and loyal daughter of the Church, and her life was an exemplification of the fulfilment of her religious belief in the faithful performance of every duty. Modestly though constantly, she was always more mindful of the pleasures and comforts of others than her own. She was an affectionate and loving sister, and her bright and sunny nature endeared her to all with whom she came in contact; and to everyone who knew her comes the sense of personal loss.

After the truly Catholic maiden, the genuine Catholic matron. There died one recently of whom the Newark (New Jersey) *Monitor* said:

In the homes of the very poor, where the pangs of poverty have been so often relieved, and in the countless homes throughout Newark,

where sorrow or other afflictions have been so often lightened by the kindly, unostentatious visitations of Mrs. Jane Shanley Elliott, wife of Dr. Daniel Elliott, there is a spirit to-day almost universal, of mourning for Mrs. Elliott "Aunt Jennie" to the thousands who knew and loved her, has been called by death from the gentle ministrations for all sorts and conditions of mankind to which she devoted her life. . . .

The greatness of the aid given by Mrs. Elliott, and the fond regard in which she was held in hundreds of homes, will probably never be fully known; for she carried out truly in her works of charity the Biblical injunction: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." An appeal for aid was never made to her in vain. Whether it was a ton of coal, or food, or funds to save from disgrace, or counsel that might be of service, the devoted woman gave of her all without ostentation, without thought of self, and without hesitation. The relief that was sought was always afforded in simple kindliness, so that the giving was enriched by the manner in which the giving was done.

As a fitting pendant to the foregoing instances, let us quote a story recently told by Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo. As pastor of a Michigan parish, the Bishop some years ago instructed and received into the Church an Episcopal clergyman. Curious to know what had first turned the convert's mind toward Catholicism, Father Schrembs asked the ex-minister what it was, and received for reply: "Well, Father, to tell the truth, it was a little Catholic child, an Irish servant-girl. I saw that poor girl leading so pure and beautiful a life that I began to reverence her. I asked myself what it was that governed her daily life and action, and I resolved to find out. And here I am in the Church."

Commonplace, humdrum careers, in the estimation of the world, were the lives of all three of these Catholic women. Failures no doubt they would be accounted by the millionaires of the land; and yet we know no better wish to proffer to our readers at the beginning of the New Year than just such success as was achieved by Mary Scanlon, "Aunt Jennie" Elliott, and the convert-minister's poor Irish servant-girl.

Notes and Remarks.

CATHOLIC readers should be on their guard against the new biography of Cavour, by Mr. William R. Thayer, which, though described as being "indispensable to students of the life and works of the greatest diplomatist of the nineteenth century," is neither temperate nor fair-minded. Mr. Thayer ridicules the Papacy, and betrays crass ignorance of the centuries of authority which it represented. He is amused because, before the battle of Castelfidardo, Lamoricière and his brother-officers prostrated themselves in prayer at the shrine of Loreto. Upon which the reviewer of his work in the London *Athenæum* remarks: "We fail to see why a soldier should not say his prayers before going into action, if such is his habit."

Mr. Thayer claims in his preface that his work embodies "the longer perspective which shows events in their true proportions." "It is precisely this perspective that we do not get," declares the non-Catholic reviewer.

An incident of the outbreak of the Turks against the Christians of Armenia—an incident that recalls the early martyrs of the Church—is related, on the authority of a Chaldean priest, by the *Catholic Record*. On one of the days of massacre the leader of a troop of bloodthirsty Mussulmans said to a poor Catholic woman: "Do not be afraid: we will spare your life and make you happy, but you must become a follower of Mohammed."—"I am a Christian," answered the woman, "and a Christian I will always remain."—"Ah, in that case we shall set you on fire!"—"Even so, I will never renounce Christ." The Turks poured petroleum over her garments and touched them with a lighted torch. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" murmured the unfaltering heroine, making the Sign of the Cross. Then,

clasping her hands in prayer, she knelt upright and silent, as though enduring nothing. "Do you not feel the fire?" cried the torturers, as the flames enveloped her.—"No."—"Well, we shall soon dispatch you." So saying, a Mussulman dealt her a death-blow with his scimitar.

Students of world politics have been particularly interested of late in rumors of bitter jealousies between England and Germany, and somewhat surprised to learn that not many months ago war between the two nations was quite within the range of probability. Writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Sidney Low gives expression to this English view of existing conditions:

We deplored the great struggle of 1870; but we did not feel called upon to throw in our lot with either combatant, and we remained on terms of reasonable amity with both. If we seek to get back to the same position, we must recur to the same method. We may still be the friend of Germany as well as the friend of France, but only by declining to become the ally of either. And if we wish to obtain some relief from the burdens cast upon us by the growth of German naval armaments, we should not put it in the power of Teutonic expansionists and militarists to represent to their countrymen at large that the fleets of England are sure to be arrayed on the side of Germany's opponent, which is the unhappy impression that has been cut deeper by the events of the past few months.

In a rather different order of ideas, the Bishop of Salford declares in a letter to his diocesan organ:

Catholics in England and Catholics in Germany ought to do much to bring about a better state of feeling. They have not only the bond of the common Faith and the unity under one Visible Head, but they have a closer tie in the memory and the precious heritage of the great St. Boniface, the Devonshire monk, who was the Apostle of Germany. Every German is proud of this great patron. Around his tomb at Fulda the German bishops still hold their annual meetings. "God bless England," wrote the present Vicar-General of Cologne in my album many long years ago, when we were fellow-students,—"England, which gave St. Boniface to Germany!" And another, now an eminent university professor, added these words:

"England gave to Germany her greatest benefactor, St. Boniface. As in him both lands were united, so may his intercession assist us that we may work in his spirit." In that spirit we shall, first of all, pray very earnestly and constantly for peace and good-will between the two great nations; secondly, we shall do all we can to discourage sentiments of mutual suspicion and hatred, and to encourage mutual knowledge, understanding, and good-will.

Catholics the world over may well add their prayers that so disastrous a condition as would be precipitated by a declaration of war between England and Germany may be averted. In the meanwhile, if ever arbitration is to become more than a mere phrase, it may surely take on some significance in the equitable adjustment of such differences as exist, or are likely to arise, between the Germans and the English.

Mr. E. T. Cook's splendid biography of John Ruskin is a double delight, recounting as it does much that is new, and recalling much more that one would be sorry to forget. Ruskin was one of the most striking and, to us, in spite of his prejudices, whimsicalities, and irascibilities, one of the most amiable personalities of the nineteenth century. "No other man in England that I meet," wrote Carlyle in a letter to Emerson, "has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have." Who has not admired those fierce lightning-bolts with which the great Englishman used to smite the black world of infidelity, anarchy, and imposture all around him? Apropos of authors whose books he would forbid his students to be "plagued with," he exclaimed:

Darwin.—Because it is every man's duty to know what he *is*, and not to think of the embryo he was nor the skeleton that he should be. Because, too, Darwin has a mortal fascination for all vainly curious and idly speculative persons, and has collected in the train of him every impudent imbecility in Europe, like a dim comet wagging its useless tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars.

Voltaire.—His work is, in comparison with good literature, what nitric acid is to wine,

and sulphureted hydrogen to air. Literary chemists can not but take account of the sting and stench of him, but he has no place in the library of a thoughtful scholar. Every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him; and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl.

To the unfortunate Presbyterian person who requested a donation from him toward the erection of a blind asylum for the exclusive benefit of members of that sect, Ruskin replied: "Your letter, sir, indicates a stonier condition of blindness than you can ever hope to relieve."

It was once the fashion to ridicule John Ruskin. If any of his critics are still living, they must remember how they winced under these scathing words, written with pen dipped in gall:

Because I have passed my life in almsgiving, not in fortune-hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a good walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a seagull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil,—therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me; and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks of the "effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin."

President Taft's permitting Christian Scientists to treat disease in the Isthmian Canal Zone will not be agreeable news to many members of the medical profession. The *Journal* of the American Medical Association recently commented thus severely on the movement toward securing that permission:

Nearly twelve thousand white men, women and children from the United States—11,839, to be exact—are living happily, comfortably and safely in what was, a few years ago, a hotbed of disease; and the annual death-rate among them, as indicated by the deaths for

October, was 2.03 per thousand. And yet the League for Medical Freedom, headed by Senator Works, demands that the President revoke his order limiting the right to treat disease on the Isthmus to properly educated persons, and that the wonderful results secured by the toil and sacrifice of devoted, clear-headed scientific men be surrendered at the behest of deluded and uninformed religious enthusiasts. Truly, the physicians who have made possible such results in the Canal Zone would have a far better right to call themselves Christian Scientists than have the persons who masquerade before the public under this name; since the life-saving work of Colonel Gorgas and his assistants is, in the highest sense, both Christian and scientific.

And, as has been conclusively shown by numerous Catholic writers—the late Father Lambert among others,—Christian Science is neither scientific nor Christian.

As every Catholic is aware, many of the world's greatest men in the fields of science, literature, art, statesmanship, etc., have been devoted clients of the Virgin Mother of Christ. An unfamiliar instance is this story of Ireland's immortal Liberator. He was walking one night on the terrace of the Parliament buildings. An important debate was on in the House of Commons, and an eager friend of Ireland went to seek O'Connell. He found him walking up and down saying the Rosary, and intimated pretty strongly that he ought to be in the House doing something for Ireland. "Perhaps I am doing more for Ireland just now than you think," was O'Connell's reply.

Judging from occasional references in English (non-Catholic) papers and books of travel, one would imagine that the Christianized natives of Uganda are entirely, or at least by far the greater part, Protestant. Father Reesinck, a Catholic missionary in that part of Africa, throws some light upon the subject. Writing to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, he says:

The number of Catholics in Uganda is about 250,000. In English papers and books, it is

generally spoken of as Protestant Uganda; but those who know the country are aware of the overwhelming number of Catholics. Up till now the number of Protestants was supposed to be 170,000, as counted by their Protestant chiefs. We always thought it greatly exaggerated, but had no means of making a fair estimate. This year, however, the Government published the number of Christian marriages in Uganda for 1910, and they ran as follows: Among Catholics, 1075; among Protestants, 395.

In other words, "Protestant Uganda" is pretty nearly three times as Catholic as it is Protestant.

We have often had occasion to comment in these columns on the reality, the genuineness, of certain spiritistic phenomena, notwithstanding the admittedly great number of fraudulent mediums or séance-holders; and we have repeatedly registered our belief that these real phenomena are the result of sheer diabolism. Accordingly, we doubt the advisability of such Catholic editorial utterances as the following, which we find in an esteemed exchange: "One of the ablest European investigators of Spiritism gives it as his deliberate opinion that all of these spiritistic phenomena are as purely natural in their origin as telepathy and hypnotism. He is a learned Catholic, who has taken up the study of Spiritism in order to disabuse the credulous as to its preternatural character."

With all due respect for the ability of the unnamed investigator, he might be much better employed. Such learned Catholics as Father Lépicié ("The Unseen World"), Father Miller, O. S. C. ("Sermons on Modern Spiritism"), Dr. Joseph Lapponi ("Hypnotism and Spiritism"), Father Franco, S. J., Father Searle, C. S. P., Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, and such distinguished non-Catholic scientists as are to be found in the Society for Psychical Research,—all admit that some of the phenomena or manifestations of Spiritism are preternatural. Moreover, as Father Manley points out in the current number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, "it is

not to be inferred that, although the phenomena are for the most part clever mechanical frauds [Father Manley acknowledges that there are genuine phenomena], the evil spirit has no part in their production. We may well suppose that even in those cases his influence, although indirect, is not unfelt."

Is it too much to pass the same comment on the stand of those who deny the reality of *all* the phenomena? On the supposition that the devil *is* at the bottom of much of what passes as Spiritism, it is assuredly the devil's interests that are being served by any investigators, able or otherwise, who pooh-pooh the whole matter as unworthy of credence. Catholics need to be warned against Spiritism as communication with the evil one, not taught to disregard it as only another form of human fraud.

Governmental statistics in France have demonstrated that, since the advent of the compulsory lay school, and especially since the expulsion of religious teachers, illiteracy has been on the increase throughout the country. Recent statistics show another trouble—a falling off in the number of lay teachers. The first and principal cause of this falling off, say the best friends of the lay schools, is that the teachers are underpaid. The Paris *Echo*, which is neither a clerical nor a "reactionary" journal, comments thus on the matter:

The teachers are underpaid. Reflect well on the statement. It comprises in itself a full condemnation of the Third Republic's school work. Here, as elsewhere, sectarianism has done its work of useless waste. The budget for public instruction is enormous, and you are forced to admit that it is insufficient. Now, you had in France a nursery, never exhausted, of excellent teachers, to whom the education of children meant, not a trade, but a vocation. I mean the religious. They had taken the vow of poverty, and asked only that they might devote themselves. Nothing easier than for the State to supervise their teaching—and was not their Faith itself a guarantee of its beneficence? They taught their pupils the morality of the

Decalogue—that is, that one must honor one's father and mother; must not lie, steal, or kill; must dominate one's senses, practise the homely virtues, and be contented with one's lot.

I have forgotten. They also spoke of God and of another world, and *that* was not supportable by those profound philosophers who formed our ministry. The religious meant zeal, meant economy. They represented moral security and French tradition, but they stood for God and the Church; and our worthy governors preferred to put the country to a colossal expense, to experiment with dangerous pedagogical theories, to organize an equipment of doubtful teachers who, when put to the proof, are natural sub-officials of revolution and anarchy,—and all this to prevent little children from saying "Our Father, who art in heaven"! Evidently it is a result. But 'tis too bad it proves so costly to the contributors.

All France will one day recognize what close students of history must have discerned long ago—that the laicization of her schools was a greater disaster than any other event in her history since the great upheaval at the end of the eighteenth century. A moral revolution of such a nature is incomparably worse than a political one.

While there is commendable solidarity among the Catholics of England in all matters directly touching their Faith, they by no means see eye to eye with one another in political matters. Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Eye-Witness*, for instance, has been for months past persistently deriding Lloyd George's Insurance Bill, which has just become law; and the London *Catholic Times* has this to say of that measure:

Attribute to it all the defects and blunders ascribed to it by its opponents, and still it remains a great humanitarian measure of social amelioration. It opens another stage in the upward progress of the masses of the toiling population. As such we welcome it. Catholics have among them large numbers who, from reasons which history explains, have to earn their living by the sweat of their brow. Our poor people know the meaning of poverty, sickness, unemployment, as few do. They may be trusted to give the Insurance Bill a generous welcome, and to recognize the fact that it aims to bring a ray of light and sunshine and warmth and security into their lives.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

To the Holy Kings.

BY ALLEN FORD.

THE sands of the desert were bare to them
In the light of the Star that shone;
But the desolate land looked fair to them,
Nor offered the sign of a care to them,
Who wandered their way alone.

In the western sky is a light to them,
Sending its beams afar.
In their hearts is a song; 'tis so bright to them,
Ah, 'twill never again be night to them,
In the wake of the guiding Star!

Men of the East, we pray to you—
Ye Kings of the long ago,—
That the Star which shone like the day to you
May lead us the surest way to you
Who the King of the Ages know!

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—OLD POCOMOKE.

IT was a white New Year at old Pocomoke. Christmas had come in a blustering snowstorm, that had blocked the roads far and near,—roads that were not much to boast of at their summer best. It was very seldom indeed that Jack Frost got such a grip on old Pocomoke. There were usually a warmth and sweetness about its mist-veiled heights that held him at bay. If he ventured to steal a swift march during the wintry night, it was only to vanish in a white smoke at the first peep of the sun. But he had for nearly a week now been holding his ground as grimly as the Grey Coats had held it more than forty years ago.

The Creek was icebound from shore to shore; the pines were muffled into silence; even the tinkling laugh of the Bonnbelle Falls was stilled. True, there were stirrings in the hush to-day; for the sun was without cloud, and a warm wind from the south had set old Pocomoke's great heart to beating under its shrouding snow. Now and then a loosened drift would slip with a crash and roar down the mountain; a big pine would shake off its white mufflers into the gorge below; while Bonnbelle's low, plaintive trickle, as she tugged at her icy bonds, was growing louder every hour. But the white slopes below Peyton Hall were still hard packed for a slide unknown in all present juvenile experience; and a big double runner, evidently of home construction, was sweeping down the breakneck height, with a cheerful disregard of consequences characteristic of the rosy young lady of twelve who was steering its wild descent.

Bundled up in a grey cardigan jacket, several sizes too large for her, with a black knit shoulder shawl tied over a mop of dancing curls, Miss Patricia Peyton defied Jack Frost and all his nose-nipping crew. Down the dazzling white steep she whirled, her dusky little maid Ginger (so called from Miss Patricia's infantile efforts at her name "Virginia") clinging desperately behind her; Fritz, the big brown setter, leaping and barking wildly on their track;—down, daringly and dizzily down, until, with a sudden swerve to the right, the sled plunged into a huge drift, reared upright on a broken runner, toppling over both riders into a heap of snow.

"Ginger!" Miss Patricia rose in righteous wrath, scattering the snowflakes in a glittering cloud. "You did that, Ginger!"

"Deed—deed—deedy I didn't, Miss

Patricia!" gasped Ginger, still flat in the snow.

"You *did!*" declared Miss Patricia, stamping her foot. "I told you to keep up your feet and let me steer, and you put them down. Now, see what you have done! spoiled all our fun for the day! Oh, I'd like to shake you good!" And the speaker sank down on the snowbank again, and surveyed the luckless Ginger with eyes whose flashing fire kept back the tears.

"Deed—deed I didn't go for to do nuffin, Miss Patricia. Deed I didn't."

"Don't deed me any more," said the young lady, severely. "You ought to have done what I told you, Ginger. I'll never take you sledding again; and I have a great mind to stop your spelling lessons, and let you grow up black and stupid and no count at all, like free Niggers do."

"Deed—deed—deed, Miss Patricia—"

"Didn't I tell you not to say 'deed' again. It's not right grammar, persisted the young lady, reprovingly. "I've been very good to you, Ginger."

"Deed—deed—I mean," Ginger corrected her improper speech hastily, "you sholy has, Miss Patricia."

"I would not let mammy whip you for breaking the blue china bowl, and I gave you all my pink hair ribbons when grandmother died and I couldn't wear them myself, and I teach you reading and spelling—"

"And 'rithmetic," added Ginger. "I can say twice one's two fine."

"I can't go very far in arithmetic myself," observed Patricia frankly. "And there's not much use in it for you and me, Ginger; for we have nothing to count. But, after I've taken all this trouble with you, I think you might have done what I told you, and not—not—not broken my sled like this." And Miss Patricia's voice broke at the words into something very like a sob.

"Miss Patricia, I'll mend it,—I mean I'll tote it back to de hall and make Link

mend it. He can mend things fine. You'd never know dey was hurt."

"Oh, but he will take—forever!" said the young lady, impatiently. "The snow will be gone, and goodness knows when we shall ever have another chance. Uncle Scip says there hasn't been a freeze like this since the war, and that was more than forty years ago; and if I have to wait forty years, I'll be grown up and married and dead maybe before I can go coasting again."

"Dat's so, dat's so, sholy!" said Ginger, solemnly, "'less you go up to dem kinfolks ob yourn in Yankee land, whar dey have ice and snow all de time."

"To the Granvilles?" asked Patricia. "Well, I'll never go there, you may be sure of that. I wouldn't go there for the whole world," added the speaker, with the decision of one whose word is law.

"Mam says dey is mouty rich and grand," said Ginger, doubtfully.

"I don't care how rich and grand they are," answered the young lady. "And I don't like rich and grand people, anyhow."

"Mam she stedly 'bout you a heap, Miss Patricia. She stedly so much dat it's makin' her hair turn grizzly grey. I hear her talkin' and talkin' to Uncle Scip ober de kitchen fire at night when dey tink I's rolled up in de ironing blanket fast asleep. I hears all dey says 'bout dey don't know how you's to be rizzed out here into a fine lady like all de Peytons has to be rizzed. De turkeys and de hens ain't goin' to do it, shuah. And Uncle Scip he allow he's a doin' his best; but he's mouty shaky in de laigs dese days. And what wif the drought spoilin' de corn and de shoats tuk off wif de hog cholera, de bad luck hit us dis year hard. And how you's goin' to get schoolin' and de fine clothes and de satin slippers, and de pearls and diamonds to string around your neck, he sholy don't know."

"Pearls and diamonds," scoffed Patricia.

"Who wants to be strung with pearls and diamonds? I don't, I'm sure. Oh,

I'd just hate to be a fine lady and sit up all day with my hair tied up and my toes pinched into tight shoes!" And the speaker looked approvingly at the shabby, stubby calfskins in which her slender, high-arched little feet were lost to view. "I want to live here always just like I am. I love old Pocomoke and the Creek and Bonnbelle, and everything and everybody here—even you, Ginger, though you did tip my sled over and smash it up like this. I traded two silver spoons to Billy Mickell for that sled."

"Laws, Miss Patricia, you didn't!" gasped Ginger, in new dismay at this announcement.

"Yes, I did," replied the young lady, calmly. "He came along yesterday and said he was going to sell it for two dollars; and I told him that I didn't have two dollars, but I'd give him two spoons that were just as good. And I went up to grandmother's chest and got them."

"You guv old Missus' spoons to onnary white trash like dem Mickells? Laws, Miss Patricia, Mammy will rage when she hear dat, shuah. She'll be down arter dat Bill Mickell and git 'em back quick."

"Oh, no, she won't!" said Miss Patricia. "It was a fair trade. I'd have given six spoons to have a sled for a snow like this. But it's broken, and there's an end of it."

'And, her brief tempest of wrath past, Patricia sighed with philosophic resignation to the inevitable.

"Come, Fritz, old fellow!" and she laid her hand on the dog, that had been standing by her side, waiting with pricked ears for a renewal of the exciting sport. "It's all over. We'll go home."

"Miss Patricia, no, no! Don't you go home yet," faltered Ginger, crushed with remorse at her young lady's costly disappointment. "If you can't sled no more, you can slide, Miss Patricia. De wind has blowed de Creek free of snow, and it's hard froze from shore to shore. Link went all de way to de mill on de ice."

"On the ice?" echoed Patricia, breath-

lessly. "Link went all the way to the mill on the ice? O Ginger, he couldn't!"

"Deed he did, for shuah and sartin, Miss Patricia. De ice is hard froze as stone, and he got dar so quick he said it most tuk his breath. First one foot and den de other, and kershoot he was down to de mill before he could stop himself!"

"Oh, let us try it, too! Let us try it, Ginger! It must be fine. I never knew the Creek to freeze so hard as that before. And it won't freeze again perhaps for forty years. Come, let us have a slide while we can!"

And, with Ginger and Fritz scrambling and springing behind her, Patricia led the breathless race through high-heaped drifts and thickets, and through bushes heavy with snow wreaths, and all the wild wintry phantasmagoria that had transformed old Pocomoke's rugged strength into a glittering fairyland, down to the Creek that wound like a blue-ribbon through the white stillness of the Gorge.

It was no puny waterway; there was nothing mean or puny about old Pocomoke. The sparkling, rushing stream, fed from a score of mountain springs, would in an olden world have been mapped as a "river." Its moods varied with the changing seasons,—sweeping in the spring-time full-waved from shore to shore, waking the slumbering heights into leaf and bud and blossom; hiding in summer, shimmering and limpid, under the arching trees, safe from the noontide glare that was parching the valley and hill; in autumn, swelling into stormy strength, a leaping, foaming torrent down the Gorge; in winter—in all the winters that our Patricia had known—it had rippled peacefully along banks that its quiet waters kept forever green. Never, never before, in all the hazy, happy vista of her twelve years of life, had it stretched a still blue, shining path like this,—a path whose glistening, slippery brightness Miss Patricia could not resist.

In a moment she was off skimming down the tempting way—"first one foot, den

de other," as Ginger had explained,— cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling, curls dancing with the swift, delicious flight. No sleigh ride, though purchased with half a dozen family heirlooms, could equal this. On she sped, with the light poise and grace that had been the heritage of the Peyton women for generations; Ginger, lank and trembling, falling far behind her; Fritz scrambling awkwardly on this unaccustomed way. On and on swept Miss Patricia heedless of her slower followers, half charmed, half bewildered by this wintry under world into which she was taking her new-found way. For old Pocomoke, veiled and shrouded and muffled, banked into strange, glittering heights, opening into white, mysterious hollows, was all unlike the friendly old mountain that had been her playground since babyhood,—a mountain whose every nook and glen she thought she knew. Steeper and whiter grew the snowy banks above her, their rocky ridges, over which she had so often clambered for wild grapes and berries, rounded and smoothed beyond all foothold now.

Soft, thundering sounds echoing and re-echoing through the Gorge told of the loosened drifts slipping down from rock and ridge. The pines were shaking down the feathery flakes in showers. There was an odd rebound in the ice beneath her flying feet. But Patricia was all unconscious of these danger signals. It was not until a great snow slide, tumbling down just before her, was followed by a succession of sharp detonations which made the ice shake from shore to shore, that she paused in her swift flight.

"Miss Patricia!" came Ginger's shrill cry behind her. "Hole on, Miss Patricia! Hole on till I come up; for de ice is breaking. Hole on! It's breaking suah!"

"Where?" asked Patricia, swinging around to meet the dusky little maid scrambling and sliding in wild terror to her side.

"Ebberywhere," answered Ginger; and a series of sharp cracks emphasized her

words. "Dat dare snow slide struck it loose. Oh, de ice is busting up all round us!"

And Ginger desperately clutched her young lady's waist as a huge fissure yawned between them and the banks on either side, and the stretch of ice on which they stood careened in the rush of the bursting stream.

"Stand still!" commanded Patricia, sharply. "Stand still, Ginger! Don't you know the Creek is six feet deep here? And if you tumble in you'll be drowned."

"O Lordy, Lordy!" wailed Ginger, while Fritz barked fierce defiance at the impending danger; for the snow slide had indeed loosened the slight hold the already melting ice had on the shore.

Snap—crack—snap went the glittering roadway on every side. The waters seethed up, bubbling and foaming in the widening breaks; and the heights of old Pocomoke's no longer friendly shores, but slippery steeps, muffled and veiled in treacherous drifts echoing with thunderous snow slides, rose in forbidding strength above; while beyond—the swift thought flashed into Patricia's mind as she stood on the swaying ice,—beyond lay the mill, the dam, to which the rushing waters were taking their headlong way. For a moment she stood breathless, doubtful; then she took command of the situation.

"Ginger!" she cried, as their frail foothold began to whirl down stream. "Jump it, Ginger! Jump for the shore!"

(To be continued.)

IN the Wälsch Tirol, they say that the stone bramble, which now creeps the earth, was once an upright bush, but that shame has dwarfed its race since the time of the journey into Egypt, when, instead of aiding its Creator, it impeded His way by tearing the veil from the head of the Blessed Virgin; and in Northern lands this is still recalled by its name in Denmark and Sweden of Jungfru Mariä bär, or the Virgin Mary's Berry.

Not Ashamed of their Faith.

THE gallant General Charette, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, and in praise of whom so much has been said and written, recalls the memory of De Sonis, Lamoricière, and other French officers, equally celebrated for bravery and no less devoted to their religion. A pleasant story of Lamoricière is told by a writer named Burgo.

One day, as the General was bent over a map, studying the movements of the armies in the Crimea, an old military friend called upon him and was greatly surprised at what he saw. To keep down the curled corners of the map, Lamoricière had employed the "Imitation of Christ," a prayer-book, and a small volume of Lives of the Saints. "How is it," asked his friend in astonishment, "that you use religious books for such a purpose?"—"It is because they are always at hand," replied the General, with a smile; "they are the companions of my free hours, of which there are many; and I keep them always on my desk for daily use. Others may keep such books out of sight, if they will; but, as for me, I like to know where I am going and to what I am holding, and I make no secret of it."

Similar stories are told of others known to fame, whose names are probably more familiar to our young readers than any of those above mentioned—General Shields, General Rosecrans, Colonel Garesché, General Corcoran, etc., all heroes of the Civil War. A priest who was an intimate friend of the "hero of Winchester" was once present at a lecture given by him in Chicago. A large bouquet which adorned the speaker's stand was so beautiful that it excited the admiration of the audience, among whom were a number of officers and soldiers who had fought under the gallant old General; and they were all touched to see how pleased he seemed to be over the compliment of the flowers.

As soon as the lecture was over, and General Shields had made his last bow to the audience, he called to the priest in a voice loud enough for everyone in the hall to hear: "Father, won't you please take charge of these beautiful flowers and have them placed on the Blessed Virgin's altar for me?"

Not Always a Slang Expression.

Of the thousands who use the phrase, "He is a brick," how few know its origin or its primitive significance! It is a high compliment to call a man a "brick." The word, so used, if not twisted from its original intent, implies all that is brave, patriotic, loyal, and devoted. It was far from being slang to the ancients, and was frequently employed by them. Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, tells us how the expression first came into use.

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew that, though only nominally King of Sparta, he was yet a ruler of Greece, and he looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the chief towns; but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the King. "Sire," he said, "I have visited most of thy principal towns, and find no walls reared for the defence of the people. Why is this?"—"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked very carefully. Come with me early to-morrow morning, and I will show you the strong walls of Sparta."

At daybreak on the following morning the King led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in battle-array; and, pointing to the serried host, he said: "There, sir, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and *every man a brick!*"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The official account of interesting excavations recently carried out in Jerusalem by a French expedition has been translated, and is published both in French and English, with maps, plans, and colored plates, by Mr. Horace Cox, "Field" Office, London. The work is entitled "Jerusalem Sous Terre: Underground Jerusalem."

—The most interesting items of the second part of the Hoe Library, to be sold in New York this month, are a perfect copy on paper of the 42-line Gutenberg Bible; a copy of the first edition of the "Lettera di Amerigo Vespucci"; a very fine Book of Hours, believed to have belonged to Margaret of Anjou; and the Touraine Missal, a MS. of the sixteenth century.

—"Socialism, Individualism, and Catholicism," by the Rev. J. J. Welch (Sands & Co.; B. Herder), is a well-printed pamphlet of sixty-two pages, dealing in a lucid and interesting fashion with the various economic problems suggested by its title. Such publications as this are becoming numerous, but they need to be multiplied many fold in order to offset, even among Catholics, the nefarious socialistic literature which is assuming Niagara-like proportions on both sides of the Atlantic.

—From the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris, we have received the following excellent brochures: "Vie de la Sainte Vierge," by the Abbé De Cazalès; "Le Salut Assuré par la Dévotion à Marie"; "L'Ave Maria," by the Rev. J. E. Laborde, S. J.; and "La Vierge-Prêtre," by the Rev. E. Hugon, O. P. The first mentioned, the Life of Our Lady after the meditations of Anne Catherine Emmerich, is the eleventh edition of a volume of more than four hundred pages; and the last is a brief "theological examination of a title and a doctrine."

—"The Quest of the Silver Fleece," by W. E. DuBois (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a strong, even a remarkable story, written by a member of the African race in defence and explanation of his own people in the South. It is a novel with a purpose. With unsparing hand it sets forth the consequences of slavery, both among the white masters and the enfranchised blacks; and it makes a strong plea for that industrial freedom without which no nation or race can really be free. The central idea of the story is poetically symbolized in the great product of the Southland, cotton. The characters are well drawn and very interesting, and the style

is good, although marked by the bombast peculiar to our day,—bombast which is known by that other phrase, word-painting. Moreover, for so delicate a theme, the book is discreetly written, and can be read without irritation by both parties in the Black Belt.

—"The Virgin Mother" and "Paula's Visit," Nos. 132 and 133 of the Australian C. T. S's penny pamphlets, are, as is usual with the Society's publications, well worth while. In the first, Father Watson, S. J., tells what Catholics do not, and do, believe about the Blessed Virgin; in the second, that clever storyteller, Miriam Agatha, presents three more of her always interesting short tales.

—The "Calendar of the Blessed Sacrament for the Year 1912" consists of an artistic cardboard, representing the monstrance and two adoring angels, to which is attached a pad containing as many leaflets as there are days in the year, each of which bears, besides the day, the date, and the festival commemorated, a short sentence on the Blessed Sacrament. This calendar is offered by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York.

—Many readers, we hope, will welcome a little book composed of thoughts selected from the works and letters of the holy Padre Rosmini, founder of the Institute of Charity, and appropriately entitled "A Spiritual Calendar." A Scriptural text, bearing on the subject treated of in the passage quoted, is added to the sentence selected for each day. Religious especially will find this a most desirable year-book. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Another volume has been added to the Virtues of Christ Series, by the Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. (Mr. Peter Reilly.) It is "The Obedience of Christ," a book of one hundred and forty pages, comprising a lengthy introduction and three chapters, on obedience to parents, to the State, and to God. The qualities apparent in the former volumes, "The Courage of Christ" and "The Charity of Christ," are equally marked in the present work: it is lucid, forcible, and practical, and all the more timely as the present age is inclined to deify independence and regard obedience as more or less degrading.

—"The Life of Union with Our Divine Lord," translated from the French of the Abbé Maucourant (Benziger Brothers), is a 16mo volume of some two hundred pages, containing thirty meditations, the aim of which is to lead

simple and fervent souls to a still greater and more generous love of God, and to a closer union with Him. Each meditation is made up of an introduction, two points, "affections," examination, resolution, and spiritual bouquet. The specific subjects are well co-ordinated, the consideration less trite than a connoisseur in such books might be excused for anticipating; and the frequent quotations are, we notice, duly credited to their respective sources. In the meditation on Holy Communion, the reverend author's doctrine is entirely conformable to the more recent decrees of his Holiness Pius X. on that subject.

—"St. Anselm" is the latest addition to the excellent "Notre Dame" series of Lives of the Saints. As stated in the preface, the present biography is little more than an attempt to give, in English dress, Eadmer's story of the holy life and heroic death of the great Archbishop of Canterbury; however, several other standard works have been consulted with profit. An appendix presents in full the "Mariale," the opening verses of which form the well-known hymn to the Blessed Virgin, "Daily, daily, sing to Mary." The biographer might have stated that the authorship of this composition has been attributed to others besides St. Anselm. The style and get-up of the "Notre Dame" series are excellent. Seven illustrations enhance the interest of the present volume.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Quest of the Silver Fleece." W. E. DuBois. \$1.35, net.
- "A Spiritual Calendar." Antonio Rosmini. 75 cts.
- "The Obedience of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.
- "The Life of Union with Our Divine Lord." Abbé Maucourant. 60 cts.
- "St. Anselm." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Poems." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.
- "St. Anthony of Padua." C. M. Antony. 50 cts.

- "The Story of Cecilia." Katharine Tynan Hinkson. \$1.25.
- "St. Vincent Ferrer." Fr. Stanislaus Hogan. O. P. 50 cts.
- "The May Queen." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
- "Deer Jane." Isabel C. Williams. 85 cts.
- "Good Women of Erin." Alice Dease. 60 cts., net.
- "The Golden Spear." Edmund Leamy. \$1.
- "The Glittering Festival." Edith Ogden Harrison. \$1.25, net.
- "The Light of the Vision." Christian Reid. \$1.25.
- "The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth." 75 cts.
- "Among the Blessed: Loving Thoughts about Favorite Saints." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$1.25, net.
- "Being." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.
- "St. John Capistran." Fr. Vincent Fitzgerald, O. F. M. 50 cts.
- "Short Readings for Religious." Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I. \$1.10, net.
- "Officium Festorum Nativitatis, etc." \$1.25.
- "When Toddlers was Seven." Mrs. Herman Bosch. \$1.10.
- "Our Priesthood." Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S., D. D. 90 cts., net.
- "Nora's Mission." Mary Agnes Finn. 75 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hyacinth Gulski, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. James Hayden, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Michael Lawler, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Timothy Brennan, diocese of Salt Lake; Rev. Patrick McDermott, diocese of Albany; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Nonnen, diocese of Columbus; and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Kennedy, rector of the English College, Valladolid.

Sister M. Philomena, of the Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Henry Pace, Mr. Charles Bauman, Mr. Hugh McGowan, Mr. John Breunig, Mr. Pierre de Lassus, Mrs. Ellen McMahan, Miss Sarah Mooney, Mrs. B. Mooney, Mr. William Eisele, Mr. George Herberger, Mrs. Catherine McCann, Mr. William Liston, Mr. Otto Matter, Mr. Timothy Kelly, Mrs. Alice Kelly, Mr. Charles Pauly, Mrs. Mary Conahan, Major Patrick Maher, Mrs. Mary Maher, Mrs. Elizabeth Lorton, Mr. Arthur Schott, Mr. Louis Robbins, and Mr. James Lapping.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



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

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Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, Ora pro Nobis.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

PRAY for me, Mother of God! To you I cry.
Pray for me, Mother, now and the hour I die.
O if too weak to call on your darling name
When the now and the hour of my death are one
and the same,
Failing of tongue, as failing of eye and of ear,
Still on the beat of my heart my Mother shall
hear
Sweetest of names e'er given to the earth save
One,
Mother of mine, your name with the name of
your Son.
Jesus! Mary! O dearest and loveliest!
His name on yours, as erst His head on your
breast.
Pray for me, Mother,—O pray for me now, I cry!
God only knows if it be this hour I die.

Parental Obligations.

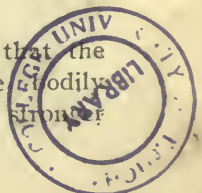
BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP HEDLEY.

SELF-REPRESSION is rendered necessary by the passions of human nature, which everyone of us inherits at his birth. Our natural tendencies to pride, sensuality, sloth, temper, and other kinds of self-gratification, are called "passions." In themselves the passions are not sin, nor sinful; they become sinful only when the human will deliberately indulges them, yields to them, or puts occasions in their way. Luther and Calvin taught that

human nature and its passions were, formally and essentially, sinful. This doctrine, which widely infects Protestantism at the present day, leads naturally to the idea that a man can not help his sins; that it is no use to strive against your nature, seeing that you can not get rid of it, and that if you only trust in Christ it does not matter much how you indulge yourself, provided you do not come into collision with human law nor with your neighbors. The Catholic teaching is that the passions are one thing, and the will another; and that, whatever a man may feel, there is never any sin except in so far as the will consents; whatever temptations may trouble his senses or his intelligence, moral guilt begins only when the rational human will freely yields to them, either in act or in desire.

Hence every Christian has a twofold duty with regard to the sinful propensities of nature,—namely, resistance and mastery. He must resist; and, when his passions rise up against a grave precept of Almighty God, he must resist under pain of mortal sin. But he must go further; he must strive to obtain such a mastery over his passions that not only may the danger of mortal sin be far removed, but that even in lesser conflicts and in the ordinary occasions of life he may be able to rule them, and may keep himself entirely faithful to the grace of his Heavenly Father.

It must be further remarked that the passions, being seated in the bodily nature of man, may be made strong



and more violent by indulgence; and, on the other hand, may be weakened and even exterminated by systematic repression. We not unfrequently meet with men and women who have so indulged themselves in pride, covetousness, sensuality, and spiritual sloth, that they seem to be unable, when temptation offers, to help giving way. They will sometimes tell you that this is so. They must not, however, be believed; for they can always pray, at the very least, and so obtain the grace they require. On the other hand, the saints, and men and women who lead a spiritual life, are found to have so diminished, by self-discipline and God's grace, the violence of their natural propensities that they seem to be almost exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. But such persons are very rare.

We have no despotic power over our passions: they are independent of the rational will; they are the natural result of original sin, are excited by the presence of their objects, and follow laws of their own. All that we can do is to manage them, by turning their own nature and their own laws against themselves, as when one weakens the force of a metallic spring by keeping it under constant pressure.

Children, as there is no need to say, develop passions long before the age of fourteen. Until they attain the age of responsibility and the use of reason, there can be no sin in their acts of self-indulgence or in their display of passion; although those who have the care of them can not begin too early to teach them self-command and self-restraint. As for boys and girls over seven, it is quite possible for them, by deliberate pride, disobedience, sensuality, contempt, anger, and sloth, to become guilty of grave sin. The task of those who are responsible for the training of children, therefore, is to watch their evil propensities, and to give them all the help they can in resisting them and in mastering them. To fail in this duty is to expose the child to spiritual destruction.

First of all, then, there are numbers of children ruined by foolish indulgence on the part of their parents and others. This is a marked characteristic of the present day, and is perhaps a reaction from the undue severity of two or three generations ago. It shows itself in unnecessary and excessive pampering, caressing, excusing and admiring. Certainly a child ought, as far as possible, to be kept contented and happy. An atmosphere of severity, repression and hardship prevents a child's nature from expanding as it should, and leaves it stunted and distorted. But it should never be lost sight of that children are naturally vain, exacting, prone to envy, froward and lazy. Great discretion is, therefore, needed in praising or noticing them, in giving them what they clamor for, in regulating both the kind and the amount of their food, and in giving them their liberty. It is much easier for a parent to give them all they want and to let them do as they like. That is the way in which children are spoiled at the present day. And this hurtful indulgence of children does not always come from the wish to save trouble. It sometimes springs from a genuine affection for one's children, and a pride in them. Such love and gratification are entirely praiseworthy. But they should not be foolishly displayed. The dearest and the most charming children are the most easily spoiled; and many a parent is visited in after years by the results of his foolish indulgence, and has to lament the day when he allowed the bad seeds of vice and dissipation to take root unchecked in the soul of his beloved child.

Not only are parents bound to abstain from spoiling their children, but they are bound also to correct them,—that is to say, when a child outwardly shows vanity, disobedience, greediness, or temper, the father or mother should administer a reproof, and, if necessary, punish him. By this, a child is both instructed in its moral duty—a matter which is more necessary than many people think—and

impelled to take pains to repress bad propensities.

It is, however, just on the point of correction that so many parents do harm rather than good. Correction, to be of any use, should be both reasonable and opportune. But many parents correct in anger and temper; they say the wrong thing, and by their passion and excitement neutralize entirely their moral influence. Others, again, never cease from harassing the child with querulous complaints and petty scolding, until at length the child ceases to care or to notice. Correction should be considered, measured, and adapted to time and circumstance. Once made, the parent should see that it is attended to. Punishment, if needful, should inevitably follow. There can not be a doubt that, with children, the conviction, arising from experience, of the certainty of punishment is a powerful stimulus to the invaluable habit of self-restraint. But punishment, more than any form of correction, needs to be wise, considerate, and strictly moderate; for there is always the danger that punishment will stir up the child's rebellious passions, and harden it in wrongdoing instead of moving it to good resolution. This danger is always greatest when he who punishes is seen to be angry and unjust. There is much parental punishment that is merely parental temper. Such punishment works infinite harm, and is the cause of the moral ruin of multitudes of children. For the rest, the "repressive" training of the young is chiefly concerned with the virtues of humility, obedience, patience, and frugality.

We have already seen what is the meaning of humility, and how necessary it is for a follower of Jesus Christ to repress that troublesome and unquenchable "self" which puts itself even in the place of God. It is not necessary to lecture children on the nature of humility: they best learn what it is at the feet of their Heavenly Father. But there is no more effective way of putting humility into practice,

and of weakening the dangerous impulses of "self," than the exercise of obedience. By obedience the child learns the habit of repressing self-will, and of conforming its natural wilfulness to law and authority. One of the most distinguishing features of our modern civilization is the prevalence of independence and self-assertion. The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ requires men to obey both divine law and human law; both God's Commandments and the authority of those who have on earth the right to command. The Gospel teaches that such obedience should be a real obedience of the heart, grounded on Christian humility and on the genuine wish to obey.

It is not too much to say that, at the present day, obedience is practically a dead virtue. Such outward submission as there is—such as can not be helped if civilized and social life is to go on—is accorded without any love of that humility and obedience which Jesus Christ has taught, but rather with distaste and mental resistance, grudgingly and sparingly. Young men and young women are accustomed to question everything and to criticise everything. This propensity is anti-Christian, and is perilous to eternal salvation. It can be counteracted only by Christian training in the practice of obedience and by Christian instruction in its spirit. What is required of parents is the reasonable and consistent exercise of authority. Children should be made to do what is right, just, and becoming. Caprice, selfishness, and despotism on the part of parents are as bad for the child as for the parents themselves. Children obey readily if they are treated kindly and reasonably, and they soon acquire the valuable habit of obedience. If, at the same time, the father or mother tries, at opportune moments, to explain to them the beauty and the preciousness of that humble spirit which sacrifices the evil self before the throne of God, and emulates afar off the sentiments of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, there a Christian

character is formed which in future years will throw all its weight on the side of the Kingdom of God.

Children are not naturally rebellious, but submissive; and a sensible father or mother should have little difficulty in forming them to the habit of obedience. There are, however, other impulses in which the germs of pride exist, and which must be carefully watched. As has been already said, they are vain and conceited, and these evil propensities should be repressed. "Showing off" is innocent enough, but it contains the germ of deliberate pride. A wise parent will, therefore, keep the child out of occasions and temptations, and will inculcate the necessity and the value of good and spiritual intention in all that is done or said. When the child has to endure failure, reproof or ridicule—a thing which most children feel keenly—it should be encouraged to turn to the holy will of God, to accept the humiliation, and to offer it up in union with the humiliations which Jesus accepted for our sake. And, in a word, all pride or vanity, in talents, belongings or achievements, in looks or in dress, should be counteracted by turning the child's heart to the God who gives all these things, to whom alone belong glory and praise. Vanity in a child may be a small matter, and it would be a mistake to treat it as if it were serious; but as the powers develop and strengthen, it becomes more deliberate in act and more rooted as a habit. It must not, therefore, be permitted to have its own way.

The exercise of patience represses the evil passion of anger, teaches the habit of Christian resignation, and accustoms the child to govern its own desires. Anger, in children, is really very often a frenzy, a short madness. It is generally more a physical transport than a sin. But if uncorrected and unchecked it becomes dangerous, and is likely to spoil the character and wreck the soul. From earliest infancy it should be taken in hand. Fortunately, most children, when

passion has evaporated, are more or less ashamed of the exhibition they have made of themselves. The parent should wait for this period of calm. It is no use engaging in a contest with a child when it is excited. Lead it away, put it in banishment, leave it in solitude, but do not inflame its passion by scolding. Sometimes the calm word or the mere look of a mother that it really respects will quickly soothe it. And then, at the right moment, the child must be taught to think of the Child Jesus in His meekness and patience, must be turned to contrition, and be prepared to be on its guard when the occasion shall happen again.

Another form of impatience is want of resignation in suffering or pain. With great kindness and sympathy the suffering child should be led to accept the holy will of God, who wishes to use all pain to draw us nearer to Himself; and should be reminded of the Passion and Cross of Jesus Christ, who has suffered so much in order to sanctify our sufferings, and to make them precious for the gaining of heaven. Children must also be taught to be patient when they want anything. Such impulses are often mere greediness, and will probably disappear as years go on. But it is a good moral lesson for them to learn to be moderate in desire, to express themselves calmly and with consideration for others, and to put up with disappointment in a Christian spirit. All these lessons, inculcated with prudence and in the right season, go to form the true Christian of the years to come.

Further, it is of great importance that children should be trained to frugality. Nothing spoils the character more irretrievably than the habit of self-indulgence. We have only to look at the world in which we live to see that men and women in these days worship ease and luxury, caress their bodies and their minds, and show irritation at everything that pricks or inconveniences them. This anti-Christian disposition is not confined to the rich or the well-to-do: the masses of our

fellow-countrymen who obtain their livelihood by the work of their hands are quite as much bent upon self-gratification. Their idea of pleasure may be coarser and their enjoyments less refined, but they are none the less determined to enjoy themselves, and hence are quite as much degraded and spoiled in all spiritual respects. The Christian ideal is a sober, restrained and hard life,—a life that is lived principally for the immortal soul and next for the mind and heart,—a life in which the body is taught to use food, drink and recreation not for their own sake, but only as means to the carrying out of those higher purposes for which our Heavenly Father has placed us in the world.

One great reason why this Christian idea of life is so little practised is that so few are taught it in their childhood. The pampering of children is carried to an excess which is really pitiable. Nature prescribes, in their case, the plainest of food, total abstinence from alcoholic drink, regular hours, and the absence of excitement. What too often happens is that parents, partly through mistaken affection, partly through ignorance, and partly through supineness and heedlessness, feed their children very much as they feed themselves, allow them to contract the fatal taste for drink, keep them out of bed, and take them to all kinds of unwholesome entertainments, or perhaps let them run wild in the streets. If a child is to grow up into a true follower of Christ, it must be habituated to moderation, regularity, temperance, and an abhorrence of a soft life. It must be taught to live by reason and not by impulse; to act on religious principle and not to be the slave of appetite; to despise luxury; to mortify itself in eating and drinking; and, in a word, to take the side of the Cross of Christ without hesitation or regret. No man who does not in a genuine sense take up the Cross can be called a follower of our Lord and Saviour.

Why are not children explicitly told of

this law and gently encouraged to live by it? Unless they are told they do not realize it. They hear, as they grow up, the words of Christ read out, and they repeat forms of prayer. But they easily come to look upon all such language as dry formality; the more so, as the practice of their elders seems so utterly unaffected by either Gospel or prayer-book. What is wanted is that those responsible for children should translate the Gospel into language which they can understand; that they convince them that our Blessed Lord meant to lay down a practical command. But parents who do not live up to this command themselves can hardly, for mere shame, press it upon their children. And that is in reality one of the reasons why the Cross is so little preached to the child; and it is also a reason why so many parents have to dread the fate of those who give "scandal to little ones." (St. Matt., xviii, 6.) The fault is not on the part of the child. With all its natural propensities to evil, the child is seldom wanting in a certain ingenuous sincerity and generosity. Let the ideal be put before it, and there will never be much difficulty in its being taken up. But when boys and girls grow up without having caught a glimpse of the great law of the Cross, how can it be expected that we shall have a Christian generation?

All parents and persons in charge of children are bound, in virtue of their office, to train them, by instruction and management, in repressing such passions and impulses as have here been spoken of, and in acquiring the rudiments of a pious and moral life. In carrying out their duty, they should avail themselves of such help as they can get from priests, teachers, Sacraments, and school. It is true that a parent can never leave the training of a young child entirely to others. The child lives with the parent, and especially with the mother; and if their intercourse in life is altogether barren of good advice and opportune correction,

nothing else can supply that deficiency. The well-to-do parent may hire governesses and servants; but, however able or devoted these may be, they are never near enough to a child's soul and heart to influence it with adequate depth and completeness. The poor mother may plead that she is ignorant and overworked; but this duty does not require either learning or leisure, but only Christian feeling, and the saying and doing of the right thing at opportune moments.

All parents should make use of certain external assistance. In the first place, they should know that the passions of human nature can never be resisted or mastered without the aid of divine grace, which is given, as a rule, chiefly through the Sacraments. It is no small part of the parental office to see that children are prepared in good time and with adequate instruction for confession and Holy Communion, and to keep them up to a frequent participation of these Sacraments. It is too much the custom to leave all this to the priest and the school. But, however zealous the priest may be, and however efficient the instruction given in school, it is really the parents' responsibility, and there should be no mistake about this. As long as the Sacraments are treated as a department of school work, we shall have the children giving them up as soon as they leave the school. It can not be denied that it is better that children should be marched in companies to confession and Communion by their good and solicitous teachers than that they should never approach at all. But it would be far more to be wished that the Sacraments be a part of the family life. All parents who are worthy to have children should be anxious, by example and pious words, to impress upon them how necessary is God's holy grace to keep them good, and how ready and anxious is our Lord Jesus Christ to give them His grace in order to overcome themselves.

In concluding these words, let it be repeated that a parent, in order to make

moral training effectual, must guard his child from any training or any influence that is evil. It must be kept from bad companions and bad books. This, it would seem, could best be done by keeping children, when not at school, as much as possible under the mother's own eye. Parents plead that children have nowhere to play except in the streets. There is much truth in this. But, all the same, the life of the streets makes moral training almost impossible, and that for two reasons,—first, because children learn so much evil there; and, secondly, because these young frequenters of the streets become as it were strangers to their own families, and acquire a wild and irresponsible temperament which fits them for any and every kind of mischief.

We frankly confess that we do not know how this evil can be remedied. All that can be done is to palliate it by those means which our zealous clergy do their best to adopt, such as associations, sodalities, clubs, the Boys' Brigade, and similar institutions. When priests and good pious laymen draw our boys around them and interest them in salutary and useful occupations, the poor children are saved in great measure from the corruption of bad company. And when, in judicious moderation, such good work is enhanced by the presence of piety and religious feeling—above all, when the kindly priest can gather his boys around him in the name of the altar and the choir,—it is touching to see how the unspoiled nature of a child responds to spiritual light and warmth, and how the primitive propensities of nature are kept down and disappear. But for the moment we are addressing parents. There is no way of compelling them by law to train their children to be good, as there is to oblige them to feed and clothe them. But Almighty God holds them responsible for the soul as well as for the body; and we trust that, by God's grace, these words may reach their hearts and make them reflect how momentous their responsibility is.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE," ETC.

II.—SIGNOR THADDEUS.

FORTY years had passed by, almost the span of a life's activity; and, whilst to one of the friends who had parted in the Glen of Imaney these years had brought the peace of death, to the other they had brought some quota of satisfaction, great struggles, and much change. So Irish a name as Thaddeus O'Congaile had not proved acceptable to the musical set into which the newcomer's undoubted talent had found him a way. As Signor Thaddeus his name had figured on a number of concert programmes during the short time that the weird Irish airs, as rendered by him, were the fashion; and now the name, from long usage, had come to be more familiar even to himself than his own. Short as his day of notoriety (such as it was) had been, it had secured him from absolute want; for the train of pupils that had clamored for his teaching during those few golden months had never since been entirely broken. His fame as a composer and pianist had been transitory, but as a teacher he was always sought after sufficiently to supply his simple wants; and he had even been able, during the lifetime of his parents, to send them money,—which to them, however, was far less welcome than the tiny newspaper clippings that recorded the name of their son, even in its Italian guise, and told of his successes.

The drudgery of lessons was far from the ideal of musical life that Thaddeus had dreamed of; still it was music, and it gave him his beloved piano, with a roof to cover it, and hours of leisure in which to play over the beloved works of the great masters, and even to compose the airs destined for the most part to rejoice no ear except his own; for, whilst they

were above the jingle of popular tunes, they were wanting in the divine fire of genius that must burn before works that will live forever can be produced.

The passing of years had left Signor Thaddeus singularly alone. No love except music had come into his life to fill the gaps that death had made in taking, first, his friend and more than brother, and then his parents. Only now in his old age had any one roused in him anything more than the careless toleration that his musical brethren had called forth. The day had begun badly on which he first met Elinor Lambert. His list of pupils had been gradually dwindling until at last the old man was obliged to face the problem of how his daily fare, scant as it was, could be provided. His home consisted of an attic in one of the tall grey houses in Soho which artists and musicians had formerly made their own; and amongst his fellow-lodgers there was a dancing master for whom, in his need, he had consented to play. It seemed to him almost a desecration of music to use it as timekeeper for a lot of stupid children at their drill. But when the waltzes came, their rhythm soothed him; and, as was always the case when his hands were on the keyboard, he forgot his surroundings, forgot the reason of his playing, and came to himself only when the dancing master laid no light hand upon his shoulder and bade him stop.

Then he became aware that the whole class was in an uproar. The children had openly defied the irascible little foreigner, who could teach dancing but who had no idea how to keep order in an emergency. With shrieks of delight, they were clustering round one of their number, who—for a moment Signor Thaddeus did not take in the meaning of her antics. Suddenly he realized that she was imitating him. There was nothing grotesque in the movements of the graceful, childish body; but the imitation was so clever that the others laughed and clapped delightedly, perfectly heedless of the master's anger.

Then, with the hushing of the piano, the little imitator looked up, and as she did so caught the musician's eye. She was too much excited now for anger to check her. But it was not anger that she saw in the dreamy, patient gaze: only surprise, and then the pain of a sensitive soul that has met unkindness where it was unexpected and undeserved.

In a hazy way, the old musician had noticed this child before. She was more simply dressed than her companions; and, though his eyes did not recognize that the embroidery of her white cambric frock was more costly than any of the silken flounces of the other children, he saw that she was different from them; and it hurt him more that it was she who had made fun of him. Now she stood before him with her cheeks flaming and the big tear-drops gathering in her eyes.

"I am sorry!" she cried. "Oh, please, please forgive me! I was dreadfully rude, but really I did not mean it."

When the dancing lesson was over, and the pianist was making his way home with the few shillings that his afternoon's work had brought him, he dwelt upon this incident, wondering who the child could be, yet little thinking that he would ever come to know anything more about her. Even when the dancing master forwarded him a letter from a Mrs. Lambert, asking if he would give music lessons to her daughter, he did not connect the request with the little madcap of the dancing class.

Everyone in the business world of London knew that John Lambert was the real head of the firm of Brook & Smallridge. It was Elinor, his only daughter and the heiress of his immense fortune, who had first imitated the quaint ways of the old music master; and, then on her return home, had implored her mother to let her take lessons from Signor Thaddeus instead of from Madame N., from whom she was quite right in saying she was learning nothing. Mrs. Lambert demurred at first; for, though she knew

in her heart that the child had no talent for music, she did not think the pianist of a dancing class was likely to be suitable as a music master. But when Elinor persisted, her mother, as usual, let her have her way, saying that at least the old man could superintend the practising necessary between two lessons from a fashionable teacher.

Although Signor Thaddeus was not fashionable, he possessed the gift of teaching; and before long, instead of a penance to all concerned, Elinor's lessons became a pleasure; and if she was not transformed into a musical prodigy, she learned to play enough to please and satisfy her parents. Unknown even to herself, the child, growing now rapidly to girlhood, learned many other things besides music from her old master. Hers was a nature that even the luxury lavished upon the only child of wealthy parents had not spoiled. Her mother had always encouraged her to be generous and considerate toward others; but it was through Signor Thaddeus that she first saw life from any point of view than that of a wealthy girl, hemmed in by convention and jealously guarded from all possible knowledge of sorrow and suffering.

To Thade, his foster brother was the ideal of what a wealthy man should be; and, with Crellan in his mind, he opened his pupil's eyes to the personal responsibility which God lays, in widely differing degrees and ways, on everyone. That a rich man must give of his wealth, the child already knew; but the personal services—the gifts of mind that training and education make possible—were a revelation to her. So, too, were the needs that, without wounding her feelings, he let her know existed; whilst, as she grew older, the deep, unswerving faith that the old man had brought from his Donegal home and carried unfalteringly through the long years of his life in London, made an impression upon her that no one ever dreamed of, least of all, perhaps, he who had made it.

The Lamberts belonged to the class of Catholics who obey the essential rules of the Church, but who neither seek nor find any special comfort in their religion. Elinor was well instructed; still, it was Signor Thaddeus who, all unknown to himself, showed her what religion could be in a person's life, and what it was to many. One by one, Elinor's other teachers were dispensed with, but he still continued going from time to time to Grosvenor Square; although, now that his pupil was a grown-up young lady, her practising was neglected, and the lessons were in reality merely pretexts for seeing the old master and for helping him in a way that could not offend his pride.

During the weeks of her first season, Elinor had had no time to spend over even one music lesson; but before leaving town she had sent for her old master, and he had listened to the eager recital of her doings. Even to hear of the two gay months that had passed was bewildering to the old man, and for the first time he wondered whether the pure gold of his idol would withstand the crucible of prosperity. She was petulant, almost discontented, because a projected visit to Scotland had to be abandoned, owing to her father's being detained by some tiresome business in London. It was the girl's annoyance and not the thing that caused it that lingered in Signor Thaddeus' mind; and, as he himself never read the papers, or spoke of anything but music to those with whom he came into contact, the next news that he heard concerning the Lamberts fell upon him like a thunderclap.

Walking one day through Grosvenor Square, weeks before he thought there was any chance of the house he knew being inhabited again, he was astonished and vaguely disquieted to see a motor car standing at the doorsteps, on which the butler, usually so precise and passive, stood talking eagerly to the chauffeur; whilst another man—presumably a foot-

man, although to-day he wore no livery,—joined in the conversation as often as he could. The old man stopped, hesitating to ask the meaning of what he saw, yet unwilling to pass on without ascertaining whether or not his sudden fears that something was wrong were groundless. A sound indoors made the two men servants re-enter the house, and as the third came down to his motor Signor Thaddeus addressed him timidly:

"Can you tell me if—if there is anything wrong?"—he pointed to the house, not knowing how to frame his inquiry.

"Anything wrong!" repeated the man, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Well, just about everything, I should say—"

He would have continued, but the butler interrupted him. Addressing himself to the pianist, he said with a disapproving air:

"I understand you are in the habit of coming here to give music lessons. Miss Lambert desires you should step in. She wishes to speak to you in the library."

What could that mean? The old man, in dazed wonder, followed the butler through the familiar hall into the library, which he knew less well; for his visits were usually to the old schoolroom in the rear of the house. At least Elinor was safe,—that was his first thought, as he saw her waiting for him. But a second glance showed him an Elinor whom he had never known before. The last time he had seen her she was a child, a radiant girl with no deeper trouble than that caused by the prospect of a summer spent in Surrey rather than in Perthshire. Now she was a woman, and there was a world of apprehension as well as of sorrow in the tear-dimmed eyes that she raised to his.

"You have heard?" she faltered. "How kind of you to come!"

"I have heard nothing," he replied, holding the hands she had stretched out to greet him. "Nothing."

The girl sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, it is too awful, — too awful!" she cried. "I don't know how to tell you—how to begin."

"My dear, — my dear!" murmured the old man soothingly, stroking the bright head that was bent before him.

"O dear master," sobbed Elinor, "we are ruined! And, what is worse a thousand times, it has killed my father!"

(To be continued.)

The Atoning Victim.

(To a newly-ordained Priest.)

BY JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

THE galleons slowly toiled o'er sapphire seas,
Now scarcely dimpled by the evening breeze:
Stout-timbered ships, which Albuquerque bore
By stormy capes to India's wizard shore.

A sun-browned pilot by his tiller sang
His Vesper hymn, whose echoes seaward rang
In dying notes, while murmuringly fell
The hallowed summons of the *Ave* bell:

"On Lisbon's hills so fair and green,
Where red the roses blow,
To our sleeping babe and bride, fair Queen,
A mother's mercy show!
The sea's bright star, the sailor's guide,
Be the pilot's beacon-light
O'er pathless ways of ocean wide!
Sweet Mother Maid, good-night!"

But sudden sinks the sun, a shield blood-red;
Down steps the Night, dark-stoled, with noiseless tread.

Low moans the wind o'er wan and wrinkled sea,
As wails a soul in its last agony.

The stars have dimmed their bivouac fires; the waves

In squadrons plumed unsheathe their flashing glaives.

The thunder drums the charge, the lightning's sword

Writes on the skies the anger of the Lord.
The winds, unchained, mad brood of sea and sky,

The doomed ships rock with hoarsest lullaby:
And, smiting dread in boldest seamen's souls,

Peal echoing peal, the ocean's basso rolls.

O God, that crash, those shrieks, that woman's cry!

Vain prayers, vain *Aves* now,—they're doomed to die!

But look! yon little babe—as dove in nest—
Within his mother's arms has sunk to rest,
Nor heeds the storm, while watch his sleep-kissed eyes

His brother angels playing in the skies.
The admiral sees; he grasps the sinless form
And high uplifts it o'er the bellowing storm.
"Lord God," he cries, "to faith's last pleading yield!

Thou canst not strike us now. Behold our shield!
Our hands are crimson-stained; our wretched hearts

Are sinful, God, and well Thine angry darts
May smite us down! But spare us for this child,—
The sinless pleads. Oh, quell this tempest wild!"
Faith's prayer is heard: the winds their baying cease,

Low crouch the snarling waves, then dawn and peace.

Across the waters rosy Morning trod,
And Ocean laughed beneath the smile of God.

The bark, dear friend, of our humanity
Drifts wounded on to that eternity
Which swallows all. How sullen flows the tide!
What traitor reefs beneath the waters hide!
What siren voices lilt their languid lay
To lure the seaman from his course away,
To meet his doom when tempest's grinning elf
Flings bark and pilot on the sunken shelf!
Poor, storm-tossed, helmless bark, the shrieking gale

Weird chants its doom o'er dangling spar and sail!

Its battered decks, borne down by sinful men,
Sink 'neath the cold and hungry seas. Who then

That wretched bark, that wretched crew, can save

From clutch of wind, the fury of the wave?
Who can the buckler and the saviour be
Of our despairing, doomed humanity?

One hope there is! Anointed priest, thine arm
Can grasp the buckler and defend from harm.

Go, chosen one, and with the saintly band
 In mystic garments at the altar stand!
 There lift the Atoning Victim undefiled,—
 There lift the Babe of Bethlehem! That Child
 To heaven shown in thine anointed palm—
 Still dewy with the holy chrism and balm—
 A thousand crumbling worlds can surely save,
 Can snatch the dead, the dying, from the grave.
 His prayer will stay the levin crashing down,
 And change to smiles His angered Father's
 frown.
 That Child will shield us from the wrath we
 dared;
 For Him, the Sinless, sinners will be spared!

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

II.—WITHOUT HOUSE OR HOME.

FROM Limerick to Tralee there runs a spur of line which used to bear the name "Waterford and Limerick Railway." Several years ago, however, it lost its identity in the "Great Southern and Western," and to-day the name is forgotten by the younger generation. As the little train makes its way from Limerick on to the West, you pass into the neighborhood of historic Mungret. You will stop at Adare, near which Aubrey de Vere and Gerald Griffin made song. You will move on and leave a couple of stations of no great importance behind you, till you reach the small town of Ardagh that quickens memories.

It was in the summer of the year. The morning train was making its accustomed trip across the quiet country. But from the vision of red coats and white helmets behind the "carriage" windows, one would suppose the crushed spirit of Ninety-Eight was abroad upon the land, and her Majesty's militia was hard upon its wake. But, sad to say, it was not the resurrected spirit of Ninety-Eight! Indeed, if you saw the handful of men that stood around every little station through which the train glided, you would

know for sure, there was no war spirit abroad. Poverty, starvation, emigration, coercion and "rack-rents," had but too surely subdued the fighting Celt. He accepted his hard lot of serfdom sullenly, yet resignedly. The sun of his freedom had gone down in the West, and his eyes had grown a-weary watching for the glimpse of a new day. No, there was no insurrection in Ireland that morning. Her Majesty's two hundred odd soldiers were bent on no hazardous undertaking.

The little town of Ardagh lies some five miles out from a wide acreage of peat fields. In Ireland they use the term "bog," a word vastly more suggestive and exact. One knows of no landscape more desolate than that which breaks upon the view when one is brought face to face with a broad area of bog. A wide desert of heath, its lonesome prospect unrelieved by a solitary tree, its barrenness unblessed by a single blade of wholesome grass, spreads out before you. Narrow roads, that bend and vibrate on their miry foundations, run through the bog in different directions. In the late summer and autumn, either side of every one of these roads is lined with "reeks" of turf, waiting for buyers who come from other parts of the county to haul it home for winter fuel. Here and there mud cabins rise up from the ground, and through their little chimneys the purple smoke rises, spreads, and vanishes. Men, women and children are at work during the turf season, cutting the sods, hauling them away in wheelbarrows, and setting them out to dry. It is a dreary task, that keeps a man's face to the ground, and burdens a woman with unnatural toil, and forces children to be ignorant and makes them prematurely old. It is dreary and hopeless; for if the rain comes hard and frequently, as is the case in West Limerick, the turf sods become dank and heavy on the heather, and the sweat and toil are all in vain.

Matthew Arnold says that the Celtic

word *gair* (to laugh) expresses the character of the Celtic race. No doubt it does in part. But were he to drive out to the West Limerick bog fields in those days and view the lonesome prospect; were he to see the sad, solemn faces of men, women and children yoked to profitless labor, wearing their hearts away to pay rents, rates and charges, and with the meagre balance trying to live and be clothed, he would probably conclude that *gair* does not fathom all the soundings of the Celt.

Ardagh had heard the rumors, and so was not surprised out of its senses that morning when a cordon of black-jacketed, black-gloved, helmeted policemen, with guns and bayonets, glorified its principal and only street with martial splendor. In Ireland they used to call the policemen "peelers" in contempt, and some still have a fondness for the name. Up from the little station came the soldiers, and above their marching one could hear the engine that brought them, puffing on and on to the West. There were certain loud commands, certain military evolutions, and presently police and militia marched out of the town and on to the peat fields. The high call of duty that awaited them was the hazardous task of turning out a family from their cabin because they could not pay the annual rent. It was a long march of five miles, and the clouds were low and threatening.

"It will rain, boys," said Jerry Sullivan, who with two score others followed the marching hosts to the scene of the eviction.

"Faith, Jerry," said Micky Mack, who walked beside him, "we don't need a prophet to tell us that. Sure everybody knows it always rains where there's evictions in County Limerick."

Whether it was the quiet irony or some more patriotic motive that stirred him, Jerry clinched his fists till his finger nails left their impress in the palms of his hands.

"Micky Mack, 'tison't rain we want, but

brimstone to burn every last landlord and soldier and peeler out of Ireland."

This was treason, no doubt. But it must be said of Jerry that he tempered his patriotism with prudence; for his words were not heard by the paid servants of her Majesty.

The scene of the eviction was neither formidable nor inviting. A mud cabin with two small windows, a rush roof, a "reek" of turf a little to one side, an outhouse that might have been a barn, a cowshed, a stable, or a combination of the three,—that was all. The soldiers and policemen made revolutions in approved style, and in due time formed a semi-circle in front of the house. Then the bailiff—a name symbolic among the Irish of the lowest in henchmanry—began the duties of his ugly office. He walked up to the door, properly guarded by policemen, to execute formal ejection.

A purple mist hung over every section of the bog, and at this moment, with dramatic fitness, Ireland's sky let fall drizzle of cold, clinging rain. Through a gap between two hills one could look, and fancy the hovering vapors were a stretch of the sea. But the sea was more to the West; and every boy and every girl of the family left homeless that day would hear its eternal calling, would seek and find it, and beyond it, in another land, would work out their individual destinies.

Out of the cabin, followed by the bailiff, came a mother and seven children, ranging in age from two to perhaps twelve years. The mother held the smallest in her left arm, and with her right hand was leading a little chubby-faced, barefoot fellow of about four. The father had died just a year before, hence the pinching poverty that terminated in eviction. Because of the helpless condition of the young family depending on a widowed mother, there was feeling galore throughout all West Limerick. Strong talk went out of armed resistance, and men took rusty guns from their

hiding-places; spades, shovels, scythes and pitchforks were also pressed into service. But the priest of the parish was a prudent man; and, while he felt his heart breaking for the sorrows of his people, he saw at a glance the results of an encounter between an organized government and a handful of peasantry. So he told his people the Sunday before to put back their guns, spades, shovels, scythes and pitchforks where they got them, and the Lord God would provide for the widowed mother and her little ones. Without a murmur, because of their great love and reverence, they obeyed. But the English Government took no chances. Hence the Limerick militia, and the cordon of police massed together from the well-filled barracks of those days.

The bailiff locked, bolted and nailed up the door. Gradually the crowd broke and melted into the mist. The soldiers and police took up their return journey, and only a few immediate sympathizers remained with the evicted family. These were gathered under the roof of the out-house for protection from the drizzling rain.

"Wisha, Mary," said Ned Connelly, with the familiarity of one who had known the evicted widow from girlhood, "'tisn't much that we have, for God knows we're all poor around here. But there's no house so small it won't hold another. An' if you give me three of the little childer, Anne will care for them like her own, till God sends us better times."

And when, with true Celtic delicacy, Mary expressed unwillingness to trouble other people with her burdens, saying that the sweet Saviour and His Blessed Mother would take care of her and her children, there was a chorus of protests and cries of "Yerra, what ails you, woman?" — "Sure we're all one and the same out here in the bogs!" — "Yerra, sure if 'tis your turn to-day 'twill be ours to-morrow!" — "You'd think 'tis the house of the Knight of Glen himself we're

offering you, the way you're carryin' on!" So with infinite tact these unlettered bogmen divided up the family among them, taking care that the mother and the little one should be together with an old couple who had never seen the world beyond the horizon that bounded the peat fields. Then they left, and by night-fall the cabin was dark and silent.

Just seven years ago a young priest got off the train at Ardagh and walked up its principal and still its only street. It takes very little to quicken curiosity in a small Irish town. Mrs. Clancy stood at her little shop door, her arms akimbo.

"A priest from America!" she called to a next-door neighbor, whose eyes were also following the clergyman.

"Wisha, and may God help the poor man, all the way from thim wild parts!" said her neighbor, with large pity.

The priest secured the service of a jarvy to drive him out the same winding road that the company of soldiers and cordon of police had travelled long years before. He was a tall, muscular man, not over forty years of age, perhaps. He wore a soft, black hat, below which appeared a rich growth of dark hair. The jarvy was loquacious after the manner of his kind. But let no traveller mistake the jarvy's racy talk—prepared with the same care as that of the seller of wares—for the quiet, unobtrusive, inoffensive repartee of the unspoiled Celt. This priest seemed to know the jarvy's craft. He had very little to say, had very little interest in what the jarvy was saying, and very naturally this man of words reduced his remarks to mere exhortations and threats to his horse.

When they reached the boglands, there was no rising mist and no falling rain. A warm wind from the sea blew across the wide acres and scattered massed clouds over the face of the sky. Many a mud cabin had gone down, and many a whitewashed home, ample for right human living, had arisen in its place. Men were still at work on the black bogs,

and, as before, acres of sod lay drying on the heath. But for the most part the men were working for themselves, having purchased their holdings. The ruined mud walls of what had once been a cabin and an outhouse stood like crumbling tombs in an abandoned graveyard.

The priest viewed the walls and the sky and the face of the land. He took a piece of mud from one of the fallen walls and stored it away in his satchel. "Yes, they'll surely be glad to get this," he said, as he snapped the clasp. He looked yet again at the sky and over the wide acres of bog. "The mists and the rain are gone; the old cabin is nearly gone, too. The men's faces are less on the ground, and the women are keeping house at home, and the children are at school. Yes, it was different," he continued musing, "when mother and the seven of us were turned out, and I was only twelve. But God took care of us."

"I don't like to disturb your Reverence, but you said you wanted to make the evening train to Limerick. We have just an hour, and it takes the pony fifty-five minutes on a throt."

In a little while they were gliding down the sloping road to Ardagh. The jarvy carried home a good fee that night. The priest carried home a piece of dry mud and a wealth of memories.

(To be continued.)

THE Virgin and Child is not a mere modern idea; on the contrary, it is represented again and again in the paintings of the Catacombs. Mary is there drawn with the Divine Infant on her lap, — she with hands extended in prayer, He with His hand in the attitude of blessing. . . . Cavaliere de Rossi . . . has given us from the Catacombs various representations of the Virgin and Child. The latest of these belong to the early part of the fourth century, but the earliest he believes to be referable to the age of the Apostles.

—Newman's *Letter to Pusey*.

Brent's Revenge.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

STEADILY upward ran the narrow mountain road, emerging from between walls of solid rock, to wind, a mere thread, across the mountain-side, — great boulders rising to a dizzy height on one side, and a sheer precipice on the other. The driver cracked his whip over the heads of his tired horses, and the heavy stage lurched forward. It was filled with miners and speculators, all eager to reach the new "Eldorado" situated near the top of the mountain, where, it was reported, huge nuggets of gold had been found in every crack and fissure, and where rich veins of the same precious metal lay hidden within a few inches of the rocky surface.

Brent ran his eye over the motley crowd, and for some unaccountable reason felt a sense of satisfaction amounting almost to thankfulness that he was there to protect the young girl sitting opposite. He had never seen her before that morning. While waiting for the stage, he had noticed a small pearl rosary lying on the ground near where the girl stood. He picked it up, holding it in his hand for a moment; the once familiar "feel" of the beads stirring his pulses strangely, awakening tender memories that, for one brief instant, softened and changed his whole countenance. But it was only momentarily. The lines about his mouth deepened and hardened. Stepping forward, he said with unconscious brusqueness:

"Pardon me! I believe this is yours."

Just then the stage drew up. He stepped courteously aside, allowing her to enter first; then followed immediately, taking the seat opposite; thus creating in the minds of the other passengers the impression that the girl was under his care. She was, in this manner, spared some annoyance. Women travelling alone in the rough, mining districts are frequently

embarrassed by unwelcome attentions from some of the more lawless,—a few of whom are always to be found in these parts.

The girl was quick to see the impression made upon the others; and, instead of resenting it, as would have been the case under ordinary circumstances, she felt decidedly grateful. To her discerning mind, the quiet, gentle, manly young man seemed as far removed from his present environment as was she herself. It was only natural, therefore, that they should enter into conversation; and, from exchanging desultory remarks about the wonderful scenery through which they were passing, drifted at length into a more personal vein, though each maintained a certain reserve which the other respected.

The girl told him that she was hastening to the bedside of her father, who had come West early in the summer in search of health; and who had, more out of curiosity than anything else, gone with a party to this new mining town, where he had been taken ill.

"It is a tedious journey from New York to the Rockies," she said. "This crawling by stage tries one's endurance -- and patience," she added, with a faint smile.

Brent smiled in sympathy; and a little silence fell between them.

The mere mention of New York had brought back the old, gnawing memory which had been lulled into forgetfulness for a few brief moments by the sunshine of the girl's presence. The old rancor and hatred and craving for revenge rushed back upon him with redoubled force. For ten years he had not looked upon a woman's face; and the sweet presence of this girl, with the clear, earnest eyes, and sensitive, refined face, awakened in him a realization of the possibilities life holds for some men. Oh, the bitter irony of Fate! It was almost like a glimpse of Paradise to the damned.

Every detail connected with the affair was printed indelibly upon his memory,—branded in letters of flame that seared

his very soul. He was a youth of nineteen—high-minded, conscientious, honest, and believing in the honesty of others—when it happened. He remembered, with a sickening sense of incredulity, how he had loved and revered the man whose dupe he had been, and for whose crime he had spent ten endless years behind prison bars. Ten years! What an eternity it seemed to an eager young soul struggling like the captive eagle, its strong wings securely pinioned!

Driven by the passion surging within him, he brought his clinched fist down upon his knee with such force as to startle the girl.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, moistening his dry lips and speaking with an effort. Then, noting the look of heavenly pity in the eyes bent upon him, he burst out, in a tone low enough to be heard only by the girl: "*You* are bound on an errand of mercy. My mission is one of revenge!"

The pitying glance did not waver; so, without mentioning any names or going into unnecessary detail, he, glad of a sympathetic listener, plunged into a brief but graphic account of the tragedy which had blasted all his life. Though innocent as a babe of the crime imputed to him, he had been convicted by a train of circumstantial evidence cleverly arranged by the real criminal, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, to pay the penalty of another's crime.

"And that other, a man whom I regarded as a model, a king among men!" he continued, in a tone that seemed to hold all the concentrated bitterness of the strangled hopes of ten long years. "But I have tracked him to his lair, and I will have my revenge! My mother, God bless her!" he went on after a moment; in a softer tone, "came to take me home. But I was not to be balked of my revenge. It is near at hand now."

For some reasons, however, the revenge so long gloated over seemed to lose much of its sweetest flavor. The reproachful ten-

derness in his mother's eyes haunted him; and the "feel" of the small pearl rosary with the childish memories it evoked, swept over him afresh. He pulled himself together impatiently, setting his still boyish lips in a firm line.

The driver cracked his whip, calling upon the lagging horses, with many picturesque invectives, to "git a move on!" With much creaking and groaning of heavy axles, the stage swung around a dangerous curve, and the new "gold field" lay before them,—a raw gash of a town, flaunting its crude ugliness against the splendor of the peaks.

The girl's heart stood still with a sudden wild terror of the place.

"Oh, please don't leave me until I find my father!" she cried in a low voice as they were leaving the stage, laying her hand unconsciously upon Brent's arm.

The very unconsciousness of the act revealed the fact that, convict though he was, she trusted and believed in him. In his high-strung, over-sensitive state of mind, it was like an electric shock,—paralyzing for a moment, only to be followed by a wonderful exhilaration. He felt that he was treading on air. Charity and heavenly compassion in a woman's eyes had wrought the old, old miracle,—a miracle as old as man himself.

"That man looks honest," Brent said, indicating a grizzled old miner approaching from the opposite direction. "He might be able to tell us something of your father. Shall I ask him?"

"Yes, please do."

He started forward, then turned back with a little laugh.

"I do not think you have told me your father's name," he said, with a smile.

"I beg your pardon!" the girl replied, with compunction. "My father's name is Robert Charteris."

Robert Charteris! The man upon whom he had vowed to be revenged! Brent staggered as if from a blow. The earth seemed rolling like a ball beneath his feet. He never knew just what he did; he

remembered, as in a nightmare, trying to say something; but his throat seemed paralyzed and his stiff lips refused to move. As in a dream he heard the old miner say:

"It's the altitude, Miss; it affects some of 'em that way."

Just then a white-haired priest came toward them.

"Ah, here's Father Lowry!" the old miner said, taking off his cap.

Brent raised his hat instinctively, scarcely conscious of the act.

"Miss Charteris, I presume?" Father Lowry said, shaking hands with the girl. "I have just come from your father. He is very ill, but resting quietly now. Be brave, my child. He is expecting you."

He was turning back with her, when something in Brent's stricken face stayed him.

"Turner will take you to your father," said the priest, indicating the old miner.

Elizabeth Charteris hesitated for an instant, torn between two fires, as it were: her anxiety for her father, and her reluctance to leave her new friend in his present condition.

"I fear Mr. Brent is very ill," she said in a low tone.

"It's the altitude, Miss," Father Lowry heard Turner assuring her, as they moved away.

But he knew it was not all due to the altitude. Slipping his arm within that of the younger man, he drew him gently to a rustic bench in the shadow of a big boulder, out of sight and hearing of the rough crowd.

"What is it, my friend? Perhaps I can help you in any way."

The kindly, sympathetic tones pierced through the benumbed brain, and the bewildered look in the young man's eyes gave place to one of baffled despair.

"Nothing can help me—neither man nor God! His daughter! My God, *his* daughter!"

There was a wild, fierce note of anguish in the words, low as they were spoken, that went straight to the priest's heart.

"God can and will help you, if you will but trust Him—"

"Neither God nor—the devil can help me now!" Brent burst forth violently, springing to his feet and pacing back and forth in short, quick strides, like a caged animal. "Do you want to know who I am?" he demanded in the same violent tone. "I am Francis Brent, a discharged convict,—a man who spent ten years in prison for another man's crime. And now even revenge is denied me! Great God, *her father!*"

The last two words were uttered in a hoarse whisper, too low for Father Lowry to catch. But there was no need. The whole situation was plain to him.

"My dear Brent," he said, his own voice tense with some inward emotion, "God directed your steps even when your heart was clamoring for revenge. Robert Charteris lies yonder, sick unto death. He has publicly confessed his crime; the magistrate holds the paper, duly signed, completely exonerating you. His one wish is for your forgiveness. Come, my son—"

"*My forgiveness?*" Brent broke in hoarsely. "Forgive the man who ruined me,—forgive him? You can not know what you are saying, Father," he added, panting as though he had been running.

Every man at some period of his life is called upon to choose between simple duty and some strong desire; and the fiercer the struggle, the greater the victory when Right wins.

"To forgive those who injure us, to return good for evil,—that is the noblest revenge," the priest was saying.

But Brent scarcely heeded. He was fighting a battle with his own soul,—a battle that only the strong are ever called upon to fight. His higher nature, dominated so long by the demon of Revenge, was gradually asserting itself.

A few hours later, Elizabeth, Brent, and Father Lowry were kneeling beside the bed in the narrow room. Though he had lost the power of speech, the dying

man's eyes rested upon Brent with such anguished entreaty in their depths that the last lingering trace of resentment died out of the younger man's heart. Leaning forward, he clasped the cold, clammy hand in a warm pressure, in token of his forgiveness. By a convulsive effort, the dying man placed the hand of his only child in that of Brent, thus mutely offering atonement for the great wrong he had done him.

Early the next morning, after a talk with Father Lowry, Brent went to the magistrate and procured the document containing the confession of the late Robert Charteris. Scarcely glancing at it, he tore the paper into a thousand pieces, scattering them to the four winds.

"*She knows, and I will tell my mother,*" he murmured half to himself and half to the dazzling peaks. "For the rest, it doesn't matter. He was her father."

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

III.

He who plants a tree plants a hope.

AS I look at my mirror picture, the brown trunk of a big tree tells me of the branches that grow above it; and I know where the birds are going as night comes on, and why passers-by halt when the sun is hot, and why the waving shadows stretch far out over the asphalt.

Everyone loves a tree; and this instinct, handed down to us, perchance, from the old tree-worshippers, crops out sometimes in curious ways and places. Once, before I was a Shut-In, a maple seed, wind sown or bird sown, took root in one of my best flower-beds. It looked so meek and apologetic that I let it grow; and, before I knew it, it was tall enough to look over the garden wall. I liked the little intruder, but flower-beds are not proper places for trees; so I said to a

stray human wayfarer who was working for his dinner: "Here is the saw. You may cut down this little tree." With dignity indescribable he answered: "Lady, I suppose I ain't very respectable, but I never got low down enough to kill a tree." That tramp had an extra piece of pie with his luncheon, and the tree still thrives,—a fine object in the landscape now. I never again had the temerity to suggest its downfall,—being, in fact, a bit ashamed of myself, and gladly moving my tea-roses elsewhere.

It is the fashion now to discuss the conservation of our natural resources, although Grandsir Floyd (pronounced Flud) got at the root of the matter, so far as forests are concerned, long ago.

"There's two ways of looking at this thing of chopping the trees off of the hills," he said, as he perched himself in a precarious position on a Hilltop fence and began to whittle. "There's the sentimental side and the practical one; and yet they're one and the same, if you look at them in the right way. Cut down the trees, and away go the birds; and when they're gone, it'll take just about one year for the tarnation bugs to eat every growing green thing, grass and grain and garden sass."

"But," I said, thinking about the lines concerning the crushed beetle that feels as great pangs as a dying hero,— "I suppose the bugs and worms have a right to live."

"Suffering cats!" ejaculated Grandsir. "And haven't horses and cows and folks the same right? I don't suppose insects like to be eat, but isn't a hungry little child of more account than a potato bug?"

"But," I responded, trying to change the subject, "the world can't get on without wood."

"If we had any sense about thinning out and replanting, there'd be wood enough," he said,—which is, I believe, the essence of all true forestry. "But if money-grabbers keep on stripping them

hills, they'll be bare as the Rockies in less than no time. If there's nothing to hold the soil on, it'll slip off. I guess God knew what He was doing when He planned tree roots."

What I call the mountain look came into Grandsir's eyes.

"I don't know what I'd do without them green hills," he said.

Ah, Grandsir, with heart strong and true as an oak and tender as the young leaves of the elm, may it be long before you join your kindred who sleep in the shadow of the everlasting mountains!

I reach for a little volume and read, "No one can be far wrong who loves the trees enough; and everyone is assuredly wrong who does not love them, if his life has brought them in his way."

Trees—one of God's best gifts to man, shading him from the heat and sheltering him from rain; providing stout wood for his habitations, fruit for his sustenance, nuts for his winter's store, spices for his delectation, oils and leaves for his healing. One can think only with sadness of their ruthless spoliation, and with indignation of the ruin wrought by the vandals of greed who are turning the green hills of New England into barren wastes, and the Western forests into arid sites for apartment houses and paving-stones.

All of these things, and more, come to my mind at sight of the tree's brown trunk in my mirror.

(To be continued.)

THE first Christians had all things in common, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles; but when that equality of possessions ceased, as it did even in the Apostles' time, the *agapæ*, or love-feast, was substituted in the stead of it. Upon certain days, after partaking of the Supper of the Lord, the Christians met at a common feast in some large room, the rich bringing provisions, and the poor, who had nothing, being invited. This meal was a symbol of brotherhood and Christian fellowship.—*St. Chrysostom.*

The Faith of Sir Thomas More.

IT is a great comfort to remember that, at that crisis in English history which is called the Reformation, the Catholic cause was represented by Sir Thomas More, one of the holiest and most delightful characters in all history; and the Protestant, by Henry VIII., with his six wives, two of whom he got rid of by cutting off their heads. If God wanted to reform His Church, He could not use men like Luther and King Henry. The simple, earnest, and vivid faith of such a man as Sir Thomas More is a consoling confirmation of Catholic truth.

Lord Macaulay, with his splendid natural gifts and his utter alienation from the supernatural, was an impartial outsider, and he urges this point strongly in his famous *Edinburgh Review* article on Ranke's "History of the Popes." He says that Sir Thomas More was ready to die for the doctrine of Transubstantiation; and, as he was one of the choicest specimens of human wisdom and virtue, the doctrine of Transubstantiation might triumph over all opposition and be believed to the end of time by men equal in ability and honesty to Sir Thomas More.

Yet Henry VIII. had the madness to set his own judgment against the faith of the greatest and holiest men of all the ages. No doubt he had read Blessed Thomas More's "Book of Comfort against Tribulation," with its brief second chapter, "That for a foundation men must needs begin with faith." The present note has been written for the precise purpose of quoting some sentences from this chapter. How modern it all seems when we conform the spelling to our present usage!

"This virtue of faith," he says, "no man can give himself, nor can any man give it to another; but though men may with preaching be ministers unto God therein, and man with his own free will, obeying freely the inward inspiration of God, may be a weak worker with

Almighty God therein, yet faith is indeed the gracious gift of God Himself. For, as St. James saith, 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is given from above, descending from the Father of lights.' Therefore, feeling our faith by many tokens very faint, let us pray to Him that giveth it, that it may please Him to help and increase it. And let us first say with the man in the Gospel: *Credo, Domine, adjuva incredulitatem meam.*—'I believe, good Lord; but help Thou the lack of my belief.' And afterward let us pray with the Apostles: *Domine, adauge nobis fidem.*—'O Lord, increase our faith.'"

How many millions and millions of souls have taken their act of faith from that pathetic scene which is described by St. Mark in the ninth chapter of his Gospel! The good man who brought his afflicted boy to our Divine Lord to be healed, had faith enough to cry out with tears, "I do believe, Lord; help my unbelief!" We use the same words, but where is the heart-wrung cry? Where is the earnestness? Where are the tears? Blessed Thomas More's version may assist us to make this prayer still more our own: "I believe, good Lord; help Thou the lack of my belief!" And you, yourself, O Blessed Thomas More, who died so gloriously and so joyfully for the Faith, help the lack of my belief; obtain for me by your prayers an increase of faith, that, if I may not die, as *you* did, for the Catholic Faith, I may live for it, and die in the full possession of it, until, on the threshold of a happy eternity, it reaches its term and changes into sight and fruition.

M. R.

UNLESS a man starts afresh about things, he will certainly do nothing effective. Unless a man starts on the strange assumption that he has never existed before, it is quite certain that he will never exist afterward. Unless a man be born again, he shall by no means enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

—G. K. Chesterton.

The Rosary in China.

DEVOTION to the Rosary in China is enkindled and kept alive chiefly through the ardent zeal of the heads of families, who teach this beautiful form of prayer to their little children, exhorting them to be faithful to it throughout life.

"Very often," says a venerable missionary bishop, who spent many years in China, "have mothers come to me with their little ones and said: 'This boy will be a good child because he knows how to recite his Rosary.' On such occasions I had always a word of praise and encouragement for the child, and, after making him a present of a new pair of Rosary beads, I would send him off, glowing with smiles.

"But in China, be it remembered, devotion to the Holy Rosary is not one that grows cold with years. Not only the children, but nearly all the Catholic women and a large majority of the men, recite their Rosary daily. And to designate a tepid and lukewarm person, Chinese Christians know of no better or more forcible expression than: *Keuig-no-Nem*.—'He does not say his Rosary.'

"How often, in the quiet of the evening, when duty called me forth amid those good people, have I stood entranced by the sweet harmonies that rose from distant houses where the family had gathered together for the nightly recitation of the Rosary! There could be no mistaking a Christian house amid a thousand pagan ones. As soon as the shadows began to descend over the village, from every Catholic cottage would well forth the loud, sweet strains of the Rosary; for in China it is not merely recited as in European countries, but is chanted in chorus.

"Neophytes, even when in the midst of pagans, are proud to have the Rosary about their necks; women consider it among the most handsome of ornaments, and wear costly Rosary beads suspended from their breast, while the *Nem-kou*, or 'sleeping Rosary,' which is worn about the neck and under the garments, is

common to all Catholic Chinese. Not satisfied with saying their Beads in church and at home, they occupy their leisure moments when travelling or when returning from the fields in the recitation of the Rosary, believing that the Psalter of Mary should not be interrupted.

"So great is the veneration of this people for the Rosary that they frequently accuse themselves of having touched it with unwashed hands, or of having let it drop upon the floor; and their manner of saying the Rosary will convince one that they are at least as reverent as ourselves. Prostrated upon the floor with their faces to the ground, they recite in a low tone the *Confiteor* and *Misereatur*; then, kneeling upright, they make a double Sign of the Cross and sing the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, and the *Oremus*, in the Chinese language. If it be the hour for the Angelus, that prayer is said; otherwise, the Litany of Loreto or of the Saints is recited; before or after which various intentions are made, such as the intention of our holy mother the Church or of the Sovereign Pontiff. The five mysteries immediately follow, and the devotion is usually terminated by the *Salve Regina*, the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, and a *Requiescant in pace* for the faithful departed.

"It is the custom in China," observes the bishop, "to give the Holy Rosary for a penance in confession, and I was many times surprised at the disappointment of penitents on receiving only one Rosary as a penance. Though they had committed only venial sins, they thought they should receive a penance of ten or more Rosaries, and were very careful not to substitute their daily prayers of devotion as part of their penance."

This, then, is the manner in which the devotion of the Holy Rosary is practised in the heart of uncivilized China. Might it not serve as an example to many of us, who are so neglectful of this devotion, and so hasty in the recital of the Rosary when we do say it?

Our Yellow Press.

THE recent death of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer furnished Mr. Sydney Brooks with a fitting occasion to favor the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* with an interesting paper on "The American Yellow Press." Some portions of his article will probably surprise even those among us who have thought ourselves fairly well-informed as to the extravagant sensationalism of the yellow journal. Here is one bit, quoted by Mr. Brooks from a New York journal:

A young stenographer, passing from a street car to her home a block away after nightfall, felt a man's fingers clinch about her neck; and when she reached her hands toward the fingers, she found that they were very large. Twenty minutes later the girl's mother found her on the sidewalk, weeping hysterically, and able to remember only that she had been strangled. Next day, in the *Evening World* it was stated, on the authority of an examining physician, that the girl's skull was fractured, her jaw broken, her breasts, face and arms terribly bitten, "as a mad dog might have torn the victim of an infuriated attack," and her body covered with bruises from blows struck by a club of which the girl cried out deliriously; lusty bloodhounds led a horde of officers in uniform and a score of detectives across the countryside. Actually, there were no bloodhounds, no pursuing policemen in uniform, no bites, no fractured skull, no broken jaw, no body bruises, and no club.

Such fantastic elaboration certainly gives point to the old remark of — was it Artemus Ward? — that Shakespeare would never have suited a New York newspaper: he had not sufficient imagination. But the disposition to sport with facts and to produce thrills is one of the distinctive characteristics of the yellow press. Says Mr. Brooks:

I remember reading in the columns of the *World* a long interview with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, of a most sensational character, and admirably contrived to embitter the working-man against the capitalists. Mr. Morgan's inaccessibility to journalists is notorious, and the statements he was alleged to have made were of a kind to stamp the whole interview as a concoction from beginning to end. In a

subsequent issue, when the damage had been done, the *World* acknowledged that it had been "imposed upon." At the same time, and side by side with its retraction, it published a series of comments on the alleged interview from a number of newspapers, — a proceeding that might well have been taken as the text for a lecture in Mr. Pulitzer's School of Journalism.

Referring to still more reprehensible features of the yellow press, Mr. Brooks writes:

There were, moreover, cases in which conspiracies were formed, between reporters and unscrupulous outsiders, to procure the insertion of paragraphs and articles on which a libel action could be based against the papers publishing them. There were cases, too, in which the reporters who were detailed on some special mission — say, to interview the jurymen after a famous murder trial — would get together, ignore the refusal of the jurymen to be interviewed, and write out, each in his own style, what they ought to have said.

One means of checking the pernicious activities of the yellow journal on at least one point is indicated in this paragraph of Mr. Brooks' paper:

Then, again, there is nothing in America that at all corresponds to our law of contempt of court. An American paper is entitled to anticipate the probable findings of a judge and jury to take sides in any case that happens to interest it, to comment on and to garble the evidence from day to day, to work up sympathy for or against the prosecutor or defendant, and to proclaim its conviction of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner from the first moment of his arrest and without waiting for the tiresome formality of the verdict. Hardly an issue, indeed, appears of even the most reputable organs in the United States, such as the *New York Sun*, the *Times*, and the *Evening Post*, that would not land its publisher and editor in prison if the English law of contempt of court obtained in America.

Mr. Brooks evidently thinks that our yellow press is partly the cause and partly the effect of "the volatility and empiricism, the hysterical restlessness and superficiality, and the incapacity for deep and sustained thinking that have been noted in the American people." He believes, however, that the worst and most reckless days of yellow journalism are over; and we sincerely trust that his belief is well-founded.

Notes and Remarks.

Among a number of important and timely contributions to the new magazine, the *Common Cause*, is one by Mr. Bird S. Coler, on "The Dangers that Threaten Our Schools." Coming from a non-Catholic, such a paragraph as the following is rather notable; although Catholic prelates and priests and publicists have been saying exactly the same thing for decades past:

I need hardly prove that secular education as a moral instrument is a failure when so many of its supporters admit the fact. The cause of its failure seems to me so plain that it is hardly necessary to state it. You can not teach morals in the sense that you teach spelling. Behind every law that we have on our statute books is the authority of a living government; that is what makes it effective. Behind every moral law must be the authority of a living faith; otherwise it is a dead-letter in the hearts of men. Reiteration to the millionth of the lesson that men should be virtuous will not make them so, unless you teach them why they should be so. Teaching men that they are nothing more than the spawn of the earth, its exhalations, coming and going, breath after breath, generation after generation, is not only untrue as a fact, but it is deadening morally, like all other untruths.

* * *

Mr. Coler advocates, as a remedy for existing scholastic evils, the adoption of a plan which we have repeatedly suggested in these columns—the payment by the State for the secular instruction given in denominational schools. We must make room for his concluding paragraph:

To have better citizens we must have better men. We can not have good men unless we have them taught in their childhood the meaning of virtue. No human mind can be left to determine for itself what is good and what is bad: such determination, to be just, to be true, must come from the mind of an all-wise, all-just, all-merciful God sitting in His high place in the heavens. The Catholic believes this, the Protestant believes this, the Jew believes this. Why, then, have we allowed our school system to be so manipulated that our children are not taught this? Because there has been jealousy, because there has been fear that some one church may profit and some other church may

lose under a just plan. To my mind it is a foolish fear. If under a just system any church shall prosper above another, it can only be because that church deserves to prosper; and my opinion is poor of the sincerity of that man's belief, be he Catholic or Methodist or Baptist or Congregationalist or Jew, who fears to put his faith to the test under conditions of perfect justice.

The whole subject is one of major importance. The schoolboys of one generation are the citizens of the next; and on the basic ideas underlying their training in youth naturally and inevitably depend the scope and character of their mature activities, the quality of their citizenship, and in a great measure the rectitude or unrighteousness of their convictions, which are ultimately translated into the laws and institutions of their country.

In the Annual Report, for 1910, of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith (London edition) we find that, while the Association received from this country something more than seventy-six thousand pounds sterling, it disbursed among American dioceses and archdioceses something over twenty thousand pounds. Accordingly, more than a quarter of the contributions from Catholics on this side of the Atlantic came back in the form of allocations to necessitous American missions. We confess to a feeling of surprise upon seeing, in the itemized list of beneficiaries of the Association, the names of ecclesiastical centres where we had supposed no missions that could be classed as "necessitous" had existed for many years.

Readers of the admirably wise and practical article on the moral training of children by Bishop Hedley, published in one of our October numbers, will remember his promise to treat on some future occasion of self-restraint, or self-denial, in its relation to the training of the young. The promise is fulfilled in an article which it is our privilege to present this week—"Parental Obligations." It would be hard

to exaggerate the importance of the instruction contained in this paper. The Bishop shows that constant watchfulness and repression are absolutely necessary in order to form a character such as Jesus Christ would approve, and that self-restraint is rarely acquired unless men and women have been accustomed to it from childhood. Parents, priests, and teachers everywhere would do well to give Bishop Hedley's article the most attentive perusal.

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The classic Johnsonian epitaph, "He was a very good hater," might appropriately be graven on the tomb of the late Colonel Sandys, member of the English Parliament. The Colonel hated Catholicism throughout his life, and in his last will and testament conclusively showed that his ruling passion was strong in death: The will provides that if any man, woman or child in succession to his property and estates becomes a "Romanist," such an heir shall be deemed to be dead; or if he possesses the estate at the time of his "perversion," he shall legally die, and the property shall pass to the next of kin. Moreover, that this provision may never slip the minds of his descendants, and that his belief that the doctrines of Rome bring evil wherever they are promulgated may be sustained, the deceased enjoins that this portion of his will shall be read in family conclave on every anniversary of his death. And yet, it is a tolerably safe prediction that within the present half century not a few of the doughty Colonel's descendants will do what the posterity of many another bitter opponent of Catholicism has done—abjure their religious errors and enter the true Church.

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About a year or two ago the Anglican Vicar of Gedney, writing in the *Hibbert Journal*, successfully maintained the thesis that Catholicism invariably brought, and still brings, to mankind a sum total of happiness for which Protestantism

has never furnished an adequate substitute. Now comes Father Hull, of the *Bombay Examiner*, with a partial explanation of the matter. Protestantism, he declares—and, as he used to be a Protestant himself, his opinion carries weight,—is lamentably lacking in the sense of humor:

Thus the English people were certainly a more humorous race in the Middle Ages than they are now; and the difference seems due to the depressing incubus of Puritanism. This is most noticeable if we compare the type characters of the different kinds of clergy. There is a certain staid and solemn decorousness about the Anglican parson which fits badly with anything like a joke; and an Anglican parson's laugh seldom gets beyond a slight ripple—from the teeth outward. Among Nonconformist ministers, the solemnity becomes positively oppressive, withers up all jocosity at its roots, and surrounds it almost with a sense of crime. There have been and are exceptions, but they strike us at once in that light. While reading Dean Hole's recollections, you forget that he was a dean; and when you turn over the pages of Dean Swift, you go further and positively refuse to believe that he ever was a dean.

As for Catholic priests, it is doubtful if their bitterest enemies ever accused them of lacking the sense of humor, or of measuring the depth of one's piety by the length of one's visage.

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Writing of the early explorers in America, Washington Irving declared: "The Catholic priest went even before the soldier or the trader. From lake to lake, from river to river, the missionaries pressed on irresistibly, and, with a power which no other Christians have exhibited, won to the Faith the warlike Miamis and the luxurious Illinois." History of this sort is perennially repeating itself in divers portions of the habitable world. The other day Dr. R. W. Williamson, Fellow of the Anthropological Institute (London), told of a scientific expedition he recently made to the Mafulu people, a retrograde tribe of British New Guinea. After a long and difficult tramp through almost impassable bush

and undergrowth, his little party at last reached the Mafulu Mountains. "By this time," says Dr. Williamson, "my legs were covered with sores. There is, I am sure, septic poison in the atmosphere there, and every step hurt me. It was between 4000 and 5000 feet up the mountains that we came upon the Mafulus, a small people, entirely naked save for a strip of bark worn around the loins and under the legs. Their skin is a dark, sooty brown color, hair a grizzly, frizzy brown, and across their faces are weird splashes of color, chiefly bright red."

Neither the region, its environment, nor its natives suggested the presence of white men; but the scientist continues: "Here in these wild, out-of-the-world regions I found two French Jesuit priests. I can not express my admiration for these two men, who lived there quite alone and unprotected."

In view of the reports of atrocity toward the Arabs on the part of the Italian soldiers in Tripoli, it is particularly gratifying to meet with the following paragraph in a letter contributed to the *London Tablet* by a correspondent writing from Liguria:

The most heartily welcomed item of gossip from the front has been Gino Berri's account of an Arab child of five, picked up and cared for by a soldier of the Bersagliere. She was in rags, alone, near the trenches—and *famished*. Her soldier found her wild and shy at first, but petted her into gentleness, gave her some of his bread (which she devoured ravenously), and took the greatest care of Fatmah. In return, she followed him about like a dog. If she lost sight of her own Bersagliere, she howled long and loud. For four days she sat beside her soldier, who sprawled in the approved attitude of the trenches. His comrades tried to make friends with the mite, but her heart was all for her first acquaintance. Then it was ordered that Fatmah should be moved out of harm's way, and her Bersagliere carried her off to the carabinieri's guard-house in Tripoli, where he remained, to try to get her to love and trust her new neighbors, who, from the major downward, made much of her. At length her own soldier slipped away, without saying good-bye,

he being visibly upset at the parting. As usual, when she missed him she was inconsolable. His brothers-in-arms did their best for poor Fatmah; but when Gino Berri saw her she had taken refuge in a corner, refused whatever was offered to her, would have nothing to say to the kind fellows who tried to soothe her; and lifted up her voice unceasingly and stridently, calling for her "preserver." Here, men, quite as much as women, are delighted with this story. Fatmah has received Christian baptism and the surname of Bersagliere. The soldier will legally adopt the child; and the Duchess of Aosta, who is interested in the little Moor, has brought her, with a party of convalescents, in the hospital ship, to Italy.

The statement, emanating from so high an authority as Sir Edwin Pears, that the Turkish population, strictly so-called, shows a marked tendency to decrease, will be a surprise to most persons. The Turks are generally regarded as a prolific race. Sir Edwin estimates the population of the Turkish Empire at about twenty-four millions, including four million Arabs; and points out that, owing to the absence of any accurate statistics, it is impossible to say with precision what proportion the non-Moslem population bears to the Moslem. However, he cites a report presented to Sultan Abdul Hamid about ten years ago by Dr. Von Düring, an eminent German specialist who had been for some years in the Turkish service, which expressed his deliberate opinion that, unless radical measures were taken to check the widespread diseases with which he had to deal, the Turkish population would be extinct in two generations. "It was a report which stated facts fearlessly, and it was with difficulty that the author was able to get it into the hands of the Sultan."

Sir Edwin refers to many instances when, on journeying in the interior, he has passed through Moslem villages wholly or almost wholly deserted, which on a former visit, made a dozen years back, had held thriving and numerous inhabitants. He declares that the Moslem numbers have been maintained only by

a steady stream of immigration from Central Asia and Russia; and points out that the most notable of these immigrants have been the Circassians, of whom no less than 600,000 entered Turkey during a period of fifteen years.

The *Catholic Union and Times* reproduces from a Buffalo journal the story of a man who was cured of swearing by hearing a phonograph repeat his language. "The gentleman was prolific of profanity; and, in an attempt to cure him, a scheme was devised to record his everyday conversation and later turn the machine loose in his presence. It had the desired effect. He heard himself as others heard him. That was enough."

Enough, probably, to determine him to make strenuous efforts to overcome his bad habit, but scarcely enough to effect a radical and instantaneous cure. The plan appears to be worth trying. If seeing ourselves as others see us is a salutary experience, hearing ourselves as others hear us should have its advantages also. Perhaps one of the best methods of overcoming the profane habit is the "memorizing," by the person addicted to swearing, of the divine praises—Blessed be God, Blessed be His holy Name, etc.—and the recital of these praises as often as he relapses, through inadvertence or passion, into his oldtime vice. The frequent repetition of the divine praises might, by the way, form a very congruous devotion of every member of a Holy Name Society.

Despite a certain measure of rhetorical exaggeration or temperamental overstatement in the following extract from "The Cowardice of Catholics," contributed to the *Extension Magazine* by Margaret Meitzler Hoffman, there remains a sufficient substratum of truth to give some of us pause:

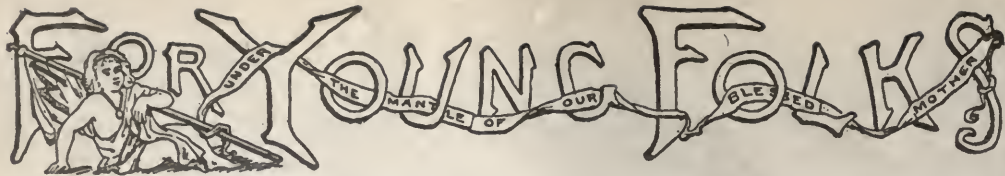
Cast a slur upon Catholicism in the abstract, and the average Catholic will rush to its defence. He will defend the priesthood; he

will defend Catholic dogma and the history of the Church; he will defend Catholic nations and Catholic individuals. But faith, hope, the love of God and the love of one's neighbor, ascetic purity of thought, word and deed, a prayerful spirit, meekness, humility, and obedience,—these are Catholicism in the concrete. These are Catholicism put into practice. And our good Catholic is very inconsistent, indeed, if he does not believe in the necessity of striving after these virtues. Yet, almost without exception, we Catholics who rub elbows with our fellows in cosmopolitan city life, are too cowardly to defend virtue in the face of smiling skepticism. The average man will face a blow unflinchingly, but he will turn most any kind of a mental or moral somersault if the threatened chastisement is a smile of amusement or contempt. And many of us have Irish blood in our veins, and German blood in our veins, and Polish and Italian blood in our veins. Where now is our pugnacious German obstinacy, where the fiery Italian temperament, where the dauntless Polish spirit, where the fighting Irish blood? Have they all vanished into thin air at the bidding of a supercilious tongue or pen?

Moral courage is a rarer accomplishment than its physical namesake; and, so far as courage is nowadays exacted of the genuine Catholic, it is the moral variety that needs cultivation. A flippant not less than a solemn sneer may tend toward "sapping a solemn creed," and the sneerers should assuredly receive congruous rebuke from self-respecting children of the Church.

Opponents of vaccination would do well to consider the following statement, made by Dr. Ernest Neve in a recent work concerning Kashmir. Smallpox, a source of grave danger to Europeans, was rife there, we are told, until 1882; and only in 1886 was it under full control.

Until the introduction of general vaccination, practically the whole population of Kashmir contracted smallpox in childhood. The mortality was appalling. From this and other causes fifty per cent of the children of Kashmir are said to die in infancy. I often wish the opponents of vaccination could be present in our consulting-room to see the melancholy procession, day by day, of those who have lost their sight from smallpox. For this disease is the most frequent cause of total incurable blindness.



Our Lady's Picture.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER

O MOTHER dear, your picture hangs
Within my little room!
It is the first thing that I see
After the night of gloom;
It is the last thing that I see
Before I fall asleep,
As in the waning light of day
The shadows slowly creep.
As slumber softly rolls away,
I look into your face,
And whisper in your loving ear:
"O Mary, full of grace!"—
That through the long, bright hours of day
You keep me good and true;
That so, should Jesus call, I come
Safe home to Him and you.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

GINGER clung desperately to her young mistress, as they tossed and swayed in the widening rush of the Creek.

"O Miss Patricia, I dussent jump,—I dussent!" wailed Ginger, piteously.

"You've got to jump or we'll go over the dam," said Patricia, sternly. "Here, give me your hand!" And the speaker caught the dusky little fingers in her own mittened grasp. "Now wait till I say the word!"

"Lordy, Lordy, I dussent, Miss Patricia! I'd never clear all dat biling water, suah!"

"Ginger!" commanded Patricia, with flashing eyes.

"O Miss Patricia, my laigs is dat shaky I can't,—I jest can't, Miss Patricia!"

"You've got to!" said Patricia firmly, as their ice cake whirled and spun beneath them. "You've just got to jump it, Ginger! Wait now till I give the word. Don't be such a shaky coward, Ginger! One, two, three! Now, are you ready?"

"O Miss Patricia,—Miss Patricia!" Ginger sank crouching in terror at the young lady's feet as they were swept on, swirling and rocking down stream.

"Stand up!" cried Miss Patricia, desperately. "Stand up, or I'll push you over in the water and let you drown, sure enough! Stand up, and *mind* me, Ginger! One, two, three! Jump!"

And they jumped,—Ginger's lean little legs, apparently galvanized into action, clearing the three feet of "biling water" at her young lady's command; Patricia taking the leap with the light grace of a mountain doe. They landed breathless but safe in a huge snowdrift beneath the beetling shadows of Big Black, whose rugged heights Patricia in her wildest summer wanderings had never dared.

"There!" said Patricia, as her dusky maid struggled up, spluttering and gasping, from the snow bank. "I told you you could jump it, Ginger. And if you hadn't you would have been mashed to jelly in that broken ice at the dam. Fritz old boy!" And she gave a reassuring pat to the dog that had come swimming to the shore. "You and I don't squeal at a little thing like this; do we, Fritz? But how are we going to cross the Creek again, Fritz? I am sure I don't know."

For the "biling water," surging and swelling into greater strength every moment, lay between them and their homeward road. Big Black, the untamed giant of the mountain range, held this side of the Gorge for his own, and his wild ways were neither paths of pleasantness nor peace.

Fritz only shook his dripping sides, that were somewhat chilled by his icy bath, and barked doubtfully. He himself did not altogether approve of Big Black. There were "things" up in its rocks and ridges that no right-minded dog, however brave and high-bred, cared to meet,— "things" that clawed and tore and pounced most unfairly, and did not fight in the honest dog way in which from puppyhood he had fought. Fritz knew something of Big Black. Occasionally he had been borrowed for a hunt over its fierce, rough heights; and even now there was a scar on his neck where a wild-cat had dropped on him from the ambush of a thick-leaved oak, and fastened its claws in a death grip, that only a quick shot from Davy Digg's hunting rifle could have relaxed. No, Fritz did not like this venturing to Big Black at all.

But here they were; for they had been forced to jump as best they could, and the snowy base of Big Black had been the nearest shore. Here they were with the sun sinking fast in the west, and the Creek surging and swelling higher each moment; for Bonnibelle and all her sister springs had snapped their fetters, and were chasing in mad haste down the mountain, as if in wild fear that Jack Frost would catch them again. The Gorge was a seething swirl of breaking ice and rushing water, which even Fritz, bold swimmer that he was, dared not cross. He barked again anxiously, while Ginger voiced the question that was just now before them all:

"How's we gwine to git home, Miss Patricia?"

"I don't know," answered Patricia, briefly. "But we're off the ice and out of the water, and that's a great deal."

"If we'd only jumped tother way!" said Ginger, dolefully.

"Well, we didn't,—we couldn't. The other way was too wide. You would have gone in sure, Ginger. It was as much as I could do to get you to jump at all. And if you hadn't, look where you

would have been now!"—and Patricia pointed to the very ice cake on which they had stood, now whirling madly down stream that was rushing in an ever-growing torrent to the dam.

"Oh, why did I ever listen to you, Ginger, and come sliding out on the Creek? I might have known that when it hadn't frozen for forty years it would not know how to hold. Now we can't get home, and we'll have to stay on Big Black all night."

"O Miss Patricia, no, no, don' ye!" cried Ginger, in new affright. "De bears and de wild-cats will eat us suah! We can't stay here all night, Miss Patricia."

"And we can't get home," was the decisive reply, as Miss Patricia cast a swift, hopeless glance over the situation.

The Creek was swelling into wilder freedom each moment. Jack Frost was beating a swift retreat over the mountain-top, his brief triumph past. Bonnibelle was fairly shouting now as she tumbled in foam and sparkle down the rocks of old Pocomoke. But, stranded on the gloomy base of Big Black, with a flood of rising water barring her homeward way, Patricia felt her brave heart sink. Ginger was shaking with fright and cold. Ginger's "laigs" and spirits must be kept up, or she would drop in her tracks. Ginger's wail was now in her young lady's ears:

"De Creek's risin',—it's risin' ebbery minute, Miss Patricia; and de sun is gwine down, and what we gwine to do,— what we gwine to do out here on Big Black for de night?"

"Ginger, stop!" commanded the young lady, as her companion's lament ended in a wild burst of tears. "Ginger, if you don't stop crying, I'll shake you good. If the Creek is rising, we can climb up the rocks and be safe; and I guess people have stayed up on Big Black all night before. Grandpap did, I know. So come on! We can't stay here, or we'll be drowned sure. Fritz old boy, come on!"

And, leading her forlorn hope, Patricia sprang up the snow-veiled steep, Ginger

scrambling hastily after her, and Fritz bounding and barking at her side, until they reached the ledge of rock that "grandpap" had held through many a darker night forty years ago, when Big Black had thundered death and destruction into the Gorge. The old barricades, made of loosely heaped stones and logs in that long ago, were bound by wild growths of vines and briars that had defied the touch of Time, and stretched this evening in dazzling parapets around Big Black's rugged side. Patricia plunged into their shelter, scattering the snow in glittering clouds; tall cliffs towered behind her, white ridges rose protectingly in front of her. It was as if Big Black had opened rough but kindly arms to take her in.

"Now," she said, "snuggle up close to the rocks there, Ginger; and stop shaking as if you had three days' ague. There's nothing to hurt you up here. And there's a nice dry hole somewhere around, where grandpap kept powder and balls for his guns. Link told me he found it last Fall when he was coon hunting. If we could find that hole, Ginger, we'd be safe for the night."

"Oh, we wouldn't, Miss Patricia,—no, we wouldn't!" wailed Ginger. "Dar's bears and wild-cats dat will eat us suah. And dar is wuss dings dan bears and wild-cats, Miss Patricia. Dar's hants," said Ginger, rolling her eyes fearfully around her. "De dead soldiers marches dis here Ridge ebbery night. Uncle Scip he's seen and hern 'em, Miss Patricia,— flags a-flyin' and drums a-beatin.' Uncle Scip says he's seen and hern 'em often."

"O pooh!" said Patricia, scornfully. "Uncle Scip had too much apple-jack. And it was grandpap's soldiers that held this Ridge, and I wouldn't be afraid of them if they did march. They wouldn't hurt any one from Peyton Hall. But there are no such things as 'hants,'—I've told you that a hundred times, Ginger."

"Miss Patricia, you's white," said Ginger, tremulously, — "you's white and

de hants don't go for to scarify and tarrify grand white folks like you. You don't hear ole Missus tap, tap, tapping round de Hall at night wif her silver crook cane."

"No, I don't," answered Patricia; "and you don't either, Ginger."

"Mam does," said Ginger, solemnly. "She hears de silk frock a-rustlin' and de silver crook cane a-tappin' ebbery night. She says ole Missus can't rest 'count ob you."

"Why can't she?" asked Patricia. "I'm doing everything she told me, I'm sure; you know I am, Ginger. I study my Catechism and say my prayers and keep the red light burning on her little altar. It has never gone out but once since she died, and then we didn't have any oil."

"But mam she come up wif de goose grease for it quick," answered Ginger, hastily. "Mam says eben if she's born and rized a Baptist and professed to de Lord in de deepest water ob de Creek, she wouldn't hab old Missus' red light go out if she had to kill ebbery goose she got. Ole Missus mighty sot on dat light. Mam says she kept rollin' her eyes to it when she was a-dyin'—"

"Don't, — don't, Ginger!" interrupted Patricia, in a choking voice. "If you talk like that I'll—I'll just have to cry."

And, after a vain effort to steady her quivering lips, Patricia dropped down on the snow bank behind her, and, burying her face in her hands, burst into a tempestuous flood of tears.

"O grandma—dear, dear old grandma!" she sobbed brokenly. "There never was such a dear good grandma as mine in the whole world!"

"Dar suahly nebber was!" sighed Ginger. "Ole Missus was de grand, good woman, suah. And mam says dat we chillun dat saw her in dese new times don't know much 'bout ole Missus at all. Mam says if we could have seen her befo' de war, wif her lace-ruffled silk dress standin' out five yards around, and de pearls and de diamonds on her

white neck and arms, we mout talk."

"Oh, but I love her better as she was!" sobbed Patricia. "I loved her with her dear old wrinkled face, and the white curls under her lace cap, and her silk apron with the long ribbon strings, that she used to tie me to when I was a bad little girl. Oh, I wish I could be tied to those apron strings now!"

"Lands, Miss Patricia, you'd bust loose mouty quick now!"

"I wouldn't, Ginger! I'd just stay and hear about the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Agnes, and all the other saints grandma knew so well. But she is dead and gone to heaven, and I—I—" Patricia broke off suddenly, and, brushing the tears from her eyes, started to her feet. "Why did you make me cry like that, Ginger? You know I hate to cry. And it's getting dark and we can't find grandpap's powder hole, and we'll have to stay out here in the freezing cold all night."

"Oh, we can't,—we won't!" wailed Ginger. "Mam will send Link to look for us, suah."

"And how is Link to cross that Creek?" asked Patricia, pointing to the flood of water surging below. "How could anybody, unless he was an angel and had wings? No: we've got to stay here all night, Ginger. Just make the best of it."

And the firm young voice faltered a little, as Patricia looked out from the ledge that grandpap had held in the dim past, over the shadows gathering heavily around Big Black, and the rushing waters seething below. There seemed really no "best" about a business like this, even to cheerful Patricia.

But Fritz, with the four-legged philosophy of his kind, was investigating the situation more hopefully. He had poked a practised nose into all the nooks and crannies of the ledge, and discovered nothing worse than a frozen woodchuck. But, with the scar on his neck to recall past unpleasant experience, he was not

quite sure of his ground yet. With Miss Patricia, after the queer way of "humans," lingering here in the gathering darkness, it became Fritz as a loyal dog to see that no pouncing or clawing "things" were hiding near. And, descreying a suspicious hollow in the snow-veiled rocks, he began to scratch and growl at it ominously.

"O mercy, mercy!" cried Ginger, in shrill alarm. "Clip away from here, Miss Patricia,—clip away from here quick! Fritz is gwine for sumfin' in dem rocks."

Fritz was, indeed, and "gwine" to some purpose; for, with a final growl and scratch, he scattered the loosened snow and earth and twigs that had choked a low, wide opening drilled and blasted in Big Black's solid side more than two-score years ago.

"Grandpap's powder hole!" exclaimed Patricia, as the dog plunged into the new-found depths, barking wild defiance at any "thing" that might be hiding there. "Ginger, Fritz has found grandpap's powder hole!"

"Stan' back, Miss Patricia,—stan' back, for mercy's sake! You don't know what's a hidin' in dat hole! Stan' back!"

But Fritz, after a brief survey of his find, had come leaping out, safe and unchallenged by any hiding "thing," to report that all was safe. There were only a few rusted balls, some powder-blackened earth, long ago wet past all harming, to tell of the death-dealing powers that had been hidden here when sturdy old grandpap and his grey-coated men held the Ridge.

"Come in, Ginger," said Patricia. "There's nothing to hurt us in there, Fritz old boy!" And Fritz, standing at the entrance of the powder hole, wagged his tail and barked a cheerful invitation. "It's real nice and warm in here." Patricia tried to look bravely around at the arching blackness. "And we've got Fritz to take care of us; haven't we, Fritz?" Again Fritz barked loyally. "We'll all stay in grandpap's powder hole for the night."

The Duke's Lesson.

A certain German Duke, wishing to teach his neighbors a lesson, placed, during the night, a large stone in the middle of the road, at the entrance of his palace. Next morning a sturdy peasant named Hans came that way with his lumbering ox cart. "Oh, these lazy people!" he exclaimed. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to remove it." And so old Hans drove to the side, and went on his way, still scolding. Next came a soldier, humming a song, a cigar between his lips. He held his head so high that he did not notice the stone, and therefore stumbled over it, and fell on his face. He then began to storm at the country people, calling them boors and blockheads for leaving an obstruction in the road to break a man's neck on. Then he, too, went his way. Next came a company of merchants, and after them other travellers; but not one of them thought of removing the stone.

When three weeks had passed, the Duke sent out a summons to all the neighborhood to meet him at a certain hour at the entrance of his palace. A crowd gathered, and the Duke smilingly addressed them: "My friends, it was I who put this stone here some time ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and no doubt has scolded his neighbors for not taking it out of the way." He then lifted the stone, and showed them a small leather bag lying beneath it, with these words written upon it, "For him who lifts up this stone." He untied the bag, and turned it upside-down, and, to the astonishment of the beholders, out fell twenty gold coins. Then each one wished that he had only had good nature enough to remove the stone, instead of going round it and berating his neighbors. This incident occurred many years ago, but it is still remembered in that part of Germany, and is always referred to as "the Duke's lesson."

Told of a Pagan.

When Athens was ruled by the thirty tyrants, Socrates the philosopher was summoned to the Senate House and ordered to go with some other persons, whom the senators named, to seize a certain man of rank and fortune whom they had determined to put out of the way, in order that they might confiscate his property. This commission Socrates flatly refused, and boldly stated his reasons for the refusal. "I will never willingly," he said, "have part in an unjust act." Whereupon Cherides, one of the senators, sharply replied: "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk always in this style and not to suffer in consequence?"—"Far from it," answered the philosopher: "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as remorse for an act of injustice." History does not relate the effect of these noble words, but we may hope that for once the Tyrants of Athens were humbled.

A Hero's Death.

At the battle of Sadowa, in 1866, the Austrians were defeated by the Prussians and driven from the field. In the trenches lay a young Austrian soldier—a mere boy. He was badly wounded; but, when the Prussian ambulance came round, he refused to be removed, and earnestly entreated to be left alone. As it was seen he had only a few hours to live, his request was granted; and there in the trenches he lay and died. When they came next day to remove his dead body, they found the explanation of his strange request. Concealed under his body were the colors of his regiment; and it was clear that, to prevent these from falling into the hands of the enemy while he had life, he had thus bravely resolved to die above them. The news soon spread, and the soldier's body was buried with all the honors paid to a hero.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Missal Gems, or Mass Prayers," by the Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a booklet of thirty pages, containing the ordinary of the Mass in English. It will prove very useful for those to whom the compiler addresses it—"children small and large."

—Yet another copy of the Bible in German, dated the year of Luther's birth, was sold at auction last month in London. Ultra-Protestants will soon begin to question if the Bible in the vernacular really was unknown in Germany until the advent of Martin Luther.

—Some remarkable items are included in a catalogue of books just issued by a firm in Amsterdam, among them copies of Ptolomæus' "Geographia," printed in Ulm in 1486, and at Rome in 1490 and 1507; Jollain's "View of New York," 1672; the English edition of "Linschoten's Voyages," of the same date; and the original edition of the works of La Casas, 1552-3.

—A slender 16mo of one hundred pages, "Bishop Hay on the Priesthood" is a little treatise that may well aspire to the dignity of becoming what Cardinal Manning used to call a "five-minute book" for the clergy,—a volume to have at hand for occasional "dipping in" during the between-whiles of a busy day. Revised and edited by the Very Rev. Canon Stuart, it is published by Sands & Co.; and in this country by Mr. B. Herder, St. Louis.

—A model report in contents, form, and typographical dress, is the "Report of the Parish Schools" for the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. A large brochure of one hundred and forty-five pages, it is replete with well-tabulated information, much of which is of general rather than merely local interest. A baker's dozen of excellent illustrations help to relieve the monotony inherent in statistical pages. In Father McDevitt's report proper we find a number of valuable suggestions to school-boards generally.

—We have been more than ordinarily interested in the perusal of "Through the Break in the Web," by Stevens Dane (Benziger Brothers). It is not a long novel, its one hundred and twenty pages containing only some thirty thousand words; nor is it a Catholic novel, save inasmuch as the last paragraph of all intimates that the heroine eventually entered the Church; but it is a distinctly uncommon-place narrative, in which realism and idealism are blent with unusual harmony, and vital

themes are discussed with much of interpretative skill in a style of considerable literary distinction. The scene is laid in London, and the two leading figures, Jessica Paton and Hugh Prescott, it is safe to say, will find many sympathetic admirers among readers of stories that are worth while.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. announce the first two volumes of Monsignor Bernard Ward's history of the English Catholics during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, entitled "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation." A third volume will complete the work. It carries on the sequence of the history of Catholicism in England which began with Dr. Burton's "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner" (1691-1781), and was continued with Monsignor Ward's study of "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England," covering the period from 1781 to 1803.

—In the introductory chapter of "Socialism and the Workingman," by R. Fullerton, B. D., B. C. L. (Benziger Brothers; M. H. Gill & Son), its author says: "I purpose to set forth here as briefly, as plainly, and as simply as I can, the fundamental principles which govern the relations of man to man, and which must be maintained in accordance with the dictates of the Natural Law in any proposed solution of the problem that at present confronts society; and then to take a glance at the solution of present-day difficulties which Socialists propose." The purpose is carried out in admirable fashion in the fourteen essays which make up the contents of the book; the final essay, "Christian Socialism," being an exceptionally able exposition of the essential, basic antagonism between genuine Socialism and true Christianity. An excellent book for people in general, and for Catholic workingmen in particular.

—While it is measurably true, perhaps, that the American people, as Barnum declared, like to be humbugged, it is not less true that the great majority of Americans, as of mankind generally, thoroughly enjoy the exposure of humbugs. For that reason "Nostrums and Quackery," an octavo of some five hundred pages (Chicago: The American Medical Association), should become a very popular volume. It contains a multiplicity of articles, reprinted from the *Journal* of the Association, and dealing with innumerable patent and proprietary medicines, cures and cure-alls, mail-order medical concerns, mechanical fakes, medical institutes,—

in a word, the whole round of nostrums and quack remedies by which unscrupulous humbugs exploit the gullibility of the American public. A single-volume encyclopedia of medical and medicinal frauds, it is well worth having within reach.

—From the Donahoe Publishing Co., Middletown, Conn., comes a second series of "Early Christian Hymns,"—translations, by Daniel J. Donahoe, of the verses of the most noted Latin writers of the early and Middle Ages. Among the hymnodists represented in the present series are St. Ambrose, St. Bernard, St. Ennodius, and Urban V. While no fault can be found with the substantial accuracy of the translations or with the sustained dignity of the English lines, purists in the technique of versification will find occasional forced rhymes that will materially detract from their full enjoyment of the selections.

Be present with thy healing grace,
And spare me in my wretchedness,

is an excellent prayer, but an infelicitous couplet. "Blood" is not a perfect rhyme for "food," and a very imperfect one for "flowed." Other instances might be cited. Fortunately, however, purists form but a small minority of readers of verse or prose, and Judge Donahoe's work possesses positive merits that more than offset occasional blemishes.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Early Christian Hymns." Series II. Daniel J. Donahoe. \$2.
- "Bishop Hay on the Priesthood." Very Rev. Canon Stuart. 45 cts.
- "Through the Break in the Web." Stevens Dane. 45 cts.
- "Socialism and the Workingman." R. Fullerton, B. D., B. C. L. \$1.20, net.
- "The Quest of the Silver Fleece." W. E. DuBois. \$1.35, net.
- "A Spiritual Calendar." Antonio Rosmini. 75 cts.

- "The Obedience of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.
- "The Life of Union with Our Divine Lord." Abbé Maucourant. 60 cts.
- "St. Anselm." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
- "Poems." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.
- "The Story of Cecilia." Katharine Tynan Hinkson. \$1.25.
- "St. Anthony of Padua." C. M. Antony. 50 cts.
- "St. Vincent Ferrer." Fr. Stanislaus Hogan. O. P. 50 cts.
- "The May Queen." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
- "Deer Jane." Isabel C. Williams. 85 cts.
- "Good Women of Erin." Alice Dease. 60 cts., net.
- "The Golden Spear." Edmund Leamy. \$1.
- "The Glittering Festival." Edith Ogden Harrison. \$1.25, net.
- "The Light of the Vision." Christian Reid. \$1.25.
- "The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth." 75 cts.
- "Among the Blessed: Loving Thoughts about Favorite Saints." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$1.25, net.
- "Being." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.
- "St. John Capistran." Fr. Vincent Fitzgerald, O. F. M. 50 cts.
- "Short Readings for Religious." Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I. \$1.10, net.
- "When Toodles was Seven." Mrs. Herman Bosch. \$1.10.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Gustav Ginnsz, of the diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Clement Venn, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Dominic Scanlan, O. F. M.; Rev. David Walker, S. J.; and Rev. Timothy Enright, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Magdalene, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. H. Brazington, Mr. Matthew Teefy, Mr. Charles A. Raikes, Mr. James Lyons, Lieut. Michael Maxwell-Scott, R. N., Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mr. Frank Hans, Miss Helen Fitzgerald, Mrs. Katherine Geise, Mr. Edward Rainey, Mrs. Mary A. Lloyd, Mr. Rudolph Grenier, Mrs. Catherine Foley, Mr. John Schappler, Mr. Thomas Arnold, Mr. James Dougherty, Mrs. Margaret Dougherty, Mr. John Matthews, Mrs. Honora Nickolson, Mrs. Mary Servatius, and Mr. Thomas Baker.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



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

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NO. 3

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The Fire Divine.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

OUT of the purple deeps of night,
 Out of the shattered day,
 I fling the beams of radiant light
 Upon the morning way.
 Out of the ruin of the year,
 Out of the mouldering dust,
 I weave the wealth of vernal cheer,
 The summertide august.
 Out of the desert and the swamp,
 Out of the granite brown,
 I build the circumstance and pomp
 Of city and of town.
 Out of the sorrow and defeat,
 Out of the doubt and pain,
 I winnow triumph pure and sweet,
 And joy like golden grain.
 I am the wondrous flame of Hope,
 I am the vital breath:
 I sing, and souls of mankind ope—
 They live and conquer death.

Our Lady's Espousals.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B



MARY, the little Maiden of Nazareth, had grown up to womanhood in her sacred retreat in the Temple at Jerusalem. All those years, from her entry into the sacred precincts at the age of three to the completion of her fourteenth year, had been spent under the care of the pious women who devoted themselves to the charge of the *almas*,

under the direction of the priests. Tradition says that Joachim and Anna were both dead; Mary is said by the Koran, which contains many Arab traditions relating to her, to have been under the guardianship of Zachary, whose wife Elizabeth was a near relative. If such was the case, it would fall to Zachary to arrange for his young charge a suitable marriage.

When such a proposal was announced to Mary, we may imagine how great would be her consternation. St. Gregory of Nyssa quotes an ancient tradition which tells that she strove for a time to excuse herself with great modesty from entering into the marriage state, entreating that she might remain in the Temple buildings, free from all ties of family. Such a request would be sure to meet with much opposition on the part of her lawful guardians; for it was regarded by the Hebrews as a reproach to remain unmarried. Moreover, Mary was the last of her house, and the heiress to the possessions of her parents; what she desired, therefore, would bring about the extinction of her father's race,—a signal misfortune in the eyes of the Jews.

That she had already bound herself by a vow of virginity would constitute no obstacle, even should she reveal the fact to her guardians; the law held as null any vow made by a young maiden without the consent of her parents. Mary's vow, therefore, could have been set aside, even if it had been made with the intention of keeping it in perpetuity. St. Thomas, we may remark, is of opinion that it was merely conditional until she

could make it perpetual after her marriage; but other authorities regard it as more probable that she had already vowed virginity in perpetuity, acting upon divine revelation. Even supposing Mary to have confided her secret to Zachary, or some other guardian, she had no power to refuse marriage should it be insisted upon. She could, therefore, do no more than trust herself to the loving will of God, Who would dispose of events in the way most pleasing to Him.

The designs of God in her regard were brought about through the steps taken by those who had charge of the young Virgin. A tradition accepted by many of the Fathers relates that all the marriageable men of Mary's tribe and race were assembled, that one might be chosen as her husband; for according to the Law, no one might espouse an heiress except a man of the same lineage. Though many youths of suitable advantages appeared as claimants for her hand, they were passed over; the choice of Mary's guardians, directed by God, fell upon Joseph of Nazareth, a man of riper years, and of more resplendent virtues than all the rest. The choice was determined upon, says tradition, by the blossoming of Joseph's rod, when, together with those of the other suitors, it had been placed overnight within the Temple precincts. It is in allusion to this circumstance that St. Joseph is represented in art holding a rod, from which a flower is springing forth. According to the ordinary usage of the Jews, the contract of marriage would be drawn up and signed by both bride and bridegroom,—the latter having settled thus upon his future wife all his worldly goods. With a short benediction from the priest, the ceremony concluded. The actual marriage would take place a few months later.

It was on a Wednesday in January that the ceremony took place; for the ordinary day for the marriage of a virgin was on the fourth day of the week, and the celebration of a feast in honor of

these nuptials in the month of January points to the traditional time of the year. Jerusalem, the abode of the bride, was the appointed place, and the house was probably one belonging to some relative or friend. A numerous body of young maidens, together with matrons in attendance on the bride, conducted her from her apartments to the house where the marriage was to take place. Youths bore over the head of the bride and her accompanying matrons a richly decorated canopy, others played instruments of music, and others lighted the way with torches,—for it was evening. Money was scattered along the route for the benefit of the poor, who raised their voices in blessings upon the union. The bystanders strewed palm branches in front of the bride, or sprinkled her garments with perfumes; and palms were borne in the procession. The bridegroom had his procession likewise.

In due time all met at the appointed place. Amid the acclamations of their friends, the bride and bridegroom were seated side by side under the canopy, and a ring was placed upon the bride's finger with the formula: "Behold thou art my wife, according to the rite of Moses and of Israel." Wine was poured into a cup and presented to them, with a benediction. While the married pair drank from it in turn, a canticle of benedictions was sung to God. The rest of the wine was poured out as a libation by the bridegroom, and the cup was broken so that it could be used no more.

Both Joseph and Mary would conform to the usual custom of wearing rich attire. The robe of the Blessed Virgin, still venerated at Chartres, which may have formed part of her marriage dress, is of rich texture, elaborately embroidered with flowers in blue, white, violet, and gold. It was once treasured at Constantinople. Another tunic, of similar richness, was seen by the celebrated French traveller Chardin, in the seventeenth century, at Copis in Mingrelia (Transcaucasia); this

also was reputed to be a robe of the Blessed Virgin. Our Lady's head would be crowned with a wreath of myrtle, under her amply flowing bridal veil; St. Joseph would wear the transparent crystal diadem peculiar to bridegrooms of his nation.

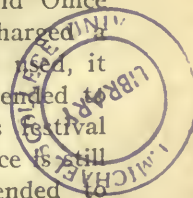
It must have been immediately after the bridal ceremony, as St. Thomas thinks, that both Joseph and Mary pronounced reciprocally their solemn vows of chastity. Such vows were not unknown among the Jews, though they generally originated in anger rather than piety. If a husband said to his wife, "Thou art as my mother," they must henceforth live in continency. In the case of Mary and Joseph, it is unnecessary to say, the vows were secret to all but God, and were dictated by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. After seven days of festivity and the offering of sacrifice, the bridal pair would be escorted by their friends on the first part of their homeward journey to their habitation at Nazareth.

It is interesting to note the difference of opinion manifested by various authorities as to the age of St. Joseph at the time of the marriage. St. Epiphanius gives it as eighty, but this view is not usually followed. Hebrew law forbade the union of a very old man with a youthful bride, as altogether unbecoming; and neither St. Joseph nor the priestly guardians of the young Virgin would have sought to contravene the law. Moreover, God desired to give Mary a protector of her virginity and of her honor, a helper and a breadwinner, and so old a man would not have been suitable. Others prefer the opinion which represents St. Joseph as about fifty, since the majority of the Fathers speak of him as "advanced in years." It is striking, however, that in one of the earliest representations of him in art—a picture in the Catacombs in Rome, where he appears as guardian of the Virgin and Child in the scene of the Adoration of the Wise Men,—he is depicted as quite a young man, almost a youth; this agrees with the later revela-

tions granted to Mary of Agreda, the Spanish abbess, in which she learned that St. Joseph was thirty-three years of age when he espoused Our Lady. St. Jerome demonstrates, against some who maintained that St. Joseph was a widower, that he always preserved his virginity, and this is the opinion adopted by the Church generally.

The present feast, that of Our Lady's Espousals, is not of very great antiquity. It originated with the growth of devotion to St. Joseph, and dates from the fourteenth century only. A canon of the cathedral of Chartres left in his will a request that the chapter of that church should institute a solemn commemoration of St. Joseph every year, honoring at the same time his holy Spouse. John Gerson, the celebrated Chancellor of Paris University, himself a devout client of the foster father of Our Lord, composed an Office in honor of the Espousals, as a means of carrying this desire into effect. The Office and feast were sanctioned by the Papal Legate, and January 23 fixed for the annual celebration. For a long period the festival seems to have been of a local character, but in course of time it began to be observed by certain religious Orders and to spread into other countries.

The Office composed by Gerson was not adopted for general use, even if it continued to be followed at Chartres, which is doubtful. Paul III. in the sixteenth century granted to Franciscans the use of the liturgy proper to the Nativity of Our Lady, with the substitution of the word "espousals" for "nativity" throughout the Office. Benedict XIV., in his treatise on the "Festivals of the Blessed Virgin," says that Paul III. approved of a proper Mass and Office for the feast, which he had charged a Dominican to draw up; if ever used, it does not seem to have been extended to all the churches in which this festival was kept, since the adapted Office is still in use. Although it was extended



many countries after the seventeenth century, and was adopted for the States of the Church by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1725, the feast has never been inserted in the general calendar of the Church.

We may now take a glance at the liturgy of the festival, by which the Church commemorates the sacred compact of marriage between the holy pair, and not the mere betrothal. The antiphons for Vespers, which are placed before and after each psalm, run thus in English:

1. "This is the day of the Espousals of the glorious Virgin Mary, of the seed of Abraham, born of the tribe of Juda, of the noble race of David."

2. "To-day was espoused the Holy Virgin Mary, whose glorious life is the light of all the churches."

3. "Mary is illustrious because of her royal descent. The aid of her prayers we devoutly crave with heart and mind."

4. "With mind and heart let us sing glory to Christ on this sacred solemnity of Mary, the most high Mother of God."

5. "Let us celebrate with joy the Espousals of Blessed Mary that she may intercede for us with our Lord Jesus Christ."

The canticle *Magnificat* has a special antiphon for both first and second Vespers:

1. "Let us honor the most worthy Espousals of the glorious Virgin Mary, who obtained the dignity of a mother without losing her virginal purity."

2. "Thy Espousals, O Virgin Mother of God, have announced joy to the whole world; for from thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our God, who, taking off the curse, hath bestowed blessing; and, defeating death, hath given us life everlasting."

The appropriate nature of all these antiphons is at once apparent. The marriage of Our Lady was to render the virginal birth of our Redeemer free from all imputation of evil on the part of an incredulous world; while it provided for her and the holy Child the loving guardianship of the "just" Joseph, whom God in His providence had prepared for so high an office.

It is but fitting that St. Joseph should have a share in the liturgy of a festival in which he is so intimately connected with his holy Spouse. Accordingly, an antiphon for both Vespers is added as a commemoration, and accompanied by a special Collect. They are as follows:

1. "Joseph, arising from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord commanded him, and took unto him his wife." The allusion is to the anxiety of St. Joseph when Mary was about to become a mother in spite of their mutual vow of chastity.

2. "Behold a faithful and prudent servant, whom the Lord hath placed over His family."

"May we be aided, we beseech Thee, O Lord, by the merits of the spouse of Thy Most Holy Mother; that what our strength can not obtain may be granted to us by his intercession."

The Introit of the Mass is that so often used on the feasts of Our Lady—*Salve, Sancta Parens*: "Hail, Holy Mother!"

The Collect runs thus: "Bestow upon Thy servants, O Lord, we beseech Thee, the gift of Thy heavenly grace; that to those to whom the Blessed Virgin's Maternity hath been the beginning of salvation, the votive solemnity of her Espousals may bring an increase of peace."

For the Epistle has been chosen a portion of the Book of Proverbs which extols the predestination of Mary to her exalted dignity: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his ways. . . . I was set up from eternity, and of old, before the earth was made. . . . Now, therefore, ye children, hear me: blessed are they that keep my ways. . . . He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord." The words originally spoken of Divine Wisdom are here applied to Mary. Pope Pius IX., in his Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*, on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, explains the reason thus: "Borrowing the same terms in which the Sacred Scriptures speak of the Uncreated Wisdom and represent His eternal origin, the

Church is accustomed to use them in the ecclesiastical Offices and in the sacred liturgy, and to apply them to the beginning of the Virgin,—mysterious beginning, which God had foreseen and resolved upon in one and the same decree with the Incarnation of the Divine Wisdom."

The Gradual celebrates the glorious maternity of Mary, which her bridal day calls to mind; it has already been given on the feast of her Nativity.

The Gospel is that passage from St. Matthew which recounts the trial and consolation of St. Joseph, and the angel's prophecy of the future redemption by the Child who is to be born of Mary.

The Offertory and Communion verses praise the fruitful virginity of the Maiden Mother.

While the feast of the Espousals ranks primarily as one of the festivals of Mary, it commemorates at the same time the dignity and glory of her spouse, St. Joseph. As the husband of Mary, he became the reputed father of her Divine Son,—the latter "being, as it was supposed, the Son of Joseph." Indeed, the name of "father" is given to him by the Evangelist: "And His father and mother were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning Him." And one still greater dignified him with that supreme title. Mary herself spoke of Joseph as father of Jesus: "Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing!" As the Holy Gospels show, Joseph exercised toward the Son of God all a father's rights. Jesus was "subject" to him, as the head of the Holy Family. To him God's designs were always made known—the imposition of the Holy Name of Jesus, and the commands to fly to Egypt and to return thence.

The feast of the Espousals, which celebrates the beginning of his charge of the holiest of God's creatures and of the Infant God Himself, redounds to the praise of the foster father together with that of the Virgin Mother, and thus fulfils the design of the pious ecclesiastic to whom its institution is primarily due.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

III.—RUIN AND DEATH.



NOTHING relating to business or to figures was as Greek to the old music master; and to Elinor Lambert it was, in truth, little more comprehensible. She could not explain this sudden, awful blow that had fallen upon her father; she only knew that, whatever had caused his ruin, he himself was not to blame. For some months things had been going badly, but until the last Mr. Lambert had hoped to weather the storm; and when, almost without warning, the blow fell, he was hardly better prepared for it than his daughter.

It was ruin, absolute and final; but the sale of the remnants of his business and the whole of his personal property would at least enable him to escape without dragging others with him. The man was ruined but not disgraced. His debts would be paid, but for himself and for those depending on him there was nothing. Of this latter conclusion he was aware; the former he may not have had the consolation of knowing.

He had received the news of his ruin quietly,—too quietly, the doctors said afterward. He had sat for hours at his office table, arranging his papers for the men who were to come to close the business; and when at last he would have moved, they found that he was powerless to do so. His mind was still clear when they carried him home, and he asked insistently for a priest. But the deadness of his limbs spread rapidly, and before night he was unconscious and creeping near to death. Even whilst Elinor told her story of all this to Signor Thaddeus, the doctors were trying a last remedy, in which, even through their words of hope, the girl, whom they had banished

from her father's room, saw they themselves had had little faith.

Although no one had ever put into words the story of her parents' lives, Elinor knew by instinct much of what it had been. There was nothing very uncommon about it. A penniless Irish girl, with the usual "lang pedigree," married to a self-made man, who, wealthy though he was, lived only for his business. Had there been a son, perhaps the lives of both would have been different; for John Lambert would have had some interest and some pride apart from his office and his work. But Elinor was their only child, and her father had never quite recovered from the disappointment of her birth,—a disappointment which had only deepened as the years passed and she remained the sole occupant of the big, empty nursery.

Latterly, since Elinor had made her *début*, her father had spared a little more time from his work; for, mere girl as she was, he was ambitious for her—or, rather, he was ambitious for the fate of the money he had made. And now, with very little warning, the whole of that great fortune had disappeared. Whilst Mr. Lambert was looked upon as a merchant prince, he and his wife had been welcome wherever they wished to go; but neither of them had ever cared to make friends. Now even those who thought kindly of them did not feel they were intimate enough to offer their friendship; whilst for the most part those who had known them in their prosperity forgot their very existence once the nine days' wonder of their adversity was over.

It so happened, therefore, that in their trouble Elinor and her mother had no one to whom they could turn for advice or help; and the sympathy of Signor Thaddeus was very precious to the girl. When with her mother, she had to try to be hopeful about her father; as to the future, she did not dare to mention it. To her old music master she could say all that was in her mind; and when

a summons came for her to go to the doctor she begged the old man to return when—and, though she was able to say no more, he understood.

The servants were still gossiping on the doorstep as he went out; but Signor Thaddeus scarcely saw them, for his thoughts were all with the girl who, in his old age, had crept into his heart. If things were really as she said, what lay before her, a girl of nineteen, brought up in the lap of luxury, save an invalid mother and penury. What could he do for her? What could she do for herself? They were unanswerable questions. In his perturbation and distress he quite forgot the pupils who were waiting for him,—forgot that every month his expenditure had to be reduced to be kept within the limits of his dwindling income; and, calling a hansom, he bade the driver take him home.

Years ago, when Fortune had smiled for a time on the young Irish musician, he had been able to leave the first humble lodgings with which he had to content himself during his early days in London; and, in making his new home, he had sought for air and light and some degree of solitude. These he had found in the long, low attic at the top of the grey house in Spoho, where, in spite of the precariousness of his livelihood, he had managed to remain ever since.

Then the long flights of stairs had been little trouble to his young limbs. And, even later, once the door of his room was closed behind him, he was well repaid; for his windows looked out over a wilderness of lower roofs, so that air and sunshine came to him unchecked, whilst the sounds of the streets were so far below that there seemed to be music in their suppressed roar. But within the past few years the ruthless hand of the improving builder had been laid upon the surrounding houses. For a time a heap of dusty ruins had taken their places, and then huge blocks of flats had risen up, so close to Signor Thaddeus' windows that he could

almost touch their flaming brick walls; so high that they blotted out sun and barred out air; and the sounds that floated in of builders and of building were anything but musical.

So went his peace and quiet, so went his sunshine and his breezes; and yet, even though the stairs seemed to grow steeper and longer, and the attractions of the little attic had been mercilessly destroyed, the old musician had not heart or energy to move. It was only a question of time till the house itself was demolished; and, as his income diminished, he found some satisfaction in the thought that his enemy, the red-brick flat block, had at least served to reduce his rent, and he determined as long as he could to cling to his old home. Never before had the stairs seemed so cruelly steep; and as the old man toiled wearily up he realized that, unless the death-warrant of the house came soon, it would, after all, be he who would have to make the move to desert it.

It would have been ludicrous had it not been pathetic, to see the faded patches on the wall where the sun had once fallen, bleaching the violets that were strewn on the fawn-colored ground of the wallpaper till the flowers came to represent the white variety of their more sheltered and natural sisters. The pictures, too, that hung upon these walls had been so carefully arranged as to receive their due amount of light without being spoiled by the rays of the sun — which now they never saw. They were portraits, all of them,—a musical picture gallery. Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, even Rossini had his place in spite of his modernity; and in one corner—put aside, though from an artistic point of view he was the best of all—was Auber. The others Thaddeus himself had bought: Auber had been given to him by a pupil, and for that reason only was he allowed a place.

Under each of the real masters, as the devoted disciple fondly called them, a simple sentence was written in the

caligraphy that Thaddeus had learned long ago in the hedge school of Glen Imaney. Ostensibly, it was to remind his pupils how to venerate each one; but the writer had felt them to be acts of homage on his own part also. Beethoven's motto ran thus: "A giant amongst his fellows." Mozart's: "Whatever disguise she may take, here Melody is ever queen." Haydn's line had a more personal note: "The soul of your genius lies in your faith." Weber was described as the opener of enchanted doors. And with these descriptions their author had been content. Only when he came to Schubert, inspiration failed; for he regarded Schubert as the master of masters. The score of the *Ave Maria* was to him a prayer in itself. The "Serenade," the "Adieu," the "Brise du Soir" were melodies unspeakable, and he deliberated long before writing under their composer's frame: "In your hands the heart of man is like a harp whose strings vibrate at your slightest touch."

These were Signor Thaddeus' sole essays in literary composition, but in music he had been more daring. The floor around the piano was heaped with manuscript books, in several of which the children of his fancy were inscribed. Others held the works of the masters,—works which he could not afford to buy, and which he had therefore spent long hours in copying from scores that he borrowed from more fortunate friends.

Except for these books and the scanty picture gallery, the room was bare enough. The bed stood in a recess and was half hidden by the piano. There was a cupboard in the wall, a deal table, and a few chairs. On the mantelpiece stood the only object of value that the old man possessed. It was a miniature, in a finely wrought frame, of a man,—a young face, yet old in the knowledge that suffering brings. Every time the musician looked at the great, sad eyes, the features drawn with pain, his thoughts went back to days long passed, when he and Crellan

O'Congaile had been boys together in Glen Imaney; for, despite the years that had sped since death had parted the foster brothers, the one who had gone was as dear to the one who remained as if it was still only distance and not death that stood between them.

Now that Thade was in trouble because of Elinor's grief, it was to Crellan that he turned for comfort. What would Crellan have done for the girl? What would he have counselled? Vainly he questioned the pictured face that had soothed him so often when his own life had been hard. Then the thought of bygone days had come to soften his trials; but now, for the girl, he found no comfort.

Moving away, he went to the piano. If one friend had failed him, perhaps another would come to his relief. Almost unconscious of his own choice, his fingers played the opening bars of Schubert's *Ave Maria*; and as the melody rose up, he put his heart into it, till, wordless indeed, and yet a veritable prayer, it carried his trouble to the feet of the Mother of Sorrows; and, through her, his cry for help was laid before the throne of God.

(To be continued.)

When the Children Say their Prayers.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

WHEN the night is filled with silence
 And the drifting snow lies deep,
 When the smouldering stars, like angels,
 O'er the brink of heaven peep,
 All the world seems like an Eden
 Free from sufferings and cares,
 And at mother's knee the children
 Kneel to say their evening prayers.
 Like the strains of softest music
 Their sweet voices seem to rise,
 And the purity of cherubs
 Glistens in their limpid eyes.
 What a solemn, somber aspect
 Even hoary Winter wears,
 In the purple light of even
 When the children say their prayers!

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

III.—THE BRIDGE O' THE GHOSTS.

JUST about midway on the white road from Ardee to Athery, another road crosses from the east and runs straight on to the west. If you go to the east, you will have at either side of you stony fields, on which sheep and goats pick such spears of grass as the barren land offers, and in the evening lie down together in hunger and harmony. If you go to the west, you will pass out of the stone belt presently, and the vision of vast dairy farms and well-fed cattle will lift up your heart. If you lean over the breast-high stone fence, a sleek cow will gently push up her moist nose into your hand. If she were of a common breed, she would probably kick up the dirt, and, with a bellow of terror, scamper off to her browsing sisters far down the field. But she is not. She is of the soil, and has caught the friendliness, the bid-you-the-time-of-day spirit of the race. So she makes you welcome with her large, mild eyes; and when you leave, she looks after you with good wishes till you vanish in the distance.

Some way still to the west there is a stately old building called Furness Mansion, set in among great, lordly trees. The road runs through the estate, and is quite overshadowed from either side by trees that extend a mile or so north and south. This tree-shadowed portion of the road is about a half mile long; and midway the distance is a bridge, under which a clear stream sings on its journey northward to join the river Deel.

Not in the whole length and breadth of Ireland is there a gloomier tunnel than this piece of road which lies between sunlight and sunlight in the Furness estate. The great trees lock their thousand arms above it; and when the wind comes in squalls from Kerry Head, they writhe

and swing and toss, and a great groan breaks from them that is heard in the hushes of the storm. In bright summer days, only a fitful play of sunshine breaks through the interlocking branches and their fan-sized leaves. And never a small boy goes through it of a winter night without gripping his father's arm and shutting his eyes for fear he should see the ghost. Some of the ghost visitations were creations of the brain, no doubt; but of others even at this date one can not be so sure.

Sir Philip Furness, the fifth in the family line to hold the Furness estate, was a widower, the father of two grown-up sons and a daughter. He was known to be the worst landlord in all Ireland—and competition was keen in those days. He committed many crimes, any one of which in a well-governed country would have sent him to prison. His two boys followed his wild and wicked ways, while his daughter was loved for her goodness and tenderness, and unmeasured mercy toward God's suffering poor for miles and miles around. No doubt the father and sons would have been made pay for their sins many and many the time by some daring spirit, but for the thought of this gentle lady. Her word and her smile gave more healing to the sick than all the medicines of the apothecary at Ardee; and to the poor she gave with such sweet grace that her gift was dearer to them than all the riches of the king's treasures. They called her the "Little Lady" when she was not present, and "My Lady" when she was. Her vagabond father loved her in his own wild way; and the people never blamed her that he was no better, but blessed her that he was no worse.

"Sure, I saw a goat nursing a lamb over on the hill at Ballydown the other day," said old Paddy Hogan, who had a small holding near the estate; "and the goat was that wild he would climb up to the cross on the chapel for a sprig of ivy; but the lamb was gentle and would

nibble a bit o' grass undher a tree. So where's the use in talkin'?' Ould Furness is wild like all his breed before him. But the 'Little Lady' isn't wan o' thim. She's o' the mother's side, and the mother came o' good stock. I tell ye again there's no use in talkin'. Things is all right as God made thim, and bye an' bye everywan comes by his own."

In one corner of his estate Furness kept a roan bull that was wilder and more wicked than his master. One day two little girls were picking sloes on the edge of the estate. They got separated, and one of them in her search for the other climbed over the fence into the field where the bull was kept. Next day her people found the little body beaten into pulp, while the bull looked down with unconcern from the other end of the field. In all, that bull had crushed out the lives of four persons in two years. But Furness always said: "My bull is mine; my land is mine. And if I put my bull between fences, 'tis for you to keep on the safe side." But the longest road has a bend, as they say; and it seemed quite in accord with the Greek idea of fate that the roan bull should prove the doom of Furness.

It was the day of the hunt in early January. The air was thin and crisp, and if you listened you could hear the bay of a beagle or the blast of a horn five miles away. It was the season of rest, when the potatoes were safe in the pit, and the grain was stowed away in the loft, and the hayricks were snug as could be under their cover of sedge or green rushes. Nearly every man and boy turned out for the hunt. For, although introduced by the English and confined to the gentry, one could never tell when a landlord would get a fall from his horse and break a leg or two—and there was a measure of relief in that.

So everybody was abroad that crisp day of the young year, — alert, excited, ready for fun. The fox cover—some five acres of fenced land overgrown with furz—

was about three miles to the east of the Furness property. Men stood on the top of hayricks and on fences, and on cairns of stones, and on every hill and rise of ground. They were in groups of threes and fours, or sometimes alone; they were talking of former great hunts and great hunters, of how reynard was caught and quartered, or won his race for life. They forgot they were lauding the race that oppressed them, and the sport that made them think of their bondage. After a time they drifted to other topics and talked of well-nigh every subject under the sun, smoking betimes in a quiet way, but always with their faces to the cover.

You could see the foxhounds, their tails wagging excitedly above the furz, searching for the fox in every section, while the red-coated gentry and the ladies of fashion rested easily in their saddles till reynard should decide to hie himself elsewhere. He did presently. Then the official huntsman blew a horn, and hounds, men, women and horses galloped off, with much shouting and hurrah. It was a pleasant sight enough to watch the red coats and the black coats and the fine ladies careering across the country, leaping ditches and wading streams as they followed the hounds, that gave tongue as they ran. Many and many is the mile they went; then at the close of the day the fox wheeled around toward the Furness estate. Old Furness himself was well in the lead, and his two bad sons were not far behind him. The "Little Lady" was at home in the mansion, not troubling herself about the wild ways of the hunt, but instead was making ready a tender bit of meat for Maureen Sheedy to take to her mother, who was just getting over the fever.

The fox circled the field of the roan bull; the dogs followed him and so did the hunters — except old Furness. Here was his advantage to make a "short cut" and be first man in when the fox was caught, and so secure the head—the prize

of the day. It took less time to open the gate than it does to tell it, and off he started across the field. The bull saw the red coat and ran up in front of the horse. The horse took fright, reared and threw Sir Philip. The enraged bull beat the life out of his body before man, woman or child could reach him.

There was a full week of mourning; and all the gentry of County Limerick, and many a county beyond, came to do honor to the dead landlord. There was a hearse and four horses and a black coffin. There was a half-mile long of fine carriages; but there were no beggar women following after, weeping and saying, "God be merciful to him that is gone, 'tis he that was good to the poor and needy!" The "Little Lady" was in a closed carriage with her wild brothers; and as she passed, those on the roadside said one to another: "God pity the 'Little Lady'! The ould man was wild but he loved his little girl. 'Tis different now, for thim boys are as bad as the divils in hell." But Paddy Hogan, who was among them, said: "The 'Little Lady' isn't wan o' thim. She's o' the mother's side, and the mother came o' good stock. I tell ye there's no use in talkin'. Things is all right as God made thim, and bye an' bye everywan comes by his own."

About a year after, one of the boys was killed coming from Dublin, and the other took what fortune was coming to him, joined the English army, and has never been heard of to this day.

'Twas no secret around West Limerick that the ghost of Sir Philip appeared many and many a night on the bridge over the stream that flowed down to the river Deel.

"I saw him," said Tade Clancy, "about twelve o'clock at night, when I was coming home from the horse fair of Ballyowne."

"Yerra, how did he look, Tade?" asked one of the boys, who was sitting in the semicircle that nightly gathered around the turf fire.

"Well, he looked for all the world like he did the day of the hunt,—the red coat, the top-boots, the spurs and the whip. He was standing on the battlement o' the bridge, looking down at the wather. An' whin—"

"Maybe he needed a dhrink where he is and came back for it," said a small boy, a member of the family, who couldn't resist the temptation.

Tade looked even graver than before.

"Whin I was a boy I always kept my distance whin my elders were talkin'. Silence is the great virtue of the young.

"Well, as I was saying, whin I saw him my hat flew off my head and my hair stood straight up like the whisks of a new brush. Ned—the horse I sold last year at Limerick—stood stark still, and forty of the strongest men in all Ireland couldn't root him out of the spot. Thin I saw the roan bull coming from behind the trees on the north side o' the road, and two streams of fire were burning out of his nostrils. Thin Sir Philip seemed to walk in the air, and disappeared in the woods on the south side of the road, with the bull after him. Thin Ned leaped like mad into the air and hardly touched foot to the ground till we got home. And you couldn't put the top of your little finger on any part of his body that wasn't covered with the foam."

There was testimony galore equally strong, with all manner of assuring circumstances. Phelim O'Neill of Ballancar saw him Michaelmas night, for instance, galloping down the road in front of him, and he stopped stark still at the bridge. Then came the loud, long roar of the bull, and the ghost of Sir Philip vanished into the night. Jimeen Sullivan had seen Sir Philip himself and his dead son standing each on one of the battlements, till the roan bull rushed into the middle of the road between them, and they both seemed to float down the stream, which the fire from the bull's nostrils lighted with a light like blood. And testimony was added unto testimony until the most

incredulous put on some light cloak of belief, and the bridge in the gloomy road was called the "Bridge o' the Ghosts." It carries the name still, and will carry it until the dark stone battlements are torn away, and the road closed up, and the trees hewn down to let in the sunlight and a smile from the blue face of the sky.

Things do not change in Ireland. Men still go to the horse fair of Ballyowne, and to the quay of Athery for seaweed, and to the Ardee apothecary shop for medicines, and to the Limerick races, and to the peat fields afar to the west. And many a strong man who would not wink an eye before a volley of musketry will bless himself and say, "God keep us from harm!" when he comes to the "Bridge o' the Ghosts" in the dark of the night. Things do not change in Ireland. The names that quicken the love or the fear in a man by memories, and the song in a man by associations,—these stay forever.

The "Little Lady" did not remain long at Furness Mansion after the death of her father and brother. With her other brother gone, she was alone. As everybody expected, she joined the Faith of her tenants, having been received into the Fold by Father Connelly. Then she lowered the rents by half and went off to Dublin, where she lived very quietly, leaving mansion and estate in charge of a steward.

If you pass along the walk up to the stately old building, every step you take will bring an echo; for the whole place is filled with echoes. If you enter the mansion, an oil painting of Sir Philip will stare at you from the wall, and you will start if you have heard his story. They say his ghost and the ghost of his son wander in endless procession from room to room every night, and that the ghosts vanish when they hear the bellow of the roan bull, long since dead, from the fenced field below. But the steward is a silent man and keeps his council,

so the knowledge of the outer world is founded on gossip and hearsay.

"Yerra, they're gone now, and let thim rest!" said Paddy Hogan one day in the forge at Athery. "The 'Little Lady' isn't wan o' thim anyhow, and that's sure. She's o' the mother's side, and the mother came o' good stock. I tell ye there's no use in talkin'. Things are all right as God made thim, and bye an' bye everywan comes by his own."

(To be continued.)

Where Magdalen Failed.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

SHE left the convent full of good intentions. Mother Veronica's words of advice would never be forgotten. She would lead a useful, edifying life, be an example to her sisters and friends. She would never bring discredit on the dear convent. She would be in the world, not of it; for, although she would be obliged to accompany her stepmother to dinners and dances, she would not allow herself to be carried away by pleasure and vanity, and would never give up the good practices she had learned as a school-girl. She would be faithful and exact in the performance of her religious exercises. Her eyes shining, her cheeks glowing, Magdalen made this declaration as she bade Mother Veronica a tearful farewell.

"Your good will I don't doubt, dear child," the nun said kindly. "But it will not be all plain sailing. Don't trust yourself too implicitly. You will encounter many temptations and difficulties. To overcome these, you will require God's grace and Our Lady's help. So pray constantly and fervently. And, above all, fly idleness. Occupation must always be the basis of a good life. In your home you will find much to do. Be kindly, helpful to others as much as possible."

"Yes, Mother," replied Magdalen, her eyes brightening again. "I'll be a model, I promise you."

And meaning every word she said, the girl looked up lovingly into the nun's sweet face, framed like a picture in the ivy-grown convent doorway. Then, stifling a sob, she stepped into her father's carriage and drove rapidly away.

A very few days saw Magdalen in a vortex of pleasure and dissipation. Her father was a wealthy man; his wife, a society butterfly, whose one idea was amusement. There was no home life in the splendid mansion where the Maitlands dwelt; no quiet hours when the different members of the family met together in a happy and intimate way. The children lived in a separate wing of the house. They were well provided with governesses and nurses; but their mother did not trouble herself about their education, either spiritual or intellectual, and took no pains to make them know or love her.

"I'm too busy to look after them now," she said, when Magdalen expressed surprise at the isolation of the children. "When they are grown up I will take them about as I do you. First they must go to St. Margaret's for a while; then, when you are married and they are going into society, you will relieve me of some of the trouble of taking them round."

"But now? I'd like to have them with us sometimes. They won't know or care even for you if they are always kept away."

"Don't worry. I see them every day, and they're quite content. We haven't time to look after children as some other people do. We are going to the opera this evening. So put on your white chiffon. I want you to look well."

For some time Magdalen struggled to keep the good resolutions she had made before leaving the convent. But, alas! before very long she gave them up, one after the other. She began to pray carelessly and coldly. Her devotion to the Sacred Heart and her love for our Blessed Lady grew less and less. Late hours and dissipation made it hard for her to rise early, and she soon succumbed to the

advice and example of her stepmother and took her breakfast in bed. Although at first Magdalen felt remorseful, and reproached herself for her carelessness and neglect, she gradually grew callous and ceased to trouble herself about anything but amusement. She still believed she loved Mother Veronica, and would do anything she asked her to do; but she did not go to see her, and avoided all references to the convent and her life there.

Two years passed, and, to her stepmother's annoyance and disappointment, Magdalen did not marry. She was admired and made much of wherever she went, received proposals of marriage from wealthy and in every way (from a worldly point of view) eligible men; but the girl was hard to please, and would accept none of them. People asked themselves what she wanted; and, looking at the handsome face with its haughty air, they would shrug their shoulders and say that the would-be husbands had really had a very good escape.

"She has changed desperately since she left the convent," one of her aunts remarked sadly. "She was sweet and attractive then. Now—ah, worldly and fashionable! She has lost her brightness and charm. Prosperity is not good for her. She has not a head to stand it. God help her, poor child! I feel sorry when I look at her."

"You wouldn't wish to see her poor, Anne, I'm sure," her sister said. "And she's really a fine girl."

"A fine girl spoiled. I should not wish to see her poor, and yet—" Anne sighed. "'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' In other circumstances, Magdalen might have been different."

"You'll have to convert our beautiful niece some other way, Anne," laughed her sister. "John is perfectly solvent, and likely to remain so till the end of the chapter."

"Dear John! I hope so. And after all, as you say, Magdalen is a fine girl."

A year later, the fallacy of their remarks and the uncertainty of life and the things of this world was proved to John Maitland's family in an awful and sudden manner. One night, as Magdalen and her stepmother stood waiting for their carriage on the steps of a theatre, a newsboy ran up the street shouting at the top of his voice:

"Failure of Burns & Maitland! Sudden death of Maitland."

Terror gripped Magdalen's heart and anguish swept over her soul. Her father! O God! Was it a horrible dream?

"Miss Maitland, come!" some one said in her ear; and she remembered nothing more till she found herself trembling and sobbing upon the bed in her beautiful room.

After this followed days and nights of unspeakable misery. Her father was dead, his fortune gone, and for the first time in her life Magdalen knew what sorrow was. She felt utterly hopeless and full of woe. The disaster was tragic. To realize or face it with even the smallest particle of courage seemed impossible; and the girl made no effort to do either. Her spirit was crushed, and she wept and moaned. To rouse herself and bear her troubles bravely, appeared to be quite beyond her; and, continually bewailing the cruelty of her fate, she folded her hands and refused to be comforted.

How it was accomplished Magdalen never knew, but soon after her father's failure and death, she, her stepmother and the two little girls found themselves in a tiny house, in a back street, some distance away from the fine mansion that had been their home for so many happy years. One old servant cooked and worked for them. The governesses and nurse were gone; and the children, sad and neglected, ran wild round the place, or sat, two forlorn little figures, on the stair outside their mother's door. Mrs. Maitland was too ill to bear their noise; and Magdalen, selfish in her sorrow, embittered by the hardness of her fate, shut herself

up in her room; and if they came near, told them angrily to begone; and, weeping and terrified, the children fled away.

News of the sad misfortunes that had overtaken this girl, for whom she still had a real affection, reached Mother Veronica in her convent, and her kindly heart was deeply moved.

"Have they really lost everything?" she asked her nephew, a tall, clever-looking young man, already making good way at the Bar. "Are they so poor as people say?"

"I'm afraid they are all but destitute," he answered sadly. "'Tis a great grief to me, dear aunt."

"I am sure it is," she said gently. "For I know—in fact, dear," laying her hand upon his arm, "I used to think that you admired Magdalen and that—"

"I more than admired her" (he flushed to his eyes). "But I could never marry a worldly woman, above all a careless Catholic. Had Magdalen—but she is in trouble now. O aunt, if you could only see her and comfort and encourage her!"

"Magdalen gave me up. She has not been to see me or any one in the convent for years. I wrote on hearing of her troubles, offering my heartfelt sympathy and condolence: she has not responded."

"No matter, aunt!" he replied eagerly. "Write again. Ask her to come to you."

"I will, dear boy! But who knows? She may refuse to come."

"I think not. Something tells me that at this very moment she is longing for your sympathy. Mrs. Maitland is not her mother, remember; and—"

He did not finish his sentence, thinking the words upon his lips better left unsaid. Charity forbade him giving full vent to his feelings where Magdalen's stepmother was concerned.

Ten minutes later, when, having said good-bye to his aunt, he hurried across the hall on his way out of the convent, the Sister Portress opened the door, and a slim girl in deep mourning, her face

completely hidden by a heavy veil, stepped in, and in a low, weary voice asked if she might see Mother Veronica.

"Certainly," the little Sister (a new arrival from another house) said briskly. "Please come this way." And she led her into a parlor close by, invited her to be seated, and hurried away.

The young barrister had recognized Magdalen Maitland at a glance, and went off rejoicing that her good angel had led her to the convent door.

"I did not dare to speak," he thought, passing into the street. "She did not see me, and seemed overpowered by woe. 'Twas best to be silent and not appear to know her. I—yes—this very evening I'll send her some flowers, without a name. Oh, yes! But the idea that some one thinks of her as of old may comfort her bruised spirit. Alas! the change must be terrible. And she is so young,—so young and so untried!"

Meanwhile Magdalen was sobbing her heart out in Mother Veronica's arms. For a few moments not a word was spoken. The nun's eyes were brimming over with tears. The girl's sorrow touched her to the soul, and she thought it best to let her weep. By and by she would grow calmer, and tell her the particulars of the great tragedy that had darkened her young life.

Presently Magdalen drew herself away from the nun's embrace, her eyes dry and flashing, her cheeks crimson.

"The cruelty of it all is terrible!" she cried passionately. "The whole world is against us, now that we are poor. People avoid us. Ah, yes, they do! Why, this moment even Robert Railstone cut me. O Mother, Mother, that is a cruel blow,—the hardest of all! The others I don't mind much, but he! Oh, you know he was—an old friend!"

"Robert Railstone is true and faithful," Mother Veronica said firmly. "He could never change. And don't, my poor child" (drawing the girl down upon a chair by her side), "make fresh sorrows for your-

self by imagining things that are not and never could be true."

"But why did he not speak just now in the hall?"

"Your veil is thick: he may not have recognized you. Or it is possible that, seeing you immersed in sorrow, he did not dare to speak. Did you look at him?"

"No: I could not bear to do so."

"Then, to spare you, he thought it kinder to allow you to pass in believing yourself unnoticed and unknown. Robert feels for you deeply. He is full of sympathy, and is more your friend now than he ever was when you were rich and made much of by the world."

A gleam of something like joy flashed across the girl's dark eyes, a faint color tinged her cheek.

"If I thought that—but, oh" (with a sob), "everyone and everything seems against us now! We are wretched, miserable beyond words, Mother!"

"You poor child! Your cross is indeed a heavy one. But you must take it as from the hands of God. Be brave and patient and—"

"That's impossible now. Long ago, when I left school, I was full of faith and belief in God's goodness and Our Lady's help, but I've changed. I love the world, its pleasures and luxuries. They've gone! And my dear father—O Mother Veronica, I am almost beside myself with grief!"

"The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away. Dear child, I know your burden of sorrow is great," the nun said softly; "and I feel for you deeply. But, though you have lost much, Magdalen, you still have much for which to be grateful. And if you are patient, kind and unselfish, you will have happiness yet in the affection of your sisters. Be good to them, for the love of Our Lord, who loved little children. Pray fervently; submit with meekness and humility to the holy will of God."

"How can I do all that, Mother?" Magdalen sobbed. "I left school full of good resolutions, sure of my strength of will;

certain that, no matter what happened, I should be a model. Ah, resolutions are easily made, but hard to keep! I have kept none that I ever made. I have wasted all God gave me—mind and strength,—and spent my days in pursuit of folly and pleasure. Yet I was so sure, so convinced of my firmness, trusted myself so entirely!"

"That is where you failed, dear child. You were too confident in yourself. Now you must start afresh. Sorrow and troubles have opened your eyes to the uncertainty of life, the difficulty of doing any good without God's grace and help. Ask for them now. They will not be refused. Bear your cross patiently, and, as the 'Imitation' tells us, it will bear you. Think of others. Be kind to those about you."

"I don't know how to begin," stammered Magdalen. "My stepmother is—well, hard to get on with, the children torment me, so I stay in my room."

"Begin with the little ones. Talk to them and make them happy. In helping them you will help yourself."

"I'll try," sighed Magdalen. "But, O Mother, my life is hard to bear!"

(Conclusion next week.)

You ask me what I believe to be the truth about devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and I am glad to tell you what has been the result of my own studies on this important point. We look, as you know, to the great Fathers of the early centuries as the truest interpreters of the law of God, and as witnesses beyond all others as to what the early Church believed. They are clear as to their belief. They speak of the glory of her purity, of her great vocation as the chosen Mother of God our Saviour, the Eve of the new Kingdom. We can not but have hope in her intercession being offered for us,—hers especially, with those of the other saints, herself the chief. And we may surely ask her intercession, trusting in God to hear us.—*Canon Carter (Anglican).*

A Romance of Real Life.

BY J. F. P.

I HAD been eighteen months in the service of the British Government in India, designing and superintending the construction of barracks in the convict settlement of Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands, situated between India and Burmah in the Indian Ocean, when I received an unexpected visit from the superintendent of police, who said:

"I have come to see you on account of a strange circumstance that occurred yesterday, when I was forced to arrest one of our regular life convicts for a murder committed three days ago. I find he is a Catholic; and, as I know you also are of that Faith, I thought you might be able to help him. It is a strange case. The prisoner was arrested on his own voluntary confession; and the proof of his guilt rests entirely in the finding of his Rosary and Scapular, which he had hidden in the thatched roof of the murdered man's veranda just before the crime, and to which he himself directed us as a proof of his guilt. We had already arrested a neighbor of the slain man, who was suspected by all on account of constant quarrels that had arisen between these two men over some boundary dispute; and this suspicion was confirmed and made certain by the dying man's statement that it was no other than this person that had attacked him. We were so sure we had the right man that other clues were not looked for, when to our astonishment this Catholic came forward and gave himself up. It was a heroic act to confess under such circumstances, for which reason I have taken an interest in the man, and have come to ask you as a Catholic to visit him, as his days are numbered."

I gladly agreed to do what I could for the culprit, and promised to visit him on the following day.

On my arrival at the prison, I was brought to the cell of the murderer, who was commonly known as James. He was a man of about thirty years of age, of small stature and dark complexion. He was born and brought up a pagan in the Island of Ceylon, and had emigrated to Burmah some years before. He had been there little more than a year when, having been falsely accused of a burglary, he was sentenced to seven years in the provincial jail. Being an innocent man and a pagan, he would not resign himself to the fate that had befallen him, but proved most unruly in the prison, where his transgressions were always promptly punished.

One day, when engaged in the extra task of placing fence posts within the prison grounds, he was severely rebuked by one of the warders, and in a fit of anger struck the official on the head with one of the posts, killing him instantly. The murder of a prison official by a convict was an unpardonable crime, and capital punishment seemed inevitable. A few days after, however, to the astonishment of all in the prison, the superintendent received an order from the Government requesting him to release the prisoner previously convicted of burglary at Burmah, who was altogether innocent of the crime, as had been proved by the confession of the guilty man on his deathbed.

Had this exculpating document arrived but three days earlier, the man would have been set free, and would have been sympathized and condoled with by all for the unmerited punishment he had undergone during his three years in jail. Even his breaches of prison discipline would have been excused on the ground of his innocence, and he would undoubtedly have been given a new start in life by the Government that had wronged him. But now he was in a felon's cell, charged with the murder of a warder, and the best that could be hoped for was imprisonment for life.

It happened that the priest who visited the jail, hearing of the strange, unhappy fate of this man, called upon him, and finally converted him, giving him in baptism the name of James. He now became a model prisoner, and about a year after his conversion was transferred to the penal settlement of Port Blair in the Andaman Islands.

The rules of the penal settlement while I was in Government service were not very strict. Each convict on his arrival had the same freedom and was subjected to the same military discipline as soldiers. Every man received from the Government a monthly allowance—sufficient to support him,—and was obliged to work a certain number of hours in the day and to be in his quarters at 8.30 in the evening. If a convict cared to do so, however, he might become a self-supporter, and work at any trade or occupation he chose, provided he answered once a week to the roll call.

To those who asked the favor, the Government allotted sufficient land for a truck garden, the tillers of which were to support themselves by selling the produce of their labor to fellow-convicts. A European gardener was appointed to oversee and instruct the parole prisoners, and under his direction came James when he was sent to Port Blair. This garden overseer, who led a very isolated life, was accustomed to drink to excess; and a few months after James had been under his direction he called him to his house one night, and practically compelled him to drink some liquor for the sake of sociability. Not being accustomed to it, James drank merely to please his master, and soon became crazed. While in this state he resolved to revenge himself in some way on a certain man with whom he had quarrelled that day, and went off, leaving his master, who had imbibed more freely than he, in a drunken stupor.

When he arrived at the man's hut, notwithstanding his disordered state of mind, it occurred to him that it was not

right to have on his person any sacred emblems while quarrelling with his neighbor. He took off, therefore, the Rosary and Scapular which he wore, and concealed them in the thatched roof of the projecting veranda. The gardener heard him approach, and came to the door to meet him. Thinking it was his next-door neighbor come to annoy him, he roundly abused him. James, taking this abuse as personal to himself, drew his garden knife and inflicted several wounds on his companion, which in a few hours proved fatal.

The cries of the wounded man brought a crowd of the neighbors to the hut; and James, now realizing what he had done, fled into the nearest part of the dense jungle. But the dying man told those about him that it was his next-door neighbor who had committed the deed on account of their property dispute. When the police entered the hut of the accused man, they found him feigning sleep, which fact convinced them of his guilt; for there had been enough noise and disturbance around the place to awaken even the heaviest sleeper. He was accordingly arrested and put in jail, charged with the murder of his neighbor.

In the meantime James wandered all night in the jungle, the effects of the liquor gradually wearing off, until, weary in mind and body, he fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not awaken till late in the evening. He then felt intense sorrow for his act, and determined to give himself up to the police. It was too late to get out of the jungle that night, but the next morning he made his way to the police station at Aberdeen and accused himself of the murder. The police sergeant, to whom the garden overseer had reported James' disappearance, merely laughed at his confession, and told him to go home and have some food and sleep after his drunken bout, which he knew was due more to mistake than anything else. But he persisted that he alone was the culprit; and, as

a proof of his statement, he led him to the murdered man's hut and showed him the Beads and Scapular he had concealed there before the deed. He was immediately arrested and the innocent man was set at liberty. The latter, when leaving the jail, told the police he had heard the fighting on the night of the murder, and had gone out to see what had caused it. As soon as he heard the dying man accusing him, he hastened back to his hut, and feigned sleep.

Such was the story I received from James. How far he was guilty of murder God alone knows. His drinking was, in a way, compulsory; as he, being a convict, hardly dared to displease his master. He had had no previous experience of intoxicants, and of course did not know how much he might safely take.

I stayed an hour or more with him, telling him the best way to prepare for his fate; for, though he had not yet been sentenced, I felt that capital punishment was inevitable, as he was already a life convict. He was quite willing to die, thinking it but just, after his two crimes, to give his life in recompense. I visited him frequently after that, and spoke to him on religious subjects, finding him rather well instructed in his Catechism. He could not speak English, but had learned Hindustani during his many years in jail, in which language I spoke to him. He was perfectly resigned to the death sentence when it came six weeks afterward, and the night before his execution talked to me as calmly as if the morrow meant only another ordinary day.

The next morning I started early for the prison, and was just in time to meet the police boat starting to Aberdeen with the prisoner. They had thought it advisable to leave earlier than usual, to avoid the crowd that would naturally gather at the pier. They took me into the boat; and as I talked to James I wondered how one about to be executed could feel so cheerful and happy.

On our arrival, we found other Cath-

olics waiting for us; and, gathering together, with the permission of the officials in charge, we said the Rosary in common, after which I assisted James to the platform of the scaffold. The native hangman, whose hands were soiled from the greased rope he had been adjusting, came forward now to turn down the collar of the condemned; but the latter, seeing his soiled hands, shrank back with a shudder and looked pleadingly at me. I told the hangman to stand aside, and with my own hands I gently opened the collar and laid it back. The rope was then adjusted, the trap dropped, and James passed into eternity, where, let us hope, he was more justly and mercifully judged than in this world.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IV.

AMONG the compensations meted out to Shut-Ins is the privilege of disobeying the dictates of polite society whenever and however they please. For instance, while usually it is forbidden to talk of dress or one's neighbors or one's employment or servants or diseases or politics or, above all, of one's self, I, knowing more about myself than I do of any other subject, shall feel safe in introducing a bit of personal history when it seems useful, quite sure of pardon for my disregard of convention.

Let me say, then, that I suppose the reason why I love a mountain so fondly that I can not look at one without emotion, is because my forbears have for hundreds of years lived within sight of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the "lure of the hills" is in my blood, just as a propensity for being good at figures or handy with a saw is in that of other people. Grandsir Floyd understands. "I'd chop a tree down if it came between me and old Kearsarge," he declared. "Trees'll

grow anywhere, but mountains have to stay where they're put. No," he said, in reply to a remark of mine concerning the inconvenience of living too high above the haunts of men, "I don't know as I want to live on one of 'em. Mountains were made to look at, not to live on. I don't know what I'd do if I hadn't any before my eyes. I guess I'd want to be on the hillside 'long o' her." His dead wife was always just "her" or "she."

"You have never been away from the mountains, have you, Grandsir?"

"Just once. When I was a young feller I got set on going to sea, and went to Portsmouth to ship on a whaler, and," he added with his whimsical smile, "in about two hours I was so homesick that I footed it right back to old Hilltop, and I've never been away since."

"But didn't the sea impress you?"

"Darter, I clean forgot to look at it."

I think, with Grandsir, that I'd rather look at a mountain than to live on one; and our early settlers thought the same, putting their dwellings in the shadows of the great hills, so that the winter wind would lose its force, and friends be near, and hostile Indians less dangerous. They lived comfortably and happily in those valleys; while the Swiss, who persist in hanging their chalets on inaccessible cliffs, often dwell in squalor and despair.

The energy of a fast-growing city has left me but a small bit of horizon; yet sometimes I see, in that little space where the sky joins the earth, clouds that strangely counterfeit mountains; and I think of the Countess Irma, who, her penance done, sleeps where the jagged peaks pierce the clouds, with the Queen's white mantle around her. Or my thoughts dwell upon St. Francis trudging up the rough mountain of Alvernia, scarce knowing how he should be led, or where. Let the "Fioretti" tell the lovely story:

"And while he was thus considering, behold there came a great multitude of birds of divers regions, which, by singing and clapping their wings, testified great

joy and gladness, and surrounded St. Francis in such wise that some perched upon his shoulders, some on his arms, some on his bosom, and others at his feet; which when his companions and the peasant saw, they marvelled greatly. But St. Francis, being joyful of heart, said to them: 'I believe, dearest brethren, that Our Lord Jesus Christ is pleased that we should dwell on this solitary mount, insomuch as our brothers and sisters, the birds, show such joy at our coming.'

And they stayed; and there St. Francis received the Stigmata, that made him forever one with Him who preached the divinest of sermons upon a mountain-side.

(To be continued.)

The Value of Tradition.

THE increasing respect for tradition among those outside of the Church is a gratifying sign of the times. Formerly it was the fashion to ridicule tradition: now it is acknowledged that it has a value of its own not to be passed over,—that the testimony of local customs, monuments, and relics is entitled to greater consideration than has heretofore been accorded to it. It is no unfrequent experience nowadays to find non-Catholic writers referring in respectful terms to what one of them calls "those fine threads which bind together the Christianity of tradition with the Christianity of the Bible." In a review of a recent work dealing with certain saints of the first century of the Church and their connection with the history of Gaul and Britain, the *Academy* remarks that there is—

a mass of ancient local tradition, worthy of consideration, by no means improbable in itself, which at least has not been disproved. As the author justly observes, "we have to account in some way for the great Gallican churches of the early martyrs in the second century, and for the early knowledge of the Faith in Spain and England, as well as in Italy." In their main features, the earliest traditions do not contradict themselves; and, though they may seem romantic, they have a value which

even the scientific historian would be unwise altogether to neglect.

Reviewing a new book on "Palestine," in which the argument in favor of the traditional site of Calvary is ridiculed, the *Athenæum* reminds the author that the legend of the Invention of the Cross by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, after a dream, is merely incidental to the excavation, by order of Constantine himself, of a mound which local legend in his day asserted to contain the Holy Sepulchre, and the consequent finding of a tomb and a rock of Calvary, so called; and, furthermore, that the late Dr. Schick, an ultra-Protestant investigator, after opposing the traditional site for many years, came at last to believe in it,—“a fact,” adds the *Athenæum*, “in itself quite sufficient to show that the case for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not so easily dismissed as Mr. Franklin asks his readers to believe, since Dr. Schick’s conclusion rested on research, and not on any ‘tissue of fable and imposture.’”

In the preface to his work, Mr. Franklin labels himself a “Protestant traveller,” a title, declares his non-Catholic critic, which avows a limitation and a prejudice. “His handling of hostile arguments is not such as will commend itself to the thoughtful reader.”

That old English worthy, John Seldon, makes an observation on the value of tradition which should be of interest to modern readers. It occurs in his “Table-Talk,” a book of which no one who wishes to know the best that has been thought and said in the world should be ignorant. “Say what you will against tradition, we know the signification of words by nothing but tradition. You will say the Scripture was written by the Holy Spirit; but do you understand that language ’twas writ in? No. Then, for example, take these words: *In principio erat verbum*. How do you know these words signify ‘In the beginning was the Word,’ but by tradition, — because somebody has told you so?”

Bless'd or Blesséd.

“About the pronunciation of the word ‘blessed’ in the ‘Hail Mary,’” writes a clerical correspondent, “I agree with what you said in *THE AVE MARIA* of June 3, 1911; but I — and many more with me — should feel thankful if you would tell us whether the word ‘blessed’ in the Divine Praises after Benediction is monosyllabic or dissyllabic.”

Without arrogating to ourself any exceptional authority in the matter of orthoepy, we willingly favor our correspondent with our opinion that “blessed” in the series of praises mentioned — “Blessed be God,” “Blessed be His Holy Name,” etc. — should be pronounced as a monosyllable. The function of the word in these sentences is clearly verbal, not adjectival; it is a constituent part of a verbal tense, and not a qualifying adjective, and only as an adjective does “blessed” become a dissyllable. The following comment of Webster is pertinent: “Some persons, chiefly among the clergy, make it a practice to pronounce the participial termination in most cases in which it is not preceded by a vowel. . . . This usage . . . is commonly regarded as savoring of affectation or of an old-school education.” The court of last resort in all such questions is, of course, good usage; and, so far as the average man, or even the average scholar, is concerned, he learns what that usage is from an up-to-date standard dictionary. The rule, *quod semper, quod ubique, et quod ab omnibus*, does not apply, at least in its totality, to orthoepy. Usage, to be authoritative in pronunciation, must be reputable, national, and contemporary. A pronunciation which was quite correct forty years ago may be quite incorrect at present, because no longer sanctioned by good usage. So far as we know, the best usage at present in this country stamps its approval on “Bless’d,” not “Blesséd,” be God.

Notes and Remarks.

The fact that the editor of the *Catholic Citizen* is a layman does not at all prevent him from writing of religion and religious matters with a force and thoroughness of grasp that would do honor to a cleric. In a recent issue, for instance, we find this comprehensive paragraph:

When the Catholic baptisms and marriages begin to fall off *pro rata* with the general population, new church spires will not console us. Neither should greater social recognition of Catholics by the provincial aristocracy console us, if we feel that the Catholic spirit is being salivated in the non-Catholic environment. There is no better direction of study in this matter than that which leads us to know the condition of Catholic homes. Are they religious homes, are the children furnished a Catholic education, are Catholic books and papers a-plenty in the living room, are mixed marriages few, is there little going into the Protestant social mart, are there men's sodalities in the churches, is the Catholic spirit abroad and manifest, is there a Catholic rostrum, do Catholics represent decency and honesty in the civic life, etc., etc.?

Excellent questions, all of them, by which to gauge the quality of the Catholicism existent in any town or city, or in the country at large.

"In an era of rapid change," remarks the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, "few things are more striking than the improvements in humane feeling." As an illustration of this amelioration, he cites a case of which he declares that he has a close personal knowledge. "Not long ago a boy tried to get onto a train on the Burlington Road, in Illinois, after the train was already going and after the gates were down. As he jumped over the gate and was rushing for the train, he slipped and his foot went onto the track and was destroyed. No suit was brought and no complaint was made, as the fact that the accident was due to the imprudence of the boy was obvious. Officials of the railroad, however, took an interest in the case from the beginning, and at the

end asked the father for a full account of his expenses, after which they sent him a check which considerably more than covered those expenses."

One can see in this case a sense of human interest and obligation,—a sense which it is fervently to be hoped is being developed everywhere, both in corporations and individuals.

Most of our readers are probably aware that some years ago Lutheran and Episcopalian congregations in different parts of the country adopted the Catholic plan of having parochial schools of their own. It appears that the Presbyterians, or some of them, down in Georgia have now followed the good example. This is excellent. If the Baptists and Methodists will only fall into line, the question of religious education in this country will be advanced a long way toward equitable settlement. When the great mass of our separated brethren learn from experience how great is the burden of paying double taxation for educational purposes, they will readily recognize the justice of the State's paying for the purely secular instruction of the children, leaving each denomination free to inculcate such religious principles and doctrinal views as it deems proper.

The *Catholic Directory* for England discloses gratifying growth and expansion in Catholic works and population. The progress of the Church in Great Britain, if not phenomenally rapid, is steady and sustained. To particularize, the hierarchy for England and Wales and Scotland stands as before, at nineteen and six respectively; but the creation of the separate Provinces of Birmingham and Liverpool marks an important development in government during the year. Compared with the figures in the previous *Directory*, the Catholic churches and chapels in Great Britain have increased by fifteen. They now number 2182,—

a remarkable contrast to the position a century ago. The clergy have appreciably increased in the twelve months. There are at the present time 4549 priests, secular and regular in Great Britain. On the whole, England's new Cardinal may well feel satisfied with the development of the religious forces throughout his jurisdiction.

Commenting, in a leading article, on a recent appeal to the "sense and decency of Southern Protestants," by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, the editor of the *Bellman* (Minneapolis, Minn.) declares that it "might as well be extended to apply to all Protestants, everywhere; for all are equally blameworthy in their failure publicly to protest against, denounce and repudiate the most scurrilous, indecent and horrible attacks that are being made upon the Catholic religion by certain publications which must be sustained by Protestant readers, otherwise they would not exist. . . . He who writes this is a Protestant, and as such he is amazed and ashamed to admit that the indictment of Father Johnston, a gentleman as well as a priest, is warranted by the facts." After denouncing two publications—one issued in Missouri, the other in Georgia,—in which appear the grossest misrepresentations of the Church and the most outrageous slanders against Catholics, the *Bellman* continues:

These are our neighbors and our friends; we have known and observed them for years. Judging them by their lives and by their works, clergy and laity, which of us, Protestants though we be, dare say that they have failed in aught where we have measured our effort with them? Which of us dare allege that they have not lived up to the highest standards of their belief? Yet we Protestants, clergymen and laymen, while we may mildly deprecate such horrible attacks, fail to justify the good faith and confidence in our sense of fairness shown by our Catholic brethren, by neglecting vigorously to denounce, with all the vehemence possible, from the pulpit, in the press, and by word of mouth, these false, cruel, slanderous and utterly filthy allegations.

Father Johnston is right when he lays the

responsibility for the existence of this form of intolerant, fanatical and unfair religious warfare upon Protestants, and especially upon Protestant clergymen. He says, truly, "the subscribers and buyers of these outrageous magazines are the members of your own churches. They and their money and their moral support keep them on their feet financially. At a word from you such publications would go out of existence. Your very silence lends approval. What is the reason for the sepulchral silence of the most cultivated among you,—you who preach broad-mindedness in general, but wink at anti-Catholic bigotry in particular? You are responsible, because you do not educate your people up to a higher standard of mental decency and honesty and manliness and love of fair fight."

* * *

Not less earnest than anything written by Father Johnston are the words in which the editor of the *Bellman* appeals to his fellow-Protestants to discountenance all publications which indulge in misrepresentation of the Church and vilification of its members.

Men and women of the Protestant church, clergy and laymen—men who speak from the pulpit and those who write with the pen, in the name of Christianity, of decency, honor, and fairness—make that message [Peace on earth, good-will toward men] something more than an idle echo, by using every possible endeavor to disown, discredit, denounce and forever destroy such literature as this, which, from behind the shield of Protestantism, seeks to defame and dishonor another faith.

The issue of the *Bellman* from which we have quoted is dated Dec. 23. Catholics living in ultra-Protestant sections of the country would do well to secure copies of it and mail them to the bigots of their acquaintance.

President Taft, as well as many another noted American, has frequently inveighed against the abuse of technicalities in the administration of our criminal laws. A striking instance of the utter absurdity that sometimes marks this insistence on technical points recently occurred in our own State. An Indiana dairyman was found to be selling dirty milk. The inspectors purchased some of this milk for the purpose of securing evidence

against the dairyman. They found the dirt, and the dairyman was prosecuted for selling a vile product. When the case came into court, the attorneys for the milk dealer maintained that their client was not guilty of violating the law, because it must be shown that the milk was purchased for human food, when, as a matter of fact, it was purchased in this instance for purposes of analysis. The judge before whom the case came sustained the motion of the defendant's attorneys, and held that the dairyman was not guilty of an offence under the Indiana Food and Drugs Act! *The Journal of the American Medical Association* reports this decision in a recent issue, and says that it refrains from commenting on this example of judicial wisdom, for fear of violating the postal laws. In other words, it endeavors to conceal, rather than to express, its contempt of court.

As usual, the annual report of the New York Mission of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, for the protection of Irish immigrant girls, is well worth reading. The director of the Mission, Father Henry, deplors the fact that the marked decrease in Irish immigration that has year after year been hoped for and expected has not yet become apparent. "The story—often grossly exaggerated—of a few successful Irishmen reaches a parish or county. It dazzles, it causes unrest, it stirs the ambition of youthful listeners, is remembered, and so they, too, will leave. Would that they might learn of others, a far more numerous band, from the same locality or district, from whom no word came, whose lives ended in mediocrity, failure, or even worse!"

In the meantime, since come they will to America, it is eminently well for these Irish girls that there is such a clearing-house as Our Lady of the Holy Rosary to look after them. In the twenty-eight years that the Mission has been in existence, it has depended entirely on the

voluntary support of friends. Within that period upward of 100,000 girls have shared the hospitality of the Home; and of these, none had to pay for board or lodging; and, best of all, not one was discharged to other than the rightful claimant. This, with the placing of 12,000 in employment free of charge, is a record over which Father Henry and all his devoted assistants have good reason to rejoice.

For obvious reasons, we hope that the non-Catholic periodical, *Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York), has an extended list of subscribers, or at least that a recent number of the publication may find its way into the hands of several hundred thousand Protestant readers. The Rev. Frederick Lynch, who writes "The Optimist's" column in the *C. W. E.*, has been furnishing some useful information and some sensible advice to his Protestant brethren. Here are a few paragraphs, which have been reproduced in the *Literary Digest*:

The criticism of the Catholic immigrant by many Protestants, that he puts allegiance to the Pope above allegiance to country, has been answered by Pope Leo XIII. himself. He says: "The Almighty has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil: the one being set over divine, the other over human, things. Neither obeys the other within the limits to which each is restricted by its constitution." As a matter of fact, the history of the Roman Catholics in the United States has been one of loyalty to the nation, and then—what good Christian does not put loyalty to the Kingdom of Christ first?...

When we see the paganism in our great cities, the utter indifference to religion of thousands of men, the worship of pleasure and the frenzy of the masses over sports, the frivolity of our modern life, the growing evil of divorce, the lessening sense of sin, the graft and corruption in business, the heedlessness of law amounting almost to anarchy, the denial on all sides of the sacrificial life as the true creed of humanity, we thank God that the Roman Catholic Church is strong, for she is set like a flint against all these real menaces of our modern life.

We Christians have got a long, arduous,

and fierce task before us in this century of combating the all-prevalent materialism with idealism, the wide-spread Epicureanism with the gospel of service and of mission. Are we going to waste our energy and our feelings in hating that which, in spite of some doctrines and practices, which we dislike, is with us,—on our side, instead of welcoming any ally in the fight against the sin of the world? For, fundamentally, the Roman Church believes as we do: God, righteousness, the sacrificial life, the forgiveness of sin, Christ the only Saviour of humanity, the unparted life of God, eternity in our hearts, the immortality of the soul. For our part, we have no time to waste in hating another Christian Church while we stand almost despairing before the thousand enemies of Christ.

While we, of course, disagree with Dr. Lynch as to what constitutes fundamentals in religious belief, we welcome his recognition of the Church's work, and we even hope to hear some day of his returning to the fold which, we should judge from his name, once sheltered his forebears.

Our readers will recall our commenting some months ago on the utter unfairness of some Pennsylvania school directors in refusing to parochial school-children the privilege of the manual training schools under their control. We rejoice to learn from the *Standard and Times* that the bigotry evinced in the refusal has been fittingly rebuked by the highest court in the State. Says our Philadelphia contemporary:

Judge Shull, of Perry County, specially presiding in Blair County, delivered the decision of the Supreme Court on this important matter prior to his retirement last week. Judge Shull decided that not only had the pupils of St. John's parish schools the right to attend any one or all of the courses as they might desire, but that every private school scholar had that right; and, in addition thereto, that it was the right of every resident of the district, irrespective of his or her age, to demand such privilege. Heretofore the school directors of the Altoona district have claimed the right to prescribe the course for the public school scholars; but under Judge Shull's decision private school scholars and adults can decide what course they will take in the public schools, and not the directors thereof. This decision

is plainly in the line of natural justice, and is a great victory for the principle of fair dealing among all the religious denominations in the Republic.

The publication of such victories is so far useful that other Catholics in different parts of the country may learn from them to demand their rights, and not to allow bigotry to triumph in opposition to the law. Public schools, in the eyes of the law, are as much Catholic as Protestant.

The death, at the age of seventy-eight, of the Right Rev. William Byrne, D. D., of the archdiocese of Boston, removes from the field of New England Catholicism one of its best-known and, for long years, most actively beneficent figures. A graduate of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg (in which institution he served as instructor for three years, and of which he afterward became treasurer and president), Father Byrne was ordained forty-six years ago. He was made Chancellor of Boston diocese in 1868, and ten years later was appointed its vicar-general. From Leo XIII. he received the honorary title of Prothonotary Apostolic. While a worker in active pastoral duties rather than an author, Dr. Byrne published a work on Catholic Doctrine and also a brief history of the Church in Boston. A vigorous, scholarly cleric of the old school, he was a zealous servant of Mother Church. *R. I. P.*

The recent death of the founder of the A. P. A. recalls a letter addressed to the Superintendent of Schools at Worcester, Mass., by Theodore Roosevelt, declaring: "I regard the A. P. A. and all its political works with contemptuous abhorrence." We are able to quote the exact words, as the original letter, signed in full, is in our possession. It is all the more to Col. Roosevelt's credit because at that time (Nov., 1893) he had nothing to gain—certainly not in Massachusetts—by such a declaration.

FERRYMAN UNDER THE HANDBLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER



Rescued by a Raven.

“PIERRE is late to-night,” said a stout, sunburnt woman, who was standing at the door of a log hut on a small, rocky islet in the middle of the Rhone. “I do hope nothing has happened to him; he’s so terribly venturesome since he got a boat of his own!”

“Pooh-pooh!” answered her husband. “He’ll come back all right, never fear. It’s only natural that our boy should be a ferryman like his father, and so he must learn to manage a boat. See, yonder he comes, rowing like any boatman!”

“But whatever has he brought with him?” said Mrs. Lenoir, in amazement.

“See what I’ve got, mother!” cried Pierre, gleefully, as he drew near. “I found it in the wood yonder, with its wing broken. At first it snapped at me, and wouldn’t let me touch it; but it’s quiet enough now. Isn’t it a big one?” And he held up a huge raven.

“Oh, you dreadful boy!” said his mother. “What do you think we’re going to do with a great, ugly thing like that about the house?”

“Why, mother, you know you always say that this house of ours on the island is just like an ark; and Noe had a raven in *his* ark, that he used to send flying about, and why shouldn’t *we* have one?”

“Well, there’s something in that,” said Jean Lenoir, laughing. “And as for feeding, a raven can pick up his own living any day; and, besides, we have always plenty of odds and ends of fish. Bring him in, my boy, and we’ll see what can be done with him.”

The broken wing soon healed, and in a few months Pierre’s raven (named Christopher, in honor of the ferryman’s patron

saint) had become famous through the whole countryside. Even Pierre’s mother at last got reconciled to the “great, ugly thing”; more especially as the good priest of the parish, Father Gregoire, was very fond of it, and never came to see them without bringing something good in his pocket for “our friend Christopher.”

Sometimes, indeed, as soon as the kind clergyman’s black cassock and broad hat were seen on the opposite bank, Pierre would point and call out “Food, Christopher!” And the raven, shooting like an arrow across the river, would perch on the priest’s shoulder, and thrust its great, black bill into his pocket in search of the food which it was always sure to find there.

Early one morning Jean Lenoir was roused from a dream of being at sea in a storm, which seemed strangely real even after he was broad awake. Doors were banging, windows rattling, timbers creaking and groaning, mingled with a roaring and dashing, as if Niagara had been let loose. Hardly knowing what he did, he sprang to the door, and threw it open, and instantly started back as if he had been shot.

The raging water was within a foot of the doorsill. Worse still, it was plainly rising every moment. The Rhone, swollen by the heavy rains and the sudden melting of the mountain snows, had burst its banks and come down in full flood, driven by such a gale as had not blown in those parts since the great storm ten years before. All sorts of things went whirling past upon the yellow foam,—drowned sheep, hurdles, beams, boxes, and uprooted trees, upon one of which crouched a poor little dog, wailing for the help that no one could give.

Jean’s first thought was for his boat, but both it and the shed in which it was

moored had disappeared. Sick at heart, he clambered up into the loft after his wife and son, just as the water came flooding in over the doorsill.

Meanwhile an anxious crowd had gathered on the opposite bank, eager to help the imperilled family on the island. But how was this to be done? No boat could live in that boiling flood, and no one could think of a way of getting a rope across.

Suddenly Pierre put his mouth close to his father's ear, and screamed with all his might through the deafening uproar: "Father—Christopher!"

Catching his son's idea, the ferryman took a roll of twine, one end of which Pierre fastened around the leg of his pet, which was about to become in terrible earnest what they had often called it in jest, "the raven sent forth from the ark."

"Food, Christopher!" shouted the boy, pointing to the opposite shore; and instantly the raven outspread its broad wings, and swooped forth into the storm, while a stifled cry broke from the gazing crowd as they watched its flight. Meanwhile the ferryman fastened a heavy rope to the other end of the roll of twine.

Twice all seemed lost, as poor Christopher was almost beaten down into the raging waters beneath; but the brave bird persevered, and, catching a momentary lull in the fury of the storm, struggled across the space, and fell exhausted on the bank. A farmer then sprang forward to seize the string tied to the bird's leg, and soon the heavy rope was drawn across and fastened firmly. Communication was thus established with the island, and in less than half an hour the three in the ferryman's hut were drawn safely ashore, just as the house fell crashing into the swollen river.

After this the raven became a greater favorite than ever, and from that day everyone called it *Christophe le Courier*,—"Christopher the Messenger."

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—PEYTON HALL.

SLOWLY, through the same sunset glory that had shone upon Patricia's wild flight over the Creek, a traveller had been making his way up the heights of old Pocomoke, by roads such as Mr. Gilbert Dunn, attorney and counsellor for the great firm of Granville & Granville, in all his elegant experience had never travelled before. Three times during the last six hours—for he had left the Pullman of his train at noon—the jolting, creaking vehicle, called by courtesy a "coach," had broken down utterly and completely in the snowdrifts, and had been patched into renewed service by the driver, who had prudently prepared himself for such emergencies by carrying a small charcoal furnace and a kit of tools.

Nothing but the imperative telegram received from Mr. Maxwell Granville, who had just returned from Europe to take up his home affairs with renewed energy, could have induced Mr. Dunn to continue so barbaric a route. But the terse order, "Proceed at once to Peyton Hall. See my ward, Miss Patricia Peyton, personally. Report me at length," was not a telegram to be trifled with; and so Mr. Dunn, with his nerves and his temper much the worse for the six hours' wear and tear, was taking the last lap of the journey up the snowy, rocky heights, when there was a jolt, a lurch that tumbled the well-dressed passenger, his neat travelling bag, umbrella, and latest style hat into a promiscuous heap among the shabby leather cushions. Mr. Dunn started up with a brief word on his lips that was a little shocking for a gentleman who handed the collection box around on Sunday.

"Broken down again?" he asked, as the driver leaped from his seat.

"Durned, if she ain't!" was the answer.

"And de wheel has gone dis time for good and all. Tarnation! But it takes a mouty strong wheel to stand a pull up Pocomoke in dis here snow."

Mr. Dunn pressed his lips tight together, perhaps to keep back another naughty word, as he picked up his hat, jammed into an altogether new style and shape by the crash.

"Evidently this ends our journey for the night," he said. "Never in any civilized community have I seen such—such modes of travelling. Is there any sort of shelter within reach?"

The driver, a long, lean mountaineer, paused to spit a shower of tobacco juice at the broken wheel before he answered:

"If you don't mind walkin' a spell, Peyton Hall ain't more dan half a mile up.—Link!" shouted the speaker to a lanky, ragged colored boy who came shambling along the road. "Here's a gentleman I was bringin' to your place when dis durn wheel giv way agin, and we can't go on."

"You can't, suah 'nough!" said Link, as he stopped to survey the wrecked vehicle. "But I kin fotch you long to de Hall, Mister, if you want to go."

"I do most assuredly," replied the gentleman, tartly. "Take my bag and umbrella, boy—no, not that way!" as Link proceeded to swing the English bag on the silver-headed umbrella, so he could shoulder both. "Take them carefully in your hands. Now lead the way, and let us get out of this before dark."

"Yes, sah," said Link, obeying orders with a friendly grin.

Without his grin Link was not much to look at,—a tall lank boy of fourteen, attired in a conglomeration of rags and patches very much too small for him. Indeed, as Mam, who was grandmother to him and Ginger, declared: "You couldn't kiver that boy's laigs and arms nohow." Link had been christened after the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln; but the name, not being very popular in his native heights, had been shortened to

"Link," or, as Colonel Dick Clayton had amended it, "Missing Link,"—the boy with his long limbs and lean face looking very muck like a reflective monkey. But no monkey ever had Link's friendly grin: that was all his own.

As he swung along this evening, with shambling strides with which Mr. Dunn found it hard to keep pace, Link peered out over the white slopes beyond with a keen, searching gaze; for he had seen the broken sled standing up against a snowbank, and was wondering what had become of the two playmates, who had been out all the afternoon in the glittering slide. Miss Patricia and her loyal little follower had wandered over the heights and depths of Pocomoke, ever since they could toddle alone, without causing any alarm; but this snap of freezing weather was something altogether new and strange. Snowdrifts and snowslides had been things unknown hitherto even in Link's experience; and now the crack of the breaking ice and the roar of the rushing Creek added to his fears. He surely hoped that "Miss Pat" and Ginger were safe at home.

"Mouty bad weather," said Link, as he led the way up the heights that took both Mr. Dunn's wind and temper. "Nebba seen such weather. You struck a bad luck time up here suah, Mister. Any kin to Miss Pat?"

"Miss who?" questioned Mr. Dunn, sharply.

"Our young Miss—Miss Pat Peyton, what owns Peyton Hall."

"Oh, Miss Patricia Peyton you mean!" replied the gentleman, curtly. "No, I am not kin to her."

"I sort of hoped mebbe you was," said Link. "'Bout time some kinfolks was lookin' arter her. Ole Missus been daid nigh six months now."

"She is surely not living alone in a place like this?" said Mr. Dunn, startled somewhat out of his ill temper.

"Alone!" echoed Link. "You don't reckon we'd leab our young Miss alone!"

No, sah, we wouldn't! Dars Uncle Scip and Mam, what nebba leabs de place night or day; and dars Ann Caroline, what comes backward and forward from de Mickell's; and dars me and Ginger, dat allus belonged to de Hall. Miss Pat keeps five servants, jes' like ole Missus, — five servants riglar."

"Five servants!" repeated Mr. Dunn in surprise, for he had heard something of the Peyton money matters. "That seems a great many."

"He! he!" chuckled Link. "Spect you's from de Norf, Mister. Why, ole Missus used to have two hundred workin' up and down dis Ridge. Ole Marse and Missus was de fustest people in de State,— de fustest and de finest."

"So I have heard," said Mr. Dunn dryly, as vestiges of the "first and finest" estate of old Pocomoke came into view,—a roofless barn, the skeleton of a feed-house, a row of quarters open to the wind and snow. Still the road wound upward, showing at every turn wonderful vistas of valley and hill, dimming now with gathering shadows, until a wide-fronted old house loomed up beyond an avenue of lindens. Mr. Dunn's guide led on to a great pillared porch, from which a stretch of box-bordered lawns and gardens fell in slopes and terraces to a rocky ridge below, as if old Pocomoke had tried with all his rude strength to girdle this home from careless approach.

But its present visitor was in no mood to appreciate picturesque surroundings. He followed in grim silence as Link led up the broad, broken steps to a door that was swinging ajar on rusty hinges, opening unceremoniously into a wide-arched hall, in which there was neither warmth nor light.

"Who dat dar?" called a voice from some unseen depths within this Castle of Darkness, as the visitor paused doubtfully upon the threshold.

"Me, Mam," replied Link,— "me and a gentleman wots broke down on de road."

But the hurried explanation was

sharply interrupted by a stout old colored woman who suddenly emerged from the darkness, holding a flaming tallow dip above her turbaned head.

"You!" she said, — "jes' you boy! And whar's dem chillun? Whar's your young Miss? Oh, I'll lay it onto dat Ginger for not bringin' her home before dis! You kite along now after your young Missy. Quick! You hear me? Quick!"

"Yes, Mam," said Link, submissively. "I'm gwine to find dem, but I hed to show dis gentleman here first. He come wif Dick Watson jes' now a-lookin' for Peyton Hall."

"To see Miss Patricia Peyton," explained Mr. Dunn, stepping forward into the circle of light cast by Mam's candle.

"Land sakes!" gasped the old woman, nearly dropping her tallow dip.

"I come," continued Mr. Dunn, "from Mr. Maxwell Granville, the young lady's legal guardian."

"Yes, sah,—yes!" answered Mam, not in the least aware what a legal guardian was, but fully impressed by Mr. Dunn's icky authority. "Mr. Max Granville he close kin to Miss Pat, I know.—You Link," and Mam turned wrathfully on her grandson, as scapegoat for her fears, "what for you keep dis gentleman friend of Mr. Max Granville a-standin' here in de cold and dark? Ain't yo got no manners? Walk in, sah,—walk in! We keep de big rooms shet dese days. Ole Missus she was sort of weak and lame and didn't keer much to see company, and Miss Pat won't be a grown lady for dis long time yet. If you'll a-walk in— into de dining-room, sah," said Mam, as with some hesitation she opened a door that led into another stretch of cavernous gloom, "I'll get Scip to bring in some wood and we'll hab a fire in de chimbley-place right away, sah."

Mr. Dunn looked at the "chimbley-place," wide and deep enough to roast an ox; he looked up at the wainscoted walls stretching high and dark above him, and calculated how long it would

be before he got double pneumonia.

"My good woman," he said desperately, "I am chilled to the bone. Haven't you a spark of fire somewhere in the house already?"

"No, sah,—only in the kitchen, sah," answered Mam, reluctantly. "You see, young Miss she out most ob de time, and don't want none."

"Take me to the kitchen, then," said the visitor, briefly.

"De kitchen, sah!—gentleman company in de kitchen!" exclaimed Mam in dismay. "Dat would make ole Missus turn in her grave."

"It will make me turn into mine if I have to freeze here very much longer. I have been lumbering in a rattletrap of a coach over these mountains for the last six hours. If I don't get to a fire at once, I'll—I'll have a death chill."

"De Lord!" said Mam, taking this announcement literally. "If you's dat bad, sah, come into de kitchen right away, and let Scip get you a hot toddy quick! Right in here!" And, without further hesitation, she ushered her visitor into the kitchen.

And such a kitchen! Mr. Dunn, whose well-ordered household was run by steam, gas, electricity, and all modern improvements, had never seen the like. It was a great, wide, oak-raftered room, flooded with warmth and light from a fire leaping and roaring in a huge chimney-place,—a fire that was no sullen, angry thing prisoned in iron bars and grates, and waiting its chance to break out and make mischief; but a great, rollicking, jolly blaze that held the whole wide hearth for its own, and was flaming and dancing and glowing until every shining tin and pewter on the high-shelved dresser winked back in glee. The great oak logs that were blazing and crackling on the kitchen hearth to-night had stood guard on the crest of old Pocomoke for nearly a hundred years of storm and sunshine. Their leafy boughs had caught the mountain breeze, shadowed the mountain

spring, sheltered the nesting bird. It was no wonder their great hearts glowed with a friendly welcome, that even Mr. Dunn's chilled blue blood felt as, sinking into the splint chair that Mam pushed up close to the hearth, he sipped the steaming glass of apple toddy which Uncle Scip had hastily prepared, and looked around him with new wonder.

For this kitchen, with all its belongings scoured and polished as if "ole Missus" were still watching every pot and pan, had additions that it had never known in her days. In one corner, a pair of faded damask curtains veiled the window; a worn velvet rug lay upon the floor below; a small, claw-footed mahogany table was set carefully with snowy cloth and dainty china and silver; two tallow dips in a tall branching candlestick shed a subdued light upon the scene.

Mam, catching her guest's puzzled glance, felt it necessary to explain things, though with evident reluctance.

"Miss Pat she so lonesome in de big rooms since ole Missus died, dat she like to stay out here. 'Tain't no right place for her, I tells her,—de kitchen ain't no right place for de young lady ob Peyton Hall. But de great house mouty cole and lonesome, and Miss Pat is like all de Peytons—mouty headstrong; so I dun fix up dis here corner sort ob ladified, and let her hab her way."

"And where is the young lady now?" asked Mr. Dunn, who, under the genial influences of the fire and the apple toddy, was warming up into a friendly interest in his client's ward.

"De Lord only knows," replied Mam, her anxiety roused again by the question. "She went out a-sleigh-ridin' down de hill arter dinner and she ain't back yet."

"Not—not alone, I hope?" said Mr. Dunn, looking out of the darkened window.

"Not alone, no, sah. Miss Pat ain't nebba 'lowed to go alone since she was born. She nebba goes nowhere wifout her maid," answered Mam, with dignity. "And if dat maid don't ketch it from me

'bout stayin' out like dis, I ain't her granny! Shouldn't wonder a bit if dey ain't both at Mickell's Crossroads for de turkey raffle. — You, Scip," Mam turned sharply on the grizzly-headed old man dozing in the chimney-corner, "rouse out ob dar, and shake dem laigs of yours limber. Miss Pat ain't come home yet, and de sun be down mos' an hour. She and Ginger ain't home yet. Shuffle long quick as you can to Mickell's Crossroads and see if dey is dar. Miss Pat she is gettin' mouty thick wif dat speckle-faced Molly Mickell dese days. Ole Missus she got sort ob feeble at de last, and didn't stan' out from de white trash like she did in de ole times, at all. Shuffle long quick! De Lord, boy—"

Mam broke off in her peremptory commands as Link burst into the outer kitchen door, wild-eyed and breathless.

"Mam — Mam!" he gasped. "Miss Pat—Miss Pat—O Mam, Miss Pat—"

"What — whar?" cried Mam, shrilly. "What's come to my chile? Say quick—quick, you fool nigga! What's come to Miss Pat?"

"Drown dead!" burst forth Link, blubbering openly. "She and Ginger bof drown dead in de broken ice!"

(To be continued.)

The Blessing of the Lambs.

St. Agnes, when a mere child of twelve years, was led one day to the altar of Minerva at Rome and commanded by the pagans to offer sacrifice to the idols. A true and spotless lamb of God, she hated the false gods of paganism and refused to honor them. She wanted to remain always a little follower of Christ; and rather than lose that glorious title she bowed submissively before the executioner, who cut off her head.

At Rome, on her feast-day, which occurs the twenty-first of this month, High Mass is followed by an interesting ceremony, which attracts crowds of the

faithful; this is the blessing of two little lambs, emblems of innocence and sacrifice, which are brought into the church in separate baskets, resting on cushions, with their legs tied in red and blue ribbons, and thus laid upon the altar. The blessing is given by the Abbot of the Canons Regular of the Lateran, the choir meanwhile singing an appropriate antiphon. The blessing finished, the lambs are delivered to the master of ceremonies of the Lateran Basilica, who takes them to the Vatican to present them to the Pope. The Holy Father sends them to the nuns of St. Cecilia in Trastevere; and about Easter they are shorn of their beautiful white fleece, which is sent back to the Pope. This is woven into palliums, which are blessed on the vigil of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and then placed in an urn in the Confession of St. Peter's Basilica over the Apostle's tomb. These palliums are afterward sent by the head shepherd of the Universal Church to archbishops, to be worn as a symbol of their share in the plenary jurisdiction of the chief shepherd over the whole flock of Christ.

A Rhyme of the Olden Time.

The following lines used to be recited every day by children in England five hundred years or so ago. Then as now, it was piously believed that the day "spedes" better if one's morning prayers have been well said. To neglect them is to forfeit special blessings. And one can never know what day may be one's last day. The custom of making the Sign of the Cross three times instead of once, on beginning to pray, still prevails in some Catholic countries:

Afore all things, first and principally,
In the morrowe when ye shall up rise,
To worship God have in your memory.

With Christ's Cross look ye bless you thrice,
Your *Pater Noster* sayeth in devout wyse,
Ave Maria with the holy Crede,—
Then all the day the better may ye spede.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Simple Instructions for the First Communion of very Young Children" is the title of a useful little paper-covered booklet of seventy-two pages, translated from the French by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—A happy inspiration would seem to have guided the compilers of "The Most Popular Cabinet Organ Pieces" (Hinds, Noble & Eldredge). The selections are attractive, the text accurate, and the print clear. Making good music easier of access is rendering an important service to the cause of popular musical education.

—The Ozanam Association of New York is an incorporated society of Catholic laymen, having for object, the physical, mental, and moral training of Catholic boys. Its annual report for the year ending Oct. 1, 1911, is brimful of interest, and records the achievement of excellent work in each of the four clubs already established in the American metropolis.

—We are happy to announce that the two admirable articles by Bishop Hedley published in THE AVE MARIA, under the titles "The Moral Training of the Young" and "Parental Obligations," are soon to be issued as a pamphlet by the English Catholic Truth Society. The appreciation of these highly important articles—they are everywhere in demand—is a most gratifying circumstance.

—The current issue of the *Irish Monthly* is the first number of the fortieth yearly volume of that delightful magazine. "The first editor, who has not yet found a successor," is the way Father Russell, S. J., speaks of himself, in "An Editor's Apprenticeship," the opening paper of his January number. He is now in his seventy-eighth year; still, we hope there will be no need of looking for a successor to him for at least another decade.

—"Vita Domini Nostri Jesu Christi" is a welcome addition to Pustet's excellent *Bibliotheca Ascetica*. The idea of relating the events in the life of our Blessed Lord in the words of the Evangelists and in chronological order is happily executed. The book is divided into four parts: Christ's Birth and Infancy; His Public Life; His Passion and Death; His Resurrection and Ascension. These parts are subdivided into chapters, and each chapter into several paragraphs, with indications of the chapters and verses of the Gospels. A little

book that will be taken up often and read with renewed pleasure and profit. Everyone who can read simple Latin, especially students, should own a copy.

—The Rev. David Dunford's "Roman Documents and Decrees" (new series, published monthly) now gives documents of general interest in full, with a summarized English translation. Published by R. & T. Washbourne, whose American agents are Benziger Brothers.

—"Sorrow for Sin," by the Rev. E. Nagle, S. T. L. (M. H. Gill & Son), is a theological essay in which the author combats—and, as we think, successfully—the opinion maintained within recent years by "some very eminent authorities on theological questions," that the fear of hell fire is not a sufficient motive for attrition in the Sacrament of Penance. It is not a book for general readers, but the clergy will find it interesting and suggestive.

—"The Eleanor Smith Music Primer" (American Book Co.) presents a collection of first-year songs, simple and attractive; also some desirable folk-songs. The primer is divided into three parts, the first of which contains songs to be learned by rote; parts three and four include simple tunes for practice in sight reading. The type is a great improvement, that of the melody being larger than that of the accompaniment. A useful book for teachers of first-year pupils.

—The Angelus Co. (London) publishes in pamphlet form "The Evangelization of Africa," an English rendering of an address delivered at Lyons a few months ago by Bishop A. Le Roy, Superior-General of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, on behalf of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. Readers who know anything of Mgr. Le Roy's contributions for years past to *Les Missions Catholiques* do not need to be told that the address is both interesting in substance and attractive in form.

—Some notable improvements and useful additions will be noticed in the *English Catholic Directory* for 1912 (Burns & Oates). The statistics have been better systematized and made uniform, the ecclesiastical calendar has been more conveniently arranged, the advertising pages rendered more attractive, etc. Additions include the addresses of the archbishops and bishops of the United States. Indeed, in every respect the *English Catholic Directory* is better and more serviceable than ever. It is a

model reference book, highly creditable to the reverend editor and the publishers.

—Whether or not there are more priests given to the writing of verses nowadays than was the case thirty or forty years ago, there can be no question that the versifying clerics of those days were more timorous about challenging the critics' onslaughts by publishing their lines in book form than are their successors. The genus "poet-priest" is becoming so numerous that the reviewer will shortly be tempted to treat their books strictly on their merits, quite regardless of the "reverence" conventionally due to their authors' principla calling. All of which is preliminary to the announcement that the Rev. John Francis McShane is the author of "Culled Violets," an unpagged volume of poems, whose general worth may be judged from the following:

A VICTOR.

As wrestled Jacob well,
Until the angel fell

With shrunken sinew and celestial gleam;
The poet doth assail

His Muse; nor doth he fail

Till she asperges him from her Parnassian stream.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Vita Domini Nostri Jesu Christi." 60 cts.
 "Early Christian Hymns." Series II. Daniel J. Donahoe. \$2.
 "Bishop Hay on the Priesthood." Very Rev. Canon Stuart. 45 cts.
 "Through the Break in the Web." Stevens Dane. 45 cts.
 "Socialism and the Workingman." R. Fullerton, B. D., B. C. L. \$1.20, net.
 "The Quest of the Silver Fleece." W. E. DuBois. \$1.35, net.
 "A Spiritual Calendar." Antonio Rosmini. 75 cts.
 "The Obedience of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.
 "The Life of Union with Our Divine Lord." Abbé Maucourant. 60 cts.

- "St. Anselm." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
 "Poems." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.
 "The Story of Cecilia." Katharine Tynan Hinkson. \$1.25.
 "St. Anthony of Padua." C. M. Antony. 50 cts.
 "St. Vincent Ferrer." Fr. Stanislaus Hogan, O. P. 50 cts.
 "The May Queen." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
 "Deer Jane." Isabel C. Williams. 85 cts.
 "Good Women of Erin." Alice Dease. 60 cts., net.
 "The Golden Spear." Edmund Leamy. \$1.
 "The Glittering Festival." Edith Ogden Harrison. \$1.25, net.
 "The Light of the Vision." Christian Reid. \$1.25.
 "The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth." 75 cts.
 "Being." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph B. Thompson, of the diocese of Helena; Rev. Joseph Dickmann, diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. John Rogers, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Ryan, archdiocese of Dubuque; and Very Rev. Eugene Porcile, S. P. M.

Sister M. Veronique, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Ursula, Sisterhood of St. Joseph.

Mr. Charles Corkhill, Mr. William Hunt, Mr. Edward J. English, Mrs. Mary A. Moreland Hart, Mr. Edward Glackin, Miss Winefred Watson, Mrs. Charlotte Carmody, Mr. E. P. Cantwell, Miss Hazel Odiorne, Mrs. A. A. Paul, Mr. P. M. Moroney, Mr. Patrick F. Mahoney, Mrs. Mary C. Dallen, Mrs. M. W. Langdon, Mrs. Delia McGrath, Mr. John Barrett, Miss Delia Ferguson, Mr. Edward Gray, Mrs. A. T. Conway, and Mr. Frank Weber.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the persecuted nuns in Italy:

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The King's Highway.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

I SAW her walking through the field,
God's Mother with her Son,
And every little flower-bell pealed
To praise the Holy One.
And every lily lifted up
To see the wondrous thing,
As bearers of a dew-filled cup
Before the little King.
Oh, every little rose upturned
To wave as He did pass,
And every little sunbeam burned
Its incense on the grass!
Oh, every little piping bird
Did trumpet from the tree,
And every little lambkin heard,
And danced, God's Lamb to see!
Oh, Nature all did serenade
God's Mother and her Son;
And then I knew why God had made
His creatures—every one!

Mediæval Oxford.

BY M. NESBITT.

WHILE next to nothing is known of the early history of Cambridge, Oxford offers a wide field of interest; and it is to Oxford, the home of so many of our greatest scholars, that our thoughts naturally turn. As early as the reign of Stephen it stood in the first rank among English towns. Round it lay a wild and richly-wooded country. The swampy marsh

land along the rivers Cherwell and Isis guarded it on every side except the north; and was, in truth, a more effectual defence than the stately castle which marked its strategic importance. A noble abbey of Austin Canons rose amidst the meadows beneath the castle. Girt in with massive walls, the town was dominated by the Church of St. Martin; whilst the ancient Priory of St. Frideswide, which still exists as the diocesan cathedral, gave the place ecclesiastical dignity,—a dignity enhanced by the fact that "the Norman Castellans had rebuilt almost all the parish churches of the city, and founded within their new castle walls the church of the Canons of St. George."

In the fields to the north, the last of the Norman kings had erected his palace of Beaumont; and the frequent visits of royalty, together with the constant presence of important parliaments, evidenced the political weight of Oxford in the realm. Its burghers enjoyed a liberty equal to that of the metropolis itself; trade began to flourish. During the reign of Henry II., the University was unobtrusively increasing in numbers and repute; though the exact causes which drew teachers and students within its walls can not now be definitely ascertained. Whatever they may have been, its educational position was soon firmly established; for Gerald de Barri; or Gerald of Wales (Giraldus Cambrensis, as he is usually called), tells us that in his day the most learned of the English clergy were to be found within its walls.

Gerald, it is interesting to note, was

the founder of English popular literature, as he was the originator of the political and ecclesiastical pamphlet. "It is better to be dumb than not to be understood," he characteristically exclaims, when referring to the novelty of his own style. "New times require new fashions; and so I have thrown utterly aside the old and dry method of some authors, and aimed at adopting the mode of speech which is actually in vogue to-day."

The opening years of the thirteenth century found Oxford without a rival in its own country; whilst, "in European celebrity, it took rank with the greatest schools of the Western world." In outward appearance, however, it bore little resemblance to the venerable city of dreaming spires and Old-World peace we see to-day. Most of the beautiful colleges raised by the generosity and devotion of our Catholic forefathers had yet to be built; and the Oxford of that time was neither more nor less than a collection of the mean streets, and far from cleanly lanes of a mediæval town. Learning had to be gained under the most unfavorable conditions. Nevertheless, thousands of eager students "huddled in bare lodging-houses" at night, gathered during the day around teachers as poor as themselves; and even begged their bread from door to door, singing meanwhile the *Salve Regina*, and asking an alms for Our Lady's love.

In those days, it must be remembered, knowledge made the "master"; to know more than his fellows was a man's sole claim to supremacy in the schools, where, amongst an aristocracy of intellect, all were equal. The son of the highest noble in the land stood on exactly the same plane as the mendicant student. In church porch and house porch, the masters assembled their pupils round them. We can picture the enthusiastic groups,—every face alight with that keen thirst for learning, that passionate poetry of devotion, that mystical piety, which made the barefooted friar and the poorest scholar welcome.

A student's room, in the Oxford of that period, contained little save "his books, great and small, on shelves couched at his bed's head"; with, in some cases, "a gay psaltrie, on which he made on nights melody." His personal outfit was equally simple, being often little more than "a grey gown reaching to his feet" (as we read of the holy St. Edmund of Abingdon), "a hair-shirt, and a Bible."

Edmund Rich, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury and a saint, when only twelve years old, left his home in the little lane at Abingdon which still bears his name, and came to study at Oxford. There, we are told, "he found his school in an inn that belonged to the Abbey of Eynsham, where his father had taken refuge from the world"; and there, while still "a boy studying grammar," he secretly espoused an image of Our Lady—"which we," says the chronicler of Lanercroft, "as well as the whole University, have often seen,"—by placing on the finger of the Blessed Virgin a ring of gold. "This ring," he adds, "many have since beheld with their own eyes."

No biographer of the saint appears to have stated where this interesting ceremony took place; though it is generally believed to have occurred in the Church of St. Nicolas, which afterward became the property of the Black Friars. "In the reign of Henry III.," says the history of Oxford, "R. Mulner gave them [the Dominicans] lands in the parish of St. Aldgate; and when he gave his nephew, H. Wycombe, a part of the neighboring messuage, he did so on condition that he and his successors should pay yearly four shillings to maintain a light at the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Church of St. Nicolas, where the Black Friars live."

It is worthy of note that the seal of the Black Friars of Oxford represents Our Lady with her Divine Child in her arms, and at her feet a little figure which authorities on the subject presume to be the young St. Edmund, who, besides

being called one of the Fathers of the English Church, is noted for his deep devotion to the glorious Mother of God. For this reason we are not surprised to learn that "in his mouth was never aught save peace, purity, and piety"; and that "in his heart was naught save Christ alone." During his studies, the image of Mary Immaculate stood ever on his table. The Lady Chapel attached to St. Peter's Church was built by him for the use of himself and his pupils; and in it he was accustomed to recite the Canonical Hours, together with the Office of the Holy Spirit and of the Blessed Virgin. He afterward became the most popular of Oxford teachers, and it is to him that Oxford owes her first introduction to the logic of Aristotle.

Existence in the Oxford of those days, however, was not one of studious peace alone. Turbulence and strife constantly prevailed, owing to the fact that the retainers who followed their young lords to the University often fought out, in the streets, the feuds of their respective houses. "Town and gown" rows also were not by any means of rare occurrence; and these frequently expanded into a general and even murderous affray, when the academical bell of St. Mary's would vie with the town bell of St. Martin's in clanging to arms. Scholars from Kent and scholars from Scotland exemplified in their quarrels the bitter struggle between North and South. Every phase of controversy and political contention was preluded by some fierce outbreak amongst the students, till it grew to be a common saying:

When Oxford draws knife,
England's soon at strife.

The coming of the Friars, those zealous sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic, in whose ranks the intellectual progress of the University found its highest representative, was a blessing to Oxford. "Within a short time after their establishment in England," writes a reliable authority, "we find as many as thirty

readers or lecturers appointed at Hereford, Leicester, Bristol, and other places, and a regular succession of teachers provided at each University." The first provincial of the Grey Friars built a school in their Oxford house. This school rapidly rose into prominence, particularly after the provincial had persuaded the learned Grosseteste to lecture there. This great and good man, one of the noblest and most single-hearted of English bishops, on being raised to the See of Lincoln, steadily exerted his influence to promote study amongst the Friars, as well as to obtain their establishment in the University. He took a deep interest in the Grey Brethren, and was ably seconded by his erudite scholar, Adam Marsh, or De Marisco, "under whom the Franciscan school at Oxford attained a reputation throughout Christendom." So great was the efficiency of its teaching staff that Cologne, Lyons, and even Paris, borrowed from it their professors, and Oxford sprang into a position scarcely inferior to that of Paris.

The work of the Friars, amongst both the sick and the lepers, promoted the cultivation of the physical sciences; whilst the immense enthusiasm with which their preaching was everywhere received induced a deeper study of theology; the latter science had been to a very large extent superseded by the more lucrative study of Canon Law.

The Dominicans also were engaged in the advancement of learning; for we know that at Oxford the Black Friars lectured on theology in the nave of their new church, while philosophy was taught in the cloister. "Zeal," their holy founder was wont to exclaim, when speaking of the Albigensian heretics and the means of winning them back to the True Fold of Christ,— "zeal must be met by zeal, lowliness by lowliness, false sanctity by real sanctity, preaching lies by preaching truth." At first sight it would appear that Dominic, so different in character, could never be in harmony with the

mystical piety, the large enthusiasm, the passionate poetry, the all-embracing tenderness of his friend, Francis of Assisi, whose life, it has been charmingly said, "falls like a stream of light across the darkness of the time." Nevertheless, Francis and Dominic were absolutely one in their aim. The burning desire of both was to convert the heathen, to extirpate heresy, to reconcile knowledge with faith, to carry the Gospel to the poor.

In the case of the Grey Brethren, St. Francis insisted upon the most rigid poverty; his friars must actually subsist upon the alms for which they begged; they could possess neither money nor lands; nay, even the very houses in which they lived must be held in trust for them by others. These houses, moreover, were of the meanest description and in the poorest quarters of the town. "I did not enter religion to build walls!" cries an English provincial when the brethren asked for a more commodious friary. On settling at Oxford, therefore, the Franciscans made their way to the swampy ground between the walls and the Thames. Here, in huts of mud and timber, as mean as the wretched hovels around them, they lived within the rough fence and ditch that bounded the friary. These details are interesting because they concern the lives of wise and holy men who built up Oxford's greatness.

Amongst just such surroundings must have dwelt that marvel of learning, Roger Bacon, when, following the counsels of his friend Bishop Grosseteste, he renounced the world and became an humble friar of the Order of St. Francis. In his early days at Oxford, Roger Bacon studied under St. Edmund of Abingdon, to whom he owed his introduction to the works of Aristotle, as he himself tells us: "Slowly," he declares, "has any portion of the philosophy of Aristotle come into use among the Latins. . . . St. Edmund of Canterbury was the first in my time who read the 'Elements' at Oxford. And I have seen Master Hugo, who first read

the book of 'Posterior Analytics,' and I have seen his writing. So there were but few, considering the multitude of the Latins, who were of any account in the philosophy of Aristotle,—nay, very few indeed, and scarcely any, up to this year of grace 1292."

From Oxford, Bacon, who did not enter religion till many years later, passed to the University of Paris, returning again to Oxford on the completion of his studies. There he showed that touching devotion to his pupils which is so well exemplified in the case of John of London, a boy of fifteen, whose exceptional abilities raised him above the level of his fellow-students, and caused Bacon to recommend him to the Pope. "When he came to me as a poor boy," writes the great master to Christ's Vicar on earth, "I caused him to be nurtured and instructed for the love of God, especially since for aptitude and innocence I have never found so towardly a youth. Five or six years ago, I caused him to be taught in languages, mathematics, and optics; and I gratuitously instructed him with my own lips since the time that I received your mandate. There is no one at Paris who knows so much of the root of philosophy, though he has not produced the branches, flowers, and fruit, because of his youth, and because he has had no experience in teaching. But he has the means of surpassing all the Latins, if he lives, and goes on as he has begun."

The whole temper of the age was against scientific or philosophical studies. Men were more interested in the extension of freedom and commerce, and in all those practical channels for intellectual energy which offered something more immediately profitable than the path of abstract speculation. Hence the bitter disappointments which greeted Bacon at every turn. Still, neither disappointment, however bitter, nor difficulties, however great, could paralyze "the passionate instinct of creation that marks the man of genius." And when, as a friar, he was invited by

Pope Clement IV. to write, we can see the joy with which he seized the unexpected opportunity in that marvellous result, the "Opus Majus,"—a work produced and forwarded to the Holy Father in little more than a year. Of its scope and the magnitude of the conception this is not the place to speak; we must at least make mention of other profound and original schoolmen who were numbered amongst the Oxford Franciscans.

The celebrated Duns Scotus, Doctor Subtilis and devout defender of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, was educated, lectured, and composed his best works in Oxford. Other great lights of this Franciscan school were Ockham, Archbishop Peckham, Alexander of Hales, and many besides. The last named is remarkable not alone for his own great mental gifts but also because he was the master of St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic, and St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor. His singular devotion to Our Lady doubtless left its mark upon his illustrious pupils; whilst it was the means of bringing him to the Franciscans, because the vow he had made never to refuse anything which it was in his power to grant, if asked in the dear name of Mary, led him, the noted scholar, to join the ranks of the poor Order of Friars Minor, of which he afterward became such an illustrious ornament.

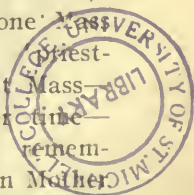
The many bequests to chapels and images of Our Lady in mediæval Oxford sufficiently prove the Catholic spirit of the age. In the ancient Priory of St. Frideswide, the barbers of Oxford, at their first incorporation, agreed that they "would yearly keep and maintain a light before Our Lady, in Our Lady's chapel in this church; for the sure continuance of which every man or woman who kept a shop should pay twopence every quarter, two journeymen one penny, and to keep it always burning under the pain of six shillings and eight pence."

It is interesting to find that close by the grange of St. Frideswide's Priory

was a cell, or hermitage, called that of Our Lady, from her image affixed in the wall, and a little oratory adjoining. On the north of Smith Gate, opposite to Cat Street, stood a curious round chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God, and believed to have been an ancient synagogue of the Jews.

Our Lady's chapel in All Saints' Church was erected by the Guild of the Cordwainers; and to the maintenance of the chapel in St. Mary's, Reginald de la Legh, a beadle of the University, gave (A. D. 1270) his house in Gospeland, and its annual rent of half a mark. This offering was made not only for the upkeep of the chapel, but in order that "the Mass of Our Lady," or "Mary Mass," should be said for his soul and those of his parents. Again, in the reign of Henry III., a yearly rent of two shillings was given by one of the old halls, called at the time Stapled, or Stapel-Ledyne-Hall, for the maintenance of the lights in St. Mary's Chapel in St. Michael's Church. But such examples need not be multiplied.

To turn to the statutes of the colleges is most interesting. For example, in those of Magdalen College, founded by Bishop Wayneflete, we find the following: "Our pleasure is that on every Saturday throughout the year, and on all the eves of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary, after Compline, all and each of the said 'fellows' and scholars and ministers of our chapel do devoutly perform among themselves, in the common hall, by note, an antiphon of the said glorious Virgin." This same good prelate likewise ordained that the president and fellows should say each day five decades of the Rosary, then usually called "the Psalter of Our Lady." "The president and each of the fellows," runs the statute, "must hear one Mass every day, unless they are priest-fellows, who can say it; and at Mass, or, if prevented, at some other time they shall say, in honour and remembrance of the most Blessed Virgin Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all possible



devotion on their bended knees, fifty times over the Angelical Salutation, together with the Lord's Prayer after every ten rehearsals of the salutation aforesaid." A century earlier, Archbishop Islip, in the statutes of Canterbury Hall (A. D. 1362), ordered that those who did not say Mass "should recite fifty 'Hail Marys,' with 'Our Father' and Creed, as is the custom."

But space forbids further details. Those we have given sufficiently prove that mediæval Oxford was not only the home of learning: it was the home also of mystical piety, of burning faith, of ardent love, — the centre of all that was best and noblest in the religious as well as the intellectual life of England.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE," ETC.

IV.—THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

THE grey walls and the roof of the chapel that Crellan O'Congaile had built in the Glen of Imaney had begun to take the tints of the mountains amongst which it had stood for over forty years. Yet, in spite of the time which had elapsed since it was structurally finished, in one respect it was not yet completed as its builder had intended. No organ stood in the loft that had been made for it, and the organist's house had never yet sheltered a person capable of producing music of any description. It was a low cottage, for the winds that swept up the valley from the sea forbade any buildings of great height; and on the front of it, which was sheltered, roses and fuchsias grew rampantly. Crellan himself had planned it, — the porch which kept the house from draughts, the tiny hall, off which opened the kitchen and two bedrooms, as well as the quaintly-shaped living room. And in his will he had directed

that the servants — a childless couple — who had tended him should live in it all their lives; and only when they no longer needed it was it to be, in fact as well as in name, the organist's house.

His father had allowed him only a life interest in the property, which at his death was to pass to his stepsister, and to her children after her; so that any bequests that Crellan wished to make had to be provided for out of what he could save. Whilst the church was being built, the surplus of his income was spent entirely on it, and it was not until the building was paid for that he could begin to save for two other objects, — one of which he felt to be his duty; and the other, which really embraced two things in one, being very near his heart.

He felt he must provide for the servants who had devoted themselves to him so unreservedly; and he wished also to secure his foster brother against poverty in the evening of his life, supposing his career as a musician should not be as successful as in their youth and hopefulness they had expected it to be. The house was built for Thade. Even the corner for his piano was lovingly designed; and Crellan tried to picture to himself the venerable artist — the well-known features grown old, the rough dark head whitened by age, the restless figure soothed to quiet by the weight of years — seated before his beloved instrument, or in the church at the organ, surrounded by children who were being taught by him to love the music which would brighten and refine their lives.

It was a dream, beautiful, yet not destined to be realized for many a long year. Death had come to Crellan when he had secured just enough to provide a weekly pension for the two whose claims pressed upon him first; and he could only arrange that, when they no longer needed it, the money should accumulate until there was sufficient to buy an organ without touching the capital. Then the post of organist at Imaney should be offered to Thaddeus

O'Congaile—or Signor Thaddeus, as he was now better known,—with the house that had been built for him, and the salary that was now forthcoming. The couple in the organist's house, free from anxiety, and with all their little wants provided for, had lived to be much older than Crellan had thought likely. Then, after the old woman's death (she survived her husband several years), the purchase money of the organ had to be collected. Thus forty years had passed since Crellan and Thade had spoken of the project in the Glen when at last the organ was bought and the letter dispatched to London, fulfilling the donor's wish and offering the post of organist to Signor Thaddeus.

To Mrs. Stewart, who knew her step-brother very little, and his foster brother not at all, it seemed a fanciful idea to put an organ in a country church, and she wondered if this Signor Thaddeus would accept the position in so remote a district. But Crellan's wishes had been explicitly stated, and all she had to do was to see them carried out as far as was possible. Whilst Thade was sending to Heaven his petition for help through the melody of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, Mrs. Stewart must have been sitting down to write the letter which was to offer him the haven of refuge which had been his one daydream for years. After spending the few weeks of her annual visit in Donegal, she had returned to London, and there had chosen the organ and made the final arrangements with the lawyers for the transfer to the house at Imaney, and the payment of the organist's annual salary.

After a restless night, spent in rehearsing the scene he had witnessed the day before, in remembering Elinor's grief and anxiety, in wondering how she could be helped for the future, the old man had sunk into a troubled sleep, when he was roused by the boy who brought him his small supply of milk every morning, and to-day—strange occurrence!—

he brought with him a letter which the postman had delivered in the hall below. Years ago just such an envelope as this had come regularly from Donegal to these London lodgings; but those days were now so long passed that it was with an anxiety amounting to fear that Thaddeus broke the seal. The letter was short, clear and concise. Mrs. Stewart told him in a few words that the post which she understood Crellan O'Congaile had promised him years ago, was now open to him, if he wished to accept it. She believed he was aware that the salary offered was a pound a week, and that a house and garden were provided free.

So far he read, and then the paper fell from his hand, fluttering unnoticed to the floor, whilst the old man sat motionless, gazing before him with unseeing eyes. The daydream that had been his companion all those years had suddenly taken form. It was not that he regretted having come to London; for the Glen, dear as it was, could never have given him the music that had been his during his exile. But he had always had this return to look forward to with eagerness and joy. In the early days he had soothed his homesick longings with the thought of this happy event. When things had gone ill with him, when life was hard and the number of his pupils lessened ominously; when old age, with its attendant weakness and incapacity to work, loomed nearer and nearer, he had found comfort and reassurance in the thought of this home, this competence, this return to the Glen, where his heart had always lingered; this assurance that, when the time came, his body would be laid in the grave which was his by inheritance, where his father and his mother had been laid before him. And now at last this wonderful thing had come to pass!

Small wonder that he forgot all else in the overpowering joy. Excepting this news, there was nothing in the world that could have banished Elinor and all her troubles from his mind. His breakfast lay

untouched beside him; for the magic of the letter had taken him back in an instant to the Glen that had ever been home to him, even in spite of his not having seen it for nearly thirty years. Twice in those early days of hopefulness and of transient prosperity he had been back to Imaney. Sitting now in his London attic, he saw again the long white road that winds for miles over foothills covered with bog and heather, and the purple of the mountains was always in the distance. On and on it goes for miles, until the mountain of Imaney rises up, a beacon amongst its fellows, its steep sides bare on the heights; and lower, where the slopes are gentler, covered with the grass and bracken and heather that mingle to form shelter for the sportsman's coveys. Then the valley itself, with its lake and its river, its open stretch dotted with white-walled houses roofed with thatch, each house standing in its tiny plot of cultivation; and then the bog, where the valley narrows in, only to open again to the wind-swept moor that stretches away to the sea.

On a piece of rising ground, with a dozen or more of the houses clustered round it, looms the quaint little church. Its high pent roof, its narrow windows, its rounded ends and tapering towers are not beautiful to all eyes; but those who love the country round also love the Celtic church, that suits its environments as no other style of architecture could do; and to Thade O'Congaile—for the moment Signor Thaddeus had ceased to exist—it was the perfect centre of a perfect dream. He could see, in his mind-picture, the organ pipes against the granite walls of the long-empty loft. He could feel the keys under his fingers, and hear the triumphant notes of the *Te Deum* ringing in his ears, and his heart rose up in mute thanksgiving.

Then there was the house—*his* house! He knew each room; he saw his piano standing in the nook that Crellan had planned for it. He saw the roses and the

fuchsias growing round the window-frames. No more toiling up steep London stairs; no more sunless, chilly attics; no more struggling against the thought that maybe strength to work would go before the longed-for haven was in sight,—the haven which now stood open, beckoning the old man in to rest.

There were pupils expecting him, but to them he gave no thought; only at last hunger made him come back to himself, and, with a start, he found that the morning hours were passing. His neglected breakfast had long grown cold; and, taking his hat, he went out, still like one in a dream, and made his way to the little restaurant where, when his purse permitted, he made his midday meal. It was rather early for most luncheon-goers, and the old man was soon served. His hunger appeased, he again sank into a reverie, from which he was aroused by the thought that he had not yet answered the fateful letter.

As he walked homeward he was busy going over in his mind the form his acceptance would take; and, in his pre-occupation, he never noticed the slight, somberly-clad figure which was before him as he turned down his own street, and which paused a moment at the door of his house, and then, as though with an effort, went up the steps and disappeared into the dark hall. With bowed head and thoughts far away, he followed the girl, of whose very existence he was for the time being unconscious; and he would have passed her by unobserved in the hall, had she not first said his name and then laid a timid hand upon his sleeve. Turning quickly, he saw and recognized her. It was Elinor Lambert.

V.—RENUNCIATION.

When this strangely assorted pair had climbed the stairs and reached the attic room, the girl, in spite of her troubles, looked around her with interest. She had never before penetrated to her music master's dwelling, and until to-day she

had never gone out in the London streets alone. She noted the piano, with its pile of music; the pictures on the faded walls; the blank outlook from the windows; the forgotten breakfast, not yet cleared away. It was a curious mixture of poverty and discomfort and homeliness; in the cursory glance she gave around, it seemed to her that it was the homeliness which predominated.

Signor Thaddeus pulled forward his only armchair for his guest, and seated himself where he felt most at home—on the piano stool.

"You don't mind my coming?" the girl asked anxiously. "Dear master, forgive me, but I did want you so much! My father keeps the same. The doctor says he is getting weaker, but we see little change. There is, however, no hope of improvement, and we are penniless,—yes, until the house is sold, absolutely penniless; and even afterward we shall be able only to pay our debts and start life again with perhaps a hundred pounds, perhaps less; for the sale is very uncertain, we are told."

The old man had been forcibly dragged from his dreams of delight back to the sordid cares and troubles of life, and as yet his mind was hardly clear.

"But what is to become of you?" he cried aloud, giving expression to a cruel thought which at another time he would have remembered to keep to himself, or at least to soften.

"What, indeed?" repeated Elinor. "If it was only for myself, it would not matter. I am young and strong, and willing to work. But for my mother—"

She broke off abruptly. Her voice was choked, and big tears dropped slowly and unheeded on the table, as her face was bowed between her hands.

"My dear," said the old man, now thoroughly roused, "even for her it might have been worse. Think if she had lost you—"

"But am I not going to lose her?" exclaimed Elinor. "O Signor, if you could

see her now! She is so frail, will she ever stand this strain?"

"God, who sends our trials, always gives strength to bear them," replied Signor Thaddeus, softly. "You have faced the worst. Yes, I know you are thinking of your father. But he was prepared; and now, child, when death comes it will be a release to him, and a relief for you to know he is at peace."

"I see what you mean," said Elinor. "The shock, the loss, they are passed; but, though it seems so sordid to have to think of such things with father as he is, we—or rather I; for whatever happens, my mother must be shielded and provided for,—I must find some way of earning for the future."

The old man was silent. There was nothing to be said. Elinor had stated a fact that called for no comment, and that could not be contradicted. There was a pause for a moment, and then she went on with her plaint:

"I am so ignorant,—so pitifully, shamefully ignorant! It is not only that I don't know how to make money, but if I had it, I shouldn't know how to spend it economically and on the necessary things. You see, I have never had to look at life like this—"

"I know,—I know," interposed Thaddeus, sympathetically. "And it is all so mean and petty!"

"It is certainly pitiless," returned the girl, with a shudder; "and that is why I am here to-day. I know you won't think me heartless,—you will understand. I must look to the future, and set about providing the necessities of this pitiless life. I must earn enough to support us both,—my mother and myself. And there is only one way I can see of doing it."

"And that is?" asked Thaddeus.

"Giving lessons," replied Elinor, a little surprised at his not realizing what she thought was quite obvious.

"Giving lessons! You!" cried the old master, in tones of dismay.

"It is the only thing I am fit for," explained the girl, sadly,—not that I know much myself; but I love little children, and I could teach them French and German, and of course reading and writing, and to play the piano—"

"Oh!"

"Yes, I really could teach beginners," she went on quickly, before Thaddeus could do more than exclaim. "I know I am not much good at music, but I could manage very small children, couldn't I?" she pleaded.

"My child," said Thaddeus, thinking a little of her incompetence as a pianist, but chiefly of what she would have to face in her new life, "you don't know what you are undertaking."

"I think I do, at least partly," answered Elinor, qualifying her first statement because of the expression of doubt that showed upon the old man's face,—“only, unless I absolutely must, I don't think I would have courage to go out as a governess amongst the people who knew us before—” She broke off, trying to steady her voice, which she could not keep from trembling. “That is why, dear master, I have come to you.” She smiled now through her tears, and laid a soft white hand on the old man's wrinkled fingers. “The question is, how am I to get employment elsewhere unless a kind friend helps me? Now, do you understand?”

He took the brave little hand and held it in his own.

"Yes," he said simply, "I understand, and you know I will do all I can. But, if you knew the difficulties that you will have to face, I wonder if you would not pause even now and try to think of something else?"

She shook her head in protest.

"There is nothing else, Signor," she replied,—“nothing I could do without leaving my mother; and even if I could do that—which of course is impossible,—I should not know what else to try.”

"You are not ignorant of the things—" began the old man.

"I am,—I am!" she interrupted. "I never cared to learn the sort of things my governesses wanted to teach me. I wasted my time and theirs; but you were the only one who ever told me it was wrong. And the useful things of life seem to have passed me by. I never even realized their existence until now."

The old man sighed. What she said was only too true. Money had been lavished on her education, but it had taught her nothing that could be of use to her now. The teaching of little children might be within her capacity, not owing to her book-learning, but because she was naturally fond of them, and understood them by instinct. But where were such pupils to be found?

Now that she had told Thaddeus of her plan, it seemed as though she had laid aside the heaviest weight of it. He would help her. He would find some children,—younger brothers and sisters of his own pupils, perhaps. And she asked only for a beginning. She was so hopeful, so determined to succeed; and she was, as she herself admitted, utterly ignorant of the dangers and difficulties of the life that she was choosing.

"I must go now," she said, as the clock on the mantelpiece (her own present to her master) struck the hour.

Her eyes went quickly to the timepiece, and thence to the miniature that stood beside it. What a sad face! And what beautiful eyes! She looked again, noticing how fine the painting was, how delicate the tracery of its golden frame. Signor Thaddeus must have a large clientele of pupils if he could afford to keep a thing of such value; and from that her thoughts returned to their starting place—her own trouble and the help that her old friend might be able to give her.

"You will think over my plan," she pleaded, "and help me if you can. If you are able to find me pupils to begin

with, I promise to do you credit. And then later" (again the tears that she had controlled so bravely threatened to break out) "I shall have to ask you to help us find cheap rooms somewhere."

"You must always remember, child, that anything that is in my power I will do for you with real pleasure," replied Thaddeus; and she knew that he meant what he said.

"Don't be too kind to me," she cried, trying to smile as she spoke, "or I—or I—" But she could not finish; and, with a quick nod of farewell, she turned to the door and went out. She could not afford to break down now, and the old man's sympathy was dangerously precious.

He had not expected so sudden an exit, and she was halfway down the stairs before he realized that she was gone. Then it was too late for him to see her off, or, as he had intended, to accompany her home; and he went back to his room, his mind wholly occupied with Elinor and her concerns, to the total exclusion of all that had been of such absorbing interest to him before her visit.

He was worn out from the mental excitement of the day; and, sitting down heavily, he dropped his head between his hands.

"Poor child!" he murmured (in his lonely life he had developed a habit of talking to himself),—"poor child! I suppose such happiness as came to me this morning is not destined to last. My dreams have soon been brought to an end. Because of her and her sorrow, I can not think now of what a few hours ago was such pure delight. How brave she is! And, lovely as she has always been, in my eyes at least, all this has brought into her face just the one thing that before was wanting. She will make a noble woman. But for the present—poor child!"

He sighed again, thinking of the knowledge of evil that must soon come into those innocent eyes. She was much too young, too ignorant, and too beautiful

to go about London alone. And into what kind of families must she enter? How would they treat her as a daily governess? His own pupils would have to seek a new teacher. She might begin with them. But no. They were either rough boys or young men who would not know how to treat with respect such a teacher as Elinor.

"Impossible!—impossible!" the old man exclaimed, going over the whole list in his mind. "No: I must lookout for some little children, as she herself said,—beginners in music, at all events; for she could not undertake anything advanced."

Again he broke off. How could he lookout for pupils for Elinor, when he himself would be leaving London immediately? Mrs. Stewart had mentioned that the house was ready for him, and that the organ had already been dispatched to Imaney. Must he desert her, then,—the child of his old age, as he had sometimes called her. Again impossible. But if not—suddenly his hand dropped to his sides; he held up his head stiffly, fiercely, and the blood ebbed from his cheeks, beating so loudly into his ears that he heard it like a living sound in the room.

"No, no!" he cried aloud. "Not that,—never that! It is impossible!"

He stood up and moved to the window, for he could scarcely breathe. He was choked, cramped, and he began to pace the room, walking up and down quickly at first, and then by degrees more and more slowly, till at last he threw himself upon his knees, stretching out his arms and hiding his face on the rug that covered the bed. He was not praying; he was not even thinking any consecutive thoughts. A strange numbness seemed to be creeping over him, mind and body; but the same words beat in his brain over and over again, and prevented him from thinking clearly:

"A musician is not needed in Glen Imaney. Any one who can play simple

accompaniments could fill the post of organist there."

He saw the house of his dreams, standing in the shelter of the Celtic church in the valley. It was home; for, in spite of the years of exile, he was a Glen man still, and all the labor of his life had been lightened by the thought of the peace, the security, and the leisure that would some day be his. And now, when this dream was about to become a reality, must he with his own hand destroy it forever? He could not do it; he could not bring himself to make the sacrifice of what was far dearer to him than life itself. And yet the thought of Elinor's undergoing what he had undergone, and perhaps even then not succeeding in keeping the wolf from the door, took from him every thought of peace or happiness for the future.

Night came before he had found any comfort in his difficulties, and he passed the long, dark hours lying fully clad upon his bed. Worn out as he was, he could not sleep; and as soon as daylight began to show in the sky he bethought himself that, being a feast, there would be an early Mass for the busy workers whose days were filled with toil. He had eaten nothing since the previous morning, and had spent more than twelve hours in an agonizing mental struggle. It was with a feeling akin to pleasure that he realized how exhausted he was. Life might not be long now for one so old and worn-out as he. Yet even as this thought forced itself, he felt as though a cold hand was laid upon his heart. In thinking thus, was he not admitting that the pleasant life at Imaney was not to be for him?

Early as it was, there were a number of people already in the church when Signor Thaddeus entered. He quietly took his place unnoticed amongst them. The light was still dim, and the candles on the altar showed only the outline of the priest's figure as he stood at the altar steps before beginning Mass. Even now

the old musician could not pray. He knelt in the midst of workmen whose hearts were raised to God, and a feeling more akin to peace crept over him. The Mass went on, and still no prayer rose from his lips. At the Communion those near him rose and went to the altar rails; and it was only when they returned, and a hush fell upon the little congregation, that the strife and the echoings that had tormented him all night grew still, and in their place, with heart still torn from suffering, under his breath he spoke one word, "*Fiat!*" and again, "*Fiat!*" It was God's will to send him this trial; it was God who offered him this cup of sacrifice and sorrow; and, for the sake of Him who had used the self-same words, he said at last: "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Later, on leaving the church, a beggar stretched out her hand and pleaded for an alms. Without realizing what he did the old man put her aside almost roughly.

"I have nothing," he said dully. "I have given all—everything I had."

The woman, accustomed to rebuffs, passed on without understanding the real meaning of his words; but they were true,—literally, cruelly true. He had given everything, to the last farthing, of what he had to give; and bare and hard and lonely the path of life stretched out and up before him.

(To be continued.)

Two Travellers.

BY CHARLES HENRY CHESLEY.

TWO travellers upon a journey went,
 And one was Falsehood speeding like the wind;
 The other, Truth upon love's mission sent,
 But plodding on serenely far behind.
 And Falsehood, heeding not the rugged way,
 Was lost amid the wilderness of stone;
 But Truth, more careful, shunned the crags of
 gray,
 And came triumphantly e'en to his own.

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

IV.—THE PATHERN DAY.

THE twenty-fifth of July was always called "Pathern Day" in the parish of Knockfeen. It took some years to arrive at the truth that "pathern" was a corruption of "patron," and that the day was kept holy in honor of St. James the Greater, to whom the parish chapel was dedicated.

A small mile out from the village was St. James' Well, to which from dawn to sundown people went in unbroken procession to make the "rounds." Over it was built a covering of mortar and stone, that in shape looked not unlike a beehive; while around it a path was worn from the unending procession during the long July day. People counted the rounds on their beads, or sometimes on little stones, one of which they dropped to the grass after each round. Everybody drank some of the clear, cold water, and gave an alms to the beggar woman who reached down for the welcome glassful. As a rule, people made the rounds at St. James' Well only on the feast of the saint; though, of course, there are numerous wells in Ireland where rounds are made every day of the year. It must be said, too, that nobody spent the whole day at this form of devotion. Indeed, it would be difficult for the same person to keep marching in the procession all day long.

About four hundred yards down from the rise of ground, out of which sometime in the dim past the cooling waters leaped, was a sloping lawn like that mentioned in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." There one could see the vision of five or six booths or stands—"tents" they used to be called,—presided over by professional "huxters," who made it a business to be present at all fairs, races, "patherns," and other gatherings of a like character. The stands had two departments—the religious

and the worldly. The religious portion contained beads, scapulars, prayer-books, statues, medals, and crucifixes; the worldly contained "sweets," cakes, lemonade, fruit of all kinds, especially plums and gooseberries. Old people came and chose the things of the spirit; children came and chose the things of the world. When the day was waning the old people walked leisurely home, wondering how many more years would be given them "to make the rounds." But the children stayed with their elder brothers and sisters, still feeding on the things of the world, for which they were to suffer later on.

Beyond these tents was the "Maggie man," who conducted a tournament of skill in wattle throwing. The sport consisted of two well-padded sticks driven into the ground, on which were placed two wooden targets resembling bottles. Every young man desiring to take a turn was given three throws at either of the targets for a penny. For every one knocked down, three more throws were granted, so that a man with a good aim might keep on throwing all day. The "Maggie man" had four specific duties: to collect and bring back the sticks after they had been thrown; to replace the targets; to call out continuously, "Three throws for a penny!" and to keep beyond reach of the flying missiles. It was a simple sport enough, no doubt; but the grown men and the growing boys of Knockfeen found it most enjoyable.

After all, amusement is relative. Simple people have simple joys. The boy with a kite is probably happier than the millionaire with a yacht. He has the same sky above him, and his young eyes can watch the rift for a stretch of blue; he has youth and hope; he is on the east side of life, with all the promise of the west before him. The man of money has comfort and ease and the material good things of earth. But earth's treasures gather rust with time, and earth's joys are always on the borderland of sorrow.

Late one Pathern afternoon Father

Tracey walked out from the village to share by observation in the pleasures of his simple people.

"Himself is comin'!" an old lady, who still lingered, whispered to a neighbor.

"Wisha glory be to God, an' he never misses! An' faix 'tis aisly plased he is, comin' out here to the likes of us."

"Whist, woman! Hasn't he been comin' here for thirty years, and won't he come till he die?"

"He will,—of course he will. And may the Blessed Mother herself keep him comin' a good while yet!"

Meantime one of the children, having seen the familiar figure walking down the road, gave the welcome word. It is not any picture of fancy to say that every child in the place rushed with a leaping heart to meet the sweet, kindly priest. They clapped their hands, fluttered around him like birds, and laughed in hysterical joy. One knows not how, but this man of silvered hair had the heart of every child in the hollow of his hand. When he appeared, father, mother, brother, sister, everybody on the whole round earth was set aside; when he left, a cloud settled on their young faces.

He set them racing for pennies till his coppers were all gone. Then Maureen sang "Ninety-Eight" for him; and the fire of her race leaped out of her eyes, and the red blood of her heart rushed to her face in defiance as the words brought meaning to her young mind. There was a lad he called "Laughing Fox," because he could never look at you without breaking into a smile, and because his hair was as red as the fur of a fox. Father Tracey had him speak a little piece about "Jacky the Lantern" and his wild pranks, which an old man in the parish had taught him. There were two lines which never failed to make Father Tracey laugh and clap his hands and say, "Bravo, bravo, 'Laughing Fox'!" The lines ran:

For Jacky could make the divil go wrong,
But the divil went wrong before him.

There was a little girl he called "Erin." She had long, black hair that always flew back in the wind; and her face was strangely serious, and her eyes full of expression. One day when he visited the school he asked her to read for him. The selection began, "Erin, the light will shine out of thine eyes"; and ever after he called her "Erin." When the children had sung and spoken and run themselves tired, he watched the men for a little, chatting here and there, and commenting on the good or ill luck of the stick-throwers.

Donald O'Neill, one of the finest hurlers in County Limerick, stepped up for a turn. The "Maggie man" put him off and told him to wait a bit; for he knew, as everybody else knew, that Donald could, without effort, knock down four bottles out of every six throws.

"Let Donald take a turn," Father Tracey said, as he heard the old man warding him off.

"Sure, your reverence, he's too good entirely, and 'tis tired he makes me gathering up the sticks for him. A man must make a living, your reverence. And Donald O'Neill might keep throwing from now till Christmas for a pinny."

"Yes, Donald is a great boy," Father Tracey added reflectively. "Sure, I baptized him and his father and mother before him, and I ought to know. Come over here to me, Donald."

Then Father Tracey placed his fatherly hand on the young head, crowned with a growth of fair, soft hair; and he looked with the pride of spiritual fatherhood into the eyes that were gentle and full of light. Father Tracey had an ever-widening love for all his people, young and old. But because Donald served his Mass for eleven years, and rang the chapel bell, and took care of his horse when he had one, and hovered about him morning, noon and night, for this lad the priest had the most tender affection. Donald was handsome like his father and mother before him. Many a girl would be glad to say "Yes" if he asked her, but 'twas

known he was taking Latin lessons with Father Tracey and might be a priest; so they put the thought of him out of their young heads.

The priest and Donald left the "Maggie man" to "make a living," as he put it, and stood on a rise of ground near the edge of the crowd.

"Well, Donald my lad, are you still thinking it over?"

"Indeed I am, Father, day and night. I know how my mother has her heart set on my staying here at home. My father won't like it either. But always the voice is calling me to foreign parts. I have prayed and prayed, and the voice keeps calling, calling,—something like the voice of the Irish calling St. Patrick long ago. I'm thinking to still the voice and ease my heart by joining the Franciscans for the foreign missions."

"Donald my lad, I'm forty-seven years a priest, and never yet have I stilled the voice in the heart of any one; and I never will, God helping me with His holy grace. I was thinking, since your father is well-to-do, you might go to Maynooth and join the priesthood of your own country. But who am I that I should lay plans for a boy when the voice of the great God is calling him?" Then Father Tracey's eyes filled with tears: "Donald, Donald, you are a good lad, and your young face shows it, and so does the light of your eyes. You have lingered around your poor old priest when his thoughts and his ways were so different from yours. You have cheered him when his heart was heavy with sorrow; you have helped him when age had fettered his feet. And I love you, Donald, as only a father could. And God loves you, Donald. Therefore follow Him, even if your father and mother gainsay you; for we must leave father and mother and follow Him. Yes, although I'll miss you many and many a day, and will hear no more the voice that sings in you, still go, Donald, when you are ready; and my blessing and the blessing of God go with you."

Father Tracey left the "Patern" shortly after, thoughtful and silent. The sun was far down in the west, and already a few scattered stars shone feebly in the sky. The scent of hayfields came to him from either side of the road; and, above, the crows, with extended necks and wings now flapping, now motionless, were journeying homeward. He caught not the scent of the hayfields, but looked up and saw the black carrion birds sailing along to protecting forests in the falling night.

"They are going home,—they are going home," he mused. "Everybody goes home when the night comes. The cows, the sheep, the birds,—they all go home. Man goes home, too; for the day is given to labor, the night to rest. I am going home myself, to pause a little; for the darkness is falling. Soon the long night will come, when the long day will be over; and then, too, I'll go home,—God grant I'll go home!"

Back at the "Patern" the crowd is getting thinner, the voices are fewer, the laughter is fast dying away. You can see people walking along the road in different directions, and their words come like echoes; you can see them crossing the fields and climbing over fences, and already their forms are vanishing in twilight. The well is deserted, the beggar woman has counted her pennies and has gone away to her little cabin in the village. The "Maggie man" has collected his wattles and has placed them away securely in his donkey cart; he has pulled up his padded sticks and has placed them away with his wattles. Over all he has spread his canvas and has made it fast. Now he hitches his donkey to the cart; now he, too, is fading into the twilight. The huxters at their booths are placing away their unsold holy objects and the meagre remains of their fruits and candies. They, too, pull down the canvas and make it fast over their wares; they, too, harness their donkeys, hitch them to the carts, pull out from the grounds, and fade into the twilight.

Not a soul lingers now. They are all gone. A law, a tradition brought them; a law, a tradition took them away. There was a new day, a joy in their coming; there is falling night and a strange pain that grips at the heart in their going. How silent the field! How silent the well! The grass will grow green again through the course of a long year where the huxters sold their wares, where the men threw the sticks in answer to the call of the "Maggie man," where the children played at their simple games. It will grow green also in the path around the well, now worn into hardness by the procession of many feet.

(To be continued.)

Where Magdalen Failed.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(CONCLUSION.)

SOME two hours later Magdalen took a tearful farewell of Mother Veronica, and went slowly home through the lamplit streets. She was very sad, but her heart was less heavy. Some of the hopelessness of life had passed away, and she told herself that she would try to follow Mother Veronica's advice in everything. Coming to a church, and seeing that the door was open for Benediction, she stole in, and, throwing herself on her knees before the Blessed Sacrament, prayed fervently for grace and strength.

Comforted and consoled, the girl went home; and as the hall door was opened, Beatrix and Cicely, looking white and fragile in their black frocks, came half shyly, half nervously, to meet her. She drew them toward her, kissing them silently but kindly. The little faces brightened; and, taking courage, the children caught her hands and squeezed them lovingly within their own.

"Magdalen," said Trixy, "we've been longing for you to come in."

"Yes!" Cicely cried. "For there are flowers,—oh, such lovely flowers—for

you in the dining-room. Come and see." And the now excited little girls pulled her along up the hall.

On the dining-room table lay a large bouquet of exquisite roses, lilies of the valley, and forget-me-nots. It was addressed to Miss Magdalen Maitland, but there was neither note nor label to say from whom it had come. The girl buried her face in the flowers, and a sob escaped her. Some one was kind; some one thought of her, and perhaps (her heart throbbed quickly) loved her, in spite of everything. For a moment she stood silently, gazing at the sweet blossoms, hot tears running down her cheeks. Then, hastily drying her eyes, she turned and smiled at the children.

"Come!" she said, undoing the string that bound the flowers together. "We'll divide these and put them in different places. A few on the table here we'll all enjoy. These choice roses Beatrix will carry up to mamma, and then we'll each have a little bunch for our rooms."

"I'll give mine to Our Lady!" cried Cicely. "My dear statue—the last thing dada gave me!"

"You brought it with you?" Magdalen said, surprised. "I thought you had forgotten it."

"It's my greatest treasure. It reminds me to pray—for us all. I'll keep it all my life. I often say 'Hail Marys' for dear dada and for you, Magdalen; for you loved him, and suffered more than any of us when he died. I ask Our Lady to comfort and keep you."

"She has done so, my darling!" (Magdalen caught the child to her breast.) "I've been cross and selfish with you; but to-day, with God's grace and Our Lady's help, I'm going to change, and we'll all work hard to be good and happy together."

"O Magdalen" (the children looked at her with clasped hands and shining eyes), "we missed you! It was the loneliness we minded most,—and the thought that—that you did not like us."

"You'll be lonely no more, Cicely; and you'll soon see that I like you and my little Beatrix very much."

"And we may be with you sometimes, Magdalen?"

"Always; we'll do everything together, and you must learn to love me."

"We do love you!" they exclaimed, clinging to her skirts. "And we'll just love to be with you."

For the little ones, it was, indeed, a delightful change to be constantly with their sister, to whom they had always looked up with admiration and love. To Magdalen, their society was at first a trial. Their noise, lively chatter, and little quarrels were very hard to bear. But she prayed for patience, tried bravely to surmount all difficulties, and train herself to be sweet-tempered and unselfish.

The following winter Mrs. Maitland died. She had never completely recovered from the shock of her husband's failure and sudden death. The loss of everything she prized most preyed upon her mind. She fretted and pined. At last, catching a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, she passed away; and, just a year after her husband's death, was buried by his side. Magdalen nursed her through her trying illness, and she died blessing her, and begging her to take care of her little orphan children.

After her stepmother's funeral, Magdalen and her sisters moved into a smaller house. Their income was altogether inadequate to their wants. If they were to live even in the simplest way, means must be found by which that income could be increased. Long and sadly Magdalen pondered over her difficulties. What could she do? She was willing—more than willing—to work, but at what? That was a question that puzzled and tormented her morning, noon and night.

Knowing all that Magdalen had to suffer, and the noble manner in which she bore her cross, Mother Veronica prayed for her fervently and constantly. For

a time, however, her prayers remained unanswered. Things grew worse in the little household, and Magdalen had sadly determined to put her sisters in a cheap school and take a situation as nursery governess, either at home or abroad, when help came to her from a most unexpected quarter.

One afternoon Mother Veronica, on leaving the chapel, was told that her nephew, Robert Railstone, wished to see her in the parlor. She did not keep him waiting. He was a favorite of hers, and just at that moment she happened to be free.

Robert greeted her affectionately, and then, in a few brief words, told her the object of his visit that day. A friend of his, one who in early days had been almost like his brother, had died in India, leaving him sole guardian of his motherless child, a girl of six. She was too young to go to school; and he, being a bachelor, could not give her a suitable home. She was to arrive in a few days, and he knew not what to do with her.

"She is quite an heiress," he concluded, "and could pay a handsome sum yearly to the person to whom I confide her. But the thing is who that is to be. I'd like to find some kind, responsible person, not too old, not too young, with children—for she must have companions,—who would bring her up a good Catholic and give her a real home. You, dear aunt, know so many capable people. Is there any one to whom you could advise me to send my little ward, Lena Stewart?"

"Yes," answered his aunt, promptly. "Send her to Magdalen Maitland."

"You surely don't mean that!" he laughed. "A young woman worldly to her very finger-tips! Oh, no, not Miss Maitland, pray!"

"Robert, Magdalen is changed. She has had troubles trying and hard to a girl beautiful and accustomed to adulation, luxury, and wealth. God has tried her severely. But she has borne all nobly. She is a model of goodness and sweetness.

I will not urge you to do anything for the child that you do not entirely approve of, but if you send her to Magdalen she will be well looked after."

"If I thought that—"

"Go and see Magdalen; look round her home; talk to the little sisters she loves and tends so carefully, and makes so happy, in spite of her poverty. Then, I feel sure, you will agree with me in thinking that you have found a safe place in which to put your ward."

"Would Miss Maitland not take my visit as an intrusion?"

"Certainly not. You are my nephew. She knew you in days gone by. When you meet her, you will know exactly what to say and how to say it. Magdalen is easy to talk to, and so sensible! She has a heart of gold, and is charming in every way."

"My dear aunt, what a eulogy! I used to think all that and more of Magdalen Maitland. But—"

"I know, — I know! And the poor child, carried away by the vanities and pleasures of the world, did not come up to or fell below your expectations. But she would realize the highest of them now, I assure you. You will find her quite a different person."

After a while the young man took his leave, without again recurring to the subject of a home for his ward. The next day, however, he went straight to Magdalen's little home. The door was opened by the girl herself, who, with a slight start of surprise, held out her hand and invited him to come in.

"I trust you will forgive me for intruding upon you thus?" he said, thinking how fair and lovely she looked in her simple black dress. "But Mother Veronica told me I might come."

"Any friend of our dear Mother is most welcome," Magdalen answered simply. "And you and I are not absolute strangers" (her color rising a little), "after all."

"No, far from that. But still—"

"You will find us very busy this morning," Magdalen said quickly, as she led him into a small sitting-room, where Beatrix and Cicely sat side by side, near the window, sewing. Several dolls lay upon the sideboard, and the table was covered with bright colored silks, white muslin and lace.

"What happy little people to have so many dolls!" he remarked smilingly, as the children were introduced.

They all laughed merrily, and Magdalen took up a pale-blue satin frock and began to turn up the hem.

"We are dressing these for a shop, Mr. Railstone. We have hoped and prayed for this order for months, and it came only last night."

"They pay you well, I hope."

Magdalen smiled, and threaded her needle.

"Perhaps you would not think much of their payment. But—well, every little helps."

He allowed his eyes to wander round the room and out over the tiny garden. All was neat and fresh. The children and their sister were spotless. Their beautiful hair, soft as spun silk, was simply but carefully dressed and brushed. Everything about them was orderly.

"Miss Maitland," he said suddenly, "will you do me a favor?"

Magdalen dropped her work and looked up smiling.

"With pleasure, if it is possible."

"It will not be difficult, I think," he remarked quietly. And then in a few words he told her of the arrival of his ward from India and his anxiety to find a home for her. Would she be willing to receive and take care of the child?

"Very gladly, Mr. Railstone!" Magdalen cried, her heart full of joy and gratitude. "I will be a mother to her, the children will be as her sisters. And, oh, I can not tell you what a boon the sum you mention will be to me! God bless you for thinking of me!"

"It was Mother Veronica's idea."

"Then God bless you both! You are, indeed, friends in sore need. But" (with a little catch in her voice) "if the child is wealthy, Mr. Railstone, she should have a better home. This house is—"

"The house matters little. That can be arranged later on. 'Tis womanly love and sympathy, a refined and Catholic home I wish for Lena. I have found that,—that is, if you will really grant my request, and allow me to place her with you."

"She will be welcome as sunshine," Magdalen said, half laughing, half crying. "And if she is not happy here, it will not be my fault."

"Thank you! You have greatly eased my mind. I am convinced the poor little Anglo-Indian will be very happy indeed."

Two years passed, and Lena Stewart, who on her arrival in England had been white-faced and fragile, was now sturdy and robust. She was a warm-hearted little creature, and expanded, like a flower before the sun, in the atmosphere of love and tender affection in which she found herself.

On Lena's eighth birthday, Robert Railstone, his motor-car laden with parcels, drove down to the pretty cottage, a few miles from town, in which, some time before, he had established his ward and her friends.

"Presents—for me? How lovely!" cried Lena, rapturously. "Dear Uncle Robert, how good you are!" And she went to look for Beatrix and Cicely to show them her treasures.

"Oh, what a dear, happy little child!" laughed Magdalen.

"She is blest!" he said. "I envy her intensely. She is always with you. I have waited and prayed and hoped that I might have the same good fortune myself. Will you not take care of me?"

With a blush and a smile from her frank eyes, Magdalen laid her hand in his.

"Yes, Robert, I will try to take care of you, too."

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

V.

SOMETIMES the mirror, by a gust of wind or an accidental touch of brush or hand, gets tilted a bit; and it afforded me the other day, not the entire figures of passers-by, but just an endless procession of feet, each encased in its protecting and smothering envelope. There were the smart boots of the dapper young girls on their way to school, the much-worn shoes of the little lads, the stout brogans of the workingmen, the well-polished foot-gear of the affluent, and the broken leather of the poor. And, I thought, there are other Shut-Ins. Each foot that passes is a prisoner,—in bonds, when it was meant to be free; pinched into ignoble shape, when it was intended to be happy; pressing a cruel sole upon stone, when it should be moistened by the dew and browned by the sun; hidden and ashamed, when it should be eloquent and alert.

I often think of Grandsir Floyd's monologue as he selected a fine, clear piece of pine from the store in the wood-box and began to whittle. "If feet were free and healthy, folks would be," he said. "When I was a youngster, unless there was snow on the ground, we never put our shoes on till Sunday; and not then till we got in sight of the meetin'-house. If grown-ups had done the same, it wouldn't have taken them a hundred years to chase the Injuns out of New Hampshire. It was them Injuns' moccasins and living out doors that kept them tough. It makes me sick to see these summer boarders' boys with their feet pinched up in patent leather. I'd rather see a boy with a thorn in his toe and a couple of stone bruises on his heel. Sometimes I think there's a streak of Injun in me." This seemed not unlikely; for his tall, straight form, high cheek-

bones, and eagle eyes gave color to the supposition.

Upon my wall, close to the south window where the sun is brightest, there hangs a picture of a Syrian mountain-side, in which there is but one human figure—that of a shepherd. His sheep have gone on before, and some of them are looking back as if curious to know why he does not follow. His dress is the simple one of the region, and his feet are bare; but as he leans on his crook and gazes at the stars, there is a sublimity and majesty in his face that kings might envy. "Rise above this sordid world," he seems to say; "take your thoughts from petty worries and fleeting pleasures, and fix them on God who holds these mountains and stars in the hollow of His hand." Externals fade away as I look. It is not a barefooted shepherd who tends his flocks in the starlight: it is a prophet and a king. He typifies, perchance, the freedom that comes with the unclothed foot,—the impulse which led St. Francis and his followers to fling aside all fripperies and to tramp in sandals, which left them free for the joy and peace of the open road.

Often in the wakeful hours that come to all Shut-Ins in the silence of the night, I think of other feet,—of those that, like my shepherd's, wandered over the mountains of the land that is forever holy because they sanctified it; and in spirit I dwell upon those blessed feet, nailed "for our advantage to the bitter Cross." But before they came to that sad place there were weary miles for them to travel, to take health to the sick, life to the dead, counsel to the erring; over the desert sand, where sharp flints hindered, to the place where a sinner's tears were ready for their laving; yea, even upon the turbulent sea, which at their touch was calmed. And, as I muse, the morning is here, and Louisa, singing the *Adeste Fideles*, comes in and straightens the mirror,

(To be continued.)

Fénelon's First Sermon.

IN a large French drawing-room, furnished with all the luxury of the seventeenth century, sat a boy about sixteen years old, reading busily by the uncertain light of a dull December day. So deeply was he engrossed in the pages before him, that he started visibly when the door opened and an elderly gentleman entered the room.

"Good-day, nephew!" said the newcomer, briskly. "I have some news for you. This afternoon a brilliant reception will be held at the Hôtel Boufflers, and the Marquise your cousin kindly suggests that you should make your first speech on this occasion."

Young Fénelon (for he it was who was thus addressed) glanced up in dismay at the speaker,—not that he was surprised at his uncle's words, for in the days of Louis XV. young men destined for the priesthood were often called upon to speak in public; but the thought of addressing so grand an assembly filled him with dread.

"You may select any theme you wish," said the old gentleman, gravely. "But, remember, your speech must be sufficiently long; that is the keynote to success." And he walked hurriedly out of the room.

With this parting admonition ringing in his ears, Fénelon resumed the seat he had vacated, and, pen in hand, sought desperately for a subject befitting the occasion. But theme after theme was discarded as inappropriate, and it was with a start that he heard his uncle's voice calling out that the carriage stood waiting at the door.

"Please drive on without me!" Fénelon made answer. "I will follow presently. It is but a short distance to the Hôtel Boufflers,—and I shall have more time to prepare my speech," he inwardly added, as he once more drew pen and paper toward him and began writing busily.

An hour later he was on his way. The day was cold and stormy. Large flakes of snow were covering the roofs and gables of the houses with a thin layer of white, and the few pedestrians bent on business or pleasure were clothed in warm cloaks. He was walking briskly down one of the main streets when he suddenly came upon a little chimney-sweep seated on a doorstep crying bitterly.

"What's the matter, little fellow?" inquired Fénelon, going up to the boy who was seeking protection from the storm under the projecting eaves of a house.

Two large brown eyes looked up from a rather grimy face, and two chubby fists hastily wiped away falling tears.

"O Monsieur, it is all gone,—all gone!" came the despairing answer.

"What is all gone?" asked Fénelon; and, bit by bit, he made out the following story.

The boy's father, it seemed, had lost a leg in an accident several months before, and was still in the hospital. He was getting stronger every day, however; and the doctors believed that in a very short time, with the help of a wooden leg, he would be able to get about almost as well as before. But a wooden leg costs some little money, so François for months past had put by every penny he had earned by cleaning chimneys, and running errands; living the while on such scraps of food as kind folks would give him. Every evening he had carefully counted up his little pile of pennies and francs; picturing the while his father's joy when the sum should be poured into his hands. But that very morning when François, on awakening, had put his hand under the pillow to feel for his precious treasure, it was gone. One of the other chimney-sweeps who shared his garret had no doubt made off with it during the night.

At the Hôtel Boufflers some fears had been roused by the delay of the young speaker, and a murmur of satisfaction arose as he entered the room. Going up

to the young hostess, his cousin, he made an apology for his tardiness, and was immediately called upon to speak. His opening sentences came as a surprise to his audience; for Fénelon, discarding the splendid theme he had prepared, told the sad story he had just heard from the unfortunate chimney-sweep.

"It is not a true story, is it?" inquired the good-natured Duchesse d'Angoulême, as she wiped away the large drops that trickled down her withered cheeks.

"Indeed it is!" said a voice from the doorway.

It was the Marquise de Boufflers, who, having disappeared toward the end of Fénelon's address, now re-entered the room, holding the chimney-sweep by the hand. Taking the little fellow's faded brown cap from his head, she held it out to her friends for a collection. A chorus of approving voices greeted her kindly action.

"I have not a penny with me," said a shy little countess, seated in the front row; but I *must* contribute something." And, with a slight blush, she took off two valuable diamond earrings and dropped them into the cap.

Her example was followed by others. Pins, broaches, and bracelets came pouring in, forming a glittering heap, till the boy's eyes fairly danced with delight.

In a far-off corner of the room, Fénelon was endeavoring to escape the many congratulations heaped upon him. He was a hero to everyone but his uncle, who kept muttering to himself: "It was much too short,—much too short! The boy's speech should have been twice as long."

He was, however, somewhat consoled when a famous orator of the day, who was among the guests, approached, and, patting Fénelon on the shoulder, exclaimed: "If you were about twenty years older, my dear young fellow, I should consider you a dangerous rival!"

Prophetic words, which Fénelon prized more highly than all the complimentary phrases he had heard that evening.

The Rewriting of History.

Notes and Remarks.

Even non-Catholic reviewers, we notice, refer to Dr. James Gairdner's history of "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," the third volume of which has just appeared, as "a great advance on the biased accounts of nineteenth-century historians"! There is something almost amusing to a Catholic in these very naive admissions of Protestant critics. They speak of unwelcome truths which partisan historians have hitherto glossed over,—that the Reformation in England was anything but a spontaneous popular movement, or indeed generally acceptable to the masses of the people; that the new religion was forced upon them by their despotic civil rulers, etc.

Dr. Gairdner's admissions are what might be expected from one who has already given so many proofs, not only of patient scholarship, but of the judicial temperament, so lacking in not a few nineteenth-century English authors. He says, *inter alia*:

The world has been slow to recognize that the climax of Henry VIII's despotism was attained when it broke down the ancient liberties and independence of the Church. . . . This is what really constituted the essence of the English Reformation: secular power—indeed secular tyranny, from which there was no escape, gradually mollified by the recognition of vital truths in the keeping of that Church which it oppressed, but never could disown. . . . It would almost seem that the pre-Reformation Church was the Church of liberty, and that we have been ever struggling since that day to recover something of that liberty and variety which the Government of Edward VI. first denied us.

It is an easy prediction that within a decade or two all intelligent non-Catholics will arrive at a very different estimate of the great revolution of the sixteenth century from that hitherto set forth by partisan writers. Protestant ministers, of course, will be the last to admit that they were indeed blind and leaders of the blind.

The recent Papal decree "concerning the bringing of the clergy before the tribunals of lay judges" has, as usual, set the vigilant watchdogs of the English Protestant Alliance barking with a vociferousness as unwarranted as it is futile. A representative of the press lately asked the Right Rev. Canon Moyes for a statement as to the purport of the decree in question; and was told, among other things, that "it is not the will, and it certainly never could be the interest, of the Church to impair the due and just exercise of civil rights, nor to cause unnecessary friction with the civil power, nor to create privileges which are not justified by good and sufficient reasons. On the other hand, certain journals which seek to make political capital out of Papal decrees must remember that the decree in question is a matter of procedure between Catholics themselves, and of domestic Catholic discipline; and the penalties which it notes are purely spiritual and affect only the consciences of Catholics. These journals would assume a very silly position if they claimed to intervene between the Pope and his own flock, and to dictate to him the conditions under which he may grant or refuse communion to his own people."

The denunciation of Papal action in such matters by non-Catholic critics is an all too common instance of failure on the part of many otherwise excellent and amiable persons to obey the eleventh commandment.

Commenting on the "Prizes of Virtue" recently awarded for the one hundredth time by the French Academy, *L'Action Sociale* tells of a French-Canadian mother who would have been a most worthy recipient of such a prize. "This woman," says the Canadian editor, "dwelt in one of the parishes near Quebec. She was poor, and ignorant of worldly knowledge, but we

do not recall having ever met a soul more open to 'the things that are above.' Her only school was the church, her only master the preacher, her only book Our Lady's Beads; and yet neyer was judge with a clearer notion of justice, never was priest with a truer sense of duty, never was poet with a more delicate and impressionable soul, never was conqueror with more tenacity and perseverance, never was theologian who understood better why and how one must serve God." The devoted mother in question lived for fourteen years in constant attendance upon a son stricken with leprosy, and leprosy in its most horrible and heart-rending form. She spent her nights on a cot by the bedside of her afflicted boy, and left his room during the day only for visits to the church near by. She would undoubtedly have been astounded to hear that her martyr-like devotedness deserved such a reward as the prize of virtue that they bestow in France; but surely few of such prizes have been more meritoriously won.

Cardinal Newman used to tell of the discomfiture experienced by himself (in his ante-Catholic days), and by a couple of Anglican friends, when, during a visit to Ireland, they once questioned a young lad on religious matters. The boy's knowledge of the small Catechism sufficed to furnish him with answers which effectively put to rout his Protestant examiners. A similar controversial victory is mentioned by Father Zappa, of the Upper Niger apostolate, in a letter to the *Annals* of the Propagation of the Faith. "Not long ago," he writes, "a Protestant schoolmaster, a big Bible under his arm, introduced himself to one of our catechists who was just going home from work in the field, his only dandyism a little loin cloth, his only books the beads of his Rosary." In the course of the polemic that ensued, the schoolmaster inveighed particularly against the "immoral" celibacy of the priests. When he

had finished, the native catechist replied: "You say our priests are wrong in not marrying and that your ministers are right in having wives. For my part, I believe one thing: it is that priests, bishops, and the chief of all the bishops, are the representatives of Our Lord, and that they are all bound to represent Him in our eyes. Now, where do you find in that big book that Our Lord had a wife like you or me? It is our priests, then, who are most like Him, not your ministers." Which, for an Upper Nigerian native unable to read, was not "half bad."

Further and gratifying recognition of the self-sacrificing zeal of Catholic missionaries is evidenced in a communication to the English *Guardian* by the Protestant Bishop of Athabasca, the Rev. Dr. Holmes. Appealing for some ministers to volunteer for service among the neglected sheep of his Canadian flock, he writes: "It means that loneliness and isolation must be faced; but surely there are young men in the church who will not hesitate to consecrate their lives on the same altar of self-sacrifice as Roman Catholic priests, many of them having but one furlough in a lifetime." The good bishop is underrating the devotedness and isolation of our Catholic missionaries, very many of whom have not even one furlough in their lifetime,—being always on the firing line from ordination till the final taps are sounded by death.

An organization of which we have often spoken as a desideratum among the Catholic activities of this country has recently taken form. It is styled the League of Welcome, and the *Lamp* thus explains its proposed action:

The purpose of the League is to assist and direct inquirers in their search for the Faith and to greet them on their entrance into the Church. The name of the League signifies its motive—to *welcome* converts, to help them to feel at home as they take up their abode in the City of God. And while the Society will not

be found hostile to that measure of faith that any outside the Church may already possess, on the other hand, since its active members will naturally be themselves converts, they will necessarily seek to evince their recognition of conversion as the gift of God by a generous readiness to diffuse amongst their friends a knowledge of the truth as He has committed it to His Church. And although the members, as converts, will be peculiarly qualified to deal with non-Catholic inquirers, the genius of the League, it is hoped by its founders, will be *not to build up a special class of Catholics*, but to incorporate all into the one living Body, the Church of the one Lord Jesus.

The League, we are informed, is under the patronage of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, — a peculiarly happy choice, as the Archbishop of Baltimore has probably been, directly or indirectly, the greatest missionary to non-Catholics and the most successful convert-maker in the country. The headquarters of the League will be at Garrison, N. Y.; and books, pamphlets, etc., will be sent from there by the Rev. Paul James Francis, S. A., to all who apply for them.

Of all the sects in this country, the Baptists are the most intensely anti-Catholic. Papers published under the auspices of this denomination teem with misrepresentations of, and calumnies against, the Church. Baptist ministers are among the most violent opponents of all things Catholic. More than any other body of preachers, these worthies were responsible for the spread of the A. P. A. movement. A convert who was formerly a professor in a Baptist college assures us that its library did not contain a single Catholic book, though there were scores of anti-Catholic works of the vilest description. (One author calls himself "an ill-wisher of the Romish brood.") No word in explanation or defence of any dogma of the Church was ever spoken. But of late a blessed change has come over this numerous body of our separated brethren. A recent issue of its leading organ, the *Watchman*, had for frontispiece a picture of the Christ-Child

and the Blessed Virgin. There were strong protests, no doubt, against this exhibition of what Baptists term "Mariolatry," and vigorous denunciations of the editor man for his disregard of the traditional views of the sect; but a thing has been done which no Baptist would have thought of doing twenty years ago. Times change, and sectarians change with them—not always for the worse.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding has been delivering recently, in his cathedral in Fort Wayne, a series of sermons on "Social Reform." Of one of his discourses, on a subject not infrequently referred to in these columns; the *Catholic Universe* says:

The utterances of the Bishop upon the subject of the modern moving-picture show ought to be read closely by every Catholic who has the opportunity. They constitute a grave and a conservative warning.

There is nothing wrong in the moving-picture show *per se*; but there is much that is wrong in its development unrestricted by law or censorship, untouched by healthy public opinion, and allowed to be gauged only by the clink of coin at the box office.

The censorship should be systematic and exercised frequently. It is the experience of most towns and cities that these shows, or very many of them, begin by being quite unobjectionable; but gradually take on features, or disclose films, that are thoroughly prejudicial to morality. Children should not be allowed to attend the questionable among such shows, or any of them unless accompanied by their elders.

Our Scotch contemporary, the *Glasgow Observer*, is exhorting Catholics to exert themselves in an effort to get the law of criminal libel extended to Scotland. "In England," it declares, "criminal libel is punishable by imprisonment, and criminal libellers are frequently imprisoned. In Scotland, the only form of redress open to the victim of any libel is that of money damages; so that if a man in Scotland

be impecunious, he can say what he likes without fear of penalty. Any ruffianly blackguard may take a street corner and slander most specifically any Catholic organization or Catholic institution, and go scot-free. That is constantly done. In England such libellers would be 'laid by the heels in two twos,' and made amenable to justice by criminal prosecution. Why should not Scotland enjoy the advantage of such a law?"

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Apropos of the insistent demand by sociological writers for "personal service"—the giving of one's self, and not merely one's money—in such charitable work as is to be most effective, an interesting bit of news comes from court circles in Madrid. Queen Victoria Eugenia is at the head of a charitable organization, of which she not only founded, but of which she is one of the most active workers. For the poor of Madrid, the Queen's organization collected no fewer than forty thousand suits of clothes; and, in order to set a practical example of good deeds, her Majesty made as many as fifty of these suits herself,—“actually made them.”

In view of the inherent chivalry and notable impressionability of the Spanish character, we should judge that, at a moderate computation, those fifty suits are worth fifty thousand supporters of the Spanish monarchy against the attacks of anarchy-tinged Socialists.

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The following passage in Thomas Nelson Page's new book, "Lee as College President," might be perused with profit by twentieth-century educators and disciplinarians of all classes:

Prior to General Lee's installation as president [of the Virginia institution now known as Washington and Lee], it had always been the custom to grant at least a week's holiday at Christmas. This custom the faculty, under the president's lead, did away with, and henceforth only Christmas Day was given as a holiday. A petition to return to the old order having failed, a meeting of the students was held, and a

paper was posted, containing many signatures, declaring the signers' determination not to attend lectures during Christmas week. Some manifestation appeared on the part of certain of the faculty of giving in to the students' demand. General Lee settled the matter at once by announcing that any man whose name appeared on the rebellious declaration would be expelled from the college. And if every student signed it, he said, he would send every one home, and simply lock up the college and put the key in his pocket.

The paper disappeared, and the attendance at lectures during that particular Christmas week was exceptionally large. Just such firmness in maintaining authority and enforcing discipline, irrespective of consequences, is a desideratum in not a few educational institutions of this country at the present day. The account a few months ago of a "strike" by a crowd of American schoolboys in their early teens must have made many a sensible citizen sigh for the schoolmaster of an earlier day, who would have settled such a strike in brief order and drastic fashion; inculcating incidentally the needed lesson that one of the conditions inherent in youth is the necessity of obeying laws and the superiors who administer them.

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The official organ of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America (the *C. T. A. U. Advocate*) quotes as "food for thought" this paragraph from an unidentified exchange:

A business man passed through Iroquois County last week looking for a location for a glove factory. His proposition was a novel one—he was looking for a saloon town. His firm did not want to locate in a large city, but would take no small city for a location unless there was positive assurance that the saloons would be permitted to operate permanently. This is the secret of his strange interest in saloons. The glove factory employs a large number of girls and women. He said that women and girls in saloon towns would work, while in "dry territory" it was impossible to get them to undertake such employment; for their husbands, brothers and fathers were more likely to provide them with a good home.

A significant paragraph, surely.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Sick Boy's Prayer.

BY T. E. BURGO.

OH, little star that wanderest
In heaven's deepest blue,
Since the first coming of the night
My eyes have watched for you!
And if to-night your way should be
Before God's beaming throne,
Tell Him a little boy on earth
Is watching here alone.
Tell Him that through the weary eve
I've sought for sleep in vain;
Ask Him to close my tired eyes
And take away my pain.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—A SEARCH AND A FIND.

DROWN dead!" cried Mam, dropping down all in a heap on the wash-bench,—“drown dead! Miss Pat, Ginger drown dead! Doan't you say it, boy, agin,—doan't you say it!” wailed Mam in despair.

“I got ter,—I got ter tell ye!” said Link. “Billy Mickell he seen 'em on a cake ob broken ice a goin' ober de dam.”

“Ober de dam! And dat mean, low-down, no-'count, o'nary white trash coward didn't stop 'em!” shrieked Mam, savagely.

“He couldn't! Dey was too deep in de Gorge for him to reach right quick, and he kited down long fast as he could to de bend to head 'em off. But it was too far fur him. Just got dar as dat ice cake went a whirlin' ober de dam, and nuffin' was left but Miss Pat's grey mitten a-tossin' in de water. Pocomoke Creek's

a bilin' like mad from shore to shore, and roarin' and ragin' ober de dam ten foot deep.”

“Oh, de Lord hab mercy! My chillun, my chillun, my little Miss,—de last ob de Peytons drown dead in de Creek!”

Mam threw her apron over her head and began to rock back and forth wildly on the wash-bench.

“I knowed dar was bad luck comin' when dat black crow lit on de well sweep dis mornin'. I knowed it for suah. My chillun, my chillun!”

“Hole to de Lord, honey!” said Uncle Scip, who had led the hymns and prayers of Pocomoke Creek camp-meetings for fifty years. “Hole to de Lord! Dis am de visitation ob de tribbilation for true. Dem chillun is shinin' in glory now befo' de trone. Dey has passed trough de waters, honey, and dey's singin' to de golden harps and—and—”

“Oh, doan't ye,—doan't ye!” broke forth poor Mam, in renewed despair. “I can't bar it, ole man,—I can't bar it jest yet. O my poor little Miss,—my poor little Miss,—my poor little yaller-faced Ginger a drown dead in de dam, wif no one to help or save!” And, still rocking back and forth under her apron, Mam burst into a wild flood of tears.

Then it was that Mr. Dunn, who had been shocked dumb and breathless by Link's announcement, found speech.

“When—where did this happen? Where is this Creek—this dam? I am here for this poor girl's guardian, and must see—know all,” he said, rising, pale and shaken, to his feet; for Mr. Maxwell Granville would, he knew, expect a full report of this disastrous affair, and might even hold him in some way responsible for his mission's tragic end.

“Come on, sah, den,—come on!” said Link, glad of anything that would relieve

the situation. "I'll show you,—I'll show you all. De moon is risin' now and you can see plain."

"I'm comin',—I'm comin' too!" cried Mam, starting up and catching her ragged shawl from its nail on the wall behind her. "I's gwine to find dem chillun dead or alive, and bring 'em home. Come long, Mister! Scip, you stay dar, and keep up de fire; for de Lord only know what we'll bring back. Come on, Mister,—come on!"

And they started,—Link leading, Mam rushing on wildly behind him, Mr. Dunn following as best he could; for never had his neatly-booted feet trodden such ways before. Down the rugged side of old Pocomoke, over rock and ridge, through blocking drift and snow-wreathed tangles of thicket and thorn bush, over white slippery slopes where there was scant foothold, went the reckless search; while the thundering thud of the snowslides echoing from height and depth, the roar of the Creek as it plunged in mad freedom over the dam, the laugh of Bonnbelle as she tumbled joyously down the mountain-side, told that Jack Frost's brief grip of old Pocomoke was broken for the winter.

"Hear dem waters?" wailed Mam. "O Lord a massy, hear dem waters? No chillun could stan' agin a ragin' and a roarin' like dat. Deys gone for suah—for suah! Nebba will I see dem pore little lambs agin. O my little Missy dat I rocked to sleep for nights and nights in my arms,—my pore little Ginger,—dey's gone for suah—for suah!" cried the old woman as they reached the ledge overlooking the Creek.

And Mr. Dunn, scrambling down the white slope to her side, felt that Mr. Maxwell Granville's ward was gone indeed, if she had ventured there. For the pale light of the rising moon showed the Creek, swollen by breaking ice and melting snow to twice its natural size, leaping, a raging, foaming torrent, down the Gorge.

Lanterns were gleaming below. Billy

Mickell had given the alarm; and his father and several neighbors, drawn to the store by the turkey raffle, had turned out to do what they could. Billy, breathless and eager, came bounding up to Link's side.

"Dam's a boilin' ten feet deep. Nobody can get nigh it. Dad says 'twould kerry a team of mules dar down to the river."

But Link did not heed. He had started forward, every nerve and muscle in his lean, long frame suddenly alert.

"What's dat?" he cried. "What's dat I hear ober in Big Black? You hear it, Mam? You hear it, Billy Mickell? You hear it, Mister?"

"Only a dog," said Mr. Dunn, wishing he were back in comfortable, civilized ways, where policemen managed affairs like these, and respectable citizens were not required to scramble over icy heights looking for their millionaire client's wards. "You hear a dog barking somewhere, boy."

But Link's long ears had caught a familiar sound that came faintly across the rising Creek.

"Fritz!" he cried breathlessly. "Dat's our own Fritz, Mam. I know de squeak in his bark whar de wild-cat jabbed him. Mam, dat's our Fritz ober on 'de Big Black. If Fritz was out wif little Miss and Ginger—if Fritz was out wif dem, Mam, he wouldn't let 'em drown—not if de Creek was roarin' mountain high."

"Call him," said Billy Mickell. "Holler to him, Link. Mebbe he'll hear."

"Hi-yi!" shouted Link, making a speaking trumpet of his hands. "Fritz! Fritz, ole boy! Fritz, dat you?"

"Bowwow-wow!" came the answer from the frowning height beyond the stream; and even Mr. Dunn's ear now caught the squeak in the hoarse bark.

"Fritz! Fritz! Dat's our own Fritz for suah!" cried Link. "And he nebba goes nigh Big Black unless he's tuk. Hi-yi-yi! He's up dar on de Gunner's Ridge by ole Marster's powder hole. He's dar for suah."

"Bowwow-wow!" rose the cheery sound

again, beyond the Creek; but this time a clearer, sweeter note was added to its hoarse greeting.

"Link!" came a flute-like note over the rushing water. "L-i-n-k,—O L-i-n-k!"

"Miss Pat!" yelled Link, jumping two feet in the air and executing a frantic double-shuffle as he came down. "Miss Pat up dar, suah, safe and sound. Miss Pat and Ginger up dar in de ole powder hole! Miss Pat! Miss Pat!"

"Dad, Dad!" exclaimed Billy Mickell, scrambling down the breakneck height at risk of life and limb. "Hooray,—hooray, Dad! They're safe,—they're safe!"

"Safe is it?" said Dad grimly, as he, with his searching party, paused hopelessly beside the swollen stream. "Faix and it's wid the saints in heaven, then, lad; for there's no sign nor sound of the craythures below here. And it will be breaking my own Molly's tender heart. I left her on her knees praying to the Holy Mother to save her darlint Pat."

"And she has,—she has!" said Billy. "She has saved her, Dad! They're up on Gunner's Ridge safe and sound. Listen, Dad,—listen!"

"L-i-n-k!" came the long-drawn, trembling cry through lightening shadows, for the moon was now rising high over old Pocomoke. "Link, come help! Come,—come!"

"Glory be to God!" cried Dad. "She is calling, indeed, there in the cowl'd dark of the winter night! We must get to her somehow, though no mortal man could pass here. Off wid ye, Bill, me lad! Harness up the spring wagon. We'll have to go up and cross the Creek at Cedar Ford. It will be a fine climb up Big Black after that. But if the gunners took it forty years ago, we ought to do it for that poor little girl to-night."

So Billy and Dad and Link, who insisted on "jining in," hurried off to the rescue, that meant a good twelve-mile drive; for they would have to go to the head waters of the Creek, where it babbled out of the rocks a mere shallow mountain

spring, that could be forded even in times like these without any danger.

And, with Mam, laughing and crying in hysteric joy, Mr. Dunn took his way over the moonlight heights again to Peyton Hall, mentally framing a report that would make Mr. Maxwell Granville look strictly to his ward's ways in future.

The kitchen fire was roaring joyous welcome. Uncle Scip praised the Lord in true camp-meeting fashion when he heard the children were safe on this side of the "golden gates"; and, all her fears removed, Mam proceeded to entertain her "gemplun company" as hospitably as unfortunate circumstances permitted. True, the corn pone was dried and the bacon frizzled beyond hope. But Mam and the kitchen fire went to work; and what Mam and that kitchen fire could not do with griddle and frying-pan is really not worth mentioning. In less than half an hour after his return from his mountain climb, Mr. Dunn was seated in the "ladified" corner of the kitchen, with a repast spread upon the mahogany table that was all that any half-frozen, hungry, ill-humored "gemplun" from the North could ask. Such ham, raised by Uncle Scip himself, and cured and sweetened in the old smokehouse by methods that ole Marse had used seventy years ago! Such eggs, laid by Mam's well-trained speckled hens, in spite of ice and snow, this very morning! Such batter-cakes, smoking hot and puffed to a delicate golden brown! Such cream and butter and honey! Such coffee, clear and strong, and filling the whole kitchen with its fragrance,—such coffee as Mr. Dunn's patent percolator, with its silver stand and lamp, had never been known to make! With the first cup Mr. Dunn began to thaw; with the second, he melted; with the third, the ice crust slipped quite away, leaving him really friendly and human again. He took out his watch.

"Isn't it time for this young lady of yours to be back home again?" he asked

of Uncle Scip, who was shuffling about the table, serving with something of the skill of long ago.

"No, sah,—no," answered the old man, with a shake of his head. "It's a mouty rough road and a mouty rough climb up Big Black. But dey'll get her, sah,—no fear, dey'll get her all right. Long as she ain't gone ober de dam, dey'll get her suah."

"I'm afraid she will be frightened to death out there in the cold and the dark," said the gentleman, quite anxiously.

"Frightened?" repeated Uncle Scip, with a chuckle. "Frightened? Miss Pat ain't dat kind, sah. Miss Pat nebba skeer at nuffin' since she was born. She's de berry spit ob ole Marse her grandpap,—de berry spit. She oughter a been a boy,—as ole Missus often said, Miss Pat suahly oughter been a boy. Got all de boy sperrits and all de boy will. But ole Missus knowed how to hole her in. Ole Missus soft and gentle, but mouty strong. She knowed how to hole her in good."

"And does Miss Pat often indulge in adventures like this,—I mean," explained Mr. Dunn, as Uncle Scip stared uncomprehendingly at the question, "does she run around this mountain land of hers without any care—into any danger? Had her grandmother no friends, no family within reach?"

"No, no, sah," answered Uncle Scip. "De fambly all dead or married far away. Ole Pocomoke mouty lonesome dese days, all de folks movin' off whar dey can get to de railroads and de telegraphs and de churches and de schools."

"No churches or schools!" exclaimed Mr. Dunn, feeling as if he had indeed strayed beyond the bounds of American civilization. "Do you mean that this girl has been allowed to grow up for years without attending church or school? It is indeed time that some one took her in hand."

"Dat's so, sah,—dat's so. Dat's what me and de ole woman's been a speculatin' ober dis six months. It's time dat

some white folks come forward and take Miss Pat by de hand. Ole Missus she been sayin' ebbery year how she was gwine to shet up de house and go a boardin' in town somehow, and send Miss Pat to school. But she couldn't get her heart up to leab de big house, whar she come ez a bride, and de oaks and de orchards, and de ole graveyard on de hill whar ole Marse and de tree boys were lyin'. She safe by deir sides now, pore ole Missus! And Miss Pat's left all alone. It's time some white folks took her by de hand, suah. Ole Missus used to give her book lessons ebbery day; and Marse Jack Doyle, dat went to school with our young Marse, he come up sometimes 'bout spring, and have church Mass in de big parlor,—candles and flowers and ebberytin' fine."

"Church Mass!" said Mr. Dunn, experiencing a new shock of horror. "Mass, you say, old man, by a Romish priest?"

"Yes, sah: Marse Jack he a priest now,—a real gemplun priest. When I tink ob dat dar curly-headed boy dat used ter go a-whoopin' and a-gallopin' ober dese hills, I hez to say 'Marse Jack' yet. And he only laughs, dough ole Missus and all de white folks calls him 'Fader.'"

"And he—he comes here to say Mass?" queried Mr. Dunn, feeling that this indeed was missionary work for good Bible Christians. "I did not dream that the family were Romanists."

"Dey isn't, sah,—dey isn't. Dey's Virginians root and branch," said Uncle Scip,—"all 'cept ole Missus. Ob course she Miss Trevor ob Maryland; fust-class fambly too; ole Missus fust-class lady, rizzed across de ocean, like all de fust-class young ladies was rizzed dem days; played de harp and de guitar till you'd tink de golden gates was swinging open and you heard de angel music befo' de Trone."

And Uncle Scip started on his favorite theme of the glories of the past, rambled on at length, telling of the horses and "kerridges" and servants that had waited

on "ole Missus'" will and wish; of ole Marse's hunting meets and hunting dinners; of the guests that used to fill the great house at Christmas time until "it tuk six turkeys to go round."

And Mr. Dunn leaned back in his mahogany chair and lit his mild cigar, and listened; thinking, as he watched the smoke curl up before his half-closed eyes, of the report he was to make of the young lady of Pocomoke and her home and ways to Mr. Maxwell Granville on the morrow, until suddenly Uncle Scip's reminiscences broke off in a sharp, jubilant cry:

"Dar's de wagon,—dar's de wagon! Dey's come,—dey's come!"

There was a clamor of voices and barks from without; the door flew open, and, with her eyes and curls dancing, her cheeks bright with the brisk ride through the wintry night, a slender, graceful little figure bounded eagerly into the kitchen, and Miss Patricia Peyton was at home again.

(To be continued.)

A Noble Deed.

Among the Alban Hills, some miles from Rome, a little boy was tending his father's goats, when his eye caught the glitter of arms in the distance; and he knew at once that the King of Etruria, who had threatened to make war upon the Roman Republic, was about to put his threat into execution. Without a moment's loss of time, he set off at the top of his speed toward the great city, to warn its inhabitants of their impending danger, and bid them prepare for the coming foe.

Lithe and active, the little brown mountaineer went bounding down the slopes, and across the wide marshy plain, bestrewn with huge fragments of rock, and intersected by sluggish streams and reedy morasses, amid which the red-eyed buffaloes lurked. On he sped as fast as his sinewy legs would carry him. But he had a long way to go; the sun was scorch-

ing; there was no pleasant shade of leafy trees to shelter him from its fierce glare, nor any clear, cool water to refresh him; for all about was unfit to drink, being brackish and muddy. His limbs were ready to sink under him, his thirst almost intolerable; yet the boy's courage did not fail: he kept bravely on, and at length entered the city gate, through which he passed, and ascended the hill to the Capitol, where the Senate of the Republic held its sittings. He was just able to whisper the fatal news; then he sank down, exhausted, complaining of a sharp pain in his foot. A large thorn had penetrated very deeply beneath the skin. It was necessary that this should be extracted, and, through suffering and loss of blood, the brave little fellow died under the operation, without uttering a sigh.

Grateful for so noble a deed of devotion to his country, the Senate decreed that thenceforth all their gate-keepers should come from Vitrochiano, the boy's native village, and that they should be called *Fidèle*—the faithful. In the beautiful city of Florence there is a marble statue of this lad of Vitrochiano, and the story of his devotion is known to every Italian schoolboy.

Not Afraid to Die.

When Sir Walter Raleigh had laid his head upon the block he was asked by the executioner whether it lay aright. Whereupon, with the calmness of a hero, and the faith of a Christian, he answered: "It matters very little, my friend, how one's head lies, providing one's heart be right."

Two Cistercian monks, in the reign of Henry VIII., were threatened, before their martyrdom, by the Mayor of London, that they should be tied up in a sack and thrown into the River Thames. "My Lord," answered one of the monks, "we are going to the kingdom of heaven, and whether we go by land or by water is of no consequence to us."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Rev. Vincent Gilbertson, O. S. B., has translated from the French of the Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur, D. D., O. S. B., "The Holy Mass Popularly Explained," a very interesting and informative brochure of 160 pages. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—"Perfect Love of God," translated from the French by A. M. Buchanan, M. A. (Benziger Brothers), is a booklet of thirty-six pages, about one-half of which is devoted to the theory, and the remainder to the practice, of the virtue of charity. Excellent devotional matter in small compass.

—"Methodus Excipiendi Confessiones Ordinarias Variis in Linguis," by J. C. v. d. Loos (*editio tertia*), published by the International Catholic Publishing Co. ("Messis"), Amsterdam, will be found useful to missionary priests for their scattered sheep of various tongues; however, we feel certain that not a few confessors will object both to the arrangement of contents and to some of the questions to be proposed. If it devolved upon us to give an *imprimatur* to this manual, we should insist upon a thorough revision.

—"John Poverty," translated from the Spanish of Luis Coloma, S. J., by E. M. Brooks (Kilner & Co.), will be welcomed by those who find pleasure in scenes of Spanish rural life and in descriptions of quaint customs. The story is full of violence, the cause of which is the love of a maiden; it depicts the hot passions of the people, and the tragedy of John Poverty's life. The author has selected a curious name for his hero, but in the original Spanish it is not at all strange. "John Poverty" elicits the reader's sympathy from the beginning to the end of the story.

—A slender, cloth-bound volume of 112 pages, issued by Mr. John Joseph McVey, will prove of rather captivating interest to such Catholic apologists as are conversant with contemporary French literature. The book is "Latter-Day Converts," translated, from the French of the Rev. Alexis Crosnier, by Katherine A. Hennessey. Father Crosnier tells the story of the conversion of five distinguished French men of letters—Ferdinand Brunetière, Paul Bourget, Jovis-Karl Huysmans, François Coppée, and Adolph Retté,—and constructs therefrom a living and, be it said, a singularly forceful apologetic. The one lesson that looms large on these pages is that science, art, sociology, and sentiment are satisfied thoroughly, and

only, in the living faith of the one true Church. Dr. Condé B. Pallen furnishes a thoughtful preface to the little work, the Englishing of which has been very well done.

—Any book, designed to bring us nearer to the ideal views of the Holy Father in regard to the singing of the Gregorian Chant should be welcomed. Dr. Karl Weinmann's "Kyriale with Gregorian Notes" on the modern score, with suitable transposition, gives every facility to those acquainted with modern music, while retaining the original form of Gregorian notation.

—The *American Ecclesiastical Review* furnishes a linguistic item of no little interest. "In some parts of Canada, where there are a number of nationalities whom the priest has to address and whose confessions he has to hear (in one case, as in Brandon, the inhabitants speak as many as thirty-two languages among them), the priest has succeeded in teaching his people Esperanto. Various rituals . . . include Esperanto. All of which indicates that the former objection of impracticability, which killed Volapuk and its thirty or forty progenitors, is being actually overcome."

—From St. Vincent's Mission House, Springfield, Mass., comes a new and improved edition of "Questions on Vocation," by a priest of the Congregation of the Mission. It is a well-printed pamphlet of ninety-six pages, containing twenty-five excellent catechetical chapters, in which practically all the questions having to do with vocations are explained and answered with admirable lucidity and thoroughness. About one-third of the present edition is new matter, and the work accordingly merits even higher praise than was so cordially bestowed upon the first edition by the hierarchy and the clergy generally. Every library for Catholic boys and young men should contain copies of this timely and valuable publication.

—Mr. Joseph F. Wagner publishes "Sermons for the Sundays and Some of the Festivals of the Year," by the Rev. Thomas White. While the title-page informs us that the discourses have been selected and arranged from the author's MSS. by the Rev. John Lingard, D. D., it is barren of information about the author himself. The sermons, fifty-three in number, make up a post 8vo volume of 348 pages, averaging about four hundred and seventy or eighty words to the page. Preachers will find in these sermons new presentations of old truths, sound doctrine, and a multiplicity of topics available

for familiar instructions or more elaborate discourses. An excellent feature of the book is the short but comprehensive synopsis prefixed to each sermon.

—From the publishing house of B. Herder we have received the "Biography of Father James Conway, of the Society of Jesus," by M. Louise Garesché. In a brief preface to the volume, Archbishop Glennon writes: "Father Conway had many friends, and he deserved them all. Those who heard him speak, those who read what he wrote, even those who only knew his friends, became in time his friends and admirers. And one of those who knew him best performs a task of love in writing this book. Those who read it will be edified and encouraged." The task of love has been lovingly fulfilled. The author writes from the heart and with a sympathy that is contagious. Summarized for the general reader who knew neither Father Conway nor his friends, the life-story told in these pages is that of an American-born Jesuit, an educator of distinction and an orator of exceptional gifts, who served God and man well during several decades, and died at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. Appended to the biography are two sermons by Father Conway, as also a paper read by him at the Catholic Educational Congress at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1906.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Holy Mass Popularly Explained." Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur. 35 cts.
 "John Poverty." Luis Coloma, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Latter-Day Converts." Rev. Alexis Crosnier. 50 cts.
 "Kyriale with Gregorian Notes." Dr. Karl Weinmann. 30 cts.
 "Sermons for Sundays and Some of the Festivals of the Year." Rev. Thomas White. \$1.50.
 "Biography of Fr. James Conway, of the Society of Jesus." M. Louise Garesché. \$1.
 "Vita Domini Nostri Jesu Christi." 60 cts.

- "Early Christian Hymns." Series II. Daniel J. Donahoe. \$2.
 "Bishop Hay on the Priesthood." Very Rev. Canon Stuart. 45 cts.
 "Through the Break in the Web." Stevens Dane. 45 cts.
 "Socialism and the Workingman." R. Fullerton, B. D., B. C. L. \$1.20, net.
 "The Quest of the Silver Fleece." W. E. DuBois. \$1.35, net.
 "St. Anselm." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.
 "A Spiritual Calendar." Antonio Rosmini. 75 cts.
 "The Obedience of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.
 "The Life of Union with Our Divine Lord." Abbé Maucourant. 60 cts.
 "Poems." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.
 "The Story of Cecilia." Katharine Tynan Hinkson. \$1.25.
 "St. Anthony of Padua." C. M. Antony. 50 cts.
 "St. Vincent Ferrer." Fr. Stanislaus Hogan, O. P. 50 cts.
 "The May Queen." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Desire De Wulf, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. J. J. Hamel, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Albert McKeown, diocese of London; Very Rev. Emil Kauten, diocese of Seattle; Rev. Henry Niehaus, Rev. Wilbur Metzendorf, and Rev. Theodore Jacobs, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Thomas O'Brien, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Very Rev. Jeremiah McNamara.

Mother M. Teresa, Mother General of the Little Sisters of the Poor; Sister M. Barbara, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Cecilia, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. John M. Weinig, Mrs. Eliza Pillion, Mr. Peter Lyons, Mrs. Mary Sotham, Miss Agnes Moran, Mr. Frederick Laninger, Mrs. Mary McCormick, Mr. John Hoes, Miss Anna Cleary, Mr. Joseph S. Thomas, Mrs. William Ryan, Mr. George Hepp, Miss Catherine Barry, Mrs. Mary Henry, Mr. John Kelly, Mrs. P. M. Guthrie, Mr. Christopher Kelly, Miss Mary Rainey, Mr. Thomas McHale, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, Miss Mary Reynolds, Mrs. Teresa Hepding, Mr. John Flood, Mr. George Haugh, Mrs. Catherine A. Ryan, and Mr. John Watler.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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Mary in the Temple.

BY T. A. M.

QUEEN Immaculate! art thou not free
To set aside the Law? What offering
For sin hath thy chaste body need to bring
To Sion's Temple? Thou alone art she
Whose Spouse can say, "There is no spot in thee:
Thou art all fair, my love." What reckoning
For sin can Heaven demand, when Heaven's
own King
Found on thy breast a throne of sanctity
Most pure? Let Eve's sin-laden daughters lay
Before the Lord the pigeon or the dove,
As Moses taught, to wash their sins away;
Thou hast no need of these: thou art above
The Law; yet thou art foremost to obey
As thou art first in humble, stainless love.

The Revival of Catholicity in Brazil:

BY HERBERT S. DEAN.

I.

ON a recent holiday in Flanders, the present writer was taken by a friend to visit the home of a noble family of that country,— a chateau near Bruges, built some half century ago by Pugin, and, in its interior, a striking and beautiful example of domestic Gothic architecture and decoration. There was present that afternoon a member of the family—in fact, its head, who had resigned his patrimony to enter religion,— vaguely and variously described as being a bishop "in Brazil,"

and the abbot of a new Benedictine foundation a few miles distant. An invitation to visit the domain of this distinguished personage was extended, and gladly welcomed; and a few days later found the party again upon the road. A seemingly interminable highway as straight as an arrow, after the Flemish manner, brought us at last to a small, thickly wooded estate, where is situated the Abbaye de St.-André-lez-Bruges—or the "Seven Churches," as it has been christened by the Flemings, for reasons which will shortly appear. Soon a campanile was seen above the trees, then the apse of a basilica, then long ranges of one-storied red brick buildings, and at last an unfinished entrance, and a courtyard still littered with the débris of construction.

Vespers had just begun, and a minute or two in church showed that here was a monastery of the best: a full choir of monks; a complete, exact and most devout performance of that "work of God" which is the *rationale* of the Benedictine life, the Divine Office; and a rendering of the Plain Song, its fitting vocal garment, as beautiful and appealing as ever one had heard it twenty years ago at Solesmes. It was no surprise soon to learn that this monastery was a daughter of Beuron and Maredsons, and that in those schools of God its father and founder had received his religious training.

The departure of St. André from these models in the matter of its basilican church at first seemed strange; for what to our Northern minds is an abbey church without its Gothic lines, its great screen,

loft and rood, and its separated choir? But it was explained as one heard that the abbey, when complete, is to be not only the seminary of a great work across the seas, but also a place of pilgrimage for those lovers of holy places, the Brugeois. Its dominating basilica, involving the general construction of the abbey in the same style, is but the first of seven churches, which, grouped together, are to enable the pilgrim to perform the circuit of visits as in Rome; and each church is to be in a different architectural style, to symbolize the universality in time and space of the Catholic religion.

Bruges has many glories; the Abbey of the Seven Churches will add to these a pilgrimage, a monastic choir, and an exemplar of true sacred music, not as yet very well represented in Flanders. Moreover, it will add to the already splendid record of the modern Brugeois in ecclesiastical restoration and reconstruction, since it is itself a new birth of their ancient Abbey of St. André, built actually on ground once belonging to that house, which was founded in 1100.

To the parts of the abbey already finished, with their beautiful proportions, their wealth of marbles and of carved wood; their paintings and frescoes of the famous Beuron school; their treasures also of the past, lovingly gathered together and disposed in harmony with the new; the beautiful cloister garth and gardens; the "clericat" and novitiate; and that happily restored feature of the Benedictine tradition, St. Placid's Oblate school,—to all these things endless pains have manifestly gone in their making, and no small riches as well. "*Exegi monumentum,*" its founder might well say. To raise it might seem no unworthy life's work for any one man, and he would need to be one of no ordinary enterprise.

Yet as we passed from cloister to chapter-house, from library to garden, we heard of things far larger and more remote,—of Brazil and the Amazon, of Indians and Negroes, of high adventures

and sudden perils; of a field, wide beyond imagination, ready for God's harvest; and of an effort of His servants, astonishing in its scope, to provide workers for its reaping. Yes, we were back in the days of an Augustine and a Boniface, when men sought not to found an abbey but to convert a country; and we were witnesses of that same monastic tradition applied to our own twentieth century, in that same spirit, with those identical methods; and, let it be added, with something of that same reckless Faith which makes the story of the old Benedictine missions sound more like romance (or miracle) than sober fact.

And now, to see something of what has been done, and is still to do, we must turn from the strong little Catholic country of Belgium, still so young as a nation, to an old and very large one across the ocean. But before we do so, we would venture a word of advice to the many American Catholics who visit Bruges on their European tour. When they have seen the Chapel of the Holy Blood, the Jerusalem Church, the Memlines, the Van Eycks, let them not omit to take the five-mile drive out through the Porte Maréchale to Lophem, and hear the community Mass or the Vespers at St. André. They will receive a warm welcome and be well rewarded.

When Brazil was placed, still almost wholly unexplored, under the Portuguese flag, it was considered to be by that very fact constituted a Catholic country, and was divided into a few huge dioceses, theoretically complete with episcopate and clergy, but in no sense effectively occupied, nor capable of effective occupation. Hence arose many evils, not the least of which has been that the country escaped the missionary attentions of the Propaganda, which it needed even more than lands entirely untouched by the Faith. Nevertheless, there was continuous and fruitful missionary work on the part of the religious Orders till

anti-clerical politics, under the Empire of the House of Braganza, both extinguished the regular clergy and reduced the seculars to such numbers as made them practically impotent.

The Government of Dom Pedro knew what it was about, and with the expulsion of the religious the spiritual ruin of the country began. The Orders, in particular the Jesuits, had, in fact, made the country. In 1558, after nine years' labor on the coast, three Jesuit Fathers penetrated to the mountain regions of Southern Brazil. There one day, on a great shelf of rising country dominating two enormous rivers and an immense plain, they raised a rude altar in front of the hut of an Indian chief, and offered Holy Mass. The day was January 25, the feast of St. Paul; and so they named the place "St. Paul." To-day it is a city of 300,000 inhabitants, the capital of the busiest and richest of the United States of Brazil, the Paris of South America.

The story is typical. The monks, friars and Jesuits made the country, only to be driven from it. But the country could not do without them, and they have returned—not before it was time. Ten years ago the great religious founder, of whom we shall presently have more to say, spoke of Brazil as "the most abandoned country in the world." And so it was; not the wickedest, nor the most irreligious, nor the most unbelieving—it was none of these things, but remained stubbornly Catholic: it was simply the most abandoned in regard to the means of grace, relatively to its history and its needs. There were dioceses the size of Germany, Austria, and Turkey combined; parishes containing 30,000 souls and larger than the whole of Belgium. Two-thirds of the parishes were without a pastor, and there was an average throughout the country of one priest to ten thousand souls. There were Brazilian families that had not seen a priest through a whole generation; Negroes given over to a religion of fetishism, which, it is believed,

exposed itself in orgies of a sort that can not even be named; and far away in an illimitable hinterland, vast masses of Indians, subjects of a Catholic diocesan, yet untouched. Here in the city rose the shell of an historic abbey, its vast halls and its gorgeous *barrocco* church unpeopled; here on the countryside lay the famous shrine of Our Lady, dismantled and forgotten; and far away on some remote branch of the Amazon, the vestiges of a Jesuit or Franciscan mission station whose very memory seemed but a dream.

To such a pass had things come when on November 15, 1889, a revolution broke out in Rio de Janeiro. On the 17th, Pedro III. sailed into exile on the very vessel he had used two years earlier to deport two diocesan bishops who had dared to raise their voices against his spoliation of God's vineyard. On February 24, 1890, the Constitution of the new United States of Brazil was promulgated; and it decreed the entire separation of Church and State, and complete religious toleration. Twenty-one years have passed, and though there have been and are difficulties, the promised toleration has been on the whole real. It has laid open the way for an energetic and progressive restoration of religion,—dioceses and parishes subdivided, new generations of the clergy, higher and lower, secular and regular, filled with zeal to repair the losses of the past century, and a general awakening of spiritual life.

Extraordinary stories are told of those earlier years of revival. The Bishop of Parahyba made a visitation of his diocese; he was six months on horseback, and confirmed 43,568 persons. Missionaries describe a whole countryside turning out to salute (in very secular fashion) the Blessed Sacrament, as for the first time for decades of years. It is carried through the streets of their country town to the sick. We read of missionaries received at the outskirts of a town by a full civil and military escort, and almost detained by force by a populace

unwilling to let them pass on. We hear of men of forty, fifty and sixty years of age, Catholics all their lives, making their first confessions; and of Negroes of from ninety to one hundred years of age, and one aged one hundred and six (they are a long-lived race), returning to the Sacraments of their youth.

Although the laborers are few, the conditions of the field are all in their favor. We know well enough that "separation" is not the ideal relation of Church and State; Rome has said so repeatedly; but, relatively to circumstances, it may be nothing but a blessing. The same prelate who has already been quoted, and of whom we shall have much more to say, was a few years ago returning from Rome to Brazil, and passed through Lisbon, where the Church was enjoying the patronage of its recently exiled monarchy — and dying of it. He was profoundly depressed by the religious condition of Portugal under its concordat, and wrote home: "*J'aime cent fois mieux notre cher Brésil, où l'Eglise est libre, et prospère.*"

An illustration in point may close this the first section of our article. The Brazilian Congregation of St. Benedict, whose second founder is the prelate of whom we have written and whose European *procure* is the abbey at Lophem, has an advanced mission post on the Rio Branco, a branch of the Amazon. Those remote parts are troubled too often by the presence of "pioneers of civilization" of the sort who, as one of themselves said, "are not out there for their health, but for money." In places, too, the local government, itself perhaps in anti-Christian and Masonic hands, may be in league with these gentry; and of course a missionary is an awkward person to have in the neighborhood.

Well, about fifteen months ago, this was the case on the Rio Branco. In the result the missionaries were attacked by the local authorities, their station and their goods seized, their servants tortured, and them-

selves cast into prison. Recourse was had in the first instance to the State authorities, but in vain; after which the intervention of the Federal power was besought. The Supreme Court was successfully moved, and the Federal judge in the locality was instructed accordingly; a detachment of Federal soldiery also being ordered to the spot at once, over the heads of the State authorities.

But enough has been said to show the attitude of central and civilized Brazil in such matters. Here are the significant words of the President of the Republic in answer to a deputation which approached him on the matter: "The Government is not the organ of any religious belief, but it guarantees liberty to all of them. . . . The events on the Upper Amazon have disgusted the Government and the liberal and Christian sentiments of the whole people. If the Union is bound to respect the rights of the separate States, it is equally bound to guarantee liberty of religion, and to protect the religious confessions in their properties and their rights."

The sequel is characteristic. The head of the Congregation and the mission was lately at St. André, in the course of the visit he has annually to make to Europe to attend to the manifold business affairs of the work. There he received suddenly the news that both his Vicar-General and the second in command of the mission, worn out with their sufferings, and attacked by fever, had laid down their lives. As often before, so now, the new foundation has been planted in the deaths of its monk-missionaries, and watered with their blood. It is reported that all "*notre cher Monseigneur*" said was this: "Well, now we shall go forward. God will give me others to take their place." And not one of the monks or Oblate boys preparing for his life-work in the peace of St.-André-lez-Bruges, but longs to be so called, and to found a new mission station with his own life's blood. So is the tenth century at work still in this unheeding twentieth.

A Winter's Tale.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

I.

IN the centre of the Thuringian Forest, embedded among pine-clad hills, lies a little town that we may call Engelbach, so remote from railways and steamers that the polyglot gibberish of the tourist is unheard up there, and Baedeker and Murray alike ignore it.

The little town is perched on a low spur of one of the hills called Gottstein, around whose rocky base the river curves sharply, brawling over its stony bed, and making the crag on which the town stands almost into an island. A hundred feet higher than the town, crowning a jutting precipice of naked rock, sits the grim castle, once the stronghold and still the home of the princes of the House of Rechstein.

Once the land for many a score of leagues around owned the sway of the feudal lords of Rechstein; and goodly was the train of lesser lords and knights who followed the prince's black and yellow standard when he went forth to harry the Tecks or Hapsburgs. And even a hundred years ago the Rechsteins still exercised sovereign rights of life and death, hanging their recalcitrant lieges, with little ceremony of trial, from a gibbet on the town wall overhanging the river at its darkest and deepest point.

But, either through the dowering of their daughters century after century, or through the chance or mischance of war, there is little left now of the once wide domains of the Black Prince of Rechstein. When the head of the Prussian State was a petty marquess, fifty towns and two hundred castle fortresses floated the black banner with the golden horseshoe that was the ensign of Rechstein. And now that the Prussian King is the German Emperor and the *enfant terrible* of the monarchs of Europe, there remain to the

Prince of Rechstein but one town and three half-ruined castles.

In the midst of the town of Engelbach is the Hofplatz, flanked on one side by the great church of the Holy Spirit; on the east, by the Rittersaal or Hall of Knights, where the vassal lords of the League of the Golden Horseshoe used to meet their chief; on the west, by the prison, black and frowning; and northward, by the Hall of Justice. A broad flight of steps leads up from the square to the Rittersaal; and on the topmost stage, immediately before the portals of the hall, is a large and very beautiful statue. It represents an angel standing with wings wide spread, as though covering the town with their protection; the face is turned to heaven, and the arms and hands are outstretched in supplication.

Until the Napoleonic wars, there rested on the brow of the statue a massive diadem of purest gold, glittering with many gems, and said to have been worth many thousand thalers. The statue itself is of immense age, and has stood, with one brief exception, in the Hofplatz of Engelbach for not less than five centuries. Concerning that exception—that one short period in which there was no bronze angel on the pedestal in the Hofplatz—I now propose to tell you.

In the year of grace 1420, Conrad III. succeeded his brother, Rudolph IV., as Lord of Engelbach and Prince of Rechstein. He was the first to be known as the Black Prince, in allusion to his black shield, his black armor, and his black hair and eyes. A year after his accession, he married Mechtildis, daughter of his cousin, Hildebrand von Rechstein, Count of Schwarzbach; and again a year after that, the fair young princess died, leaving her widowed husband the heart-broken father of a tiny, sad-faced prince.

This boy was called Rudolph, after his uncle, whose death had caused Prince Conrad far more sorrow than his own accession to the headship of their home had given him pleasure. As the baby

prince was motherless, a foster parent had to be sought for him; and one was found in the wife of an honest woodman, whose own son had been born a week or two before the birth of Rudolph and the death of the Princess Mechtildis.

The woodcutter's name was Franz, and his wife was called Gertrude; and they were very good people, and served God with great simplicity in their quiet home in the deep silence of the pine forest. They did not refuse the care of the motherless baby prince, but Gertrude was sad to leave her cottage and go and live in the palace. Franz might have gone too, but he could not bear to live idly in the castle; so for a time he and his wife were separated. As the cottage in the woods was nearly two leagues distant from the Schloss of Reichstein, Gertrude and Franz could not meet every day, though they did see each other pretty often.

The little prince grew stronger as the time went by. He was a manly child, full of courage and high spirit, the idol of his lonely father, who had never remarried, but lived solitary in his grim castle perched above the brawling River Spey.

The prince's foster brother was, as was natural, unlike the child of a peasant. His stalwart frame and vigorous constitution he had inherited from his peasant forefathers; but from his gentle bringing up in the castle of his prince, the boy had learned the graces of chivalry and all the courtesies of nobility. He was almost exactly of the same height as Prince Rudolph, but as fair as his young master was dark. Rudolph had the sable locks and sad, deep, black eyes of his race; while Ludwig's hair was like spun yellow flax, and his merry eyes were like a summer sky.

II.

When Rudolph and Ludwig were ten years old, Gertrude obtained Prince Conrad's leave to go back to her husband's cottage in the silent forest. But Ludwig

stayed at the castle with his foster brother, and the children were all in all to each other. It was a happy enough life they led, — in some ways, just such a life as children of their age and in their position would live nowadays; in other respects, very different, and peculiar to our ideas. Ludwig never forgot that Rudolph would one day be his prince, and there was everything to remind Rudolph of his rank and greatness; and yet the boys were in their daily life, their sports and their studies, simply equals.

At the time of which we are speaking the land to the south, west, and east, for leagues and leagues, belonged to Prince Conrad. But four leagues to the northward, his territories were touched by those of Heinrich, Count of Ehrlich; and at the very frontier stood a stronghold of Count Henry's, an almost impregnable mountain fortress called Drachensberg, from the white dragon that was the armorial ensign of the house of Ehrlich.

The Counts of Ehrlich had ever been turbulent neighbors of the Rechsteins. There had been a special cause for anger on the part of Count Henry against his neighbor. For the Count had greatly desired to win the hand of his fair kinswoman, Mechtildis, who had been deaf to his pleadings, and been won by those of Conrad.

The birthdays of the two boys came within twenty days of each other; but both were kept together on that of the little prince, which fell on the 23d of October. It was decided that the good Gertrude should come from her cottage in the forest to be their guest at the palace on the day before the birthday, and remain until the day following. It was the first year that she had been absent from the castle since the boys were born.

The birthday passed by joyfully, and the boys were very sad next day at having to let their mother go away again. The day after a feast has often a melancholy feeling, and there was something about the weather that added to the depression.

The 23d had been a beautiful autumn day, bright and smiling, though very cold; but the 24th dawned grey and cheerless, and as the day strengthened it only grew more chill and dismal.

Almost directly after dinner, and just as the noontide Angelus was ringing from the Schiffkirche, Gertrude, accompanied by her son and foster son, set out from the castle on her way back to the cottage in the forest. Her husband had gone back earlier in the day, and the Prince had given leave for the boys to escort their mother.

Young as they were, they were good horsemen, and well used to riding alone through the paths of the forest. Now all three rode forth on their hardy mountain ponies, prepared to enjoy the exercise and one another's company. From the castle to the cottage was only a short distance, but they were in no hurry to get the journey over, and it was past one o'clock when they reached Gertrude's house. Then the boys declared they must rest their ponies a while, and Gertrude was too glad to have them with her to be very firm in telling them they ought to ride straight home again.

The woodman's cottage was very cosy; and the boys made themselves comfortable by the great spluttering log fire in the wide-open hearth, listening to Gertrude's wonderful legends of wolves and fairies and ogres—only there were no ogres left in the Thuringian Forest then. Rudolph and Ludwig always wished there were; they thought it would be such fun to tease them, like Franz Hartmann in the story.

They were now absorbed in such a story, when the woodcutter himself came in. He told them that it was two hours and a half past noon, and reminded them that the darkness would come early on such a day, especially in the thick forest where it was always so much darker than out in the open fields. So the boys made their farewells rather hurriedly and set out homeward.

III.

"Ludwig, there's a snowflake!"

It was only twenty minutes since they had left the cottage, but it had grown quite dusk. A bitter wind came sobbing down from the north, making the black pines wring their hands and moan and bow their heads like mourners at a Requiem.

And now suddenly the snow began to fall out of the low-stooping clouds. In five minutes the flakes fell so thick that even out in the open country it would have been hard to tell one's way. Here in the forest, where all the paths were so much alike and the landmarks so few, it became impossible.

"My lord," said Ludwig, "shall we not turn back to the cottage? It is much nearer than Rechstein; and as soon as my father sees the snow, I am sure he will come out and follow us to see if we have fared aright. So we shall meet him, especially if we shout out now and then as we go."

But Rudolph shook his head.

"Nay, we must press on. The Prince certainly sent men to meet us, even if he come not himself. And he will chide us if we have turned back."

And Rudolph was determined to push on.

They did not talk much together. The snow was blinding, and the freezing blast howled louder and louder through the forest, so that sometimes one would have thought it was the cry of a pack of wolves. Now and then they would consult each other's voices. And still thicker and thicker fell the snow, obliterating everything and making all the forest one great confusion of black and white.

"This is the first snow of the season," thought Rudolph to himself.

It had always been the children's delight to watch the first snow as it whirled round and round in the great yard of the castle. "The angels are making the beds," they used to declare, "and the feathers are coming out."

Still the boys pressed onward bravely;

making, however, but slow progress, owing to the wind and the snow and the uncertainty of the way. Presently on their ears fell the sound of approaching riders; they could hear the dull thud of heavy horsehoofs on the ground, and of men's voices, and once there was a loud laugh.

"They are come to look for us," said the boys; and they thought their troubles were all over, and began forthwith to wonder why they had been uneasy at all.

They were, in fact, very soon face to face with the party that was come to meet them,—a party of three men, but all strangers. One of the three was much taller than the others, and rode a huge black horse; and he seemed to be treated with deference and awe by his companions.

"And who are you?" he cried as he reined up, glancing curiously at the two boys.

"I am Rudolph, Hereditary Prince of Rechstein," was the reply; "and this is my foster brother and attendant."

Whereupon the harsh laugh that the boys had heard before, came again, louder than the wolfish howling of the wind.

"And I?" cried the tall horseman. "Does your Serenity know my name and standing also?"

"I can not see the badge upon your shield nor yet the crest upon your helm," answered the boy; "for the snow has covered them. But I can guess that you are the Sovereign Count of Ehrlich."

Again the knight laughed.

"Rudolph, Hereditary Prince of Rechstein, is over far from home this wintry afternoon," the Count of Ehrlich said, with a low bow of mock courtesy; "and the open forest is no place for him and his attendant, so I must needs constrain his Serenity to bear me company to my poor castle of Drachensberg."

"As a hostage?" asked the little Prince, unflinchingly.

"As a hostage. The Hereditary Prince is quicker-witted than his father, it would seem."

Rudolph turned to Ludwig.

"It is no use for two boys to try to resist three men," he said quietly; "and it seems the Count of Ehrlich makes war on children; so, Ludwig, we must be fain to go with them."

The two attendants of the White Dragon seized each a rein of the boys' bridles, and off they set again, soon turning down a bypath to the north, the grim Count riding on alone behind. And thicker and thicker fell the great white flakes of snow, wiping out the hoof prints of the horses and every trace of the way whereby the stolen children had been taken.

When Drachensberg was reached it was five o'clock, and supper was laid out on an immense table in the castle hall. It was so bitter cold outside that, though it was the house of an enemy, the boys were almost glad to get into its shelter; and they were very hungry, for it was six hours since they had broken their fast. On the table of dais, overhung by a canopy of green velvet, with the huge dragon brodered thereon in silver, were laid two places, and to these a third was now added.

In his chair of state Count Ehrlich flung himself in moody silence. He signed to the seat at his left hand. Rudolph took it without protest, Ludwig going to the table below the salt. But for some minutes the seat upon the Count's right hand remained empty. Then a curtain close to the hearth was lifted, and a little blue-eyed maiden of eight summers stole into the hall and slyly took her place beside her father. For the Count of Ehrlich was a widower, like his former rival, the Prince of Rechstein. Having married a year later, he lost his wife a few years after the birth of their one child, this fair-haired daughter.

IV.

When the snow began to fall, Conrad was himself absent from the Castle of Rechstein. He had ridden forth with a party of his knights to visit a vassal and kinsman who lay sick in his castle at

Neustadt, several leagues away to the eastward. He did not return till after nightfall, and then first learned of the boys' continued absence.

"Perhaps it had begun to snow before they left the woodman's cottage," he said, "and Gertrude thought wise to keep them."

His attendants agreed, saying they had sent messengers to the woodcutter's to make inquiry as to them. But at last these messengers themselves returned with no tidings of the children except that they had set forth from the cottage some time before the storm began. The messengers had indeed met Franz, who had followed the boys when the snow came on, and, not finding any trace of them, was comforting himself with the belief that they had arrived safe home.

All that night search parties with lanterns and torches scoured the forest for leagues around, but no clue of the boys could be found. At dawn running messengers were sent to every town and fortress that owned the sway of the Black Prince of Rechstein, to tell of the disappearance of the Hereditary Prince and his attendant, and to demand aid in the search. And at dawn the Prince, surrounded by his knights, went to hear Mass in the castle chapel and pray for the boys' return.

Breakfast was eaten standing and in silence in the castle hall, that was so wont to ring with the merry laughter of the boys. And then the great bell of the church of the Holy Spirit began to toll, calling all together from castle and burg to assist at a High Mass of special supplication, sung by the Lord Abbot of Engelbach, Prince Friedrich of Rechstein, uncle of the reigning Prince.

The next day a similar Mass was sung. But this time there was more of solemn pomp; for from each of the twoscore towns that owned the Black Prince's sway came delegates to condole with him in the mysterious sorrow that had fallen upon his house and to offer such aid as

they could in the search for the lost heir. All these assisted in robes and collars of state at the High Mass, and in solemn procession they preceded their Prince when the Office was over, and the assistants filed slowly out in sad and solemn silence into the Hofplatz.

When all were without the church there was a stir among them; for it was whispered that the aged Abbot was himself coming forth to address them. And soon he appeared.

Standing on the topmost step of the great broad flight that led up from the Hofplatz to the doorway of the Abbey church, holding his crosier, and with his jewelled mitre resting on his venerable brow, he spoke to the assembled Knights of the League of the Golden Horseshoe, to the Delegates of the Feudatory Towns, and to the weeping people. He alluded to their common sorrow, and simply reminded them of God's unfailing providence. Then lifting his withered hand, tremulous from age, but ever firm to rule, to chasten, and to support, he pointed to the great statue beside him, the shadow of whose outspread wings was cast by the wintry sun upon his face.

"In God's great hand we stand," he said; "and in all fourscore years He hath never failed me. His love and care have held me from my childhood to this day. And so hath it been, I doubt not, with each one of you, my lord and children. He hath given His angels charge of us; and most of all His little ones are in their care. Pray now to Him, and entreat of Him to send the Guardian Angel of our town and race to aid the children that we have lost."

He spoke of no bronze and marble statue; but as he spoke of the invisible spirit his hand pointed to the visible figure of it. And from all who heard him there rose a strong and swelling murmur of eager approbation; and forth from out the rest stood the Burgomaster of Engelbach himself, a man of reverend age and venerable presence.

"My Lord Abbot," he cried, "we thank you all for your timely reminder! And here, in the name of all, I promise that if God will suffer His angel to guide and help us in our search, so that we may find again the hope of our Prince's house, then, in token of our gratitude, shall this great statue be crowned with a diadem of purest gold, set with richest gems, whose splendor shall preach to all coming ages of the wealth of our gratefulness for God's goodness and His angel's help."

Not less earnest was the assent that greeted this brief speech, until the voice of all the gathered crowd uprose in one great "*Hoch!*" that rent the wintry sky.

V.

Forth from the Hofplatz scattered the crowd, each town's delegates choosing of their number to send in search far and wide through all the country round. And meanwhile in the Castle of the White Dragon the two boys were held captive. It would have been little strange if they were afraid. Wild and dreadful tales were common then in the Thuringian Forest, and ruthless deeds of vengeance done on innocent victims.

But Rudolph's heart was pure and stout, and Ludwig caught the noble contagion of his proud bravery. Never once had the young Prince been pert or defiant to his fierce captor; but never once had he betrayed one jot of fear for him, or need of his good-will. To the little Countess Freda, Rudolph was ever courteous and full of sweet respect; but even with her he sought no intimacy, and held himself aloof. The grim Dragon watched all; and had the boy been over-anxious to make friendship with the girl he would have called all policy, and sneered at it bitterly. So the life of the two prisoners was very dull and full of anxious thought.

The fourth day after that on which the boys were lost was Sunday, and all the people of Engelbach were gathered together in the great church of the Holy Spirit, to assist at Vespers and to hear

a sermon by the prior of the Dominican church in the Brodgasse. It was already dark, but it seemed as if all the snow had fallen out of the sky, in whose steel-blue dome the broad, white, hunter's moon was riding. Every roof and spire, decked with unstained snow, glittered in her cold silver radiance. There was not a breath of wind, so that from far away the dead silence of the night was broken by every sound—the baying of a watchdog from some distant farm, the cry of the wild duck among the sedges of the river, and now and then the "whit-to-who" of the owls in the wing of the castle.

At length the evening Office was over, and the dense crowd came pouring out of the abbey church onto the Hofplatz. But one by one, as they came, the people started back astonished; and each pointed to his neighbor, bidding him note that on the white marble pedestal before the church porch stood no angel-statue. It was true! The great bronze angel was gone; and there, empty, was the base on which for long centuries it had braved wintry storm and weather.

Swiftly the word was passed from mouth to mouth; and no one went homeward, but all stood about the immense square, discussing in awestruck tones the wonder that had taken place. Surely the House of Rechstein must be tottering to its fall. First its heir vanished, and now its tutelary guardian was gone!

A kind of dismay crept through all hearts. It seemed as if their prayers had been disregarded and disapproved. They had with all solemnity made special supplication for the assistance of the Angel Guardian of their little city and their Prince's race, and the angel's statue itself was unaccountably removed.

And now on the moonlit square were gathered all the inhabitants of Engelbach—prince and prelate, abbot, prior, and monks, craftsmen and burgesses, Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, dame and serving-woman. And suddenly on

them all fell a hush of awestruck, wondering silence. Far, far away over the night-wrapped Thuringian Forest shone a soft, yet brilliant, splendor,—a glory that was not of moon or star,—“the light that never was on land or sea.” And this light, like a thin cloud of unearthly brightness, came floating swift, yet unhurried, southward to the town. Then softly crept upon the ears of the listening throng a melody such as was heard in Bethlehem in the wintry fields on the first Christmas night,—a harmony soft as the zephyr of a summer moon yet clear and strong. It had no words—at least none that mortal ears could tell,—only a divine concord of sweet sounds that pierced the soul and brimmed the eyes with happy tears.

Nearer and nearer floated that tender silver cloud, that never rose from mead or sea until it was hung, like a great folding veil, above the town, when it melted like the summer dew in the risen sun's warmth and splendor. And from whence it had been, there came flying down to earth the Angel of Engelbach, guardian of the children of the race of Rechstein, his wings widespread, one arm pointing upward, but the other folded on his breast. It was as if that waiting throng had but one heart, that panted with a bursting joy and exultation. None spoke, but from three thousand throats burst forth a pent-up sigh of unspeakable relief.

In the sight of all, the Angel lighted down again into his place, his feet touching the marble pedestal as soft and silently as if they had been of down; his head was bowed tenderly upon his breast, and in his protecting arm, close nestled against his shoulder, lay sleeping the two lost children—the hope of the princely race of Rechstein, and the son of the simple woodcutter of the forest.

RUSKIN has somewhere said that he didn't want to hear theological discussions or sermons about the possibility of miracles as long as he could see the sun rise and set.

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

V.—THE VISION OF THE GOLDEN CROSS.

MARY CONNELLY was pronounced a “clever” girl by all Knockfeen and far beyond it. She received a convent education, and went to Dublin for what they call the “finishing touches.” Already at twenty she was head teacher, with three assistants, in one of the city national schools. On Saturdays she took the evening train home and always spent Sunday with her mother.

She was the light and the joy of the whole parish, and many a poor woman with a boy or a girl in America wondered what in the world would become of Knockfeen if the good God had not sent Mary Connelly. It must be said of Mary that her light was never given a chance to burn under a bushel. During each week of her absence in the city, there were always three or four letters from “beyond the seas.” These she had to answer for some of the dear old mothers at home, whom an enlightened Government had kept in ignorance.

Mrs. Clancy, for instance, had a letter from her son Tom, who was in New York. Mary had first of all to read it, had to pause betimes for Mrs. Clancy's running comment and ejaculation, and finally to hear a motherly eulogy on Tom. It was all very beautiful, no doubt; but many another girl would have grown tired of comment, ejaculation, and eulogy, and would have found excuses galore to be elsewhere. But Mary loved the simple poor, their tender hearts and kindly ways. So she gave them her Sunday afternoons for correspondence, laughing betimes till the tears came, over the things they said and the way in which they said them.

When, for instance, Tom's letter had been read, and Mrs. Clancy had reached the end of her eulogy, Mary took her “pen in hand.”

"Now, Mrs. Clancy, what shall I answer?"

"Yerra, child, say we're all well, of course."

In a strong, neat script Mary wrote down, preceded by an introduction, the information that all at home were well. Then she stopped and looked a question at the kindly-faced little woman.

"Well, child, what is it?"

"Any more?"

"Yerra of course there is!"

Mary waited while Mrs. Clancy sat meditating on just what else she had to say. But her thoughts came slowly. Finally she said:

"Mary alanna, my ould head doesn't think at all. An' 'tis yourself will have to do it for me. Tell Tom to be a good boy, an' go to Mass an' his duties, an' not forget to wear the scapulars an' carry the rosary. An' while you're writing, Mary, I'll make a cup o' tay for the both of us. For I can make that anyhow, even if me ould head doesn't think."

Then Mary laughed, and Mrs. Clancy joined her as she went off to make the tea.

The girl grew serious while the little woman set about her task, and imagined herself a mother writing to her own son, a stranger in a strange land. What tender things she wrote as the pen went on its swift course! Into every sentence she poured out the Irish warmth of her own young soul. Like a poet when the mood is come, she wrote on and on, such words of endearment and tenderness as can arise only when the heart is warm. Later, when tea was over, she read the mother-message, and the real mother wept sweet tears of holy joy. Then Mary reached down, held the face worn by toil and care between her soft, white hands, and kissed the wrinkled forehead.

"May Our Lady and her blessed Son guard and keep you, Mary alanna, down to the brink of your grave, and beyond it!"

Presently Mary's swift step was taking her down the village street to her home, while Mrs. Clancy leaned over the half-

door watching her wistfully with a sealed letter in her hand.

Then there was Auntie Purcell, so-called because, instead of marrying, she took care of eight children for her brother when his wife was carried away by cancer. The children were now under every sky,—two in America, two in England, one in Australia, three in Scotland. Mary had to write to them all. Then there were odd jobs of all kinds, like writing a notice to hand to the priest of a Sunday, asking the prayers of the people for the dead or the sick; or making a neat news item out of a Land League meeting for the Limerick *Leader*; or writing on cards, with a fine flourish, the names of the children for First Communion or Confirmation. Do not infer from all this that there was no one else in the parish of Knockfeen who could read or write. There were "plenty and more too," as they say. But that is not the point at present.

Mary Connelly's life ran smoothly and sweetly enough. She was young, had a kindly heart, a winning way that secured her a smile and "God bless you!" at every turn of the road, a splendid position, and a host of friends among the high and low. But there were times when her face wore a cloud,—not such a cloud as darkens the heavens before a storm, but a white cloud that stands in mid-sky of a calm summer day. In later years, she would tell you it was a foreboding. One can not judge of that; but surely there were times when Mary's face was sad and her heart was heavy.

After she had been teaching school for some time, Father Tracey met her in the chapel yard one morning coming out from first Mass.

"Mary, they tell me you're a very clever girl entirely."

"I'm afraid, Father, people have too high an opinion of me."

"Mary, they tell me you're a great teacher too," Father Tracey continued, paying no attention whatever to Mary's act of humility. "And, Mary, because you

know so much, and because you teach so well, I am going to give you one of the Sunday 'classes' from now on."

Mary smiled at the fine diplomacy, and became a catechism teacher thereafter.

She was successful beyond Father Tracey's every dream; for she had the rare gift of explaining great truths in the simple language of children. Then she taught hymns to the little ones, and had them sing at Mass, with herself at the organ. Many an eye was wet with weeping as the young voices, mellowed with the accent of the land, floated out over the kneeling people. It was all so tender and so full of devotion and lifted them so much nearer heaven, that Father Tracey decided to have Mary prepare them to sing High Mass. But this dream was not to be.

One Sunday morning late in May, Mary and her mother were at early Mass and Holy Communion. On their return home, just as they reached the lawn in front of their cottage, the young girl was conscious that the face of the world was fading away. The familiar things she knew so well were half hidden as in a mist. The trees, the whitewashed houses, the hills, the grey rocks with the glory of the sun upon them,—they were all vanishing, vanishing into haze. The girl caught her mother's arm, and half whispered to herself:

"The heights!—the heights!"

"What is it, alanna?" questioned the mother, with solicitude.

"The heights!—the heights! And the golden cross!"

"What golden cross, child?"

"Mother," said the girl, more calmly, "I have not told you, because I did not want to bring any sorrow into your life if I could prevent it; but I feel the time is now come when I must tell you. For two years I have felt as if some great trouble were ahead of me. During the last three nights, after I went to bed, a golden cross floated above my face. When I closed my eyes, it floated as in image; and when I opened them again, it was

still there. I said my Rosary, and always the cross lingered till I fell asleep. In my dreams I saw it, and when I woke I saw it again like a glory. Yesterday in confession I told Father Tracey, and he said: 'Child, God's hand is always leading us, and in His mercy He leads us only as fast as we can go. Your feet may be strong enough and your young heart may be brave enough to go up the heights of sorrow. Be brave, be brave, child; and wherever the hand of God leads, follow.' Mother, my soul grew strong then; and when I received Holy Communion this morning my heart was filled with a burning joy, and in pauses of it I said: 'Lord, the Master of my life, lead and I will follow You up the heights, holding Your hand.'"

"Child, child, all this is wild, wandering talk to me! But you're nearer to God than I am. And the heights of which you speak, God will show you if 'tis His holy will."

"Mother," said the girl tightening her hands convulsively on the arm she held, "the fields are fading, and the trees and the hills and the sky and the sun. 'Tis getting darker and darker. Now—it is quite dark." Then she held the sweet little lady in her young arms, drew her close to her heart in a long embrace, kissed her, and said simply: "Mother, you will have to lead me hereafter: I am blind."

The years went their swift way, and the world saw very little change in Mary Connelly's outward mode of life. She no longer taught school in the city, but she still had her catechism class in the chapel. Children would crowd around her, and she had a hard task quieting the eager voices that begged for the privilege of taking her home. Still she played the organ, every key of which she knew, every note of which she could awaken. The children still sang simple hymns that quickened all hearts to prayer.

Mary had been to Knock and to a number of holy wells, because her friends insisted she should pray for a cure. But

always Mary prayed for greater resignation, and never for a miracle. She was a saint without showing it. Her quiet sense of humor, her appreciation of literature, her love of her people and her country,—these she never put away. She was singularly close to God, yet she had the sweet human traits that made her lovable. She always visited St. James' Well on "Pathern Day." But those who knew her heart would tell you that Mary Connelly would feel she was losing the guiding hand of God if the light came back to her sightless eyes.

"Mary," said Father Tracey, one "Pathern Day," as he saw her led from the well by a child, — "Mary, I see you are still climbing."

"Yes, Father; but you must pray that I may not stumble."

"Child," said the good old priest, solemnly, "you can not stumble. Your hand is in the Hand of God."

It is not so long since Mary Connelly died. Those at her bedside say that shortly before her going, she opened her eyes and saw again the golden cross. She reached up her hands as if to clasp it, and whispered: "The heights are almost won. I am ready to receive my golden cross." Then the vision vanished, and her lips moved for a little. Presently she was silent, having passed out of time to where her sightless eyes would forever gaze upon the "golden cross."

(To be continued.)

Simeon.

BY CECIL UPTON WARE.

HE clasped the Babe, and, like a seer of old,
 Upon the mount of vision seemed to stand
 Watching the new Dawn break in crimson-gold
 Across the vastness of the Gentile land.

And as he peered far out beyond the years,
 The cloud that hid fair Israel rolled by.

"It is enough!" he cried in joy and tears.

"My eyes have seen the Saviour; let me die!"

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
 LUCIENNE," ETC.

VI.—CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

SUDDENLY, during the night after Elinor's visit to Signor Thaddeus, her father passed gently away; and when, after his visit to the church, the old musician made his way to the house in Grosvenor Square, he found the blinds down, and learned that the end, which in this case was a release, had come.

This meant that for some days he could not offer the post of organist to Elinor; and, returning home, he wrote to Mrs. Stewart, asking her to allow him time to consider his answer. In writing he felt himself a hypocrite: it almost seemed to him that he was very ungrateful to his foster brother in apparently treating his offer lightly. Yet he knew that had Crellan been alive he would have bidden him act as his conscience dictated; and the fear that Mrs. Stewart might think him wanting in gratitude or in right feeling toward her brother was only one grain more added to the burden he already had to bear.

By this time he was so worn out from exhaustion that he slept, not only through the day but far into the following night. He had neglected his pupils lately, and the three days of waiting were employed in making up arrears of lessons. On the fourth morning he took time to go to Elinor; and he found her in the already dismantled house, putting together the few personal belongings that she and her mother were to take with them to the lodgings which the man who was settling Mr. Lambert's affairs had recommended to them for the time being. Signor Thaddeus did not give his name, merely asked for Miss Lambert; and when, after a moment's delay, Elinor appeared, the sight of him chased away the anxious, questioning look that had been on her face as she entered the room.

"It is you!" she cried, in tones of relief. "So many people have been coming in that I feared it was another valuer or creditor; though, indeed, they need not be so importunate, for there is enough now to pay them all."

"That at least is good news," replied Signor Thaddeus, absently; for his mind was full of his own subject.

"At least!" repeated Elinor. "Then you have no good news for me? I hoped perhaps, you had been able to find me a pupil,—just one to begin with."

She sighed as she spoke; and then, looking more attentively at the old man, noticed how pale and worn he was, and how ill at ease he seemed.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in sudden alarm. "Dear Master, my own troubles are making me selfish! I seem to forget other people. Won't you tell me what is wrong?"

"There is nothing wrong," answered Thaddeus, huskily but quickly; for he wanted to reassure her. It would never do for his manner to betray what his words were intended to hide so diplomatically. "In fact, I have good news for you. At least I—I hope—I think—you will say so when you hear. You will judge for yourself." He moistened his lips, which were dry and parched.

"You may have good news," said Elinor, gently; "but, for all that, there is something the matter. I am sure you are not feeling well."

"I am tired," replied the old man, evasively. "And, it is true, I have not been very well lately."

"You have been worrying about me, I know," said Elinor. "And now you have come all this way, when I am sure you were not equal to the journey."

"I had to come," answered Thaddeus. "What I have to tell you is urgent—"

"I could have gone to you if you had only let me know," she interrupted, reproachfully.

The old man shook his head.

"No, no, I am not so bad as all that!"—

and he pulled himself together. "I have heard of something that may suit you better than daily lessons."

"You have heard of something already! O dear Master, how good you are!"

"The worst of it is that you would have to go away,—to leave London altogether."

"But my mother could come too?" the girl asked quickly.

"Of course!" answered Thaddeus.

"Then it is all right. I would much rather live in the country."

"It is not exactly what you mean when you say the 'country.' It is in Ireland."

"In Ireland!" exclaimed Elinor. "How glad my mother will be! Ireland is her country, you know."

"But it is a very lonely place," said the old man.

"So much the better," responded Elinor, on whom the idea of appearing among her former acquaintances in her new capacity had been weighing more than she would have confessed.

"It is quite in the country," insisted Thaddeus. "They speak of it as a village, but there are hardly a dozen houses."

"The simple life!" said Elinor, with a faint smile. "How delightful!"

Thaddeus had been unconsciously nursing a lingering hope that the girl might not accept his offer, but now even this was reft from him.

"What shall I have to do?" Elinor asked. "Are you sure it is something within my capacity?"

"Yes, I think you will be able to manage. There is a house—a cottage rather,—with a garden, and a salary of a pound a week."

"Fifty-two pounds a year and no lodging to pay for! Dear Master, how splendid!" cried the girl, who a few weeks before had been looked upon as a great heiress. "We could easily live on that in a cottage?" she added naïvely.

"You could at Imaney," replied Thaddeus, forgetting his rôle for a moment; "everything is so simple there."

"Then you know the place?" It was a

natural conclusion for Elinor to draw from the way he spoke, but Thaddeus had not intended so to betray himself; and, trying to hide his confusion, he coughed uneasily.

"I—I know parts of Ireland," he said hastily; "and Connemara and the north-west are very much alike."

Elinor was too much engrossed in her own interest to notice his embarrassment, and she was satisfied to ask no further questions.

"You have not yet told me what I shall have to do," she went on presently. "The most important question of all is whether I shall be able to do what is wanted."

"You need not distress yourself on that point," rejoined Thaddeus. "The work is pleasant and easy. You will have to play the organ in the church and train the children who sing in the choir."

"Oh!" Elinor drew a long breath,— "oh, how delightful! But do you think I can play well enough? I have never played the organ, you know."

"You will have to learn," replied Thaddeus. "I can give you some lessons, and of course you will have to practise hard. Luckily, only simple things will be needed, and you must set to work to learn a few to begin with."

"How good God is!" said Elinor, softly. "You have always said so, Signor, and now I see it for myself. It was He who sent you to us."

"Yes, indeed it was He," answered Thaddeus, though in reality he was speaking more to himself than to Elinor, who little knew how literally true her words were.

"You best of friends!" cried the girl, with glowing eyes.

"Softly, softly!" said Thaddeus. "Remember, it is not certain even yet. It was only yesterday that I heard of the post's being vacant, and I could not apply for it until I had seen you. After all, you may not be accepted."

"Then ought I to write about it, or go to see any one?"

"No,—oh, no!" cried Thaddeus hastily, fearful of his secret's being discovered before he had taken the precautions necessary to preserve it. "Leave it all to me. I will attend to everything."

"But you will tell me if I can do anything, won't you?" said Elinor. "Why should you have all the trouble?"

"I can easily find out now if they will have you," replied Thaddeus. "I could not ask for the post until I was sure that you would accept it."

"Accept it!" repeated Elinor. "Dear Master, there is no question about that! Only how can I ever express my gratitude?"

"It is the best I could do," observed the old man; "and you know I do not look for thanks."

He rose to go, but paused a moment.

"The organist is wanted at once, I believe," he said. "When could you be ready to go?"

"As soon as ever you think I can learn to play the most needful things."

Thaddeus nodded.

"I will let you know as soon as I hear," he said; "and if it is all right, we can set to work at the organ at once."

Now that the irrevocable step was taken, he seemed to feel it less; or it may be that by this time he was numbed by it all. However it was, the writing of the second letter, in which he applied definitely for the post for his pupil, was less painful to him than the first, in which he had merely asked for time to consider the offer. It was easy to plead old age and feebleness to excuse him from accepting the post, and he put forward Elinor's suit most pressingly. She was one of his pupils, the only support of her widowed mother, and worthy of the highest recommendations. If Mrs. Stewart was willing to transfer the offer to her, Thaddeus begged that the girl should never know, under any consideration, that the post had first been offered for his own acceptance,—that she was, in fact, taking his place.

By the time this letter was written, he was completely exhausted. With trembling limbs he went down the long flights of stairs again; for he could not trust the precious missive to any hand but his own to post. Then he crept slowly and painfully back to the room which for so long had merely been a lodging to him, but which from this time forward was likely to be the only home he should ever know.

Without admitting it to himself, a faint hope still lingered in the depths of Signor Thaddeus' heart that, after all, his sacrifice might not be accepted. Perhaps if Crellan had impressed upon his sister his wish that Thaddeus, and no other, should be the first organist of Imaney, she would protest against his refusal; and surely if she begged him to accept the post which he so longed for, he need not refuse it a second time. It seemed hardly possible that the fixed purpose of thirty years' standing should suddenly disappear at the stroke of a pen.

For nearly a week such thoughts as these alternately tormented and consoled the old man. Every morning he went down to the hall to meet the postman who had brought Mrs. Stewart's first letter; and through the day his first glance on coming in was toward the place where, on the few occasions when he had received any mail, the paper or letter was deposited. He aged visibly during those days, and more than one of his pupils decided that they must seek a younger master.

Then on the sixth morning the letter came. It was short and cruel in its very courtesy. Mrs. Stewart quite understood that Signor Thaddeus did not care to undertake the post the O'Congaile had wished to be offered to him; and she thanked him for recommending a substitute who, she felt sure from what he said, would give entire satisfaction. As to his part in the transfer, the girl should learn nothing of it from her. It was the final blow, — decisive, irrevocable; and

only now that it was dealt did he realize that he had still hoped.

There was a long silence in the attic after the old man had read his letter. Then unconsciously his lips moved.

"Crellan!" he murmured; quickly adding, in a different tone, — a tone of reverent entreaty: "O God, do not keep us apart much longer!"

He was too weak, too overcome to go out in search of Elinor, as he had done on the previous occasion. Besides, this time there was so little explanation necessary. Steadying his hand as best he could, he wrote to her, saying that the post of which he had spoken was hers; and that Mrs. Stewart, the lady in whose gift it was, would write to her herself. "You can not undertake to start for a fortnight or three weeks," he remarked; "and we must begin our lessons at once. I will find out where there is an organ that we can use; and in the meantime I must look up a simple Mass and a few easy motets and hymns for you to begin with."

When the letter had gone he began to sort his music with a view to finding what Elinor would want, recopying and simplifying it, if advisable. There was order in the apparent disorder, and he soon found what he sought. But the sight and sound of the accompaniments he had collected with such loving, happy thought for the future, overcame him completely.

"O God," he prayed, "let her be as happy there as I should have been! Surely I have given enough to secure her happiness."

And, fearing to take from his sacrifice by weak repining, he sat down resolutely at the piano, seeking comfort from the immortal melodies of Beethoven, who now, as always to Thaddeus, showed himself worthy of the motto that adorned his frame upon the wall above the piano: "A giant amongst his fellows."

Before the old man felt able to go out in search of an organ, Elinor's note of loving gratitude came to him; and, after trying to express her thanks, and saying

that Mrs. Stewart had already written to her, and that she and her mother were to start for Imaney in three weeks' time, she added that there was an organ in a convent, the address of which she gave; and the Reverend Mother, herself an Irishwoman, put it at the disposal of Elinor and her master every day between certain hours. The letter concluded by asking at what time they should meet there the following morning.

(To be continued.)

Maria-Benedetta.—A Memory of Viterbo.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

ONE day in November, 1911—barely two months ago,—a Catholic traveller, whom frequent visits to Italy have made familiar with Italian things and people, was spending a few days at Viterbo on her way to Rome. The Old-World charm of the picturesque little city, its mediæval buildings that are comparatively untouched, and its stirring historical memories, appealed to her strongly; and her wanderings through the narrow streets, where twelfth-century palaces are now the homes of the poor, were full of delightful surprises.

Our traveller, musing on the recollections of the past, and fascinated by the curiously picturesque aspect of old Viterbo, suddenly found that she had wandered far away; and, feeling hopelessly at sea among the narrow streets, she inquired the way back to her hotel from a woman who was passing. The Italian proposed to guide her,—an offer that was gladly accepted; and, with the sociability of her race, the woman soon entered into conversation with the tourist. She expatiated largely, with patriotic pride, upon the advantages and charms of her native city; and, after mentioning these in succession, she concluded by saying:

"And here we have also a saint."

"Yes," agreed the stranger: "St. Rose,

whose relics are kept at her convent."

"No, indeed!" was the quick reply. "We have better than St. Rose; for we possess not only a dead saint, but we have a living saint among us! Her name is Maria-Benedetta, and this very week she is celebrating her *golden wedding with suffering.*"

Accustomed to the spontaneous Italian faith, often picturesquely expressed, the stranger was less taken aback by the curious phrase than would have been a formalistic or matter-of-fact Northerner. She asked for an explanation; and, upon inquiries made both at Viterbo and, later on, in Rome, she learned the following particulars.

Maria-Benedetta Frey, the daughter of a soldier in the Pope's Swiss Guard, became a nun more than half a century ago, at the Cistercian Convent of Viterbo, commonly called (in memory of a certain duchess, its foundress) the "Convento della Duchessa." She was then twenty years of age. Two years later, the horror of seeing her novice mistress struck down before her eyes gave a shock to her nervous system, that eventually resulted in an incurable affection of the spine, producing partial paralysis. Gradually, Maria-Benedetta lost the use of her limbs, and for some years she was totally blind. Now she has recovered her eyesight, but she can use neither her legs nor her right hand, and can only move the left hand with difficulty. Being a cloistered nun, and, moreover, confined to her bed, she does not, in general, receive visitors without a very special permission, that is seldom given. This year, however, in honor of her "golden wedding," the Bishop allowed her, during nine days, to admit all the visitors who desired to see her; and it was our traveller's privilege to make use of this favor.

This is her story. In a small room with a brick pavement, Maria-Benedetta lies, or rather sits up, in bed. Her head is wrapped in a veil, and is encircled by an iron band covered with linen,—the

iron circle being firmly fixed into the wall at either side with strong nails. The condition of the sick woman's spine is such that she would, it is said, die instantly if her head was not firmly supported. This is the meaning of the primitive contrivance, that appears to be an instrument of torture instead of a surgical apparatus intended to preserve life and diminish suffering. So imperative is it that Maria-Benedetta should be kept day and night in this position, that when it becomes necessary to change her bed-clothes the doctor is in attendance, as even the slightest motion might cause instant death.

When our traveller became accustomed to the subdued light of the little cell, she saw under the veiled brow a pair of bright eyes, beaming from a pale face that might be any age. A cheery voice made her welcome with the gracious courtesy that seems an inborn gift of the Italian people, even the humblest. There is nothing strained or severe about the nun whose ironbound brow has, at first sight, a tragic appearance. She is wonderfully sweet and natural; and she frankly owned to her visitor that, during the first five years of her cruel malady, she found it difficult to accept the fate that lay before her. "Then," she added, "I remembered that if God willed it so, it must of course be best; that, after all, the longest life is very short; and that, by accepting God's will, I may make my life here as useful to others as if I were able to do active work." Thus it came to pass that for half a century Maria-Benedetta has lived her life of pain with a willing spirit; and last November she celebrated what the townfolk call her "Golden Wedding with suffering."

Spiritual consolations are not wanting to this cheerful prisoner of the will of God. Her cell is divided into two parts. In one is her bed; in the other is an altar, where Mass is celebrated every morning; in fact, three or four Masses are often said daily in this tiny oratory.

Many priests when passing through Viterbo count it a privilege to offer up the Divine Sacrifice in Maria-Benedetta's chapel.

Her cell is in daily communication with the outer world, upon which her eyes have not rested for over fifty years. On certain days as many as a hundred letters, with requests for prayers, come to the convent. Between the recluse and a multitude of anxious, sorrowing or sin-laden souls flows a strong current of spiritual sympathy,—a striking example of the Communion of Saints, by which distances are bridged over between those who will never stand face to face till they meet beyond the grave.

It is reported that many favors, spiritual and temporal, have been obtained through the intercession of Maria-Benedetta. She does not deny that God seems to lend a willing ear to the petitions that are offered up in her little oratory; but they are due, she adds, to the special protection of the Santissimo Bambino, a prominent object in the chapel. This figure of the Infant Jesus is the recluse's cherished treasure. She relates that, long years ago, a Freemason having flung the statue out of the window, it fell on a roof, whence it was rescued by her father. He gave it to his daughter, and she brought it to the Convento della Duchessa, when she joined the community.

There is nothing artificial, pompous or self-conscious about this sweet-spoken nun. She owns that music is her passion, and that the gift of an harmonium brought her untold pleasure. It stands in a room next to her cell, and occasionally the Sisters play on it for her enjoyment. She can take no solid food and only a small quantity of liquid; but she does not consider it unspiritual to confess that some cream sent to her by a visitor was a source of enjoyment. With a spirit that, considering her lifelong martyrdom, is simply heroic, she smilingly accepts her imprisonment, and ignores the weariness, discomfort, and positive pain of her

cramped position and ironbound brow. In the same spirit and with the simple gratitude of a child, she takes the small pleasures that come to her from the hand of her Divine Master.

The atmosphere that surrounds Maria-Benedetta illustrates a distinctive feature of the Italian people. They may be ignorant, careless, unthrifty, negligent; their very devotion may be tinged with superstition; but they have an innate comprehension of and leaning toward the things of heaven. We may easily imagine how, in more enlightened and civilized surroundings, a case like this one would be critically examined; how the clumsy apparatus that supports the recluse's head would be condemned as barbarous, and how even her mental condition might be questioned. Here, in Viterbo, her "Golden Wedding with suffering"—a phrase fraught with the highest spiritual meaning—is celebrated as a local festival. With one leap, these simple-minded folk seem to have reached the state that our more complex and self-conscious spirits attain only after long efforts,—the state where the value and joy of pain are clearly understood. The spiritual truths that we find it hard to treat as living realities are to them as visible as their native sunshine. This sense of the supernatural, so finely developed, does not make *all* Italians saints, but it makes *many of them* feel and realize the power of sanctity in daily life.

When Maria-Benedetta's visitor left the convent where God's captive has been enduring her long martyrdom, she found herself in front of the public building where the assassins who for years past have terrified Central Italy are now being tried. Our readers have surely heard of this mysterious association, to which belonged men of all ages and of all ranks in life. On this occasion the court was packed; and the prisoners, confined in a huge iron cage, seemed chiefly intent on denouncing one another. Great, indeed, was the contrast between the quiet

convent, the peaceful cell, the recluse's radiant happiness, and the heated atmosphere of the immense hall where evil passions were ablaze. But this very contrast seemed to give a deeper meaning to Maria-Benedetta's Golden Wedding. The debts incurred on the one hand are paid for on the other; and the mysterious bond that is implied by the words, "Communion of Saints," may perchance, like a golden thread, bring the patient sufferer of the Convento della Duchessa into touch with the criminals of the neighboring tribunal, and with other suffering or sinful souls far beyond the narrow precincts of Viterbo.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VI.

RUMORS of war may enter even into so peaceful a place as the room of a confirmed Shut-In, and sometimes they arrive at the most inopportune moments. Yesterday I followed my usual habit of giving Louisa a little oral instruction concerning current events. Perhaps she does not always enjoy my lectures, but she appears to do so; and I am afforded the satisfaction of doing my duty toward the young, which is, of course, very commendable.

"Louisa," I said, "it will not be long now before there is peace among all nations. I may not live to see it, but you will. Kings are going to let other people settle their disputes. The wisest persons in the world are now arranging—"

But Louisa was looking out of the window.

"You are not listening!" I said.

"Oh, yes, I heard you!" she answered. "But there is a young man passing with the most beautiful uniform on!"

"It's that Smith boy, home from the military school for the holidays," I told her; "and his uniform is almost wicked.

So long as thoughts of fighting are made alluring, wars will last."

I am afraid I preached.

"Now, Louisa," I said, "if you will bring me the last pictorial supplement of the New York —, we will look over the pictures together. This one," I said, after the picture sheet was nicely spread out, "is 'Massacre by the Arabs'—never mind that. This one is 'Massacre by the Chinese in the Streets of'—turn the paper, Louisa. This is 'Incidents of War between Russia and Persia'—we'll not look at that. Here is 'Echoes of the Morocco Imbroglia'—Louisa, you may lay this paper upon that bed of coals in the fireplace. Universal peace will never come until such publications are suppressed."

"It is beautiful," said Louisa; but I do not think she was talking of peace,—I believe she referred to that uniform.

War would be ridiculous if it were not so tragic. It seems to me a relic of the days when men crawled out of their cave dwellings to quarrel over a bone. Millions of soldiers are kept in fighting trim, and millions of poor people are taxed to support them; and I suppose those in authority think they must get the worth of their money in some way, so they begin a "scrap" like two small boys. Certainly most wars—look it up for yourselves if you do not believe me—have little excuse; and most of those engaged in them neither know nor care what that excuse is.

Two wounded soldiers, fighting on different sides, were left near each other upon a battlefield during the Boer war.

"Well, if that isn't you, Jim!" said one.

"And that's you, Bill. Shake hands!"

"Hope I didn't shoot you?" said Bill.

"Same to you," answered Jim.

"Do you know what this bloomin' war is about?" asked Jim.

"No," responded Bill. "Do you?"

"No," was the answer. "Say, Bill, got any terbacker?"

"Sure!" said Bill, dividing his hoard.

And then they were carried off to different hospitals,—the butcher boy who had enlisted in London (just why he did not know), and the wandering comrade who had been forced to fight for the enemy. Poor lads!

DeMorgan puts it well: "The usual war whoops from sheltered corners, safe out of gunshot, and the usual deaths of scores of men on both sides who never felt a pang of ill-feeling to one another or knew the cause of quarrel. . . . The slow dawn of the true horrors of war—mere death on the battlefield the least of them—that will one day change the reckless young soldier to a grave old man that has learned his lesson, and knows that the curse of Cain is on him who stirs to war, and that half the great names of history have been borne by devils incarnate."

Nevertheless, deny it as we may, we all love the glitter and pomp of war. It is hard to rid ourselves of the instincts that our fighting forefathers have bequeathed to us. I, for one, admit that "The Girl I Left behind Me," played on an old army fife, is an agreeable sound, and a regiment of stalwart soldiers an agreeable sight. I must even confess to a liking for Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads"; and I admired the straight shoulders of the Smith boy, although I did not tell Louisa so.

And yet we are not wilderness children to be won with a painted feather, or jungle children to be charmed by a string of gay beads. We know that war, unless for defence or in a holy cause, is inexcusable, barbarous, fit only as sport for the minions of the arch-fiend; and that some day, sooner or later, students of history will think with horror of our crude and terrible way of adjusting a boundary line or rifling the pockets of a stricken nation. Meanwhile what wonder that the face of the White Shepherd of Christendom is sad! "Peace!" he commands, but the roar of cannon drowns his voice.

The Only Remedy.

Notes and Remarks.

In my opinion, there is just one way to settle the divorce question. Let the next legislature enact a law that never again, for any cause whatsoever, shall there be granted a divorce from the bonds of matrimony in the State of Michigan. In certain cases let there be a decree of separation, but no dissolution of the marriage contract.

This opinion, delivered by Judge Kinne, of Ann Arbor, Mich., is remarkable for two other reasons besides its soundness. It has been arrived at after an experience of twenty-five years on the Bench,—including a hearing of numerous divorce cases; and it represents, according to the Judge's own statement, a complete change of view. "Hitherto, as a rule," he declares, "I have administered the law as I found it on the statute-books. It seemed to me that divorce was the only escape from brutality, wretchedness, and hopeless unhappiness. But of late the privilege of divorce has been so misused, and I have witnessed such flagrant disregard for truth, morality, and decency, that my former convictions have experienced considerable modification—if not revolution."

Reviewing, many years ago, a work on the family by a French priest, the illustrious Dr. Brownson declared that, in order to bring society back to the observance of Christian marriage,

it is necessary for our non-Catholic societies to return to the bosom of the Church; in plain words, to be reconverted to Christianity, from which they have virtually, if not formally, apostatized. Catholic marriage can not be re-established by secular legislation, nor grafted on Protestantism or infidelity. It can be restored only by a sincere and hearty return to the Church, to the whole Catholic system.

These words were penned many years ago, but they are as pointed now as they were then. In denying the sacramental character of marriage, the Protestant Reformation initiated an evil the magnitude of which is apparent to thousands besides Judge Kinne.

With characteristic judiciousness, the *Casket* (Antigonish, N. S.) observes:

There is a strange inconsistency in the statements of those who say that good books are beneficial, but that bad books are harmful only to those who seek to be harmed. There are quite a few people who profess these very contradictory views, nevertheless. They will admit that good influences often affect men in spite of all the opposition they can offer them; but, at the same time, they would have us believe that evil influences affect no one who does not wish to be so influenced. This, of course, is merely one of the pitiful makeshifts of the human mind, seeking to act unreasonably, and to justify unreasonableness by means of reasoning.

The unreasonableness is even greater than our contemporary implies it to be. Not only do bad books influence for evil others than those who wish to be thus influenced, but a bad book's influence for evil is stronger than is a good book's influence for righteousness. Since original sin darkened our understanding, weakened our will, and left in us a strong inclination to evil, bad books pull strongly with the tide of our nature, good ones pull against it.

A characteristic specimen of the French clergy—a body of men which radiates holiness—is the new Cardinal, Mgr. Amette, Archbishop of Paris. His very aspect reveals the loftiest spirituality and the tenderest benevolence combined. The See of Paris can boast of a line of illustrious prelates, among whom were saints and martyrs. Cardinal Amette worthily upholds the tradition, and will leave behind him a splendid record of work in beaten paths as well as in initiative. To his determined efforts it is due that there has been no decline in the pomp of divine service throughout the churches of Paris, although he himself is housed so poorly that it is a disgrace to the Government of a once Christian State. Cardinal Amette has ever been simple in

his mode of life. As Bishop of Bayeux, he was known to dislike ceremony outside of his sacred functions, and to resist all promotion that would remove him from his beloved Normandy. When finally he obeyed the call of Cardinal Richard and became his coadjutor, it was an act of personal abnegation. Henceforward he took up half the burden that weighed upon the persecuted prelate, driven from his episcopal residence by a vile oligarchy, and despoiled of his rightful property. In those dark hours the support and consolation of Cardinal Richard was Mgr. Amette. Then as now, he was indefatigable, devoted to duty, full of faith in ultimate justice.

The Cardinal never refuses an invitation to a religious or an educational function; he is in touch with all classes, fosters good literature, and patronizes sacred art; he is always ready to preach, and his short allocutions are models of vigor and simplicity. Every word spoken by this exemplary servant of Christ is stamped with the sad intensity of a sufferer, but there is no trace of faint-heartedness. He is the centre of all religious activity, and his careful administration has rendered possible the consecration of many new churches and schools. Charitable leagues and confraternities flourish under his wise guidance; and his clergy, imbued with his spirit, work on with confidence in the restoration of all things in Christ. While such fervent and practical priests as Mgr. Amette still arise in the Church of France one can not despair of that unhappy country.

Reviewing, in the *Catholic University Bulletin*, a new work dealing with the perennial question of the proper pronunciation of the Latin language (the author of which proposes the Italian pronunciation as a compromise among the various pronunciations now in use,—contending that, although not the best, the Italian is the most attainable, standing as it

does midway between the extremes, and being therefore more easy of adoption than any other system), Mr. John D. Maguire remarks very appositely that the Roman pronunciation, called also the phonetic and the restored pronunciation, is predicated on the assumption that somewhere in the past ages the Latin language died, that it is a dead language, and that therefore the pronunciation of the Classic Period must be recovered and restored. The advocates of this movement lose sight of the fact, pointed out by the reviewer, that—

the Latin language has had a continuous and unbroken existence in the Church down to the present day; hence the pronunciation in use in the Capital City of the Church rests on reasons much more valid than those of compromise. It is an ascertained law of language that pronunciation does change, and so it would seem that the pronunciation now in use by the Church is the logical pronunciation to adopt. No logic whatever attaches to the argument for the restored pronunciation. Indeed, it would be quite as logical for us who use English to restore the pronunciation in vogue in the time of Shakespeare as it is for Latin scholars to attempt to restore to use the pronunciation of the time of Cicero.

The *Church Times* (Protestant Episcopal) repeats a good story of a lady who was invited by wealthy friends, last summer, to spend a Sunday with them on their yacht. She declined, on the ground that if she deliberately went where she could not attend religious service on the Lord's Day she would be breaking the Fourth Commandment. On being twitted for her tenderness of conscience, she replied: "If I were to violate the Seventh Commandment, you'd shun me; if I were to violate the Eighth Commandment, I should be sent to the penitentiary; if I were to violate the Sixth Commandment, I should be hanged. Are not all the Commandments equally obligatory?"

The effectiveness of this rebuke was probably heightened by the tone in which it was administered. Some people can

say very hard things in a very soft way, and the lady in question was doubtless at her best in declining the invitation. Let us hope that some day she will know the Commandments in a different order, and be equally faithful to the precepts of God's Church.

What may well serve as the last Catholic word on the Young Men's Christian Association is the following paragraph, from a pastoral letter of Archbishop Harty, of Manila:

Since, therefore, this association is in effect a religious sect or a fusion of sects, with a dogmatic creed and an heretical worship, I warn the faithful under my charge that they may neither join it nor co-operate with it, whether out of human respect or for any other motive; that parents may not permit their children to reside in its buildings; and that no Catholic may attend its lectures on religious matters, much less join in its worship. Nor can the shelter, the accommodations, the physical culture or the educational advantages afforded by the association justify co-operation with it; for it is never allowed to do wrong for the attainment of any end, however good in itself.

Let our young men join Catholic societies where there are any, organize them where there are none, or, at the worst, forego society comforts and advantages altogether rather than expose themselves to the very real danger of weakening, or even losing, their precious heritage of the One True Faith.

We are pleased to find in the London *Catholic Times* additional reason for believing that the Belgian Congo "atrocities" so industriously exploited a year or so ago were largely mythical. Says our English contemporary:

In Sir William Lever's opinion, the Belgian Congo is "the very pick of all the African Continent"; and the Belgian Government are giving an object-lesson in the methods of educating and training the natives. The firm of Lever Brothers have drawn up an agreement with them, and the terms of the document prove how closely the Belgian authorities have the interests of the natives at heart. Messrs. Lever are placed under an obligation to supply schools for native children, and hospitals, with

European doctors, for the sick; and generally to see to the welfare of those who work for them. Sir William Lever assured an audience in Gladstone Hall, Port Sunlight, on Saturday night, that he did not believe there ever had been an agreement elsewhere in which such clauses for the benefit of the natives had been inserted.

As Sir William is no sentimentalist, but a thoroughly practical business man, his opinion is likely to prove of some weight in readjusting John Bull's views of Congo and the Belgians.

In view of the diverse opinions expressed concerning the advisability of holding, or giving up, the Churchill-Redmond meeting in Belfast on the 8th inst., it is not inopportune to recall what Mr. Robert Ellis Thompson states in the *New York Freeman's Journal*:

Nothing can be more false than the assumption that the Province [Ulster] is, in the hands of the Orange faction which rallied at Omagh. Not a single Ulster County returns only Unionists to Parliament, and the number of such representatives declines through the spread of Home Rule sympathies. Even the sacred Orange Association is no longer solid in its opposition to the self-government of Ireland. A younger element is awaking to sympathy with the national aspirations of their countrymen, and no longer heeds the sectarian vamping of such leaders as Sir Edward Carson. The Ulster Loyalist is surrounded by a population which shares in none of his wild rage at the progress of Irish liberty.

Wild rage is to be looked for, of course, from the inveterate opponents of Home Rule as that measure advances nearer and nearer to actual achievement; but, unless all signs fail, the rage will prove utterly futile.

A writer in *L'Action Sociale*, of Quebec, moralizes on some divorce statistics furnished to the *New York Independent* by Professor Bailey, of Yale University. In 1870, there were in this country, it appears, twenty-eight divorces for every thousand inhabitants, or eighty-one divorces for every one hundred thousand married persons; in 1900, the twenty-eight had

grown to seventy-three, and the eighty-one to two hundred. And in the last decade matters have been growing still worse. "What," asks our Quebec contemporary, "is the permanent cause, the principal, basic, general cause, of this disintegration of the family? We need not hesitate in answering: It is the Godless education imposed on fifteen million children of the public schools in every State of the Republic, and that precisely since about fifty years ago."

It would appear that, if we except the State of New York, only 389 of our Catholic deaf-mute children are being educated in Catholic schools. The remaining thousands are being educated in non-Catholic schools, where their faith is being stolen from them, or they are receiving no education at all. In State institutions for the deaf, the doctrines of Protestantism and indifferentism seem to form a part of the daily instruction; and as a result, we are told, some of the most zealous Protestant ministers who are working amongst deaf-mutes in this country to-day are children of Catholic parents. Considering that careful statistics indicate that there are nearly 8000 Catholic deaf-mutes in the United States, and that at least one half of them are of school age, the problem of Catholic deaf-mute education undoubtedly assumes an aspect of seriousness.

On page 133 of the *Nineteenth Century* for January, one contributor writes: "It has often been said, and we think with truth, that the Oxford Movement has failed, and that it is time to reckon up the church's debt to its promoters." On page 169 of the same number, another writer asks: "Is it possible to convince the rank and file of the English Church of our requirements, or is the seed so nobly sown by Keble and Newman and Pusey, and now only bearing fruit after long years, to be garnered on the one hand by the Roman Church, and on the other by

'Christian Science' teachers, and the many other vague associations that believe in a more or less inspired carpenter?"

The italics are ours. Both writers are non-Catholics, but "failure" in the vocabulary of one evidently spells "success" in that of the other.

The *Western Catholic* quotes a Protestant gentleman, who takes a deep interest in the movement toward union among divided Christians, as saying: "Many Christians have lost sight of the Incarnation as a fact. When men once begin to grasp something of its meaning, there will follow some conception at least of the Church as a living organism, the body of which Christ is the head." The editor of the *W. C.* considers this "about the sanest utterance" he has seen on the subject, and comments further:

The striving for unity will be fruitless if it is assumed that any sort of unity will answer the purpose. There is only one kind that can withstand the dividing forces of the world. There is only One who could say: "I have overcome the world." He alone could give us a plan and a means of unity, and that is what He did. He built it upon Himself as God made man. To understand the unity He prayed for, we must first know Him, who He was and what He was,—in a word, the Incarnation.

Among some quotable extracts from Paul Gaultier's new work, "La Vraie Education," we find the following

There is too much disdain nowadays for lessons learned by heart; for, after all, it is very sure that the word, the verbal expression, still remains the most convenient and helpful instrument of the thought. It should not be abused, but it ought to be used. . . . Discipline and bickering are not identical. Human severity is pernicious, but firmness in exacting obedience to rule is fortifying. . . . Chastisement should be regarded (especially by its recipients) as a debt, a reparation, and a remedy, but not at all as a bit of vengeance. . . . He who in his youth has formed the habit of conquering his passions in order to obey the call of duty seldom deceives the hopes built upon his future.

The same thoughts have been expressed times without number, but seldom so tersely.



O Lily Maid of Israel!

BY HENRY C. McLEAN.

☉ LILY MAID of Israel,
 All holy and all fair,
 The tribes of men enraptured tell
 Thy virtues everywhere!
 Mother of Christ, of thee we sing;
 Thine only Son shall be
 Our Lord, our Saviour and our King
 For all eternity.
 Nine choirs of joyful angels peal
 His praise in Paradise;
 While, Mother blest, beneath thy heel
 The cursed serpent lies.
 Twelve stars thy blessed brow adorn,
 Virgin and Mother fair!
 The night has passed,—'tis ever morn,
 And joy reigns everywhere.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—A WONDERING GUEST.

MISS PAT, bress de Lord, you's
 back, safe and sound! Bress de
 Lord!" cried Mam. "Come right
 in here to de fire, honey; and let me get
 you a hot drink of sassarfas tea, and rub
 dem little feet and hands warm; for you's
 got your deaf ob cold, I know. Whar's
 dat Ginger?" (Mam's tone changed into
 vengeful wrath.) "Oh, I's laying for
 dat gal for keeping her young Miss out
 like dis in de midnight cold! Whar's dat
 no-'count little yaller Nigger.—"

"O Mam, no, no, no!" interrupted
 Ginger's Miss, eagerly. "You mustn't
 scold poor Ginger one bit. You shan't
 say a word to her, Mam. She is so frozen
 and frightened now she can't stand.
 Link and Billy had to lift her out of

the wagon.—Bring her in, Link,—bring
 poor Ginger in here to the fire, please!"

And Link and Billy appeared, sup-
 porting between them a limp little figure,
 with legs dangling and head wiggling
 helplessly from side to side.

"Daid!" gasped Mam, as the boys
 relaxed their hold and Ginger slipped
 down in a heap on the kitchen floor.
 "Is de chile daid?"

"Yes'm!" answered Ginger, rolling up
 the whites of her eyes. "I's—I's—I's
 daid, Mam!"

"You're *not!*" said Miss Pat. "Stop
 rolling up your eyes like that, Ginger!
 You're not dead at all: you are just cold
 and frightened and hungry. Where's
 that sassafras tea? Give her a hot drink
 quick! Take off her shoes and rub her
 feet, Mam."

"Ow-ow-ow!" moaned Ginger, as,
 under her young lady's vigorous direc-
 tion, she began to recuperate. "De bars,
 de wild-cats, de hants! I seen—I heern
 'em all!"

"You didn't!" said Pat, who was now
 down on her knees beside her maid,
 rubbing the dusky hands into warmth.
 "It was only the shadow of the trees in
 the moonlight, the wind whistling in the
 powder hole. We could have stayed there
 all night and nothing would have hurt
 us. I kept telling you that all the time.
 Hold up your head, Ginger, and drink
 some of Mam's tea."

"I'd ruther hab coffee!" murmured
 Ginger, whose eyes and nose were begin-
 ning to take notice again; "and—and—
 ham and aigs—and batter-cakes. If I ain't
 daid, I'm—I'm turrible hungry, Mam!"

"So am I," said Miss Pat. "Give us
 some supper, Mam; for I am half starved.
 And, Link, bring Mr. Mickell and Billy
 in and give them some supper, too."

"Yes, Miss,—yes! But—but—but—"

Link became suddenly aware of the visitor in the background. Dar's company here, — a gemplun been waiting to see you all evening."

"Where?" said Pat, turning quickly.

"Here, Miss,—here!" And Uncle Scip shuffled forward to do the honors of the house as he had so often done them in the golden days of old. "Let me represent you to dis gemplun what comes from your kinfolks to pay his respects to de young lady ob Peyton Hall. I missed de notification ob de name, sah."

"It is Dunn," answered the visitor, briefly. "I am Gilbert Dunn, solicitor for Mr. Maxwell Granville."

"From Cousin Max Granville?" said Pat, in a startled voice. "Cousin Max! What did he send you for?"

"Miss Pat," remonstrated Uncle Scip, in a shocked whisper, "ain't you gwine to make more manners dan dat?"

But Pat's bright eyes were fixed in bewildered curiosity on Mr. Dunn's face as the gentleman proceeded to explain his presence. He stated that his client, Mr. Granville, having just returned from Europe, was prepared to assume all responsibilities as her legal guardian, and had requested him to call on her at once and—

"My guardian!" interrupted Miss Pat, breathlessly. "Cousin Max my guardian? What do I want with a guardian?"

A smile flickered over Mr. Dunn's face as he thought of his evening's experience.

"The law, you see, considers it necessary for all persons under twenty-one," was his brief answer. "By your grandmother's will, Mr. Granville becomes the guardian of your property and person until you are legally of age; and, not being at leisure himself, he requested me to come as his representative and inquire into your—ahem!—your comfort and well-being."

"That is very kind of him, I'm sure," said Pat; "and of you too, Mr.— Mr. Dunn, to come up this dreadful weather. You can tell my Cousin Max that I am just as well and comfortable as I can be,

and he needn't bother about me one bit. Bring another chair, Uncle Scip, and ask Mr. Mickell in to have some supper."

"He dun gone, Miss. He and Billy bof said dey had to git home befo' de little girl clean broke her heart cryin' 'bout you."

"Poor little Moll! I'll have to run over to-morrow and make up to her for this scare. And I don't mind saying, now that Ginger can't hear, it was just dreadful," continued Pat, tossing off her knit jacket and shawl and sinking down into a mahogany chair, while Uncle Scip shuffled off for hot cakes and coffee. "Yqu see, the ice we were sliding on broke all of a sudden, and we had to jump for the shore; and if we *hadn't* jumped, why, there would have been an end to us both."

"So you jumped?" said Mr. Dunn, warming up, despite himself, to his young hostess, who, without her muffings, was about as pretty a little picture as had ever met his eyes. Not even the cut-over gown fashioned by Ann Caroline for proper "mourning" could hide the grace of the slender form; while the dark curls dancing over brow and neck, the bright eyes flashing and changing every minute, the soft flush on the rounded cheek, the dimple that played therein, were all that any legal guardian could require.

"Yes, we jumped," Pat went on. "But of course we had to jump the nearest way, and that was to Big Black; and Big Black isn't a good place to spend a winter night, as everybody knows. Even Fritz is shy of it, and Fritz is not a dog that scares easy. And Ginger! Such a time I had keeping Ginger up! But, luckily, we found the powder hole and crept in there."

"The—the powder hole?" questioned Mr. Dunn.

"Yes: Grandpap's powder hole, where he hid his powder and balls," explained Pat. "Grandpap held that Ridge with sixty men and four guns for six months, and I guess he'd have been holding it now if Lee hadn't surrendered. It just

killed Grandpap to give up. He came right home and died of apoplexy. We've got his flag upstairs all riddled with bullets and moths."

"And dat dar flag is a-waving yet," said Old Scip, who had just brought in a fresh supply of batter-cakes and hot coffee. "Ole Marse nebba did gib up dat Ridge: he's a-holding it yet. Ginger jest a-telling Mam how she seen him to-night in his big grey coat wif de brass buttons."

"Ginger is a goose!" said Pat, indignantly. "It was nothing but a tree trunk in the moonlight. I went up and touched it to show her that it was no 'hant.' But she only shut her eyes tighter and wouldn't look. Oh, I had a time with Ginger in 'that powder hole!" continued Ginger's little lady, as she helped herself to batter-cakes and proceeded to cover them generously with honey. "It was pretty black in there, I must say; but there was nothing to hurt us. I knew Fritz would take care of that," added the speaker, as she sugared her coffee with a silver tongs heavily chased with the Peyton crest. "But Ginger! Well, she shut her eyes and stopped up her ears, and then began to see and hear things,—bears and wild-cats and Grandpap in his grey coat, until she nearly drove me crazy. And then Fritz leaped out on the Bridge and began to bark like mad, and I knew he had heard something. I did say some prayers then; for the wild-cats get mighty hungry when the snow is on the ground. But when Link called back, I knew we were all right; though Ginger declared it was a black bear's growl, and that he was coming to eat us for sure. Never will I take Ginger out sliding or sledding again. You hear me say it, Uncle Scip? Never! Billy Mickell says he will mend my sled as good as new; and if the snow lasts he will take me out to-morrow."

There was a subdued snuffle from the chimney-place at this decision. Ginger was seated flat on the kitchen hearth, in her lap a tin plate heaped high with supper that might well bring a "daid"

girl back to life,—ham and "aigs" and hot coffee,—everything quite as good as Miss Pat's, though served in a very different way. And as Mam tossed the batter-cakes smoking from the griddle on Ginger's plate, she kept up a running fire of direful threats on her dusky nursling.

"Jest lemme ketch you at dese kind ob tricks agin, and you'll find a switch a-roastin' for you dat you won't forgit! Ain't I tole you agin and agin 'tware your business to look out for your young Missus and keep her, and not let her come to no harm,—kerfootin' ober de ice and de snow in de dead ob night, wif de Creek a-bilin' like mad, and Big Black a-bristlin' wif wild-cats and bars! I ain't hed sech a turn since ole Marse dropped daid at de dinner table forty years ago. My heart's a jumpin' clar up in my throat yet. Dar's another cake for you! Now eat dat supper quick, and get off to bed; for it's all I kin do to keep my hans ob you dis night, suah."

And Mr. Dunn, looking from the dusky little girl on the kitchen hearth to the fair little girl at the table, felt rather bewildered by these hitherto unknown relations of mistress and maid. Just a few moments before, Miss Pat had been down on her knees by her dusky playmate, rubbing her hands, cheering her into life and strength; and now, though only the width of the kitchen stretched between them, all the impassable barriers of old had been raised between the little lady of Peyton Hall and her small hand-maiden. For, as Mr. Dunn saw with growing wonder, in spite of the wild paths in which she wandered, in spite of the kitchen corner in which she lived, in spite of grandmother's cut-over gowns and shoulder shawl that she wore, it was a "little lady" indeed that sat before him,—a little lady bold and brave enough to meet danger and darkness undaunted, but trained in all the "old-fashioned lady ways" of long ago. Grandmamma, weak and old as she had been, had never given up the gentle, gracious dignity of a house-

hold queen, and had been served as loyally and carefully in the bare rooms of Peyton Hall as when the wide stretches and slopes of old Pocomoke were filled with all their former pride and glory.

Miss Pat, having done full justice to a meal that befitted the healthy appetite of such a rosy mountain maid, dipped her finger tips into the cut-glass bowl beside her with the dainty grace of a princess; and, laying aside her spotless if somewhat threadbare napkin, announced that she was very tired and sleepy and must say good-night.

"I hope you will be quite comfortable, Mr. Dunn. Uncle Scip says he has made a big fire in your room and put hot bricks in the bed—"

"Hot bricks!" echoed the gentleman, in dismay.

"Yes, sah,—wrapped in a blanket, to take off de chill," explained Uncle Scip.

"And you must not mind rats," continued Miss Pat. "They scurry behind the wainscot, but they can't get in: Mam has stopped up all the holes."

With this encouraging announcement, the little lady of Pocomoke bade her guest good-night, and vanished; and Mr. Dunn followed Uncle Scip and a flickering candle through a seeming wilderness of dark halls and stairways, up into a great bedroom, where a huge "four-poster" stood like a curtained catafalque, and where wardrobes and chests of drawers, and bureaus that no "moving day" had ever stirred, loomed up ghostly in the shadows.

Meanwhile Uncle Scip had been true to his word. A fire, kin to that of the kitchen, leaped and blazed on the hearth and set all the shadows to dancing. The great bed had been "turned down," showing spotless sheets, fragrant with the lavender of the oldtime housekeeper's linen closet. Before the fire steamed a jug holding the hot drink—or "nightcap," as "ole Marse" had called it—that from years beyond Uncle Scip's remembrance had always been served at Peyton Hall to winter guests.

And as Mr. Dunn sank to rest in the snowy depths of a feather bed, with the pleasant warmth of the "nightcap" soothing his tired head, and the pleasant warmth of the blanketed bricks at his feet, he felt, in spite of the past day's experience, that the ways of Pocomoke were not such bad ways, after all. But he had seen quite enough. He would leave early in the morning, and report as Mr. Maxwell Granville had ordered,—report at length of Mr. Granville's ward.

Pat had entered the big room, where from her babyhood she had slept at grandmamma's side, very tired indeed to-night,—almost too tired to say her prayers. But the red light gleaming through the firelit shadows would not let her forget or neglect. It was all the light she needed; and she was about to drop on her knees in its ruddy glow when she stumbled over a little figure prostrate at her feet.

"Ginger!" she exclaimed, as her small handmaiden started up.

"Yes'm! Lemme stay here, Miss Pat! Lemme stay here on de floor rug. Lemme stay here in de shine of ole Missus' light. I's so scart 'bout bein' daid I's feered to go to sleep in de dark. And you say you was a-gwine to gib me up,—a-gwine to gib me up,—a-gwine — to — gib—me—up!" faltered Ginger, struggling with a sob. "Miss Pat, if you gibs me up for dat low-down white trash Billy Mickell, 'twill—'twill just bust my heart in two."

And Ginger, unable to control her feelings any longer, flung herself face downward on the "floor rug" in a flood of tears.

"Ginger, stop that crying!" said Pat, her own voice shaking sympathetically. "I'm not going to give you up!"

"I war born your maid!" sobbed Ginger from the depths of the floor rug. "I wants to lib your maid — and — die—your maid!"

"And you shall, — you shall, Ginger! I'll never have any other maid but you as long as I live. There now! I've promised, and no Peyton ever breaks a promise,

nor ever did. Stop crying, Ginger, and get up." Pat stooped and twined a lifting arm about her little maid. "Get up and let us say our prayers together. We ought to say prayers to-night; for I don't mind telling you, now that it is all over, we're lucky to be alive."

And Ginger knelt up at her young lady's bidding, while Pat said aloud the night prayers that grandmother had taught her in the long ago; though her head drooped and her eyes nearly closed before they were finished. Then she tumbled into the white downy, lavender-scented bed, and Ginger rolled over comfortably on the floor rug for the night.

"Don't you want a pillow, Ginger?" asked her little lady, sleepily.

"Lor, Miss Pat, you know Mam 'most skin me alive if I put my haid on one of dem white pillows! I jest fine and comfortable rolied up in dis here floor rug, wif ole Missus' red light a shining so I can't skeer."

"Then — then — let's go to sleep," said Pat.

There was a brief silence. Presently Ginger called again, as if struck by a new perplexity:

"Miss Pat!"

"Well?" came the sleepy response.

"Miss Pat, what for you reckon dat weasel-faced white man came a snoopin' round here to-night?"

"Cousin Max sent him," was the drowsy answer. "Cousin Max is my guardian now."

"What is guardian, Miss Pat?" asked Ginger.

"Some one that takes care of you — 'your property and person,' whatever that means," said Pat. "Oh, I'm too sleepy to talk any more, Ginger! I suppose it's — it's like a guardian angel: you never see it. Let's go to sleep, please. Now good — good-night!"

And Pat was off in earnest to dream-land now, and Ginger from her harder couch on the floor rug soon followed her, and the red light of the little lamp on

grandma's altar fell on fair and dusky-faced sleeper with the same gentle, tender trembling ray. In a little while the moon, shining over the snowy steeps of old Pocomoke, filled the room with its silver radiance, and showed the little mistress and maid, after their strenuous day of adventure, smiling in peaceful sleep.

(To be continued.)

A Favorite of Napoleon.

When at the summit of his power, after Europe had bowed to his despotic rule, the great Napoleon was present one evening at the Comédie Française in Paris, where a little incident occurred that is well worth recalling. During the course of the performance his eyes wandered from the stage over the vast throng of spectators gathered about him, until they rested finally upon his young page, to whom he was very partial (for he bore a name and title of the old *noblesse*—Rohan-Chabot, Prince de Léon), and who, he noticed, kept his hands concealed under a fur rug that lay folded on his knees. This strange position and utter lack of interest in the players made the Emperor curious; and, suddenly thrusting his hand into the fur, he discovered between the fingers of his page—a Rosary!

At that period the Rosary was far from being in favor at the French court; and the young duke blushed, expecting a severe reprimand.

"Ah, Auguste, I have caught you!" exclaimed the Emperor. "Well, I am pleased. You are above the silly scenes of the stage. One day you will be a man." And, returning the beads to their owner, he added: "Continue. I will not interrupt you again."

The courtiers dared not make merry after such words as these from their master.

The page became a man indeed: he died Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, where he left a cherished memory of piety and good works.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The index for the volume of THE AVE MARIA concluded in December is now ready for those who bind the magazine. These supplementary pages are sent only to those who apply for them, or whose names are entered on our list for regular transmission.

—Sienkiewicz's new novel, "Through the Desert," a translation of which is announced by the Benzigers, is unlike most modern novels in having no love element in it except the love and friendship of childhood. It is a fascinating story of the Libyan Desert.

—"Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912," from Pustet's publishing house in Rome, a cloth-bound, handy-sized volume of 336 pages, is a combination ordo, diary, and memorandum-book which systematic priests will find eminently useful for a variety of purposes.

—The Marlier Publishing Co. have brought out a new and improved edition of "Tales of Mt. St. Bernard," by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S. J., to which has been added "The Handkerchief at the Window," an excellent short story by Lady Georgina Fullerton, first published in THE AVE MARIA. The book deserves a place in all our lending libraries. Its title-page, we notice, bears the date 1901.

—The latest addition to the Maroomma Library of Catholic pamphlets (THE AVE MARIA Press) is "Christian Science and Catholic Teaching," by the Rev. James Goggin, of St. Edmund's College, Ware, England. It contains in forty-eight pages as succinct, lucid, and triumphant a refutation of the errors of Christian Science as can be found anywhere in such small compass. Chapter II., on the element of truth in Christian Science, is especially worth while, both for its expository thoroughness and its admirable polemic manner. An excellent little work for the general reader's own benefit, and a useful one to pass on to friends who may be inclined to think of Christian Science that "after all, there's something in it."

—"Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons," selected and arranged for every day of the year by Cora Payne Shriver; and "Words of Wisdom to the People," culled from the writings and speeches of his Eminence, are the titles of two well-printed and very satisfactorily bound books, just issued by the John Murphy Co. Each has for frontispiece an excellent portrait of the beloved Cardinal. "Words of Wisdom," the larger of the two volumes, to

which the president of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, contributes an appropriate foreword, is divided into six chapters and provided with an index. Suffice it to say of the selections that in each case they have been carefully made. For the next edition of these welcome books—may there be many!—we venture to suggest a durable marker, the color of the binding.

—"Elder Flowers" is the title of a volume of poems by Mrs. S. B. Elder, which is attractively produced by the L. Graham Co., New Orleans. Some of these verses were written over fifty years ago, and were circulated privately in the South during the "dark days of 1862." However imperfect the technique of many stanzas may be, deep feeling and true sentiment are seldom wanting. The volume is divided into poems of Sentiment, Patriotism, Home and Religion, and has a portrait of the poet for frontispiece.

—One thing may be said of Robert Bennett, the author of "Out of the Primitive" (A. C. McClurg & Co.),—he knows how to write a story. All the elements of the modern novel may be found in his present book: interest carefully wrought up and maintained, precisely drawn characters, lively incidents, and considerable power. The theme concerns a drunkard's reform. He happens to be an engineer of repute who has gone wrong through the machinations of the villain. He gets back onto the right path through the love of a woman and his love of his work. When the book is closed, one wonders why clever men write so much that is useless and therefore tedious.

—Apropos of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and Cambridge University, the *Month* has this to say:

In view of the extravagant claims which its defenders have made for a work which at best must be regarded as profoundly unsatisfactory in respect to what is of highest moment—viz., the Catholic faith and its history,—the manifest desire of these Cambridge senators to free their University, as far as possible, from any responsibility for it, should be carefully noted. It is also worth while recording, in connection with the "Encyclopædia's" treatment of religious subjects, that the editors of "Webster's New International Dictionary" fulfilled at once the claims of courtesy and common-sense by submitting all the Catholic terms in the work to the revision of a professor in the Catholic University.

Similarly, the editors of the "New International Encyclopædia" call attention to the fact that all their Catholic articles were prepared under the direction of Dr. Condé B. Pallen, and are endorsed by the International Catholic Truth Society. Such action not only

fulfils, as our English contemporary well says, all the claims of courtesy and common-sense, but also gives evidence of excellent business judgment.

—Not the least interesting portions of the biography of Dr. John Lingard which has recently been published are his occasional criticisms of other English writers of repute. More people in our day than in Lingard's, probably, will agree with his estimate of Macaulay:

It will not do; Macaulay does not write history. He has been fishing in cesspools and quagmires, and has filled his memory with all kinds of filth and falsehood, which he retails, mixed up with facts, as if they were facts also. You might as well believe all the skits and witticisms and falsehoods which are prevalent during a contested election. His work abounds in claptrap of every description, with truths that are made to tell as falsehoods.

Not less outspoken or less condemnatory were Dr. Lingard's views of Carlyle. Writing in 1848, he says: "I have long looked upon Carlyle, with his Anglo-German jargon and pompous profundity, as a complete humbug." A good many lesser mortals will be refreshed upon seeing their secret convictions concerning the so-called "Sage of Chelsea" thus down-rightly expressed by so competent a critic as the author of the Catholic "History of England."

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Christian Science and Catholic Teaching."

Rev. James Goggin. 10 cts.

"Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912." 35 cts.

"Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons."
Corā Payne Shriver. \$1.

"Words of Wisdom to the People." Cardinal
Gibbons. \$1.

"Elder Flowers." Mrs. S. B. Elder. 50 cts.

"The Holy Mass Popularly Explained." Very
Rev. Eugene Vandeur. 35 cts.

"John Poverty." Luis Coloma, S. J. \$1.25.

"Latter-Day Converts." Rev. Alexis Crosnier.
50 cts.

"Kyriale with Gregorian Notes." Dr. Karl
Weinmann. 30 cts.

"Sermons for Sundays and Some of the Festivals
of the Year." Rev. Thomas White. \$1.50.

"Biography of Fr. James Conway, of the Society
of Jesus." M. Louise Garesché. \$1.

"Early Christian Hymns." Series II. Daniel
J. Donahoe. \$2.

"Bishop Hay on the Priesthood." Very Rev.
Canon Stuart. 45 cts.

"Vita Domini Nostri Jesu Christi." 60 cts.

"Through the Break in the Web." Stevens
Dane. 45 cts

"Socialism and the Workingman." R. Fullerton,
B. D., B. C. L. \$1.20, net.

"The Quest of the Silver Fleece." W. E.
DuBois. \$1.35, net.

"A Spiritual Calendar." Antonio Rosmini.
75 cts.

"The Obedience of Christ." Rev. Henry C.
Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.

"The Life of Union with Our Divine Lord."
Abbé Maucourant. 60 cts.

"St. Anselm." Notre Dame Series. \$1.25.

"Poems." Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.

"The Story of Cecilia." Katharine Tynan
Hinkson. \$1.25.

"St. Anthony of Padua." C. M. Antony. 50 cts.

"Deer Jane." Isabel C. Williams. 85 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Theodore Keller, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. William McNamara, diocese of Omaha; Rev. James Mahon, diocese of Providence; Rev. John Cunningham, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. P. J. Gormley, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Patrick Kiernan, archdiocese of Montreal; and Rev. Francis Sheeran, O. S. A.

Brother Isidore, O. S. F.

Sister M. Esther, of the Order of Mercy; and Sister M. Raphael, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. James Mansfield, Mr. John Ayotte, Miss Christina Breen, Mr. Paul Pehl, Mr. Michael Hayes, Mrs. Anna Redmond, Mr. John Banks, Miss Jane Furze, Mr. William Gaffney, Miss Caroline Vogel, Mr. Michael Fallon, Mrs. Eulalia Sibley Campbell, Mrs. Mary G. Devany, Mr. Louis Appel, Miss Mary M. Tracy, Mr. Thomas F. Clark, Mr. Tobias Burke, Mrs. Catherine Jacobsen, Mr. F. W. Gottwald, Miss Mary A. McInerney, Mr. Louis Payeur, and Mr. Andrew Strebler.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

VOL. LXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 10, 1912.

NO. 6

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Virgo Fidelis.

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON.

REMEMBER, faithful Virgin, 'tis unknown
That ever, for protection, one has made
His cry to thee, and e'er implored thine aid,
Or sought thy prayers, and yet was left alone;
So, trusting in the goodness thou hast shown,
Virgin of Virgins, Mother, undismayed
To thee I fly, who far from God have strayed;
Before thee, sorrowing, my sins I own.

Scorn not my words, O Mother of the Word!
But graciously still hear and grant my prayer.
So prayed thy servant Bernard, so pray we.
With childlike confidence we turn to thee;
For only with thine aid dare we repair
To Jesus Christ, thy Son, our God and Lord.

A Marvel of Holiness.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

IRELAND has, in this twentieth century, further justified its ancient fame for holiness by producing a child saint. The environs of Cork city is the favored portion of this garden of the Lord where this tender and delicate little plant has early put forth blossoms of heroic virtue, and, soon ripe for heaven, has been plucked by the Angel of Death. The name of "Little Nellie of Holy God" is now a household word in the mouths of all devout Catholics far and near; for her angelic life, her precocious piety, her

heroic fortitude under acute suffering, her wonderful devotion to the Blessed Sacrament (the source of her holiness), her supernatural attraction to the love and worship of the Eucharistic Presence, and other notes and signs of sanctity, have been noised abroad.

Two short illustrated sketches made more widely known facts which had already come to the knowledge of many persons; but there has just been published an authentic Life of this saintly child, written at the instance of the Bishop of Cork, Mgr. O'Callaghan, O. P., by the Rev. Dr. Scannell, one of the professors at the Diocesan Seminary, who is also one of the three priests of the diocese nominated by his Lordship to receive evidence on the subject with the view of having the cause of her beatification introduced. A number of attestations have been forwarded to Rome, with an assurance that everything therein contained could be verified on oath. These documents have been incorporated in an Italian Life of this child by a Roman priest, Don Ugo Descuffi, dedicated, by express permission, to the Pope. The same documents, supplemented by additional and equally reliable information, form the basis of Dr. Scannell's pamphlet, in which, in choice English, he tells the simple story of this wondrous child-life.

Nellie Organ, daughter of William Organ and Mary Aherne, was born in the city of Waterford on August 24, 1903, and died in Cork on February 2, 1908; so that she was not fully four years and a half when her span of life ran its short

course. Her parents were very poor,—struggling countryfolk of the laboring class. Her father came from Dungarvan, and her mother was a native of Portlaw, County Waterford. Finding it difficult to obtain continuous employment, her father had, in October, 1897, enlisted, and was attached to the staff of the Royal Garrison Artillery in Waterford, where little Nellie, their fourth child, was born. In 1905, he was drafted to Spike Island, in Cork Harbor, at one time a convict depot, now a military station.

In 1907, his wife died. Unable to provide for the maintenance and education of his children, the local clergy came to his assistance and placed them in charitable institutions. Nellie, with her sister Mary, was sent to St. Finbar's Industrial School, Sunday's Well, Cork, conducted by the Good Shepherd nuns. On their arrival on May 11, 1907, they were found to be suffering from whooping cough, and were removed to the District Hospital, from which they were sent back on July 20. Nellie's winning ways soon made her a general favorite. She seemed to possess a mysterious charm; children and Sisters alike were conscious of some secret attraction, the source of which no one could as yet divine.

She was a delicate little creature from the first. Her spinal column was badly curved, and it caused her intense pain to remain seated. Still she did not complain, and frequently, even when suffering acutely, endeavored to suppress her tears; though her weeping the whole night through in the dormitory showed what she must have silently endured during the day. Later on, a medical examination disclosed the fact that the bacilli of consumption—the dreaded "white plague" which had brought her mother to a premature grave—had already seized upon that little frame. In a few days she became worse, and the doctor pronounced her recovery impossible.

While she was bedridden in the Sacred Heart Infirmary—a small cottage in

the convent grounds—a little altar, on which stood a statue of the Holy Infant of Prague, attracted her attention. When the story of the birth of Christ and His great love for us was narrated to her by the nurse—Miss Hall, a recent convert,—she conceived a great devotion to the Divine Infant; and whenever she passed before His statue or picture, she would stop and pray.

When her health permitted, the nurse carried her to the convent chapel. Nellie looked forward to these visits; she knew that this was 'the house of Holy God, where the people went who wanted to speak to Him.' "One day," the Mother Superior relates, "I happened to meet the nurse bringing her out of the chapel. I stopped and asked: 'Well, how is baby to-day?' In reply the little one threw her arms around my neck. At that moment I received the impression that there breathed around the child an air of sanctity which I had not noticed before."

Sometimes the nurse would make the Way of the Cross, holding Nellie in her arms, when the child would fix her earnest, inquiring gaze on the different pictures of the Sacred Passion. On one occasion, when they came to the station of the Crucifixion, after listening attentively to the story of Christ's expiatory sacrifice on Calvary, the child burst into tears, exclaiming between her sobs: "Poor Holy God! Poor Holy God!"

She early displayed a marvellous perception of the mystery of the hidden life in the Real Presence of Christ veiled in the Sacred Host, a prolongation of the Incarnation, as St. Thomas of Aquin calls it. The girl who attended to her while the nurse was visiting other patients used to rise early to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. One morning her duties detained her in the kitchen; and when she returned to Nellie, she was astonished to hear her say: "You did not get Holy God to-day. I'll tell Mother." The girl thought that perhaps

the child had heard her moving about the kitchen. The next time, to test little Nellie, she went to the door of the cottage, raised the latch and closed the door again audibly, thus pretending that she had gone to Mass. She then took off her shoes and moved about in perfect silence. She looked quite unconcerned when she returned to Nellie's room. The child, however, fixed her pensive eyes on the girl's countenance, and then the same reproving words were spoken sadly: "You did not get Holy God to-day."—"How do you know, lovey?" asked the girl. "Didn't you hear me close the door?"—"No matter," said the child; "I know you didn't get Holy God."

Having had a serious relapse, she was removed to the school infirmary, where she suffered much from thirst, being unable to swallow, owing to a tooth that had become imbedded in the root of the tongue. It was with difficulty extracted. Those about her marvelled at the patience of the child, who never complained of the torture which she endured for several weeks.

She seemed to realize the Divine Omnipresence, so frequently and so intimately did she speak of "Holy God"; and this wonderful intimacy, we are assured, increased according as her physical health declined. One morning Sister Immaculata and Nurse Hall went together to visit the little patient, who had spent a very restless night. "How are you to-day, darling?" asked the nurse. "I thought that you would have been with Holy God by this time."—"Oh, no!" answered Nellie. "Holy God says I am not good enough to go yet."—"What do you know about Holy God?" said the nurse.—"Him did come and stand there," replied the child, pointing to the side of her cot; "and Him did say that." The nun and the nurse exchanged amazed glances. "Where was He, Nellie?" asked the Sister.—"There," she repeated confidently, pointing to the same spot.

"Was it a childish fancy, or had God

avored this little one as He had often favored other chosen souls? After much deliberation, they agreed that it would be more prudent not to mention the matter to any one, unless Nellie herself should speak of it again." Just before her death, the child, whose intelligence was far above that of other children, solemnly repeated the same story.

She manifested a wonderful devotion to the Passion. When her sufferings became almost unendurable, she would take the crucifix, which she kept beside her on her bed, gaze at it fixedly and murmur: "Poor Holy God!" She prayed unceasingly. Her recital of the Rosary is said to have been particularly edifying. She kissed each bead and recited each prayer slowly, distinctly and with a spirit of recollection most remarkable in one so young.

The Sisters were so impressed with the child's piety and knowledge that they were anxious she should receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, and prayers were offered up for that intention before mentioning the subject to the Bishop. To their surprise and joy, Dr. O'Callaghan telephoned to the convent on October 8, 1907, that he was coming at midday to administer Confirmation to little Nellie. It is believed that this was the result of a special inspiration, as the most extraordinary graces she received were granted to her after the reception of this Sacrament. The bishop was visibly impressed by her piety.

"The graces received at her Confirmation," it is recorded in the Life to which we have referred, "soon bore remarkable fruit in the mind and heart of our saintly child. First and above all, that marvellous instinct or intuition regarding the Real Presence now developed into an earnest conviction, and filled her angelic soul to overflowing with a love for Jesus in the Tabernacle." She knew instinctively when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. On Exposition days a holy excitement seemed to thrill her soul, and she would entreat to be taken to the

chapel. She literally hungered for the Bread of Angels. She was often heard repeating to herself, with a look that seemed to see behind the Eucharistic veil: "I want Holy God! Oh, I wonder when He will come! I want Him to come into my heart. I am longing for Him." Before that longing was gratified, she would urge the nurse to go to Communion and come back and kiss her,—a kiss received with religious reverence from lips that had touched the Sacred Host.

At length, after she had been carefully questioned by a distinguished Jesuit then conducting the annual retreat of the community, it was decided to admit her to Holy Communion. "With regard to the reception of this Sacrament," writes the priest, "Nellie had arrived at the use of reason. I firmly believe that the child was endowed in no ordinary degree with an ardent love of God, with an intense desire to be united to Him in Holy Communion." As Dr. Scannell observes: "It must be borne in mind that the Decree of his Holiness Pope Pius X. concerning the First Communion of little children had not yet been published. Before that consoling letter came, such a case as that of which we write must naturally have been even a greater wonder than it would be to-day." It was certainly very extraordinary in these times to see an infant of four years and three months admitted to Holy Communion; although, in the first ages of the Church, Communion from the chalice was on occasion given to babies at the breast.

On the morning of December 6, 1907, Nellie received her First Communion. It was the first Friday of the month, when, as usual, there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. The community Mass had been said, and the nuns and school-children were assembled in the chapel when the tiny creature, clothed in white, with wreath and veil, was borne to the altar. "A solemn hush," says the writer of her life, "fell upon the pious congregation. Even the little children checked

the sibilant whisperings of their innocent prayers, lest they should disturb the recollection of that little figure, seated there before the sanctuary,—silent, motionless, with head bowed low in prayer and adoration. Then the priest approached, and little Nellie raised her head, . . . and Holy God had come into her heart. Her yearnings had at last been satisfied." "The child literally hungered for her God," says the learned Jesuit who had conducted the Retreat at the convent. "She received Him from my hands in a transport of love."

"All day long," continues Dr. Scannell, "Nellie maintained that profound calm which is rarely met with except in souls of more than ordinary sanctity. . . . The Sisters now became convinced that they had sought the will of God in her regard not a moment too soon. Already her many maladies had wrought dreadful havoc on that fragile body. The jaw had been attacked by caries, and the odor from the diseased bone had sometimes been unbearable. But now they marvelled at an extraordinary change. After Nellie's Holy Communion the noisome odor completely disappeared."

When she received Holy Communion at Midnight Mass on December 25, 1907—the last Christmas she passed on earth,—she was radiant with fervor and love: her head bowed in prayer, or her eyes following wistfully every movement of the priest at the altar until the sanctuary gates were opened and he came forward to give the Bread of Life to the dying child. "If ever any one was in ecstasy," declared Sister Mary of St. Pius, who knelt next to the child, "Nellie certainly was then." She shed tears of joy that Christmas Day. She could not restrain herself. She sang as well as she could, in her childish voice and childish pronunciation, several hymns, her favorite one being, "Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic sounds are swelling." And all the while her little body was wasting away from the ravages of phthisis. She became so

weak that the last rites of the Church were administered to her. People were surprised when she lived two months longer, — months of such protracted torture and agony that they prayed God might take her.

"I had heard much about Nellie's preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion," writes another nun; "and it seemed so incredible in one of her age that I determined to judge the matter for myself. Accordingly, I went one morning to her room. When the priest entered, Nellie immediately fixed her eyes with a look of love on the pyx which he held in his hands, and did not move them from it while he was preparing to administer Holy Communion. Scarcely had she received when her face underwent a complete transformation: a supernatural expression diffused itself on her countenance, her head fell back on the pillow, and she grew pale as death. I could detect no movement in that little body, and I thought for the moment that she had expired. The reason, however, was that she realized so well who it was she had received into her heart, that the intensity of love and gratitude overwhelmed her, and she became insensible to things of earth."

Though little more than an infant, she had received such an infusion of grace, and her intelligence became so developed, that she made rapid progress in virtue. Patience, humility, obedience, kindness (so extolled as a virtue by Faber), a purity that was angelic, and a sublime trust in Divine Providence, were expressed and exercised in every word and action. Her long and painful illness was borne with extraordinary patience. "Her fortitude in suffering was heroic," wrote the Bishop of Cork. "She was afflicted with many maladies, among them caries of the jawbone. The wound had to be treated with disinfectants every day, which caused the child intense pain. She endured the agony without a complaint or even an exclamation, always clasping the crucifix

tightly in her little hands." "Holy God suffered more for me on the Cross," she would say.

One day Mother Magdalen was holding the little patient in her arms; and, thinking she had fallen asleep, said to the nurse: "How happy the child is! She will go straight to heaven, for she never committed a sin." At this, Nellie started, raised her head, and said sadly and humbly: "Oh, yes, Mother, I did! I told a lie once."

In January, 1908, several pieces of the jawbone, which was disintegrating, fell away. Those who tended her marvelled that she still lived; for she was far gone in consumption. The little food she took was insufficient to sustain her, even if it were retained. She was practically without nutriment, and seemed to live on the Blessed Sacrament alone. "Why are you crying, Mother?" she said to the superior. "You should be glad that I am going to Holy God." Asked to pray for the recovery of a well-known Jesuit Father, who was prevented by a serious illness from coming to Cork, she said: "Holy God is very fond of Father —. He will get better, but he will never see me." Her words were verified, as were other similar predictions.

An eye-witness of her long thanksgiving after Communion, which sometimes lasted until evening, says: "When I visited her at about a quarter to five in the evening, she was lying quite still in her little cot, turned toward the window. I had heard of her strange condition during the day, and was very curious to see her. I bent over her; and as I did so, she turned suddenly round and said: 'O Mother, I'm so happy! I've been talking to Holy God.' Her voice trembled with delight. Her face, before so dusky with the ravages of disease, was now white as milk. Her glowing cheeks were like a 'smiling peach.' Her large eyes shone with such brilliancy that one could not help thinking, 'Those eyes have seen God.' Her smile can not be described, because

it was of heaven; and around the bed was the distinct aroma of incense."

When told that the more patiently she bore her sufferings, the nearer she would hereafter be to God, she said: "Mother, I will fly to Him!" She took this heavenward flight at four o'clock on Sunday, February 2, 1908. She was then exactly four years, five months and eight days old. Her remains, first interred in St. Joseph's Cemetery on the southern environs of the city, were, with the permission of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, transferred on September 8, 1909, to the little cemetery adjacent to the Good Shepherd Convent, Sunday's Well, on the north side. It has become a place of pious pilgrimage, and there is a record of several very remarkable cures and answers to prayers, which raise the hope and expectation that the Holy See may at some future time raise her to the honors of the Church's altars.

After Nellie's death her little school companions made a novena to her at their night prayers "that she would work a big miracle, and obtain for them and for all little children throughout the world, the great favor of making their First Communion as near as possible to the age at which she made it." They piously and firmly believe that the Papal Decree has been granted through her intercession, as expressed in the address they sent to the Pope, petitioning his Holiness to make her "the little saint of Child-Communion."

WHAT should be the true meaning of a *home*? It should be the centre where the family may gather into one; within its walls love should find a dwelling-place; there parents and children should fully share their joys and confidences; there the great work of training human beings for the duties of the present life and the perfection of another should be begun and carried on. If not there, where? These are the true ends of a human dwelling. This is *home*.—*Channing*.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

VII.—GOOD-BYE!

ELINOR'S first lesson was painful both to master and pupil. Neither of them had realized how much there was that the girl must learn, nor how little real musical talent she had to fall back upon. Even when she had mastered the simple tunes, the management of the stops and pedals made her forget what a moment before she had played without mistake; and then, thinking of the tune, she mismanaged the stops and pedals hopelessly. Through it all Thaddeus never lost patience or grew weary. It was so long since he had mastered all that seemed so impossible to Elinor that he had forgotten how many difficulties there were to overcome. If only she could get to a certain point, she would be able to improve herself by assiduous practising; but to reach that point, or even to get within sight of it, meant many long hours of toil both to master and pupil.

The day fixed for the departure was growing very near. The last lesson had been given; but Signor Thaddeus would not bid the girl good-bye, saying he would go to see her for the last time on the morrow. In spite of her preoccupation about her own concerns, Elinor had noticed how altered and weary the old man looked; and, having once penetrated to his lodging, she determined to do so again, and thus save him the long walk from Soho to the place where they were now staying.

The thought of parting from the kind old friend who had done so much for her—and so very much more than she was aware of—filled Elinor's heart not only with regret but also with a vague dread of she knew not what. He was the chief mover in this departure, which, now that it had come so near, seemed almost appalling in its loneliness and

strangeness; and she felt as though in leaving him behind she was cutting herself adrift from him forever. He was old and feeble,—how old and how feeble she had only lately realized. If he fell ill, who would look after him in his lonely lodgings? She sincerely wished that she was not going so far,—that she could stay near his protecting care until such time as he would need from her what up to this he had so freely given.

It was early when the girl reached the old musician's dwelling. She had timed herself so as to be sure to find him at home; and, without listening to his reproaches for having come so far just to save him the journey, she sat down and made him sit beside her.

"And you are really going to-morrow?" he said, striving to put from him the disquieting pictures of Imaney and the Glen that would thrust themselves before his mind.

"Yes, to-morrow morning," answered Elinor, with a tremor in her voice.

"Does it seem a terrible exile?" he asked jealously.

"It does seem far—and strange—" she faltered. "But you know that, except for leaving you, I don't mind the distance. If only I succeed! I say I don't mind," she repeated. "But what I mean is that I thank God from my heart for what, through you, dear master, He has sent us. I wanted to tell you, too," she went on, "that the house in Grosvenor Square is sold at last; and that, after paying everything, we shall have enough money to travel comfortably and to get our furniture safely installed in our new home. I tell you this because you have taken our troubles so much to heart that I know you will be glad."

"Yes, yes," replied Thaddeus. "Please God, this is the beginning of a time of peace and happiness for you."

"Indeed it will be peace and joy to know that we are free, independent,—owing nothing to any one. That alone insures peace for me."

Thaddeus put up his hand to shade his eyes. He knew by experience how quick his companion was to read his thoughts; and, after what she had now confessed, the importance of keeping his secret was increased a hundredfold. Never, never must she guess all that she owed to him.

"I will write to you as soon as we arrive," she remarked, unconscious of the effect her words had made. "As soon as I have seen the village and the church, I will tell you about them; and, if I can only describe them well, you will be able to picture my surroundings to yourself, and to think of me in the beautiful Glen that I am going to love so dearly."

It was from Mrs. Stewart's letter and not from Thaddeus that she had learned of the beauty of Glen Imaney. After having so nearly betrayed his knowledge of the place, the old man had carefully refrained from even mentioning it; and every word that Elinor spoke hurt him more than if she had struck him.

"I will think of you often, child," he answered hoarsely. "Of that you may be sure."

"You must," said Elinor. "And pray for me too. Do you know," she went on trying to speak lightly, though there was deadly earnest in what she said,—“do you know that I am beginning to be terribly afraid of what I have undertaken? When I think of the organ, with its great pipes towering above me, ready to roar out the tiniest mistake; and then the church full of people prepared to criticise their new organist—”

"Don't think of it," interrupted Thaddeus. "Put it from you, or you will lose your nerve. And you will not have a critical audience. False notes would grate upon them, but defective technique will pass almost unnoticed. Besides, you must think of nothing but your music and the praise it is giving to God."

"I will try, and God will help me I know," replied Elinor, simply.

"Here is a little book I have written out for you," continued the old man.

"You will find, in the beginning, all the rules I have been teaching you; study them well and put them in practice. Then, farther on, I have transposed, or rather reset, some of the things you found too difficult."

"Oh, how kind you are! How can I ever thank you for all you have done!" cried Elinor, taking the book, which indeed had been a labor of love on the part of the old man. If he himself was never to play Crellan's organ in Crellan's church, at least the music that would sound in place of his would owe something to him, who had made its rendering possible.

The instructions he gave were of the simplest, and Elinor understood them clearly. She knew her own limitations where music was concerned, and neither she, nor her master for her, aspired to anything beyond the most needful and the easiest.

"Read them again before you begin to play," said Thaddeus. "Read them every time you sit down at the organ until you know them by heart. That will remind you of our lessons; and then, with practice,—with diligent, earnest practice,—you need not be afraid of failure."

"I will do my best," replied Elinor. "I think you can trust me to practise well."

"I have another book somewhere," said Thaddeus, looking across at his heap of manuscript music, "that has things in it which would be useful to you, but I have not had time to copy them out. If you would like me to lend it to you, you could copy them for yourself."

"Indeed I should like it!" cried Elinor. "I shall have plenty of time at Imaney, even after my practising; so I shall not have to deprive you of it for very long."

Thaddeus got up and began to turn over his music in search of the book in question; and as he did so Elinor looked round her with more attention and with greater interest than during her previous visit. Everything was just as she remem-

bered it from that first cursory glance, only the miniature struck her more forcibly than before. Just as she was standing up to examine it closely Thaddeus turned round, and he could hardly smother the exclamation of dismay that rose to his lips. What if at Imaney she should see the original of this portrait,—for it had been copied from a larger picture?

"What a sad, beautiful face!" said Elinor.

Signor Thaddeus was deathly white as he broke in upon her hastily, hoping thereby to avoid any questioning as to Crellan's name.

"He was a friend,—my best and dearest friend. He died years ago."

Silently Elinor took the book he held out to her. She saw, or thought she saw, that even now he could not speak of the friend he had lost; so she asked no questions.

"You are *my* best friend," she said. "And, like you, I shall never forget."

She put out her hands and laid them in the old man's withered ones, and neither of them heeded that her tears fell down upon them.

"Good-bye, my dear child!"—and the speaker's voice trembled. "May God preserve and help you! May your life be peaceful and happy! When you are in the church at Imaney, think of me, pray for me. I shall need your prayers."

"And I—and I," cried Elinor through her sobs,—"I, too, shall want your prayers. We must pray for each other."

They could not speak, and hand in hand they went to the door. There again their lips moved but no sound came. Even the last good-bye was silent, and then the girl went away and out into the grey, lonely streets,—a brave little figure, facing the world alone. And Thaddeus, going back to the emptiness of his room, broke down now, as even men will when they are old and weak; and he wept for the child of his old age who was taken from him,—for the lifelong dream that had forever vanished.

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VI.—MICKY THE FENIAN.

MICHAEL McCABE was his official name in the baptismal records kept in the priest's house at Athery. At Christmas, Easter and the "Stations," Michael McCabe was announced to have contributed a half-crown to maintain religion, or, as the people about said, to "pay his dues." But beyond this official record and these tri-annual announcements, the name Michael McCabe had no person of flesh and blood to correspond to it. Once, indeed, a salesman from Limerick came with samples of leather to show to Michael McCabe.

"By gor," said the road man, who was spreading small stones in a bad bed of the street, "there's ne'er a man here o' that name."

"Faith there isn't an' never was," said a boatman just come in on the tide with a "cot" of seaweed.

"Yerra," said an old sage, scratching his head, "maybe he manes Micky the Fenian—the cobbler?"

Yes, he was a cobbler, the stranger said. Straightway all the hands pointed the index finger in the same direction, and all tongues said just the same words at just the same time, "There he is foreinst ye."

Micky the Fenian was a cobbler by trade, by reputation a Fenian, and by natural bent a story-teller. He was hump-backed, which he said was caused by the horse of a trooper stepping on him when he was hiding under a clump of bushes. He had one eye, having lost the other in a wild raid at Ballingarry. His mouth was very large, his lips very thin, his head very bald. When he told you anything possessing, in his mind, any measure of importance, he looked at you and spoke to you as if he expected you to contradict him. If you didn't

contradict, he was disappointed; if you did, you would be apt to remember the date in writing your autobiography.

Micky lived in a small house on a street which was called "Pound Lane." The name was given on account of a small inclosure in from the street, where stray cattle and sheep were kept till redeemed with a fine. The little house was no more prepossessing than its owner. There was a hump on the roof, caused by a deformed rafter, like the hump on Micky's back. There was one small window in front, corresponding to Micky's one good eye. During his working hours he sat inside this window, stitching at a patch or hammering little yellow tacks into the fresh leather of a new sole. In the brief pauses of his work, he would measure the road and then the heavens, for no more definite purpose than to get the pain out of his back, as he said. He would sing when the mood was on him, holding the theory that a song lifts the care out of a man's heart. In the days gone by he "drank a little," as people charitably put it, and then all the fervor of the Fenian days leaped in like a surge from the ocean of memory. But during one of the missions the "holy Father" gave Micky the pledge, and never a surge leaped from the ocean of memory afterward.

All his stories were in the nature of monologues, with such interruptions from listeners as might be safely made. Interruptions always hindered the gliding flow of Micky's speech.

"I'm o' that kind," he used to say over and over again, "I'd rather have a man hit me between the two eyes than interrupt the flow o' me words."

A schoolboy, leaning over the half-door while waiting for a pair of shoes, heard Micky make this remark:

"Yerra, Micky, how could I hit you between the two eyes, seein' you have only the one?"

The boy was on the street side of the half-door, however, and did not tarry.

Like many a story-teller of repute, Micky had passed the time when he could discern the false from the true. Subjectively, perhaps, all that he said measured up to facts. Objectively, he described and narrated on so gigantic a scale that the schoolmaster said he should be classified with the saga makers of the Red Branch Cycle. The people who heard this did not catch the force of the allusion; no more did Micky. But he took it as a compliment, and let it go at that.

The hero of all Micky's tales was the first person singular of the personal pronoun. And never in the memory of man did the first person singular of the personal pronoun come out second in the denouement of Micky's tales.

To begin with, Micky said he was a Fenian. He had no record to show it, except his blind eye and his hump, and these were not conclusive. But no one seemed able or willing or daring enough to disprove his claim, so he went down through the years as "Micky the Fenian." He reckoned all dates by the number of days, months or years before or after some narrow escape or daring deed in his shadowy life. One night they were talking about the year Jimeen Sullivan went out to America, and a dispute arose about the year, then Micky said:

"I beg lave to tell ye, boys, Jimeen Sullivan left for the other side, of all the days o' the year, the day before I ran from Croom to Cappamore with sojers afther me; an' that was in the month o' May, sixty-seven."

Then some of the boys said: "Yerra, Micky, that must have been a great race!" and "Did they catch you, Micky?" and "How did you escape, Micky?" Micky relighted his pipe, puffed out the blue smoke thoughtfully for a little, and then told his story somewhat after this fashion:

"Boys, thim wor great days. But the min o' me time are all gone, an' there's no min left behind."

Jim Donnelly talked up and battled for the present:

"Faix there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught."

"There is, is there? Thin if there is, why don't ye catch thim?"

"It was in sixty-seven,—in the month o' May, sixty-seven. I was in Croom waitin' to join the Fenian men who wor comin' be night from Limerick. 'Twas about seven o'clock in the evenin' maybe, an' I was sittin' outside Mike Fagan's public house, pretendin' nothin'; for there wor two peelers sthandin' on the opposite side o' the sthreet. By an' by comes along an ould woman with a bucket o' wather on her head. An' says she in Irish: 'If Micky the Fenian is a wise man an' wants to escape the gallows, he'll lave the town to-night; for the dragoons are afther him.'—'A wink is as good as a nod to a blind man,' says I.—'Faix 'tis so,' says Mike Fagan, who was sthandin' beside me at the time. But the divil a word the peelers understood, with their big helmets up upon thim, that made thim look the boobies they were.

"So with the fallin' o' the night I walked unsuspecting like out the Pike road till I got beyant the town. Thin I ran like I was makin' for the gate o' heaven with St. Pether waitin' to shut it. Glory be to the great God, how I ran an' ran, over ditches an' whitethorn finces, an' across fields out o' which a lark would rise as I woke him! The moon was up, an' the sky was so thick with stars you could hardly get your little finger between thim. But little time I had for moon or stars, with the dragoons behind me. Whin I was crossin' by Jackeen Madigan's house, his two greyhounds ran out afther me. We had a race down to the ditch at the other ind o' the field; an'—do ye believe me, boys?—I bate thim by twenty yards; an' jumped over a fince six feet high an' the trench at the other side of it."

"You did!" exclaimed the incredulous listeners.

"I *did*, I tell ye!" answered Micky. "I heard the galloping horses o' the

throopers away on the distant road, an' me heart leaped up to me mouth. They kep' comin' closer an' closer along the road, an' all the time I kep' in among fields till I got to the bogs of Cappamore. There was a boreen ladin' into the bogs; an', as the ould boy, their father, would have it, he brought the dragoons along the boreen. I ran in among the sedges that grew as straight as a ramrod out o' one o' the ponds. So there I hid meself, with only me head above the wather an' me hands holdin' on to two bunches of sedges to keep me from sinkin'. An' the sedges shook like ivy laves, me breath was comin' so fast."

"They did!"

"They *did*, I tell ye!"

Micky paused here to give his hearers time to take in the full difficulty of his situation.

"Glory be to God, but you wor in a terrible way, Micky!" ejaculated Owen Conway.

"He was that!" came a number of agreeing voices.

"Yerra, how did you come out of it at all?" Jim Donnelly asked, anxious for the outcome.

"Well, if I was a minute, I was down there in the wather for two hours, an' the dragoons huntin' high up an' low down tryin' to find me. An' to this day I don't know how I ever kep' sowl an' body together, I was that cowl. At last one o' thim came right over where I was, an' saw me."

"He did!" came an exclamation in which surprise and doubt commingled.

"He *did*, I tell ye! An' he was a Kerry man, who for some s'trange reason joined the red-coats. Says he in Irish, in a kind of a whisper:

"'Micky the Fenian! sthay sthille where you are, for I see you. There's a rope hangin' from the gallows up near Dublin waitin' for you. But they won't catch you to-night, Micky; for you're one o' me race, an' blood is thicker than wather.'

"Well, he sthayed around the place so the others would keep away. An' by an' by, whin they were startin' off, the captain says in a loud voice that made the heart in me cowl:

"'Search that clump of sedges.'

"'Captain, I searched it already,' says the Kerry man, salutin'.

"'March on, thin!' says the captain; an' away they rode.

"Seven years ago I met that Kerry man at the fair of Knockfinnen, an' he was no more a dragoon. He left the sojers an' settled down in his father's little holdin' outside Tralee. I thanked him with tears in me eyes, an' offered to thrate him.

"'Thank you,—thank you, Micky!' says he. 'No thratin' for me. I took the Father Mathew pledge whin I left the sojers, an' I've always kep' it. An' as for savin' your life,' says he, 'sure you're one o' me race, an' blood is thicker than wather.'"

"He was a good man, God bless him, whoever he was!" said Owen Conway, with pious gratitude.

"He was," agreed Micky, as he put away his pipe.

"But tell me, Micky," asked Jim Donnelly, "how did they know you were in Croom? An' how did they know the road you took? An' what made thim search the bog? An' why couldn't they see you in the moonlight?"

"Didn't I tell you," answered Micky, with rising ire, "that the divil, their father, tould thim." Then, addressing the others, he added: "There are some people, boys, wouldn't understhand their name if ye spelled it out for thim; an' they wouldn't know they have an eye in their head till you put your finger in it."

There is just one other of Micky's narrow escapes which stands distinct through the years. A force of six policemen formed the searching party in this tale.

"In April, sixty-five," as Micky told it, "I druv down in a donkey an' car

from Ballyfinnan to see me sister, a woman with five childer. Her husband—a good, honest man he was—they had laid away in the graveyard six months before, an' she had a hard time enough keepin' the little ones together. So I wint down to see her, an' give her a helpin' hand an' a word o' cheer. There was a government spy that saw me, an' he tould the peelers. Down they came to me sister's place; an' they would ha' caught me out in the garden makin' dhrolls, only one o' the neighbors ran like a hare an' tould me.

“‘Micky,’ says he, ‘they’re comin’!’”

“Faith, I didn’t sthop to ask any questions, but ran sthraight into the haggard at the back o’ the house. There was a big rick o’ hay, and I was for hidin’ in it; but out me sister came when she saw me, an’ says she:

“‘Don’t go into the rick, Micky. They’ll search that.’”

“‘Then where’ll I go, woman?’ says I.

“Well, to make a long story short, she made me sit down in the ground, an’ thin got some hay out o’ the big rick an’ covered me with it, an’ thin got the childer to play quietly around what looked for all the world like a cockeen of hay. By an’ by the peelers came along; an’ the sergeant, a rogue with a red beard and a crooked eye, called in to me sister an’ says:

“‘Have you any sthrangers in your primises, mam?’”

“‘Yerra an’ what would sthrangers be doin’ in the primises of a poor woman like me?’”

“‘Is your brother, Michael McCabe, or Micky the Fenian, in your house or primises?’”

“‘Faix me brother, Micky the Fenian, as ye call him, don’t often bother me or me primises.’”

“‘Haven’t you seen Micky the Fenian?’”

“‘Yerra of course I have many an’ many a time! Isn’t he me brother? An’ ‘tisn’t ashamed of him I’d be.’”

“Well, the long an’ the short of it

was, the peelers got no tale or trace of me from the woman, an’ sthraight away they began searchin’ the rick of hay. They druv the swords down into it, an’ sideways through it, an’ didn’t lave a wisp they didn’t examine. But the childer kep’ on playin’ around the cockeen, pretendin’ nothin’, but laughin’ an’ runnin’ about for thimselves. An’ all the time I was down undher, makin’ an act o’ contrition, expectin’ every minute I’d have a sword in me back. But God protects His own; for the peelers marched off without ever findin’ me, glory and praise be to Him an’ His blessed Mother!”

Micky’s stories, as has been said, were not literally true; but most of them had the foundation and rough outer walls of fact; he embellished on a large scale, leaving the imagination to fill in the details. He was an artist after a fashion,—not a polished artist, as the phrase goes. Yet he had the gift—call it by what name you will—of getting the fragments of a story together, and of never wasting a word in telling it. He was not a man to catch you with his looks, and he had a vain way of putting himself in the forefront. But human beauty is something given, not acquired; and as for a little vanity, nearly everybody has that. All told, Micky’s faults were neither deep nor hidden. His gentleness, his charity, his reverence, his simple faith,—these were all in the stiller depths beneath the ruffled surface of a brusque, breezy nature.

(To be continued.)

Snowflakes.

BY ALBERT V. FROSTLAKE.

§IKE white-robed angels from the sky
 They flit o’er hill and plain,
 And when the troubled days roll by
 To God they soar again.
 His spotless messengers are they,
 That point to fallen man the way.

The Revival of Catholicity in Brazil.

BY HERBERT S. DEAN.

II.

IF the missionary work of the regular clergy is indispensable for the opening up of a new country, much more is it so for the restoration of one situated as was Brazil twenty years ago, and still is. By no other means can the enormous arrears be made up, or even ordinary provision be made for a people never yet accustomed to support their pastors as do we who live under the voluntary system; by no other means can religious education be maintained where non-religious is freely provided by the State. The religious have answered the call; and monks, friars and Jesuits, as well as the more modern Societies, are hard at work tending old ground and breaking up new. It is with the restoration of one of these old religious Congregations that we are concerned,—a work of extraordinary and romantic interest.

When an empire is anti-clerical it is likely to be somewhat more tender toward mere rights of property than is a republic of like temper. Accordingly, when imperial Brazil attacked its religious Orders it left the most illustrious of them in the enjoyment, for the time at least, of considerable estates. The Benedictines were to receive no more novices: they were to die out. But so long as existing monks remained, they—many of them aristocrats of a country with an old and proud aristocracy—were to be upheld in their position of prestige and their considerable material possessions.

The revolution, then, of 1899 found eleven very old men tenants of ten great monasteries stretched along the Brazilian coast, homes for three centuries past of a great tradition, and illustrious for a long succession of leaders in the nation's life, both sacred and secular. They were on the point of extinction; soon those spacious

chapters and libraries might become prisons or custom-houses; the cloisters, market-places; or the churches, barracks. At the eleventh hour emancipation came. But how should the work be accomplished? *Putasne ossa ista vivent?* The reconstruction of the Order has proved no less signal an example of an intervening Providence than was its emancipation. Under God it has been due to three men: Leo XIII., who made it his personal concern and bore down a thousand difficulties that threatened early to engulf it; Dom Dominic Machado, the venerable Abbot-General of the Congregation, who in old age renewed his youth in a cause of which he almost alone for half a century had refused to despair; and a third, who has borne the heat and burden of the day.

This third was a monk of Maredsons, Dom Gérard van Caloen, who, to enter the cloister, had relinquished his headship of the noble Flemish family of that name. From an early age—he was born in 1853—his interests had fixed themselves on Christian, and particularly on devotional, archæology, and they soon became very practical. "These monks and their life of prayer and work, these sanctuaries, these pilgrimages,—do they no longer exist?" And he set out to see. The Holy Land, Solesmes, Einsiedeln, Beuron,—these supplied the answer. In Beuron, that new birth of monastic life in its completest type, he found his rest. But, curiously, his first experience foreshadowed the pioneer life which was to be his. "You will not begin here," said the abbot: "you will be the first stone of our new monastery in Belgium."

The first son of Maredsons he accordingly became; and that noble foundation owes him much, as its prior and as the founder of its now famous college. Never of strong constitution, he made illness and convalescence only the occasions of varying his work; and one such period of forced "inactivity" resulted in a complete translation into French of the whole Roman

Missal, with an elaborate apparatus of notes,—a work worthy of Dom Guéranger, and to-day a classic in French-speaking countries. The foundation, too, of the *Revue Benedictine* was a by-product of the prior's activities.

Rome next claimed him; and, again a pioneer, he was heart and soul in the movement to establish the great abbey-university on the Aventine; and, when it was opened, became the first master of its clericate. An interval at Louvain to found the Benedictine house of studies there, led, in 1893, to the great event of his life—the call to Brazil.

After three months in Portugal, "to learn the language," came three more of investigation in Brazil, which led to the conclusion that vested interests were too strong for reform and reconstruction. Dom Gérard turned his thoughts to the opposite point of the compass, and the great cause of the restoration of the Easterns to Catholic unity seemed likely to fall into the hands of an apostle. As for Brazil, Rome had decided that if the Benedictines would not set to work, they should make room for others who were ready to do so. But the venerable Dom Dominic had something to say to that. He was not going to see the object of fifty years' prayer lost in consequence of local disinclinations, just when it had been almost miraculously saved from the hands of the enemy. So, like Jacob, he wrestled with the Angel of the Lord, who in the person of Leo XIII. was doubtless glad to be vanquished in such a cause.

Dom Gérard was recalled from his new and congenial occupations and told, *tout court*: "You are going to Brazil. I wish it." In August, 1895, he went, and the two monks set to work,—the one in the prime of life, to do things; the other in his old age, to support him with his experience and prestige, to smooth difficulties and appease jealousies, and on one notable occasion to fight a last stern fight, till three years ago he could say his *Nunc Dimittis* in the midst of a Con-

gregation not merely restored, but spreading its activities far beyond the horizon of even his most sanguine hopes. If the story of those early years is ever written, it will prove not the least vivid page in Benedictine history.

The reform won through, despite opposition, calumny, misunderstanding, attacks from without, treacheries from within, fever, accident and death. It won through, because it was God's work, in the hands of a monk,—that is to say, of a man for whom the world, the flesh, and the devil simply do not count, save as furnishing obstacles which it is his business in life to knock down. And much is due to the fact that the work was backed by a Pope very determined that it should be done, and having for his instrument a born leader of men,—a man with a position and a record,—a *grand seigneur*, with a personality of the most vivid and compelling type, and a temperament that would satisfy the most insistent American requirements of the "get-on-or-get-out" variety.

What has been done, what is still to do, and how things are done, may each be briefly summarized, and lead to a few concluding words about a certain special interest which, as the present writer would venture to suggest, the subject may have for the Catholics of North America. Ten great historic abbeys stretch along the Brazilian coast; and the plan of campaign was to repopulate these, to make each once more a centre of religious, intellectual and social influence; and then to shoot off from them, into their hinderland, a series of missionary organizations for the untouched heathen tribes. The seed of each work was to be the Home of Prayer that formed its centre; and the first requisite was stable, regular observance in that centre. To this Beuron and Maredsons, Maria Laach, and Prague, and houses in almost every country, began to contribute, incited by a letter from the Pope to the abbots of the whole Benedictine world. The future was pro-

vided for by an immediate small beginning of the present St.-André-lez-Bruges; for not for several years could Brazilian vocations in any large number be hoped for.

With the Abbey of Olinda the work began; and, apart from the conflicts to which brief allusion has been made, circumstances soon made it clear upon what terms the new mission of St. Benedict was to make its way. Before long, we have the house decimated with fever, its prior dead, the local authorities causing trouble, and "Monseigneur," who is just arriving to put things straight, thrown from his horse and nearly killed. Next there follows a second characteristic note of the Benedictine mission — that difficulties in one place form an admirable excuse for going on to another, and so extending one's work, of course without prejudice to one's firm determination to reoccupy the first post at the earliest possible moment. As regards Olinda, this meant a removal to some huts in the mountain district of Quixada, a new centre of spiritual work, and the discovery of a much healthier place than the coast for training novices and starting a college. In the result we have two large works instead of one. In Quixada: a brand-new abbey, planned on the grand scale, with college and all—Santa Cruz, "the Maredsons of Brazil," and the child of Mgr. van Caloen's predilection, as it was the reward of his bitter tribulations. At Olinda: the abbey reoccupied; schools and college set up; parochial organizations erected; houses of religious women introduced from Europe to take their share of the work; missions preached in the surrounding country; and two ancient shrines of Our Lady in the same district rehabilitated and once more thronged. By 1907 Olinda had become strong enough to stand on its own feet; it received once more a mitred abbot of its own, and became henceforth itself a parent fruitful in all good works.

So much, in outline, for Olinda,—only one of the ten houses. The story of the

others is much the same. Bahia, the mother-house, takes up its new life, and sends forth its offshoots, with another college in the more wholesome parts, away from the coast. This time a Catholic press and the beginnings of a university make their appearance; and again a shrine of Our Lady, the oldest church in Brazil, is rehabilitated. The brilliant city of St. Paul is reoccupied, and throws out no less than five succursals, besides providing for the needs of a large German colony, and taking an immediate part in the intellectual life of the city under the leadership of its learned and brilliant prior, Dom Michael Kruse, soon to become, like his brother of Olinda, a full-fledged abbot.

But Rio and its great abbey were the last stronghold to be attacked; nor was the victory won till the venerable Abbot-General, with Mgr. van Caloen and the chapter, had been besieged all night in his abbey by three thousand armed revolutionaries, till they had barely escaped massacre by flight; and till the armed forces of the State, summoned at the call of the law, had intervened and reinstated them. And so with the rest. In each the seed is sown in the truly apostolic labors and tribulations of the Congregation's second founder, as he passes from centre to centre, founding, building up, making provision, taking counsel; crossing the ocean yearly to tend the growing work at Bruges, to gather new workers from the European abbeys, to transact in Rome the manifold business of his charge, and returning with fresh material and new faculties for yet further forward work.

But something more had always been in Monseigneur's mind, as in that of Leo XIII., beyond the reconstruction of a great congregation, its resumption of a leading place in the nation's religious, intellectual and social life, and its reinforcement of the work of a depleted secular clergy. And this something was the work of evangelizing the heathen, and spreading, like the early Benedictines

in Europe, Christian civilization through the vast unexplored hinderland.

From the first it was intended that the monks should join the noble band of various religious that are attempting this great task; and now for some years the Brazilian Congregation has been missionary, actually and in the old sense. The northwest corner of the Amazon basin—the Rio Branco district,—bordering on Guiana, and embracing those remote parts in whose recesses lie the fabled El Dorado and its treasures, has been formed into a diocese, eight times the size of Belgium. It is subject to Mgr. van Caloen as Bishop of Phoecea and *abbas nullius* of Rio, with jurisdiction thereover; and its pro-cathedral is the abbey so hardly won a few years back,—the latter having an abbot-coadjutor, while the *abbas nullius* is charged with the supreme command, the missionary work and the large responsibilities of abbot-general of the whole Congregation. Nor is this all; for each abbey along the coast, as it grows to be self-supporting, is charged to throw forth missions to the heathen of its own hinderland, as Bahia along the Rio Pardo, and the like. What such works mean, one need not say; missionary literature at large tells the same sort of story. How true to type this particular work is, the incidents already recorded amply show.

But at every point of the work, ripe though the harvest be, laborers are lacking to reap it. Everywhere—in the monastic choir, in the schools, in the propagandist and defensive work in the big towns, above all on the mission stations—the cry is the same; men of every kind of gift, so that they be men of good-will, are wanted. The abbeys are not yet populated; and, though Brazil is making good beginnings, she will not for many years be able herself to populate them. As for the work among the heathen, that is acknowledged by every Catholic to make a claim above and beyond all nationality.

Moreover, the European resources of

the Congregation have lately been called to meet another and a heavy demand. The indefatigable Abbot-General, at the call of the Belgian sovereign, and with the hearty good-will of Rome, has undertaken both the ordinary and the missionary care of a vast district of the Congo. There is everything to do here, and naturally the work appeals to Belgian patriotism; at St.-André just now one hears talk of nothing else. The Brazilian work, the fruit of so many toils and tears, will not suffer; that is certain. It is one of the cardinal principles of Catholic "forward work" to hold, as against worldly wisdom, that no work for God suffers on account of another work for God being started. All that happens is that one has to spread one's appeals more widely.

Now from all over Europe men have flocked to the mission cross of St. Benedict in Brazil. But has not this country some special interest for American Catholics too, apart from the world-wide call of its missions to the heathen? One hears of "pan-Americanism" and of the Monroe Doctrine; mention has been made of the American Methodism and American dollars that make themselves a nuisance in some of the large towns. May not these things suggest to Americans that their own splendid Catholicism might extend some of its influence, and lend some of its workers, to a country in which they have naturally more interests than has an Italian or an Austrian? If any feel this inspiration, and are led to join in the magnificent renaissance in Brazil among seculars, friars, Jesuits or other Orders, they will be rewarded with many crosses but with greater consolations. And if, beyond this, they feel the special call of the cloister, they will find in the Brazilian Congregation of the monastic Order, the traditional combination, the union *par excellence*, of work and prayer. For that is really what the life of a monk means. Not that the work of a Jesuit, for instance, is not a work founded on, and

continued in, holy prayer; no one who knows a Jesuit house could think such a thing. But there is a difference.

Outside the cloister, prayer is a spirit animating work, it is a preparation for work, it is a lever for doing work, and it is the very lifeblood of the worker personally. But with the monk prayer is the work itself; for him, the way to bring a teeming city back to its allegiance is to go there and set up altar and choir, and establish in its midst the Church's public and official worship of God at its fullest, and to set to work and pray; and then, when this his primary task is discharged, to set about using all the other instruments of his teaching and civilizing mission. In the same way, his idea of converting the heathen is to go among them, set up choir and pray for them; and when this has been done, to go out and make their acquaintance and bring them in.

Of course people cry out, "To what purpose is this waste of time in sung Offices and community Masses,—waste of labor, waste of money?" But the monk knows. Out of the depth of that divine union which is the reward of faithful years in choir, he knows how truly his prayer is his work; by many a proof he knows what is the expiatory and intercessory power of his liturgical prayer in choir, his interior prayer in cell; and to him at least it is no surprise to find the monastic method of missionary work vindicating itself anew in any century, even the twentieth; reconverting countrysides, repairing the losses of Christian civilization, reconciling apostasies, strengthening the remnants that remain; and ever, as of old, stretching forth helping hands to those that still sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Thus the monk sows in tears, to reap in joy; sorrowful yet always rejoicing; having nothing, yet possessing all things; ever glad above all things to bear the reproach of the Cross,—his salvation now, and his glory that is to be.

With Dauntless Faith.

BY CHARLES F. SWAIN.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury, what is your verdict?"

"We find the prisoner guilty."

There was little concern and no sympathy on the faces of the "twelve good men and true" who thus lightly voted away a human life,—nay, rather, they felt that they had done a meritorious deed in avenging the murder of one of their friends by this "ignorant foreigner."

The "ignorant foreigner," a young fellow of about twenty years, unable to understand the language and manners of the stern-faced judge who now demanded, in the set phrases of the law, if the prisoner had anything to say, shook his head at a sign from his cousin who was interpreting the salient points of the trial to him. Then, in a calm and formal voice, the judge coldly toned off the always impressive words of the death sentence, and Tony Cerrano was led back to his solitary cell.

The still muttering crowd dispersed, feeling that justice was being done. Swiftly, too, had retribution taken place; for it was only yesterday that the turbulent strikers at the big mill had surged around it in angry tumult; and when they had been dispersed by the hired strike-breakers of the stubborn owners, one of them, a watchman, was left bruised and dying on the field. He had whispered a name, and that name was "Tony Cerrano." The terrified murderer hid himself; and when the officers of the law came to search his shanty, one of those coincidences which sometimes happen took place.

Tony, the real culprit, had been working in that mill for two years; and, at his glowing description of the wealth and comforts of his new life, his cousin and namesake was induced to forsake his pleasant Hungarian home, to try his luck in the American fairyland. The enchantment was still fresh after a week spent

with his kinsman; though he could not understand why they, the workers at the big mill, should be so boisterous in their celebrations. He had just returned from the scene of the riot, which he imagined was some newfangled game, and had joined with his countrymen in the rushing and shouting. What it was all about he could not see, but felt that it was more than foolish, especially as he had received a bloody gash on the head from a flying missile. He was now in the house waiting for his cousin, when the officers came in. One of them, who spoke his own language, asked gruffly:

"Are you Tony Cerrano?"

Delighted to find that one of these Americans knew him by name, Tony eagerly acknowledged his identity; and was breaking into a voluble flow of interested questioning, when the other officer produced a legal-looking document, and began to read it in a sonorous tone of voice,—a process which was unintelligible to Tony. Then they snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, and, silencing him with a curt "Come on!" led the astounded young man away to a dark and imposing structure, the like of which he had never seen before. They left him in a little room, and locked and bolted the door on him. He was in a prison! That much he could understand.

But what of the elder Tony? He saw them arrest and take away his young cousin, and was impulsively starting after them to explain the mistake, when the terror into which he had been thrown again returned, and he stopped. After all, why should he care? And then occurred the first real struggle in the man's life, and he fell. He knew that, in the temper of the town after the preceding riot, it would be almost certain death for him to acknowledge that he had struck the fatal blow, and life was never more sweet to him than at the thought. If chance gave him such an opportunity to get out of a desperate situation, he would be foolish to reject it.

So he argued with himself, and so he started on his career of deception. He went to the prison and attached himself to Tony ostensibly as his interpreter, but in reality to tell him only such things about the coming trial as would not endanger his own life. It took all his artful dissimulation, however, to withstand the innocent wonderment of the youth as he translated to him the final sentence of death,—a death he knew was meant for himself.

It was strange, and bitter hard, for the young man to find himself alone in that foreign land, immured in a locked and barred cell, awaiting a cruel and ignominious death. He thought with longing of the dear, quiet home across the ocean. He had laughingly left it, affirming his intention to come back rich and powerful, to repay his devoted mother for all the tender care she had bestowed upon him. He remembered now the evenings when the widowed mother had lovingly gathered her children around her knee, and together they intoned, with soft, musical voices, the sweet prayers of Our Lady's Rosary.

Ah, yes, the Rosary! That reminded him of his promise,—that never, under any circumstances, would he forget to say his Rosary every day. "For if you, my dear boy, will say your Beads across the water, I and your little brothers and sisters will say ours over here; and so we shall keep our Blessed Lady ever in mind of you, and she will bring you safely back to us." Those were the words of his dear mother when he had bid her a last fond "Good-bye"; and, though he had faithfully kept his promise, never till now, when all the world seemed turned against him, when death itself loomed black and stern before him, did he realize the wholesome healing of those simple petitions. In the gloom of his prison cell he found such consolation in his Rosary as he had never experienced before, and in his inmost heart he felt that all would yet be well with him.

After the excitement of the affair had

somewhat subsided, the apparent guilelessness of the youthful prisoner, as well as his ignorance of the language and customs of the country, helped to create a sentiment in his favor, and his sentence was changed to life imprisonment. Tony was thankful; for life even at that price was sweet to him. He felt that his prayers were being answered, and was confident that he would yet be freed from the stain which tarnished his name. He expressed his belief to his cousin, who had kept in touch with him, and brought him the news of his respite from death. That was a great relief to the elder Tony; for, hardened as he had grown, the thought of his trusting kinsman going to death for his own crime had preyed upon him.

The years passed slowly, and the youth became a man. Day after day he met with a quiet smile the taunts of his fellow-convicts, who sneered at his "string of beads." His patience, however, gradually turned their sneers into respect for his fidelity to his religion under such cheerless prospects. He would always recite his Rosary, he said; and he knew that Our Lady would not permit his name to go down as a murderer, and that in good time he would be freed from all suspicion.

But his cousin Tony, having saved enough to keep him in comfort for the remainder of his life, after ten years returned to his home, which was in the same little hamlet as that of his convict cousin. To him the young man entrusted the duty of breaking to his mother the news of his punishment for a crime of which he was innocent, and of urging her to keep on saying the Rosary for his eventual justification. Now, the older man had imbibed enough of the irreligion of his rough associates to make such exhibition of courage obnoxious; and, with a muttered growl and sneer at the mention of the Rosary, which he had long since failed to say, promised to execute the commission.

When, on the very evening of his return, he went out to the little home among

the vine-clad hills to tell the news to the widowed mother, he found the family upon bended knees, reciting the Rosary. He stopped with a twinge of conscience, and found his courage waning. The next day, however, he went out earlier, and was received with sincere welcome. He saw the unasked questions in the anxious mother's eyes, and found it hard to tell her that her beloved boy was even then, and would be for the rest of his life, in a felon's cell for murder. Her fine old face blanched a little at the mention of such a crime; but, with a sad smile, she shook her head and answered:

"A mistake,—a terrible mistake! My Tony would not harm anybody. We will pray that he may be released from his bondage, and that the true culprit may be brought to repentance. And you, who were his friend, will join us in praying for this intention."

He murmured some excuse, and almost ran away from the accusing voices of the now tearful family, as they said, with renewed fervor, that comforting prayer. But, try as he would, he seemed unable to shut out from his unwilling ears the steady drone of voices,—now swelling, now wailing; now coming from the little home among the hills, and now breaking through his dreams, as waves from a far-off shore; and he knew that Tony was even then repeating those prayers in his narrow dungeon far away.

The guilty man daily grew more wretched as the voice of conscience grew stronger. He found only pain and fear in the little village church, and so he stayed away,—to the wonder of his neighbors, and the pain and surprise of his pastor, who remonstrated with him, but to no avail. He tried to avoid the widow's home; but some impelling force seemed to draw him past, when she and her children were assembled together at evening prayer. He felt compelled to listen to those petitions that the innocent might be freed, and that the real sinner might be converted.

Five years dragged by, and the wretched man had become so morose that he was shunned by everybody. He was still a stranger to the church, and the parish priest was greatly grieved. Time and again he had tried to regain this strayed sheep, only to be met with stern repulses. He did not give up, however, but continued to visit him at regular intervals.

Finally, one day the good pastor knocked as usual at the door of his squalid hut; and, receiving no response, pushed the door open and entered. There on a cot lay Tony, the picture of misery and despair. It seems he had been stricken by a violent fever; and, shunned by his neighbors, he was left to die like a dog, with no one to help him or inquire about him. There was a thankful note in the voice with which he answered the questions of the priest, who arranged to have him properly cared for, and then hastily summoned a physician. The case was pronounced fatal, and the patient was warned to prepare for the worst.

That evening, when the priest returned, the sick man was delirious. There was a querulous entreaty in his voice as he besought the good pastor:

"Oh, the Beads!—the Beads! Can't you stop them? They come rolling from over the distant sea; they come rushing down from the mountain home; they are pushing me down, down, down. Oh, those endless Rosaries!"

"Be in peace, my son!" said the priest. "Those Rosaries will never hurt you. They will not push you down: they are holding you up, from the power of the evil one," thinking he referred to the prayers which had been asked for his intention.

At this moment Mrs. Cerrano entered the room.

"Oh, my poor Tony!" she exclaimed compassionately. "I only just learned of your illness; and, for the love and kindness which you showed my boy, I have come to do what little I can for you."

"Love and kindness!" gasped the unfortunate man, as he turned his eyes

away from the pure, sweet face of the grateful woman. The words burned him like fire, and he groaned.

Now again the suffering man seemed to hear the prayers of the Rosary; and as the beautiful words once more floated to him, he was carried on the wings of memory to his boyhood days, when he, too, had joined in the devotion. He heard his pious mother guide the faltering tongues of the younger children, as they lisped the Heaven-inspired *Aves*. And now, at last, those prayers were bearing fruit; for he felt an irresistible impulse to confess, and cried out in a loud voice for the priest.

Thinking the end had come, the pastor hurried to his side, and the sick man whispered something into his ear. A look of doubt, of wonder, then of joy spread over the face of the priest. He heard the penitent's confession, gave him absolution, administered the Sacrament of Peace; then another earnest talk; and, beckoning to Mrs. Cerrano, the pastor quietly left the room. A little later he returned with a lawyer, who took down the full confession of the dying man,—a confession which would liberate the innocent victim in his prison cell far away.

The money which the elder Cerrano had saved to enjoy, but which proved a torment to him, he turned over to the youth he had so deeply wronged. After obtaining a full pardon from the shocked but relieved mother, who could scarcely believe the tale of the real culprit, it was good to see the expression of deep peace which stole over the worn face of the penitent as he waited patiently for the end, which came a few hours later.

There was a look of triumphant faith on the face of the widowed mother, as she finished her interrupted Rosary. She knew that our Blessed Lady, who had been pleased to grant her request that her boy might be vindicated and liberated, would also intercede for the departing soul of the erring one who had so deeply wronged him.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VII.

EVERYONE remembers the imaginary dialogue between two Englishmen. "It's a fine day," said one. — "Yes," answered the other. — "Let's go and kill something." This came to my mind to-day when I heard the story that is brought to us by one who has lived in India for many years in a high official position. The native potentates there are, he says, in the habit of keeping large numbers of wild animals in captivity; and when foreign rulers are expected, they turn these beasts, previously well drugged, into the jungle and invite the visitors to a great massacre. This, says our informant, accounts for the celerity with which King George recently slaughtered the man-eating tigers.

Englishmen, it has been remarked, can shoot before they can spell. All through their literature, hunting dogs bay, and scarlet-clad horsemen pursue a trembling fox. The hunt breakfast and the hunt ball invariably form part of the season's social affairs; and many thousands of the acres of "misty, moisty, merrie England" are sacred only to the fierce desire to kill. King George is said to be a tender-hearted, considerate man, nevertheless hunting is his favorite pastime. "When folks are so awful good they have to bust out somewhere," declares Grandsir Floyd. Perhaps the King of England "busts out" in shooting.

We are not immune on this side of the Atlantic. Many a time I have stopped boys bent on killing the sparrows beneath my eaves; and I have known fond fathers to present their offspring with air guns.

To a Shut-In, "I remember" is the frequent preamble to a reverie. I remember consulting Grandsir Floyd concerning the right of man to take the lives of the wild animals. "Darter," he said,

"there never was a question that didn't have two sides to it. Nobody loves the animals more than I do. We're friends to each other. Chipmunks will eat out of my hand, and I keep open house for any of God's little creeters that are hungry. But when them deer jumped my fence last summer and ate up all my garden sass—well, I had a pretty strong appetite for venison steak for a couple of weeks." Poor Grandsir! I happened to know that those mild-eyed marauders that destroyed the fruit of his labor for many months were brought to account by the gun of a neighbor,—Grandsir not possessing one of his own, for fear he might be tempted to use it.

It is said that ingratitude is so odious a vice that no one, however mean he be, ever admits he is guilty of it. Now, it seems to me that cruelty is the dastard of sins; for it includes ingratitude as well as the rest. And hunting simply for the pleasure of killing is surely almost an insult to Him who notes the sparrow's fall.

Grandsir, whose ecclesiastical education had been somewhat neglected, used to beg me to read to him about "the feller that preached to the birds." Grandsir did not mean to be disrespectful in using his accustomed vernacular; indeed, I believe that he is in spirit a true Franciscan, and, if he were not living a thousand years too late, would have been enrolled in the army of the Poor Man of Assisi.

The worst thing about the thirst for killing our little brothers in fur and feathers is its brutalizing effect upon growing children. These little lads with air guns, creeping stealthily toward a robin, will, their sensibilities hardened and their consciences seared, recruit the ranks of those who in mature life prey upon the helpless and turn a deaf ear to the cry of sorrow. And it will not be the little lads who are to blame: it will be those who, by example and encouragement, kill the tender plant of mercy that should bloom in every childish heart.

Really a Great Object Lesson.

Now that the functions in honor of the new American Cardinals are over, it may be in order to make some reply to those Protestant and Catholic persons who waxed wrathly over what one of their number characterizes as "the preposterous buncombe in Rome, and the nauseating pageantry in New York and Boston." Let us admit that there was some exaggeration—quite natural and wholly excusable, considering the circumstances—in representing that the American people, irrespective of religious views, were everywhere rejoicing over the elevations, all eager to acclaim the new Princes of the Church on their return to the United States, and deeply grateful to the Pope for bestowing so many red hats on American citizens,—though probably not one in a dozen had ever heard of the recipients, or cares a fig whether there are three cardinals in this country or thirty, or could tell a cardinal from a canon if he were to see one. The sober truth remains that there was a great deal of genuine enthusiasm and the most heartfelt rejoicing, at least in two great archdioceses. It is not in the least to be feared that, with the example of Cardinal Gibbons' meekness and simplicity (familiar to everyone) before them, the new Cardinals, even if they were disposed to do so, will henceforth live in luxury and surround themselves with pomp,—“sit on gilded thrones in marble palaces,” as one of our correspondents expresses it. Another of them dreads a revival of the anti-Catholic spirit; yet another discerns “in all this extravagant display” a direct incentive to Socialism, Anarchism, etc.

Evidently, the heart of none of these Protestant and Catholic persons has ever been inflamed with the fire of enthusiasm, or experienced such thrills as are occasioned every year on the Fourth of July. If their digestion were more perfect, they would see something besides flags and

fireworks, and hear more than explosions and band music. All normal-minded men and women have received—and, let us hope, in some measure profited by—a great object-lesson. The unity, universality, and unchangeableness of the Church have been shown; the world-wide power of its chief ruler has been demonstrated; the loyalty of its members, their living faith and fervent devotion, have been illustrated. Piety and patriotism have kissed. But why multiply words? One can not be blamed for being a dyspeptic; however, there is no excuse for any manifestation of the spirit of him who saw only wilful waste and empty display in Magdalen's loving generosity and whole-hearted devotedness.

An Extraordinary Contention.

In an editorial criticising Mayor Fitzgerald for calling upon the overseers of the poor in Boston to give larger amounts for relief on account of the increased population and the prevalent poverty incident to the high cost of living and the low rate of wages, the *Boston Herald* maintains that “the more relief is distributed among the poor, the more poverty and the greater the appetite for aid.” This is an extraordinary contention. The more the hungry are fed, the more hungry they will be! The more the naked are clothed, the more naked they will remain! “The Mayor,” declares the *Herald*, “would plunge the city back into the Dark Ages.”

It would be quite useless to reply to any one who writes and argues in this wise. We notice that the publisher of the *Herald* is one Farley, and the editor one O'Brien, and we suspect that both are “agin the (city) government.” If Mayor Fitzgerald were only of the right political complexion, the *Herald* would probably praise him to the skies for doing just what he has done. Another thing: no Massachusetts editor who knows even his Emerson would ever refer to the Middle Ages as the “Dark Ages.”

Notes and Remarks.

We took pleasure in noting recently the establishment of a Presbyterian parochial school in one of the Southern States. Members of that sect in other parts of the country are evidently realizing the necessity of similar action. Addressing the Ministerial Union the other day, Brother Latham declared:

I have finally arrived at the conclusion that the cause of the loss of membership, and the danger which threatens to destroy our church, is all owing to the attention of all these people being directed in the wrong channels. We have been working to get the men and women, which has proved a sinister failure, because when they were children they were not trained in the principles of their religion. . . . They have been let grow up without the least suggestion of going to church, or being taught those things which are necessary to their religious development. The Roman Catholics are worthy of our imitation in this respect, and their wonderful organization is due to the proper training of their children in the principles of the religion which they will readily profess and adhere to in their manhood and womanhood. From their earliest years they are taught the principles of the Church, are taught the Scriptures and catechism, and can give an intelligent explanation usually of what they believe.

Although it smacks somewhat of the ungenerous "I told you so," we can not forbear the comment that the very action which now extorts the commendation of our separated brethren—*i. e.*, the Church's insistence on the religious training of her children in her own schools—once evoked the brethren's vociferous and unqualified reprobation.

Forecasting the results of the recent German elections, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily News* stated that the Socialists would probably make considerable gains at the expense of the Centre Party, and gave this as a reason for his prediction: "The Centre's only *raison d'être* is the defence of Catholicism in the Empire; but it is common knowledge, even among the Catholics, that, so far from needing defence, the Church is

expanding with remarkable rapidity in Germany, and that the percentage of Catholics to the rest of the population is steadily rising."

The London Catholic *Times* is somewhat impressed with the singularity of the ratiocination suggested by the correspondent's statement. "That the Catholics increase faster than the Protestants in Germany is quite true," it says; "but the suggestion that the supporters of the Centre on that account deem its work less necessary is surely naïve. They know that the growth of the Church is in part due to the success with which the Centre has defended and promoted the interests of the Catholics and the entire German people; and that, if the party did not exist and hold a strong position, another Kulturkampf would be one of the possibilities of the future. Indeed, attacks on the Church and threats against Catholics formed no small part of the campaign speeches of Herr Bassermann and other opponents of the Centre."

The annual report of its Secretary of State shows that no fewer than 16,046 divorces were applied for during the past year in Michigan. The worthy Secretary regards the situation as desperate and threatening the dissolution of society. "If this thing is permitted to go on," he declares, "Michigan will become a stench to the good people of the country." The report has created a profound sensation throughout the Wolverine State, as well it might; and hot indignation is being poured upon the Secretary for his gratuitous observation. "We might suggest," writes one excitable citizen, "that it would have sufficed for him to collect and declare the facts and let the stench speak (or s—k) for itself." This is unnecessarily plain language; however, there is sufficient excuse for it. State pride is strong in Michigan.

"How are you going to stop the evil? Is there any community, any religious denomination, which stops it or prevents

it among themselves? If so, how do they do it?" The first of these questions is left unanswered; to the others the writer just quoted replies:

One great religious communion does prevent it absolutely among its followers; and, although every transgressor is pitched out at once, that community remains the most populous in the world and even in the United States. The Roman Catholic Church, which claims the allegiance of some twenty million of people within the jurisdiction of the United States, has no divorce problem at all. Its method is very simple. Every Catholic who obtains a divorce from the courts is incontinently expelled from the communion, and the number who incur this penalty is so small as to be hardly worth considering. If all churches could and would adopt this method, the divorce evil, at least among professed Christians, would be reduced to a minimum.

They can not and will not. Their authority is too weak. The Secretary of State was right in declaring that the situation in Michigan as regards divorce is desperate.

After-dinner speakers at the annual banquets of the New England Society in New York have for the past hundred and nine years been discussing, in every mood from grave to gay, the virtues and failings, the lights and the shadows of the Puritans and Pilgrim Fathers. A text for some future orator on such an occasion is furnished in an article on "The Philosophy of the Comic," in the *Bombay Examiner*. "Puritanism," says the writer, "was an organized conspiracy for banishing the sense of humor from the world."

From the leading editorial in the current *Indian Sentinel* (the annual published in the interests of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children) we reproduce this outspoken extract:

In 1910 the receipts from the Preservation Society were \$6,674.47 in excess of what they have been for 1911, although during 1911 the returns accruing directly from membership fees have exceeded those of 1910 by \$1,858.20. During the year extraordinary efforts have been

made to secure new promoters and new members for the Society. An additional lecturer has been employed and a special appeal sent to every pastor and educational institution. What can be done to enlist the hearty co-operation of priests and people? Is it possible that the generous Catholics of America *will not* provide for the Catholic Indian mission schools? Already we are planning to discontinue one of these institutions, and the probabilities are that another will have to be sacrificed also. The schools can not be kept up on credit, and extreme poverty is causing some to fall into disrepute with the Government. If so noble and necessary a work must be abandoned, the historian of the future will place the blame where it should lie.

We are all lavish enough of our inexpensive indignation when our attention is called to any action inimical to our Indian schools on the part of Mr. Stephens, of Texas, or other bigoted persons in or out of Congress; but many of us, it would seem, are decidedly averse to giving to these schools such practical aid as may be within our means and as they must depend on for their continued existence. A subscription, of any size, would be an excellent valentine to address to the Rev. W. H. Ketcham, 1326 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

With practical unanimity, the newspapers of the world have awarded to the late Henri Labouchere the credit of having been a sincere detester of untruth and shams and pretentious hypocrisy. The following tributes are typical. Says Mr. Hilaire Belloc:

When all is said in his depreciation that the most malignant critic could find to say, this enormous virtue remains to his credit—that he was one of those men who really enjoy telling the truth. He did love truth. He did hate fraud and humbug and hypocrisy. And he hated them most when they were powerful and highly placed and entirely respected,—that is, he hated them most when they were most dangerous. And he never feared them.

The *London Catholic Times* declares:

He made it one of the objects of his life to detest and expose shams, and the value of the services he thus rendered is incalculable. To him as much perhaps as to Sir Charles

Russell was due the credit for the unravelling of the Pigottist plot for the ruin of Mr. Parnell and the Irish Nationalist Party. Deeply attached to his wife, who was a Catholic, he knew how sound and how much to the interest of humanity is the work the Church is accomplishing; and it gave him no slight pleasure to lay bare, as he often did in the pages of *Truth*, the sordid purposes of men who sought to popularize themselves amongst Protestants by assailing her.

The Dublin *Freeman* concludes its appreciative tribute to the deceased editor with this well-merited praise:

A great and sincere friend of Ireland has passed, and every Irish nationalist will feel profound grief at the disappearance of one of the best and truest English friends our country has ever had.

As excellent a morsel of sociological wisdom as we have met with in a long while is the following, from an address by Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly on Catholic social work. She was speaking of the question of child-earning, and of life in the homes of the poor, where small wages are earned:

In such homes, the social worker must work with and not for the household, or she labors in a treadmill. The indomitable instinct for resistance can not coerce the Irish and can not drive the sons of Israel, if we are to believe the world's testimony. But show either how the new thing is better and more useful than the old, especially if it affects the children, and the prejudice of centuries falls in the night. One must deal with each difficulty as if it were her own family sorrow, and learn that harsh judgments are usually false. The service is one of the head and heart.

Miss O'Reilly comes honestly by her common-sense and her sympathy for the poor. Her distinguished father was a man among men in both respects.

The critics of the *Church News*, the official organ of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Mississippi, must all have been disarmed when they read, in a recent issue, the following meek and suave reply to their strictures:

The *Church News* man will do the best he can until the man is found who can do better. We fancy, from some letters we have received both from the clergy and the laity, that there

must be several in the diocese, and we will resign in their favor at the dropping of a hat.

Almost anybody (who has never tried it) can run a paper and do it successfully. It is one of the easiest things in the world. It is like the making of a statue. All you have to do is to pick out a block of marble and chip off all you don't want, and lo, there it is—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever"!

If the critics are wise, they will not drop the hat, or continue to use it as a speaking tube either.

It is a pleasure to reproduce the following passage from Father Maturin, and we are grateful to the friend who has directed attention to it as "an extract that deserves to be written in letters of gold." The writer, himself a convert to the Church, is enlarging upon the necessity of understanding the difficulties of those whom we desire to convert, and of large-minded sympathy in dealing with outsiders:

No man can ever act as a peacemaker in matters of religious belief who allows his mind for a moment to entertain a doubt of the sincerity of the men with whom he is dealing. It is a narrow, hard, uncharitable view of men to suppose that, because their position seems to you illogical and absurd, they must themselves realize that it is so. It is very difficult to see the inconsistencies of a system in which one has been brought up from childhood; and intelligent, well-educated men, who in every other department of life are sane and reasonable, in religious matters will often be found to have left aside all reason. Therefore, to approach, on controversial questions, a man whose good faith one doubts or disbelieves in, is to insult him.

Pithy and pointed is the comment of the *Western Watchman* on the report that fifty-three married teachers in New York have sent in their resignations to the School Board, owing to the new policy of that body to discourage the employment of ladies whose family duties preclude the possibility of their giving their entire time and attention to their pupils. "And still people will ask why the Church requires celibacy of her clergy," remarks our St. Louis contemporary.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Grandmother.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MARY E. MANNIX.

DEAR grandmother, with soft and silvery hair,

Always and ever through the twilight sitting
In the bow-window, I can see you there,
Amid our boisterous play, serenely knitting.

And when our mother, kind and patient, too,
Once bade us calm that wild and stormy
playing,

Grandmother darling, I remember you,
With sweet, appealing glances, mildly saying:

"Forbid them not! These are their joyous days;
Like young birds loose in the fresh, fragrant
wildwood,

They sing and fly through life's delightful maze.
There is no heaven on earth like happy child-
hood."

I wonder now if that dear, slivered head
Did not throb often with our foolish chatter,—
If many a time you would not fain have fled,
And respite sought from all the noise and
clatter?

Oh, yes! And yet my fond heart can recall
Only that figure in the twilight sitting,—
Dear, gentle grandmother, loved best of all,
Through hours of *sturm und drang** serenely
knitting!

* "Storm and stress."

FRA GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE, better known as Fra Angelico, never began any work, whether an elaborate fresco or an illumination for a missal, without spending some time in prayer; and he always, we are assured, carried out the first impression he received, believing it to be an inspiration; he never retouched or altered anything left as finished. His paintings, mostly in Florence, are the admiration of the world.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—THE GRANVILLES.

THE Granvilles were at their breakfast table. It was a very elegant table, with its glittering silver and gleaming cut-glass, its hothouse flowers and tropic fruit, that seemed to defy the bleak wintry weather without. But, for all that, there was a frosty snap in the luxurious room that all its summer warmth and sweetness could not dispel. For Mr. Maxwell Granville, who rarely interfered in domestic matters, had "put his foot down" this morning; and there was an angry flush on his wife's faded cheek, and thirteen-year-old Gladys was in an open and rebellious pout. Only Master Harold, a year her senior, had a lurking schoolboy grin about his mouth, and seemed to be rather enjoying the situation.

"With all the good boarding-schools that are open to your choice," said the lady, "I do not see why you insist on bringing this Patricia Peyton here,—an untamed little savage, such as Mr. Dunn's letter describes."

"He said nothing of her being a savage, my dear," answered the gentleman, coldly. "It would be altogether impossible for Aunt Trevor's grandchild, brought up under her eye and care, to deserve so very rude and harsh a name. That she may be wild, high-spirited, fearless, I do not dispute. For that very reason I would not subject her at once to any rigid bonds or rules."

"I have read Mr. Dunn's letter very carefully. It stated explicitly that she had been domiciled with Negroes" (the lady's voice was sharp and defiant); "that

she was running wild over the mountains without any protection or restraint whatever—”

“And that, on his arrival, Mr. Dunn had been greeted by the tidings of her death in the broken ice of her native creek,” interposed Mr. Granville, a faint smile flickering over his face as he repeated the “report” received the previous evening. “There is not the slightest doubt that this young person needs protection and restraint, and I purpose to give her both here in my own home, where I can supply, to some extent, the father’s care she has never known. Rick Peyton was a friend to me in days when friendship meant something more than a hollow word. I spent some of the happiest days of a lonely boyhood in his mountain home. His mother was my mother’s elder sister; and though, in the long after time, the families have drifted in thought and feeling far apart, the claim of the old days stands. I will do my duty to this fatherless girl as if she were my own. I had hoped that you would feel with me in this matter, Marcia.”

“I do not,” his wife answered, an angry sparkle in her eyes. “I think you are altogether exaggerating your obligations.”

“Our opinions differ on that subject, as they differ on many others these latter years,” said the gentleman; and there came into his face a look that Mrs. Marcia Granville did not often see. “But in this case I stand my ground. My ward comes here next week. I may send her to school, as you suggest, later on; but for the next six months this is to be her home, and she is to have a daughter’s place and claim here.”

He rose from the table as he spoke, and left the room in cold displeasure, that held his hearers silent until the close of the heavy door without told them that he had left the house. Then Miss Gladys’ pout broke forth into sobbing speech:

“Oh, I didn’t know that father could be so perfectly horrid!”

“You didn’t?” exclaimed Harold, with

a widening grin. “Well, I did. I tell you when the ‘pater’ gets his strength up, it’s time to stand from under. Things would have looked lively this morning if mother had said another word.”

“O mamma, why didn’t you?” cried Gladys, with the petulance of a spoiled child. “Why didn’t you ‘give it back’ to father and say you wouldn’t have that horrid girl here? Now maybe he will want her to go to school and church and everywhere with me, and expect me to take her in our set. I can just hear Corinne and Louise and all the rest of them whispering and giggling about Gladys Granville’s queer cousin.”

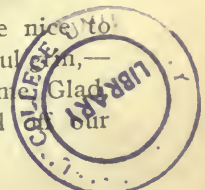
“Let ‘em giggle!” said Harold, bluntly. “Glad, you haven’t the backbone of a jellyfish. I’d like to hear any boy jeering and joking about her! Either he or I would be down with a black eye or a bloody nose, you bet!”

“Oh, you can talk!” said Gladys, angrily. “Boys are all rough and horrid alike, and don’t care. But to have a girl tagging everywhere after you, — a wild savage of a girl that has lived among Negroes and don’t know how to dress or talk or do anything right! Oh, it’s just — just *dreadful!*”

“There! — there! For heaven’s sake stop crying, Gladys, or you’ll set me crazy!” said her mother. “It is dreadful; but when your father talks and looks as he did a while ago, there is no use arguing with him, as I know. The girl will have to come, and we shall have to stand her as best we can. But if your father expects me to trouble myself training this wild shoot of his family tree, he will find himself much mistaken.”

“And if he expects me to be nice to her, he is mistaken, too,” added Miss Gladys, with a toss of her yellow head that, with its bow of brown ribbon, was her especial pride.

“And if he expects *me* to be nice to her,” said Harold, with his cheerful grin, — “well, I’ll see about it later. Come, Gladys, get your skates, and we’ll fool our



feelings on the ice. The ponds in the Park are as smooth as glass this morning, and everybody will be out."

For it was Saturday and all the young people were free for the day.

Gladys rose and followed her brother, her lips still pursed in an angry pout. She had a pale, thin little face, and light blue eyes, with long lashes that matched her yellow hair; and she looked altogether very much like a white kitten. Harold, on the contrary, was big and sturdy for his fourteen years, with crisp red-brown curls and hazel eyes that danced merrily under their overhanging brows, as if they saw lots of fun that other eyes missed.

Brother and sister passed together through a hallway into the cheerful living room which, since they had outgrown their nursery, had been their especial possession. The "den" was a room to delight the heart of any boy or girl. There were books and pictures, a mandolin and banjo, a wide couch filled with cushions, a parrot and a canary. The table was heaped high with new games and toys brought two weeks ago by Santa Claus; a snow-white poodle was asleep in its silk-cushioned basket; a great branching fern filled the bay-window with Christmas green. There really seemed nothing to be desired in so charming an apartment,—not even the open fire that blazed cheerily on the hearth. And yet something was wanting,—something that made the room feel empty and chill; for the warmth, the light, the love, that no money can buy were not there.

Gladys dropped into a low-cushioned rocker.

"Oh, I don't want to skate!" she began again, petulantly. "I am just too—too mad to do anything or go anywhere. I'd like to get into bed and cry myself sick; then maybe father would have a little feeling for me."

"Well, he wouldn't," said her brother, bluntly; "and I wouldn't either. And I'm mighty glad I wasn't born a girl. Girls are such ninnies! What you and

mother are making all this row about I can't see. Our dad ain't much on the talk, as you know; and when he does talk he means something. Didn't you hear him say that Rick Peyton and he had been friends when they were boys? That means something too. And now when Rick Peyton's little girl hasn't father or mother or any one to lookout for her, and dad is going to stand by her in her dead father's place, what's wrong about it?"

"Harold Granville, you are too stupid for anything!" declared his sister, angrily.

"What's wrong about it?" persisted Harold.

"*Everything!*" replied Gladys. "Didn't you hear the letter father read to mother this morning? Didn't you hear what Mr. Dunn wrote about this horrid cousin? He said she was living in the kitchen with Negroes, and roaming wild over the mountains, and tumbling into the creeks; that she had never been to church or school or anywhere that nice girls go. And now, because some old aunt left her in father's care, he is going to bring her *here* and—and—dump her on me" (the speaker's voice broke into a passionate quiver), "just when I had got into the nicest set at school,—girls that turn up their noses at everyone that isn't just right! Louise's mother wouldn't let her invite Alice Moran to her party because her father is a grocer, and Corinne is bragging all the time about her family. And when this horrid country cousin appears they'll cut me dead, I know."

"Let 'em cut!" said her brother. "That set of yours makes me sick, Glad,—all rigged up in feathers and furs until you can't tell a girl from her grandmother, and whispering and tattling and bragging, instead of going in for real fun. Alice Moran, in her cap and sweater, is worth the whole bunch of them. Shake your kitty-cat crew, Glad, and come out and skate on the lake. You are getting as pasty-faced as Corinne Carr herself. Come, sis!"

And Harold laid a coaxing hand on his sister's arm, but she shook it off petulantly.

"I won't!" she answered. "I don't want to skate this morning. And you're a horrid, hateful boy, anyhow, to call me such names, Harold Granville!"

"I didn't call you any names," said Harold.

"You did! You said I was pasty-faced. And you have been just as mean as you could all morning, instead of feeling sorry for me, as any other brother would. I wouldn't go out with you to save your life."

"Stay in, then!" he retorted, an ugly look darkening his good-natured face. "And when I ask you again, Miss, you'll know it."

Harold jerked himself into a heavy sweater which he took from the corner cupboard, and, slinging his new Christmas skates over his shoulder, turned whistling from the room.

"Harold!" called his mother from the turn of the stairs where she stood, looking very pretty and graceful in her trailing blue morning gown. "I have asked you so many times not to whistle in the house! I don't like it, you know."

"All right, mother! I won't," answered Harold, suppressing his merry music.

"And I do hope you won't bring any of your boy friends home with you to luncheon to-day."

"Oh, can't I, mother?" he exclaimed, greatly disappointed. "We won't trouble anybody. Just some crackers and cheese and 'hot dog' in the den. Mills says he doesn't mind a bit."

"I mind!" said his mother, sharply. "I have a luncheon of ten covers myself to-day and can not be annoyed. I need Mills for service at the door."

"Well, we'll get up luncheon ourselves. You know, mother, it's a holiday and I've asked some fellows in."

"Then you'll have to ask them *out*," replied the lady, with tart decision. "I can't be bothered with a lot of noisy boys in the house to-day."

"All right," said Harold.

But there was a hard note in the boyish voice as he strode out through the spacious hall; and the look in his face was not what a loving mother would like to see; for it was club day, and it was his turn to treat the six "Jolly Chums" to lunch. Last Saturday they had met at Tom Moran's; and, though Tom had no den of his own, or no Mills to serve things, it was about the finest luncheon the Jolly Chums had ever known. Alice had taken affairs in hand, and the plain, old-fashioned dining-room was still gay with Christmas greens. There were sausages and stuffed potatoes, and all the filling things that clubs like; and the biscuits came piping hot through the open door of the kitchen, where Alice herself, her pretty cheeks flushed to very June roses, was cook and waitress to her brother's guests.

Harold was only a fair, square school-boy, and not at all soft or sentimental. Still, he was conscious of an ache somewhere about his upper vest pocket as he thought of the scenes in his home to-day. Well, it was different, of course, he reflected philosophically. His mother could not be exactly like plump and rosy Mrs. Moran; nor need Maxwell Granville's son be like Tom. He would strike dad for an extra X, and treat the club somewhere else, as a rich man's only son could do.

With a swelling sense of pride that quite dulled the boyish heartache, Harold boarded a car and was soon down town at the towering sky-scraper where the palatial offices of "Granville & Granville" occupied an entire floor. With the privilege of the great man's son and heir, he made his way, past bowing clerks and smiling stenographers, to the private office, where his father, having dismissed his secretary with the bulk of his correspondence, was looking over his personal mail.

"Harold!" he exclaimed, startled at his son's early appearance. "What has happened at home?"

"Nothing, dad. I've just come to ask you to help me out of a 'fix.' It's my day to treat the Club to lunch, and mother won't let me have the fellows at home. She has some swell meet of her own on hand, and we'd be in the way."

"Naturally," answered his father, dryly. "Keep out of the way, then."

"But—but—" (something in the stern set of his father's lips made Harold hesitate) "all the other fellows bring the Club home for lunch, dad."

"Perhaps the other fellows have homes," was the reply. "You haven't."

"I haven't!" echoed Harold, with wide-open eyes. "Why, dad, our house has all the other fellows beat to flinders!"

"Perhaps again," said the gentleman, with a slight lift of his iron-grey eyebrows. "But a house is not necessarily a home, my boy, as you are beginning to see. There is no use kicking at the lesson that most men of our kind have sooner or later to learn. Don't bother your mother. Keep your clubs and friends out of her way. There is the money to do it." And he slipped a crisp ten-dollar bill across the desk at the words.

Harold's face brightened with something more than boyish pleasure.

"Thank you, dad! I was sure you would help me out. I've got to treat somehow, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied his father; and he leaned his head upon his hand and ran his fingers through his hair, as if in troubled thought. "I'd like to make things different for you, but—I can't. So run off with your chums and treat. I see you have your skates. Be careful where you go, my boy. The ice is not always safe."

"I'll take care, sir," said Harold.

The boy turned away gleefully, to head off the fellows lest they should troop hilariously to his home and bother mother.

"Ten dollars! Now we can all go to that Rathskiller that Bob Barton told me about and have a time of it. He says they have a back room where they put

boys that can pay, and sneak them beer and cigarettes. Dad is a brick! I won't bother mother for home luncheons again, you bet!"

And dad and pretty mamma, the latter busily discussing her luncheon menu with Mills, never dreamed that they had started their boy off this morning on a downward slide far more dangerous than the breaking ice of old Pocomoke.

(To be continued.)

The Coast Line of England.

Just as the present year began, many thousands of tons of the substance forming the chalky cliffs of Dover, England, fell into the sea, making so great a commotion among the waves that those who did not know the cause of the upheaval of the water imagined an earthquake had visited the region. These occurrences are not infrequent. Every once in a while a landslide admonishes the English that their coast line is being eaten away. Scientific men say that England was once attached to France, but that the peninsula became an island when the water undermined the earth and rushed over the low downs into the German Ocean.

Some villages on the coast are gradually being eaten away, and in ancient times large cities were similarly destroyed. Of one Dunwich—in Saxon times the capital of East Anglia,—nothing now remains but a ruined abbey; and of Old Cromer, no building has survived except a round tower, famous in song and story, and known as the Church of the Garden of Sleep, because it is in the midst of a garden of poppies. Five hundred years ago the ocean was two miles away from the town now buried beneath its waves.

A CHINESE proverb runs: "Think of your own faults the first part of the night (when you are awake), and of the faults of others the latter part of the night (when you are asleep)."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book by our oldtime contributor, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, is announced by Chatto & Windus—"Boswell's Autobiography." We are already indebted to Mr. Fitzgerald for an excellent Life of Boswell.

—The long-expected Life of Cardinal Newman, by Wilfrid Ward, just published by Longmans, Green & Co., is based on the Cardinal's private journals and correspondence. It is in two large volumes, and contains numerous portraits and other illustrations.

—From the Boston *Transcript* we learn that the Monsignor Doane Assembly of the Knights of Columbus, Newark, N. J., has undertaken the erection of a memorial to Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the Church in America, whose remains lie in the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery in that city.

—One of the best-known pictures of the late M. Frédéric Alphonse Muraton, "Un Religieux en Méditation," was bought by the State and is now at Tours. It was painted at the monastery of La Trappe, where he resided for some time. M. Muraton had been, until the last year or so, a regular exhibitor at the Salon since 1859. He had attained the venerable age of eighty-eight. *R. I. P.*

—At the suggestion of Dr. Hyvernat, of the Catholic University of Washington, Mr. J. P. Morgan has recently purchased between three and four thousand dollars' worth of Coptic manuscripts, found in Egypt and dating from the seventh century. Among them are a complete New Testament, and entire books of the Old Testament, only fragments of which, up to this time, were known. These manuscripts, we hear, are to be edited by Dr. Hyvernat.

—We have already called the attention of our readers to Father Vermeersch's beautiful "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin," translated into excellent English by Mr. W. Humphrey Page, K. S. G., and published by the Benzigers. Vol. II, contains meditations for the Saturdays of the year, and a supplementary part consisting of meditations on the Holy Ghost, movable feasts, etc., with an alphabetical index, covering both volumes. The work is well calculated to foster a solid devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

—The third volume of "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching" has for its specific title "The Means of Grace." It contains fifty-one original discourses by pulpit preachers of our own day; among others, Bishops Bellord,

Vaughan, and McDonald, and Fathers Stapleton, Hughes, Graham, Bruehl, and Gerrard. As a rule, the sermons run in length from three to four thousand words, and accordingly represent fairly full discussions of the particular themes of which they treat. Joseph F. Wagner, publisher.

—A hitherto unpublished likeness of Stevenson is included among the numerous illustrations of Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne's interesting account of "Robert Louis Stevenson in California." His friendship with Charles Warren Stoddard is dwelt upon; and a touching passage describes the affectionate devotion of Jules Simoneau, the Monterey restaurant-keeper, to his gifted patron from over the ocean,—a devotion that kept the old man from selling Stevenson's letters even when he himself was in extreme poverty.

—Having told for Catholic children the story of Our Lord's life, Mary Virginia Merrick now offers to the little ones, and their elders as well, "The Acts of the Apostles for Children." (B. Herder.) The work has been adapted from the French of the Countess de Ségur, and is cast in the form of stories told by a grandmother. A number of illustrations scattered through the book's 160 pages will enhance the interest with which the children will peruse the text; and both text and pictures are calculated to produce excellent results.

—"Elevations to the Sacred Heart," translated from the French of Abbé Felix Anizan, by "A Priest" (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers), is a volume of 284 pages, embodying a treatise and an appeal. As a treatise, it discusses in logical co-ordinated fashion, the nature and characteristics of the Sacred Heart; as an appeal it calls to its readers, "Let us follow Him." The translator has preserved the *style coupé* and frequent one-sentence paragraphs of the original; but on the whole he has done his work very well, and in its English dress the book should both instruct and edify.

—"Thoughts on Education from Matthew Arnold" (Smith, Elder & Co.) is a selection of some 240 passages, drawn chiefly from his Reports on Elementary Schools (1852-82), and the Reports to different bodies on his investigations into Continental education, but comprising also extracts from other sources, and from a few of his letters. It is a book for teachers. In more than one of the Reports Mr. Arnold draws attention to the desirability of giving some

instruction in a second language, "as an object of reference and comparison," to children in elementary schools; and he recommended that Latin should be taught, not by means of classical authors, but through selections from the Vulgate.

—Both as to form and substance, "Uriel," by the Rev. E. M. Bachmann, of the diocese of Louisville, is a remarkable production. It is printed on saffron-colored paper and bound in ultramarine blue cloth. The contrast is very striking. *Olla-podrida* would be the best description of the contents, which consist of brief essays on subjects sacred and profane, philosophic and aesthetic; sketches devotional and catechetical; verses religious and didactic; "guess-questions" original and "not original," with their answers. The verses are all the more enjoyable on account of their variety. One seldom sees such productions in print, common as they are in manuscript. The venerable author's outward presentment at three different stages of his career forms the frontispiece of the volume. His friends can hardly expect to see other books by him, but we hope he will be prevailed upon to leave in manuscript any further productions of his pen.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Vermeersch. \$1.35, net.
- "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. III. \$2.
- "The Acts of the Apostles for Children." Mary Virginia Merrick. 75 cts.
- "Elevations of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Felix Anizan. \$1.10.
- "Christian Science and Catholic Teaching." Rev. James Goggin. 10 cts.
- "Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912." 35 cts.
- "Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons." Cora Payne Shriver. \$1.
- "Words of Wisdom to the People." Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.

- "Elder Flowers." Mrs. S. B. Elder. 50 cts.
- "The Holy Mass Popularly Explained." Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur. 50 cts.
- "John Poverty." Luis Coloma, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Latter-Day Converts." Rev. Alexis Crosnier. 50 cts.
- "Kyriale with Gregorian Notes." Dr. Karl Weinmann. 30 cts.
- "Sermons for Sundays and Some of the Festivals of the Year." Rev. Thomas White. \$1.50.
- "Biography of Fr. James Conway, of the Society of Jesus." M. Louise Garesché. \$1.
- "Early Christian Hymns." Series II. Daniel J. Donahoe. \$2.
- "Bishop Hay on the Priesthood." Very Rev. Canon Stuart. 45 cts.
- "Through the Break in the Web." Stevens Dane. 45 cts.
- "Socialism and the Workingman." R. Fullerton, B. D., B. C. L. \$1.20, net.
- "The Quest of the Silver Fleece." W. E. DuBois. \$1.35, net.
- "A Spiritual Calendar." Antonio Rosmini. 75 cts.
- "The Obedience of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Valentine Chlebowski, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. James Doherty, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. John J. Smith, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. John O'Connor, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. William Lucking, C. SS. R.

Brother Stephen and Brother Bernardine, of the Xaverian Brothers.

Sister Mary Joseph, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister Susanne, Sisters Sainte Chrétienne.

Mr. John J. Rayne, Mr. George Schutz, Mrs. M. Krebs Marr, Mrs. Bridget R. Brooke, Mr. J. G. Schoon, Mr. John McHugh, Mr. William Mannix, Mr. Anthony Stockmann, Mrs. Bridget Purcell, Mrs. Genevieve King, Mr. John Pothoff, Mr. James McEntee, Mr. Richard Ryan, Mr. Henry Dierkes, Mrs. Patrick R. Morgan, Mr. John Escoffier, Mr. Philip J. Furlong, Mr. Cornelius Shea, Mr. Louis Cobey, Mr. Francis Donahue, Mr. John Herrell, Mr. Michael Killion, Mr. Frank Meadth, Mrs. Anne Donnelly, Mr. Conrad Mittenburg, Mr. James Weldon, Mr. Nicholas Watkins, Mrs. F. J. Egbert, and Mr. John English.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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NO. 7

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Comforter of the Afflicted.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

OF have I seen them at some wayside shrine
Or in some great cathedral's shadowed space,
With tortured form, and mute, uplifted face,
Raise trembling hands, while fevered eyes would
shine

With tears unshed,—beseeking the Divine
Consoler for His comforting and grace;
Seeking within each statted form some trace
Of love and hope and faith—some pitying sign.

There Mary, tenderest, tells them of her Son,—
"Most beautiful of men, most comely One!"

She saw Him suffering, standing by His side,—
Deformed and mangled, scorned and crucified.
Mary, the comforter of Calvary,
The sweet consoler of humanity!

Giovanni Dupré and His Pietà.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

GIOVANNI DUPRÉ was born in Siena on the 1st of March, 1817. His ancestor, a French merchant, had come to Italy with the Princes of Lorraine. Giovanni's father was very poor, incompletely educated, and a wood-carver by trade. He married a Siense girl of humble birth, who, on account of her beauty, was commonly called "La Bella." In later years she lost her sight. Numerous children came, to straiten the family circumstances still more. The Duprés moved to Florence, in hopes that things would be easier. The little boy

Giovanni, unschooled save for some slight knowledge of reading and drawing, was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker, that he too might contribute his slender share to the support of the younger children. Want was continually at the door,—cold and hunger and hardship. It was the iron life of the very poor, with only the great love of the mother to soften and comfort it.

The lad Giovanni had one solace besides: it was his passion for drawing. He indulged it at night, sometimes half frozen, often so tired that he fell down over his papers; sometimes his hair would catch fire at the candle, but draw he must and did. There was a craving in him also to work with his hands,—to shape things, to feel them between his fingers; and the unattainable goal, too far removed, too high, too wonderful even to be reached, was the miracle of the human form. "Figure," the boy would say, wholly in awe of it. He had heard of a place called the Academy, where a few fortunate youths, older and better equipped than he was, could learn these mysteries. He begged to be allowed to draw at the Academy,—no more than just to draw. But his father and the cabinetmaker refused and humbled him. Was he not an artisan? For their work, he knew drawing enough. The cruel and galling need for daily bread growing ever more pressing, Dupré decided to go to Pistoia, where he thought he could do better, leaving the family in Florence. Giovanni alone—or Nanni, as he was called—went with him as co-worker. He was not yet in his teens

and he suffered agonies of homesickness and loneliness. "It was much worse than poverty," he wrote in manhood; "for I knew poverty." He finally ran away in secret, journeying back to his mother; and she made the little fellow a shelter with her arms when his father's wrath overtook him. She refused after that to part from him again.

Nanni now went to work as a regular journeyman at a wood-carver's shop. He showed so much aptitude and talent that he was frequently allowed to help the skilled workmen; when time pressed he was put to their tasks with them, and it pleased them to take note of his success. He could even carve angels and cherubs, which was considered very fine and difficult; but they did not satisfy him. "Figure," his heart kept saying to him. Leaves were very well, and scrolls, and even curly heads with wings attached to them; but if one could only do a human form, with its extraordinary beauty and its enormous difficulties to overcome! He thought only of doing it in wood, for that was the only material he knew; so he began to make a Christ on the Cross, then a St. Filomena; and being fairly successful, his haunting dreams passed from him for a while. Presently they returned full force, and it was the figure again, but this time marble,—marble that he had never touched,—marble that must be so rebellious to the worker; so hard to master.

Curiously enough, he had never thought of being an artist. It seems incredible, but so it was. Even yet he did not see and understand that he wanted to be a sculptor. He was too humble. He had a craft which required great skill, and the work thrilled and carried him beyond himself. But an artist! He at least had the profoundest reverence for this great gift of God to man. Later on, he wrote that no worker should despise his material, however lowly. Wood has its own peculiar difficulties that are as great as the difficulties of marble; and be your work

clay only, and left in clay, it is the thought and the hand of the worker that count. The problem in his mind in those early days was how to get marble and tools and learning, when you must needs sit on the journeyman's bench from morn to dark and toil for daily bread. He was not wasting time; for ten years' practice with the gouge does mean something toward skill of hand and mental training in a youth with a passion for form.

One day as he sat patiently scooping, scooping, he chanced to lift his eyes and saw a girl pass the open door of the shop. She was very grave, very modest, and walked "with small, quick steps" across his limited field of vision. Something unusual, something quiet and yet deeply sweet, stirred at his heart. He was eighteen years old and knew no woman save his mother. But now, day after day, he kept raising watchful eyes from his work. She did not pass again. Yet, some time later, entering the church of SS. Apostoli, he saw her on her knees. From that hour he knew that he loved her. The delicate and beautiful story of his courtship is one of the most charming pages in Duprè's "Ricordi Autobiografici,"—how he managed to discover that she was a *stiratora di fino* ("fine ironer" in one of the little old-fashioned Florentine laundries); how her employer cautioned him not to approach her, for that she would have nothing to do with young men; and how he dared at last to stop her on the street, speaking with shortened breath and without looking at her; and she, also without looking at him, but none the less with shortened breath, had him go to her mother and never attempt to follow her again. The mother decided that they were both too young, and he was forbidden to see "Mariina" (little Mary) for a year. In truth, he was young, but manhood was coming upon him apace, genius burned in him, and a fiery temper that would brook no opposition. The secret thing that is God's gift to the artist, whatever name you choose to call it or

can invent for it, checked and turned aside from its natural outlet, made him uncertain of mood, dissatisfied, his inner mind restless and stormful.

He did not attempt to see Maria, as it was forbidden, and she herself had told him to wait a year; but the need of companionship had grown strong, and he joined the pleasures of his fellow-workers. Gradually he found the habit of revelry taking firm hold of him; his associates were often of low extraction and had not Dupré's natural refinement or the stamp of distinction that marked him—hall-marked him—throughout his life. He has left it on record that he smoked and drank with them, feasted and rioted when his means permitted, and that intolerable disgust and shame for himself came over him every time he thought of Maria. A day came when the man in him made him resolve to forswear this life.

He went to the girl's mother, and pleaded his cause so eloquently and persuasively she withdrew her opposition; and the girl, in her still way, showed a subdued and trustful joy. "We were married," Dupré writes, "on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 7, 1836. It has been the most important event in my life." His deep, strong and tender love for this simple good woman and her profound attachment constituted his greatest happiness and kept him from evil, as he said it would. In his latter years he confessed ingenuously that the mere thought of Maria, of her immense affection and perfect trust, no less than her care for their children had preserved him from the dangers that had sometimes awaited him on the crest of success and adulation. Maria had faith in Dupré's talents, and urged him to follow his own bent.

About the same time a sculptor who knew his aspirations invited the young man to come and model in his studio, when he could snatch a few hours from his carving. Dupré eagerly availed himself of this advantage. Four years after his

marriage he entered a contest (opened by the Academy, where he had never set foot), and won the prize with his "Judgment of Paris." It was a great success and the cause of great joy. But in giving him instruction the sculptor harassed Dupré so much, confining him strictly to his own methods, that the young man determined to withdraw from his studio. He petitioned the Academy for one of the studios it was in the habit of giving free to young artists; but was peremptorily and discourteously refused, as he had not been a student of that institution. Giovanni rented a studio, and divided his time between study (drawing from the life and modelling as he needs must to learn his art) and working at the wood-carver's bench to earn his daily bread. The days were not long enough, and he worked even at night. Maria kept on ironing in her new home. Dupré did not like it, but bowed before necessity. They were happy times withal, he says. They had flowers on the window sills and it gave him a subtle and deep joy to see her move between her ironing board and the fire, singing a little song the refrain of which made her laugh as she struck down the flatiron to beat time with it.

In the midst of these circumstances Dupré conceived one of his masterpieces—the "Abel." The image of the Dead Christ was one that was frequently before his mind. His first sculpture had been a crucifix, and now he wished to make the recumbent figure life-size, but he hesitated because the subject had been done so many times before. The idea of Abel, innocent and just, pursued him as a type of the later Victim. He set to work with a zeal that consumed him, and the statue was quickly finished. It is in the Pitti now,—a young body of extreme purity and loveliness, the two arms thrown upward, every muscle relaxed in perfect abandonment, the upturned face sad but tenderly sweet and full of resignation. Dupré humbly begged Bartolini, the greatest sculptor of the day, to come and

look at it. Bartolini could find no faults, only "Open that other hand," he said, testy and short. Dupré had clinched the left.—"I did it for variety," he explained.—"Variety is good," answered the master, "but the oneness of the whole figure is more." The Abel lay distended henceforth in complete self-surrender.

Then came the critics. Who was Dupré? Where had he studied? How could one unschooled model like this? Clearly it was a trick, and the form jetted in plaster on a living body. (Of Rodin, too, this has been said!) The head is as exquisite as the rest, and could not be jetted from life; but this they chose to overlook. The model himself, Petrai, well known in his day, lifted up his voice in protest. The fight grew so sharp Dupré's enemies went so far as to take Petrai to the Academy at night, made him strip, and measured his body inch by inch. It was found to be totally dissimilar in all its proportions, yet the voice of detraction could not be hushed.

Bitterness of heart was added to Dupré's financial straits. He had given up wood-carving to make the "Abel"; and the "Abel" was left on his hands, while calumny blasted all his hopes. Fortunately, a noble and charming man, the Count Del Benino, guessing at the difficulties Dupré was too proud to tell, persuaded him to accept a considerable sum of money "as a loan." Dupré's first care on selling the "Abel" was to reimburse this. He called on the Count, but the aged nobleman pushed aside the gold and tore up the receipt. The tall, venerable figure, with the snow-white hair and clear blue eyes—angry one moment as he turns on the young artist,—stands in the Ricordi still, with the shreds of torn paper in his fingers, to make one give thanks for souls generous and great as his.

Secretly, in order to silence his detractors, Dupré began to model his terrible and most difficult "Cain," action and fury combined in the one figure. That also is in the Pitti Gallery. (Finished 1840.)

The Grand Duchess Mary of Russia having heard of the young sculptor and of the uproar over the "Abel," had the curiosity to visit his studio and see the "Abel" for herself. She was so pleased with it and with the sketch of the "Cain" that she purchased both on the spot. Dupré was thus more or less assured of his career. Visitors grew more frequent; critics and literary men began to drop into the studio for an hour's chat. The mind of the sculptor, daring, original, and yet reflective, developed in contact with the rarest minds in Florence. He felt the need of study and did study. One after the other, commissions for work fell in his way. The Revolution of 1848 made for a time a severe break in his career, but with the restoration of order and peace he was able to resume work. The "Giotto," the "Pius II." for S. Domenico's at Siena, and the famous "S. Antonino" (1852), which gave him so much trouble because he tried to combine in it physical insignificance and spiritual beauty, appeared in quick succession. In the small model, Dupré smilingly put Verdi's pen into S. Antonino's hand for a staff. He had taken an impression of the composer's hand, and the pen—which had written so many beautiful scores—remained imbedded in the plaster. S. Antonino leans upon it now.

Unfortunately, at this period a cloud obscured Dupré's fair sunshine. The artist must be free to work in his own way always, unfettered and unhampered. He must have serenity, and his self-expression must be spontaneous as the flight of birds. Around his modelling stood scholars, philosophers, critics, and some who were pedants pure and simple, argued and debated philosophical conceptions of art. Among them were those who said there was no art but Greece, and no true law but the Greek canon. Dupré listened, and his own clear thinking grew confused. What was the Ideal, and what Ideal Beauty? "My own judgment in art was not fully formed, and its principles not

firmly established in my mind: I thought that I, too, must close the codex of Nature" (it was the only book he knew, and it had been truth and revelation to him) "to find everything in casts and antique fragments. For several years I was like dead." The works he produced at this time were so poor and lifeless they have not been remembered. He was working against his own spirit and inspiration, and the toil was worse than vain. He began to doubt his own talent, and fell into profound sadness and discouragement. His health finally gave way, and he was ordered off to Naples for change of air. He could no longer work, and a host of ailments tormented him. The mild and beautiful spring days restored his strength, however, and, after a few weeks' sojourn, he felt able to turn to Florence and to his studio again.

He paused on his way to revisit Rome and St. Peter's, which he loved. Wandering idly through the vast aisles, his eye was arrested by Canova's statue of Clement VIII. He had seen it before, but this was altogether fresh seeing and a something akin to vision. "Here is life," he said to himself, and he could not tear himself away. Then he began to compare the rugged figure, impregnated with movement, with the smooth, rather satiny allegories around it. He moved over to study the kneeling Pius VI., and that hour in St. Peter's was his own resurrection as an artist. The high precept was set before him... "of those two images in which nature itself shines forth in eternal idealism... Re-entering into myself, having found my own soul anew, and feeling in me once more the inspiration of the 'Abel,' 'This is Art,' I said; and I never left it again."

Genius gushed in him now as a free-flowing spring. The "Sappho," considered one of his loveliest and most poetic creations (1857); the so-called "Tazza," surrounded with figures in relief; the Ferrari monument at S. Lorenzo (1859); the "Putti dell' Uva" (the Grape Children);

the "Addolorata" for Sta. Croce (1860), and the famous relief of the "Triumph of the Cross" over the entrance to Sta. Croce church,—we merely name them. A number of lesser works were in progress at the same time; for Dupré was enormously industrious,—up with the sun, and hard at his task until the same sun went down behind his garden wall.

It is time now to speak of the greatest of all Giovanni Dupré's works—his immortal Pietà. Better than any other, it represents his whole thinking self and creative spirit. In 1860, the Marchese Bichi-Ruspoli had commissioned the sculptor to make him a monument for the family burial-place in the cemetery of the Misericordia at Siena. Dupré, who, all his life, had had ever present in his thoughts the remembrance of the Body that hung upon the cross, and of the Woman who stood beneath that sorrow, suggested that he would like to make a Pietà. Ruspoli was satisfied, and Dupré set himself to meditate upon his subject. He deemed this indispensable; and when he could not visualize it clearly, the idea became to him "a nail driven in his head." He could not visualize the Pietà. He made a tentative sketch and showed it to Ruspoli, who liked it, and told him to begin work. Dupré instead put the model on a shelf and could not bring himself to touch it. A visitor, glancing around the studio, discovered it. "Ah, Michelangelo's Pietà!"—"Not Michelangelo's: my own!" Dupré rapped back; but henceforth he could not and would not make that one. He tried other groupings. None satisfied him.

Ruspoli came begging for his statue, and could not understand why Dupré would not proceed after he had approved the sketch. Dupré confesses that he suffered agonies over his inability to realize his subject and to satisfy his friend. Two or three years elapsed. Ruspoli was still waiting; but, with that fine courtesy of the Italian gentleman who divines that something is amiss, he asked no more

questions. Only, whenever he came to Florence, he called at Dupré's studio, chatted pleasantly a while, and then, in taking leave, with exquisite grace and a charming smile, said: "Good-bye, Dupré! *Memento mei!*" These were always his last words. Dupré owns that they grieved him beyond any form of reproof. He kept on making models; he even prayed for success, but always the poses were so sophisticated, unnatural, and the group had neither unity nor repose. One may guess at his suffering; for he was no mere onlooker. He had felt intensely the strains of the *Stabat Mater* vibrating through him; and never, at any time of his life, had he been indifferent to the thought of Mary's Son lying dead against her heart. There seemed nothing else to do but to give it up. Upon this thing he would not do inferior work, and his own dream was a hundred miles away from him.

One summer's day, apparently in 1863, he came in about noontime for his dinner, and begged his wife to hurry, as he was overdone with work. While he waited, weary with the long morning labors, he threw himself down to rest, with a newspaper in his hand. In a moment he was fast asleep. The mere thought of this experience even in recollection, he says, filled him with fear. In slumber, for one brief moment, he saw clearly the Pietà he had sought through so much torment. He was asleep only a few minutes, but in that fraction of time he beheld with extraordinary distinctness an image of the Dead Christ—the head "sovereignly beautiful," the sunken frame and limbs extended—propped against His Mother's knee; and the Mother hanging over Him with arms outspread in an attitude of unutterable, immeasurable woe. The seeing lasted only one moment. A strong blow upon the shoulder awakened him on the instant. "As I saw it," he laments, "I could never render it. It was so much more beautiful, so much more wonderful than anything I could do." He opened his eyes, to find himself

still alone on the dining-room couch, his body in precisely the position of the Dead Christ's body,—his right arm over the support, the left hanging, his feet straight out in front of him.

So far, the "experience" must have begun in his own sense perceptions, passing dimly into his sleep. Beyond that he seems to have touched something that will not come clearly to definition or analysis. The Virgin's face had seemed to him pure vision. He called out to his wife that he must go, and ran back to his studio dinnerless. In two hours he had thrown together the clay model, working breathlessly and with absolute sureness. This was the Pietà he had sought so long, given to him at last in one second and without effort. His soul almost stood still within him at the wonder and awfulness of the thing. Not until the middle of the afternoon could he tear himself from his trance; then he went home for food, and to tell Maria the strange thing that had befallen him. The Pietà was virtually made already.

On the larger model he worked with a passion and energy that seemed to draw from him his very soul. Difficulties met him,—the difficulty of getting adequate models, the difficulty of putting them into poses worthy of his idea, all the craft obstacles that can come into the dreamer's way. For there is his thought, and then clay, the lowliest of substances, to be infused with ideal life. He finally found an admirable model, a man of rare and mild beauty of countenance, and of a gentle and religious spirit. Before the Christ could be finished, Dupré's one perfect model died. The sculptor kept on working, pressing his enterprise to completion. It had absorbed him to the exclusion of all created things, and it came upon Dupré almost by surprise that he was breaking down. He developed insomnia and eventually melancholia, because he could not make the Mother of Sorrows as perfect as he wished. Physicians took him forcibly from his work

and sent him off again to Naples. This time he did not rally quickly, but pined on for months.

He came back at length, languid still, but improved. His first wish and first anxiety was the Pietà. Straight, through the silent studio, he went to that. He had thought it unfinished and wanting in a hundred ways: now he could only stand and gaze at it, while great tears — tears of wonder and pure compassion, and of gratitude too, he adds—coursed down his face. He resolved not to touch what he had done. The Mother's face had been the crux of his work, the chief cause of his discouragement; now he felt that he must simply let it alone. Years afterward Ruspoli told the sculptor that he could never look upon that Woman, in whom all the everlasting sorrow of all womanhood, all the holiness and agony of mourning motherhood, are incarnate without weeping for her sorrow. And the face, above all, in its speechless woe; in its appalling calmness, wounded him to the soul. "I could believe him," Dupré says tersely. "I have wept over it myself."

Much more in the story of this great artist is of interest, but we are chiefly concerned with the Pietà; and must omit the mention of important works, and of honors crowning them, to conclude this brief sketch of a valuable life. The group of the Pietà created a profound sensation at the International Exhibition in Paris, and brought the sculptor the highest award the judges could grant him—the *grande médaille d'honneur*. The "San Zanobi" for the façade of the Duomo, Florence, and the Risen Christ for the Dupré memorial chapel, are famous works. The last—which the sculptor did not finish, but which Amalia, his daughter and pupil, finished for him—was that strange and striking conception of the "Poverello d'Assisi," which stands now on the Piazza of S. Rufino, between the blue sky and the venerable, hoary walls of the cathedral where the beloved saint was baptized. We were shocked ourselves

at first sight of this lowly figure, with arms folded and palms open on the breast; the head is bent so humbly, and both feet are set straight and close together, as a child stands. No ecstasy, no song, no lyric quality; only profound humility and the "abject air" for which the chronicle will vouch. It grows upon you slowly and surely, as certain singular and powerful interpretations do; but, even so, you will wish occasionally that he would lift up his eyes to the heavens whither his spirit winged so often, and that he would lift the sweetness of his voice in song.

Dupré has been criticised for accepting the execution of the monument to Cavour in Turin. He alleges that, at first, he refused to the best of his ability; but that reasons were brought forward which seemed to him of weight. Personal motives, the insistence chiefly of a member of that family—a lady—to whom Dupré was under obligations of courtesy and gratitude, carried the day. The sculptor had not the slightest interest in politics; and he was a deeply, if unostentatiously, religious man.

At his death, which took place January 10, 1882, he had one supreme regret: owing to stress of work, he had not made the statue of Our Lady for the façade of Sta. Maria del Fiore. The Archbishop of Florence came to bless and comfort him in his last hours. Dupré had received the Sacraments devoutly, and a friend asked him how he felt. "I suffer," he answered briefly, "but am quite at peace." At the end they knelt around him, and Augusto Conti, professor of philosophy at the University, recited, at his old friend's side, the Creed and the "Our Father." No sooner had Conti begun the prayer of prayers than Dupré took the words from him eagerly: "Our Father! . . . Oh, yes . . . *our* Father! . . ." And so, in the last impulse of the soul Godward, the lips lapsed into silence. To all present it seemed that the great sculptor had turned his head softly upon the pillow, merely to sleep.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE," ETC.

VIII.—EARLY DAYS IN THE GLEN.

THE few loungers who had no better way of spending the evening than to hang about the station, watching the passing of the last train, looked strange and foreign to Elinor as she stepped onto the little platform at Imaney. Mrs. Lambert, although worn out by the long journey—the first that she had made for years without being surrounded with every comfort that money could procure,—forgot her fatigue in watching them; for to her the figures in their loose bairn suits were quite familiar. The sight of them carried her back over a span of twenty years, when she was a girl, a little older and dowered with no more of the world's goods than her daughter now possessed. Her childhood had been spent farther south, but the dress of the people there had been the same as it evidently still was in Imaney. The soft voices that greeted and questioned the newcomers to the Glen had the same tones in them, and this made her feel all at once that this was no exile but a home-coming.

Then, whilst a porter and one of the men in white were securing their luggage on the car that evidently was to convey them to the village, mother and daughter stood outside the station, all fatigue, all loneliness forgotten, as they gazed on the scene of glorious loveliness that was spread before them. The sun was setting behind their backs, but all the sky glowed with reflections of its crimson and gold; and the mountains on each side of the valley showed out in vivid coloring against the deep, clear dark blue of the rest of the range which towered away into the distance. The river, glimmering like silver as it wound along between banks of alternate greens and yellows, caught some of the glow, and sparkled here and

there with brilliant rainbow tints. Even the grey-walled cottages looked homelike and inviting, with their roofs of many-shaded thatch; and the church which stood above them all, solitary itself, yet evidently making the centre of life for all the Glen, was a revelation to the strangers of what 'modern Celtic art could be.

Far away, over the river and lying low on the hillside, was a group of trees, to which Elinor gave no thought beyond noting, almost unconsciously, the contrast of their dark green foliage and the lighter tints, and the sages and browns of the surrounding mountain. Yet in the grey towers that were almost hidden by these trees was the home, at least for some months of every year, of the grim old lady in whose hands the girl's fate and future lay.

If Madam Stewart—she had in reality no claim to the "Madam" which the people gave her, because so long as there had been an O'Congaile at Imaney the title always belonged to the lady of the castle,—if Madam Stewart approved of Elinor and her playing, all would be well. If not—! But Signor Thaddeus' pupil was young and sanguine, and her master had said she would be able to do all that was required of her; so, with almost childlike confidence, she had not troubled herself with doubts and wonderings.

To-night the cottage which was to be their home was the sole dwelling that Elinor thought about. In the beauty of the summer evening, the whole valley looked like a scene from fairyland; and it was only when the car drew up at its door, and she caught sight, through the ivy-covered windows, of the pieces of furniture that had preceded them, and that had been so familiar in the life which lately was theirs, that she remembered with a pang how real it all was, and how strange. In those strange black days, when the problem of life had loomed so difficult and dark, Elinor had chosen out this furniture, the simplest and poorest

of all they possessed; and the sight of it ranged so stiffly round this unfamiliar room had brought back to her the loneliness, the helplessness, of all the dread phantoms Signor Thaddeus had dispersed for her, and her eyes were blinded with tears as she entered the cottage.

The place was spotlessly clean, and the first turf fire that the English-bred girl had ever seen burned brightly on the hearth. Mrs. Lambert, to whom the sight of the furniture had also come with a pang of regret and fear, was calmed again by the warm, homelike glow; and it was she who for the moment took the lead as, hand in hand, she and Elinor crossed the threshold of their new home.

Now that their journey was really at an end, Mrs. Lambert was so overcome with physical exhaustion that Elinor's thoughts were taken up in ministering to her mother; and it was only when she was safe at rest in one of the two small white bedrooms, and when the kindly neighbor who, at Madam Stewart's direction, had prepared the house and the evening meal for the newcomers, had bade her good-night and departed, to tell in the village of the wide-eyed slip of a girl with all the gentle ways of a lady, and the poor mother, so delicate and so weary,—it was only then that Elinor had time to think of the thing that had brought her to this strange, wild, beautiful country, and which was to be the centre of her future life—the organ.

The chapel was close by, and she went out into the gathering darkness and passed under the arched doorway to the dimness inside. The roof was high above her, and the sanctuary lamp cast a flickering gleam on the altar. Until her eyes grew accustomed to the light, this was all that Elinor could see. Then, after she had prayed, she raised her head and strained her sight to try to make out the thing that had brought her thither. High up, there was a shadowy bulk; and higher still, she could just discern the metallic sheen of grey pipes.

"The organ!"

She was not aware that she spoke aloud, nor had she noticed she was not alone. Now, however, a voice beside her brought her to herself.

"The organ indeed!" repeated the voice; and, looking around, Elinor saw an old man, bairn-clad like those at the station, with his hat in one hand and two long keys in the other. Evidently it was the sacristan coming to lock the church for the night.

"Aye, there's the organ! An' if you're still in it Sunday" (he took her for a tourist from the hotel by the station), "you'll hear it played for the first time."

But to Elinor his words brought a flash of such overwhelming panic that, turning, she fled from the speaker, and paused only when she was back in the safety and silence of the little cottage.

There were still four days more before the dreaded ordeal was to take place, and Elinor spent them almost entirely at the organ,—the want of some one to blow for her only curtailing her hours of practice. One of Thaddeus' favorite maxims, which he had often impressed upon her in their talks together, was that mind is dependent on matter. Now, Elinor found that the organ was continually reminding her of this same truth. When her inexperienced feet mistook one pedal for another; when her fingers slipped on the notes without enough decision to bring out the sound; when stifled tones moaned through the pipes, or, at the call of a wrongly used stop, came out piercingly and shrill; or, what startled her most of all, trumped with a deep roar that echoed through the empty church,—then, frightened and dismayed, she raised her hands to shut out the discord; and the rumbling echoes that came back through the stillness did nothing to reassure her. The stops of this new instrument were different from those of the one on which she had learned; and she studied her master's written instructions unwearyingly, trying to understand them, and

so to manipulate the keys and stops correctly. But her very anxiety paralyzed her; and at last, with all the force of her will-power, she determined to put the burden of her fears from her, to resolve upon success; and after that things seemed to become more easy to her.

Madam Stewart was away from home; so the ordeal of making her acquaintance had also to be faced upon Sunday, when she would be at the Castle again. Elinor went alone to the early Mass, and the sight of the people praying around her, so simple and so devout, helped to keep her fears at bay. She would have no time, no thought for prayer at the second Mass, but now her petitions went up with greater fervor than she had ever known before. Her need for help was so great! And, then, too, something in the atmosphere of prayer that surrounded her seemed contagious, and inclined her to pray also.

It was only at the Communion of the Mass that she noticed a dark figure, tall and stately, amongst the fawn-colored shawls in which she had thought every woman of the congregation, herself excepted, was enveloped. She knew it must be Madam Stewart, her judge, the arbiter of her fate. But it was no time for distracting thoughts; and, putting them from her, she redoubled her prayers. The glimpse that she had had of Madam's stern, almost hard profile took nothing from her nervousness; and yet it was almost a relief when the bell began to toll again and it was time to go to second Mass. Now that the ordeal was so near, her only wish was to get it over. Mrs. Lambert, in her heart almost as fearful as Elinor, tried to speak as though success was certain, and that it was for her own sake and not for her daughter's that she chose to accompany her to the organ-loft.

As they entered the porch, Elinor drew back suddenly with an instinctive fear; for the dark-clad figure of the early morning was just before them, and had dipped her hand into the holy-water font

near the inner door. It was the custom that one should pass the holy water to another; and Madam Stewart held out her finger, with a silent inclination of the head, to Mrs. Lambert. This, too, had been a custom in her home of long ago; and it was with a quick thought of this that the newcomer took it. Elinor, however, who came the next, had no thought but for Madam herself. The glimpse she had had in the morning had warned her aright. It was a stern face; the features were regular and hard, the mouth and chin strongly moulded. Elinor could not see the eyes, and, turning to mount the gallery stairs, she put her hope in them. Maybe that the kindness which was not apparent on the rest of the face was hidden there.

The blower was already at his post, and so anxious to begin his work that he hoped for a triumphant march of entry, or something that would prove to his little world how hard he and Elinor had been working all the week. But she, only too glad to postpone the dreaded moment, signed to him to wait until the choir was in its place and the priest standing at the altar steps. Father O'Leary, she already knew, would be no formidable critic. He had told her simply that his knowledge of music went no further than the chant of the Office of the Dead, the necessary lines of a Missa Cantata, and so forth. From him at least she would get no blame; and the sight of his kindly face and the smiling pride of the children gave her courage to dispel the mist that clouded her eyes as she seated herself, — a mist that threatened to hide the score altogether from her.

It was the schoolmistress, whose charge it was to lead the choir, who at last gave the signal to begin; and, with a feeling of desperation, Elinor placed her hands on the notes indicated by her music. Down fell the leader's baton, and most of the children started the note half a tone too low and in painful discord. The others waited; but the organist in her terror

had forgotten her stops, and the organ made no sound. Then, in sudden panic, she pulled one out at random, and a thin, ear-piercing outline of the tune came forth. She had sufficient presence of mind to realize that it would be a fatal mistake to show herself in the wrong now; so she played on, still with the shrill, thin sound. Then, with sudden daring born of despair, she rolled out the response with the organ's deepest note. The contrast was so striking that everyone thought it must have been intended, and she felt she had saved herself at least in the ears of the majority of the congregation. What Madam thought of this opening exhibition remained to be seen.

Once started, things did not go quite so badly. Elinor understood enough to realize the weakness of her performance; though, after the first, there had been no actual discord on her part; and the choir children at least were satisfied with themselves and pleased with the Mass that was over. The nervous tension of the ordeal, combined with the atmosphere of the church, had been too much for Mrs. Lambert; and as soon as the service was over she slipped out, leaving Elinor to put away her music and follow at her leisure. Everyone had gone when the girl came down the stairs; but outside the door she again caught sight of the black figure in which her fears were centred. For a moment she thought that Madam Stewart was waiting for her; then she heard Father O'Leary's voice, though she could not distinguish his words. Madam's answer, however, was carried into her with cutting distinctness:

"Yes, but I did not want a 'princess in disguise.' I wanted an organist, and this girl has not the merest elementary idea of playing. It was most impertinent to send her—"

The unintentional eavesdropper shrank back as though she had been struck, and covered her ears with her hands. Then the eyes she had not seen were no more merciful than the lips and chin. Would

this mean dismissal? Or might she possibly be given a time of trial in which to improve? At all costs, this overheard verdict must be kept secret from her mother. And, going back to the chapel, she knelt to collect her thoughts and to pray for strength to bear, for help to improve, and above all for mercy from her in whose hands the future of her mother and herself was lying.

(To be continued.)

Upward to God.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARR, C. SS. R.

O God! and have the burning Seraphim
 Then lost their fires?
 And have the angel songsters hushed their hymn,
 Laid low their lyres?
 Can aught have darkened, then, Thy splendor's
 blaze
 In heaven above,
 That Thou upon a man shouldst fix Thy gaze,
 And, gazing, love?
 Is not the little bird that sinless sings
 More true than I?
 More bright the sun that golden glory flings
 Athwart the sky?
 Swells there no anthem, then, when tempests fret
 The sleeping sea,
 That Thou, O God, Thy heart divine must set
 On wretched me?
 The bird and sea and sun shall be no more,
 When I shall be.
 My soul alone a song of praise can pour
 Eternally.
 Thine own reflex am I. No sun hath shone
 With half my light.
 To love, my heart is strong; Thy love alone
 Can match its might.
 O God! let not my song become the yell
 Of mad remorse.
 Let not my soul lie quenched in Thy hell,
 A living corse.
 Touch with Thy fire my heart, that it may burn
 Through earth its way
 Upward to Thee; let naught of earth e'er turn
 Its course, or stay.

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VII.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

ALTHOUGH Phelim and Danny O'Neill were twin brothers, fourteen years old, you could hardly find two boys more unlike in appearance, talents, and tastes. Phelim was a tall, muscular lad, with a well-shaped head of black hair. He could cast a stone, twelve pounds in weight, two feet farther than many a lad three years his senior; he could leap across a trench like a race horse; could hurdle and kick football in approved style. He was a "block of a boy," as they say, who liked the fresh air and the ways and the games of a boy. He had a gay laugh, eyes brimful of fun, and cheeks as ruddy as an autumn apple. His father was proud of Phelim the younger, and said he would be the head of the house some day. The lad was proud of his father, because he could train a young horse till a child could handle him; because he could tell the value of a cow to a half-crown; because he could show the servant boy how to make a potato drill as straight as a string when 'tis pulled tight; because he could tell when the hay should be cut to an hour, and when the oats was ripe to a half-hour. Phelim O'Neill was a "knowledgeable" man, the neighbors all said; and the neighbors were right.

Danny was a lad you could blow away with your breath, he was that frail. His face and his hands were as white as new cream; and his eyes were gentle when they were turned full on you, which seldom happened; for they had a way of losing themselves in vacancy. He never played with the boys of his age, as Phelim did. Small blame to him either; for he could hardly kick the ball four times the length of himself, and a six foot trench was too wide for him to jump. He was shy and retiring, and stayed at home with his mother and his sister Nell.

He had two other grown sisters also, Mary and Ann; but they worshipped the strong and the valorous Phelim.

"I like Phelim, he's so strong and so handsome," Mary said, as she watched her brother playing on the lawn.

"Yes, and his hair is like silk and he carries his head high," Ann added.

There is always a touch of tenderness when health and beauty stand on the side of weakness. Now, 'twas a known fact throughout Knockfeen that Nell O'Neill might pass you by six times a day on the highroad, and every time she passed, you would say to yourself: "That girl has not her equal in all Ireland." Father Tracy was not given to comment on the accident of beauty, but one day he said:

"Nell, you're fit to be a duchess or a queen, but I hope the Lord God will give you to some honest Irish boy, who will have the beauty and the virtue, which kings and dukes don't always have."

So when her sisters sang the praises of Phelim, Nell rose to the defence of her frail brother.

"Phelim's hair may be silk, and his head may be high, and he may be strong and handsome; but Danny is first in all his classes, and brings home the prizes. Miss Connelly, after catechism last Sunday, said he was among the brightest boys she had ever met."

To tell the whole truth, Nell said all this with a tilt to her head and an expression of defiance lingering about the corners of her mouth that provoked a retort. And the retort came, you may be sure.

Then the mother, a woman of fifty, with a soft voice that turned away anger, threw in a kindly word.

"Children dear, why do you be working yourselves up about trifles? Sure Phelim is mine and I love him, and so are you all, and so is my Danny."

But always the mother drew the delicate lad toward her when she said this, and stroked his head and held him close for a little.

"Yes; but, mother, you love Danny

more than all of us," Mary commented.

"Mary, didn't you hear the servant girl tell you that the grey hen out in the barnyard keeps the weak chicken always next her? It wouldn't be nature if the mother didn't love the weakest. That's why God gives her the mother heart. You're all strong and hearty, and you can go out among people and enjoy yourselves. But Danny is as frail as a flower; so he stays at home and reads for me when you're all away. Yes, Mary dear, I love you all, but I love my Danny too."

Now, she meant to say, "I love my Danny best," but she suppressed the word that might inject the poison of jealousy.

One still has a picture of the O'Neill farm a mile out from Knockfeen. A tree-lined avenue led up to the house from the main road. There were barns and stables and cowhouses to the rear. Around these, in the early summer mornings, the servants drew from the full udders of the well-fed cows the foaming white milk, some of them singing as they worked. There was the noise of milk cans, and the plaintive bawling of calves, and the loud calling of human voices, that gave you the impression of business and hurry. Sometimes Phelim O'Neill — called "the Masther" by the servants — came out from the dwelling-house on a tour of inspection. He never talked loud or long when matters did not suit him, which had a far-reaching effect with his servants. For usually the man of few words puts his speech into act. Yet "the Masther" was singularly kind and treated those who worked for him with marked courtesy. "Signs on," remarked one of the neighbors, "he gets more out o' thim."

Directly in front of the living house were flower beds interwoven with a network of gravel walks. Beyond the flower beds stretched a great lawn, in which, here and there, lordly oaks made wide shadows. At the end of the lawn, a stream flowed over little slate-like stones, and murmured as it went.

Inside, the house was richly, though not grandly, furnished. One does not remember the details after so many years, but the impression remains of a substantial home with all the home comforts. Indeed, Tade Clancy remarked one day:

"By gor', Phelim O'Neill is well off enough to be a Prodestant!"

"He is, — indeed he is," answered Owen Conway, "and he deserves it." Then he swerved from his thought and added: "Faith the Prodestants are all well-to-do in this world, however 'twill be wid 'em in the next."

The years went their swift way, and before one knew it Phelim was entering his young, healthy manhood. Gradually the father placed the burdens he had borne so long on the shoulders of the son who carried his name. Mary and Ann were married, and had such weddings as Knockfeen never saw before or since. But Nell was still single; and, though she was yet young, people said it was time to select one from the many who would be proud of her hand. Somehow, Nell did not select, and the neighbors kept wondering. Danny grew stronger with years; and, though he wasn't a giant and never would be, he was no dwarf either. He was sent to Blackrock College, because he liked books; so was Phelim, for that matter; but Phelim thought he had learning enough after two years' stay, and settled down to take up the burdens of the farm.

One day during the vacation, after Danny had received his A. B. degree, Nell and himself walked out through the flower beds and down the wide lawn to the stream. It was cool there. Under a tree that threw its shadow across to the other bank, they sat down together. The place was very still. Only a few wandering bees buzzed about in drowsy fashion. Here and there a stone projecting above the stream churned the gliding waters into foam. Not a bird sang in the summer heat; not a dog barked at the coming of a stranger; not a cow lowed

to be driven to the dairy yard, for the milking hour was not yet come. It was very quiet there. Neither brother nor sister was anxious to break the silence, for they were under the spell of the place.

People who think that entertainment consists in conversation, and therefore must always converse, miss the meanings of chasmy pauses. Often the pause in a song is sweeter than the song itself. Those who sit or walk and feel free to be silent will speak only when the mood is on them. For conversation, like writing or oratory or music, must be quickened by inspiration. The fact that people so soon grow weary of one another often arises from the fact that they have never cultivated the language of silence. Nell had a secret for her brother, and she wanted his advice. When she spoke, she was still half lost in the mazes of her reverie.

"Danny, we have come on together ever since we were children. We are children no more. We have reached the end of the journey."

"Yes, the end of the journey!" echoed Danny.

The girl roused herself.

"Brother dear, you don't understand me. I mean the real end of the journey. We must say good-bye and part."

"Yes, we must say good-bye and part!" came the echo.

Nell shook "brother dear" by the shoulders, and her eyes looked straight into his. Then she said with emphasis, as if she were a judge pronouncing a sentence:

"Danny O'Neill, listen and hear! Your beloved sister, Nell O'Neill, whom all Knockfeen expects to see married soon, isn't going to marry at all. A month from to-day she'll be in the convent of Good Shepherd to begin learning to be a nun."

Danny had caught the pious phrasing of the spiritual adviser during his college course; and, placing his hand on the head of his sister, said with mock solemnity:

"Daughter, we bless your choice, and hope you'll never return."

Then sister and brother forgot solemnity, and their laughter drowned out the buzzing of bees and the murmur of gliding waters. But in a little while the laughter died away, and they were serious again.

"Danny, I know my choice will surprise everyone around, even if it doesn't surprise you."

"You see, Nell, I know you better than anybody else does, and that's why."

"Yes, I think you know me, Danny," said the girl, looking thoughtfully at her brother. "I feel I ought to go, that my place is there; and if I stay, I know I won't be happy."

"Then go, Nell! I'll miss you, of course. But I'd miss you more only I am going too."

"Going too?"

So Danny had a surprise also.

"Yes, I have made up my mind to be a priest."

"O Danny, how good God is!" And straightway the girl reached over and kissed the white face of her brother.

"You'll be in Maynooth for three or four years, then you'll be a curate in the city or somewhere near it, and you can come in and see me. And—oh, 'twill be just like home!" The future nun clapped her hands with the joy of anticipation.

"No, Nell," Danny answered wistfully. "Even that can't be."

"That can't *be!*" exclaimed Nell, with marked emphasis on the last little word.

"No."

"And why, sure?" The head was tilted a little to one side, the lips were parted in a troubled way, and the eyes were suspiciously misty.

"Nell, I'll tell you, if you promise not to waste time afterward trying to make me change my mind."

Of course Nell promised—for 'twas a great secret,—but made all manner of mental reservations.

Danny began: "Last year, some time before Christmas, a priest from America visited the college. He was a missionary priest from Texas, a State bordering on

Mexico. He was with us only three days, and the day before he left the president asked him to address the students. He was a tall, thin man, about fifty years of age, who had left Ireland twenty years before, and had never seen it since. He was returning, he said, to visit the old place in Galway where his sister, the only living member of his family, was residing. Then he switched off and spoke about his far-away mission. 'Young men,' I remember him saying, 'I may say of Texas to you what Christ said to His Apostles, of the region about Him, "the harvest is great but the laborers are few."' He told of the high blue sky, and the hot sun; of the ranches, or farms, stretching for miles and miles away; the parched fields; the cattle wandering over miles of prairie; the cowboys that live and die on the backs of their horses. Then he spoke of the want of priests. 'Here are some of you,' he said, 'studying to be priests for your own island home. My parish is longer and wider than any seven dioceses in Ireland. Here you have priests in abundance; there, the men and the women of your own race, and of every other race, are hungering for the bread of the Word, but there is no one to break it to them. There is a great call from the Heart of Christ for some heroic young men among you, who feel they have a vocation for the priesthood, to make an act of renunciation and seek the vast tractless regions of Texas, there to plant the seed of faith. The sacrifice is great, but the reward is eternal!'"

Danny paused for a little and then added quietly: "Nell, I have made the act of renunciation. I am going to Texas."

Nell cried softly, and Danny gazed thoughtfully at the stream. There is relief in tears; for when the true-hearted girl had wiped her eyes, and when the cooling evening wind had removed all the tell-tale marks of her weeping, she was calm, almost reconciled. She took her brother's arm and they walked home together.

In one of the mission cemeteries of Southern Texas there is a well-kept grave with an unpretentious monument at the head. There is a well-equipped academy near by. The Sisters think it a sweet task each day to water the grass that is always green above the decaying bones. They will tell you the story of a refined young priest who arrived from Ireland some years before. They will speak of his long journeys to Mexican camps and scattered ranches of Catholics. They will tell of the fever that caught him. They will speak of a night when a couple of devoted Mexicans, after bringing the dying priest across wide wastes in a canvas-covered wagon, left him at the door of the convent to the protection of the Sisters. They will not speak of their own large charity in caring for the homeless one, who left a home beyond the seas. No; but they will eulogize his sweet patience, his readiness to live or to die as God willed, his gratitude for every least service. Yes, and they will tell with tears of a little brass crucifix which he always carried next his heart.

"Send this to Nell. She'll be glad to keep it," he said tenderly, when the hand of Death was already clutching at his throat.

Later they sealed the precious relic, with a letter, and sent it away. He who had worn it and prized it so dearly was also gone away. Four weeks later the nun in Good Shepherd convent read that letter, so full of sympathy and sweet appreciation for him who in life she could meet no more. Nell wept long and silently, till every page was wet with her tears. Over and over again she kissed the little crucifix which he had carried so close to his heart. Many and many a time afterward she looked at it and held it to her lips with a thought and a tear, and a prayer for him who had left father, mother, brothers, sisters, lands and all else, to seek the wandering sheep on the arid plains.

The Professor.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

SIR GILBERT YORKE was breakfasting in solitary state in a large, oak-panelled room that looked out on a level snow-covered lawn. He was a man of about seventy years of age, lithe, lean, and pale. His sunken grey eyes were, however, bright and keen; and the firm-lipped mouth and square chin bespoke determination verging on obstinacy. The breakfast table was carefully laid: the housekeeper knew better than to neglect her duties. Indeed, Mrs. Roberts sometimes complained that Sir Gilbert's quarrel with his only son had left him more exacting and more observant of any remissness.

When Sir Gilbert finished breakfast, he touched the bell and the butler brought in the letter bag. Only one letter claimed his immediate attention. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting, and Sir Gilbert turned it over two or three times before he broke the seal. When he did he read:

ROSEMOUNT, Burton,

Dec. 18, 19—.

SIR:—My granduncle, Professor Farrer, wishes me to write to you. He came to pay us a visit some weeks ago, and when about to return to London fell ill. He would very much wish to see you.

If you can pay him a visit, my husband and I shall feel very grateful, and we will endeavor to make you comfortable while you are with us. I understand the Professor desires to consult you regarding a book he has been writing on the history of your county.

Yours sincerely,

EDITH MARKS.

"Dear me!—dear me!" Sir Gilbert cried. "The Professor ill! I never knew him to be ill before. Poor old Dick! Of course I'll go."

And for a minute or two Sir Gilbert's thoughts went back to the days of his

youth when he and Dick Farrer first became friends. That friendship had never been interrupted. They had pretty much the same tastes and the same prejudices. Both were strong old-fashioned Conservatives; and when Sir Gilbert's son Mark refused to stand in the Tory interest for one of the county divisions, and further showed himself possessed of Liberal ideas, the two old friends were indignant. The Professor wrote letter after letter to Mark, begging him to stick to his father's principles; while Sir Gilbert very promptly ordered his son to seek a home elsewhere. Young Mark obeyed, and hastened to London, where he obtained some journalistic work; while there he added to his faults by marrying a young and pretty girl, of good family, but possessing no means. That event had taken place three years previously; and Sir Gilbert had instructed his solicitor to draw up a will in which the bulk of his property was bequeathed on his sister's only son.

Sir Gilbert obtained a railway guide, and, after a puzzled interval, found the information he sought. He could reach Burton that evening after dinner. "And no doubt I can easily get a carriage or fly to take me to the place."

The early winter afternoon was closing in when Sir Gilbert alighted at a small provincial town. He made inquiries of a drowsy porter. That individual rubbed the back of his head reflectively.

"Rosemount?" he repeated. "No, sir, I don't recall the name. Maybe you mean Roselawn Cottage?"

Sir Gilbert had a poor memory for names. He put his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, seeking the letter which had been left at home.

"I haven't the letter," he said fretfully, after a search. "Yes, I suppose you're right, porter,—Roselawn. Yes, certainly." (He gave the man a substantial tip.) "And I quite forget the name of the people, too."

"I never did hear it," the porter replied.

'I never forget names. But it's all right. Shall I call a cab, sir? Roselawn is two miles off, but the roads are slushy.'

"Yes, yes!" Sir Gilbert assented. "And tell the driver where he is going, please. I have only a portmanteau, thanks!"

In a little less than three-quarters of an hour Sir Gilbert was ushered, by an old lady of grim aspect and defective hearing, into the drawing-room of a small cottage. A bright fire burned in the grate; and the gentleman, as he stood in the traditional British attitude with his back to the fire, was vaguely aware that the room had a pleasant and home-like look. A few good engravings hung on the walls; a number of books lay about; there were some late roses in a glass on a table; and a tiny horse and cart, the playthings of a child, were on one side of the fireplace.

The door opened quietly, and a young woman—little more, indeed, than a girl—came into the room. Sir Gilbert's first thought was that she was very beautiful; his second, that she looked shockingly ill and wearied. There were dark shadows round the big grey eyes, that intensified their clearness; the ruddy golden hair was somewhat ruffled, and the red lips drooped at the corners. She gave a little cry as she advanced (Sir Gilbert remembered later) and extended her hand in welcome.

"Oh, you have come!" she exclaimed.

Sir Gilbert feared she was about to burst into tears, and spoke hastily, in matter-of-fact tones.

"Of course, my dear madam!" he answered, and tried to recall the lady's name. "Of course! And how is the Professor?"

The lady's lips trembled, and two big tears rolled down her white cheeks; but she made a tremendous effort to regain her composure.

"Oh," she said, "it is too terrible! And he was so strong, so well!"

"What is the matter?" Sir Gilbert asked.

But the lady caught sight of the horse

and cart. She lifted them and thrust them into a corner, and sank into a chair, weeping, with her hands over her face.

"My dear madam,—my dear madam!" (Sir Gilbert had the natural man's horror of tears.) "Now, now, you mustn't, you know! You mustn't give way."

"No, no. I must not! I am doing the nursing myself." The girl struggled to her feet. "The doctor wanted a nurse but I wouldn't have one. Besides, he wouldn't like a stranger."

"No," Sir Gilbert assented. "I suppose not. But what is the disease?"

"Scarlet fever, and there are complications. That is the danger."

"Oh, scarlet fever! I thought" (Sir Gilbert's medical knowledge was very elementary),—"I thought there was a certain age—"

"No, I think not."

"Can I see him?"

"To-morrow, perhaps. There's a specialist coming from London to-night. He will be here early to-morrow morning. Our own doctor is" (the speaker's voice broke),—"is, I can see, hopeless."

The poor woman again appeared on the point of breaking down.

"My husband is on a Birmingham paper," she presently explained; "and his is night work at present." She gave a wan smile. "For health's sake, we live in the country."

"Of course,—of course! I understand. I think I had better retire now, if I may. To-morrow I shall hope to see the Professor."

"And Margaret—she's my old nurse—will show you to your room."

In a minute or two the grim-visaged domestic reappeared and led Sir Gilbert up the narrow stairs. She pointed to a door at the end of a passage, just as she opened the door of the room assigned to the guest.

"He's there," she said,—"the poor dear!"

"Do you think will he recover?" Sir Gilbert asked.

Margaret shook her head.

Tired as Sir Gilbert was, he did not sleep soundly. He dreamed brokenly of his son Mark and of Dick Farrer. In the grey dawn of the early morning he heard the puffing of a motor beneath his window.

"The specialist!" he thought, and dressed hastily. As he stepped from his room to the corridor, a gentleman emerged from the sick-room.

"With care," he was saying, "he'll pull through. Oh, Sir Gilbert you're here!"

The speaker advanced; and Sir Gilbert recognized a certain Doctor Layton, with whom he was acquainted.

"How is the patient?" Sir Gilbert asked.

"Oh, not so very badly!" the professional man replied. "The doctor here is rather easily alarmed. Of course scarlet fever and bronchitis together are troublesome."

"Can I see the Professor now?"

"Certainly."

Doctor Layton opened the door of the sick-room. The local doctor was standing by the fireplace with the lady Sir Gilbert had seen the previous evening, and a young man knelt by the white bed in one corner of the room.

Sir Gilbert advanced to the bed on which a small bright-eyed, fever-flushed boy lay.

"Why, this isn't—!" he began, and stopped.

The kneeling man rose and held out his hands.

"Father, this is good of you! Forgive—" (the voice broke). "Marion told me you had come. She recognized you."

"Mark!" Sir Gilbert gasped.

Doctor Layton interposed. He had chanced to hear of the quarrel between Sir Gilbert and his son.

"This visit is to the patient, and it must be a short one. Little man, this is your grandfather, come to tell you to make haste and get well."

The child wrinkled his brows, held out a fevered hand and made an effort to speak.

"That will do," the physician said, and Sir Gilbert relinquished the hot little hand. "We'll see you soon again."

Mark Yorke then led the two men down the stairs to the room where breakfast was laid.

"Marion will be here in a few minutes," he said. "She will allow the little chap's nurse to take charge of him now. She was desperately frightened yesterday about the Professor."

"The Professor?" There was a note of inquiry in Sir Gilbert's voice, and his son laughed.

"Yes, Gilbert has acquired a habit of frowning, and I fancied he looked rather like Professor Farrer. So we got into the habit of calling him the Professor."

Sir Gilbert hesitated a moment.

"I'm very glad you called him so, Mark," he said. "As soon as the child can be moved, you must all come to Yorke Hall,—you, Marion, and the Professor."

An Episode of the Commune.

BY M. L. F.

WHEN the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, and Paris was threatened by an invading army, my grandparents, who had been for some time residing in the Rue du Bac, sought refuge in Brittany, where they eventually settled down in quaint, old-fashioned Dinan. Here they soon became acquainted with their neighbors, a family called Bazin, one of whom was a Jesuit. It was from Père Bazin's lips that I afterward heard an account of his imprisonment during the Commune.

As long as the siege of Paris lasted, the Jesuits turned their colleges into hospitals, while their time and resources were freely given to the sick and wounded. Scarcely, however, had the Prussians evacuated the city than the religious set to work to cleanse and repair their houses; and on March 9, 1871, two hundred pupils had gathered once more in the school-rooms of the Rue de Vaugirard. But this term was destined to be of short duration,

In less than a week professors and pupils were again on the move, having been dispatched for safety to the Jesuits' country-house at Moulineaux, outside Paris.

To this prompt measure the greater number of the Jesuits owed their lives; for on the 18th of March, soon after their departure, there broke out the revolution called the Commune,—engendered among the lower classes of the capital by three long months of hunger and privation. The presence of a standing army had kept order during the siege; but when, after the capitulation, that army was disbanded, and when in turn the Prussians left the country, then the mob rose in its fury, and, joined by the National Guards with both rifle and cannon, took possession of the capital. It became necessary to reorganize an army at Versailles, and, for the second time within six months, lay siege to the city.

On their side, the Commune leaders determined to secure a number of hostages; and on the 4th of April a party of National Guards appeared before the Jesuit college on the Rue de Sèvres, where they arrested the venerable superior, Père Ducoudray, and several of the other Fathers. Père Bazin was fortunate enough to escape at the time, but was recognized some days later at the Gare du Nord, and incarcerated in the prison of Mazas, where Père Ducoudray and his companions were already confined.

"Then followed the gloomiest eight weeks of my life," Père Bazin declared in after years. "I found myself condemned to solitary imprisonment in a narrow, badly lighted cell, where my only furniture was a table and chair, and a hammock slung up in a corner. My only consolation was in prayer."

Père Bazin was not the only one to think those hours tedious; and, although the sound of the cannon's intermittent firing roused hope in the hearts of all the prisoners, for most of the party imprisoned those hopes were never to be realized. The army from Versailles had indeed

taken the forts and entered Paris; but they had to fight their way in, step by step, meeting everywhere with stubborn resistance.

Seeing now that their cause was a desperate one, the Commune chiefs decided to wreak their vengeance on the innocent hostages whom they had in their power. For this purpose they moved them to the jail of La Roquette, which stands in the heart of the Paris slums, in the neighborhood of the "Place" where once stood the too celebrated fortress of La Bastille. Like Mazas, La Roquette had, on each of its three stories, a corridor into which opened a double row of cells. It was a gloomy enough building; yet to the unfortunate prisoners it presented one inestimable advantage. At La Roquette recreations in common were the rule—in the corridors when the weather was inclement; when fine, in the Chemin de Ronde,—and here the prisoners were able to identify one another,—Père Bazin discovering among his comrades in misfortune the Archbishop of Paris and the President of the Chambers.

It is a matter of history that on the 24th of May, 1871, Mgr. Darboy, President Bonjean, and four of the Jesuits, were taken from their cells and shot outside the prison; also that two days later fifty other hostages were removed, marched under escort through the suburbs of the town, and finally murdered at Vincennes. What is not generally known is how it happened that Père Bazin, with the remainder of the prisoners, was able to escape the same tragic fate.

At their first visit to La Roquette, the emissaries of the Commune had selected their victims from the lowest story of the jail; at the next, they cleared the second corridor and part of the third. It can easily be imagined, therefore, with what feelings of apprehension the hostages on the top floor awaited events. But they were men, about forty of them military men,—soldiers, gendarmes, loyal National Guards,—and they swore that they would

die of starvation rather than submit to be slaughtered by the rabble. One scruple held them back—loyalty to authority. Did the Commune constitute lawful authority? Such was the doubt submitted to Père Bazin, and he answered: "Resist!"

On the morning following this decision, the prisoners, as agreed upon, saved half their scanty breakfast; then all waited impatiently for the ten o'clock recreation, during which the attendants were in the habit of sweeping the cells. On this 27th of May, however, the cells remained unswept; for, at a preconcerted signal, the warders were overpowered, and the huge gates that closed one end of the corridor were shut and carefully locked on the inside. About noon the warders' absence was first discovered, and in a very little while keepers and servants had hurriedly made their way to the uppermost story of the prison. They found the gates securely locked, the soldiers defiant, impervious alike to threats and promises; and, as the stout iron doors resisted their efforts, they were at length obliged to retire.

The prisoners' decision had been taken not a moment too soon; for in the course of the afternoon a detachment of National Guards appeared before the jail, with orders to bring away the remaining hostages left at La Roquette. When told what had happened, these men fell into a rage, and ran up the stairs, prepared to fire through the bars of the gates. But, fortunately, the soldiers had not been idle. They had been deprived of their arms, and no furniture was at hand save their beds and bedding; but these the prisoners used for the erection of a barricade, the mattresses closing each chink or cranny through which the marksmen could take aim. After resorting to threats, promises, and even treacherous wiles, the Communists toward nightfall withdrew from La Roquette.

The 28th of May fell on Whit-Sunday that year, and Père Bazin addressed the

prisoners. He had scarcely finished speaking when all started to their feet; for the noise of heavy tramping on the stairs seemed to announce the renewal of the attack. "Let us in!" shouted a voice. "We are friends!" But the prisoners only laughed at the seeming deception. And even when informed that General Bruat had taken the city, they refused to believe the news and open the doors.

It was only when the captain in command passed his sword hilt through the bars, and swore upon its cross that the Versaillais were at his back, that the barricade was—cautiously at first, then joyously—withdrawn; and the prisoners from the upper story fell on the necks of the weary men who, begrimed with plaster and blood, had come so opportunely to save what remained of the hostages from the cruel clutch of the Commune.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VIII.

CONCERNING most things, my friend Constance and I are in perfect accord. She is so unselfish that she would be happier if I could have more joy than she possesses; and I am so fond of her that I should gladly part from such joys as I have if that would add to her stock of pleasure. Yet we are rivals, bitter ones. Along in January, she sends word to me over the telephone wire that she has received a seed catalogue, or I send a similar message to her; and whoever is first is rejoiced at the chagrin of the other. Then, our little contest adjusted, we settle down in peace for another year.

I do not mind that she has the most wonderful success with her garden; while concerning mine, the least said the better; but I want to be the first one to get an amazing pamphlet with impossible flowers and gaudy vegetables on its cover. Precious little good it does me, however,

Considering my outlay of cash and enthusiasm, I certainly have had very small returns. I could write a thick book telling of my mistakes and disappointments, just as others write volumes expatiating upon the wonderful success that comes to them. Perhaps they forget their failures. They certainly must have a certain share of bugs and worms and drought and blight.

Since I have been a Shut-In, things have been infinitely worse. My garden has taken advantage of my absence and turned to a miniature wilderness; and the weeds are marvellous to behold. Such velvety mullein, such golden dandelions, such enchanting chickweed, such delectable grasses! But even in other days, when I was a Shut-Out, I had every species of failure. My lily bulbs would vanish, bugs of every kind and color would devour my roses, and strange mildews would attack my hardy plants.

People may tell you that you will have no difficulty with flowers you love. Take this with a grain of salt. Of all blossoms, mignonette is most dear to me. It is associated with my early childhood, when I was graciously allowed to hold the bouquets of the grown-up ladies of the family while, in the opera season, they waited for their carriages and cavaliers. Oh, *those* bouquets, — inartistic and stiff in their filigree holders of silver, but sweet with the fragrance of mignonette! When I grew older, another picture took, in my mind, the place of the little girl who hoped that the carriage would be slow in coming; for then I heard of the legend which tells of our Blessed Lady's footprints giving a perfume to a grateful little weed. "I have no beauty to adorn her way; I can only let her tread upon me," said the poor little weed, — you remember the tender story?

But, dearly as I love mignonette, a perverse fate has ever pursued my efforts to make it blossom as it should. I gave it rich earth, and it became all leaves and no flowers; I tried poor soil, and starved

both flowers and leaves. If I gave it too much water, it grew like Jack's beanstalk; if too little, its one slender root could not absorb enough. And the worst remains to be told. If my mignonette ever did begin to grow and bloom as it should, an unprepossessing green worm attacked it and not only grew fat on the foliage, but came into the house with it, if Louisa was not very watchful. I do not like worms or their relatives; and one of these intruders always made me think of the serpent in the first Garden of which we have record. There are people who seem to be proud of the fact that they can handle any sort of reptile without a shudder. Was it Louis Agassiz who caused a panic at a dinner table by producing a lively toad from his pocket?

— No; as I said before, love does not always make flowers thrive. A man whom I consulted, and who resembles an animated hogshead, said to me: "Mignonette?" (He pronounced it as it is spelled.) "Oh, yes! I like not flowers. I raise it for my bees. I sowed an acre of it and my honey was fine. I sow two acres next year." I pity a bee with a healthy appetite that would attempt to forage for honey materials in *my* mignonette bed!

But there is the telephone! I listen, and a clear voice says: "Two seed catalogues arrived this morning."

O LORD God, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life! Thou in whom is no darkness, wandering, falsehood, nor death: O Light, without which there is darkness; Way, without which there is wandering; Truth, without which there is falsehood; Life, without which there is death! Say, Lord, "Let there be light!" that I may see light and eschew darkness; see the way and avoid wandering; see the truth and shun falsehood; see life and escape death. Enkindle a blind soul that sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death, and direct my feet in the way of peace.—*St. Augustine.*

Liberal Christians and Modern Science.

IN a recent issue of *La Revue du Monde*, an able contributor discusses at considerable length the attitude toward science maintained by a certain school of liberal Catholics,—“liberal” being used, of course, in its European acceptation. He speaks of such Catholics as coquetting with Modernism, in which they fancy they see progress. They seek out all the modernistic idols; not, of course, to adore them in place of the true God, but for the purpose of proposing treaties of peace,—the proposers usually standing all the expense and getting very meagre returns. The following extracts may prove of interest to our readers.

Face to face with insurgent Science, these liberal Catholics are afraid, as were their political kinsfolk when face to face with the Revolution. They entertain for this Science excessive respect, approaching her hat in hand, and begging her not to get angry, but rather to consider all the concessions that can be made to her without wounding faith, in order to bring about a most desirable agreement. Placed between faith and science, it is of faith that they demand the greater sacrifices; in more than one case such sacrifices are out of the question, because truth admits of no compromise. . . .

But what is this duel between modern science and faith in which the liberal Catholics are displaying such chivalrous spirit? It is a duel between hypotheses and certitudes,—a game for dupes, if ever there existed one. Is this pretended science, which they name with bowed head and bended knee, anything else than an ingenious apparatus of theories, without other foundation than the brain in which they were hatched? That molecular analysis by means of improved tools has been pushed very far; that we know to-day laws unknown yesterday; that the application of mathematics to suppositions has produced satisfactory results; that,

in fine, there has been realized an immense progress and that superiority over old centuries has been shown,—all of which one can not without injustice deny. This, however, is not the totality of Science. To *know* is to have apprehended the causes of phenomena, to have discovered origins, to have mastered the order of generations corporal and spiritual, and to have reduced the details to synthetic unity: then only is the machine analyzed, the world conquered by science.

Now, as to all these formidable questions, what does modern science teach us? What is the age of matter? How did it appear in space? What is its intimate constitution or formation? What is an atom? What are magnetism and electricity and light, which are to-day the world's playthings? What is to be understood by positive and negative electricity? What is gravitation? What is attraction? What is life?

The world of humanity is not any better known. The Bible apart, what can be affirmed of the origin of man, the development of races, the genealogy of these races and their distribution over the globe? What becomes of the prehistoric (if the word has any sense), if this world is explicable by means of Davy's lamp, or Edison's? On all these points modern science delivers its fantasies with exaggerated emphasis; and our liberal Christians gather them up like so much manna in the desert, religiously labelling them “the conclusions of Science.”

Of course the Bible, interpreted by the Church, does not give the complete solution of these problems. God has not thought fit to reveal everything concerning the origin and nature of things. . . . In the midst, however, of immovable shadows that seem to bid defiance to the efforts of genius, He has mercifully established lighthouses to indicate the starting point, the direction to take, and the goal. The whole chain is there, despite our failure to see the intermediary links.

Notes and Remarks.

That the fire losses throughout this country last month averaged a million dollars a day, and that to this financial damage must be added a large loss of life, are facts that merit a little more reflection than is generally given to statistical information devoid of purely personal interest. "This loss of life and waste of property are not caused by act of Providence or under circumstances beyond human control," comments the *Inter Ocean*. "T. R. Weddell, secretary of the committee on publicity and education, is authority for the statement that two-thirds of the Chicago fires were due to rank carelessness and were easily preventable. This is undoubtedly true. As compared with the fire losses of European countries, our fire losses are incredibly large. Our fire records are looked upon with astonishment abroad, and many intelligent foreigners can not understand that we do not deliberately set the fires that devastate our cities. Some day, of course, the powers of the State and the municipality will insist that all buildings must be fire-proof—actually as well as theoretically,—and the 'firetrap' will not be allowed to stand as a menace to the community."

Meanwhile, as our Chicago contemporary advises, the only way to reduce the fire waste is to arouse the individual to a sense of his personal responsibility for some part of the terrible loss that is occurring day after day.

We are gratified to see reproduced in so widely circulated a Catholic periodical as *Extension* the criticism of the Y. M. C. A. that appeared in a recent issue of the *Bombay Examiner*. Our separated brethren need to be assured that Catholics, far from being opposed to such organizations as the Y. M. C. A., or to such projects as the Men and Religion Forward Movement, are heartily in favor of them *for sectarians*. Anything

at all, in fact, calculated to make non-Catholics more Christian, or to effect a genuine reform in Protestantism, is matter for rejoicing with us; and we should be unworthy members of the Church if we did not rejoice. Instead, then, of berating the efforts of Protestants to attain to better things, let us rather encourage them as far as we may; at the same time missing no opportunity to make our separated brethren realize their limitations and to convince them that the Church suffices for its members. Father Hull's words seem to us to ring true; and it was characteristic of Dr. Kelley (editor of *Extension*) to make them his own:

Let it be understood by our non-Catholic colleagues that we have not a word to say against the Y. M. C. A., looked at in itself and taken for what it is—namely, a well-organized and successful endeavor for promoting the religious and social well-being of Protestant young men, on the lines of Protestantism in which they have been brought up. We take no narrow sectarian view even of Catholicism itself. We believe that there are in the world many forms of good work which have their origin and inspiration outside the Church; and, next to making men Catholics, we hold in esteem and appreciation any effort to make men better than they are, no matter under what limitations; but let them confine their labors to the classes which are open to accept them and are not in principle bound to reject them. Let them do what they may to strengthen and confirm their own form of faith and worship; but let them kindly leave our people severely alone. If they do this, we have not a word to say against them.

The President of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, does not appear to be enamored of the methods that obtain in our public high schools. His observations are not new, but they warrant reproduction:

The high school student is led to believe that education is attained by learning a little of each of many things; he gains, therefore, a superficial knowledge of many subjects and learns none with thoroughness. He lacks the hard fibre of intellectual discipline. Such a youth has not been educated. That only is

education which sets a boy on the way to use his own mind for his pleasure and his profit; which enables him to attack a problem, whether it be in school or in business, and to think out the right answer. Education, rightly understood, is a power-producing process; and the serious indictment against the secondary school system to-day is that its graduates do not acquire either discipline or power. The real struggle in the American high school is between that influence which makes toward thoroughness and that which makes toward superficiality; and if the high school is to become the true training-place of the people, the ideal of thoroughness must supplant the ideal of superficiality.

Dr. Pritchett makes no mention—quite naturally, in view of his position—of the religious element in the training of youth; so that one of the foregoing sentences, to become strictly accurate, needs some such amendment as: "That only is education which effects the symmetrical development of body, intellect, and soul." Even in the matter of instruction, however, it is clear that there is a lamentable lack in the high schools—and in the primary ones no less.

How the anti-clerical policy of the new Portuguese Republic has worked out may be learned from an article contributed to the current number of the *Dublin Review* by Prof. Camillo Torrend, S. J., editor of the *Broteria*. The situation may be described in five words: anarchy everywhere, progress in nothing. Dr. José d'Almeida, late Minister of the Interior, one of the ablest men in Portugal, makes this frank admission: "We have done but a negative work by causing revolution and indiscipline everywhere." In the words of Father Torrend:

The anti-clerical policy of the new Portuguese Republic has, therefore, proved a complete failure. It has given to other countries a vivid picture of the anarchy into which a country must fall if its rulers have no other aim than the destruction of those conservative principles on which any civilized society is based—respect for religion, property, and the stability of the classes. Persecution has in the meantime done good, to some extent, in arousing the Portuguese people from their normal apathy. It has been

the origin of a decided quickening of religion and patriotism, which may well result some day in the complete regeneration of the country. The Latin races of Southern Europe have special need of a strong religious feeling, so as to develop the consciousness of duty in all classes of society, (particularly the uneducated classes), and so as to restrain them from the excesses to which their hot temper is bound to give rise unless kept under a firm control. Quite recently, Machado dos Sanctos, the real founder of the Republic, . . . wrote sadly the following words: "This is not the Republic of which we dreamed. This is not the Republic which we hoped to establish in Portugal with a handful of brave soldiers. It was not with hatred and persecution, or antipatriotic decrees, or windy declamations thereof, that we wished to regenerate our country."

When the pastor of a village in Poland was recently told by one of his parishioners, a girl eighteen years of age, that she was going to leave the old place to join the emigrants to America, and that she expected to find work in Chicago, where other girls from Poland had found employment, he presented her with a yellow and white ticket, one of several received from his Cardinal Archbishop. The ticket was at once a label, and a guarantee that the welfare of the girl immigrant would be looked after by the Protectorate of the Catholic Women's League of Chicago. The Catholic ladies of that city distribute these tickets through the agency of the Catholic International Association for the Protection of Girls. In view of the ravages of the white slave traffic in our large cities, it is obvious that this particular work of the estimable League in our Western metropolis is in the highest degree beneficent and commendable.

Ultra-Protestants in Prussia and Holland have been trying to console themselves for the ever-increasing number of defections from the national religious faiths by declaring that the seceders have only lapsed into indifferentism, not joined any other denomination. A writer in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, however,

asserts that such is not the case. "Not only is the decline in the membership of the Lutheran Church in Prussia heavy, but it is balanced by an equally pronounced increase in the membership of the Roman Catholic Church." Of the Catholic revival in Holland he says: "Dutch Calvinism is giving way as steadily as Prussian Lutheranism. The Dutch Court is still, it is true, strongly Calvinist; but elsewhere in the Netherlands, particularly in the south of the country, the Calvinist churches are practically empty, while the Catholic churches are not only full but are increasing in number year by year.

The Church in England has sustained a distinct loss by the death, last month, of Mr. Austin Oates, K. S. G. He was for many years a leader in charitable work, all forms of which appealed to his noble heart. We are told that he was never known to refuse his aid to any undertaking for the betterment of the poor; but he had a special interest in homeless children and orphans, for whom he seemed to feel that he could never do enough. His life was devoted to them, in fact, and he died in their service. Mr. Oates was the son of the original partner in the famous publishing company of Burns & Oates, and for a time was connected with his father's business. He was a man of ability as well as of high character, and wrote much on social questions, besides contributing occasional articles on miscellaneous topics to various Catholic periodicals, *THE AVE MARIA* among them. We bespeak the charitable prayers of its readers for the repose of his soul.

The Anglican *Guardian's* opinion of the will of the late Col. Sandys, M. P.—our own has already been expressed,—is worth quoting. It says:

Protestantism has played a great part in our history for good as well as for ill, and divines of the Church of England who have borne

unmistakable testimony to Catholic truth have also called themselves Protestants. Therefore we sincerely regret anything that tends to bring the name into contempt,—for example, the foolish will of a former member of Parliament made public last week, in which the testator was at special pains to exclude Romanists, or persons marrying Romanists, from inheriting his landed estates. Had he tried to tie up the property to the use of members of a definite Christian denomination, or even of any Christian denomination save the Church of Rome, he would have stood within his right as a professing Christian. But no: the land, for aught he cared, might go to a Jew or a Mussulman (not an impossible supposition) or an Agnostic—anybody except a Roman Catholic. Altogether, the will shows more hatred of Popery than love of Christianity.

No doubt some who oppose the Church, even at this late date, are sincerely of opinion that in so doing they are rendering a service to God; but there can be no excuse whatever for the hatred which so many non-Catholics seem to bear to their Catholic neighbors.

The pretence made by certain propagandists of Socialism, that their economic theories have nothing to do with religion, will hardly avail with any one who has read the standard works of Socialist leaders. Here is a picture of the morality which is eventually to obtain, if Socialism becomes a triumphant success:

Freed from the privation of millenniums of unrequited toil, with the wealth and wonders of the world at its command, it is fairly certain that the emancipated working class, still wan from its centuries of service and sacrifice, will take great joy in repudiating, finally and forever, the fallacies and aberrations of asceticism. . . . Not the denial of life, but the laudation and triumph of life, will be the keynote of the new ethics. The lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, the pride of life, will become sacred formulas, holy and pure in the light of the perfect development of the whole man, and of all men, to which the race will dedicate itself.

The foregoing appears in "Puritanism," a work by Mr. Clarence M. Meily, who propounds sundry other detestable views.

Apropos of the Socialist propaganda, the *Irish Rosary* remarks that, as far as

regards matters of immediate social reform, we might all claim to be Socialists. As for the prospects of socialistic success, it believes the matter to be a problem in tactics. We quote:

To keep Socialism out of power, the good parts of its programme must be forestalled. It is easy to say what are the directions in which crucial reform will operate when it comes. It will seize for the service of the State a larger proportion of all unearned fortunes. It will do away with the absolutism of landlords, whether in the country or in the town. It will procure a decent wage for the laborer and the half-skilled worker. It will compel great thriving businesses and industries to contribute toward the provision of bright and sanitary homes for the manual toilers. Steps such as these would not at all amount to establishing a false equality between the industrious well-to-do, and those who have surrendered themselves to drink and sloth and filth and pauperism. These are simply matters standing for immediate action. Just at present they form the sole reason for the Socialist's existence. The problem in tactics is: Who will seize the advantage of carrying them out? Will they be undertaken by sane reformers or will they become the political passports of those who desire that everything the past has taught us shall be swept away in the end?

A good story of a conversion to the Protestant Episcopal Church is told by the *Philadelphia Record*. A clergyman of that denomination, who was passing his vacation in a remote country district, met an old farmer, who declared that he was a "Piscopal." — "To what parish do you belong?" asked the clergyman. — "Don't know nawthin' 'bout enny parish," was the answer. — "Who confirmed you, then?" was the next question. — "Confirmed me? Why, nobody," replied the farmer. — "Then how are you an Episcopalian?" inquired the clergyman. — "Well, you see it's this way. Last summer I went down to Philadelphia a-visitin', an' while I was there I went to church, an' it was called 'Piscopal, an' I heerd them say that they left undone the things what they'd oughter done and they'd done some things what they oughter done. An' I says to myself,

says I, 'That's my fix exac'ly.' An' I've been a 'Piscopalian ever since." If our High Church friends have the sense of humor, they will retell this story.

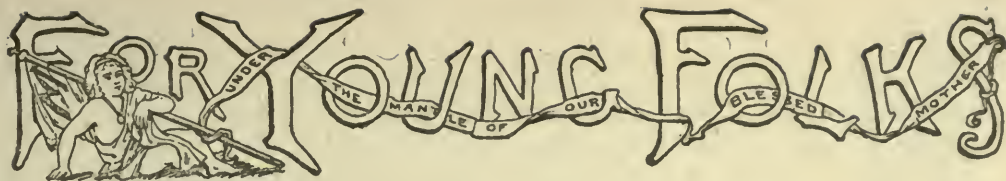
It is interesting to learn from an Irish exchange that, for the first time within living memory, Irish Catholics have got their due proportion in a batch of Governmental appointments. Among the Insurance Commissioners themselves, the division appears to be about half and half. But the premier position, the Chairmanship, has gone to a Catholic. This is important, we are told, because patronage is, according to departmental practice, wholly committed to his hands; and in the past it was a serious grievance that patronage of that kind generally rested with persons to whom the Catholics of the country could find no sympathetic means of access.

Matters are evidently improving in the Emerald Isle even before the advent of Home Rule, since only a dozen years ago there was not a single Catholic connected with the Executive Government of Ireland.

A proposal submitted at a conference of head-masters of English Protestant schools, that a Bowdlerized (expurgated) Bible should be produced for the use of schoolboys, moves the *Glasgow Observer* to remark:

In Scottish schools where Bible teaching is given, it is not given indiscriminately. The Glasgow School Board and other big Boards throughout Scotland which authorize Bible teaching issue a syllabus indicating what portions of the Bible are to be taught (and, by an obvious process of exclusion, what portions are not to be taught). Nobody would dream of condemning such a practice as bad; but, in face of it, what becomes of Protestant fault-finding with the Catholic practice of having Bible reading directed by expert choice and accompanied by authoritative interpretation?

What becomes of it? It is simply added to the monumental heap of glaring inconsistencies that have always characterized Protestantism.



The Tree I Love Best.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

THERE'S not a forest oak or elm
That is not dear to me;
Naught in the radiant summer time
More beautiful can be.

But when the autumn days are here,
And leaves fall one by one,
When empty nests from naked boughs
Proclaim that summer's done,

There is one dweller of the wood
That lifts, unscathed, its crest:
The stately fir, so darkly clad,—
The tree I love the best.

Through bitter frosts and biting winds,
Undaunted and serene,
A refuge for the homeless birds,
I love its sober green.

Constant, unchanged through storm and flood,
Dearest of all to me,
When oak and elm are brown and bare—
My faithful winter tree.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—THE SECRET TOLD.

TEN days had passed since Ginger's "weasel-faced white man" had visited Peyton Hall. Save for a few light feathery drifts that still wreathed the brow of old Pocomoke, the snow and ice had utterly vanished, and the rough mountain stood bare and brown in the sunlight; with Bonnibelle singing merrily as she leaped and sparkled over the rocks, and the creek lapping lazily along as if it had never broken bounds or burst into mischief.

And, though Mam declared that her heart had jumped out of place that night of terror and never got right again, and Uncle Scip kept anxious watch through his big horn-rimmed spectacles whenever his young "Missy" ventured any distance from home, the storm seemed to have passed without any dire consequences; and, all unconscious of any cloud gathering in her blue sky, Miss Patricia was enjoying these pleasant days to the full,—cantering over the soft snowy slopes on her pony Bobby; scrambling up the steeper slopes in gleeful races with Ginger; roasting nuts and popping corn over the big kitchen fire with Link; spending delightful mornings with Molly Mickell, who had three new Christmas games of most fascinating interest. And there were pleasanter things in prospect. Molly was to have a birthday party, with thirteen candles in a pink iced cake, and a fiddle and a banjo to play the dances. Mam grumbled disapprovingly, but "ole Missus" had always given a warm welcome to soft-eyed little Molly, so the friendship must be kept up.

"Dar'll be all sorts ob low-down chillun dar, I know," she confided to Ann Caroline; Ginger's older sister. "'Tain't no place for our little Miss; but she dun sot her head on goin' and she's got to go. And she's got to go right," added Mam, resolutely. "Ain't a-goin' to hev her in no wishy-washy white stuff like any po' white trash can wear. She dun grown out ob all her white frocks, anyhow; so you get out dat pearl-grey brocade ob ole Missus, and cut it down for her, Ann Caroline. Frill de lace round de neck and de arms, and make it rich as you can, so she can go to dat party right."

So Ann Caroline, who had been taught to sew by "ole Missus" herself in the dainty fashion of fifty years ago, got out

the pearl-grey brocade, and cut it down, and frilled it with the old point lace that had been its first adornment, according to Mam's orders. It was now hanging up in the great carved *armoire*, awaiting the delightful occasion when, with the pink iced cake and the thirteen candles Miss Patricia Peyton should burst in oldtime splendor on Molly Mickell's dance. Then a brief letter had come from Father John, stating that he would stop for a visit at Peyton Hall on his way to a missionary conference in Washington.

Altogether, the future was aglow with rosy light for the little lady of Pocomoke, as she tripped down the road this morning to see if any more pleasant news had been dropped into the mail box fastened to the big elm. The box was empty. But Fritz came leaping and barking from the rocks below; and, glancing down, Pat saw a familiar figure half buried apparently beneath a cave in the ridge.

"Link!" she called sharply. "Link, are you hurt down there?"

"No'm," replied Link, slowly dragging his lean limbs and long head into the daylight. "I ain't hurt, but I's dumb-struck for suah. Hi-yi-yii! You'll be dumb-struck too, Miss Pat! Kin you git down hyar?"

"Yes," said Pat, who was seldom withheld by the heights and depths of her native mountains; and, with a few bounds, she and Fritz were down at Link's side. "What have you found? Another powder hole?"

"No, Miss," answered Link. "Dis ain't no powder hole. Heap better dan powder hole. Look hyar, Miss!" Link held up a lump of black earth in triumph. "What yo' reckon dat is?"

"Dirt," said the young lady, briefly.

"No, Miss," declared Link. "Dat ar is coal, Miss,—*coal!*"

"Oh, is it?" asked Pat. "How do you know, Link?"

"'Cause I went purspecting last summer wif de coal-hunters, Miss. Dey come up hyar while ole Missus' was so sick and

couldn't be bothered wif nuffin', and gib me fifty cents a day to kerry 'em round and dig wif 'em,—up and down de mountain and ober de Ridge and cross Big Black. Dey was dead sot on dat coal, suah. But dey didn't find nuffin'," added Link, with a chuckle. "I dug and dug and dey poked and dey prodded more'n two weeks, and we didn't find nuffin' at all. Ole Pocomoke jest stand dar a-laughin' in de sunshine, and kept his secret fast and tight. He wouldn't gib 'em nuffin' at all; and dey mouty disappointed, for suah. I hear 'em a-talkin' ober de camp fire at night, how all de signs pointed to coal in dese hyar mountains; and dey could buy de land cheap, and make money by de millions a-diggin' dat coal up. But dey nebba found a scrap. Ole Pocomoke he jest listen and wink and nebba gib 'em a sign. 'Cause why, Miss? 'Cause ole Pocomoke's keepin' dat coal for you."

"For me?" said Pat. "What do I want with coal, Link?"

"You dig it up, Miss Pat. You git de money by de millions. I heern 'em say how dey could bring de railroad up de gorge and drain de creek and cut de shafts in de mines through de mountain, and git de millions and millions."

"Drain the creek, cut down the mountain!" echoed Pat, breathlessly. "Oh, they wouldn't,—they couldn't, Link!"

"Yes'm, dey could," answered Link. "I've been down to de mines at Smoky-top and seen: all de woods cut down, and de ground black and bare, and de holes dug deep trough de rocks and de dirt, and de big wheels a-turnin', de men and horses and de mules a-workin',—I seen it all, Miss. And dey could do dat same hyar; for de freshet bust open de Ridge, and showed de coal in dar plain. And it's all yourn, Miss Pat,—it all belongs to Peyton Hall. Mam she needn't stiddy nor worry about you no more; for you'll have de millions to make you de grandest, richest lady in de land."

The "grandest, richest lady," who had

been listening to Link with wide-open eyes of dismay, drew a long, gasping breath.

"I don't want any millions," she burst forth passionately. "I won't have them! What! Cut down the trees, dig up the rocks, tear down old Pocomoke, drain the creek and Bonnbelle? Oh, I'd die first!"

"Land sake, Miss Pat!" exclaimed Link.

"I would!" said Pat. "I never heard anything so dreadful! Turn Pocomoke into a coal mine; make everything black and bare and horrible; dig grandpap and grandmother and everybody else out of their graves; spoil my own dear, beautiful home forever and forever! I don't know how you ever dared to speak of such a thing, Link, or think of it even!" And the young lady's voice broke into a sob.

Link twirled the black lump in his hand, all the triumph of his discovery gone.

"'Twas de millions, Miss Pat!" he said remorsefully. "Dat ar gemplun dat come down hyar was a-sayin' de ole place was no 'count, and de mortgage was eatin' it up quicker ebery year. If he heard 'bout dis hyar coal—"

If he heard! A sudden thought of the legal guardian in charge of her "property and person" made Pat's heart jump. If Mr. Dunn, if Cousin Max, should learn of the millions hidden in old Pocomoke, all hope would be gone indeed.

"He must not hear!" she cried. "No one must hear, Link!" Pat's voice broke beseechingly, and her dark eyes filled. "If you ever breathe a word about this coal to anybody, I'll never, never forgive you!"

"Jest as you say, Miss Pat."

"If you care for me at all, Link, — if you care for your 'ole Missus," continued Pat, tragically, "you'll keep the secret forever and forever. For I've got a guardian now, Link, and I don't know what he might do."

"He'd go for dem millions, suah," said Link, with prompt decision.

"Oh, I'm afraid he would!" replied

Pat. "Oh, I suppose it would not be right to ask you to swear never to tell, Link!"

"I'll swear if you want me, Miss Pat," said Link; "I'll kiss de Good Book, and—"

"Oh, no, no, don't!" said Pat, hastily. "I'm afraid that would not be right, Link. Just promise, and I'll trust you,—promise and shake hands on it."

"No, Miss," said Link, recoiling from such an honor. "I don't ask to shake hands, Miss Pat. I'll promise fair and square and true wifout dat. I'll nebba tell no one 'bout dat coal till you say so. Dem purspectors couldn't tear nuffin' from me wif red-hot pincers. But ole Pocomoke he's a-hidin' millions for you, Miss Pat,—hidin' 'em for suah."

"Let him hide them forever, then," replied Pat, eagerly. "Shovel up the hole again, so nobody will ever guess, Link. O Link, to have the woods cut down and the rocks and the Ridge torn up, to have Bonnbelle choked and the creek drained dry, and maybe the Hall torn down, and grandpap and grandmother dug out of their graves! It would just break my heart!" And Pat burst into a flood of tears at the thought.

"Miss Pat, don't, — don't you cry, please!" pleaded Link, in remorseful dismay. "What for did I ebba talk about dis hyar coal for, anyhow? Wisht I may die ef I ebba say dat word again! Wisht I may die ef I tell anybody dat I ebba heern or seen it! Wisht I may die if me and ole Pocomoke don't keep dat ar secret so nobody kin ebba guess what he's a-hidin'! And I'll shovel up dat hole so tight and fast, and pile de rocks in it so 'twill nebba crack open gin till Gabriel blow de jedgment horn. I will for suah, ef you jest don't cry any more, Miss Pat."

"Then I won't," said Pat, choking down a final sob and wiping her eyes. "I know, when you promise me like that, you will keep your word, Link, and dear old Pocomoke's secret will be safe forever."

"Hyar goes de millions, den, Miss Pat!" said Link, as he flung the black lump that typified Miss Pat's fortune back into the hole, and took up the broken spade, with which he had been "purspecting," to close the opening. "And if you ebba wants 'em, ole Pocomoke is a-keepin' 'em for you."

"Want them?" repeated Pat, indignantly. "Do you think I would ever want millions that would turn Pocomoke into a coal mine,—a horrid, black, dirty, noisy coal mine? Give up dear, shady, green old Pocomoke, with its birds and rabbits and squirrels and chipmunks,—with Bonnbelle tumbling over the rocks! Give up the gorge and the creek and everything I love best in the world, to be blackened and ruined forever! Shovel up the hole quick, Link,—quick! Somebody might come along and see it. Quick, quick, please!"

And, like the "sable knight" he was, Link shovelled in obedience to his lady's word; and when Miss Pat's prospective millions were safely buried out of sight, they gathered rocks and stones together, and heaped them against the earth, lest some roving prospector, following the lead of Jack Frost, should come prying into the mountain again. And then Pat, with a relieved sigh, turned homeward, feeling that the secret of old Pocomoke was safe forever. She clambered up the rough road, realizing as she had never done before how sweet and dear to her was every nook and turn, every tree and shrub of this wild mountain home.

Winter had brief triumph in these sunlight heights. Already his sceptre was shaking in the warm breezes that swept up from the south, whispering roguishly to the leafless trees. Already there were reckless twitterings in the thick-boughed cedars. The mossy banks of Bonnbelle were already green.

Never had old Pocomoke seemed to smile so tenderly in the sunshine; never had Bonnbelle's song sounded so musically in Pat's ear; never had her mountain

oaks seemed to stretch their branches in such loving shelter about her; never had she loved this dear old home as she did to-day, when she had gladly given up her prospective "millions" to save it from harm.

With a light heart that had rebounded gladly from its momentary fear, the little lady of Pocomoke was springing gaily up the winding way that led to the Hall when she descried a small figure scurrying breathlessly down to meet her. It was Ginger, who had been kept in to "scour" tins,—Ginger, with her eyes popped and her "wrapped" locks fairly standing upright with excitement.

"Miss Pat," she gasped,—"*Miss Pat*, kite away,—kite away to de Mickell's! Dey's gwine to kerry you away—up North!"

(To be continued.)

Cats in Ancient Days.

Ancient cats must have had a sphere of great usefulness, if we are to judge from the way in which they were treated. If you were to go to the British Museum, you would see two very ancient Egyptian vases on each of which cats are imaged. Thousands of mummies of cats have been found in that country, and it seems to have been the custom to give the creatures as much of a burial as was given to human beings. In Italy also may be found old paintings and pieces of sculpture with cats prominently placed. Even on some of the tombs there are images of cats.

It is interesting to note that the cats of ancient days were very slender, and not so fat and sleek as those of our times. They must have been just as much domesticated and just as playful, because in nearly every picture they are represented as playing with the children, or comfortably curled up on a stool or chair, while the members of the family are gathered about enjoying themselves in various ways.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Spoiling the Divine Feast: Lost Communions after the First," a paper-covered booklet of 32 pages, by the Rev. F. M. Zulueta, S. J. (R. & T. Washbourne), is a forceful and convincing argument to parents and educators on the duty of encouraging the frequent and even daily Communion of children.

—The centenary of the birth of Hendrik Conscience, the Belgian novelist, is to be celebrated this year in Antwerp. Among the projects that the committee of organization are proposing for the occasion are the formation of Conscience literary circles, a popular edition of several of his works, and the placing of a bust in every Flemish household.

—Three years ago we noted with appreciation the publishing, by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, of "Jesus All Good," translated from the Italian of Father Gallerani, S. J., by F. Loughnan; last year "Jesus All Great" appeared; and now we have, from the same publishers, the third of this excellent series, "Jesus All Holy." Like its predecessors, it is replete with sound instruction admirably conveyed; and, like theirs, too, its typographical setting is worthy of commendation.

—"Booklets of Beauty" the advertisement terms them, and surely they are that,—the four little arrangements of poetry, "The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman; "The Wedding Sermon," by Coventry Patmore; "Easter Poems," and "The Cradle of the King." Inclusion in the anthologies was guarded by a discriminatingly high taste. It is well thus to present, in charming form and at simple prices, to the general reader rich offerings of the Catholic muse. Published by Burns & Oates.

—We should like to believe, did the records permit it, that the average Protestant minister, Anglican or other, who becomes a convert, finds no greater difficulty in providing for his wife and family than does Mark Ford in Father David Bearne's "Do-Re-Mi-Fa." Whether the case be an exceptional one or not, however, the story—"a family chronicle," the author styles it—is thoroughly enjoyable. It is a large family whose doings are narrated—eight boys and four girls,—and a singularly lovable one as well. The uncommonplace title of the book represents simply the initial syllables of the four elder boys' names, and the gamut is completed by those of the younger quartette, Sol-La-Si-Do. It goes without saying that

the boys thus designated are musical, and music has much to do with the charm of the narrative. An excellent Catholic tale for youth and elders. R. & T. Washbourne and Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"Troilus and Cressida" is the latest addition to Macmillan's series, the Tudor Shakespeare. It is a beautiful book, a scholarly and serviceable edition of a play interesting only to the advanced student. Surely Homeric material has fared ill at English hands, especially in the present instance. There is more beauty in two incidental lines of Marlowe's regarding Helen than in all this unlovely, depressing drama.

—"A Short Requiem⁷ Mass" (the⁷ Oliver Ditson Co.) rather pleases at first sight. It is actually short; the harmonization is of such a character that even choirs of ordinary pretensions can manage it, while first-class choirs may execute it without fear that it is not worthy their efforts, and without misgivings concerning the effect. The publishers have done their part well, but a few typographical errors which escaped the eye of the proofreader are to be noted: p. 4, *succurente* for *succurrente*, and *iudicum* for *iudicium*; p. 13, *iudicundus* for *iudicandus*; p. 18, *aternam* for *eternam*; p. 19, *movendo* for *movendi*.

—The same company publish a Requiem Mass in F Minor, by Fr. X. Schmid; and it claims to be in conformity with the Motu Proprio. The Introit is not repeated, while the Benedictus is repeated seven times. A footnote at the *Dies Irae* states that "the sequence is complete; but, as it is not necessary to sing it all, cuts can be made *ad lib.*" This is not in accordance with the Papal decree of September 11, 1847: "No stanza of the *Dies Irae* may be omitted in Masses when it is obligatory." The "cuts" should have been made in the fugues and in the repetitions.

—From the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris, we have received the "Vade-Mecum des Prédicateurs," a large brochure of 783 pages. For preachers familiar with the French language, the work should prove of inestimable value and of very notable convenience. It contains sketches of sermons for all the Sundays of the year,—at least two sketches for each Sunday; plans of discourses for the festivals of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints; and, finally, sketches of sermons for special seasons or occasions—Advent, Lent, missions, confer-

ences to men, retreats to the young and old, etc., etc. The authors are two missionaries who have already prepared numerous other books of sermons and works on the sacred sciences.

—"The Tempest of the Heart," by Mary Agatha Gray (Benziger Brothers), deals with the abandoned vocation of a young man whose gift of music and the dramatic instinct led him to give up his monastic life and to seek excitement and fame on the operatic stage. There is a Mephistopheles in the plot; also, of course, a heroine—the sister of the renegade. She is, beyond comparison, the most charming figure of the story, though Herr Schmidt is very interesting. The narrative moves from Europe to America. The descriptions of Canterbury, its fine old abbey, and the ancestral homes of the gentry, are all absorbingly interesting. The close is satisfying, because the recreant monk comes back to his own; the wicked are properly punished; and happiness is bestowed on those who have suffered. The book will be a favorite with all young readers; it sustains the author's prestige won especially by "The Turn of the Tide."

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Tempest of the Heart." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
 "Do-Re-Mi-Fa." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.10
 "Booklets of Beauty." 25 cts. each.
 "Jesus All Holy." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
 "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Vermeersch. \$1.35, net.
 "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching," Vol. III. \$2.
 "The Acts of the Apostles for Children." Mary Virginia Merrick. 75 cts.
 "Elevations of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Felix Anizan. \$1.10.
 "Christian Science and Catholic Teaching." Rev. James Goggin. 10 cts.

- "Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912." 35 cts.
 "Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons." Cora Payne Shriver. \$1.
 "Words of Wisdom to the People." Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
 "Elder Flowers." Mrs. S. B. Elder. 50 cts.
 "The Holy Mass Popularly Explained." Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur. 50 cts.
 "John Poverty." Luis Coloma, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Latter-Day Converts." Rev. Alexis Crosnier. 50 cts.
 "Kyriale with Gregorian Notes." Dr. Karl Weinmann. 30 cts.
 "Sermons for Sundays and Some of the Festivals of the Year." Rev. Thomas White. \$1.50.
 "Biography of Fr. James Conway, of the Society of Jesus." M. Louise Garesché. \$1.
 "Early Christian Hymns." Series II. Daniel J. Donahoe. \$2.
 "Bishop Hay on the Priesthood." Very Rev. Canon Stuart. 45 cts.
 "Through the Break in the Web." Stevens Dane. 45 cts.
 "Socialism and the Workingman." R. Fullerton, B. D., B. C. L. \$1.20, net.
 "The Quest of the Silver Fleece." W. E. DuBois. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Frederick Prieshoff, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Mgr. Richard Burtzell, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Richard di Palma, S. J.

Sister M. Virginia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Herman J. Heuser, Mrs. Maria Mattimore, Mr. Austin G. Oates, Mr. Michael R. Prendergast, Mrs. Angela Hasteur, Mrs. Michael Driscoll, Mrs. Margaret Callahan, Mr. Francis Shaw, Mr. Daniel McCormick, Mrs. W. F. Kramer, Mrs. Catherine Downey, Mr. Robert Nix, Mrs. Katherine Hanlon, Mr. Frank Adams, Mrs. Johanna Tobin, Charity H. Coultry, Mr. J. M. Hogan, Mrs. W. L. Bodell, Mr. R. J. Adams, Miss Teresa Breslin, Mrs. P. R. Morgan, Mrs. Francis Howard, Mr. J. J. Leahy, Miss Josephine Golden, Mrs. Sarah McCabe, Mr. John Lyons, Mrs. P. Brennan, Mr. Thomas Codrye, Mr. Michael Heraty, Mrs. Catherine Beglin, Mr. John Hyland, Mrs. Margaret Daly, Mr. John Rice, and Mr. Robert Bailie.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



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

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

The Advocate.

BY ELIZABETH CAREY.

ONCE did I kneel, thy maid,
Mother of Purity,
Joyous and unafraid
In youth's security:

"See thou my garments white,
Stainless and fair to-night;
So is my soul bedight,—
Thine and thy Son's!"

Now do I seek thy aid,
Mother of Mercy rare,
Wearied and sore dismayed,
Crying my heart's despair.
Scarlet my garments' stain,
Grimed with the world's disdain.
Help my worn soul regain
God in thy Son!

The Pity of the Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

I.—THE LEPER.

THE four Evangelists had substantially the same story to tell. Just as in a court of law four witnesses would be brought up to testify to some one thing, and their evidence would be reduced to writing, so these four Evangelists have testified in the court of the universal world, for eighteen or nineteen hundred years, regarding the words and works of one Divine Person, Jesus Christ.

By the common consent of almost all men, even of those who do not believe Him divine, the life of Jesus has been the noblest, and His words and acts the most compassionate, that ever have been read or heard of on this earth. And when the human hearts of all the centuries past had been in sorrow or deep distress, they turned to the beautiful pages that tell of all He did and said; and their hearts were comforted and their tears wiped away and hope was restored to their life.

To-day, throughout Christendom, Jesus does what of old He did in Palestine: "And He went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all diseases and infirmities among the people." And when this was rumored abroad, behold what the people did: "They brought to Him all their sick that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and such as were possessed by devils, and lunatics, and those that had the palsy; and He healed them." (St. Matt., iv.)

Now, never had the like been heard of in Israel; and so multitudes followed Him. And these multitudes came from every part of the country, showing that every part of the country had heard of Him. In the north of the country, they came "from Galilee and from Decapolis"; in the south, "from Jerusalem and Judea"; and in the east, from "beyond the Jordan," because some of the Jews had settled "beyond the Jordan." It is not said that they came from the west, because at the west were the Philistines. Later on, however, they will come from

the west; for "even the little dogs eat from the morsels of bread that fall from the master's table." St. Mark says that they "came from Tyre and Sidon,"—that is, from the northwest.

When all these multitudes followed Him, what did our Divine Lord do? "He went up into a mountain," or high hill, that was there; "and, opening His mouth, He taught them." Jesus had pity on them before He began to teach them; for "He healed all that were taken with divers diseases and torments." Then when He went up on the mountain, "He opened His mouth, and began to teach them." "Opened His mouth" may seem to us a strange expression; but it is the usual form in the East. Classical readers will remember that Virgil begins his Second Book of the *Æneid* thus:

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.*

"If it is asked what is meant by the mountain," says St. Augustine, "we answer: 'The greater precepts.' For the lesser had been given to the Jews. . . . God, through His prophets and servants, gave the minor precepts to a people who had to be restrained by fear; but the greater He gave, through His Son, to a people drawn to Him by love. . . . The greater precepts are given by God for the sake of a celestial kingdom; the lesser, for a terrestrial one. And thus hath the prophet spoken: 'Thy justice, O God, as the everlasting hills.' Thus, then, is that justly signified which was taught on the Mount by the one Master fit to teach all things. 'And, opening His mouth, He taught them.' This may be a phrase of the sacred writer, or it may be a sign that Our Lord was going to speak at some length. Let it not be forgotten, however, that He who is now said to open His own mouth was the same who in olden days was wont to open the mouths of the prophets."

When the compassionate Lord "opened His mouth" what did He say? Was it

* All were silent, and in their eagerness held their mouths shut.

something startling, something sublime, something deeply philosophic? It was indeed all these, but it was better,—it was tender, human, and compassionate: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "And when He had finished all His words in the hearing of the people, He entered into Capharnaum." (St. Luke, vii.)

We are going to meet a man with the most dreadful disease known to the Jews. He is a leper. Those who have read Father Damien's Life, by Charles Warren Stoddard, need not be told what a fatal and loathsome disease leprosy is. In olden times, everybody seeing one so afflicted cried out: "Room for the leper,—room!" And afar off the miserable man was heard raising his voice and calling aloud to all: "Unclean! Unclean!" This he was ordered to do by the law; and he was even commanded not to pass between the wind and any person, lest the wind should blow the contagion from him to the person that was whole. Everybody hastened away from him.

— "Now, whosoever shall be defiled with the leprosy and is separated by the judgment of the priest shall have his clothes hanging loose, his head bare, his mouth covered with a cloth, and he shall cry out that he is defiled and unclean. All the time that he is a leper and unclean he shall dwell alone without the camp." (Lev., xiii.)

Leprosy was incurable. It was a type of mortal sin; and came, as is supposed, from poor diet and unclean food. So mortal sin comes from keeping away from the rich food of the Sacraments, and from allowing the mind to dwell on unwholesome nourishment.

When Our Lord "came down from the mountain, great multitudes followed Him." And, to their horror, a leper with loose garments appeared; and, instead of keeping far away, as commanded by the law, he came nearer and nearer. They

cried to him in terror to keep off, but he would not. Some, through fear, began to run away; others to take up stones; for it was lawful to stone the outcast if he would not keep at a distance. O poor outcast! He has been wandering "outside the camp" — outside the abodes of men— God only knows how long. In the nighttime, when the sheep were in the fold and the cattle in their stall, for fear of the jackal and the wolf and the lion, where had he taken refuge?

It is told in the Life of St. Francis of Sales that when, as a young priest, he undertook the conversion of the wild mountains of Savoy, one snowy night he and the two priests who were with him lost their way in a forest. In the depth of the night, and while the snow was falling heavily, they heard the fierce cry of a pack of wolves. Nearer and nearer came the dreadful howling. Some of his companions tried to climb the trees; but the trees were slippery as ice, because of the hard-frozen snow. Then they gave themselves up for lost, and lay half dead with fear. All the time St. Francis was on his knees. The wolves passed and did not harm them. His companions thought it was St. Francis' prayers that saved them.

Oh, how that poor leper in the darkness of the night must have longed to return home! Perhaps he was married and had a wife and children; perhaps he was wealthy, and had a comfortable or a luxurious dwelling. Even if he had but a cabin, in that cabin there was company, there was peace, there was contentment. But wandering thus like a scapegoat, he had been sent forth from the priest's hands into the wilderness, bearing on his head the sins of the nation. Oh, this was a crushing woe! No remedy, no cure for his horrible disease.

But in the nighttime,—thanks be to God!—there came a joy into that bruised and pitiable heart. Who brought it? Who brought joy to his ears and hope to his heart? Was it the winds that spoke of

the Son of David? Did the rising sun whisper that the good God, "the Orient from on high, had visited His people"? Who whispered to the poor leper that 'the Spirit of the Lord was upon Him; that He was anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor, to give deliverance to the captive, to give sight to the blind, and to heal the contrite of heart'? (St. Luke, iv.) We do not know.

When the blind Bartimæus, begging for alms, stood by the gate of Jericho and heard the tramp of innumerable footsteps on the rocky soil leading to the entrance, he asked what was the tumult, why were all the people coming; and, on being told that it was the Great Teacher, he raised his voice and cried: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!"

We know, then, who told the blind man; but who brought the news to the leper? He was bound to keep afar off. He was forbidden intercourse with a human being, except indeed one like himself—an outcast, loathsome and disowned. Perhaps it was his daughter, who had stolen out in the early dawn,—she who had brought him his morning and evening meal, and had hidden it in "the holes of the wall, in the secret places of the rock,"—she who had "looked through the lattices of the windows" in sorrow on the solitary figure of her father, as in the verge of the distant hill, he stood shadowed forth between her and the eastern sunrise. Perhaps it was the infinite mercy of God, who had sent an angel to him in his troubled dreams, as he lay by the walls of the venerable sleeping ground where the dead were at rest.

Oh, how happy for that man that he had been a leper! Give him health, surround him with wealth, and—the Teacher may come and go, for all he cared. But put the bloodless patch upon his arm or his face; bid the hair fall from his head; banish him from kindred and home, set his garments loose, force his weak, muffled voice to cry aloud to

all, "Unclean! Unclean!" and there is hope for him.

However, it had been learned, he draws near. The Master looks with a pitying eye. His hand does not waive him away, His lips do not cry him off; for it is written, "His voice shall not be heard in the street." With his face to the ground, the poor leper casts himself in adoration. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." The Divine Master stands; but the people pull Him by the garments, telling Him that it is dangerous; and that persons must keep far away from one like him, who has been accursed of God.

But the leper, type of humility, seeing Our Lord standing and not going away, takes courage, comes nearer, and once more casts himself prostrate on the ground, adoring and crying, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." He looks at his hands. Alas, alas, he is full of leprosy! Will the Master come to him? It is hardly to be thought. Yet what will misfortune not drive one to do? He is emboldened to hope. Hope increases faith and trust. The Master stands still, but He is sending faith and hope and love into the heart of the outcast. Nearer and nearer the leper draws to the pitying Saviour, until at last his head touches the Master's feet. Now in the depths of absolute humility does the whisper come: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."—"I will: be thou made clean," is the compassionate reply; and, laying His adorable hands upon him, the leper was cleansed. "Go, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift which Moses commanded for a testimony to them" (St. Matt., viii),—"two sparrows and cedar-wood and scarlet and hyssop" (Lev., xiv).

Eight days, nevertheless, are to be spent before he can enter the abodes of men,— "eight days outside the camp." But what matters it to a clean body and a grateful heart? Oh, 'tis so different now to see the sun rise and pass along

its course and set; to see the moon and the stars appear and decorate the firmament that God's hands have made. Day and night are too short for his gratitude. After the eight days he appears once more before the priest. His head and eyebrows and beard are shaven; his clothes are washed. Sacrifices are offered; and the priest, taking the blood of the sacrifice, and pouring the oil of the holocaust into his left hand, "he shall with his right anoint the tip of the right ear of him that was cleansed, and the tip of the thumb on the right hand, and the great toe on the right foot."

Outside the temple gates his friends are awaiting him. Up to this they may not touch or speak to him. Oh, the joy of that family! Oh, the happiness of that home to which he now returns! For "he was lost, and is found; he was dead, and is come to life again." A thousand times happier still was the joy of their souls. Had leprosy never come upon that man, he and his family had perhaps never thought of Jesus, and had been with Dives rather than with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Not only in their family of that day, but down through generations of their children, as a traditional escutcheon went the beautiful saying of the Saviour: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

(To be continued.)

THE highest and most perfect prayer is contemplation. But this is altogether the work of God, as it is supernatural and above our powers. The soul can only prepare itself for this prayer, and can do nothing in it. The best preparation is to live humbly, and to give ourselves in earnest to the acquisition of virtues, and especially of fraternal charity and the love of God; to have a firm resolution to do the will of God in all things; to walk in the way of the cross, and to destroy self-love, which is a wish, on our part, to please ourselves rather than God.—*St. Teresa.*

A Fool there Was.

BY PATRICIA MANLEY.

"A fool there was, and he made his prayer
To a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair;
But the fool he called it his Lady Fair."

IF the hank of hair concealed a brain that was shallow and selfish, the Fool made a pardonable mistake; for the eye of fool or sage is powerless to penetrate to the interior of a head "sunning over with curls," whose bewitching lights and shadows seem specially designed to hold men's hearts in thrall.

The Fool said he loved her, though wise men do not designate by that holy name the passion that leads men to turn traitor to conscience. But the world of fashion that rustled its silken garments and nodded approval to its neighbors from the exquisitely carved pews of St. Stephen's Episcopal cathedral applauded the match, and none of its votaries durst question its decision.

The tragedy of the Fool's life lay deeply hidden from their vulgar gaze, and only his Angel Guardian knew that he had not always been a fool: that long ago he had been very wise indeed, when he lisped his prayers at his mother's knee, or knelt at the foot of the altar and received into his childish heart the God of Wisdom. But that was very long ago, and the mother lips that taught him had mouldered into dust; and wickedness—the wickedness of godless schools and godless companions—had darkened his understanding. The little flame of heavenly wisdom which lighted his childhood flickered on for a time, unwatched, unfed, untended, and at last died out in the fierce blasts of doubt and infidelity blown from the lips of godless instructors,—died so completely that not one ray remained to warn him of his folly.

So it befell that when the Lady Fair insisted on a fashionable wedding, solemnized (?) in a fashionable church, with a fashionable audience to gaze in admir-

ing awe upon her beauty (and speculate upon how much hard cash her doting papa had expended on the Parisian creation that draped her graceful form, and whether the pearls and diamonds that crowned her queenly head were real or only paste), the Fool relinquished all thought of sacramental marriage, and with it the last vestige of his manhood, and, marching up the flower-strewn aisle of the cathedral, knelt at the foot of an altar, while a so-called "priest" bestowed upon the happy pair his benediction.

In his blindness, no vision of a church thronged with pious worshipers rose before the Fool, while the solemn tones of a Nuptial Mass rang out, and a priest, who could trace his succession to the Apostles, addressed to his God on the altar the sweetest prayers that ever fell from the lips of man; and bestowed upon the bride and groom a blessing that should fill their hearts with grace to bear the trials of a lifelong union which was of souls as well as of bodies. Such ceremonies had halloed the marriage of his girl-mother—but that, too, was long ago.

After the fateful words were spoken which united the Fool and his Lady until death (or divorce) should them part, the flower girls strewed their path once more with roses, while a rare contralto voice rang out: "O Promise Me!" And the happy couple were happy indeed,—he, because his Lady was all his own; and she, because her wedding had been the event of the season and had been the means of securing for her a willing slave and a well-lined purse.

As a closed taxicab whirled them away to the pier where the *Mauritania* lay straining at her anchor, the Fool assured his bride that this earth was the only heaven he desired, and that she was his divinity,—which was very satisfactory to the Lady, since both adored at the same shrine.

They sped across the blue waters, unheeding the flash of the gull's white wings, the radiance of dawn, the glory of

sunset, the purple peace of twilight, the jewelled sweep of the star-strewn heavens, or the soft roll of the moon-silvered waves; unheeding all save the palatial grandeur of the ship that bore them. They passed through Europe, following in the footsteps of thousands of vulgar tourists, unheeding the virgin beauty of secluded valleys, of singing rivulets, of mountains and hillsides, and limpid lakes that lay but a few paces on either side of the beaten track; for, like those other thousands, they had come not to see but to be seen.

The Fool bent every energy to the gratification of his Lady's whims; for to him it seemed no gift was too precious to be offered at her shrine,—wherein again was unity of worship. If her devotion waned with the waning honeymoon, she was tactful enough to conceal it; for his infatuation continued undiminished (though it was more than one could say of his bank account). To be sure, it had been a shock to him when he learned that his Lady's charms violated all traditions, in that her curls came and went, while her blushes were stationary. But, he argued, a creature so fair could not be wholly false, so he staked all his hopes upon her heart. Her demands upon his purse increased in direct ratio with the diminution of her demands upon his time; but the Fool was happy to do her bidding, and he thanked Fate (since he had no God) that his bank account was vast.

Their home-coming was marked by an ovation a king might envy, and the palace in which they took up their abode was a marvel of magnificence. The Lady Fair indulged in fads that would have taxed the wealth of Cræsus. She ran the gamut from a pet chameleon to a floating palace, which she called a yacht; and she would have demanded an aeroplane but for the fact that it would have carried her heavenward.

Life for them was one long round of calling, motoring, yachting, coaching, polo, golf, luncheons, dinners, balls, bridge, operas,

and plays. The demands of society upon their time were so many and varied that they never spent a day in quiet. And if now and again the Fool was haunted by a vision of a home that was a world of holy love; of a dim, sweet room where a gentle mother sang tender lullabies to her little son, it was only a vision which the demands of modern life swiftly effaced.

So the Fool went on to his doom, gratifying his Lady's every whim,—buying with impartial hand the works of old masters, the latest product of modern art, dogs whose pedigree stretched in an unbroken line back to the Ark, blooded horses, the swiftest of touring cars, silks and jewels, laces and furs, hats and gowns and *lingerie*,—a change for every hour of the day, and never the same garment twice. And when at last affairs reached such a pass that the Fool found it necessary to intimate that money was not as plentiful as of yore, her demands for costly "trinkets" increased instead of diminishing. Whether she had wearied of the ties that bound them together, and sought to ruin him that she might the sooner cast him aside, or was merely following the dictates of worldly wisdom and feathering her nest ere he would be completely "plucked," was a matter of conjecture in their social set.

When at last the blow fell, and his bankers returned his latest check with the legend "Overdrawn" inscribed upon it, he delayed the day of reckoning with his Lady, merely telling her that business of importance demanded his presence in the city. When, after a most unpleasant day with his solicitors, it was made plain to him that he had not only spent every penny of his fortune, but that all his property, real and personal, must be sacrificed to satisfy the demands of forgotten creditors of his father, his first thought was of her,—how he might spare her the pangs of poverty.

Sorrowful indeed was his home-going, and the joyousness of the spring morning

seemed to mock at his despairing mood. The sky arched blue and brilliant above, and the little dancing waves sparkled beneath the ferryboat that bore him out from the noise and grime of the city. The trolley car from the mole sped through miles of tender green leafage and tinted blossoms, where a flood of golden sunshine, pouring downward from the heavens, met a flood of silvery bird-song soaring upward from the earth. On they flew,—now by long reaches of shining beach and dancing, sunkissed water; again plunging inland through scenes of pastoral beauty, until, at a signal from the Fool, the car paused at the lodge gates of his home. Glancing down through the grounds, he saw that the little harbor stretched untenanted out to the great expanse of ocean that lay beyond. His Lady's yacht had vanished. Swiftly he passed up the avenue and mounted the marble steps, letting himself in with his latchkey; but, once inside the door, his courage failed him. How should he face his Lady? How *could* he tell her that they were beggars? Miserably he crept up the stairway and along the broad corridor to her boudoir, that nest of silken luxury on which so much of his wealth had been squandered. He rapped at the door, he called her name, but no answer came save the ghostly echo of his own voice. He turned the knob and entered, and then he knew that he need not have feared to face her,—the news of his failure had preceded him and she had fled.

One glance about the denuded apartment told him more plainly than words that she had, indeed, feathered her nest well with the last remnants of his vanished fortune. She had left but one article of value,—a jewelled revolver, with which she had weighted the note wherein were set forth the reasons for her flitting. They were both unfitted for a life of poverty, she wrote, and she felt that it would be unfair to him should she remain and be a burden upon him; so she was

taking her "few personal effects" and going away to begin life anew. She trusted that in the little memento she was leaving to him he would find a means of relief from his most pressing necessities.

The Fool smiled grimly as he examined the little toy, and saw that she had not forgotten to load it before her departure. He slipped it into his pocket, and passed down the stairway and out of the house. He meant to act on her suggestion; though even now he could fancy the look of pained surprise in her big blue eyes when she should learn of his rash act; could hear her soft voice saying in deprecating tones, "How very thoughtless of me to leave such a remembrance for the poor fellow! And how sad that he should mistake my meaning and use it for such an end!" "His most pressing necessities," she had said; and just now he could think of no necessity so urgent as that of leaving a world which had repaid his years of service with emptiness and scorn. He knew when it was too late the value of the playthings for which he had bartered his soul.

He strode toward the little harbor, thinking to find some secluded spot on the strand where he might accomplish his purpose. A few pleasure-seekers dotted the beach, but one by one they departed until at last only two remained—a slender young mother and a sturdy baby boy, who frolicked about the sands, with the sun playing in his yellow curls, or peeped shyly around the rock in the shade of which the Fool was reclining. There seemed nothing to do but await their departure, though it was annoying that they should delay the fulfilment of his resolve.

The moments lengthened into hours; and as he lay idly watching them a tenderness long dormant was stirring in his heart, bringing to life dead memories of a brown-haired young mother who had looked upon him with just such a wealth of love in her gentle eyes when he was a little boy, fair-haired, gentian-eyed and

winsome as this baby who stood between his soul and eternity. Unwelcome memories flooded his empty soul with desolation,—memories of the heights that mother had planned for her little son; of the depths to which he had fallen; of long-forgotten prayers her lips had taught him; of counsels unheeded and promises broken in his mad worship of the world.

A mist of unfamiliar tears dimmed his eyes as the first silvery notes of a bell sounded above the tinkle of the little waves that washed the glistening strand; yet through his tears he saw the baby pause in his play to kneel by his mother's side, with dimpled hands clasped and golden head bowed, and memory supplied the words the baby lips were whispering: "The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary. . . ." And so to the end of the prayer the Fool repeated them reverently. Then something, that gleamed and sparkled, sped through the air and went flashing down and down through the water, to rest at last, fathoms deep, on the harbor bed.

The Lady's gift had "failed of its true intent," and the Fool's folly was buried with it. A wise man rose from his knees when the Angelus bell ceased ringing, and, squaring his shoulders, went forth to do valiant battle with the world, that had so nearly cost him his soul.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love, work, play, and to look heavenward; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of God,—these are little guideposts on the Footpath of Peace.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

VIII.—THE HILL O' DREAMS.

WHERE the river Deel flows into the Shannon below Athery, there is a wide stretch of water that makes one think of the sea. And as you watch the smoke of a calm day lifting from the chimneys of the passing boats and trailing in the air behind them, a longing for the ocean clutches your heart. When the sun is warm and the blue of the sky is far above, you will sit on the crest of a hill out of which grows many a rock that has weathered the winds for ages. It is a still place up there,—so still, so far away, and overlooking so vast a reach of land and water, they call it "The Hill o' Dreams." To the east of you, the face of the land is flat, and the smoke rises out of many a farmhouse, as it does from the boats on the river. South of you, and on the west side of the Deel, the smoke rises, too, from the chimneys of Athery. But you can not see the houses, as they lie in a valley below. You look north, and then the dreams come; for the Shannon is in front of you, deep and lordly, bearing its everlasting tribute to the ocean. Away on the other side, the hills of Clare are faint and far; for a haze hangs before them,—the haze of distance.

But up there on the hill, when you are still young, you never take the slightest account of water or sky or land. You sit and dream; and the child dreamer never keeps count of his dreams. The boats that glide so lazily past you far out in mid-river are not carrying turf to Limerick or grain to Kilrush: they are fairy boats from spirit land, sailing back to spirit land. There is a wild longing to join the boats of the fairies and sail away to the land of the ever young. You watch them as they become a speck and vanish. The smoke that hangs on their wake, lifts, grows whiter and thinner, and vanishes.

The foam in their track rises and falls with the wave for a little, and vanishes. So, too, your dreams come and vanish, as all dreams do. You may never be able to write them in story, for the strangest dreams are never told; you may never be able to sing of them, for the sweetest dreams are never sung. Men tell us that whosoever thinks clearly can write clearly. Which is true no doubt of thoughts—as the mind thinks them; for every thought is mated to a word. But there are dreams that reach beyond language,—dreams that come gushing from the wells of memory; dreams of faces; dreams of moments, of scenes; dreams that quicken the beat of the heart, or lure the eye into vacancy. You can not tell of these dreams; at least you can not tell of them as they come to you in dream hours.

Below "The Hill o' Dreams" there used to be a neat cottage, in which lived Tim Hogan, the laborer, and his little girl. He had other children, but some had died, and the rest, when they were old enough, sailed west to the country of gold, as they thought. Tim's wife was gone, too,—but she was gone to heaven; for she was a good woman, all the neighbors said. Tim took care of a rich man's estate on the other side of the Shannon. So he had a good stretch of water to glide through in his little boat every morning, and an equally long pull to get back home in the evening.

Eileen, the youngest child, was about eight years old when she was all that was left to Tim. Because she was his all, and he was left, as he said, like an old bird in a forsaken nest, with only one of the brood to sweeten his life with her song, he loved his Eileen with a great love. In the morning before he set out to work he folded the little girl in his strong arms and held her to his anxious heart.

"Eileen, my *coleen dhas*, I'm goin' out like the tide, an' I'll come back like the tide again. An' 'tis my heart will be hungry for the touch of you, an' my

eyes achin' for the sight of you all the day. But God will take care of you, my baby bird, till I come back."

Then her little white hands would tighten around his neck, and her little red lips would reach up and kiss a hundred times the weather-beaten face. When he rowed out from the land, she watched him from the river-bank, and her young eyes followed him with a great yearning till he was lost to sight.

"Come, Shep!" she would say to the shepherd dog that was her companion and protector. "We must go in and clear the table after dada's breakfast, and feed the chicks,—and, O yes, I must give you some breakfast too, Shep!"

Shep panted with great delight, taking a few rolls on the grass to show his approval. He always trotted before the little girl, but never very far, and frequently turned back and walked directly in front of her.

"Dada is far out on the river now, but he'll be back again to-night."

Shep would wag his bushy tail, look up at the face of his mistress and almost speak.

When the table was cleared, and the house swept, and the chickens fed, and Shep had lapped up his breakfast, Eileen locked the door, and with her lunch and her books neatly stowed away in her bag, set out for school along the river-bank, with the dog trotting before her. Shep left her at the edge of the village, where she was among kindly people, and ran back to keep watch on the cottage through the day. In the afternoon he returned, and waited where he had left her in the morning till he saw her coming, when he bounded for joy at the sight of her, and home they went together.

Eileen was a child of the hill,—a child of dreams. It was there she watched for the return of her father when the sun was sloping to the west. She saw the boats come and go like phantom ships. She wondered whence they came and where they went. Was there some land of

mystery away to the east, where the mist never hung heavy, where fountains leaped in song, where soft winds were always sweet with the odor of flowers? Were the phantom ships bearing the happy people of that lovely land out to the great sea in the west, at whose brink she stood one day with her father and saw the great breakers rolling up against the rocks? Were the waves calling to them as she heard them call to her that day? Were those happy people leaving their land of sun and flowers in the east and heeding the call of the sea in the west? So Eileen wondered day after day; and sometimes she asked her father, but he said:

"Child, child, you're always dramin'! Sure I'm tired tellin' you there's no lovely land in the east. An' those boats carry no happy people as I know, except a captain an' a mate an' a couple o' helpers. Sure they come from Limerick, an' they're goin' to Foynes or Tarbert or Kilrush. An' that's the end of it."

Sometimes Eileen lifted her eyes from the river to the sky, and above her she saw the white clouds that were drifting below the motionless blue. She wondered if the blue might not be the ocean of God, it was so large and so far away; if the clouds might not be the smoke from the ships of heaven. It might be so; for the waters fell down from the sky sometimes and made the grass green and brought millions of daisies from the heart of the earth. It was good of God to send down the rain from the ocean of heaven; for the oceans of earth are salty. The stars were the lighthouses which the angels lighted to guide the ships of heaven. And when the stars were not lighted, God was angry and the sea of heaven was rolling, and all the ships not safe in their harbor were tossed on the billows above. Presently when her father's boat appeared above the horizon, Eileen put away her dreams and ran down the hill to the river to meet him.

But one evening Tim Hogan came home, and there was no Eileen to meet

him. At first he supposed the child was in the cottage, though there never was an evening before when she was not waiting for him on the bank. He entered the house, his heart beating with terrible suspicions. The place was deserted and dark.

"Holy Mother of God!" cried the old man, "what will I do at all, at all? Sure I never missed her this way before, an' I might as well be dead as be without my little girl."

After a while he began to think, and his thought took form. He hurried to the crest of the hill: it sickened him not to find her there. He walked along the river-bank, looked up into the trees and down into the water; he went for some distance along her path to school, returned and searched among the currant bushes of his garden. Nowhere,—nowhere! He called, but only the lapping of the waves and the murmuring of the wind came back to him for answer. He entered a little cave at the base of the hill, where often and often the chickens dozed at noontime. It was dark—quite dark—there now. He was about to leave the place when his foot came in contact with some object on the ground. He lighted a match, and stretched dead on the earthen floor he saw Shep, his long, brown-and-white hair matted with blood, his head almost severed from his body, his teeth broken in his blood-covered mouth. The old man rushed out to the cottage for a candle, and, returning, viewed the body of the dog with a strangely quiet scrutiny. Tim Hogan understood now, and choking sobs broke from him.

"O Shep, Shep, my brave dog! They killed you,—they killed you, an' stole away my little girl! An' never a better dog followed the feet of man than you, my Shep, lyin' dead there in the dust!"

Then he put away his grief as unworthy, even as the bride of Christ puts down her silks and gold and gems before the altar. He raised his right hand to Heaven and sent up a great prayer:

"Blessed God, I have never wronged or injured man, woman or child! I wouldn't step on the meanest thing that crawls upon the face of the earth. I have tried to serve You all the years. And now, blessed God of my race, let Your light be with me till I find my child!"

Forty minutes later Tim Hogan was in Athery on the "square" before the post office, with a number of sinewy men standing around him. He had brought them together with very little difficulty; for the day was over, and villagers usually collected in the "square." Brief as his story was, he had not finished when every eye blazed fight, and every heart quickened with emotion for the lonely man and his stolen child and the faithful dog.

"Of course 'twas the gipsies stole 'er, the poor child! Who ever heard of dacent people runnin' off with other people's childer?" This was Micky the Fenian's thought, and perhaps Micky was right.

Then the information was given that a man and two women were seen hovering about the town for the past three or four days; that they were down by the river-bank, not far from the cottage. Testimony followed testimony, given with solemn finality, as to the man and the two women and their mysterious behavior. Then there was some discussion as to which road they should take to seek for the stolen girl. Some said: "Let's take the road to Limerick." And others said: "Let's take the road to Ardee." But Tim Hogan said: "God's holy light is guidin' me. Let's take the road to Tarbert and the sea." Argument ceased; for Hogan spoke quietly and his eyes were full of brilliance.

Five armed men, including Hogan, mounted on swift horses, left the village and trotted westward into the night. The sky was aglow with stars and the full moon brightened the silent fields. The men did not speak much on the way, for they felt they were on a mission. Tim Hogan spoke not at all, but his eyes

were always on the west. After many hours they were nearing the sea; they could hear its everlasting pulse beating; they caught its pungent odor in their nostrils. The dawn would soon be breaking, and the sight of the waters would follow? "But where then?" came the question, to the brain of every one of the four riders. Tim Hogan divined the question, and spoke for the first time in a language not like the racy language of the land:

"The light o' God is guidin' me; we will not see the ocean with the sun shinin' on it. We will find my child before we get to the sea."

At the next turn of the road, Hogan and his faithful cohorts saw Eileen, like an apparition, walking toward them on her journey home. You must imagine the child's cry of joy as she leaped into the arms of her father; you must imagine the great, relieving sobs, the holy kisses, the protecting embrace of Tim Hogan once he held his little one safe to him. You must imagine the men who accompanied the laborer holding their horses, silent, bareheaded, reverent, as if God's presence was singularly near. You must imagine these things, for any attempt to tell must make them paltry.

The journey home is a mere detail. The joy of the village when Eileen returned, seated on the horse before her father, the words of welcome, the prayers, the ejaculations of "Glory be to the Blessed Lord and His Holy Mother!" the talk and the wonder and the murmur,—all must be passed over as incidents, which, if very interesting, would of necessity give the effect of crowding.

Eileen's own story is soon told. About four o'clock on the afternoon she was stolen, two women and a man walked up "The Hill o' Dreams," where she sat watching the boats. Shep sniffed the air uneasily when he saw them, nor could the child's gentle coaxing quiet him. One of the women asked for a drink of sweet milk, as the day was hot and they had a

long journey to go. The strangers accompanied them down the hill to the cottage, Shep keeping close to his little mistress, growling viciously if any of the strangers came too near. The child opened the door and was about to enter, with Shep immediately following, when the man, a large, burly fellow, suddenly threw himself full weight on the dog and penned him to the ground. It was an easy task for the two women to force the child within the cottage, but it was not so easy for the man outside to carry the dog to the cave and there almost sever his head from his body; for Eileen said it was twenty minutes before death hushed his howls.

Blindfolded and gagged, the child was carried off to a gipsy van in an unfrequented road out from the village. About eight o'clock in the evening they went out to the main road and travelled to the west. This gave them about two hours' start of the horsemen. But the gipsy van was heavy with all manner of stolen wares, and the gipsy horse never travels fast. It was after a night of travel that the gipsies got nearer the sea, and then they heard the beat of horses' hoofs behind them. They tried their hardest to quicken the pace, but the best the gipsy horse could do was poor indeed; the hoof beats grew more distinct, and they debated a little. The women were for holding the child. But the man suddenly lifted her from where she sat cowering, and dropped her on the road, saying: "Follow this long enough and you'll get home." Then he lashed his horse for the thousandth time, and the van rumbled away.

It must be said that the people of the village and the countryside never quite forgave Tim Hogan for not allowing the horsemen to follow up the gipsies. But Hogan always had the same answer:

"I made my prayer and my promise to God. God heard my prayer, and I kept my promise. Blessed forever be His holy Name!"

(To be continued.)

Two Keys.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

I.

WITHIN the tower of sadness
Is never blessed light,
But self-love and its darkness,
And fancies that affright
If eyes see not aright.

The pain of loss can help us,
And grief will be a grace,
If God's will is our wisdom
That lights the stricken place
With light that sees His face.

I lost the key to sadness
A long, long year ago;
I pray I never find it,
Come weal to me or woe:
God's will is all I know.

II.

A blessed thing is sorrow:
It whispers from the sky;
And patience is the wisdom
That answers for a cry,
Where sadness thought to die.

The shadows serve the sunshine
And bring the wind and rain,
Or else refreshing fountains
Would wither from the plain,
Like hearts that know not pain.

Oh, keep the key of sorrow
And enter when you may
The chamber of its shadow;
And peace be there alway,
Mother of Sorrows, pray!

In the first Adam all die, but the Woman's Seed shall bruise the serpent's head. The Seed of the Woman is the Second Adam — the Incarnate Christ, — in whom all shall be made alive. The Woman is the Second Eve, the Virgin Mother of the Second Adam, whom all generations shall call blessed, because she bears the same relation to redeemed humanity that the first Eve does to fallen humanity. — *Dr. Wirgman.*

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE," ETC.

IX.—DISMISSAL?

ELINOR had already gone to the chapel to practise when Madam Stewart knocked at the door of the organist's house. Mrs. Lambert was sitting in the living room, her fingers busy with a piece of lace of a kind that long ago she had seen worked in the cottages about her home, and with which since then she had often whiled away the hours when ill health had kept her a prisoner in the big house in Grosvenor Square. Now she hoped, by working steadily at this lace, to add to the small income provided by Elinor's engagement; and there was enough artistic enjoyment in producing such beautiful work to make it a pleasant way of passing hours that otherwise might have hung heavily upon her hands.

If Mrs. Stewart was surprised at the simple refinement of the little room, she made no sign. Her manner was as forbidding as her appearance on the previous day had led Elinor to expect; and whilst waiting for the girl, whom one of Mrs. O'Connell's numerous offspring had been sent in haste to summon, she merely made some stiff inquiries as to whether her orders for the comfort of the newcomers had been carried out.

Elinor did not delay long in coming; and as she entered the little room, glowing now from her hurried return from the chapel, Father O'Leary's words about "a princess in disguise" came back to the visitor. Certainly the radiant figure in the doorway, and the slender one already seated, with the fine piece of lace showing against the blackness of her gown, whilst her small head was almost overweighted by the widow's cap, took nothing away from the idea of unsuitability, almost of mystery, that Mrs.

Stewart had seemed to resent in the girl when she first saw her. It was evident from themselves, from the furniture they had brought with them, and the way in which the little house was arranged, that the Lamberts, both mother and daughter, were quite unused to such surroundings; and Mrs. Stewart concluded in her own mind that some one, pitying their poverty, had persuaded Thaddeus O'Congaile to recommend the girl for a post for which, so far as skill was concerned, she was totally unfitted.

With quick apprehension Elinor Lambert glanced from her mother to the strange lady. She saw at once that no word of the dismissal she so dreaded had, as yet at least, been spoken; but the fear of it was ever in her mind while Madam spoke, giving terse, decided directions for the training of the choir which for the future was to be in Elinor's hands. The girl felt instinctively that it was better to ignore her incompetency of yesterday, though there was an indirect apology in her words when she spoke of the organ.

"It is a beautiful instrument," she said. "And I hope with time and practice I shall learn to do some justice to it."

"It is unnecessarily good, to my mind," replied Mrs. Stewart, coldly. "I confess I have little sympathy with the founding of such an endowment. It is to be, however—"

She broke off as she turned to go; and then, with the first hesitation that her manner had shown, she spoke again:

"My brother's idea in having this organ erected was that the organist should be something of a centre for the amelioration of the social life of the Glen people. He wished the love of music to be fostered; for he thought it could be made a starting point whereby, eventually, their lives might be brightened. But this does not concern you. Of course you are not in any way bound to do more than what was agreed upon. If you should feel disposed, however, to teach the children

something more than the church music, I should be very glad. I see you are fond of flowers" (she glanced at the big bowl of wild flowers that stood upon the table), "and I know the O'Congaile had schemes of all kinds for gardens and other things."

An eager light sprang into Elinor's eyes. Even in the few days she had been in the Glen of Imaney she had seen how great a need there was for things that in other places education and progress had made possible; but she and her mother had feared they would be able to do very little, for any decided move on their part might be looked upon as interference. Now Mrs. Stewart's words, though evidently spoken only from a strict sense of duty, opened for Elinor the very door she had thought would be closed to her.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried eagerly, forgetting for the moment her fear of her formidable employer. "How kind of you to have told me this! My mother and I have been wishing already to do something to help the people. They are so courteous and so kind; and it does seem sad, with such beautiful surroundings, to have so little beauty or even comfort in their homes."

"Pray do not thank me," said Mrs. Stewart, stiffly. "I shall not be returning to Ireland until the spring; and if in the meantime you can do anything in the line the O'Congaile wished, I shall be glad. Pray, however," she repeated, "remember that you are not in any way bound."

The joy at finding that, in spite of the words overheard the day before, she was sure of her post at least until the spring, helped Elinor to throw off the feeling of being rebuffed that Madam Stewart's voice and manner, even more than her words, had conveyed. When a few moments later Father O'Leary came in, and, speaking of Mrs. Stewart, whom he had met outside, he told the newcomers something of the story of her life, they were glad that they had not put

into words the feelings to which her cold, repellent manner had given rise in their minds.

Mrs. Stewart had been married, at seventeen, to a man much older than herself. The union had proved uncongenial from the first; and well-founded report had it that later, when her husband became a tyrannical invalid, the lady had spent many years in great unhappiness and almost entire seclusion. Though regretting her own early marriage, she made no demur when her only child wished at an equally early age to marry a distant connection of her father's, who had a place near them in the country. She was naturally a worldly woman, and, under other circumstances, would have been ambitious for her daughter's future. As it was, she was satisfied that the girl should accept the first offer of happiness that would take her from an unhappy home. But here again Mrs. Stewart's hopes were thwarted; for her daughter died, leaving two baby boys, whom, until their schooldays were well advanced, their grandmother was seldom able to see. Then, their father and their grandfather dying within a few months of each other, the boys passed, as a matter of course, into Mrs. Stewart's guardianship.

Hugh, the elder of the two, was endowed with a placid, indolent disposition; and, despite his grandmother's efforts to rouse some sort of ambition in him, he remained quite satisfied with his own idea of a pleasant, easy life—that of a country squire, owner of good coverts in a shooting county, without even the duties of looking after a large estate or of taking part in county business. Crellan, the younger twin, had more of his mother's temperament, and Mrs. Stewart had centred her hopes in him. But he had no greater love for study than his brother; though for things in which his interest was roused he showed no want of energy. After failing for Sandhurst, and failing, after two years at Cambridge, to pass as a university candidate, he had succeeded

in getting attached to a regiment; but the examination which was to decide finally whether or not the army was to be his profession remained still to be faced.

For years her attendance on her husband had kept Mrs. Stewart a prisoner; and Elinor was relieved to learn that the frigidity and what had seemed to her harshness were the result not really of hardness, but of a curious sort of shyness, that hid itself behind an unapproachable manner, and of the unusual and unfortunate circumstances of her life.

Father O'Leary's parish was very large, and his people were scattered through the mountains; so that, whilst he had every opportunity of becoming aware of their needs, he had not, during the short time he had been at Imaney, been able to carry out for their benefit the schemes that he knew were working well elsewhere. He had, however, prepared the way for various small reforms and improvements; and already, seeing that Elinor had time and interest and intelligence at her command, he thought to enlist her services in the crusade of amelioration which he hoped some day to see at work in the Glen. Now, hearing from her of Mrs. Stewart's parting words, he listened with delight to the girl's enthusiastic acceptance of the optional duties attached to her post as organist; and, his visit over, he carried her off to the presbytery, to give her at once the reports of what had been done in similar districts, and to show her the books and papers on the subject that he had by him, and to which, he assured her, he meant to add whenever necessary, in order to keep her up-to-date in the movement.

In the collection thus supplied to her Elinor found food for much study and reflection. Her own vague ideas, prompted only by interest in the people and by natural common-sense, were set forth distinctly and concisely. That it was possible for the people to improve their homes, to become happier, healthier, and more prosperous, was proved by what

had been done both at home in Ireland and in other countries. The difficulty in a place like the Glen of Imaney was that there had been no one of sufficient leisure and education to find out the things most needed; and, when found out, to work them on a line with similar things elsewhere. To do all that Elinor now saw was possible would take time and entail serious labor. Even a small beginning, if it was to grow to be a lasting success, must be carefully set about.

Reading further, Elinor saw that in Belgium—which in most of Father O'Leary's references was quoted as a model of prosperity—all the material works of amelioration were bound together and upheld by a spirit of patriotism. If reforms were to be general and lasting, people must have something less selfish and self-centred than mere personal gain to keep them together and to urge them onward and upward. In Belgium, a country which for many years had had her individuality submerged by her neighbor, France, those who worked for national prosperity tried to revive the old Flemish tongue that in some of the provinces had almost died out. The advantages of a bilingual race were apparent; and so, too—at least to those reformers who had at heart the spiritual, intellectual and material welfare of their country,—were the advantages of a national tongue.

On Sunday Elinor had listened to the Gaelic sermon, soothed by the soft, musical tones of the language, but understanding no word of it; and already more than one of the old women whom she had met outside the village had replied to her word of greeting with a kindly smile but with upraised hands: "I haf no Eenglish." Yet in the new National School there were children who had no Gaelic. What unity could there be in a community where the older and the younger generations thought and spoke in different languages?

There was much to study in Father

O'Leary's books; but Elinor resolved that, in addition to what they taught, she must set herself to learn the language of the country of her adoption. In her childhood, her mother had spoken only Gaelic to the servants in her Connemara home; and now, seeing Elinor setting to work under the tuition of Dermot Murtagh, an old man who prided himself on being the best native speaker of the district, she was an interested listener; and by degrees the sentences she had used so often in her early days began to come back to her, and she, too, joined in the Gaelic lessons.

Thus with the organ and the lacework, at which Elinor was her mother's pupil; with the care of the little house and the intellectual interest of the language and other studies, the days passed more quickly and more happily than either of them could have believed would be possible in the dark days before they left London.

One task outside her daily routine Elinor never neglected, and that was the writing, every week or so, of a bulletin of all their doings to Thaddeus. She thought, in describing the life and customs and the beauty of the scenery about them, to interest and amuse her lonely old friend; but to him these letters, whilst looked for eagerly, were mingled with indescribable bitterness. Elinor wrote well; and, reading, he seemed to see before him those scenes, those places, where he had lovingly hoped to end his days. Sometimes he could not sleep at night after his mind had been dwelling on Imaney. Then he would go out and pace the dark streets, until physical exhaustion brought him the sleep that he needed to regain the control of his will; and again and again he offered to God the sacrifice that was still costing him so much. One thing only was a comfort to him on reading these letters. His secret was safe, and it seemed now that there was no fear that it would be disclosed.

(To be continued.)

The Hour of Grace.

BY BEN HURST.

THERE died recently in France a writer whose works, although warmly appreciated by connoisseurs in literature, did not during his lifetime meet the recognition they have found since his death. Maurice Faucon was of too refined a disposition to seek publicity, and the best of his productions were known but to a few. Under the title "Reliquiæ," these have now been published by loving friends; they reveal a life-story that remained inexplicable to readers acquainted with only the exterior manifestations of his genius. From the intimate aspirations here set forth we can follow the evolution of a rarely elevated soul and understand the sacrifice that, in a moment of crisis, put an end to all earthly ambitions.

A brother eclectic, the poet François Coppée, had penetrated early the cold surface that hid from the world a noble mind and tender heart. Faucon's first pages won his sympathy and admiration. He was glad to write a preface to the volume of poems "Italie," which were a delicately woven veil for a mind throbbing with mystic exaltation. Coppée was moved to ask for information about the private life of one so passionately devoted to the cult of the intellect, and the confidences he obtained are included in the "Reliquiæ." Maurice Faucon was all his life full of spiritual instinct, but it was not until suffering lay heavy upon him that he recognized the supernatural goal he had sought unconsciously and often blindly.*

Orphaned of father from infancy, caressed by a mother who gave all her life to the child of her lost love, young Maurice grew up in an atmosphere of exclusiveness and affection, that made

* He was born in 1857, at the family manor of Arlanc, in Auvergne.

contact with the outside world harder to bear when he was forced to meet it at college. His fastidious nature shrank from the rough ways of his comrades, and their coarse words excited his disgust and anger. Sensitiveness to an extreme degree never left him, and the greater part of his life was spent in a world of his own,—a world of fantasy and reverie.

At the age of seventeen he entered Chartres College, and here, indeed, he found some kindred minds. More especially among the members of the newly-formed Catholic Circle of the Luxembourg Institution did he unbend. A group of young enthusiasts shared his longing for the cultivation of higher ideals, and his eloquence found a fair field. Those who knew him at this time predicted for him a sacerdotal career, but he seems never to have thought of it himself. He was too eager for enjoyment of all the treasures of intellect to contemplate any restriction of his pursuits or faculties. A sojourn in Rome confirmed his pure and lofty tastes in art and literature, but the poet became an erudite. He threw himself with ardor into researches that were embodied in the "Annals of Bonifacius VIII." and the "Library of the Popes of Avignon." He also published remarkable studies of famous painters, notably of Fra Angelico.

Two careers of distinction now lay open to Maurice Faucon. He was offered an important diplomatic post, or the part of collaborator with a historian in the College of France. The lack of worldly ambition made him refuse both. He continued his study of Christian art, and became more and more introspective. The gentle melancholy which had gradually replaced Faucon's belief in purely intellectual happiness grew more accentuated as his voluntary isolation was more pronounced. "My road is thorny," he wrote to a friend, "and I am but too disposed to seek out the thorns and dwell on them." Of the old church Chaise-Dieu, falling in ruins, he wrote these touching words: "It is neither handsome, striking,

nor situated in a tranquil spot; but when it disappears something will have gone out of my life, tender and sad, like the best hours of youth."

His delicate organism was an additional cause of sensitiveness. He felt keenly the deceptions and ignominies from which his reserve and aloofness could not altogether deliver him. Mental suffering reacted on his frail body. From the age of twenty-five Faucon was a prey to consumption, and a little thing was enough to disturb his health and equanimity. One day, at Urbin, where he had made a pilgrimage in order to seek the spirit of his beloved Raphael, he fancied he heard a celestial song in keeping with the glorious canvas of the "Transfiguration." Panting with anticipation, he set out as in a trance toward the place whence the sounds proceeded—to find, alas! as he came nearer, the villagers dancing to the vulgar strains of Offenbach. "Such," he cried tragically,—"such is the tenor of my life!"

The effect of the deception was to lay him up for several days with excruciating bodily pain. The solid faith which never left him was the safeguard that preserved Maurice Faucon from discouragement and despair. Rich as were his mental gifts, he forbore communicating his impressions lest he should impart his melancholy to others. "I constantly reflect," he said to a friend, "on how I could prove my love to my human brethren; but I could not give them what I would wish, for I do not possess it myself—the secret of happiness. I long for the divine spark that electrifies and inflames. But the utmost I achieve is the avoidance of what may lower or taint a poor soul. To elevate is surely to console, but sadness does not accomplish this."

Many works which he eagerly undertook were not achieved. Debility and consequent prostration hindered perseverance; and he lived in distress of mind, a prey to alternate despair and hope.

During many years he travelled about from one health resort to another in search of a cure for his bodily ailments, until one day, as he himself describes, he became cured,—cured in the best sense: interiorly, with a joyous, thankful resignation. "This mysterious hour—the hour when grace fell on my soul—was foreseen from all eternity, and bestowed direct from God. Some irresistible prayer, some victorious immolation was offered for me. Neither genius, eloquence, nor conviction—nothing human, in fact,—produces that mysterious revolution called 'conversion,' leading the soul out of doubt, denial, indistinct belief, or adhesion without action, into practical, integral faith,—the faith that is *felt*."

Again: "I was lifted up by so powerful an attraction that all inclination to resist was annihilated. It was so opposed to my reasoning nature, to my customary reticence and secret thoughts, so different from anything I have ever experienced, that I must recognize it as the strange working of that divine power that the Church calls grace." After the lapse of years he wrote on the same subject: "No matter how I analyze, with a mind always critical, in spite of its free but absolute acceptance of dogma, the transformation appears to me now as it did at first—inexplicable according to nature, incomprehensible to human notions. It was simply the hour of God."

Shortly before this momentous day, Maurice had been strongly attracted to a young lady of foreign extraction, whom he met at a fashionable watering-place, and who had been much struck with his talents and personality. A warm friendship sprang up between the two; but, whether from religious obstacles or his precarious health, his mother entreated him to abandon the idea of marriage. He resisted obstinately; and, in the midst of painful hostilities with one whom he had hitherto revered, he made the acquaintance of a strange priest, a traveller whom he never met again, but

who then gained his confidence. Maurice, usually so reserved, unburthened his soul to the stranger, and was persuaded to approach the Sacraments which he had neglected. The moment of Holy Communion was the turning-point of his life. He arose from the altar imbued with the spirit of renunciation that was henceforward to be his guide. He was then thirty-three, and during the remaining seventeen years of his life he prepared for a holy death. In his diary of this date he writes: "I hold Thy hand, O my God! Let me never lose it, even though it crush and wound."

A complaint in connection with his illnesses or crosses was never again heard from Maurice Faucon's lips. Not only did he sacrifice all human joys, but he abandoned his cherished literary pursuits in order to devote himself altogether to the cultivation of his soul. He refused to publish his volume of poems, "*Italie*," because he discovered in some verses a sensual and in others a pessimistic strain. He even ceased to keep his beloved diary, so as to die more completely to himself.

Faucon's literary judgment, his outlook on all things, formerly so prompt, enthusiastic, daring, becomes, from this period of his conversion, calm, sure, and dignified. The spiritualism in vogue which had fascinated him, and the frivolous talents he had admired, are henceforth held by him in abhorrence. "Did these things really amuse me," he asks himself, "or was I insane?" His curious questioning, his eager search for the solution of modern troubles, give place to a joyful confidence in the rulings of Pius X. His belief in the efficacy of prayer makes him proclaim that the Church needs saints rather than scientists.

Thus, leading in the world a monastic life of worship and abnegation, rejoicing that the literary fame to which he had once aspired could now never be attained, he dwelt only on the expectation of the life to come. Maurice Faucon had a happy, peaceful death, and was buried in the habit of a Tertiary of St. Francis.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IX.

SOMETIMES, in fancy, I take a short sea voyage. It is a journey that I have so often taken in reality that I am very sure of the way; and I sail down the pleasant Piscataqua River and into the open sea, with no anxious forebodings in regard to the weather, and utterly indifferent as to whether the waves are choppy or calm. I have become an excellent sailor, for whom the barometer holds no terrors, and to whom all winds are fair. No chattering tourists disturb my equanimity; for I hear but the soft musical call of the bell buoy and the murmur of the water. No disagreeable sights annoy me; for I see but the receding shore, the sea-gulls, and some fair islands in the distance.

How far away do they lie? What does it matter? Distance is nothing to a Shut-In. Nine miles, I think the guide-books say. But, except that I would lose sight of the beautiful shore line I would not care if it were nine hundred. There are six islands when the tide is low; two more at high tide. Appledore, the largest, has four hundred acres; Star Island, a quarter of a mile away, is much smaller; White Island holds aloft a lighthouse,—and this brings me to thoughts of the woman, poet, flower-lover, friend, whose influence still seems to linger about those low granite shoals.

They and Celia Thaxter are now, as of old, inseparable. She was a wee bit of a maiden when her father, a disappointed politician, was given the place of keeper of the light on White Island. One fancies him rather stern and something of a "crank," although the word was not applied to whimsical oddities in his day. He never went back to the mainland, and only regretted that it was not more distant. Celia and her small brothers

seem to have lived a charming life, in spite of the loneliness; finding joy in the simple, common things,—which is, after all, the greatest happiness. The treeless rocks washed clean by the salt spray, the boundless sky, the dancing water, and the trivial events of each day more than contented them. The coming of a blade of grass was an event; the arrival of the first song sparrow, a cause for celebration; the wildest storms, their substitutes for the pleasures vouchsafed to children of the safe mainland. But there was so much rock and so little earth!

The Isles of Shoals have been occupied for three hundred years, and most of the soil is honeycombed with graves. One constantly has the feeling that he is treading upon human dust. White Island, however, was not even a burial-place; and poor little Celia, having come into possession of some flower seeds, was at a loss to find an underground home for them. When her tiny garden was shaped, it was just a yard square, and in it she planted marigolds—Mary's Gold,—and when they grew and bloomed and faded she placed each one in a sheltered place among the rocks. Even in death her flowers were dear to her.

But it is not of this childish garden of marigolds that tourists talk: they refer to the more pretentious one that lies basking in the sun in front of the cottage on Appledore that was afterward her home. Like the house, it has been kept intact. Indoors, the leaves of music are in their place upon the grand piano; the pictures chosen by the gracious mistress of the dwelling hang upon the walls; long rows of poppies, shaded from a blushing white to deepest scarlet, are arranged after the fashion she loved; and outside, her dear blossoms look as if they waited for her ministrations and longed for her tender eyes, closed so long ago.

An unknown friend has written to me: "Your thoughts cheer me. There is always a laugh in them." And, reading his words, I recalled a mother and

daughter to whom, on the boat returning to Portsmouth, I once volunteered a little history of the island's best known inhabitant. They had never heard of Celia Thaxter, but finally an illuminating smile broke over the face of the older woman.

"I believe I know now who she was," she said; "though I don't much believe in patent medicines. But I've seen her picture."

"Ma," screamed the daughter, "I believe you must be thinking of Lydia Pinkham!"

"I guess I am," said ma.

And in this incident I trust my friend may find at least a smile.

(To be continued.)

The New Capital of India.

THE seat of Government in India has been transferred from Calcutta to Delhi, and the change has been much discussed and criticised. To transfer the official machinery from an easily accessible seaport to the very heart of a subjugated country would seem rash, if there were not abundant proof that it is welcomed by the native population as a recognition of their great past and a pledge of careful administration. It is, however, significant that the foundation-stone of the new Government offices is on the very spot where a handful of Englishmen, hard pressed, stood their ground against the mutineers of 1857. A new Delhi will spring up beside the old, which remains untouched; and the famous ridge that marks the position of the British troops will be the dividing line between the two cities.

Delhi, poetically styled the Rose of India, is built on the banks of the river Jumna, and is a great missionary centre, under the jurisdiction of the Catholic Archbishopric of Agra. It was the capital of the ancient Empire of the Moguls, and remarkable architectural remains bear

witness to its former material greatness. Its great mosque is perhaps the finest in the world, and is a favorite goal of Mohammedan pilgrims. Simla, the summer residence of England's officials, is but a day's distance from Delhi. It is beautifully situated among the Central Hills, and affords glimpses of the majestic Himalayan range, with the giant, Mt. Everest, in the background.

Delhi has belonged successively to the Afghans, Mongols, Persians, Afghans for the second time, and various Indian peoples, including the Mahrattas, from whom it was wrested by the English. General Lake turned it into an Anglo-Indian city, and made its prince a vassal of England. The nine divisions of Delhi tell of at least nine vicissitudes in its history. Henceforth it will bear a mark never to be effaced—that of Christian civilization.

The Western traveller is bewildered by the multitude of interesting ruins and half-decayed monuments that confront him in Delhi at every turn. The wondrous gates of Lahore, massive and richly ornamented, are one of the marvels of Eastern architecture. In the mean, badly-paved streets, the eye is fascinated by palace after palace, with finely-carved pillars, multi-colored mosaic walls, doors covered with metal incrustations. Marble columns support the trellis roofs of inner gardens, and quaint statues look down from their summits. The tale of past magnificence may well be believed when such traces of Brahmin splendor are still to be found within and around the city.

Most remarkable of all objects of luxury in Delhi was the Peacock Throne, so called because the back of the seat was formed of two golden peacocks, whose expanded tails were decorated with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Between them, it is said, was perched the life-size figure of a parrot, hewn out of a single emerald, with a carbuncle for its beak! The rest of the throne was in accordance with the beak, and the whole was valued

at £6,000,000 (or thirty million dollars). This unique piece of furniture has long since been broken up and its component parts distributed all over Asia. A scroll of gilt lettering round the walls of the room that held this luxurious throne proclaims in the Persian tongue: "If there is a paradise on earth, it is here,—it is here!" The poor pagan paradise of wealth and pleasure no longer exists, but there have arisen new ideals of treasures that time can not destroy nor thieves purloin.

The beautiful aspiration to an ascetic life that drove so many Buddhists to solitude in search of communion with the Divine, has been regulated and directed by St. Francis. Mohammedanism, with its brutal materialism, has not been able to stifle the sublime spirituality of the Indian people. The Gospel, spreading in proportion to the abundant blood of martyrs, progresses steadily in Hindustan. Convents and monasteries find here a favorable ground. Patience and fidelity are Indian characteristics. When we examine the exquisitely woven tissues, the elaborate paintings, the delicately sculptured ivories—often wrought by different generations of one family,—we feel that those tireless, devoted workers will not lightly part with the gentle lesson of Love taught by humble friars, sons of the humblest of saints, and destined to leaven the India of the future.

REVIEW the years from Adam's time up to this day: It is almost yesterday that he fell from Paradise! So many ages have been measured out and unrolled! Where are they now? Even so shall the few which remain pass away also. Hadst thou been living throughout the time since Adam was banished from Paradise up to this present day, thou wouldst certainly see that the life which had thus flown away had been short. Add any number of years to any one's life, and what is it? It is but a morning breeze.

—*St. Augustine.*

A Ladder for Lent.

BY SIR BASIL BROOK (16—).

IT imports us much to begin Lent well, entering those lists in which so many souls have run their course with so great strictness; having been glorious before God and honourable before men. The difficulty of it is apprehended only by those who have their understandings obscured by a violent affection to kitchen-stuff. It is no more burdensome to a courageous spirit than feathers are to a bird. The cheerfulness which a man brings to a good action in the beginning, does half the work. Let us wash our faces by confession; let us perfume our head, who is Jesus Christ, by almsdeeds. Fasting is a most delicious feast to the conscience, when it is accompanied with pureness and charity; but it breeds great thirst when it is not nourished with devotion, and watered with mercy.

Lent is the springtime for sanctified resolutions; it mortifies the body that the spirit may triumph. It is a time of grace which tends to salvation and mercy. It imports extremely to commend all to God at the beginning. To sanctify this fasting, which is a part of our devotion, we must abstain from flesh, and be content with one meal at seasonable hours, without making over-large collations, except age, infirmity or weakness, labour, or necessity of other functions, shall dispense with our diet: for those who are unable to fast, suffer more by their disability than others do by fasting.

That man is worthy to be eternally sick who fears nothing else but the loss of his bodily health. Men generally do all that they possibly can to cure their corporeal infirmities; they abide a thousand vexations, which are but too certain, to recover a health which is most uncertain.

We must also fast by abstinence from vice. For to weaken our body and yet

nourish our naughty passions is to fast as the devils do, who eat nothing and yet devour the world by the rage of their malice. Sobriety is a stream which waters all virtues. Our soul and body are as the scales of a ballance: if you pull down the one, you raise up the other; and if you tame your flesh, it makes the spirit reign and govern.

The pharisees did place their perfections in washing themselves every hour of the day; in bearing writs of the law upon their foreheads and thorns upon their heels; but made no scruple to take away the honour due to fathers and mothers from their children; to make spoil of the world by a ravenous avarice, which took upon it the appearance of piety; and to give up innocent blood under the shew of justice. The world doth now furnish itself with such-like devotions. Some make it a sin to look upon a fair flower with delight, to eat with a good appetite, to drink cool wine in hot weather, to burn a piece of paper upon which the name of Jesus is written, to tread upon two straws that lie across. But to set money to usury, to remember injuries forever, to keep a poor workman's wages, to oppress the weak, to accuse the innocent, to spoil miserable persons,—these are the little sins which pass for virtues in this world. Assure yourself that such proceedings are abominable before God.

Those ruin themselves with too much light who have all God's law by heart but never have any heart to that law.

There are many which run mad after riches, honours and contentments of this world, and can never come to possess them. They live in a mill, and gain nothing out of it but the noise and dust; they turn round about upon the wheel of disquiet, and never rest.

What can we gain, in the judgment of God, by being like those trees which have a fair outside garnish'd with leaves, yet good for nothing but to give a shadow and to make a noise when the wind

blows? God requires of us fruit, since he is the father of all fertility, and nothing is barren in the land of the living.

It is then we have most reason to fear God's justice when we despise his mercy. We become nearest of kin to him when his ordinances are followed by our manners, and our life by his precepts.

What can be more terrible than the certainty of God's judgment, joyn'd with the great uncertainty of the hour of our death? It is an unchangeable decree that we must all be presented before the high tribunal of the living God, to render a just account of all which our soul hath done while it was joyned with our body, as we are taught by St. Paul. We must make an account of our time spent; of our thoughts, words, actions; of that we have done and that we have omitted; of life, death, and of the blood of Jesus Christ; and thereupon receive a judgment of everlasting life or death. All men know that this must certainly be done, but no man knows the hour or moment when it shall be. So many clocks strike about us every day, and yet none can let us know the hour of our death.

Let us clear our accounts before we die. Let us take order for our soul by repentance, and a moderate care of our body's burial. Let us order our goods by a good and charitable testament, with a discreet direction for the poor, for our children and kindred, to be executed by fit persons. Let us put ourselves into the protection of the divine providence with a most perfect confidence; and how can we then fear death, being in the arms of life?

O Lord, pierce my heart with such a fear of thy judgments that I may always dread and never feel them! If I forget, awake my memory; if I fly from thee, recall me again; if I defer my amendment, stay for me; if I return, do not despise my soul, but open those arms of mercy which thou didst spread upon the cross with such rigorous justice against thyself for satisfaction of my sins.

A Message of Importance.

IN response to the addresses of welcome by the laity of Boston on the occasion of his recent return to that city, Cardinal O'Connell delivered a speech as informative as it was outspoken, and as applicable to many another portion of this Republic as to Boston or New England at large.

"In the beginning," said his Eminence in the course of his remarks, "I set my hand to a double task. The first was to make Catholics of this diocese recognize and realize their own duty to themselves and to the community. The second was to attempt, as far as in me lay, to teach the community at large a fair attitude toward the Church. If the first task was no easy one, this second was harder still." The difficulty was in getting a hearing for the Catholic side. In the minds of a large part of the community, the verdict against the Church and her children had been reached without a hearing. Even among those better informed and more humanely disposed than the rank and file of the followers of the sects, one is often amazed at the unconscious betrayal of a traditional antipathy bordering on open suspicion, and it is queer to watch the manifestations of its spirit. But let us quote his Eminence:

This can be best seen in this utterance of that portion of the press which poses as its most refined champion. This is the process (you will recognize it at a glance). Some years ago its pages were filled with the arraignment of those in political life not of its creed or cult. It ferreted out their every action, found fraudulency and graft on every side but its own, heralded these evil conditions among its own immaculate readers, laying the full blame upon their religious leaders for their culpable inactivity. A new religious leader arrives. His first utterances in the cause of civic honor and honesty are heralded with acclaim. To them it could only mean that the bishop was denouncing his own children. That meant, of course, the proof of their own thesis.

So far all was well. But soon it was clear that what he meant was not denunciation, but purification and advance; then the clouds of

doubt descended. As the march goes onward, the mystery clears. His purpose obviously is to make a community, Catholic by a great majority, conscious of its own Catholic duty—and the storm breaks! The stories of Guy Fawkes and the Inquisition are brought out again from their musty resting-places. It is Rome, ever greedy of power, that is at work secretly and stealthily under the cover of civic virtue. In a word, the bishop who keeps silent is condemned for his inactivity and non-officiousness; and then one can not help thinking once more of the old, old story of John the Baptist, who came unto you fasting, and you said, "He hath a devil"; the Son of Man came to you feasting, and again you say, "He hath a devil."

So, feasting or fasting, silent or active, to such men it is all the same. The trial is finished; the sentence is passed; and that sentence, if it means anything, means that, with the best of good-will, it is hard in a community like this for the Catholic cause to get a fair hearing. Nevertheless, in season and out of season, I have delivered my message. In the public halls among the men of State, at ministers' meetings, at women's clubs, that voice has entered in, has delivered its message roundly and honestly,—neither courting favor by abating one jot or tittle of Catholic truth, nor fearing by straightforwardness to meet the ancient prejudices by more ancient truths. Has the result been accomplished? Has any result been accomplished? God only can tell.

In the sermon delivered on the occasion of the centennial of this diocese, I offered sincerely and without reserve my solution of the social difficulty. "Let us not," I said, "stand glaring at each other over a chasm. Let us rather fill up the space between us with honest good-will toward one another, and come together with mutual understanding and co-operation." I have done my share; my people, too, are doing theirs. What have some of the others done, and what do they propose to do? The responsibility rests with them.

If the elaborate reception accorded to Boston's Cardinal had done no more than furnish a fitting occasion for the delivery of the speech, some portion of which we have quoted, it would have more than justified itself. The circumstances attending its delivery ensured its wide publicity, and the thousands of non-Catholics who have read it have learned some things which may well modify their viewpoints and opinions.

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholic press of this country, we notice, has bestowed generous praise upon President Taft for his letter to the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, annulling a recent order issued by that worthy against our Indian mission schools,—an order, to quote the President's words, 'almost necessarily amounting to a discharge from the Federal service of those conducting such schools who belong to religious Orders and wear their distinctive garb.' His letter is both a rebuke to the official at fault and a warning to other Government representatives in any capacity whose prejudices are strong enough to overcome their sense of justice.

We could wish that the Catholic editors of this country were as slow in placing blame as they are quick in bestowing praise. One of them accuses our Government of having favored a divorce law for the Philippines, and of encouraging public school-teachers there to proselytize the natives. The very contrary is the truth. President Taft wrote against the divorce bill when it was first proposed; and it has been "killed" by the Philippine Commission, as everyone should know by this time. The President is strongly opposed to divorce in the Philippines, or anywhere else; and on more than one public occasion he has distinctly discouraged the efforts of Protestant ministers to rob the Filipinos of their Catholic Faith. As to public school-teachers in the Islands, they are prohibited by law from engaging in proselytizing work of any sort, in any circumstances whatever.

If the efforts of sectarians generally to win poor Italian immigrants and their children away from the Church are not more successful than those of the ministers and lay supporters of the Emmanuello church in New York city, it is consolingly probable that before long such efforts will be relaxed, and in course of time altogether abandoned. The Rev. David

Steele, a minister of the sect which conducts the "Italian mission" just mentioned, pronounces it a failure. He states that in the last twenty-five years it has cost the Episcopal denomination more than \$100,000; yet the converts, he declares, are "a mere handful." On the occasion of a recent casual visit which he paid to the Emmanuello church, the congregation consisted of thirty-two members, fifteen of whom were children. These frank statements were made at a conference on city mission work held in Philadelphia a week or two ago. It is said that Mr. Steele's remarks elicited laughter from the presbyters present, but we are not informed as to the effect on the laymen. They probably pitied those good men of Gotham who had been so grossly imposed upon, and resolved not to be "taken in" themselves by glowing reports of "successful mission work" among Italian American Catholics.

A story about Dr. Spalding, the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Utah, told last week in *Collier's*, is worth repeating, as an illustration of the new form of slavery now so widely spread in the United States. Dr. Spalding tried the experiment of opening, in the smelter town of Garfield, an institutional church which he hoped would become a social centre, with club-rooms, shower baths, dormitories, pool tables, and restaurant. His flock was to be the four thousand smelter employees, who lived in company houses on company land. On applying for land for a church site, he found that the smelting company would neither sell nor give him a plot, although willing to rent for practically nothing. Asking the reason, he was told that the company preferred to keep a hand on the kind of preaching that went on. The plans were drawn. It was found that the smelting company had farmed out the restaurant privilege, the pool-table privilege, and the lodging privilege, and that the beneficiaries of each of these concessions would brook no competitor.

The company donated \$40 a month toward the work. Bishop Spalding in a sermon contrasted the plight of a prospector who went out with his own pan and burro, and enjoyed all the profits of his labor of washing gold with the modern workman, whose tool costs \$1,000,000, and who is a mere servant to it in some vast smelting plant. The company, on hearing of the sermon, cut off the monthly contribution, and "notified" the clergyman that it didn't propose to pay money out to "knockers"; and it was suggested that he write a "boost" for the company and its splendid help to him.

It is not stated whether the bishop is still free, or enslaved like the members of his Garfield parish. If he remains free, he will be able, as the editor of *Collier's* suggests, to furnish much data on the problem arising from the ownership of workingmen's homes by the companies that exploit them.

The old epigram, "So many things are striking that nothing strikes," is assuredly applicable to present conditions in the Canal Zone. A very few years ago, that locality enjoyed the invidious distinction of being "the pest-hole of the tropics." Yet the report of the Department of Sanitation for November last indicates an annual death-rate of only 3.02 per thousand. In view of the fact that, according to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, most of our cities consider themselves lucky if they can get their death-rate below fifteen per thousand, the salubrity of the Canal Zone is certainly very notable.

The suggestion of "Puritanism, an organized conspiracy for banishing the sense of humor from the world," as a text for some future after-dinner orator at the annual reunion of the New England Society in New York, reminds one of our correspondents of a sentiment proposed many years ago by Archbishop Hughes at a banquet given by the same associa-

tion. With all the solemnity of voice and manner of which he was capable, the great prelate pronounced the words "Plymouth Rock." Every ear was alert to hear what might follow, and what followed was the "hit" of the evening, and evoked storms of applause. "Plymouth Rock, the Blarney Stone of America!" Judge — tells us that it required a listener with Irish blood in his veins to start the cheering, so perfect was the spell which the Archbishop's solemnity had cast over the company.

That one man may show more genuine graciousness in refusing than another in granting a request is well illustrated by a letter from the Duke of Norfolk, which we find reproduced in the *Vancouver Western Catholic*. A priest in England wrote to the Duke for a contribution toward providing religious facilities for Catholics emigrating to British Columbia. He received the following reply:

DEAR FATHER:—I am most truly grieved that I can not be of service in the matter about which you write. I am unable to carry out promises already made, and to complete undertakings to which I am committed, and it is not possible for me to embark upon anything fresh. I am extremely distressed that this is so, as I most fully appreciate the enormous importance of coping with the emigration to the West of Canada. I should be truly glad to be able to be of service in a matter of such importance, and also to be of help to you personally in the efforts you are making.

With most sincere regret, believe me, . . .

The sincerity of the regret expressed in this note is unmistakable.

Even those who are credited with having eyes in the back of their head will see something new and noteworthy in the third annual report of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society. The objects of this organization are: To facilitate the landing of Jewish immigrants at Ellis Island; to provide for them temporary shelter, food, clothing, and such other aid as may be deemed necessary; to guide them to their destination; to pre-

vent them from becoming public charges and help them to obtain employment; to discourage their settling in congested cities; to maintain bureaus of information and publish literature on the industrial, agricultural, and commercial status of the country; to disseminate knowledge of the United States immigration laws in the centres of emigration in Europe, with a view of preventing undesirable persons from emigrating to the United States; to foster American ideals among the newcomers, and to instil patriotism and love for their adopted country.

A most interesting feature of the report are the columns presenting the opportunities for immigrants. No Gentile probably had a hand in preparing these columns, but they are none the less useful or reliable on that account. Seattle, Portland (Oregon), and Dayton (Ohio) are rated alone as "excellent"; San Francisco, Spokane, St. Paul, Jacksonville (Florida), Toledo, Wichita, Chicago, and others, "good"; some "fair"; others "poor"; a few, "none." Places where Hebrews see no opportunities had better be shunned by immigrants of other races; and they would do well also to follow the example of the Jewish immigrant in avoiding congestion. As a rule, he disappears rapidly from the slums to the cottage in the suburbs, to the smaller town, the farm, or the home site on the Western plains.

A bit of official impertinence, and the indignant protest which it elicited from some of the persons concerned, are given in the *Catholic Union and Times*. The Commissioner of Education for the United States declares in a recent Bulletin, which has been widely quoted:

In general, it is true that the competition of the public schools tends to cause these private institutions to endeavor not to fall too far behind in the quality of their teachings.

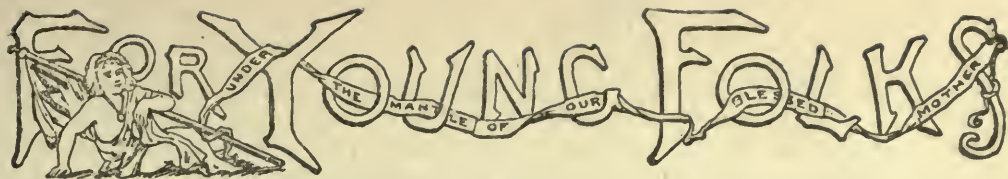
Readers of these columns, wherein we have time and again noted specific instances of Catholic parochial school superiority to the public school, will find

this statement absurdly incorrect; and will not wonder that the faculty of St. Francis Solanus College, of Quincy, Ill., wrote to the Commissioner, telling him among other things:

As applied to these Catholic institutions [parish schools], the foregoing statement is a rank libel, and is a gratuitous insult alike to Catholics in general and above all to the thousands of men and women who, from the highest motives of religion, humanity, and patriotism, and practically without remuneration, are devoting their lives to the cause of education in those Catholic institutions. It is a fact, well known, repeatedly demonstrated, and indisputable, and one that should be known to no one better than the U. S. Bureau of Education, that the quality of teaching in these Catholic institutions is, in general, equal and often superior to that in the public schools. . . . As citizens and taxpayers, as financial supporters of both the public and Catholic institutions, as laborers in the cause of education, we protest most emphatically against any and all such misstatements of fact in a Government report as the one mentioned, and against this one in particular.

If the Commissioner will consult the business men of the country as to the respective attainments of graduates from the public and from parochial schools, he will discover abundant reasons to modify his views and his expression thereof. Let us add that if the writer of the protest addressed to the Commissioner will reread it, he will probably agree that his language might have been a little more parliamentary without the slightest impairment of its vigor.

It was not an Irishman, naturally partial to Hibernia's prestige and glory, but Lieut.-Gen. Baden-Powell himself who, apropos of the Boy Scouts, declared the other day in a speech at Albany, N. Y.: "The actual British precursors of the Scouts were the Irish boys of a thousand years ago, who were known in a body as the Knights of the Red Branch. They lived like the knights; acted like them, except that they did not fight; and, instead of carrying swords and spears, they carried an ashén staff."



Little Peter.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

JOYFULLY little Peter ran
To meet his father, sailor man;
And when he'd given him a kiss
Began to rattle off, like this:

"Papa, my bed is quite too small,
Since April I have grown so tall.
My knees beneath my trousers show.
My stockings are so short, you know.

"My coat's not wide enough for me
Since you went off to sail the sea;
My toes are peeping through my shoes.
We've got a dog,—that's all the news."

The sailor sighed,—his purse was small.
The child went on: "Say, father, Paul,
The crippled boy, is dead;
His papa weeps and bows his head."

The father started. To his heart
He pressed the boy. "O dear thou art!
My little Peter come to me!
Child of my soul, I still have thee!"

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—A YOUNG REBEL.

"TO carry me away North?" echoed Pat. "Me? Why, you're crazy, Ginger! You don't know what you are talking about! You really don't know what you are saying!"

"Oh, I does,—I does!" wailed Ginger. "He come for you suah. He tole Mam he gwine to take you 'way wif him to—to—to-morrow!" And the dire tidings broke into a wail of despair.

All grandpap's spirit flashed into the dark eyes.

"Take me away with him to-morrow? I'd like to see him try it!"

"Dat's what Mam said," sobbed Ginger,—"dat's jest what Mam said. She up an' talk to dat ar white man plain an', pointed, suah. An' he say your gardeen, Mr. Maxwell Granville, sent him for you, an' you *got* to go."

"Well, I won't!" exclaimed Pat, pressing her rosy lips into the fighting lines that had held the ledge on Big Black forty years ago. "Stop crying, Ginger! All the guardians in the world can't take me from Pocomoke. I just won't go, and I'm going right up to Mr. Dunn and tell him so."

"O Miss Pat, no, no, no, doan you face him! He big and strong, an' he talk sure an' solemn as preachin'. He say you got to mind an' come wif him. He say your gardeen boun' by de law to look arter you, an' send you to church an' school an' ebberywhar ladies hez to go, Miss Pat. Dar ain't no chance agin a white man dat talks like dat 'cept to run an' hide. Go back to de Mickells', Miss Pat. Molly she'll hid you in de hayloft, I know; an' I'll tell him you's daid, Miss Pat,—drown daid agin in de creek."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," replied the young lady, indignantly. "Run away and hide in a hayloft! That would be a nice thing for Patricia Peyton to do! Ginger, I'm ashamed of you,—I really am! There never was a sneak or a coward or a runaway in the family, and I am not going to be the first. No: I am going right into the house and settle Mr. Dunn *quick!*"

And, followed by the still whimpering Ginger, Pat stalked up to the house, her pretty head held high in the air, and the light of battle in her flashing eyes.

A rickety vehicle, that had been prudently hired in place of the mountain

coach, stood at the door, and Mr. Dunn himself was pacing up and down the columned porch. His interview with Mam had foreshadowed difficulties with his client's ward, and he was nerving himself for unpleasant duty. But his orders from Mr. Maxwell Granville had been peremptory: Miss Patricia was to return with him at once. And as he caught sight of the slender little figure that came swinging fearlessly up the road, Mr. Dunn set his thin lips together and resolved he would stand no nonsense. He was here in the place of Miss Patricia Peyton's guardian, and must be obeyed.

"Good-morning!" he said, forcing a rather grim smile as he advanced to meet Pat. "You did not expect to see me back so soon?"

"No, sir," answered Pat, frankly, "I did not."

"I come at your guardian's request,—in fact, by his orders." Mr. Dunn plunged into business without further hesitation. "He wished to have you under his protection at once—or, as he kindly put it, to give you a father's care in his home,—so I have come to take you back with me to-morrow."

"My guardian is very kind, I am sure," said Pat, steadying the rosy lips that quivered a little as she spoke. "But I have a dear home of my own, where I have lived all my life, and I don't want any other."

"The question is not exactly what you want," replied Mr. Dunn, dryly. "Young people of your age rarely want what is best for them. It is for your guardian to decide that, and he considers it necessary for you to return with me at once."

"And leave Peyton Hall—leave dear old Pocomoke—leave everything and everybody I love in the world, and go to a strange place, where no one will know or care for me?" said Pat. "You can go back and tell my guardian that I can't do it,—I just *can't!*"

"That would be quite untrue," observed Mr. Dunn, coldly. "You *can* come with

me. There is nothing to prevent it, and you must."

"I won't, then!" burst forth Pat, passionately. "I *won't!* Now you've got it! I was trying to be polite, but it's no use. You can go back to my guardian and tell him plainly I *won't* go. And you may talk to me all day and all night, and it won't change me a bit. I *won't* go with you, Mr. Dunn; and you can't make me!"

And with these words the little lady of Pocomoke, with her Peyton head held high in the air and her Peyton eyes flashing fire, swept into the house, darted up the stairs to her own room, and, flinging herself face downward on the lavender-scented bed, burst into a wild flood of tears; leaving her visitor standing on the porch in angry dismay, to which he could give no words. He had expected childish tears and protests, but no such defiance as this. Miss Patricia, with her flashing eyes and her head held high in the air, was evidently a person to be reckoned with.

Annoyed and perplexed, he turned back into the great house. Mam was airing the big rooms to-day, and they stood open to the sunshine that streamed in through the wide windows on the faded hangings of damask and brocade, the quaint spindle-legged furniture, the shrouded harp that stood broken-stringed and silent in one corner, the old portraits of brave men and fair ladies that looked down from the wainscoted walls. The first Patricia Peyton, namesake of Patrick Henry, smiled over the mantel; and the same dark eyes that had flashed defiance at Mr. Dunn this morning seemed to question him mockingly from the pictured face. Grandpap, in the first freshness of his Confederate uniform, stood brave and strong between the curtained windows. Grandpap's rusty sword lay on the velvet cushion beneath. Even the full-length portrait of grandmamma in the bridal array of fifty years ago had the proud poise of the lady whose word was always law.

An uncomfortable sense of helplessness came over Mr. Dunn. Miss Patricia Peyton had inherited an unconquerable spirit that it would be rather hard to down. Then, with the grim resolve of his own Puritan fathers, he hardened to his task. He stepped out on the porch and dismissed the waiting vehicle, telling the driver to return for him at ten o'clock the next morning.

"And you will have your young lady's trunk packed and see that she is ready to go with me at that hour," he added, turning to Mam, who had been listening in the background. "Tell her," continued Mr. Dunn, "that my orders from her guardian must be obeyed. She must leave here to-morrow at ten."

"Better put it easy, sah," said Mam. "My young Missy ain't used to 'dat sort of uppish talk."

"Your young Miss now has a guardian, who has the right to control her," was the cold reply. "Go at once and give her my message."

The speaker paced the columned porch in grim silence until Mam returned.

"Well?" he said, as she reappeared.

"My young Miss she won't open de door, sah. My young Miss call through de crack dat she got her grandpap's gun up dar, an' if anybody come meddling wif her she gwine to *shoot*. Yes, sah, an' she'll do it. Bress de Lord, sah, yo' can't drive de Peytons! You can't drive nor hole 'em when dar blood is up; and my young Missy's on de bile now, for suah."

And she was "on the bile" indeed! Never in all her young life had she been stirred into such passion, such pain. If Mr. Dunn had approached her more gently, more kindly, it might have been different; but with that cold glance bent upon her, those stern, decided words in her ears, the free nursling of old Pocomoke felt all the madness of the wild colt when it first knows the pressure of bit and rein.

Leave Peyton Hall—the dear home

where everyone loved her? Leave Uncle Scip and Mam and Link and Ginger, who lived only to do her will? Leave old Pocomoke, in whose tender shadows she had played ever since she could remember, whose every rock and nook and glen she knew? Leave all these for that cold, frozen Northland which Mr. Dunn's frosty glance and chill, stern speech seemed to typify,—that strange land where she would have neither name nor place that was her birthright here? Never, never, never, she vowed to herself, with wild, passionate resolve, fiercer than the bursting torrents that ten days ago had swept away the breaking ice from the creek and rushed in defiant strength down the Gorge,—*never, never!*

How long the storm raged our little rebel never knew. Mam, Ginger, and Uncle Scip came pleading for admission, begging her to let them in with luncheon and dinner; but she held her ground. Not until they could tell her that Mr. Dunn had taken his departure would she open the door.

It was far on in the afternoon; and, though her head was throbbing wildly, and she was weak and faint and hungry and desperate, her spirit was undaunted still,—as undaunted as grandpap's when, his clothes in rags, he and his half-starved soldiers held the Ridge on Big Black so long ago. It was then, with her swollen, tearful face half-buried in the pillows, she caught another sound at the door,—a tap, light, gentle, but authoritative.

"Who is that?" she questioned, as she started up breathlessly.

"It is I, my child," was the answer.

"I have come to see you as I promised, my little goddaughter!"

"Father John!" gasped the young rebel.

"Yes: Father John. I have only a short time to stay, for I must go on to Washington to-night. So come down, my little girl, and see me."

"Has that Mr. Dunn gone, Father?" asked Pat.

"Out for a walk," was the answer.

"He will not trouble us. Come down."
 "Oh, I will,—I will!"

Springing up from her bed, Pat bathed her face and brushed her curls hastily, feeling that a guardian and protector was indeed close at hand now. Down in the big dining-room he was awaiting her,—her father's friend and her own,—the "Marse Jack" of old, whom Uncle Scip and Mam had welcomed with beaming delight.

The crisp curls of "Marse Jack" were now thickly threaded with silver; the once rosy cheeks were thin and brown; but something of the merry light of old twinkled in Father John's eye as Uncle Scip rehearsed the day's "tribbilities."

"And, bress de Lord, you's come, sah! What wif Miss Pat shet up in her room wif her grandpap's gun, an' dat ar sharp-nosed Yankee man gibbin' us de word an' law below, looks as if we was back in de ole war times, suah."

"Poor little girl!" said Father John, tenderly. "I'm afraid they've got the word and law on us, as you say, Uncle Scip."

"Dey hez,—dey suah hez, Marse Jack—Marse Father John, I mean!" corrected Uncle Scip hastily.

"Stick to the old name, Uncle Scip. It brings back days that I don't want to forget."

"It do, sah,—it do!" chuckled the old man, delightedly. "Lord, Lord, what a young rapsallion you was! You 'membe dat day you and Marse Dick tied de two colts togedder by de tails till dey nigh kicked dar heads off?"

"I believe I do remember some such experiment at horse-breaking," replied Father John, with a smile.

"An' dat scan'lous time you all built de dam across Bonnbelle an' flooded de spring house dat was chock-full of butter and cream? 'Peared like you was steddying mischief an' debblement night an' day. Why de very wustest boys allus turn preacher, I don't know."

"Nor I, Uncle Scip," answered Father John, and his laugh rang out merrily as

the "wustest boy's" of long ago. "But here comes my little girl. Keep our Yankee friend off, Uncle Scip, while I talk to her."

And Father John rose, with his hands outstretched to greet the little god-daughter who came bounding in to meet him, half-tearful, half-joyful, but all defiant still.

"O Father John, Father John, I am so glad you have come! You will help me, I know!"

(To be continued.)

A Mental Calendar.

The *Catholic Citizen* furnishes the following substitute for a calendar. First of all, learn this little rhyme:

Time Flies Fast,
 Men Wisely Say,
 Men Think, Alas!
 Time's Fooled Away.

The capital letters beginning each word stand for a day of the week. T is for Tuesday, and TH for Thursday. S is for Saturday and A for Sunday. M is for Monday, and F for Friday. W is for Wednesday. The twelve words are for the order of the twelve months, three in each line.

The capital letters tell you what day of the week the first day of the month will fall on in 1912, so that you can tell your friends what day of the week their birthdays will fall on or what day will be Christmas or Fourth of July.

Take the Fourth of July. July is the seventh month, and the seventh word begins the third line of your verse with an M. If Monday is the 1st of July, Thursday will be the 4th.

Any day late in the month may be found by counting sevens. Christmas, for example: December 1 is a Sunday, so the other Sundays are 8, 15, 22; and Christmas must be on Wednesday.

This rule will not apply to January and February, because this is leap year. The verse gives the 2d for them.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New fiction by one of the English publishing houses includes a collection of excellent short stories by Mr. Barry Pain, entitled "Stories in Grey."

—The Christian Press Association Publishing Co. has issued, in neat pamphlet form (32 pages), "Prayers at Mass for School Children," arranged by the Rev. E. P. Graham. The prayers are intended to be recited aloud, as indications are given for the "Leader."

—"A Viking's Love, and Other Tales of the North," by Ottilie A. Liljencrantz (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is the title of a slender, though somewhat elaborated volume, containing four short stories redolent of Norse traditions, and interesting to all who love the atmosphere of oldtime adventure and romance.

—An attempt to retell in simple words some pretty legends and tales, together with a number of original stories suitable to very young children, is the substance of an attractive volume by Mother Mary Salome entitled "Wide-Awake Stories" (Benziger Brothers). These tales are made interesting by the conversational form into which they are thrown and are free from what is known as the "Sunday-School flavor."

—In her latest book, "The Perils of Dionysio" (Benziger Brothers), Mary E. Mannix gives her youthful readers a faithful delineation of Indian character and a graphic portrayal of life in Southern California. The strange circumstances leading to the arrest of Dionysio (an Indian educated at Carlisle) for the murder of a Portuguese named Hernando; his trial and final acquittal, followed by the confession of the real murderer, are set forth in a manner that holds the interest. For those unacquainted with "The Children of Cupa," by the same author, a few of the characters may seem somewhat abruptly introduced.

—Communications on all manner of subjects come to us from all corners of Christendom, from all sorts and conditions of men and women. It would be no surprise, therefore, if some learned correspondent were to call our attention to the fact that the English of the delightfully quaint passages quoted in "A Ladder for Lent," on another page, is not that of the seventeenth but of the eighteenth century. The precious old book from which we have made the selections is dated 1755. However, there must have been an edition of it prior to 1652; for the author of "The Christian Sodality; or, Catholick Hive of Bees," published in that year, refers in

his preface to the "admirable *Entertainments for Lent*, excellently well written by Father Causin, and rarely well translated by *Sir Bazil Brook*, into our mother tongue, which I do heartily recommend as well for ever, as untill my third Tome shall come out."

—Frederick Pustet & Co. publish, in an octavo pamphlet of 43 pages, a third edition of the Rev. B. Sauter's "Lenten Sermons," translated from the German by the Rev. J. F. Timmins. The subjects treated in the six discourses are: the special judgment, heaven, hell, and purgatory. Both author and translator have done their work well.

—From the *Glasgow Observer* we learn that the Benedictine Fathers have in the press, and hope to publish shortly, a third edition of "The Holy Rule of St. Benedict," edited by Dom Oswald Hunter Blair, O. S. B. "It is a curious sign of the times, and of the movement toward Catholicism," adds our Scotch contemporary, "that there is an increasing demand for the Benedictine Rule, apparently for the use of Anglican communities."

—Some of our readers may be glad to have the opinion of so high an authority as the London *Athenæum* of "The Story of Evolution," a new work by Joseph McCabe, a renegade priest, whose writings (probably on that account) find much favor with certain literary critics in the United States. Says the *Athenæum*:

There is nothing either original or striking about this popular summary and exposition of the evolutionary process, in spite of its trumpeting. It gives an account of the various stages of life upon this planet, its vegetable and animal manifestations. The story is graphically told, but interweaves too many subjects to give them more than a cursory treatment or to make the book of any permanent value. Its actual achievement needs to be emphasized, on account of the ostentatious manner in which its purport is set forth. The author sweepingly asserts that, as he has consulted such multitudes of books, it would be useless to supply a bibliography. The argument is not convincing.

—"The Education of Catholic Girls," by Janet Erskine Stuart (Longmans, Green & Co.), will be welcomed by teachers, especially religious, as a guide in the character formation of Catholic young women. "Religion," "The Realities of Life," "Art," "Manners," "Higher Education," "The Elements of Catholic Philosophy," and "History," are all most interesting and instructive chapters, giving right views on subjects essential to higher education. Questions that refute Utilitarianism are discussed and answered, as the author fully recognizes the importance of this subject and the need the

young woman has of adequate knowledge concerning it. In his preface to the book, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster says: "It is a singular advantage to those engaged in educating Catholic girls to have before them this treatise, written by one who has had a long and intimate experience in the work of which she writes." The advantage is apparent in every chapter.

—The most readable chapter of "The Librarian at Play," a recent book by Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson, deals with "The Conversation Room." The difficulties and distractions encountered by two scholars engaged in research work at the Blankville Public Library are amusingly presented in this chapter. In despair at the impossibility of securing quiet for their philological studies within the library precincts, one of the learned pair addressed a letter to the board of directors, beginning:

My name is doubtless familiar to you, but perhaps you are not aware that I am engaged in an important piece of research in your library. When I state that my work is an inquiry into the Indo-Iranian origins of the noun "Fuddy-dud" and its possible derivation from the Semitic, you will understand that it requires the closest possible application and an entire freedom from interruptions and distractions. . . . The library, particularly the remote part of it in which my alcove is situated, has been little frequented during this hot weather. Yesterday, however, an invasion began. The alcove next to mine was visited by a succession of incongruous, inconsequent persons, whose conversation made it utterly impossible for me to work. . . .

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Education of Catholic Girls." Janet Erskine Stuart. \$1.25, net.
- "Wide-Awake Stories." Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "The Perils of Dionysio." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.
- "The Tempest of the Heart." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
- "Do-Re-Mi-Fa." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.10.
- "Booklets of Beauty." 25 cts. each.
- "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Vermeersch. \$1.35, net.

- "Jesus All Holy." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
- "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. III. \$2.
- "The Acts of the Apostles for Children." Mary Virginia Merrick. 75 cts.
- "Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912." 35 cts.
- "Elevations of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Felix Anizan. \$1.10.
- "Christian Science and Catholic Teaching." Rev. James Goggin. 10 cts.
- "Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons." Cora Payne Shriver. \$1.
- "Words of Wisdom to the People." Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
- "Elder Flowers." Mrs. S. B. Elder. 50 cts.
- "The Holy Mass Popularly Explained." Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur. 50 cts.
- "John Poverty." Luis Coloma, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Latter-Day Converts." Rev. Alexis Crosnier. 50 cts.
- "Kyriale with Gregorian Notes." Dr. Karl Weinmann. 30 cts.

Obituary.

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

- Rev. Gustave Follet, of the diocese of Helena; Rev. F. J. Goebbels, Vicariate of Brownsville; Rev. Bernard Smyth, diocese of Monterey; Rev. James McManus, diocese of Newark; Rev. William Reardon, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Thomas Gormley, diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Maurice Bierl, O. F. M.; Rev. Casimir Lutfring, O. M. Cap.; and Rev. John Colgan, S. J. Brother Bruno, C. S. C.
- Sister M. Josephine, of the Order of Mercy; and Sister M. Huberta, Sisters of St. Dominic.
- Mr. Philip Jordan, Mrs. Mary Scott, Mr. Allan Graham, Mrs. Mary Murnan, Mrs. Barbara Gardner, Mr. Denis Bowen, Miss Mary A. Neil, Mr. Charles Ernest, Mrs. W. E. Boone, Mr. M. Boland, Mary A. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Henry Becker, Mr. Christopher Kelly, Mr. Paul Ferbas, Miss Mary Moran, Mr. William Goedde, Mr. Thomas Walsh, Mrs. Mary James, Mr. Frank Moriarity, Mrs. O. T. Burke, Mr. Theodore Greaving, Mrs. Mary Dallen, Mrs. Catherine Crowley, Mr. Charles Leguerrier, Mrs. Sarah McCabe, Mr. John H. Meier, Mr. Patrick Mullally, Mr. John Rush, Mrs. Ann Dooley, Mr. William Sparrow, Mr. Miles Sullivan, Mr. E. T. Tillman, Mr. William Coughlin, Mr. Frank Trapp, Mr. Daniel Connor, Mr. Paul Swengrosh, and Mr. F. D. Martz.
- Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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NO. 9

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If I Could Know.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

If I could know, when each day dies,
I had brought joy to tired eyes;
If I could know, when falls each night,
I'd helped to make some child's life bright;
If I could know, at set of sun,
The fruit of some good deed I'd done,—
I'd count my life of purer mould
Than if I'd gathered mounds of gold.

The Debt of America to the Virgin Mother.

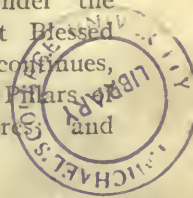
BY CECIL UNDERWOOD.

PILGRIMS in the Old World love to linger near the historic shrines of Our Lady; for there is many a grotto, many an Einsiedeln and Maria Zell, hallowed by the faith of centuries, to bid them welcome as they cross river and mountain; and the domes and spires of ancient cities rise along the pilgrimage. In the New World the traveller finds everywhere traces and tokens of the same beautiful devotion. For wherever he may go, in the populous city or the smallest hamlet, he is likely to see a church of St. Mary or a school of St. Mary, or some other memorial which Catholic faith has erected in her honor. It may be only a tiny rivulet or isle, a pine-encircled lake or wooded crag on the mountain-side, which bears the sacred name: but it is there to remind the generations that Catholic discoverers first

trod the land and left lasting memorials of their devotion to the Mother of God. Like the tree of Mamre, beneath which Abraham broke bread with angels, she extends her protecting arms over the New World, and underneath her sheltering care American youth break the Bread of Eternal Life.

How large is the debt of America to the Virgin Mother! How many holy missionaries were inspired by her to come hither and spend their lives in sowing the good seed! As of old she was called Our Lady of the Mountains, when her statue was placed upon the Esquiline and Viminal Hills, so to-day, and during the trying period of discovery, Americans might salute her as Our Lady of the Mountain; for her watchful eye, as if from some commanding eminence, has peered into every nook and corner; and shrines and grottoes, chapels and convents and monasteries, even majestic cathedrals and flourishing universities, have sprung up in acknowledgment of her favors, which have been dispensed to all parts of the New World,—dispensed with a most liberal hand.

It is pleasant reading, and the American youth will often glance at it, the glorious page of history which tells how the flagship of Columbus was named *Santa Maria* in honor of the Heavenly Queen; and how, when about to set sail, the great discoverer placed his crew under the special protection of the Most Blessed Virgin. Then, as the historian continues, "they sailed away beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the distant Azores" and



every evening the sound of the *Salve Regina* and the *Ave Maris Stella* sanctified those vast ocean solitudes where never from Creation's dawn the voice of man had sounded until then."

The story of the Argonauts and the wanderings of Ulysses are the mere coinage of childish fancy in comparison with this sublime picture of Columbus venturing out upon the unknown deep, led on by the gracious and ever-glorious Star of the Sea. Here the debt of America to the Virgin Mother begins; for nothing short of her marvellous aid sustained the Grand Admiral in the dark hours of that perilous journey.

But not to Columbus alone was her aid vouchsafed: among his followers was a certain Alonzo de Ojeda, a typical Spanish cavalier, who will make a stronger appeal perhaps to the heart and fancy of American youth than the august, severe and unique character of Columbus. Ojeda is known in history as the warrior protégé of the Blessed Virgin, because he constantly carried her picture on his breast and never engaged in battle without invoking her aid. His many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes would fill a small volume, strongly suggesting to the mind the ages of chivalry. "Often," says his biographer, "on perilous marches he took from his bosom the precious picture—the work of a Flemish painter,—placed it among the branches, and, kneeling down, prayed most devoutly to the Queen of Heaven." And the biography adds: "Ojeda never received a wound, although he was the most daring and adventurous of the Spanish cavaliers. The Indians whom he fought believed that he had a charmed life."

What a long list of Catholic heroes and heroines followed in the wake of Columbus and blessed the New World,—preachers and patriots, saints and martyrs; founders of churches, schools, colleges, and universities; hermits in the wilderness seeking the Red Man's soul, lonely voyagers upon lake and stream! The list

is long, and much of their toil and suffering is recorded only in the Book of Eternal Life; but enough about them is known to establish clearly the fact that the Blessed Virgin, anxious for the growth of the kingdom of her Divine Son, often inspired holy men and women to give up everything that life holds most dear, and bear the cross beyond the sea, sustaining them in the darkest hour of adversity, and crowning their labor with a rich harvest of souls.

Open the historic page and delve almost anywhere into the story of these saintly men and women, and directly you come upon a mine of spiritual wealth—the rich gifts of grace vouchsafed through the patronage and intercession of the Mother of God. It may be Balboa with his early chivalrous vow at the shrine of Our Lady of Valencia,—Balboa who afterward walked into the rising tide, and, uplifting a banner upon which was painted a picture of the Blessed Virgin, took command of the Pacific. It may be the tortured Jogues bearing witness among the Northern pines: "God alone, for whose love and glory it is sweet and glorious to suffer, can tell what cruelties the Indians perpetrated on me; and God alone knows what strength and confidence I drew daily from the recitation of the Rosary."

Listen to the testimony of the foundress of the first religious Order established in America (it is a page from her diary): "As soon as I had permission to found an Order in America, I undertook to raise a chapel in honor of the ever-blessed Virgin, and my intention was to impress upon the Canadian mind the heavenly beauty and purity and holiness of the Virgin Mother." Thus wrote Mother Bourgeois, one of the heroines of Catholic history. How truly apostolic is the prayer she uttered to Our Lady when about to found the Order!—"My good and tender Mother, I request for my sisterhood neither wealth nor honors, nor the pleasures afforded by worldly friends. I beseech thee to obtain for the community one

supreme blessing—that God may be faithfully served therein. Permit not that women who are of a proud, imperious, or presumptuous disposition may ever find admittance; nor those whose hearts are engaged in worldly pleasures; but only those who reduce to practice that humility which thy Adorable Son has taught and sealed with His precious blood, and which thou, O Mother of God, hast practised so faithfully!”

One thousand miles westward from the spot where this grain of mustard seed was planted we come upon a broad valley, through which a majestic river sweeps to the sea. It is the year of Our Lord 1685, and we have come through interminable forests and over vast inland seas in order to stand with Marquette upon the banks of the Mississippi. He is penning the opening lines of a chapter in his diary: “Our patroness and guide was the Blessed Virgin Immaculate. I put our voyage under her special protection, promising her that, if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give to it the name of Conception. And so on this day I have named the river, ‘Conception.’” Thus when the first missionary priest gazed upon the “Father of Waters,” his first impulse was to kneel down and recite the *Ave Maria*, in token of thankfulness to her, who had blessed the enterprise.

Again we are standing by him. He is dying on the shores of the Great Lake which should bear his name. Years of missionary toil in the Western wilderness have at last worn out that iron frame. “I know,” he murmurs, “that my Redeemer liveth. Mary, Mother of Grace and Mother of God, remember me!” How much has the historian to say about his success among the Indians, his rare virtue, his missionary zeal, his angelic purity, and continual union with God! But the fact for which we have been looking in his biography is this: “From childhood Father Marquette had been consecrated to Mary; he grew up with a

special devotion to her; he died with her name upon his lips.” As we close his remarkable “Journal,” we see that its very last words are: “*Virgo Immaculata, ora pro nobis.*”

In mentioning the Mississippi and the most saintly missionary that ever sailed its waters, it would be unfair to omit the name of De Soto. Here are a few lines from his last will and testament: “I order that, of my goods, two thousand ducats be expended upon the building of a chapel in honor of Our Lady of the Conception,—fifteen hundred for the structure and five hundred for the altar-piece. I order Masses to be said daily in her honor, who has been daily with me upon this perilous journey.”

It would be wrong to neglect the voices of the farther West,—voices that tell of the glories of Mary beyond the Rockies. For she has earned the title of “Our Lady of the Rockies” by dispensing favors as thickly there as in Canada or along the Mississippi valley. Here is a leaf torn from the memoirs of the great Jesuit missionary, Father de Smet,—he has crossed the Rocky Mountains, and is preaching and administering baptism for the first time in history to the Indians near the mouth of the Columbia River. “On this occasion,” he writes, “we entered the dense forest for a short distance, coming upon a small camp of Red Men, who flocked toward us with words of welcome. The chief advanced and extended the calumet. As the Indians gathered around, I held the crucifix aloft and began to preach, telling them of the wonderful mercy of the Great Spirit to be found in the sweet message of the Saviour which I brought to them. The young daughter of the chief, standing near, came forward and cried: ‘I love the Great Spirit with my whole heart! All my life He has been very kind to me. I wish to be His child. I want to be His forever.’ She fell upon her knees and begged me to give her baptism. I named her Mary, and placed around her

neck the miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin." How many children have since followed the example of this first daughter of Mary, "where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashings!"

The traveller in the Southland, through the old Spanish possessions, learns at once how deeply devoted the pioneers were to the Virgin Mother. For memorials are visible on every mountain-side, on the forest edge, by the village stream, on the canyon's brink. "There they stand," writes the historian, "perpetual prayers in stone, invoking the intercession of the matchless Virgin: Our Lady of the Rosary, Our Lady of Angels, Our Lady of Light, Our Lady of Sorrows, Our Lady of Santa Cruz,—but above all Our Lady of Guadalupe. In the diocese of Santa Fé alone there are no less than five of these famous shrines. Why are the shrines of Guadalupe so numerous? Ask the shepherd boy on the hillside, the cattle-driver on the pampas, or the little Indian girl on her way to market with a basket of fruit. For all have the same story about *Neustra Señora de Guadalupe*."

New Spain vies with New France in the number and efficacy of shrines, in the beauty of churches and grottoes, and in the simple, enduring faith of Mary's children. For if New France can boast of Our Lady of the Snows and Our Lady of the Pines, the sun-browned children of the Southland will answer: "We are content and happy, and our flocks and fields are prosperous beyond measure, because we have with us our incomparable Lady of Guadalupe."

But it is time to glance at the broad-chested Briton who steps firmly upon the Atlantic coast. In a plain, business-like way he builds a town which he names "St. Mary's"; erects the first Catholic chapel upon the Atlantic coast, and names it "St. Mary's." Then he takes possession of a strip of land large enough to make a future State of the Union, and he names it also "Mary's Land," afterward contracted into "Maryland," — a title

which belongs in justice to the whole continent. The grain of mustard seed sown in Mary's land truly fulfilled the prophecy of the Gospel and grew into a mighty tree, overshadowing the earth; for it holds the Primatial See of America.

The leading priest of the English Catholic colony at Baltimore, Father White, may not display the same fervor or effusiveness in thanking the Blessed Virgin that we find in the prayers of the French or Spanish missionary; but there is, nevertheless, ample recognition of the same debt of gratitude. "We placed our ships," writes this English chaplain, "under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mother, and we had special reason to thank her; for, before we entered St. Mary's Bay, we were forced to outride one of the worst gales that ever blew; then, sailing up St. Mary's River, we pitched our tents and began to build a city in her honor, who had saved us from the savage flood."

It is the same sweet note of praise and thankfulness—"She helped us to outride the storm,"—whether you walk along the Hudson or the Chesapeake or beneath the classic spires of Notre Dame. It is a note echoed in the backwoods of Maine, on the shores of the Great Lakes, on the banks of majestic rivers rolling proudly to the sea. It is heard on the distant prairies and on boundless plains where the very winds are weary of travel. It came from the lips of martyrs now asleep beneath the shadow of the mountains, and from saintly graves underneath the palm and pine—"She helped us to outride the storm; she helped us win the immortal crown."

WHY is it that so many excellent people undertake good works without any success? It is because they begin without sincere trust in God, and without a complete renunciation of self. He who does not put his entire trust in God is not worthy to be His instrument.

—Fénelon.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE," ETC.

X.—POACHERS.

DERMOT MURTAGH, besides being a Gaelic scholar, was also a fisherman; and his business was to oversee that part of the river which was let to the hotel, and to manage the fishing on the shorter stretch which was either let with the Castle or kept for the Stewarts' own use. Since Hugh and Crellan had begun to come every year to Imaney, Dermot had had his own way on this piece of water; for the young men were never at home for more than a few weeks. During the rest of the season the old-keeper was his own master, with power to give or to refuse leave to any other to fish in the reserved part of the stream. Unlike most of the Donegal rivers, the Imaney was "fishable" in the spring as well as in the autumn; so it was for only a short time each year that Dermot had not white or brown trout to bring home, to say nothing of the salmon that were sent away regularly during the season to a distant market.

Elinor had not spent every autumn since her childhood in Scotland without learning to cast a line; and Dermot's pride in his new pupil was much increased by discovering the interest that she took in fishing, and her proficiency in what to him was an important science. She had at first demurred when he offered her leave to fish, himself providing everything that was needful; but when both Father O'Leary and the old caretaker at the Castle assured her that Dermot had been given the right to do it, she accepted with delight; and, with help as to the selection of flies and the choice of pools, she soon began to rival the old man in the weight of her daily basket.

The days still told of summer only, but in the mornings and at night there

were hints of approaching autumn; and, though Elinor never neglected her practice at the organ, her mother encouraged her, for the present, to spare the time from her other studies. From all accounts, there would be many days through the winter when some indoor occupation would be only too acceptable. Besides, her fishing days were not lost, even so far as her new interests were concerned. Not only did she learn from Dermot's wise remarks, but she also made friends with the people who lived along the river banks; and the more she saw and heard of them, the more clearly did she realize that any contemplated reforms or improvements must be slowly and cautiously mooted. In the meantime she was winning the hearts of the village children. She had made it a reward for good behavior in the choir to allow the best attendants to help her with her little strip of garden; and two of the elder girls were coming to Mrs. Lambert to be taught the simpler stitches of her lacework.

Indirectly, too, the fishing gave Elinor her introduction to Tomàs McFadden—or "Tomàs the Weaver," as he was familiarly called,—who opened her eyes to greater needs in the valley than, single-handed, she could ever hope to supply. But before any improvements could be made, the board, or County Council, had to be approached, and its permission obtained. This Council, however, was now waking up to the state of affairs that existed in the village, and it was hoped that it could soon be brought around to take an active hand in the upbuilding of Imaney.

At the head of the valley, just beyond the hotel, stood a little cottage, where Tomàs McFadden made nearly all the homespun that was used by the men and women of the district. He had two hand-loom, —one that he worked himself, taking up nearly the entire space of the kitchen; and another, occupying one of the two bedrooms, from which his son turned out the rougher flannels. There

Elinor had purchased a fine piece of bairn. And Tomàs had volunteered the information that he had disposed of a similar piece to a lady who had been at the hotel only last season, and she had completed her costume by ordering a knitted coat from Shane Costelloe's wife, who made travelling buyers:

Elinor had to enjoy her fishing with old Dermot alone, as he had never approved of any part of the fishing being let, and he guarded his own preserves with jealous care against the possibility of any encroachment from what he contemptuously entitled "hotel folk." One of the best pools was at the end of the stretch, and Elinor had had the large boundary stone carefully pointed out to her; and had been primed with retorts with which to meet any possible poacher from the lower stream who might be led to try to pass his own limit mark.

It was with strict injunctions on this score that the old keeper left her to try the pool, whilst he went off to cast over a fish that they had seen rise somewhat higher up. But he promised not to delay long; for there was only one place where a salmon could be landed without a gaff, and when the fish were taking that pool it was an almost certain find. Elinor herself had seen, the previous day, a great silvery body lying deep down in the clear brown water under the rock; and when she approached the spot with her rod, she was too much engrossed in her sport even to remember that no gaffer was at hand. She cast, and for a moment the bright-colored fly danced on the water; then it suddenly disappeared, tightening the line above it and leaving a ring of ripples where it had been. With a practised hand, the girl played her fish; and for some moments the clicking of her line and the rushing of the current in the centre of the stream were the only sounds to be heard. Her footsteps, as she moved hither and thither according as the salmon tried to go, were noiseless upon the soft grassy bank; but just as she was begin-

ning to despair of guiding her fish to the shelving gravel, a heavier footfall than her own sounded behind her, and, without turning her head, she called to Dermot to hurry and help her with the gaff.

After that came some moments of breathless excitement, until at last the beautiful, shining creature was firmly secured and drawn up in safety on the bank. Then only did Elinor notice that the bairn-clad arm which had come to her aid belonged, not to old Dermot but to a stranger — young, tall, his well-cut features bearing a likeness to some one whom the girl could not place, — a likeness that disappeared as a smile at her evident amazement crept into his eyes and made them twinkle delightfully. And she decided quickly that for once the hotel had produced an exception to its usual rule of uninteresting, middle-aged fishermen.

"I am so sorry!" she said, the color flushing quickly to her cheeks. "I must apologize for summoning you in that peremptory fashion, but I was sure it was the keeper; indeed I was so taken up with my fish that as you see I have only now discovered my mistake."

"The proof of a true sportswoman!" said the stranger, raising his cap, and the smile spread from his eyes over the rest of his face. "But please don't apologize. I am only delighted to have come at so opportune a moment. And I congratulate you on your take. A nice fish and in the pink of condition."

"Yes, it is a beauty," replied Elinor, looking doubtfully at the fish; for she was wondering what to do with it whilst she went in search of Dermot. She had not got through her allotted time of practising, and, much against the grain, she felt she ought to tear herself away from the river.

"Surely you are not going off without another try?" said the stranger in a tone of surprise, as she began to loosen her cast and put her now bedraggled fly in safety.

"I am afraid I must be satisfied to rest on my laurels for to-day," answered Elinor, laying down her rod. "But I must take this fish to the keeper; and if you wouldn't mind fixing it for me to carry, it would be very kind. I am afraid I am not independent enough yet to deserve the title you gave me just now—that of a true sportswoman."

The stranger knelt down and secured the salmon; but then, instead of handing it to Elinor, he held it firmly.

"You must let me carry it," he said; and, seeing that she was about to expostulate, he went on: "I was going up there in any case."

Again the color deepened in her cheeks and a look of distress came into her face. She glanced uncertainly up the river, then down its course.

"Thank you very much!" she began hesitatingly; and then, half-smilingly, she looked up at the stranger's face.

"You won't mind what I am going to say, will you? You see, the old keeper looks upon this river as his own property, and he is not at all fond of the hotel fishermen; so if he finds you on this side of the boundary, even with me, I am afraid—"

The smile that had been lurking in the stranger's eyes was chased away for a moment by a look of amazement, which, in its turn, was quickly banished by delighted amusement and a hearty laugh.

"You think he will 'slang' me and threaten to have me up for poaching?" he asked.

She laughed, too, as she answered, relieved at the way he had taken her warning.

"Not slang you," she corrected; "but he would be very sarcastic, and I think he would make you either angry, or sorry you hadn't let me carry my own fish."

"I'm inclined to chance it," he began, when at the end of the stream Dermot himself came into view, thus putting all idea of retreat on the part of the stranger out of the question.

As the old man drew near, the other

held up the fish, and Dermot, seeing it, stood still for an instant, and then started forward.

"I've got him, Dermot!" cried Elinor, alarmed for fear he might think that the stranger had really been poaching. But, to her dismay, she found it was not on the salmon his eyes were fixed.

"Master Crellan!" he panted, as soon as he got within hail. "Glory be to God, an' it's not yourself!"

The stranger lowered the fish and held out his hand in greeting to the old man.

"Well, Dermot, it is certainly nobody else. But look here! I want you to introduce me to the young lady who has allowed me to help her gaff her fish."

Master Crellan! For a moment Elinor stood rooted to the ground in speechless dismay. What had she done? What had she said? She had advised him not to poach on his own river,—she who, as it turned out, was herself calmly committing the crime; for, once any member of the family was at home, Murtagh had no rights to give away.

"Miss Elinor!" (In his amazement, the old man quite forgot his usual courtesy.) "Now, I wouldn't for anything that you'd caught that fish when the young master himself might have had it. But, Master Crellan dear, why ever didn't you tell me you'd be here the day?"

"Why, Dermot old man, what are you saying?" asked Crellan. "Isn't the lady welcome to every fish in the river?"

And then, seeing that Elinor was really distressed, not by the old man's words but by what had happened, he said to her, almost pleadingly:

"It is my turn now to apologize. Yes, it really is,—only you must forgive me. You see, I thought, of course, that you were poaching, though with Dermot's sanction; and it was only natural that you should think the same of me. I ought to have told you at once who I was, but before I found an opportunity Dermot has done it for me."

"Oh, I am so sorry,—so dreadfully

sorry!" cried Elinor. "Yes, I did think you had just come to the hotel and didn't know the boundary."

"Then that proves it is I who must apologize. You only thought I was poaching by mistake, whilst I thought you were doing it on purpose."

His laugh was infectious, and, despite her dismay, Elinor could not help joining in it.

"Then I am forgiven," she said shyly. "Thank you again, both for that and for having come to my aid when I was struggling with your fish!"

"Must you really go?" said Crellan, as she gave up her rod to Dermot and began to move away. "But you will come again, won't you—in spite of the boundary stone?"

It was Elinor's turn now to look surprised, but quickly a light broke in upon her and again she smiled.

"Oh, but I don't come from the hotel either," she explained. "Dermot has been very kind in letting me fish here whilst there was no one at home; but now, of course, it is quite different."

"And why?" said Crellan quickly. "Because I am back? Please don't say that, or I shall have to go away again. Seriously, Miss—"

"Lambert," said Elinor.

"Miss Lambert, then,—seriously, you won't let my being here prevent your fishing.

"You are very kind," answered Elinor; and, seeing that it was no use to refuse, she left it so,—not, however, meaning to make use of the permission.

"Will you think me unpardonably curious if I ask one more question?" went on Crellan, understanding her thought, yet satisfied that when the time came he would have his own way. "As you are not staying at the hotel, will you tell me where in Imaney you have found lodgings?"

"We are not lodging in Imaney," replied Elinor, demurely: "we live here. I am the organist," she added.

"The organist?" If she had been surprised at the discovery of his identity, his astonishment at discovering hers was infinitely greater.

"Yes, the organist," repeated Elinor. "And what is more, I must go now and practise, or," she continued, with a smile, "you will report me to Madam and have me dismissed."

With a word of thanks to Dermot, she moved away again, but again Crellan stopped her.

"May I come with you and hear you play?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Please—please don't do that! It is bad enough on Sunday. You see," she explained lamely, "I have not been at it long."

"But I thought the organist was an old man," said Crellan, still puzzled,—and it seemed for a moment as though Thaddeus' secret was about to be divulged.

Elinor shook her head.

"No, not an old man," she said, "but, as you see."

And this time she went resolutely on her way and climbed the stile over which Crellan had come a short time before.

"Well, if I may not come with you now, at least let me come to see you? May I?" he asked, still trying to detain her.

But now Elinor was far enough on her way to ignore his question and, bidding him good-night, she was soon lost to sight.

(To be continued.)

A Birthday in Lent.

BY MERCEDES.

AS we grow old,
Our birthdays are the "Stations" of our lives,—
At each to pause and take a little breath;
Then, looking back upon the year that's gone,
Resume the *Via Crucis* on to death,—

The *Via Crucis* of our thorn-crowned King
Until the gates of pearl shall backward swing;
Then, like the lilies on the altar's breast,
We, too, shall find before His throne our rest.

The Pity of the Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

II.—THE CENTURION'S SERVANT.

PALESTINE was a beautiful land, "flowing with milk and honey." The pine, the oak, the sycamore, the hawthorn, the fig, the olive, and the carob crowned its heights and shaded its valleys. The vine, orange, and lemon were among the fruits that decorated the homes of the Jews, engaged their labors, and blessed their industry. The seasons came in their course; and God gave to His people, as He had promised, "the earlier and the later rains," to enrich and fructify their double harvest. There in the days of old—in the days of their judges and kings—"each man sat, and was happy under his own vine and his own fig tree."

But the sceptre departed from Judah. The Romans came. Taxes and oppression entered with them, and increased until the exactions of the stranger became a byword,— "Let them be to thee as the heathen and the publican." The publican rented or farmed the taxes from the luxurious Roman Government. The heathen was the soldier and the soldier's officer, who were set there for the double purpose of striking terror into the people and of assisting the publican to obtain his just or unjust demands. The land west of the Jordan was divided by the Romans into three provinces: Judea in the south, Samaria in the middle, Galilee in the north. The two provinces east of the Jordan were Perea in the south, Decapolis north and northeast. Between Decapolis and Galilee was the sacred and beautiful stretch of water, a dozen miles long by half a dozen broad, called the Sea of Galilee, also the Lake of Tiberias and the Lake of Gennesaret. On the borders of this lake, on the Galilean side, stood the town that had become as a Bethlehem or Nazareth to the Master—

the town of Capharnaum. "And when Jesus had ended all His words to the people, He entered into Capharnaum."

This city was a place of great traffic. The sea at its feet abounded in fish. The water was the easy and natural highway,— "the sea of the south," "the way of the sea" to Damascus and all the country of the east beyond the Jordan. A belt of land, of tropical vegetation and richness, surrounded it on the west. Many springs and the shelter of the western and north-western hills made it bloom as a garden of Paradise, from which some have derived its name of Gennesaret, or Chinnereth. Decking the shore line grew in magnificent disorder the thorn and the oleander, where nestled birds gorgeous in color and elegant in form, to be rivalled in beauty and splendor only by the myriad flowers that grew in the jungle, and scented the whole countryside; and not alone "in the bright beams of Eastern day," for says Keble:

All through the summer night
Those blossoms red and bright
Spread their soft breasts.

This, then, was a place where the Romans would establish their tax office, and where the complementary garrison of soldiers would be set. The Roman soldier was to be seen strutting about in the streets of the city, lounging on the margin of the lake, whiling away his leisure time on the cool waters of the sea, or perhaps casting the hook and line. He was there, and, as is the case with a garrison city, he was ubiquitous. Nor has the soldier ever, any more than the leopard, changed his ideal or belied his characteristic. Soldiers are soldiers, and, despite St. Sebastian, will be soldiers to the end.

"Virtue," which in civilized life means everything that is praiseworthy, noble, self-denying, and modest, had but one meaning for the soldier and the soldier's eulogist, *Cæsar*: it meant alone, as classic readers will remember, physical courage and bravery. And if ever any body of soldiers might arrogate to themselves the

proud quality of "virtue," it was the conquering legions of Rome. It appeared not alone on their bare arms and feet, not alone in the savagery of their beard and hair, but in the glitter and bravado of their helmets, their swords, lances, greaves, cuirasses, and shields. Not alone in the heart of Rome and in the days of peace, when others had thrown aside the martial cloak and donned the toga, did they stride "virtuously" by: in the face of "shot and shell" the veterans, with scarred faces, stepped forward with shield and sword, and "virtuously" hewed down the enemy under the ennobling gaze of the flattering eagles. It behooved them to be "virtuous" in any and every place; and, most of all perhaps, in Palestine, the rebel Jewish land, because of its never-ceasing, ever-recurring insurrections.

The sight of those "virtuous" warriors gave, in the Jewish mind, a significant meaning to the peaceful words of the Master: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Verily no nation needed the sermon more than the Jewish nation, whose God had been riches, and whose familiar law was, Blood for blood, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But it was far easier for the dissatisfied Jews, to see that it fitted those imperious and brutal Roman soldiers rather than themselves. And so, when 'Jesus had finished all His words in the hearing of the people, and had entered into Capharnaum,' the one thing that had remained most deeply imprinted in their mind was His indirect condemnation of the hated and depraved soldiery, as they read it: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." And, behold, "the servant of a centurion" (the commander of a hundred soldiers, an officer therefore in this same hated soldiery or garrison occupying the Roman fort) "was sick and ready to die. . . . He was sick of the palsy, and grievously tormented."

The meaning of the word "palsy" in the Greek is "a disabling of the nerves in the

limbs of one side—palsy, paralysis." This disease is found in the New Testament, and is not unknown in our own times. There are different kinds of paralysis. It may be of the whole body, of one side, of some of the limbs, of the face or the tongue. It generally denotes something wrong with the brain. If the right side of the body is attacked, the left side of the brain is said to be the seat of the disease, on account of the crossing of the nervous system at the back of the neck and under the base of the poll. In these cases the affected limb is dead, while the rest of the body may enjoy its natural health and power.

There is a kind of paralysis in which all the members of the body, but especially the arms and legs, dance as if they were hung on wires. It is commonly known as the "trembles"; and this seems to be the form of the disease mentioned here,—that is, if it be right to consider the Gospel "palsy" as identical with the paralysis of the present day; for we read that the servant was "grievously tormented." This kind of paralysis or palsy may arise from great heat or from peculiar foods. Persons employed in the smelting of metals are exposed to it; and in the East, the use of a certain bean mixed through flour, even in the minute proportion of one part to twelve, is said to be injurious; in one part of every three it is certain to induce a severe and dangerous form of paralysis.

One reads with a feeling of sadness that the holy founder of St. Sulpice—the co-worker with St. Vincent de Paul, the venerable priest that refused a mitre at the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, and accepted an obscure and neglected parish in the slums of Paris, the mortified and indefatigable worker, Jean Jacques Olier—was stricken with paralysis in the midst of his great labors. And yet, half dead and half alive, besides guiding St. Sulpice, he established seminaries at Nantes, at Viviers, at Clermont in Auvergne, and even at Quebec in Canada.

Disease is no respecter of persons. A Roman centurion, at Capharnaum had a servant who was dear to him. This servant was stricken with the palsy, and grievously tormented, so that he was ready to die; whereupon the centurion was in sore distress. God acts strangely with the human soul. He wants to bring it to Himself, and He chooses the strangest of all ways to do so: He sends afflictions. The centurion was not like the bulk of the Roman soldiery—proud in spirit. He had come to recognize a supreme God. How he had learned this we do not know. But once we acknowledge a Creator, and begin to think that from the beginning He has been unbeginning, eternal, infinite in power, infinite in majesty, infinite in perfections, and when we ask of God to give us the grace to understand that fundamental truth even in a small way, then we begin to be "poor in spirit."

As yet he did not, in all likelihood, know that the Master was God the Son made flesh. But his own reason told him 'that from the beginning it had not been heard that any man did what this great Prophet did; and unless He were from God, He could not have done the like.' So he sent the ancients of the Jews to Him. And when they came, they besought Him earnestly, saying: "He loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." Our Divine Lord went with them. It was not far from the town of Capharnaum to the fort of the garrison, which in all probability stood on one of the hills commanding the town. The centurion lived in the fort or in a private house near it. And when He was not far from the house, the centurion, because he was humble and poor in spirit, and did not deem himself worthy even to come near Our Lord, sent friends of his to go and make this surpassing act of humility and of faith: 'Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Neither did I think myself worthy to come to Thee.' That was his act of humility.

Now for his act of faith. 'Thou canst order everything Thou wishest, even an immaterial thing like sickness, and it must obey Thee,—in the same way as I say to a soldier under me, Go, and he goeth; Come, and he cometh. I myself am a man under authority. I know what it is to be ordered, and to obey orders instantly. Say, then, but the word, Lord, and the sickness shall obey Thee, and my servant shall be healed.' When Our Lord heard this, He turned to the multitude that followed Him, and said: "Amen, I say to you, I have not found so great faith even [among the faithful] in Israel. And I say unto you that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven, but the children of the Kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

By this time the centurion had come up, and Our Lord said to Him: "Go; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." The man had believed with his whole heart, and so a complete miracle was wrought. He believed at that instant that the sickness had obeyed Our Lord, just as unhesitatingly as he would have believed that a soldier to whom he himself had sent orders would immediately obey him. "And the servant was healed at the same hour." Not so, however, the friends who had been sent; and therefore it is written: "And they who were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole who had been sick." (St. Luke, vii.)

It is worthy of note that we find in the Holy Bible two other centurions,—one at the Cross on Calvary, and one to whom St. Peter was sent down to Cesarea. All three, though belonging to the licentious Roman army, were men simple in mind and poor in spirit,—religious men, who feared God, gave much alms, and prayed always. And upon them and upon all their house "the Holy Ghost fell while they were hearing the word." (Acts, x.)

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

IX.—THE TRIUMPH.

WHEN Maurice Ahern died of pneumonia shortly after Christmas, he left a widow and a young son behind him. One would say Mrs. Ahern was fifty and young Maurice fourteen. They were well off enough while the elder Maurice lived; but God took him, and then the two had to make out for themselves.

Shortly after the funeral, Mrs. Ahern went up to the "Great House" to see the "Masther," Sir Robert Ferendale. Her husband had been his sheep-tender—shepherd in pastoral phrase,—and she wanted to know if she could still keep her little house and tend the sheep. The "Masther" was not such a bad man, but his sheep must be thought of.

"My good woman, I should like to help you, for your husband was a faithful servant; but surely you can not take care of all my sheep?"

"Your honor, I'm not manin' myself, but the little boy."

"Your little boy take care of my sheep? In the washing season? In the shearing season? In the yeaning season? And the old sheep to be sold off? And the new ones to replace them? Impossible! Your son is the merest child."

"Yes; but, your honor, he used to be about with his father a great deal mornin' an' evenin' when he was home from school, an' he does be very knowledgeable."

"Mrs. Ahern, I really am afraid to trust my sheep to so young a boy."

"Wisha couldn't your honor give him a thrial? Your honor wouldn't lose much by that."

"Very well, my good woman; I'll give him a trial," the man of acres and sheep replied promptly, knowing very well he could not lose much in the brief space of six or seven days.

The mother brought home the good news, saying as she hung up her winter shawl:

"Maurice *agra*, the work is hard an' you must be up early an' late. But you'll have three sthrong min to help you as your father—God rest him!—had before you. An' you know more about the sheep than they think you do. An' God, who left you without a father, will give you His hand to guide an' help you."

But little Maurice had high hopes for a day ahead; and the prospect of sheep-tending in cold and heat, wet and dry, early and late, scattered his hopes like chaff in the wind. He wanted to go to college—he did not know when or how—to study law, and then to be an attorney, and later a councillor. He had a school-master who rose above the birch and the beating system of those days, and spoke to him in a kindly, human way. All of them are risen above the system now. But one must praise the man who is ahead of his time; for his light is a light unto others, and opens pathways to fairer vistas.

Maurice was a sensible lad, however, and took the present for what it gave, and let the future wait for him away in the years. He was already in the "second stage of sixth" class in the national schools, and spoke English with remarkable accuracy.

"Mother, I was thinking of something else for myself, but I see I must put that by for the present. To-morrow mornin' I'll begin tending the sheep; and, as I have a little time now, I want to see Mr. Crimmins, the teacher, after school is let out."

"Yes, Maurice. An' be back for supper, an' go to bed early; for there's a long, hard day ahead of you to-morrow."

The lad promised, and passed out of the house.

John Crimmins, the school-teacher, was a bachelor of forty-five, who lived in a neat cottage about a quarter of a mile away from the schoolhouse. Old Mrs.

Doyle, a woman of sixty-four, who was all alone in the world, kept house for Crimmins,—and kept it well, you may be sure. She had a motherly way with her, and looked upon the teacher as a son, and John looked upon her as a mother. It was a pleasant arrangement for both of them, and made life run smoothly enough.

When Maurice reached the cottage, Crimmins had just got home from school. He was most friendly in his greetings to his promising scholar, and made him forget as much as possible the gap of distance between them. When one is full of a subject one comes out with it quickly, and Maurice was full of fading visions and dying hopes.

"Mr. Crimmins, you have been very good to me all along, and you have helped me in a hundred ways."

"And, Maurice, I have told you a hundred times not to mention goodness or favors from me to you."

"Well, I can't help it this once; for I'm going."

"Going? Where, my dear?"

"To leave school."

"To leave school?"

The teacher waited for explanations.

"You know, now that my father is dead, I must fill his position or we must leave our little home. We can't do that; for we must live, and not beg. I learned a good deal morning and evening about taking care of the sheep from father. To-morrow I'll take up his work."

To Maurice's surprise and, perhaps, disappointment, the teacher had no regrets to offer over his stern fate.

"Evidently to take care of your mother and to keep the little home is the present duty. And the present duty is the first duty, Maurice. Don't worry about the future; for the little service of to-day takes care of the larger service of to-morrow."

"That's all fine talk," thought Maurice; "but fine talk never gets one a schooling."

The teacher had more to add:

"Maurice, keep up the studies,—the Latin, the reading of English authors,—and write a composition sometimes. I'll help you."

And straightway this man of axioms wrote down a schedule of work for his shepherd pupil and promised to help him along.

Maurice went off in better spirits than he had come; for, in spite of drudgery and long vigils, his dream was not blotted out forever, though it was far away.

To tell of his daily round of work—keeping guard and count of the sheep, warding off disease, and fighting it out when it entered the fold; his long walks from end to end of the wide estate; his watchfulness to protect the interests of his master; his tact in getting those under him to render full and careful service,—to tell all this would be to repeat the story of many another lad born at the base of the mountain, who, because he longed for larger vision, could not be gainsaid, and climbed to the summit. There were, in his watch, periods of lull, when he sat under a tree and pored over his Latin, or worked a problem in mathematics, or read the books loaned to him by his teacher. There were many occasions, too, when the teacher himself happened along and removed difficulties from before the active lad, or showed him new ways. It was like fighting one's path against a high wind on a treeless plain, this battling against circumstance. Maurice liked it, waxed stronger of purpose under the force of it, and saw his dream come nearer day by day.* But for one opposing force he would have advanced so joyously as almost to forget he was a sheep-tender.

Sir Robert Ferendale had three sons and as many daughters. Five of these children one may dismiss without a word or a nod, as they had no relations whatever with the young dreamer of dreams. The second son, who carried his father's name, was about a year and a half Maurice's senior. Like his brothers and sisters, he had a private teacher, following

the traditional ideas of "gentleman born." Probably he was clever enough — one is not concerned. Doubtless he made progress in his studies — it is not so important. But what surprises one even now is that this young, pampered, petted boy, with the way of life rosy before him, could stoop to notice with envy a lad who ran barefoot about his father's fields and wrestled with his father's sheep. Yet he did. The reason for his jealousy is simple enough.

On three occasions his own father, in his presence, praised the grit and serious manner of Maurice. Twice the talented young minister, an Oxford man, who occupied the manse close by the estate, spoke at dinner of the "wonderful eyes of Sir Robert's shepherd lad." A lady whose flighty horse Maurice had held for a little spoke of the "remarkable working boy who took care of the sheep." Then Maurice's talents were spoken of once or so, and Lady Ferendale said she wished "Master Bob had as bright a head as young Ahern."

From then on Robert Ferendale, Jr., seemed to have but one aim in his young life — to keep in the low dust Master Maurice Ahern, Jr., official guardian of his sire's sheep. It was an unequal contest, you may be sure. Poor Maurice had to grin and be silent while the rich young gentleman raged and abused him. He might have inflicted bodily punishment on young Ferendale, for Maurice was known as a hard hitter at school. But he had a mother, and it would be small satisfaction to her if some time she were to say: "Mother, I have made Master Robert Ferendale's face black and blue with my fists. I am glad of it, too, although I must give up the sheep and get out of the house." It was an unequal contest, therefore. For if a man's hands are tied behind his back, a brave opponent may smite him with impunity.

Young Master Robert would say, as he galloped his pony across the fields to where Maurice was branding a sheep:

"You insolent dog, don't you see you're in my way? Move off, you beggar!"

Maurice would move away a little, though there were acres of field on either side of him for the young gentleman to pass.

Again, young Ferendale might come upon him during the brief periods he snatched for study.

"You worthless brat! Do you suppose my father pays you and gives you a house, in order to have you spend your time reading? You ignorant peasant! I'd like to know what you want books for?"

Maurice would put the little volume in his pocket and glide away to another section of the field.

He might have stopped the persecution if he had complained of the pampered boy to his father; for Ferendale was a strict man, who would accept no nonsense from his children. But, with the instinct of his race against "spy" and "informer," he could never bring himself to lodge a complaint. All the same, his young mind planned revenge, and his young heart longed for the day when his turn would come.

When Maurice was in his eighteenth year, John Crimmins' housekeeper died. Owing to the careful tutelage of the teacher and his own patient work, Maurice was ready to go away somewhere to begin his study of law. But he had not enough money to carry him through, nor did he see any prospect of getting it. Then the unexpected happened, and John Crimmins offered the position of housekeeper to his mother, and told Maurice to make ready to cross the Channel to take up the studies of his profession in England. Some days later Mrs. Ahern began her new duties, when Maurice was gone to the land of the oppressor. Robert Ferendale, Jr., had taken up the study of law in a select school some time before.

The years went their swift way, and fate or circumstance or what not at last brought Robert Ferendale, Q. C., and Maurice Ahern, Q. C., into conflict. The

former sheep-tender remembered. the burning insults of days gone by, you may be sure; for personal wrong sometimes leaves a deep, red wound that time does not heal. The trial in which they both appeared as celebrated opponents is so well remembered that one need only offer the merest outline.

Smithfield was an "emergency man" placed over the farms of two evicted tenants some miles outside Ardee. The landlord of these tenants was an "absentee," who spent most of his time in keeping up with the races, the yachts, and those games of chance which are a part of the pastime of the "idle rich." He gave no thought to the struggling peasants who were trying to eke out a living and to hold up under the crushing weight of the rents. Probably the landlord did not know who they were, and did not care to know. He was a hard, bad spendthrift at best; and the agent he employed to collect his rents was no better than himself. Two tenants were evicted for nonpayment of rent, and this Smithfield from somewhere was sent to occupy one of the houses and take care of both farms.

An "emergency man" at his highest was a hateful beast, whose presence defiled the abandoned hearth, whose very shadow was unholy on the land. Smithfield was the most offensive of a very offensive tribe. He swaggered and put on the airs of a gentleman, and by and by told the two "peelers" sent to guard him to go home, as he could take care of himself. The poorest beggar on the road would neither salute him nor answer his salutation. He drank freely and his swagger rose to insolence. But the people had no mind to borrow more trouble than they had already, and let him go his way.

One evening, Margaret Sheehy, a young woman of fine appearance, was coming home from the dressmaker's at Ardee and was met by Smithfield. She fought the fight of her race for the priceless treasure of her sex, and was found

insensible on the road an hour later. When the people heard of the outrage their anger leaped out in burning tongues of fire. Next morning the police found Smithfield dead in the exact spot where the girl was found, with three bullets lodged in his head. Margaret Sheehy had three brothers, who were at once placed under arrest, charged with the deed. There was a great deal of talk about circumstantial evidence among the attorneys, which the laymen could not follow. The concrete facts were the death of Smithfield, the arrest of the Sheehy brothers, and the great trial at Limerick.

Young, rich and brilliant Robert Ferendale, Q. C., was to prosecute for the Crown. Everybody expected that; he was a landlord's son. Young, brilliant, but not so rich, Maurice Ahern, Q. C., was retained by the defence. Everybody expected that, too: he was of the people, and proud of it. And you may be sure the people were proud of him. Now, if ever, his services would be needed. One might call up the fine rhetoric of Mr. Macaulay on his Warren Hastings' trial to describe the time and the scene, but one must surely be caught with the purloined property. At any rate; the courtroom held all it could hold, and out beyond it the streets were packed with people.

In Robert Ferendale's opening speech there were finish of language, grace of gesture, and wealth of discouraging testimony. One does not remember the points after so many years; but a distinct impression remains that the distinguished councillor had the rope around the necks of the Sheehy boys and it needed only the hangman to finish them. He was sarcastic, he thundered invective against a lawless people till one wondered if he would not hang them all; he appealed to the jury to stand for law and righteousness as against cold-blooded murder in the broad highway. He wept some as he spoke of the blameless man away from home, rendering a legitimate service in

the face of boycott and intimidation. When he ended at last, many a man and many a woman said, "God have mercy on thim poor boys! Sure they're as good as dead an' gone!"

There was a whispering among the solicitors and the white-wigged councillors, and many nodded, and many more shook their heads. Indeed, among the high and the low, it looked hard for the three Sheehy boys sitting silent and solemn on the prisoners' dock. And a man might cry a bit, and not be ashamed of either, to see the crushed and broken parents of the three stalwart lads, and their sweet-faced sister close beside them. But often in the darkest hour the sun leaps out and scatters the clouds.

Maurice Ahern, Q. C., rose with fine self-possession, and there was a very perceptible buzz of excitement in the courtroom.

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury."

He seemed like a fine rider astride a horse that at a word would leap into space and annihilate miles by the minute. But he did not urge his steed yet. Rather he walked his charger, Language, with ease and grace, bowing and paying compliments as he went.

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury: The distinguished counsel who has assumed the responsibility of the Crown at this trial has more than measured up to his previous reputation as a master in the craft of matching words. He is brilliant and resourceful, and has captivated the fancy of the jury and of the crowded courtroom; and, I am free to confess, he has captivated me also. If matchless language and exquisite finish of voice were to decide between him and me, between the three prisoners at the bar and the dead Smithfield, between guilt and innocence, the case might well rest here. But, Gentlemen of the Jury, there are issues that even eloquence can not tide over; minds that beauty of language can not sing to slumber; clamoring rights that crushing invective and picturesque

irony can not hush into silence. Above all, there is a just God" (here the young councillor lifted his right hand high above him), "whose truth is eternal and must prevail, who holds rich and poor alike in the hollow of His hand, and who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness."

Then his charger cantered, and later galloped, and finally flew. How like a prophet was this man tearing to tatters circumstance after circumstance till there was not a shred of it left! How puny—to mix the figure—was the polish of Ferendale Jr. before the giant blows of this towering man! How every bit of adverse testimony fell into dust with the strokes of his sledge! How the jurymen listened, with extended necks and parted lips, as he sent home every telling circumstance, every crushing weight that battered down the feeble breastworks of his opponent! There were demonstrations and the court rapped for order.

Suddenly he swerved from his thought:

"And who is this Smithfield? 'A blameless man,' the worthy council says, 'away from home, rendering a legitimate service in the face of boycott and intimidation.' A blameless man? Does a blameless man beat an innocent young woman into insensibility to steal away her virtue? Does a blameless man wait for an innocent girl on the highroad and beat her down in the darkness of night? Is this the worthy council's concept of blamelessness, of chivalry, of modern knight-errantry?"

He went on and on and on. At one moment men's eyes blazed fire, at another tears were streaming down their rough, weather-beaten faces. He made witnesses contradict themselves, and pointed out discrepancy after discrepancy in the testimony. Half of them were perjurers before he had finished the cross-examination, and the other half did not wish to stand sponsor for what they had at first testified. Young Ferendale objected here and there as a matter of duty, but this mad rider could neither be reined nor

thrown. On he went to the bitter end, and closed with a peroration that put the courtroom into a frenzy of enthusiasm.

The judge's charge was brief and, to all intents, a verdict. The jury filed out, and returned in just two minutes with the words, "Not guilty." The wild joy that followed one passes over as a matter of course. There are scenes and moments and feelings that always lose in the telling.

Coming out from the court, a warm hand clasped the hand of the now imperishable Maurice Ahern. It was that of John Crimmins.

"Maurice, Maurice, I'm proud of you! It was a victory for ten lives!"

Maurice returned the pressure of his old friend and teacher.

"My dear old teacher, my dear old friend, you share in the triumph! It is yours as well as mine. And isn't it worth waiting for all the years?"

(To be continued.)

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

X.

THE thoughts of a Shut-In, like those of youth in Longfellow's verses, are "long, long thoughts." My mind refuses to bestir itself, but clings to those "heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea" that we call the Isles of Shoals. Their history is unique. The famous Captain John Smith seems to have discovered them in the year 1614; and, singularly enough, from the very first these austere rocks were associated with gay, pleasure-loving Spain. I can see those lumbering old ships, with their weatherworn sails, quaint prows, and the carved figureheads, very often representing the Blessed Virgin, though perchance in a crude and unskilful way. The Spanish sailors, stopping at the Shoals for fish, must have given color to the

landscape. But it sometimes happened that their visits were the saddest of tragedies.

In 1813, the good ship *Sagunto* went ashore upon those pitiless, lurking ledges, and every man on board was lost. Fourteen poor fellows — so far from home! — reached the shore, only to perish there; and fourteen graves were quarried for them out of the rock of Haley's Island. Old settlers used to tell of the strange clothing worn by the unfortunate men, and of the medals of Our Lady fastened about their necks. A hundred years have passed, but one's heart still grows sad at the thought of the waiting wives and mothers in the land of song and laughter, so far away from those shallow graves, where only the waves sang a requiem.

"O Spanish women, over the far seas,

Could I but show you where your dead repose!
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze
That strong and steady blows!

"Dear, dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet

These you have lost; but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes
are wet

With thinking of your woe!"

For many years after the discovery of the Islands, they were occupied by God-fearing, though somewhat narrow-minded, people. Erudite men went there to instruct the settlers, and the Shoals attained such a reputation for learning that many young people from the mainland were sent to the "Academy" there, to acquire a solid education. All this came to an end with the beginning of the American Revolution. English ships made so many requisitions upon the hapless islanders that the "rebels" ordered them to leave. After the exodus, there were left only a few human derelicts, from whom sprang a degenerate race that made the Shoals the scene of vicious lawlessness. Congenial companions joined the colony, and its ruin was complete. "In no place of the size," says Mrs. Thaxter, "has there been a greater absorption of ruin since the world was made." And, as a consequence, iniquity flourished.

The islanders, as a result of their isolated life, led an independent existence, with their own dialect and code of manners and morals. They neither knew nor cared whether they belonged to Maine or New Hampshire, as they paid taxes to neither State; and the Civil War, that wrung all hearts upon the continent, failed to interest them. News of battles was no more than a spent wave when it reached them.

The Shoalers loved their islands as the Swiss do their mountains; and I know of one boy, aged thirteen, who, going to the mainland for the first time, spent the few hours of his stay in the city of Portsmouth, sitting upon a woodpile in a cellar, dejectedly waiting for the schooner that was to take him back to his beloved Appledore.

A picture of the little meeting-house on Star Island brings with it strange stories of the old days. It perches upon a rock, like a sea-bird poised for flight,—the third house of worship on that spot. The first, made of the timbers of a wrecked Spanish ship, was promptly burned by the natives, and its successor shared its fate. "This one they can not burn," said some good people, as they reared the present little edifice of stone. There they sang and prayed, and there the islanders stored their fish on weekdays. The Unitarians meet there now for their summer conventions, looking like queer fireflies as they troop to their evening services, with their lighted lanterns.

The old Shoalers had a genuine mania for setting things on fire. Fuel was scarce, so they destroyed every bush and growing thing. Whiskey was plentiful, so they burned buildings from sheer malice. "What is the bell ringing for on Star?" asked Mrs. Thaxter once.—"Oh, it's Sam Blake setting his house on fire again to get the insurance!" was the reply.

But time has changed the Islands, as it changes everything. The fishermen and their cottages have given place to summer people and great houses of enter-

tainment; the gentle island poetess and the charming and distinguished persons who were her guests have vanished; and—as I ponder—a fog rolls in, and I view the beloved scene no more.

From the *Boston Transcript*: "The Island of Appledore has been bought by a syndicate, who will cut it up into building lots."

(To be continued.)

An Anecdote of Père Monsabré.

IT was the eve of a great religious festival, and pilgrims were flocking into a certain Breton town, rapidly filling the quaint old inns and the picturesque lodging-houses. The bishop of the diocese was to be present; and, in order to enhance the splendor of the fête, the curé had secured Père X—— for the sermon on the occasion.

The express came steaming into the station, where the impatient curé paced to and fro, all sorts of presentiments disturbing his peace of mind. What if the preacher should have missed the train or have been detained by some unforeseen event? He glanced up nervously as the first coaches passed by, and was reassured only when a white-robed figure alighted.

With a radiant smile, the curé hurried forward—but halted suddenly, perplexed and disappointed. For, although it was a son of St. Dominic who stood upon the platform, it was certainly not the Reverend Father whom he had come to the station to meet. The friar now approaching he recognized as a much younger man; and the curé, rashly concluding that youth meant incapacity, foresaw the failure of the morrow's festivity.

"Père X—— fell ill yesterday," the newcomer apologetically explained.

The curé interrupted him with the impatient rejoinder:

"Then the superior should have chosen an older man, not a mere novice like yourself."

Now, Père Monsabré, although at that time still a young man, had already preached some of his famous conferences in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. He was, therefore, somewhat surprised at the curé's indignation; but, being an humble man, he said not a word. This attitude so increased the poor curé's agitation that he seriously thought of declining the young priest's services and sending him back to his convent; he contented himself, however, with this parting threat:

"If the beginning of your sermon does not please me, my friend, I will take your place in the pulpit and preach myself."

The church was packed from door to sanctuary; and, when bishop and clergy had taken their seats, Père Monsabré moved down the aisle toward the pulpit. At its foot knelt the curé, grim and defiant, ready to put his threat of yesterday into execution. But he soon found that his services would not be required that day. The clear, sweet voice of the preacher captivated the audience at the very start, and his repeated bursts of eloquence delighted and astonished everyone. The entire congregation was spell-bound—fisherfolk for the most part, who had never before heard such ardent, burning words. Even for the bishop it was an exceptional experience: he had never thought to see the successor of Lacordaire in a Breton village. As for the curé, he listened to the sermon with feelings not to be described. When the last words had died away, he composed himself and followed the preacher into the sacristy.

"Pray, Father, what is your name?" he asked, with his usual bluntness.

"Monsabré," was the simple reply.

"But why did you not tell me?"

"Because, my dear curé, you never asked me," replied Père Monsabré, amused at the good curé's confusion.

The True Happiness.

BY A. G. SARAVIA. FROM THE SPANISH.

ONCE there lived, in a mysterious town of Southern Asia, a beautiful fairy known as "The Fairy of Happiness." Her dwelling-place was a magnificent palace situated by the shore of a silvery river, and surrounded by forests and mountains. The fairy's residence was universally known, and a great number of persons went there, to ask her for life's most precious gift—happiness. Tradition tells that, at that epoch, no one who implored her for happiness ever came out of the enchanted palace without having obtained it.

One day the beautiful fairy was sitting in her palace, looking through her book of records. A smile spread over her lips as she thought that, in spite of the many gifts of happiness she had bestowed on men, real true happiness had not yet been solicited. In that mysterious book were registered cases of love, forgetfulness, glory, popularity, wealth, friendship, vengeance, and a large list of blessings and curses conferred upon mankind. The fairy was sure that the true way of happiness was unknown to human beings.

She leaned back in her chair, smiling and thinking of the vanity of this world. She remained in this position for a few minutes, when the door bell rang and awakened her from her reflections. A newcomer was introduced into her presence, and the fairy addressed him thus:

"What sort of happiness do you desire? Do you wish to be loved? You shall have women to smile on you and hearts to adore you. Do you want wealth? You shall have money enough to buy the whole world. Do you want power? You will have a crown on your head and an army at your disposal. Do you want glory? Your forehead will be adorned with laurels. Which of all these do you prefer?"

The man answered:

"I don't want any of these: I want the happiness of a good death."

Suddenly the fairy's eyebrows contracted, her habitual smile faded away, and, with unusual solemnity, she said: "You shall have it."

Since that time no one has ever heard of the fairy any more; but those going to her palace find upon the portal an inscription which reads: "The true happiness has been given away."

Found: A Catholic Boy Hero.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

BOY readers are not realists. They have beautiful ideals, unblunted and undimmed by the hard realities of life. Realism, and its constant attendant ugliness, do not appeal to them; for boys are optimists, looking out upon a world full of golden possibilities. When they read about boys, they want these characters to be such as they themselves would like to be. Hence, the hero who is weak or cowardly or wanting in justice or in strength will hardly appeal to them. When boys want a hero, they make no compromises. In fact, they care not at all for the defects of the hero's qualities; their hero must be all hero.

As a result, the boy's author has a difficult task. If he be true to life, it is likely that he will not satisfy his reader; if he be true to the reader's ideal, it is more than probable that his hero will be a highly improbable, if not an impossible, character. Only a genius can bridge the difficulty; and Henry Sienkiewicz would seem to be a genius. "Through the Desert," his latest work, is a genuine book for boys; and the hero, Stasch, a lad of fourteen, is at once realistic and heroic.

The realism is evident in the opening pages, wherein Stasch shows as much self-conceit as is tolerable in one of his years. He snubs little Nell, his eight-year-old playmate, on account of her

tender age; and is very much pleased with his own superior knowledge on all subjects. And yet the very snub indicates that he regards Nell as being under his protection, and his self-satisfaction points to the fact that he has a certain amount of self-reliance. Brought up in the wilds of Africa, he knows how to use a gun; he is a hunter, and he is proud of his French-Polish ancestry. In a word, Stasch is a real boy like the average boy of a good family; and he is unlike the average in that he has learned how to shoot and how to rough it.

Under ordinary circumstances, Stasch would have been a good Catholic boy, just a little braver and more independent than his companions. But Stasch is destined to be thrown into the most extraordinary circumstances. Captured and carried across the desert along with little Nell, he is forced to think and act for himself. He knows what fear is, but he must be brave. Love for his tender, helpless little companion lends him strength; the feeling that he is responsible for her safety brings him determination. Faith, too—the faith which has made martyrs,—comes to his aid; and when Catholic boy readers come to Stasch's meeting with the false prophet, and Stasch, taking his life in his hands, makes the Sign of the Cross and proclaims himself a Christian, they will admit with one voice that Stasch is every inch a hero.

Sienkiewicz is a master of incident. Stasch works wonders, but circumstances compel him to do or to die; and the things which he does are, under these circumstances, quite possible. Thus, he kills a lion. He had to kill it: all that was required of him was that he should shoot and shoot straight; his home training had prepared him for this. Thus, too, he kills his captors: the time, the occasion and the opportunity made this inevitable.

All these things take place in the first half of the story. Bristling as it is with incident and adventure, it does not compare with the latter half of this five-

hundred-and-forty page romance. Stasch and Nell are now free and in the heart of Africa, with Kali, a slave boy; Mea, a slave girl; and a magnificent mastiff. From this time Stasch must think and act for the party. Then an elephant comes into the narrative. How they saved, tamed and won him, is possibly the most delightful episode in the story. God sends other help to the poor little children. A dying explorer gives them a splendid outfit, and with their elephant they go on, making for the ocean.

The Negro tribes almost adore them; but even this is made probable by the circumstances. Finally, having braved sandstorm and the fever and the jungle and flood and pestilence, they at last meet their hardest trial—drought. They are about to perish when God sends them a rescuing party, and all ends happily.

Mr. Sienkiewicz has written a wonderful book. His realism has not hurt his romance, nor his romance his realism. He has presented his extraordinary adventures in such a way that they seem inevitable, and has arranged his startling climaxes perfectly.

An Unanswerable Argument.

UNIVERSITY presidents and "able editors" (to use Carlyle's quasi-ironic phrase) are discussing the commercial value of the college graduate. "A man who has just graduated from Princeton," says the president of that institution, "is worth about \$6 a week." This comparatively low financial value is offset, observes the same educator, by the graduate's higher intellectual potentiality. The Chicago *Inter Ocean* thus judiciously comments on the matter:

It is a little habit with critics of the higher education to appraise the college graduate at the moment of his graduation; to estimate, before he has acquired a profession or occupation, how much his services are worth in money; and to depreciate him and the higher education accordingly. In other words, with character-

istic inconsistency, they overlook an essential element of value which in any other case they would be the first to call attention to and insist on—the added possibilities of extra future value due to certain present favorable circumstances. Incidentally, they overlook another important consideration that is worthy of emphasis in this connection—the fact that intellectual attainments and high intellectual potentiality have a value which is not reducible to coin, and which would exist even though it were impossible to realize a cent from them.

Perhaps as thorough an answer as has ever been given to the utilitarian critics of a liberal education is Newman's, in his "Idea of a University." It is perennially timely:

This, then, is how I should solve the fallacy (for so I must call it) by which Locke and his disciples would frighten us from cultivating the intellect, under the notion that no education is useful which does not teach us some temporal calling or some mechanical art or some physical secret. I say that a cultivated intellect, because it is a good in itself, brings with it a power and a grace to every work and occupation which it undertakes, and enables us to be more useful, and to a greater number. There is a duty we owe to human society as such, to the State to which we belong, to the sphere in which we move, to the individuals toward whom we are variously related, and whom we successively encounter in life; and that philosophical or liberal education, as I have called it, which is the proper function of a university, if it refuses the foremost place to professional interests, does but postpone them to the formation of the citizen; and, while it subserves the larger interests of philanthropy, prepares also for the successful prosecution of those merely personal objects which at first sight it seems to disparage.

Possibly due appreciation of the foregoing may presuppose something of a liberal education in the reader; but, appreciated or not, the paragraph is an unanswerable argument against the critics of whom the *Inter Ocean* speaks.

The great desideratum in most American colleges and universities is not more, but less, of the technical, professional, occupational, specialized education; and not less, but more, of the broad, general, all-round training whose finished product is the cultured gentleman.

Notes and Remarks.

"Some of the best sermons for the consideration of the majority of people," observes the *Catholic Universe*, "are to be found in the lives of those who never parade their ideas and pose as exemplars for their fellows. Probably the majority of the people of Cleveland never thought of the late Edward P. Dehner as a leader of the Catholics of the city; and, in truth, he never was. But there were two little outcroppings of his Catholicity which are well worth more than a passing thought and ought to be recorded." One of these outcroppings was the barring from his apartment building of any family without children. The other is thus related by our Ohio contemporary:

Last year Mr. Dehner was a candidate for election to the school-board. It was a difficult fight and he did not win. He knew all along that, because of peculiar conditions, it would be a hard race; for the demagogic press of the city were a unit in fanning the flame for his opponent. Mr. Dehner was asked in at least one newspaper office in this city, when he went there to prepare copy for an advertisement: "Mr. Dehner, do you want the fact that you are a Catholic mentioned?" Quick as a flash the answer came: "Indeed I do! I am proud of it. And if the fact that I am known as a Catholic will beat me, then I don't want to win."

We should like to believe that all Catholic candidates evince the manly, fearless, uncompromising religious attitude of the late Mr. Dehner; and we are of opinion that, in many cases, such an attitude would make for victory rather than defeat. The average American voter does not like a coward of any kind.

The passing of Père Hyacinthe, inexpressibly sad in all its circumstances, recalls a warning which he received when at the very height of his fame from a saintly fellow-religious. The great pulpit orator, as he was called, had just concluded a series of brilliant conferences at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and all France was ringing with his praises. The old

friar shook his head, thinking that if the preacher were truly a man of God he would lament that there were not more to beat their breasts than to pay him compliments. Something in Père Hyacinthe's manner, too, alarmed his confrère, and this was his warning: "Curb your pride or you will lose your soul."

We are minded also of a touching letter which Cardinal Newman addressed to the unfortunate priest after he had left the Church. It has been quoted in these pages more than once, and is doubtless familiar to most of our readers; however, some salient passages will bear another repetition:

It grieved me bitterly that you should have separated yourself from the One True Fold of Christ; and it grieves me still more to find from your letter that you are still in a position of isolation.

I know how generous your motives are, and how much provocation you, as well as others, have received in the ecclesiastical events which have been passing around us. But nothing which has taken place justifies our separation from the One Church. There is a fable in one of our English poets, of which the moral is given thus:

Beware of dangerous steps! The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away....

The Church is the mother of high and low, of the rulers as well as of the ruled. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. . . Let us not oppose ourselves to the universal Voice.

American sociologists often deplore the increasing tendency of the young people in the rural districts to flock to the urban centres. The call of the city, with its glitter and glare and varied amusements and successive sensations, is being all too generally obeyed; and "Back to the farm!" is becoming a more familiar bit of advice in the mouths of political economists. In this connection, a recent statement by Archbishop Glennon is interesting. He declared that the peasants from the European cities are people of higher social and moral standards than American countrybred people, when it comes to resisting the temptations and emerging unscathed from the dangers of

city life. "There is not one Italian girl in the Detention Home, the Industrial School, or the House of the Good Shepherd in St. Louis," he said. "These immigrant homes may be poor, but their daughters are virtuous. There may be a depressed look on the faces of the peasants that come here from foreign countries, but there is a soul of goodness and of virtue beneath that depressed and hunted expression. They may not be great church people, or go in strong for civic progress, but they love domestic virtue."

A rather notable tribute from a man who does not speak at random, and one worth thinking about by those "native" Americans who assume a supercilious attitude when speaking of "Dagos" and other foreigners.

The whole Catholic world has been edified by the prompt submission of Mgr. Duchesne to a decree of the S. Congregation of the Index condemning his famous work, "The History of the Ancient Church." The fact of its having been written with the best of intentions, of its having received the approval of lesser ecclesiastical authorities, of its having been in circulation for many years, and finally of its heading—accidentally of course—a list of books, some of which condemn themselves, only accentuates the author's genuine humility and sincere loyalty to the Church. He has set an example; and, if it be respectful to say so, has taught a lesson which will be of greater value than all the fruits of his scholarship.

The *Semaine Littéraire*, of Paris, publishes an interview in which M. Georges Desvallières discusses his project of establishing a school of religious art, to be placed under the protection of Notre Dame de Paris. To quote a brief extract: "Here is about what I fancy our students' day would be. In the morning they would attend Mass, meditate on the Epistle and Gospel, and then go to work either

from a living model or from the figures in the Trocadero, being preoccupied the while with a twofold purpose—to perfect their own culture and to accomplish the work of an apostolate. To work in the presence of God and to produce little by little artistic achievements which may help other men to understand and love the great eternal truths,—such is our double aim." A very excellent one. There is certainly room for the new school. The lack of the spiritual and the superabundance of the materialistic elements are glaring defects in contemporary painting and sculpture.

The committee recommending the passage of the bill for the establishment of a Children's Bureau at Washington hold that it is no more inconsistent with the principles of our Government that we should be able to send out bulletins concerning the problems of childhood than that we should send out such bulletins concerning the care of fish or of hogs or of cattle, concerning the preservation of fruit-trees, or the treatment of the soil. The opponents of the bill, whose only objection to it heretofore has been on the score of paternalism, would do well to think twice before attempting to reply to the well-considered arguments in favor of a Children's Bureau.

In the course of the recent railway strike down in Argentina, the *Southern Cross* paid this compliment to the strikers: "Probably it is not an exaggeration to say that in no part of the world has a great strike been carried out along more dignified and peaceful lines than the present one. We congratulate the men on their attitude. Whether they win or lose, they are setting a good example."

To its compliment our judicious Buenos Aires contemporary adds a bit of timely advice. "We note," it says, "that the Socialists have congratulated the men. Those fishers in troubled waters want to have a finger in the pie. Men, keep the

Socialists away from your fine organization! If you allow them in, they will ruin it and destroy you. They have too many irons in the fire besides the cause of labor. *Verb. sap.*"

The historical student of the Reformation and its consequences can not but be impressed with the multiplicity of instances in which Catholic doctrines and practices, reprobated by the sixteenth-century Reformers, are being condoned and imitated by their twentieth-century descendants in the various sects. The Mass, the Blessed Virgin, purgatory and prayers for the dead furnish familiar cases in point; and now it appears that the celibacy of the clergy is appealing to other denominationals than the extreme High Church Anglicans. Says the *Antidote*:

The thin end of the wedge of celibate life for ministers is beginning to enter, if not the ministerial mind, at least that of the man in the pew. Besides the fact that the Wesleyan Methodists have eliminated from their "Discipline" that clause putting under suspicion of immorality the young minister who after a year in the service of that denomination would still be single; besides the exemplary single lives of many an Episcopalian minister, we notice that certain localities call for ministers that are single, on account of greater efficiency. Sweetwater, Texas, has advertised in the *Cumberland Presbyterian* for such a one.

That versatile scholar and critic, Mr. Andrew Lang, has contributed an Introduction to "A Study in Nationality," a book written by a Welsh Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Morgan. Here is a readable extract from the brilliant Scotchman's pages:

Both Dr. Morgan and I speak not only as D. D.'s, but as members of "small nationalities," each of them fertile since the Reformation in the production of schism and sects, such as MacMillanites, Irvingites, "Glancing Glassites," Auld Lights, New Lights, and Sandemanians. Both of us are well aware that, in Dr. Morgan's words, "there has grown up around the Reformation . . . a mass of legend from which it is difficult to disentangle the truth." But I was hitherto unaware that one among the legends

"is that the high-water mark in architecture was the direct result of the Reformation" (p. 56). Here, indeed, is a large sample of the mass of legend that hangs about the Reformation. The Reformers in Scotland hated "boetry and bainting," like George II. In my own beloved country, the pulverization of mediæval architecture, save in a few examples, was the direct result of the Reformation. Mediæval works of art were destroyed as "monuments of idolatry"; while everywhere the development of art, whether for good or evil, was no more the result of the Reformation than the Council of Nice.

And so, little by little, the immense mass of falsehood that has grown up around the Reformation is, like Protestantism itself, disintegrating.

A convention of Baptists was recently held in Vancouver, and the *Western Catholic* of that Canadian city quotes approvingly the utterances of a Rev. Mr. McDiarmid on the educational question. He said that "State education was becoming commercial to an alarming degree. It aimed solely at getting on in life. The better spiritual purpose of life was entirely left out of it. Was that the kind of education they intended to give their children? He believed that now, as never before in the West, there was a necessity for a Christian institute that would save their young people from these materialistic ideals and give them a higher purpose in life."

This sounds as if the idea of the parish religious school is beginning to appeal even to the Baptists. So much the better. The sect, as we have sometimes stated, is a bitter one in its attitude toward the Church; but better by far a prejudiced Baptist than a sheer materialist or an invertebrate nothingarian.

It should be known and remembered that as many as forty-six Catholic Indian mission schools depend for their entire support on the voluntary offerings of the Catholics of the United States. Some of our mission schools have contracts that are payable out of tribal funds, and there

are a few Government schools in which Sisters serve as employees; but the proceeds from the "tribal-funds" contracts go direct to the schools with which these contracts are made; and there is no connection whatever between the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions and the Government schools taught by Sisters. The notion—a widely-spread one—that the Bureau has abundant funds for the maintaining of the schools under its charge is entirely erroneous.

National President Regan, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, is to be congratulated on the following suggestion which he makes in an open letter to the members of that organization:

St. Patrick's Day falls this year on Sunday. Therefore the fulfilment of the request I am about to make will not inconvenience any of our members. It is simply that everyone of us should receive Holy Communion that morning. I know you will do it. You require only to be reminded of what a glorious profession of faith it will be. Just imagine! The Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Ladies' Auxiliary are approximately 250,000. Each one will easily bring another member of the family along. So it is possible for us to have half a million of our people making public profession of faith on the 17th of March.

We trust the suggestion will be followed. And, incidentally, let us proffer a hint of our own to Irish-Americans generally: boycott the St. Patrick's Day postcards that emphasize the vulgar or the flippant aspects of the festival rather than its religious and patriotic significance. The green pig with a shamrock in its mouth, the "dudeen" bedecked with green ribbons, and the like monstrosities, should be left on the hands of the dealer who caters to anti-Irish trade.

The "society^{er} writer" of an unidentified daily newspaper had this to say, apropos of the beginning of Lent:

Technically speaking, the social winter—the winter of the gay world—ends next Wednesday, when Lent comes in. It is, however, more of a legendary boundary line to most of those who compose society than an actual barrier. Few

fashionables, even among the Roman Catholics or Episcopalians—the chief supporters of the season of fasting and prayer,—forego the dinners, card parties, and theatres that naturally take the place of operas and balls at this time of the year. . . . It would be better for most of those who compose the gay world—those devotees of fashion who have gone out nightly to dinners, balls, and suppers—if they would observe the letter of the law of Lent, practise abstemiousness, eschewing meat and rich foods, do a little real fasting as well as a little real praying. The spring would find them with fresh complexions and clear eyes. The founders of religious observances possessed a rare, farseeing wisdom, which our present-day science almost invariably ratifies.

An argument which men who plead the irresistible force of acquired habit as an excuse for profanity and scurrility will have some difficulty in answering, is thus put by the *Augustinian*, of Kalamazoo, Mich.:

The lowest libertine knows how to behave himself in the presence of a virtuous person. The heaviest curser and profanest swearer ceases from his oaths before the priest. Now, if he can stop cursing before the priest, why not also before his wife and children or his comrades? If he can be chaste in the presence of a virtuous person, why not elsewhere?

He can if he will; 'tis the lack of real desire to reform, not the imputed overpowering force of habit, which is accountable for his persistence either in evil-speaking or evil-doing.

In the latest statement of his philosophy, "Die Grundlinien einer neuen Lebensanschauung" (just translated into English, with the title "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal"), Professor Eucken reproaches Christianity with "the annulling of all differences, even of spiritual capacity; and the displacement of justice through pity." In answer to which a non-Catholic reviewer observes that the New Testament surely furnishes plenty of disproof to the second charge; and, as an illustration of later Christian tradition with regard to the first, suggests to the professor a rereading of the third canto of the "Paradiso."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Letter in Rhyme by Cardinal Newman.

(The new Life of the great Cardinal Newman, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, very attractive as it is to grown-ups, does not contain much that would be of interest to young readers; however, we have found the following delightful letter in rhyme, written on the feast of St. Philip Neri, 1863, to a little girl named Charlotte Bowden ("Chat" was her nickname), who had sent her illustrious friend some cakes baked by herself.)

HO is it that moulds and makes
Round and crisp and fragrant cakes—
Makes them with a kind intent,
As a welcome compliment,
And the best that she can send
To a venerable friend?
One it is for whom I pray,
On St. Philip's festal day,
With a loving heart, that she
Perfect as her cakes may be;
Full and faithful in the round
Of her duties ever found;
When a trial comes, between
Truth and falsehood cutting keen;
Yet that keenness and completeness
Tempering with a winning sweetness.

Here's a rhyming letter, Chat,—
Gift for gift, and tit for tat.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—THE TAMING TOUCH.

"HELP you!" exclaimed Father John, as he clasped his little goddaughter's hands and smiled cheerily down on the tear-stained face. "Why, of course! That's my business in life, as you know. What is the trouble, my little Pat?"

"Oh, everything dreadful!" she answered in a choked voice. "I—I am just boiling mad all over, Father John! I can't help it!"

"Let us hear about it," said Father John, quietly, as he drew the little girl to a seat beside him on the big mahogany sofa.

"I've got a guardian now. Oh, I don't know why, but I had to have a guardian until I was twenty-one! And it's Cousin Max Granville," sobbed Pat.

"So I understand," said Father John. "I do not know him, but I have heard of him as a friend of your father's long ago; so he will be a friend to your father's little girl, I am sure."

"Oh, he won't,—he won't!" was the passionate answer. "He has sent a horrid man down here to—to take me away with him,—take me away from my own dear home, from Man and Uncle Scip and Ginger, and everything and everybody I love!"

"That is very hard, my little Pat, I know," was the gentle answer.

"Hard!" sobbed Pat, with flashing eyes,—"hard! It's too hateful and cruel for—for anything. I just won't go! They can't make me. I just won't go, unless they tie me and put me in a bag and carry me off,—and they wouldn't dare do that."

"Scarcely," laughed Father John. "I never heard of—but one family that travelled that way."

"Whose family was it?" asked Pat, startled into interest.

"Old Aunt Betty Barton's," replied Father John. "She lived across the road from my father's when I was a boy, with a crippled sister and ten cats. The sister died and Aunt Betty had to move away, taking the rest of her family in two bags, five cats to a bag. I helped to bag them. It was a job, I tell you. I have scars and scratches on my hands yet. But we can't get through this world without some scratches, little Pat. It's a scratchy way.

The only thing is to keep on and not mind them."

"I don't," said Pat. "I never did mind scratches or hurts at all."

"I know that," was the cheery answer. "You were grandpap's girl from the time you began to toddle. As your father used to say, his plucky little Pat was a born soldier, and it was a pity she was not a boy. But girls can be soldiers, too."

"Not often," said Pat, regretfully,—
"only Joan of Arc, and—"

"Lots of others, too," interposed Father John, with a nod. "I meet them every day."

"Girl soldiers!" echoed Pat, wonderingly.

"Girls and women, too," was the smiling rejoinder.

"Real soldiers in uniform?" questioned his little goddaughter in amazement.

"Real soldiers and in uniform," he laughed; "though it's not exactly a brass-buttoned uniform, I must confess. I met a band of them to-day. They were bound for Alaska, where they would be frozen up in icy darkness for half the year, thousands of miles from friends and home. And last week I stopped to give a few words of cheer to another band making their brave fight among the Indians. One of them died while I was there,"—the speaker's voice grew low and tender.

"Killed?" gasped his listener in dismay.

"Well, yes: killed by cold and hardship to which she was all unused. I brought her good-bye message back to father and mother, to the brothers and sisters she had left in a beautiful, happy home, to follow God's call."

"O Father John," exclaimed his little hearer, light flashing upon her at last, "you mean nuns! She—they—the soldiers were nuns. Oh, never, never, never could I be a nun!"

"Perhaps not," he laughed; "though there is no telling yet, little Pat. But you remember what the Bishop told you when you were confirmed last year: we all have to be soldiers in our own way.

I think it is time for my little Pat to be a soldier now."

"O Father John" (the young voice trembled and broke piteously), "you are not cruel like the rest! You don't want me to go to Cousin Max. Oh, I thought you would stand by me in my trouble,—that you would be my father, my friend!"

"And I am both" (Father John's voice grew very low and gentle). "It is as your father and friend I am speaking, my child. You can not stay here any longer. It would be most unjust to you, most unwise for your guardian to permit it. Uncle Scip, Mam, Ginger, these humble friends who have served you all your life, are not the fitting guardians and protectors for you now. You must be educated, cultivated, my little mountain wild flower! You must grow into the charming, dainty womanhood that is befitting your name and race; and this you can not do here."

"Oh, I can,—I can! I haven't studied very hard since grandmamma died; but I will, Father John,—I will. I'll study history and geography and everything. I'll learn every rule in my grammar."

"That is not education, Pat."

"Then get me a governess," said Pat, desperately,—
"a nice, ugly, cross-eyed governess that no one will want to marry. All the governesses get married up here."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do either. You want something more than a governess, little Pat. I had hoped that—"
Father John stopped abruptly in his hopes, as if conscious that it would be unwise to express them just now. "But, whatever we may have wished and hoped, my child, your guardian is in authority now; he stands legally and rightfully in your father's place, and in all things that are not sinful he must be obeyed; and the first duty of a soldier, Pat, is to obey—"

"Then I can't and won't be a soldier," was the rebellious answer; but there was a tremor in the voice that was not all defiance now.

"Then the first duty of a little Catholic

girl is—what does the Fourth Commandment say about it, Pat?"

"Oh, I don't—don't want to hear!" sobbed Pat, desperately.

Father John, having worked his way up gradually from Aunt Betty and her ten bagged cats to a higher outlook at things, began to talk as only such fathers, wise in training older and wiser rebels than this little Pat, can talk,—gently, gravely, but firmly; pointing out the path of duty, and the light that shone up its scratchy way. It was a long talk; for when it was done the wintry sunset was burning beyond the leafless oaks of old Pocomoke, and Pat was crying softly, her wild passion of rebellion hushed and stilled. Whatever her doubts of Cousin Max as guardian, this wise, tender speaker was her father and friend, she knew.

"Oh, I'll—I'll go, then, if you say I must!" she sobbed. "I'll go, Father John. But it will break my heart, I am sure."

And Father John's own kind heart felt a sharp pang at the words. If he could have had his way, he would have put this little mountain lamb into far different keeping. There was a green, beautiful fold where she would have been kept spotless, sheltered by tender mother-care from all harm. And, after the first break from the old mountain home, Pat would have been very happy with the good Sisters, he knew.

Now he was sure of nothing, save that Mr. Maxwell was the little orphan's nearest relative, her natural guardian, and a man of great wealth and consequence in that world from which Father John had turned away more than twenty years ago. How wise or good or loving this guardian might be to his little ward, that, however, was a very open question still. So there was quite a natural ache in the priest's heart as he thought of the untried ways into which little Pat must venture,—of the untried home that might have perils all unknown. Although he cheered her with tender, hopeful words, and tried to brighten the gloomy outlook

as such wise fathers can, the heartache was not lessened when he met Mr. Dunn.

Pat vanished hastily as she saw that gentleman returning, and Father John was left to introduce himself. Mr. Granville's representative was not at all cordial; indeed, he stiffened visibly at sight of a priest, and the friendly "Marse Jack" of old could not induce him to thaw.

Father John explained pleasantly that the storm was over, that he had had a little talk with the child, and persuaded her to look at things in another light.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Dunn, frigidly. "She will find it necessary hereafter to look at everything in a very different light. She has been most unfortunate in her surroundings heretofore."

"Oh, I can not say that!" replied Father John, lightly.

"I can, sir," said Mr. Dunn, with sharp decision. "My client, Mr. Granville, will find himself burdened with a most troublesome and unruly charge."

Father John's eyes kindled as he answered:

"Not if he understands her, if he deals wisely with her. This little girl is a child of unusual life and spirit,—unusual vigor of both body and mind."

"There's no doubt about her spirit and vigor," said Mr. Dunn, dryly.

"She is generous to a fault," continued Father John, earnestly. "She comes of a race that counted no cost, not even that of life itself, in the service of friend or country; and while she may be a little impatient of restraint or control—"

"I have never seen a wilder young barbarian," interrupted Mr. Dunn, still sore from his morning's experience. "'Impatient of control'! Good Heavens, sir, do you know that she shut herself up in her room and threatened to shoot me if I carried out her guardian's order? And, upon my life, I believe she would have done it."

"My dear friend, no,—a thousand times no!" said Father John, laughing. "You take the outburst of a hot-headed, im-

pulsive child too seriously,—a child who needs training and teaching, I must acknowledge.”

“I am glad that you do, sir,” replied Mr. Dunn, with icy gravity. “As a professed minister of the Gospel, you seem to regard such matters rather lightly. But I understand your Church has its own views of right and wrong.”

“It has,” observed the good priest, quietly,—“very definite views. According to those views, my little goddaughter is not on the wrong road yet. But” (and something of the spirit of “Marse Jack” of old flashed into the speaker’s eye) “she can be turned into it by unwise government. As her dead father’s friend, I would like to send her guardian a word of warning. It is to be gentle with our little Pat. She can be guided, led, but never driven.”

Again Mr. Dunn grew rigid in tone and manner as he replied:

“I could not venture to dictate or direct Mr. Granville’s relations to his ward. He would resent it as most insufferable presumption.”

“Then I will write to him myself,” said Father John, calmly.

“Not being of your Church, I fear he might construe any priestly interference as an unwarrantable liberty,” rejoined Mr. Dunn, a flush of anger in his cheek.

“Perhaps,” said Father John, with undisturbed good-humor. “Still, in a worthy cause we must not stop at unwarrantable liberties. I’ve taken them before at a much greater risk. I spent three years on an African mission where it was considered a rather ‘unwarrantable liberty’ to interfere with the natives’ pleasant custom of eating one another. So I will write to Mr. Granville. If he is the sort of a man that Dick Peyton could call a friend, I think he’ll understand me. And, as I see Link bringing around my horse, I suppose it is time for me to be going. I should like to spend the night at Peyton Hall and make things pleasanter for you with Pat; but I am

due at a Missionary Conference in Washington to-morrow, so I will say good-afternoon. I believe Uncle Scip has a cup of hot coffee for me, and I must bid a final good-bye to little Pat before I leave.”

And, with a friendly bow, for Mr. Dunn’s manner precluded all ideas of a handshake, Father John turned back into the dining-room, where the hot coffee was ready for him, and Pat, bravely steadying her lips, was waiting to say good-bye.

“I’m under marching orders, Pat, until June,” said Father John, cheerily. “Then I’ll be on furlough for a while, and I’ll run up North and see how you are getting on. And I’ll pick up my Aunt Polly Pryor on the way, and we’ll steal you off for a summer holiday. Aunt Polly is round and rosy, and has a cottage by the sea, where the waves come tumbling in full of frolic and fun, and the fish flounder up on the sand without waiting for you to catch them. We’ll go off with Aunt Polly in June, my little Pat.”

“It’s—it’s a long, long time to June,” murmured Pat, brokenly.

“Oh, not at all!” answered Father John. “There will be so many new things to see and hear that the June roses will be here before you know it. So it’s good-bye only until June, my little Pat. Kneel down now before I go and I will give you my blessing.” And Father John placed his hand on the child’s head, and in a voice that broke a little he said: “Be good, be true, be faithful, my little goddaughter!” And then, murmuring the solemn words of benediction, this best of friends was gone, and Pat was left to Mr. Dunn and an unknown future.

It was a dreary evening at Peyton Hall. Before retiring, Mr. Dunn warned Mam and Uncle Scip to have everything ready for an early start. Link’s cheery spirits failed; Ginger sobbed and sniffled until Mam, with dire threats, drove her off to bed; Uncle Scip crept away sadly and silently to his attic under the shelving roof. Only Mam, wide-eyed and sorrowing,

watched by the big kitchen fire. It was all right, as she had told her listeners:

"Dis ain't no place for Miss Patricia Peyton. De ole times hez gone. She must be rizzed wif her own white folks, like de grand lady she is."

But, all the same, a fierce pang of loss was tearing at Mam's faithful heart. Her child, her nursling, her own little Miss, was going away from her, maybe forever. And as the old woman, dumb with the mother-pain that such simple natures bear uncomplainingly, sat watching, a slight little figure crept softly into the kitchen and flung itself into her arms.

"Honey chile, Miss Pat, what you doin' up dis time ob night? What you doin' down hyar, little Missy Pat?"

"O Mam, hold me, hug me, rock me like you did when I was a little baby! Hug me tight once more, my own dear Mam! I can't sleep,—I can't even shut my eyes to-night! O Mam, I don't want to go,—I don't want to go!"

"Honey chile," murmured Mam, brokenly, "you've got ter go. You've got to be rizzed right into a lady, and me and Uncle Scip can't do dat. You knows you's gettin' to be a big girl now."

"I know,—I know! Oh, if I could only stay little forever, Mam! Oh, let me be little again to-night! Take me in your lap, Mam, and rock me before the fire—sing to me like you used to do when I couldn't sleep long ago."

And the white arms clung to Mam's withered neck, the curly head snuggled down on her shoulder.

"Oh, hold me tight and sing, Mam! Sing 'Pull for the Shore.'"

And, rocking her nursling to and fro, Mam crooned to her the old plantation chant that had so often put baby Pat to sleep in the long ago:

"Pull for de shore, brudders,—pull for de shore! Don't you heed de rollin' waves, but bend to de oar!

We's bound for de Promised Land, to rest ebermore;

So pull for de shore, brudders, — pull for de shore!"

And, as Mam rocked and crooned, the kitchen fire crackled a low accompaniment, and a cricket in the big chimney woke up and added his note to the tune.

The curly head on Mam's shoulder sank lower, the soft arms relaxed their hold, the tearful eyes closed—Pat was asleep.

(To be continued.)

A Marian Bell.

The first use of bells for church purposes can not be proved by history; although the designations *nola*, *campana*, seem to confirm the legend which asserts that they were first introduced, about the year 400, by Bishop Paulinus of Nola, in Campania. They are mentioned by Gregory of Tours in the sixth century; in the eighth, we find them in German churches; and in the ninth they are universally in use, at first forged out of iron plates, but soon cast in a more artistic manner. The figures of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin are carved on the surface.

In the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the bells are not only larger, but also often adorned with ornamental frieze and inscriptions sculptured in relief. These last contain, at first in the Latin, but afterward in the German language, the name of the bell, a pious exclamation, or a proverb, and sometimes the date and name of the founder. A bell in the old church at Siegen, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, bears the following inscription:

Maria heisen ich,
den donner verdriben ich,
den lebendigen ruffen ich,
den doden luden ich.

Johann van Duren gosse mich in dem jar 1491, de dat Korn in Sigen galt sechs gylden un vier wissen pennike.

Mary is my name,
The thunder I dispel,
The living I call,
The dead I invite.

John van Duren cast me in the year 1491, when corn in Siegen was worth six gulden and four white pennies.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Duckworth & Co.'s early announcements include a new book by R. B. Cunningham-Graham, entitled "Charity."

—A new and cheaper edition of Mgr. Barnes' "Man of the Mask" is in press by Messrs. Smith & Elder. Important corrections are embodied.

—It is announced that Sir Edward Elgar is writing a work for alto and chorus, entitled "We are the Music-Makers," for the Birmingham Festival next October.

—Mgr. Benson's new novel, "The Coward," describes the conflict in his own mind and in his outer life of a young man with his own weakness; the appalling emptiness and uselessness, the blindness to realities and devotion to trifling pleasures, of a typical English county family.

—The centenary of the birth of Eugénie de Guérin occurred in 1905, and that of Maurice de Guérin in 1910; but both dates were allowed to pass with little or no notice. The friends and admirers of the two writers of Cayla intend, however, to celebrate their centenaries together during the present year at Andillac, near the Guérins' birthplace and graves.

—A very interesting and remarkable discovery of illuminated manuscripts and early printed books, ranging as far back as 1480, made in the library at Oxton Hall, England, is reported by the *Nottingham Guardian*. The majority of the books are folio volumes, and with one exception they are all in their original bindings. The covers are carefully planed boards of solid oak; and the books are bound with stout leather laces, the backing and lining being fragments of illuminated manuscripts of a much earlier date.

—From Cassell and Company (London, New York, Toronto, and Melbourne) we have received a rather notable volume, "Essays on Duty and Discipline." The sub-title states that the book contains "a series of papers on the training of children in relation to social and national welfare"; and the preface declares that the series "is being published, not for profit, but with a view to counteract the lack of adequate moral training and discipline, the effects of which are so apparent in these days amongst many British children, in rich as well as in poor homes." The essays, forty in number, have been written by a somewhat distinguished band of clerics, educators, sociologists, publicists,

etc., none of whom (as a prefatory note explains) are responsible for any other opinions expressed in the book than their own. We have read a number of the 500 pages of the volume with interest and satisfaction, and are pleased to note among the essayists Cardinal Bourne, Madame Cecilia, and Father Hull, S. J.

—The latest Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association contains, in addition to other matter, the proceedings of the Fifty-First Annual Convention of the Association, held in Chicago in November last. The volume, a large octavo of 331 pages, has for purpose "to present reliable information in regard to the beer business and to lucidate certain aspects of the liquor question for the benefit of the public." It furnishes a large number of charts, tables, etc., that should interest even the prohibitionists of the country.

—Father H. Reginald Buckler, the venerable Dominican author, of whose religious treatises it has been said that they are most appreciated by those most fitted to form a judgment, has superseded his "The Perfection of Man by Charity" by a new volume, "Spiritual Perfection through Charity" (Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers). It is divided into two books,—the first, "The Study of Perfection," containing seven chapters; the second, "The Life of Charity," containing twelve. An excellent book for the spiritual reading not only of religious, but of all who aim at any degree whatever of interior recollection and union with God.

—A right reverend—and right keen—correspondent writes: "In a recent instalment of the 'Thoughts of a Shut-In'—which, by the way, serve to attest the working of the law of compensation,—the writer quotes, evidently from memory, the line from Shakespeare (King Henry IV., Act I., Sc. I.) about those blessed feet, 'nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross.' If I were to quote from memory, I am pretty sure I should quote the line exactly that way. But Shakespeare has, 'nail'd for our advantage on the bitter cross.' I suppose he wished to lay stress on the fact that Christ's blessed feet were pierced with nails, rather than on the fact that they were fastened to the cross."

—"A Hosting of Heroes" is the title of a book of poems by Eleanor R. Cox. (Published by Sealy, Bryers & Walker, Dublin). They are grouped under two heads, Irish and Miscellaneous. Those of the first division deal with

the heroes and fair ladies of the old Celtic sagas, in verse too suggestive of other recent Irish poets to be distinctively personal with the writer. And yet Miss Cox is considerably more of a poet than she is a versifier. Here are some of her rhymes: "pedestal," "vestal"; "faces," "place was"; "odórus," "chorus." It seems that until the obligations of versification are presented to ladies as a matter of etiquette, lapses of this kind are apt to continue. One lyric will show the author at her best:

APRIL.

Swift flight of swallow-wings
Against a roof of blue
That opens here and there
To let the sunbeams through.

Light over all the Earth,
A flood of white joy spread—
I feel the new life stir
The ground beneath my tread.

It fills the robin's song,
It swells the bark of trees,
And capers o'er the lips
With every passing breeze.

And Hope was born this morn
And Care died with the snow,
And hand-in-hand with Spring
To greet my love I go.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Spiritual Perfection through Charity." Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.50, net.
- "A Hosting of Heroes." Eleanor R. Cox. 35 cts., net.
- "The Education of Catholic Girls." Janet Erskine Stuart. \$1.25, net.
- "Wide-Awake Stories." Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.
- "The Perils of Dionysio." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.
- "The Tempest of the Heart." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
- "Do-Re-Mi-Fa." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.10.
- "Booklets of Beauty." 25 cts. each.
- "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Vermeersch. \$1.35, net.

- "Jesus All Holy." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
- "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. III. \$2.
- "The Acts of the Apostles for Children." Mary Virginia Merrick. 75 cts.
- "Elevations of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Felix Anizan. \$1.10.
- "Christian Science and Catholic Teaching." Rev. James Goggin. 10 cts.
- "Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912." 35 cts.
- "Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons." Cora Payne Shriver. \$1.
- "Words of Wisdom to the People." Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
- "The Holy Mass Popularly Explained." Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur. 35 cts.
- "John Poverty." Luis Coloma, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Latter-Day Converts." Rev. Alexis Crosnier. 50 cts.
- "Kyriale with Gregorian Notes." Dr. Karl Weinmann. 30 cts.
- "Sermons for Sundays and Some of the Festivals of the Year." Rev. Thomas White. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

- Rev. James Mulloy, diocese of Dallas.
Sister M. Aimee and Sister M. Martha, of the Order of the Visitation.
Mr. Theodore Blanke, Mr. John D. Shiels, Mrs. J. L. Nightwine, Dr. Patrick H. Harriman, Mr. J. E. Colvin, Mr. Henry Fey, Mrs. Susan Donohue, Mr. James C. Ward, Mrs. Mary Prendergast, Mr. Bernard Steele, Miss Teresa Carroll, Mr. William Schmitt, Mrs. Catherine Kirby, Mr. George Miller, Mr. John Kolf, Mr. S. B. Jordan, Mrs. Isabella Curtin, Mr. Edward Murphy, and Mr. Henry Hanbeck.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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

- For the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children:
"Charity," \$10; Rev. T. F., \$10.
The Dominican Sisters, Ontario, Oregon:
Mr. Joseph Ruth, \$10.
To provide good reading for hospitals, prisons, etc.:
Mr. C. J. Cooper, \$5.



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

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NO. 10

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The Saving Blood.

BY JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J. FROM THE FRENCH.

THY ways are just, O God! Thy Seers declare,
Nor spurns Thy Heart the contrite sinner's vow;
But lifelong guilt so stains my conscience now
That Justice must be wronged if Mercy spare.
To lift mine eyes to Thee I do not dare;

Before Thy Seraph-girdled throne I bow,
And cower at the lightnings of Thy brow,
While demons whisper in my soul, "Despair!"
Sate, then, Thy wrath! My crimes have willed
it so.

Heed not my burning tears, mine agony.
Let Justice smite, nor Mercy stop the blow.
In death I'll still adore Thy stern decree.
But will Thy bolts a trembling wretch o'erthrow
Whom Christ's blood signs with hallowed
blazonry?

Charles Dickens and the Church.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THIS year is the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens. The event has been commemorated in various ways in England, has produced a flood of literary articles on the man and his work, and has given a new impetus to the sale of his novels, which, despite the lapse of years, are as popular as ever in English-speaking lands. One must rejoice that a writer of such enduring popularity has given to his millions of readers books that throughout are pure in tone, and

inspired by healthy views of human life, with an undercurrent of strong sympathy for the poor, and a constant protest against unkindness and injustice in every shape.

In one of his novels, and in one only, religious questions come prominently to the front. In "Barnaby Rudge" we have a story laid in the times of the "No-Popery" agitation that culminated in the Gordon riots of 1780, when the Protestant mob burned the few Catholic chapels in London, and had the capital at their mercy for some days. Throughout the book Dickens is in sympathy with the persecuted Catholics, and his novel is a scathing indictment of the mad folly and wickedness of the "No-Popery" party.

He alluded to this in the preface to his "Pictures from Italy," when, after expressing a hope that Catholics would not take offence at certain passages in the book, he reminded them of "Barnaby Rudge," saying: "I have done my best in one of my former publications to do justice to them." There are some very unpleasant passages in these same "Pictures from Italy." Dickens saw Catholic life and the ceremonies of the Church without the remotest idea of what it all signified, and his blundering comments were in the worst of taste.

But there was an incident of his stay in Italy which shows that he must for a while have been thinking that the Catholic Church might possibly have a claim to his allegiance. This is all the more remarkable because, with all his kindly breadth of view for all things

else, he was fiercely prejudiced against Catholicity. It was not his fault but his misfortune that this was so. He belonged to the England of the first half of the last century,—a time when ignorant prejudice against all things Catholic was deeply ingrained in the minds of most Englishmen. And from this traditional view Dickens never emancipated himself. Again and again in his letters one finds evidence of his permanent mental limitation in this respect.

The "Child's History of England," which he wrote for his own children, is full of the old Protestant traditional calumnies against the Church. When he was living at Genoa, he was afraid that these same children might be kidnapped by wily Jesuits! He was staying on the shores of the Lake of Geneva in 1846, during the crisis of the Sunderbund Civil War. All his sympathies were with the Protestant party. From Geneva he wrote to a friend in England:

I don't know any subject on which this indomitable people have so good a right to a strong feeling as Catholicity,—if not as a religion, certainly as a means of social degradation. They know what it is. They live near to it. They have Italy beyond their mountains. They can compare the effect of the two systems at any time in their own valleys; and their dread of it, and their horror of the introduction of Catholic priests and emissaries into their towns, seem to me the most rational feeling in the world.

In another of his notes of travel one finds the old story of the contrast between Protestant and Catholic cantons, to the marked disadvantage of the latter,—a legend so happily ridiculed by Mark Twain. Dickens really knew nothing of the Catholic districts of Switzerland. He had made only a hurried rush through the glorious Forest Cantons. His stay was under the shadow of what was then Calvinistic and semi-infidel Geneva—now, after three-quarters of a century, largely a Catholic city.

The novelist's own religious views were vague and markedly undogmatic. For

most of his life he was a member of the Church of England. But in 1843 he had a quarrel with some of his clerical friends over the education question. He was interested in the spread of elementary schools for the poor, but protested against denominational teaching, and the introduction of "the Church Catechism and other mere forms of subtleties in reference to the education of the young and ignorant." He marked his protest by attending for a year or two the services of a Unitarian chapel in London. But then he returned to church attendance; and Forster, his biographer, says:

Upon essential points he never had any sympathy so strong as with the leading doctrines and discipline of the Church of England. To these, as time went on, he found himself able to accommodate all minor differences; and the unswerving faith in Christianity itself, apart from sects and schisms, which had never failed him at any period of his life,—found expression at its close in the language of his will. Twelve months before his death these words were written: "I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever. I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country on my published works; and to the remembrance of my friends, upon their experience of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here and there."

An undogmatic, not very clearly-defined Protestantism was the religion of Charles Dickens. He was a great admirer of Arnold of Rugby, and influenced by reading his life. "I respect and reverence his memory beyond all expression," he wrote to Forster in the autumn of 1844. "I must have that book.* Every sentence that you quote from it is the text-book of my faith." Arnold was a typical "Broad Churchman," who denied the existence of any real sacramental system or sacerdotal office in Christianity, and

* Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold."

for whom the cardinal virtues were manliness and kindly benevolence. Any Broad Church views could only strengthen the inherited aversion of Dickens to Catholicism.

And now comes the strange proof that, for all this, he must have felt at one time drawn toward it. To bring out the full force of the incident, I must indulge rather freely in quotation. First, let us look at a curious passage in one of his Christmas stories, "The Holly Tree," published as the Christmas number of *Household Words* in 1855. In the first chapter he describes a winter journey ending in his being snowed up at the "Holly Tree Inn," and he indulges in reminiscences of other inns at which he has stayed. He remembers alighting at a moorland inn on a snowy night years ago, and then goes on to tell how—

More than a year before I made the journey in the course of which I put up at that inn, I had lost a very near and dear friend by death. Every night since, at home or away from home, I had dreamed of that friend,—sometimes as still living, sometimes as returning from the world of shadows to comfort me; always as being beautiful, placid and happy; never in any association with any approach to fear or distress. It was at a lonely inn in a wide moorland that I had halted to pass the night. When I had looked from my bedroom window over the waste of snow on which the moon was shining, I sat down by my fire to write a letter. I had always until that hour kept it within my own breast that I dreamed every night of the dear lost one. But in the letter that I wrote I recorded the circumstance, and added that I felt much interested in proving whether the subject of my dream would still be faithful to me, travel-tired, and in that remote place. No. I lost the beloved figure of my vision in parting with the secret. My sleep has never looked upon it since, in sixteen years, but once.

I was in Italy, and awoke (or seemed to awake), the well-remembered voice distinctly in my ears, conversing with it. I entreated it, as it rose above my bed and soared up to the vaulted roof of the old room, to answer me a question I had asked touching the future life. My hands were still outstretched toward it as it vanished, when I heard a bell ringing by the garden wall, and a voice in the deep stillness

of the night calling on all good Christians to pray for the souls of the dead, it being All Souls' Eve.

The dead friend was Mary Hogarth, a sister of his wife. The letter from the moorland inn that first told of his dreams of her, and seemed to end them, was written from the inn at Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, when he had gone to the north of England to collect material for the Yorkshire school episodes of "Nicholas Nickleby." It is clearly the letter to his wife printed on page 9 of the first volume of the "Letters of Charles Dickens," which runs thus:

GRETA BRIDGE, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1838.

... Is it not extraordinary that the same dreams which have constantly visited me since poor Mary died follow me everywhere? After all the change of scene and fatigue, I have dreamt of her ever since I left home, and no doubt shall till I return. I should be sorry to lose such visitors; for they are very happy ones, if it be only the seeing her in one's sleep. I would fain believe, too, sometimes that her spirit may have some influence over them, but their perpetual repetition is extraordinary.

Then the dreams recurred no more. The solitary exception came six years and a half later, in Italy; and the record immediately made of it shows that when he referred to it in his Christmas story of 1855 his memory misled him in some minor points of detail. The contemporary record is to be found in a letter to Forster, dated "Genoa, Sept. 30, 1844," which the latter printed in his "Life and Letters of Charles Dickens" (Vol. II., p. 122). Dickens was staying in the old Peschiere Palace, the mansion of a noble family, with frescoed walls and ceilings, and altars in some of the rooms. Writing to Forster, he says:

Let me tell you of a curious dream I had last Monday night, and of the fragments of reality I can collect which helped to make it up. . . . In an indistinct place, which was quite sublime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit. I could not make out the face, nor do I recollect that I desired to do so. It wore a blue drapery, as the Madonna might in a picture by Raphael; and bore no resemblance to any one I have known, except in stature. I think (but I am

not sure) that I recognized the voice. Anyway, I knew it was poor Mary's spirit. I was not at all afraid, but in a great delight; so that I wept very much, and, stretching out my arms to it, called it "Dear." At this I thought it recoiled, and I felt immediately that, not being of my gross nature, I ought not to have addressed it so familiarly. "Forgive me!" I said. "We poor living creatures are able to express ourselves only by looks and words. I have used the word most natural to *our* affections, and you know my heart."

It was so full of compassion and sorrow for me (which I knew spiritually; for, as I have said, I didn't perceive its emotions by its face) that it cut me to the heart, and I said, sobbing: "Oh, give me some token that you have really visited me!"—"Form a wish," it said. I thought, reasoning with myself: "If I form a selfish wish it will vanish." So I hastily discarded such hopes and anxieties of my own as came into my mind, and said. "Mrs. Hogarth is surrounded with great distresses." (Observe I never thought of saying, "Your mother," as to a mortal creature.) "Will you extricate her?"—"Yes."—"And her extrication is to be a certainty to me that this has really happened?"—"Yes."—"But answer me one other question," I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me. "What is the true religion?" As it paused a moment without replying, I said (good God, in such an agony of haste lest it should go away!): "You think, as I do, that the form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good? Or," I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, "perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? Perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in Him more steadily?"—"For *you*," said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me that I felt as if my heart would break,—"*for you* it is the best!"

Then I awoke with the tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn. I called up Kate,* and repeated it three or four times over, that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterward. It was exactly this,—free from all hurry, nonsense or confusion whatever. Now, the strings I can gather up leading to this were three. The first you know from the main subject of my last letter.† The second was that there is a great altar in our bedroom, at which some family who once inhabited this palace had Mass performed in olden times; and I had observed within myself, before

* His wife.

† It referred to the affairs of Mrs. Hogarth and his wife's people.

going to bed, that there was a mark in the wall above the sanctuary, where a religious picture used to be; and I had wondered within myself what the subject might have been, and what the face was like. Thirdly, I had been listening to the convent bells (which ring at intervals in the night), and so had thought, no doubt, of Roman Catholic services. And yet for all this, put the case of that wish being fulfilled by any agency in which I had no hand, and I wonder whether I should regard it as a dream or as an actual vision!

Comparing this striking narrative, written while everything was clear and fresh in his mind, with the allusion to the same incident in his Christmas story eleven years later, we see that in the latter account he tells of hearing, as he awoke, bells ringing and a crier calling out the request to pray for the dead, and he transfers the whole event from a September night to the eve of All Souls' (the night between the 1st and 2d of November). Probably what happened was this. He tells Forster in the same letter that he was in pain and wakeful through the earlier hours of the night. It was then he heard the bells ringing. And in olden times, in Genoa, the city of St. Catherine, who wrote so wonderfully of Purgatory, there was a great popular devotion to the Holy Souls; and Dickens may have heard the passing night watchman calling out the hour and adding the request to pray for the Faithful Departed.

In 1855 he misplaced the order of his impressions, and took the prayer for the dead as indicating the eve of All Souls'. One need not magnify the dream into a vision. One may take it that it was wholly subjective. But the fact remains that it affords clear proof that in his waking hours there must have been in his mind an undercurrent of thought suggesting that perhaps the Catholic religion was the best for him, and that "perhaps it made one think of God oftener and believe in Him more steadily." With all his prejudices, living in a Catholic city, he had grasped this much of the reality. But he went no further. And a

few weeks later he read with enthusiastic sympathy the "Life of Arnold," by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the future Dean of Westminster,—a book that was one of the sensations of 1844; and it gave him a conception of Christianity that satisfied him, falling in as it did with his own view, that "the form of religion did not so greatly matter, if we try to do good."

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE," ETC.

XI.—CONFIDENCES.

ELINOR could hardly wait to tell her mother of her adventure by the river; for in the monotony of their present life such an incident assumed exaggerated importance. Then, short as her conversation with Crellan had been, it was the only intercourse she had had with any one like her former friends since before the ruin and death of her father, and this also added interest to it. As she went on, too, there came to her another idea, which connected her new train of thought with the one that had occupied her mind for the past weeks. Would it be possible to get Crellan to do anything toward the improvements for the valley people that she had so much at heart? They were, for the present at least, his grandmother's tenants; and even if the estate was sold before he came into possession, it was he who would benefit by the purchase money; for everyone knew that it was he, and not his elder brother, who was heir to the Imaney property.

Mrs. Lambert listened with mixed feelings to her daughter's eager recital. Elinor spoke of the informality of the meeting which had forced her and the supposed poacher into acquaintanceship, of his twice repeated appeal for permission to continue that acquaintanceship, and of the possibility of help from him in carrying out their schemes. In spite of

her London season and the round of country-house visits that had preceded it, the girl had in some respects remained wonderfully childlike. Her beauty as well as the fact of her being her father's heiress had brought her admirers in plenty, but she had either treated them as good comrades or had ignored their advances altogether. She had yet to discover that she possessed a heart,—at least one to hold any person except her mother and Thaddeus.

In the quiet of their days at Imaney, Mrs. Lambert had often thought anxiously of the future,—of the time when she would no longer be at hand to keep a home for Elinor. Was the girl to spend all her life in the narrow limits of the valley? Or, if not, how was she to make any other life for herself without having to face alone the cruelty of the world? That, whilst living in the valley, she should come to know any one who could give her the protection and the love that her mother would fain have looked forward to for her, seemed well-nigh impossible; but it was not at all improbable that a young man, idling away the days when the river was too high or too low for fishing, should try to kill time by pursuing acquaintance with a girl who was certainly more than passing fair. For had not Elinor already proved her power of attraction?

Coming from the world that had been their own, and met thus without rival or equal, Mrs. Lambert recognized that if Crellan Stewart tried, as he had said he would, to cultivate his acquaintance with Elinor, an intimacy on his part might bring heart-burnings and sorrow to the girl, who, had they met each other six months before, might merely have accepted his attentions as lightly as she had done those others that had been offered to her so freely.

And yet both because of Elinor's utter unconsciousness that such thoughts could possibly cross her mother's mind, and also from the slightness of the shadow

of reason she had for these thoughts, Mrs. Lambert could not warn her of what might, after all, prove to be mere fancy on her part; or yet, on the other hand, which might mean peril to their present peace and contentment. When, however, the girl went on eagerly to speak of the possible help from this young man in the improvement schemes for the Glen dwellers, she gave her mother an opportunity to speak.

"I am afraid, dear child, we must not build on any co-operation from Mr. Stewart," she said gently. "We must only be patient; and perhaps in the springtime, when Madam comes home and finds our poor little schemes languishing for want of outside aid, Father O'Leary may be able to soften her heart. He says she is really kind."

"But, mother dear, if Mr. Stewart himself was to be interested, surely he could do more, and get her to do more, too."

"Why should he be interested?" Mrs. Lambert asked, as Elinor paused. "He may be a very charming young man to meet. But, remember, his world is no longer ours. If some one had come to you this time last year with schemes for the amelioration of Imaney, would you have found them interesting?"

"But it is his, mother,—Imaney is his, or at least it will be some day."

"And if it is, dear, what money will he have to spend upon it? What it brings in can hardly be enough to enable him to be in the army. Though he is heir to Imaney, he is not an elder son; so, even if he would, he probably could do very little." She hesitated for a moment and then added quietly: "Unless he marries a wealthy wife."

Elinor gave an impatient sigh.

"O mamma dear," she said, half laughing, "you are so dreadfully sensible! And I did hope he might have got the money from his grandmother for a loom for Tomàs. It's a shame when the money comes from here that it should all be spent in England. But if we should see

him again—and you know he did ask twice if he might come to see us,—there would be no harm in just telling him a little about things, would there?" (She put her arms caressingly round her mother.) "Just to prepare him, don't you see, for what will be expected of him when he comes to live at the castle with his wealthy wife?"

"No harm, Miss Pertinacity," returned Mrs. Lambert, smiling; "only not much good, I am afraid. But what I want to prevent is that you should sow disappointment for yourself."

Her mother's words of warning were, however, quite forgotten the next day when, having gone to see a sick woman who lived away amongst the sandhills between the weaver's house and the sea, Elinor found Crellan Stewart waiting for her when she came out of the cabin. He had been to call on Mrs. Lambert, he informed her, and to repeat his request that his presence at the castle should not prevent her fishing as before (the brilliant sunshine of that day put a bar to sport for any one); and, learning that she had gone down the road to the sandhills, he had taken his "constitutional" in the same direction. He did not explain that it was from Father O'Leary, and not from Mrs. Lambert he had received this information; and he did not realize in the least that it was owing to this oversight on his part he owed Elinor's companionship for the next hour or more. She, thinking that it was her mother who had told him, gave herself up without further thought to the enjoyment of the moment.

It was not, however, of the state of Imaney they talked as they climbed the hill where Elinor often went for a glimpse of the sea. Tentatively, she had made some mention of his grandmother; and then, forgetting that his companion was but an acquaintance of yesterday, the boy (for indeed he was little more) told, with an impulsive burst of confidence, what it was that had brought him to

Imaney, and was lying so heavily on his mind that he had to speak of it as soon as he found any one he felt to be sympathetic.

They had reached the top of the hill, and, sitting on the bent grass that bound the sand together, she listened with unfeigned interest to his story. Some of it she already knew,—that part which concerned his grandmother. He touched on the little joy that life had brought her, and dwelt on the hopes she had centred on him and on his brother. The fact of Hugh's having settled down at twenty-one with a most suitable but utterly uninteresting wife, and with no further interest than his covert shooting and golf, had redoubled Mrs. Stewart's interest and hopes in Crellan himself. She had given him every opportunity, every help to get into the army, and he had failed. He knew that he had been idle and foolish. Other men of his age, not a bit more clever and with far fewer advantages than he had, were now fairly launched. Some even who had tried for Sandhurst with him were already full lieutenants.

The truth of it was, excepting for the sake of pleasing his grandmother and of doing something, the army as a profession had never appealed to him. The subjects for examination had, as a rule, been absolutely uninteresting, and he had never put his mind to them. He could not work himself up to share in Mrs. Stewart's ambition for him to make a name for himself, and he had taken things easy, thinking that, with the shortage of officers, they would be sure to let him in somehow. And now his final rejection had come to him as a dreadful blow. He felt he had not played fair by his devoted and indulgent grandmother, and he knew what a terrible disappointment his failure would be to her. For his own sake, too, he was sorry. He had thoroughly enjoyed the months he had been attached to the regiment to which he had hoped to belong permanently. It was just the life, not the soldiering itself, that he had liked;

and he had no special taste for anything else. Yet he knew that an existence such as Hugh was content to lead would never make him happy. In a word, he had run away to Imaney and taken refuge in its solitude.

He had not seen his grandmother since he had heard of his failure. Indeed, she did not yet know where he was; for he had merely sent her the news without a word as to his own plans. He was at a loose end, angry with himself and at the same time wanting commiseration for the luck that had gone against him. But if he had expected this last from Elinor he was mistaken. Without stopping to think what he might like her to say, she sympathized openly with his grandmother, and then told him he ought to be ashamed of ascribing to ill luck what was the result of his own carelessness; and of saying that there was nothing worth doing, now that he had debarred himself from the pleasant life he had hoped to lead.

"Don't think I am hard—or—or impatient," she said, suddenly realizing that in her eager outspokenness she might be hurting or offending him. "I am really very sorry for you,—much sorer than some people might be. When one has had to face trouble and disappointment oneself," she added shyly, "it makes one understand things better, and feel more sympathy for others."

Crellan, who had been lying on the sand and staring moodily out to sea, now pulled himself together and looked up at her with sudden interest.

"Will you tell me about yourself?" he said abruptly, but in a way that no one could have minded. "I have been boring you long enough talking about myself; and, if you don't mind telling me, I should be so pleased to hear something about you."

Elinor hesitated for a moment. She and her mother had made no mystery of their past, but there was no use in parading their troubles before the Glen folk; and, with the exception of a refer-

ence to their loss of fortune which had necessitated their coming to Imaney, even to Father O'Leary they had not spoken of their former life. There was something in Crellan that inspired confidence; and, besides, she divined that the best way to comfort his soreness was to give him something outside of himself to occupy his thoughts; so, very simply, she told of her father's ruin and death, and of her appointment as organist at Imaney on the recommendation of her old music master.

Crellan listened with unfeigned interest.

"Do you know the Rochdales?" he asked when she had finished speaking.

"The Rochdales of Knowlesworth?" said Elinor, in a tone of surprise. "Oh, yes! I was staying there just this time last year. And do you know," she continued, smiling, "I think—yes, I really think—I am happier now than I was then? But why do you ask?" she queried.

"Because Mrs. Rochdale asked me to go there for the Weir races, and I am almost sure you and your people were to be amongst the party."

"And so we were," said Elinor; and it did not strike her that, as an heiress, she had been offered as an inducement to this poor young man to accept Mrs. Rochdale's invitation.

"Fancy if we had met then!" said Crellan, looking at her earnestly.

"Well, we didn't," concluded Elinor, rising as she spoke. "But," she added, "I did want to say just this to you. Before I came here, my dear old music master gave me a piece of advice, which helped me very much at first, when I felt a little of the same soreness that you feel now. 'If you can't have what you like, then try to like what you have,' he said to me. For a time it was hard work trying to put this precept into practise; but do you know it has already come to be quite natural? I could not have the life I had led and the things that I liked, so I determined to like the quiet and, as I then thought, dull life that I had to lead.

But I find that, in my present life, there are interests more engrossing and much more satisfying than any I had ever known before," she broke off, with a shy laugh. "No, I am not going to preach. I won't insult your intelligence by making any plainer the lesson I intend to convey to you."

They were both young, and the sun was shining and the valley was looking glorious in its autumn garb. Even Crellan's troubles, that just now had seemed to him so overwhelming, melted away, and they laughed together over her pretended sermon. Then, retracing their steps toward the village, he grew serious again, and questioned her about the engrossing interests to which she had referred; and before they came to the parting of their ways—for Elinor insisted that he should accompany her no farther—she had told him much of the work that needed to be done in the valley, and of the very slight beginnings she was trying to make on the ground that, during the past two years, Father O'Leary had been trying, as occasion arose, to prepare for improvements.

(To be continued.)

"Little Nellie of Holy God."

BY T. A. M.

'T WAS surely with a holy, reverent mirth
 The saints looked down upon that little child;
 And sweetly, too, the angels must have smiled
 To see that flower of paradise on earth,—
 That baby saint, enamored of the worth
 Of things divine; that heart so undefiled;
 That infant martyr whose sweet voice beguiled
 The "Holy God" to Eucharistic birth
 In her young soul. A precious blossom she,
 Whose heavenly perfume filled with fragrance
 rare
 The earthly fatherland her footsteps trod.
 May we, her elders, from our sins set free,
 Through her sweet orisons obtain a share
 Of her great happiness with "Holy God"!

The Pity of the Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.—ST. PETER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

TWO facts we know concerning St. Peter before he was called by Our Lord to the apostolate. The first is that he was a married man; the second, that he was a disciple of St. John the Baptist.

The Jordan, in its low and tortuous bed, flows from Capharnaum and the Lake of Gennesaret to the Dead Sea. In the serpentine windings of its hot and depressed valley, it actually trebles the length of its course. Sixty miles or so in a bee-line, it makes two hundred before it reaches its weary rest,—“the crookedst river what is,” says the report of an early English expedition. On its journey it leaps over twenty-seven rapids, and falls the astounding depth of a thousand feet. The Sacramento in California is the only river in the world supposed to rival it in sheer descent.

The Jordan connected Capharnaum with Jericho, and, in a sense, with Jerusalem itself. On the northern portion of the river, at the Lake of Gennesaret, two brothers earned their living by casting nets and fishing in the waters. The morals of those around them were to them a source of distress. “Woe to thee, Corozain! Woe to thee, Bethsaida!” But they practised ‘religion pure and unspotted with God and the Father; they visited the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and kept themselves undefiled from this world.’ (St. James, i, 27.) “Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.” The grace of God, because of these good works and of God's own infinite mercy, touched their hearts; and in their inmost thoughts and conversation their one subject was the coming of the Messiah.

At this time the news reached them that near the Jordan, in its far-away southern course, there was “the voice of

one crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths. . . . The axe is laid to the root of the tree. Every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire.” (St. Luke, iii.) They listened to these tidings; and the traders or travellers, who brought them, added a description of the man—“clothed in camel's hair, with a leathern girdle about his loins, and eating only locusts and wild honey.” They agreed they would go to see this man; and they would put to him the question: “Art thou He who is to come, or seek we for another?”

They went, repeating the visit several times. But one brother was unmarried, and he went oftener than the other who was married and had the care of a house and a home. Now, one day when Andrew had been listening to John, of a sudden the wildly-dressed prophet paused in his sharp and striking address. He looked for a moment; then, raising his bloodless and mortified hand, he cried out in tones of rapturous joy: “Behold the Lamb of God! Behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world!” Two of John's disciples heard him speak, and “they followed Jesus. Andrew, brother of Simon Peter, was one of the two.”

Andrew stayed with Our Lord the rest of that day (it was two hours from night-fall) and all that night till sunrise next morning. What a happy heart he must have had that night! What desire he must have felt to fly home and tell Peter! It was the first thing he did. Before he said a word to a human being, he told Peter. “He first findeth his brother, Simon [Peter], and saith to him: We have found the Messiah. . . . And he brought him to Jesus.” It was by the Sea of Galilee—that is, the Lake of Gennesaret,—and Jesus said to them (the two brothers): “Come after Me, and I will make you to be fishers of men.” Immediately leaving their nets, they followed Him. This was early in the first year of Our Lord's public

mission. The course of events seems to have been: 1. The baptism of Our Lord by John the Baptist; 2. The forty days' fast; 3. The visit of Our Lord once more to John; 4. The call of the Apostles; 5. The healing of the sick; 6. The Sermon on the Mount.

"And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, He saw his mother-in-law lying sick of a fever." It is St. Matthew who tells us this, and not St. Mark, from whom, as being the disciple of St. Peter, we should rather expect it. But St. Matthew, when telling of his own conversion, calls himself not Levi but Matthew, in order to do himself dishonor, as showing his occupation and name when he was a tax-gatherer, and thereby also honoring the free gift of God in calling him to the apostolate; so the other Evangelists and all the early Christians always called him Levi, according to St. Jerome, who says: "The other Evangelists do not, because of respect and honor, call him by his vulgar name: they speak of him as Levi; whereas Matthew himself, advised by the words of Solomon, 'The just man accuses himself, and tells his own faults, that he may be justified,' names himself Matthew and a publican, to give hope to all who read that they, if converted, need never despair, since he (Matthew) was of a sudden raised from being a tax-gatherer to the dignity of the apostolate." In like manner, St. Peter forbade his disciples to record in the Gospel anything in his favor, but to give everything, even to the least detail, of what was told against him.

We know not of what kind of fever the mother-in-law was complaining. Hot climates produce fever very generally. The Greek word for it is both significant and descriptive—"fire within one," or "burning with fire." If we consider the sick woman lying on the bed, and suppose Peter to be standing beside it—Peter to whom the Lord had but (as it were) a moment before said, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called

Cephas," which is interpreted Peter [or Rock],"—we see that two very different orders of things have met. To explain, we will suppose, as possibly may have been the case, that there are only three in the bedchamber: the woman sick of the fever, the head of the Apostles, and Jesus between them. 1. Fever, if anything, is changeable: a rock unchangeable. 2. Fever is hot, burning, raging within the system, while the extremities are cold: on the other hand, rains fall and tempests roar, but the rock stands. 3. Fever is a devourer, the rock is a supporter. The mother-in-law, sick of fever, was a type of humanity, carnally and spiritually, through all the ages that are past; the son-in-law—strong in that time of life which the Romans called "manhood," and immovable, with a firmness and strength that were divine—was a type of the future Church, of its everlasting unchangeableness.

From the beginning it had been said to the race of men: "Increase and multiply." The increase went on by the family relations, and they occupied the earth. The spiritual relations of the priesthood went on from father to son also. "Josue gave therefore to the children of Aaron the priest, . . . all the cities together of the children of Aaron the priest." (Josue, xxi.) That was a priesthood that was as carnal as, if not more than, it was spiritual. It was to be no longer so. It was not to perpetuate that priesthood that this Son of Man, standing by the bed of fever, took flesh and became man.

Away in the distant ages, like another and an earlier Baptist, there "was a voice in the wilderness"; "without father, or mother, without genealogy; having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God, a priest forever." (Heb., vii.) Abraham saw him, and "divided to him the tithes of all." "But Melchisedech, the King of Salem, bringing forth bread and wine; for he was a priest of the Most High God, blessed him." (Gen., xiv.) David the

King saw him in spirit; and, seeing that "he was likened unto the Son of God," he cried out in prophecy regarding the Son of Man: "The Lord God said to my Lord: . . . From the womb before the day-star [from eternity] I have begotten Thee. The Lord hath sworn, and He will not repent: Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." (Ps. cix.)

The great Apostle of the Gentiles saw him; and he says it was evident there was going to be a change, and the priesthood was no longer to be from father to son; for "Our Lord sprang out of Juda, in which tribe Moses spoke nothing concerning priests." On all hands it was admitted that the Messiah was to be a priest: "Thou art a priest forever." If, therefore, the old order was to continue, He should have been a priest of the tribe of Levi, and have sprung from Aaron. But the old order of the father-to-son priesthood was to be abrogated; and therefore "He was not made according to the law of a carnal commandment, but according to the power of an indissoluble life. Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech."

Behold, then, this most holy Being standing here, between this mortal woman, burning with fever, and this immortal, immovable Rock of the ages to come. The three alone are there. The woman, tossing in fever, typifies sick humanity; the Fisherman, chosen from the human millions that were on the earth, foreshadows, in his health and strength, the new race that is to come; while the divine Being, true God and true man, represents time and eternity. A halo is around that adorable head. Perhaps Peter saw it, and was prepared to listen to what was going to be infused into his heart by divine inspiration; for if he were to be the type of a new race, he was to be made a new man.

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." "Every one that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or

lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." (St. Matt., xix.) This is said to the multitude, — this is said to the followers. What shall be said to the leader? Henceforward a new world and a new life are going to be; and as "God raised up the Lord from the dead, so God will raise up by His power" all those who wish to live it: But the leader must show the way. "Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost; and you are bought at a great price; therefore use this world, as if you used it not."

That was for all; but for the leader? "He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. . . . The unmarried woman and the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit. . . . More blessed shall she be if she so remain." (I. Cor., vii.)

It was infinitely more pitiable of Our Lord to purify the carnal man in Peter, and elevate it into a sphere rivalling the angels in dignity, than to raise an elderly woman from her bed of fever. 'But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power to do these things, . . . He touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she rose up and ministered unto them.' It was "in Peter's house" that the miracle was wrought. In all ages wonders are wrought "in Peter's house." And the greatest miracle of all is the life of virginity led by the consecrated members of that house, and the life of lay virginity by its worldly members. "It was the words of Jesus Christ and of St. Paul that, from the beginning of Christianity, inspired the early Christians with such esteem for celibacy." (Mosheim.)

There, then, stood the three: the sick woman, representing the human race, now cured, and cured in the house of Peter; Peter, already "made little less than the angels," and called to a vocation which up to this had never been dreamed of by the human mind; and the third, He who will reform the one, raise the

other, and purify both. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

The maiden enters the cloister. Why? Like the "Maid of France," she hears "voices" crying, "Blessed are the clean of heart!" The young man takes God for his inheritance,—*Dominus pars hereditatis meæ*. Why? Over his father's house, on the night that it was said a man-child was born, a bright light was seen; and from that day forward, upon everything that met his gaze he saw written, "Blessed are the clean of heart."

From outside, he that did not belong to Peter's house draws near to it. Why? The stranger has "become as a little child,"—he is clean of heart; and only such as are 'like little children shall enter into the Kingdom of God.' "I have received multitudes into the Church," said Cardinal Manning, "and hundreds of them had kept their baptismal innocence."

(To be continued.)

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

X.—THE BELLMAN OF ARDEE.

HE might have been a Queen's Councillor if he had had schooling; he might have been a Member of Parliament if he had had schooling and influence; he might have been a parish priest if he had had schooling and a vocation. But he had neither schooling, influence nor vocation; so he was not a Q. C. nor an M. P. nor a P. P., but merely a town bellman.

One must not infer from this that Jacky McCann had wasted his substance, missed his calling and lived in vain. No doubt it was intended he should be a bellman from the beginning, and not serve her Majesty, the people, or the Church. At any rate, Jacky himself had no heart-aches on that score. He had no regrets over lost hopes, no looking back to a cross in the road where he might have taken a different direction and reached a fairer destiny. He was as happy as a

man could be here below, and what more should one want?

Jacky's calling probably needs explanation. He was not a maker of bells, nor a clerk of the parish who rang the people to Mass on Sundays and days of devotion. Rather his field of work embraced what is done to-day through the advertising columns of a newspaper, through bill-boards, and through the manifold other means of reaching the public. The bellman was present at every fair within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles, and was the vehicle that carried information to the people assembled from near and far.

You had fifty acres of upland hay at auction and you wanted buyers. Straightway you went to Jacky McCann, and secured his services at a fixed rate for an hour or a half hour, as the case might be. Jacky got the facts correctly stated, took his handbell and made his way to the street. Once there, he swung his bell back and forth with fine rhythm, and secured a measure of attention. Then he began in an orotund voice that would do credit to Daniel O'Connell himself:

"At auction.—Fifty acres of prime upland hay in the Knockfernah meadows, three miles west of Adare. The auction will take place on the morning of Wednesday, July the 27th, beginning at ten o'clock. Quick sale and ready money! Remember the date! John Coughlin, auctioneer."

Back and forth through the town he went, varying the phrasing of his announcement to catch the fancy of his listeners. He rang his bell betimes to make a noise, to secure attention, to get his breath, and to break the monotony. When he had served his time for this announcement, there were usually two or three more waiting for him; in which event he announced them, as he said, "like three staves of a song, one after the other." For instance, the first would be:

"Strayed or stolen.—A red milch cow with a white face, from O'Donovan's farm, near Croom. Any one giving infor-

mation that will lead to the finding of the animal will be liberally rewarded by Michael O'Donovan, owner of the same." Ding-dong, ding-dong!

The second proclamation would roll forth as follows:

"The great horseraces of Newcastle will begin on July the 9th, to continue for two days. Special trains will run from Limerick and Tralee bearing the wealth and beauty of all Munster. Splendid prizes for the winning horses. The Races! The Races! The Races at Newcastle!" Ding-dong, ding-dong!

Finally, the third might be a political hint:

"The election of Poor Law Guardians will be held next Monday. Do not forget the name of William Clancy in choosing an honest man." Ding-dong, ding-dong!

It would be an overstatement to say that Jacky's voice and his bell and his sum of information held everybody at the fair of Ardee spellbound. Cattle-buyers argued and offered to "split the difference"; sellers argued and refused to do so, just as if Jacky's voice and bell were away down in Co. Belfast. So, too, the go-between who tried to close the deal with buyer and seller. The buyer, a man from Cork or Limerick let us say, would leave the seller, a shrewd, cattle farmer from the rich grazing lands of the Golden Vale. Yes, the buyer would leave him for good and all, to repent for his folly of heart in not jumping at his offer. But the farmer would let him go, knowing he would be glad to return if called. Then the go-between, the split-the-difference man, who might be a chance onlooker, but more often a friend of the buyer or of the seller—you could never tell which,—would run after the buyer and call him back. The buyer would return reluctantly, the go-between forcing him, as it were. Negotiations might be reopened in some such way as this:

"Y.rra what ails ye? An' sure there isn't so much between ye that ye can't fix it up."

"Faith, then, there is," the seller would say with dogged insistence.

Again the cattle-buyer would turn as if to leave, dazed at such conduct. The go-between would hold him, would face the buyer and would put to him this solemn question:

"Now, Jim, we're all min here, so answer like a man. What's the lowest you'll take for the four cows?"

"Forty-four pounds, an' not a ha'penny less."

Then he would turn to the buyer and ask with like solemnity:

"What's the highest money you can offer for the four cows?"

The buyer would protest by the tombs of all the Irish Kings that he didn't want the cows very much, anyway; but, in order not to make futile the efforts of an honest man, he would be willing to make a sacrifice and pay forty pounds.

"There's only a matther of four pounds between ye," the go-between would declare hopefully.

Then he would catch the palm of the right hand of the buyer and the palm of the right hand of the seller, would strike their palms with his palm, and exclaim as if inspired:

"Split the difference!"

Not at all! Couldn't think of it! Sure they'd both be out money. The cows weren't worth it, or were worth twice the amount. To shorten a long tale, buyer and seller, after much argument and rebuttal, affirmation and denial, agreed on forty-two pounds for the four cows, with a shilling apiece for luck money. Outwardly, each appeared to be giving his home and holding in fee simple to the other, though one may reasonably doubt if really they felt that way.

In the midst of a hundred scenes like this, where buyer and seller watched, waited, argued, protested, agreed or disagreed, Jacky passed all day long. He dodged great bunches of cattle that were driven down to the little railway station, where a long row of "wagons" stood

waiting on a side track to receive them. There was a vast deal of shouting and cracking of whips and bellowing of cows, and generally an appearance of confusion, out of which would issue order in time. The thimbleman was at the fair, too, passing a tiny ball of lead from one thimble to another. You paid a penny to guess under which thimble he hid the ball, and got three pennies back if you guessed right. Many a lad who thought he was "smart" tried to triple his money, and got the laugh from bystanders for his pains.

There was the ballad singer lilting a ballad of twenty-one stanzas or so, telling the fortunes and death of "Shane O'Grady, the boy of Ballyo." Many a lad bought the song for a penny, then listened to the performer for a while, trying to catch the "chune"; for there was no such luxury as musical score. If he had a "good ear," he caught it; if he had not, he caught it partially or not at all, and sang it afterward to a "chune" of his own. It made very little difference either way. There was a stand of upright whips with brass-covered ends. You paid a penny for six rings and took six chances to lodge a ring on any one of the whips. Sometimes Fortune favored you; but the owner of the stand did not leave Fortune a very wide field for her favors. As the day waned, the sold cattle housed away in the "wagons" were taken to Limerick in a special "goods" train, to be shipped later to more distant parts. The unsold were driven back to the sweet grass of their native fields. The bellman still rang on, and gave forth his items of news, never weary of himself, never weary of the weariness of others.

"But how about the tipsy, turbulent Celt in the waning day?" you alliteratively ask. "Is he not a product of the fair? And the blackthorn sticks? And the fights? And the broken heads? Surely the picture is not complete." Even if these items, singly or collectively, were a "product" of the fair, they would not

add anything to the picture, if you chose to call it so. But they were not a product nor an offshoot nor an aftermath, nor, in philosophical phrase, a necessary consequence.

The fact is, they never were, except in misty tradition, and as an additional foulness in the already foul pages of a few self-styled Celtic "humorists." You probably have heard of them. If you have not, rejoice; for you have not missed anything that will add a cubit to your æsthetic stature. One hears and reads of riots at "our national pastime"; of umpires assaulted; of mob violence at conventions; of beating and stabbing and blood and violence and murder in our cities and small towns. Yet, somehow, they do not live in misty tradition. But at the Irish fair and market and public meeting, men must drink and fight and bleed. We have always imagined so, and to imagine otherwise would be to set aside the old ideas to which we have grown accustomed, and to put on the new which may not suit so well. Such conditions may have existed fifty years ago. One does not live from the beginning. But those who lived then say they did not; and they heard from those gone before that such things did not exist in their generation. And so on to the days of the Milesians, if you like. No doubt there was a quenching of thirst and loud talk and a row and a fight now and then. But why call in question the peace and sobriety and general right living of the great many, because you have heard of or seen the weakness or waywardness or foolishness of a very few?

The fair of Ardee was all over about four o'clock. There were few strangers in the town at five; by six, scarcely any. It was a quiet town, and the police might be up in the barracks, for all they had to do. A few of them marched up and down the street, to work up an appetite in order to eat with more relish the good dinner which the taxes of poor people paid for. Otherwise, they might have

been in bed, so far as anybody cared.

Jacky McCann's stock of trade vanished with the vanishing crowd. Usually he lingered till five o'clock; though he had no proclamations to proclaim, for there were scarcely any listeners to listen. Then, catching hold of his bell by the tongue, he disappeared up a short side street to his snug home, where his wife—a quiet little woman—had a hot supper waiting for him.

"I'm back, little woman; an' 'tis tired I am thrampin' it up an' down the whole day."

"Wisha, Jacky, sure I often tell you we have enough laid by now to keep us for the rest of our days. So why don't you rest and give over?"

Jacky always took up these last words of his kind helpmate and sang them with such heart as to make you say, "Rise it!"—

Give over, Wild Rover, put your money in store;
And you never will be a Wild Rover no more.

Whether it was because two negatives make an affirmative, or because he had to follow his natural bent, at any rate, Jacky never consented to "give over." It was only when age and rheumatism caught him that he remained at home. But for a long time, like an imprisoned bird, he hoped for a day when he would be free again. And when finally the truth was forced upon him that the fairs must go on month after month in regular rotation and that he must remain away, he took the handbell from where it hung and stowed it away in the loft for safe-keeping. As he did so he said to his helpmate:

"Little woman, if I go first, ring my bell three times in honor of the Blessed Trinity, an' three times in honor of the Holy Family, an' three times in honor of the virtues of Faith, Hope an' Charity. After that throw it into the deepest bed of the River Deel; for I'll have no use for it up in heaven. An' if you go first, I'll do the same thing for you. Then I hope I'll soon follow."

(To be continued.)

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XI.

SOME years ago a little fugitive poem came my way, and it was so musical, although rather too sentimental for my taste, that it hid itself away in my memory. But I did not understand its allusions to a ruined tower upon a cliff, graves of dead women and a Garden of Sleep, where corn and poppies grew together. To-day the puzzle has been solved, and I know how children feel when they make a picture of blocks that of themselves mean nothing. Here follows the item that enlightened me:

"Five hundred years ago Cromer, on the northeastern coast of England, was a populous and thriving town, two miles from the ocean; but the sea has so encroached upon the land that there remains but a ruined tower,—all that is left of a church known in song and story as the Church of the Garden of Sleep: named, presumably, from the poppies in the field of corn surrounding it. The location of the churchyard is easily determined by the graves, but Cromer itself has long since tumbled into the sea."

I was fairly familiar, I thought, with the submerged cities of East Anglia, but had not before had the wit to connect them with the poem. Tower and graves and Sleep Garden will soon, like poor Cromer, be but a memory; for the east coast of England is disappearing at a rapid rate. Of course the "corn" is wheat: we have to translate a bit when talking of things strictly English; but "poppy" is our own dear name for the perishable blossoms that flame so wildly in the summer grainfields across the ocean, not requiring the care we give to them. The word "weed," by the way, is applicable only according to location. Louisa's mother confided to her her astonishment at the honorable place given to corn-

flowers — or bachelor's buttons — in my garden. In Hungary, she says, they choke the grain and are very troublesome. Louisa's mother and I are great friends. We can not understand each other's spoken words, but love needs no interpreter.

My first recollection is of another Hungarian, the famous Louis Kossuth, here on his triumphal tour for the purpose of getting help for his distracted country. My father held me high in his arms as the patriot passed. "Look!" he said. "Kossuth! The man with the feather in his hat." I did not in the least appreciate the cause of the handsome gentleman, but I made an unsuccessful attempt to grab the feather and screamed vigorously at my failure.

My mind continues to dwell upon gardens, perhaps because I am so heartily weary of this long winter; and it was of Sir James Lemoine's garden that I thought first when I heard, just the other day, that the courtly old historian had joined the "great majority." The news carried me back to a pleasant Sunday afternoon in Quebec, when my comrade and I joyfully accepted an invitation to visit him in his own home. We drove out of the St. Louis gate, with its memories of Montcalm, passing the stately Parliament House, and the field where Wolfe died victorious, and turned into an avenue so secluded that we wondered how it could be the approach to a human habitation. But the mansion was at its terminus, the fair green lawn in front of it, and in the rear the lovely English garden, where the family and the guests were chatting as they sipped their tea.

To us, being strangers, Sir James was especially courteous, telling us how Gilbert Parker came to write "The Seats of the Mighty," and showing us some exhumed cannon balls that he had recently purchased for a ridiculously small sum from those who did not value them. I remember that he spoke with some bitterness of the indifference to historical

research displayed by the people of Quebec. "They would melt the captured cannon on the ramparts, if they could have their way," he said; and he seemed surprised that people from the "States" were interested in the discoveries of La Salle and Marquette. But, after all, it is his garden, where the flowers bloomed riotously, as if in haste to make the most of the short and fleeting northern summer, that I most vividly recall. And now it will know him no more.

"France;" said some one, "is the France of the French Republic; Quebec is the France of Louis XIV." Yet there are multitudes of tourists who visit the old city with no knowledge of its history, and for whom it has few attractions beyond the magnificent hotel that occupies the place of the ancient Chateau St. Louis. In one of our trips down the St. Lawrence we became acquainted with a newly-rich couple from Oil City. The wife was a shy, shrinking creature, but the husband's volubility made up for her paucity of words. "I've got plenty of money," he said, slapping his pockets, "and we're going to see the world. I've heard considerable about Quebec, and we'll start in with that." The following Sunday, while we were watching the soldiers as they marched down from the citadel to the English "cathedral," we met him. He was the picture of woe and disgust. "Perfect humbug of a town!" he said. "There isn't a building in it that a man from Oil City would look at twice. They ought to knock down these old shanties and put up something decent. What they need is a few sky-scrapers." We proffered no dissent from his point of view. It would not have been understood; and, happily, we never saw him again.

(To be continued.)

THERE is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this in time.—*Charles Dickens.*

Adolphe Rette at Ars.

ON my arrival at Ars I was greeted most cordially by the present curé, who allowed me to remain in the presbytery after visiting hours, and supplied me with interesting documents and information. I locked myself up in the chamber where the saint had so often spent the night in prayer, where he had suffered the assaults of the Evil One, where the Blessed Virgin and the saints had so often appeared to him, and from whence he was finally borne to his eternal home. Let me, with his aid, strive to draw for you a picture of this veritable sanctuary still fragrant with the perfume of his sanctity.

One enters into a small yard, on the west side of which stand a washhouse and a woodshed that has of late never sheltered a log of wood. On either side of the door two elders were wont to cast their shadow; but one has been entirely destroyed by the wind, and the other is in no flourishing condition, having been despoiled of portions of its bark by pilgrims seeking a memento of the place. On the east side of the yard stands the presbytery, a peasant's house of small dimensions and not too brilliantly white-washed. It is the house where Jean Vianney lived and prayed and suffered and died. To the left as we enter is a small storeroom, which the Curé seldom had cause to visit, and which contains no relics of the saint. Directly opposite to it is another small room, containing the coffin in which the holy man was buried, and the remains of a bed to which the devil had set fire because the Curé had on that day released several sinners from his power. There also may be seen a basket without handle or lid, in which the holy man kept the potatoes which were his chief article of food, the pot in which he boiled them, and a few other common utensils.

Upstairs there are two rooms, topped

by a slanting garret. One is a spare room, where the saint was accustomed to lodge his occasional visitor, and which is now filled with glass cases containing his relics. His sacerdotal vestments, a threadbare soutane, an old yellow umbrella, a phial containing some of his blood which, through a mysterious privilege, remains liquid, are the first things we notice on entering. Then our eyes fall upon that terrible instrument of penance, and it sends a thrill through our blood. It is a shirt made of an iron or wire tissue, trimmed round with sharp iron hooks two or three inches in length, that must have torn the saint's flesh at every move. Close by is a belt of cord as wide as one's hand, lined with sharp-pointed nails, and the fragments of the chain discipline with which he used to scourge himself. The other room is the bedroom of the saint; and it is with a feeling of awe and reverence that we cross the threshold, knowing that the ground whereon we tread is indeed holy.

This room is quite small and rather dark, as only one narrow window on the west permits the light to enter. Iron bars had to be stoutly fixed before this small opening, to prevent people from scaling the walls and carrying away relics of the saint. There is also a window on the south, but its shutters are lined with sheet iron, and it is never opened. Two rafters run along the low smoked ceiling, and the walls are grey, uneven, and checkered with bits of loose plaster ready to fall away. The floor is made of reddish stones, some of them broken or cracked, many of them loose. In one corner stands a low narrow bedstead made of plain wood and painted a light grey, while grey curtains striped with blue hang about it, supported from the bedroof. A counterpane of brown cotton stuff dotted with faded blue flowers covers a bolster of rough linen stuffed with straw, and two coarse sheets on which bloodstains can be seen. The Curé, we are told, regularly took out the fresh straw (that his

attendant contrived to slip into the bed) making it like a flag of cement. One wonders how he could find on this hard bed the few hours of sleep he allowed his wasted form.

At the foot of the bed is a small stool, on which are placed a pair of shapeless shoes and an old earthen jug. The hearth is a ruin, and even now gives evidence of how little it was used. It contains some ashes, a shovel and tongs partly eaten away by rust, and a small bellows, the top of which has been broken off. On the mantelpiece may be seen an iron candlestick, a blue delf pot without handle, and a lantern with sides of broken glass, used by the holy man at midnight when he went to the church to hear confessions. Three chests, one of which contains an old razor-strop and a broken shaving mug; five rickety, straw-seated chairs; a small square table, and a bookcase containing a few dusty volumes of theology, constitute the entire furniture of the hallowed room.

On the walls are hung a dozen pious pictures of no artistic value whatever, but sufficient to melt a saint into tears and to inflame him to prayer. St. Magdalen in her grotto of the Sainte-Baume, St. Francis Regis, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Philomena, St. Francis of Assisi,—these were the pictures that aroused him to seek the intercession of the saints. He invoked Magdalen when about to purify sinners of the same type. The effigy of St. Francis Regis reminded him of a pilgrimage performed on foot, in his youth, to the tomb of that model missionary, where he obtained the grace to continue in his studies. St. Vincent assisted him in the founding of the Home of Providence, where he gathered together the little homeless children of Christ. St. Philomena, the young martyr whom he called his "dear little saint," never refused him any favor; and St. Francis of Assisi he venerated as the most seraphic lover of Jesus that ever trod the earth. Side by side with these pictures is a colored

print representing Christ, the Saviour of the world, and bearing upon it two touching inscriptions written in a clumsy hand: "Gratitude to Jesus and Mary. I prayed and I was heard. Thérèse Novel, Ars, Feb. 16, 1857." "I came from Paris and obtained a grace." Some memory, no doubt, attached the holy Curé to this *ex-voto*; for it must not have been without reason that he kept it in his room instead of placing it in the church with the many others.

On the wall again, and just at the head of the bed, are placed a glass holy-water font and a frame containing several relics; while above the chimney is the small looking-glass, framed in deal wood, that served the saint when shaving. A statue of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of the Curé, a reproduction of St. Philomena's reliquary, a statue of the "Assumption" decorated by some barbarous artist, and a few old calendars, the most recent of them bearing the date 1855, are the only other articles the room contains.

But what an atmosphere of recollection pervades the place! Here the soul is drawn gently toward God, and one prays with simplicity, fervor, and confidence. It is far away from the bustle of the busy world, and the spirit of the gentle saint seems ever to rest upon it, and to sweeten the very breath one breathes within it. Without, in the great world, the storm may rage and dash violently, but on the threshold of this humble and hallowed presbytery it seems to reach a limit which it may not cross.

MEN must grasp the truth of life in the Church by the evidence of disciplined and self-denying lives. They will believe in sanctity; prayer will make itself manifest in life; the fear of God will be seen and felt. The Catholic must be known as a man of God, and men will be satisfied that there is really something in Catholicism.—*Anon.*

A High Standard Recalled.

Notes and Remarks.

HOW truly does M. Paul Bourget say in his latest work, "The truth never goes out of fashion, and never loses its attraction"! Asking himself why certain once popular authors now have few readers, and why so many books formerly considered great have ceased to be generally remembered, he declares that "the works which grow old have not been true enough. No talent for writing, however great, is enough to preserve a book which is not first of all and above all a witness for truth." Newman, according to this high standard, is one of the fixed stars in English literature. He will ever remain a great author, not because of the magic of his style, but on account of his devotion to truth. On receiving notice of his elevation to the Sacred College, he said: "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." On another occasion that great father of souls declared that whenever he had found it a duty to write and publish in defence of Catholic doctrine or practice, he had felt beforehand a great trepidation lest he should fail in prudence, or err in statement of facts, or be careless in language; and afterward, for the same reasons, he had been unable to feel any satisfaction at recurring in mind to his composition.

Such renunciation of self fitted Newman to be a witness for truth. Ruskin was undoubtedly a great master of prose-style—as great, many will have it, as Newman himself,—but, according to the severe and high standard recalled by M. Bourget, Ruskin has been overrated and overpraised and is destined to oblivion. He loved art: Newman loved truth, lived and suffered for it. The reward of such devotion begins on earth. The old age of Truth's champions is ever peaceful.

Persons outside of the Church sometimes make fun of Catholic friends for being "too strict for anything" in the observance of the laws of the Church; but we have often noticed that this is done only in their presence. In their absence they are heartily praised, and, if need be, warmly defended. It used to be said of a prominent army officer who became a convert during the Civil War that the sight of his hat was enough to suppress immodest story-telling, so great was the regard entertained for him. Catholics who live up to their religion never fail to inspire respect, and are often instrumental in conversions of which they never hear. "A Catholic cadet I knew at West Point," writes a correspondent, "never ate meat during Lent. This was observed and frequently spoken of by the non-Catholics among us. But I never heard any one refer to — except in terms of sincere admiration. Because he had the courage to practise as well as to profess his religion he received the unstinted praise of every member of the corps."

Writing in the *Month* of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Cardinal Newman," Father Sydney Smith comments on the biographer's publishing so many of Newman's private letters in which he expresses opinions about those whose actions displeased him. Father Smith does not blame Mr. Ward for their publication, though he makes this judicious reflection:

But it does seem to us most necessary that readers should, if they are not to misjudge the Cardinal's character, be reminded that the effect of such publication is not only to divulge what has been said in private, but by so doing often to change its significance, making appear blameworthy words that in themselves are blameless. There are things which a man may lawfully say in confidence to another whom he thinks he can trust; things that express only the opinion of the moment, with the consciousness that they may need to be modified; judg-

ments which are only in course of formation and may turn out afterward to be rash and needing revision; even judgments on those set over him. This is inevitable; but before such opinions can be lawfully expressed openly, other things have to be considered. For words then should be used with a fuller sense of responsibility, and should take count of the respect due to superiors, or of the rights of others which may not suffer from private confidences and yet must suffer gravely from words cast abroad.

The point is eminently well taken. Any one can understand that a casual jocular remark made among friends about an absent dignitary would take on an entirely erroneous complexion if quoted to the said dignitary as a deliberate expression of serious opinion; and there are scores of analogous cases.

The leading article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for February deals with a question in pastoral theology that is of practical interest to all our readers, lay as well as clerical—"Repetition of Extreme Unction and the Last Blessing." The author, the Rev. T. Dunne, closes his paper with the following conclusions which, he declares, may be set down as safe in practice:

The mere lapse of time—*v. g.*, a month—does not in itself justify re-anointing in a long illness. Some inquiry should be made as to any change in the illness. If there is a *reasonable doubt* in favor of recovery and relapse, Extreme Unction can be administered after about a month. If it is *morally certain* that the patient has escaped the danger and relapsed, he can be re-anointed even after a short interval—*v. g.*, a week. In neither case is there an obligation to do so. It will sometimes happen that even after the lapse of a month or more there will be no substantial change in the illness, and in this case it is not lawful to re-anoint. If it be urged that in this matter it is difficult or impossible to judge, it can be said that *in re morali* a reasonable estimation suffices.

The rule for the *Benedictio in articulo mortis* is: "Once in the same sickness, long or short." It, therefore, does not always accompany Extreme Unction. In a long sickness such as consumption, etc., with frequent relapses into danger of death and repeated Extreme Unction, the last blessing with the intention of granting

the indulgence should not be repeated. Neither should it, according to the best opinion, be repeated for other objects, such as the exciting of better dispositions in the sick person, as this is amply provided for in the exhortations suggested in the Ritual.

There are, however, cases in which this indulgence can be invalidly applied, and then a repetition can and ought to be made: first, when the sick person has been positively opposed to its application; secondly, when the priest had not the faculties to administer it; and, thirdly, when the priest has not observed the formula of Benedict XIV.

Replying to a correspondent who asks what is the justification of holding private property, especially in land, Father Hull answers as follows:

In this matter the simplest answer is the best. The human race has, down to the last century or so, taken for granted that the right to hold private property is a thing rooted in the obvious nature of things. It is only under the stress of modern conditions, induced by a highly artificial and congested system of living, that doubt has been thrown upon that right, and a theory has been invented that all land ought to be owned collectively by the State. Push this theory a little further, and you can easily show that it ought *not* to be held by the State. If the Earl of Somerset has no right *individually* to own a small bit of England, then what right has the whole people of England collectively to own the whole of England, what right the people of France to own France, what right the people of Japan to hold Japan? The only proper owner must ultimately be the whole human race; so that the people of Japan have just as much right to own England as the people of England have, and *vice versa*.

Without being, or intending to be, a thorough answer to the question put, the foregoing will probably suffice for the average man in the street.

We have yet to see in any of our secular exchanges an adequate notice of the late Lord Lister. They are taken up with politics, and will continue so for months to come. It is not too much to say of Lord Lister that he was one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. By applying Pasteur's far-reaching discoveries in bacteriology to the science of surgery,

he devised a series of "germicides" and the antiseptic methods now universally adopted. His results spoke for themselves. Not only were operations of all kinds, hitherto regarded as impossible, performed with safety, but also amputations, which were previously hurried on to escape putrefaction, were avoided. Another important discovery of Lord Lister's was the use of catgut instead of silk to tie arteries, the ligature being thus absorbed without the inflammation caused by other substances. By this means the healing of wounds was marvellously accelerated.

We have quoted from a tribute in the *Athenæum*, which is thus concluded: "Lord Lister was not spoilt by success, but retained throughout his long life the modesty which is the characteristic of great men in search of truth. He was as simple as that other pioneer in science, Lord Kelvin."

The recall, by his own Government, of Señor Ospina, Colombia's Minister to the United States, in no way affects the justice of the Señor's contention that it would be a lack of good taste for Secretary Knox to visit his country while in the minds of the Colombians the Canal Zone matter is still rankling. The *Philadelphia Record* discusses the matter in a paragraph that should serve as a corrective to the jingoism of many an inferior journal:

Under the circumstances, it is better for us not to make any point of these informalities. The circumstances are that by an act of force and duplicity which can not be matched in our own history, or in foreign history outside of the Russian Foreign Office, we encouraged and fostered and promoted to success a so-called revolution, hatched in New York, and started in Panama by a dozen men, mostly foreigners, because Colombia was indisposed to grant us privileges in the Isthmus. We used armed force to prevent Colombia from suppressing a miserable little insurrection which was wholly foreign except that some of the Panamans scented the \$10,000,000 we had offered for the Isthmian concessions, and which was not in any sense whatever a movement of the people.

This piece of international brigandage was performed by a President who is vociferous and

incessant in preaching the higher morality, and a Secretary of State who once described American diplomacy as based upon the Decalogue and the Golden Rule. We have ignored the demands of Colombia for a reference of her pecuniary injuries to The Hague Tribunal; and now we propose to send Mr. Knox to call on her, and feel grossly affronted because her man thinks that the lady would not be at home.

'Tis merely in a Pickwickian sense, we fear, that our country is fully entitled to be called the land of the "square deal."

Anent the religious intolerance which Irish Protestants—some of them at least—profess to fear as an inevitable consequence of Home Rule, it may be worth while reprinting, from *Register-Extension*, the following letter written in behalf of a Protestant friend by one who was certainly not the least Catholic of Irishmen—O'Connell the "Liberator":

Mr. MacDonnell is the son of an old circuit friend of mine, — a most particular friend, and one of the most respectable gentlemen in the community. The father has been for several years past a Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; having never mitigated the kindness of his friendship for me, though he says he knows he has two faults in my eyes — first, that he is a Protestant parson; and, secondly, that he is a wicked anti-Repealer. You will not find fault with him on either ground, and I certainly do not esteem him the less for the one or the other, knowing as I do that he is a high-minded gentleman.

The real historical fact about religious intolerance in Ireland is, of course, what Mr. Birrell recently stated it to be—that such intolerance as has existed has been overwhelmingly, if not entirely, Protestant intolerance of Catholics.

A consummation devoutly to be wished is that all English Catholics, lay as well as clerical, should share the sentiments of the "English Priest" who writes as follows to the *London Catholic Times*:

For myself, I can not understand why we English Catholics should not hold out our hands in hearty friendship and cordial brotherhood to our co-religionists in Ireland. They never wronged us. They have often benefited us.

Their zeal and self-sacrifice in England have built up the prosperity of the Church, our common mother, here in Great Britain. And why should not we English Catholics, now at a time when the hopes of Ireland are a growing flame, take every opportunity to make it clear to them that our best wishes go with theirs for the peace and prosperity of a land which they love, and which we, if only in gratitude to its children, ought to admire? We have no part or parcel with the bigots who have despised their creed, or with the oppressors who have damaged their country. Their strength, indeed, could we but look aright, is our strength, as their weakness has been our weakness; it is impossible that the Catholics of Ireland, prosperous as I hope they will be under self-government, should not be a source of comfort and a stay in times of peril to us Catholic Englishmen.

A sense of solidarity among all the Catholics of the British Empire could not but be advantageous to their temporal as well as their religious prospects. So far as benefits conferred are concerned, the debt of Catholic England to Catholic Ireland is far greater than is any return that has yet been made.

It is fervently to be hoped that the address on social reform delivered by Bishop Muldoon at a recent meeting of members of the Federation of Catholic Societies, held at the University of Notre Dame, will have the widest possible circulation. The importance, timeliness, and practicality of the Bishop's address may be judged by these extracts:

I think all will admit that there is much constructive work before Catholic churchmen and laymen in the United States. We are ready with our condemnations of this and that dangerous tendency of the hour; but, unless we go out into the open and do something practical for the solution of pressing problems, our condemnation will react upon us. We want to establish a department or departments of Federation activity that will work all the year through. The field is so large we must specialize. In Federation we have the machinery. Our object is to start the machinery agoing.

To my mind, one of the most important means of resisting the spread of Socialistic ideas is the personal service of the priesthood and laity amongst the poor. Parlor theorists

and declaimers in societies will not solve the problems. There must be a more widespread spirit of consecration for the benefit of the poor and the protection of the weak.

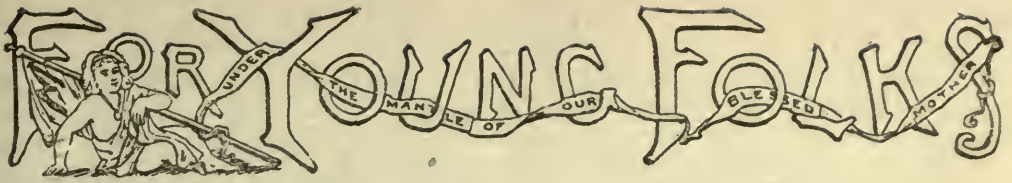
You can not talk Socialism in a parish in which the priest spends much of his time among the poor, aiding them in their difficulties and pouring the healing balm of sympathy into their wounds. There are many laymen who are ready to give their money, but too few to give their personal service, which is often more important than money.

This is what is aptly called "straight talk." The Bishop of Rockford never tires of repeating that our Catholic societies should spend less energy in drafting resolutions than in carrying them out, less time in deploring conditions than in adopting practical measures for their betterment.

In the following extract from a paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Frederic Harrison is doubtless characterizing the popular taste of the English rather than that of Americans; but there is a sufficient similarity between the two to warrant the application of his scathing remarks to not a few members of Cisatlantic "society":

The new craze under which we are now suffering is the Cult of the Foul, or, to put it in Greek, it may be dubbed *Aischrolatreia*—worship or admiration of the Ugly, the Nasty, the Brutal. Poetry, Romance, Drama, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Manners, even Dress, are now recast to suit popular taste by adopting forms which hitherto have been regarded as unpleasing, gross, or actually loathsome. To be refined is to be "goody-goody"; gutter slang is so "actual"; if a ruffian tramp knives his "pal," it is "so strong"; and, if on the stage, his ragged paramour bites off a rival's ear, the halfpenny press screams with delight. Painters are warned against anything "pretty," so they dab on bright tints to look like a linoleum pattern, or they go for subjects to a thieves' kitchen. The one aim in life, as in Art, is to shock one's grandmother. . . .

A glance at some of the "best-sellers" of recent years will convince any normally decent mind that in American fiction, or English fiction dear to the American reader, the "cult of the foul" is conspicuously in evidence.



A Lucky Sixpence.

BY M. B. BRENT.

I.



ON the banks of the River Lee, not far from the city of Cork, was a fine old house called "Lee Brook." It was owned by a family of English extraction, who had settled in Ireland during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The name was Rivers. The head of the house was a fine specimen of an old-fashioned country squire, hot-headed and generous, recklessly hospitable; but, though a proud man, with many prejudices, he was always good to the poor, and countless families living prosperously in America had reason to thank him for the money that helped them to emigrate, and make a start in a strange land.

All might have been well with him had he not been seized with a building mania. So much money had dribbled away in bricks and mortar that after a time very little was to be had for the old home. Still, there were many people employed on his estate; for the squire took great pride in having everything in perfect order. There were old-fashioned walled-in gardens, graperies too, all under the care of an ancient gardener, Patrick Neligan, who had a cottage not far from the scene of his labors. Patrick was a delightful old man, honest as the sun, hard working, and above all things deeply pious. At work in the gardens all day, in the evenings he held class at his cottage where he taught youths and men to read and write; thus adding a few pence daily to his earnings.

Still, it was hard work to provide

for his young family; and honest Patrick would have found it harder still if he had not been blessed with a very worthy helpmate. Mrs. Neligan was much younger than her husband. A clever and industrious woman, she kept his accounts, and toiled in her own way for her family; though I am afraid she would have spoiled her boys, if her husband had not been stern in enforcing his ideas of right and wrong. "Fear God, never be afraid to speak the truth and never take anything that is not your own,"—this was Patrick's daily admonition to his family.

One of his sons, Geoffrey, about thirteen years old, helped him in the gardens; he also went on errands for his mother, and used to fetch the post-bag every morning before going to school. He was a sharp lad, could run like a hare, and the Squire used often to say to his own lazy sons: "That boy will beat you all some day. *He* never lets the grass grow under his feet."

I must tell you that Lee Brook was remarkable for the beauty of its trees; and among them were some fine old hollies, of which Squire Rivers was very proud. One day, as he was strolling in the shady avenue enjoying a cigar, he noticed that the bark was stripped from a fine holly tree. A little farther on he found another in the same condition. Who could have done it? And why, among all the trees upon the place, were those hollies selected for destruction?

At first Mr. Rivers was furiously angry; but, after thinking a while, he called his daughter, and, with more of sorrow than anger in his tone, showed her the trees, adding:

"I did not know I had an enemy. I wonder who it can be?"

Aileen would not believe that it had been done out of malice.

"At any rate, father," she said, "I'll speak to Neligan, and he'll find out all about it."

She was on her way to the gardens when she met Geoffrey with the post-bag.

"Geoff," she said, "the bark has been stripped off some of the holly trees, and my father is greatly troubled about it."

Geoff blushed to the roots of his hair; then, looking her straight in the face, he said:

"I'm very sorry, Miss Aileen, but it was I that did it."

Aileen stared.

"You, Geoff! How could you be so mischievous?"

"I didn't do it for mischief, Miss. I wanted to make some birdlime, and I read in a book at school that it is made from the bark of a holly tree. I didn't know that it would hurt the trees. They won't die, I hope, Miss?"

"I don't know," said Aileen. "I am afraid they will. But I must tell my father. I fear he will be very angry."

"Please, Miss, I'll tell him myself," and he continued on his way to the house.

Squire Rivers was walking up and down in front of the house when Geoff brought him the post-bag.

"Is that you, Geoff? You're very early this morning. I see you don't allow the grass to grow under your feet. Stick to that, my boy, and you'll make your way in the world."

Geoff looked rather foolish while listening to the Squire's praises.

"Please, sir," said he, "I wanted to speak to you—to tell you about the holly trees—"

"Ah! Do you know who it was that injured them?"

"Yes, sir. 'Twas I that did it, and I'm very sorry."

"You!" shouted the Squire. "You young rascal! I've a great mind to—to—but why did you do it?"

Then Geoff told his story. When he had finished, Mr. Rivers, looking sternly at him, said:

"Come here, sir, and hold out your hand."

Geoff did so, trembling. He fully expected to receive a stroke of the Squire's walking-stick, instead of which he found a bright new sixpence in his palm.

"There!" said the Squire. "You have spoiled my trees, but you did so in ignorance, and you came honestly and told me the truth. Don't try to manufacture any more birdlime at my expense. And now run home and tell your parents that I am glad they have so truthful and honest a son. Keep the sixpence for good luck."

Geoff went off happy. He never forgot the Squire's kindness, which was to bring its fruit after many days.

II.

More than thirty years had passed away. Good old Patrick Neligan and his wife had been laid to rest in the abbey churchyard. Squire Rivers, too, was sleeping with his fathers in their family vault. His sons were scattered in foreign lands. The old home had passed into the hands of strangers. Much trouble had fallen upon the family; and the place that once knew them, now knew them no more. And Aileen,—where was she?

When Lee Brook was sold, Mr. Rivers settled a small property upon the daughter who, refusing all offers of marriage, had stayed at home to cheer his lonely old age. It was a pretty place, situated high on the cliff overhanging Ballylough Bay. The front of the house faced the south, while the hill rising behind gave it shelter from the north and east. It was a sunny nook, and there the old Squire calmly enjoyed the closing days of his long life; and there he might be seen daily, walking up and down on the terrace, enjoying the sunshine.

But a day came at last when he was seen no more, and Aileen was left alone,—alone, with many troubles, shattered health, and failing eyesight. Two years had passed since her father's death when she received a letter from one of her brothers who had gone to the Southern

States of North America to seek his fortune. Of all the boys he had been her favorite, — not that he had ever done anything to merit the affection she so freely bestowed upon him; but he was one of those people whom men describe as “nobody’s enemy except his own.” If he were his own enemy, he certainly managed to take very good care of himself, without much thought about the feelings of others. Whenever he was short of money, he applied to his sister, and on the day of which I speak he implored her to send him a few hundred pounds; for now he at last saw a way to make a good start in life. He had made many false starts; but now he seemed so much in earnest, and wrote so affectionately, that Aileen determined to do the best she could for him.

The money required was quite a large sum for her to raise at so short a notice; for, not having it in hand, she had to borrow it at an enormous rate of interest. The interest had been paid regularly; but now the lender (pleading losses he had sustained), demanded payment in full. That morning she had received from his lawyer a letter that made her very unhappy. She needed time to meet the demands upon her, but no time was to be allowed; and unless she mortgaged her home, thereby placing herself entirely in her creditor’s power, she had no way of raising the money.

She was very miserable. The room in which she sat was at the west side of the house. It had been her father’s study. And as she looked out at the radiant glory of the winter sunset, where the crimson and gold were now fading into duller hues of purple and grey, it seemed like a picture of her own life, once so bright and now so sad and colorless.

There came a gentle tap on the door, and her little maid appeared.

“If you please, ma’am, there’s a gentleman in the drawing-room that wants to see you. I asked for his name, but he said it was of no consequence.”

“I dare say it is the lawyer again!” sighed Aileen, as she dried her eyes and went in to meet him.

III.

The drawing-room at Cliff Cottage was a pretty room, beautified by many relics of the past. Fine old pictures adorned the walls; rare china filled every nook and corner; handmade lace draped the mantelpiece; and everywhere were tokens of refinement and good taste.

A young man was standing by one of the windows. He appeared to be a stranger, but there was something in his bright smile and dark Irish eyes that brought back the days of long ago.

“I am afraid you do not remember me, Miss Rivers. But I do not forget the cakes and apples you used to give me when I was a little boy at Lee Brook.”

“What! Are you little Willie Neligan! Oh, I remember him so well! Sit down and tell me about your father. He lives in England now, does he not? I hope he is doing well!”

“Yes: he has a flourishing business. I am going home for a holiday; and, as I was passing through Ballylough, I thought I would call to see you. He always likes to hear about the family.”

“Ah!” said Aileen, sadly. “There is not much to tell. My father gone, the rest of the family scattered abroad, and I am left alone! I was feeling very miserable when you were announced. My health is not good, but what I feel most is my failing eyesight. I can only sit knitting and thinking, and my thoughts are generally sad.”

Dr. Neligan, always so full of sympathy for any form of sorrow or suffering, felt intense pity for the grey-haired, faded lady, whom he could remember bright and pretty, happy herself, and living only to make others happy. He could see that she had some especial trouble at the present time; indeed, he could plainly trace signs of the tears she had so lately shed. With the tact of one used to hear tales of sorrow, he soon

drew from her all the circumstances of the case; and great was his indignation when he learned how she had been treated.

"The man," said he, "has no legal right to press you in that manner. I am sure he has not. If you will allow me, however, to state the case to my father, who is a man of business, he will advise you what to do."

It happened that when Dr. Neligan got back to the Royal Hotel where he was staying, he found a telegram from his father saying, he would be at Ballylough that evening. Business had called him back to his old home, and while on his trip he determined to see all his old friends. He might never have the opportunity again.

The next day, as Aileen entered the drawing-room to meet Geoff, she did not recognize him. How could she? It was at least thirty years since Geoff Neligan had left his home at Lee Brook to seek his fortune, first as a sailor, and then as a travelling trader. By steady industry and energy he had made his way; and now in the prosperous-looking gentleman, dressed in fine broadcloth and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, it was difficult to recognize the bright-eyed Geoff who used to run upon the errands as if his feet were winged with Mercury's pinions.

After a few friendly words about the old times, Mr. Neligan took some papers from his breast-pocket.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Aileen," he said. "I have taken a great liberty. My son told me of your trouble, and I resolved to see what I could do to help you out. That man had no right to treat you in such a manner. I have been to him and given him my mind on the subject. And as I was there, I thought it better to settle with him at once. Now, here are his receipts in full, for principal and interest. I don't think he will trouble you again. And as for me, I can wait until the money due to you comes in."

Aileen's eyes filled with tears as she thanked Mr. Neligan for his great kindness.

"It was so truly good of you!" she said. "You have saved me from so much trouble and annoyance! I can not say how grateful I feel."

"I am very glad to have been of use to you, Miss Aileen," he replied. "Now I must be off to catch my train. I have to meet a man on business in Liverpool to-morrow, and you know your good father used to say: 'Geoff, if you want to get on in life, never let the grass grow under your feet.'"

"Yes, I remember; and I wish he were here now to see how you have followed his advice, and how you have saved his daughter from trouble and suffering."

"Ah, that's nothing!" said Mr. Neligan, laughing. "It is only some return for that lucky sixpence (I have never parted with it) which he gave me long ago; for an Irishman, whatever his faults may be, has at least one virtue: he never forgets a kindness."

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—TWO "AT HOMES."

Mrs. Maxwell Granville, as the "society column" and some three hundred mailed invitations had announced to her friends, was "at home" to-day. As she was fashionably "at home" only three times a year, it was a very important occasion. An awning was spread to the curb, rows of elegant equipages lined the street; the music of an orchestra came faintly through the closed windows; while within the house tall palms and feathery ferns, and mantels banked with cut flowers, made the spacious rooms a fairy scene. The wife of a bank president was presiding over the Sèvres chocolate service, and the daughter of an admiral ladling out the punch; while Mrs. Granville herself, gorgeous in a Parisian toilette, was beaming with pride and exultation as she welcomed her elegantly gowned guests.

This "At Home" was a delightful success, which was more than could be said of some of her previous efforts; for Mrs. Granville had not always been the great and grand lady she was now. Twenty years ago she had been only pretty Marcia Moore, living with honest Uncle Tim and Aunt Martha over the modest tobacco shop, where Mr. Maxwell Granville came to buy his cigars. And the wealthy highborn gentleman had fallen in love with the fair little kitten of a girl, who knew how to keep her pretty fur smooth and her sharp claws sheathed in velvet, and to purr so softly and pleasantly when wealthy gentlemen came near, that Mr. Granville thought she was just the nice little person he wanted to make his great big house a cosy home. But he had been mistaken. Uncle Tim and Aunt Martha and all the pretty, purry ways were soon dropped forever; and Mrs. Marcia was "at home" now only to the fashionable guests who were crowding her rooms to-day.

One of these gay guests paused as she passed a palm-shaded nook where a bright-eyed old lady sat sipping her Russian tea.

"Madame Lorraine!" exclaimed the young woman. "I did not expect to meet you here."

"And why not?" asked the old lady. "We don't get out of the world these days at threescore and ten."

"Oh, I know that!" laughed the other. "But I thought you were abroad."

"I was," answered Madame Lorraine; "but I am back again, as you see. One can not stay abroad forever, my dear! And I have a fancy that I should like to lay my old bones in American soil."

"Oh, you're not thinking of that yet!" said her friend, cheerfully.

"I *have* to think of it, my dear! When your oldest and best friends are dropping all around you, the natural question is, whose turn will come next? And my best girlhood friend went six months ago. I thought I was too old for tears,

but I cried all night long when I heard Betty Trevor was dead. We were girls together at the Sacré Cœur in Paris more than fifty years ago. I was her bridesmaid when she married Will Peyton; and then I married abroad, and the chances and changes of this dreadful world swept us apart. But I had never forgotten her. She was the loveliest, noblest woman I had ever met. It is through her that I am a guest here to-day. Maxwell Granville was her sister's child, and we have always been friends for her sake. So, though I don't care for these things generally, I dropped in to take a cup of tea in a friendly way, to keep in touch with Betty Trevor's kin. I didn't dream that an 'At Home' meant a mob like this. And my hostess didn't know me from Adam, I am sure."

"Impossible," was the warm reply. "Everybody knows, or ought to know, Madame Lorraine."

"Not at all!" said the old lady. "I felt the question in her eyes: 'Who and what is this freakish old fright?' So I will slip off quietly, like the ghost I am, without attracting further attention."

And the little Madame Lorraine—who, with her brown wrinkled face, bright eyes, and snowy curls, looked very much like the fairy godmother out of a story-book—gathered her rich furs around her, and, stretching her hand to her friend in a parting clasp, nodded a cheery good-bye and vanished beneath the bowering palm, just as another guest, equally unknown to Mrs. Granville, alighted from a cab at the front door.

It had been a long, long journey from the heights of Pocomoke, and Father John's little Pat was tired and bewildered. She had been tearful and broken-hearted during the drive over her mountain roads; and, as Dick Watson reported that evening to the sympathetic crowd gathered around the stove at Byng's Cross Roads, "'twas enough to make the old Colonel clean bust out of his grave to see little Miss Patricia bein' kerried off plumb agin her

way and will like that!" But, once the old coach lumbering its heavy way over the mountain road was left behind, Miss Patricia's outlook changed. Seated in the cushioned Pullman, she was swept away into a new world different from anything she had ever known; for the little town of Trescott, where the stage road and railway met, had hitherto been the limit of her travelling experience.

It was quite impossible for a young traveller of twelve, to remain buried in grief and gloom with a plate-glass window right under her bright eyes, disclosing wonderful scenes that changed every minute. Now she was sweeping around a dizzy height that she and Link in their most reckless moments would not have dared; again the train was dashing through the inky blackness of a tunnel; now it leaped on airy trestles over a river in a way that almost took the young traveller's breath. There was the plunge into busy towns, when the cars rattled over the housetops; then the wonderful dinner, with three kinds of ice cream served at once; and the berths opening down from the car tops into soft cushioned beds; and Mr. Dunn, finding his job so much easier than he had expected, growing quite nice and human, and treating her to a box of chocolates.

To Miss Pat the journey was as novel an experience as a little city girl would have found an aeroplane trip to the planet Mars. It was not strange that our young traveller alighted, breathless and bewildered, at Mr. Maxwell Granville's door; and, standing under the gay striped awning that stretched over the sidewalk, wondered what it all meant.

Mr. Dunn, seeing the fine ladies crowding in and out, felt his arrival was most untimely. His little travelling companion was attired in her mountain outfit of grey Cardigan jacket and knit hood, to which Mam had added, the further to protect her nursling from the wintry winds and storm, "ole Missus'" fur tippet of *ante bellum* days, and "ole Missus'"

silver-handled' umbrella. In spite of the pretty face and dancing curls that peeped from her muffings, Miss Patricia Peyton as she appeared at her guardian's door was *not* a fashionable figure. Mr. Dunn's usually immaculate costume was dusty and a trifle disorderly. He really could not and would not intrude upon an "At Home" like this. He had brought Mr. Granville's ward to Mr. Granville's house, according to order; and he would simply drop all responsibility, and Miss Patricia Peyton herself, now and here.

"This is your guardian's house," he said. "You can go right in. They will know who you are. Your trunk will be sent later. I have a business engagement, and must say good-bye for the present."

And stepping hastily back into the cab, Mr. Dunn left his charge to make her entrance as best she could into a world colder than the iciest snap old Pocomoke had ever known.

But Pat had yet to learn that there is a frost deadlier than that which bound the Creek and silenced Bonnbelle ten days before. She had always walked through lovelit ways, where she had been lady and queen of all around her; so, quite unconscious that she was a very odd little figure indeed to the fine ladies passing in and out of Mrs. Granville's fashionable "At Home," she pressed on with the crowd under the awning and up the broad stone steps, where she paused for a moment, startled by the strange breath and glimpse of spring.

Violets,—real violets,—a great bunch of them pinned onto the lace and velvet corsage of the elegant lady just before her! Violets,—the same violets that always opened their blue eyes on the banks of Bonnbelle in the first sunshine of May! Violets blooming in the ice and snow!

In her bewilderment, Pat moved nearer the lady; and her heavy country shoe went flat down on the elegant train Mrs. Lester Lynn had just dropped to make her stylish entrance into the house; and,

alas! there was a swish and a rip that made that sweeping train a wreck.

Mrs. Lester Lynn, speechless with rage, turned and saw Pat.

"You—you little wretch!" she gasped at last. "See what you have done!"

Miss Patricia Peyton only stared wonderingly at the violets, quite unconscious of the fact that the wearer was addressing her. And just at this moment the fashionable colored butler, hired for the afternoon to attend the door, noticed the trouble, and stepped out into the broad vestibule to settle matters.

"What you doin' pushin' up 'mong dese ladies, little gal?" he questioned. "Ain't got no time to tend to beggars now. You git out!"

Get out! For a brief second Miss Patricia Peyton, of Pocomoke, could not believe her own ears or eyes.

"You heah me?" repeated the colored gentleman, sharply. "I says *git out!*"

"Get out!" blazed forth Pat, all the fire of a dozen grandpaps and great-grandpaps in her eye. "You crazy Nigger! Who are you talking to? Take that!"

And "that" was a crack on the side of his head from "ole Missus'" silver-handled umbrella, that made the colored gentleman reel. Then there was a hubbub indeed. One lady nearly fainted, and another said to call the police, and Pat found herself surrounded by a shocked, breathless crowd.

"Let me go!" she cried, struggling in Mrs. Lester Lynn's white-gloved hold. "What are you making all this fuss about? This house belongs to my cousin, Mr. Max Granville, and I am Patricia Peyton, of Pocomoke, that he sent for—"

"Patricia Peyton!" interrupted a little brown old lady just emerging from Mr. Granville's door. "Patricia Peyton! Not—not Betty Trevor's grandchild?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" And Pat's defiant tone broke tremulously at the sound of that beloved name. "Betty Trevor was my grandmother, and Cousin Max is my guardian now, and he made me come up

here. And—and I want to go back home,—I want to go back home!" And, with that desperate cry, Pat, who was only a little girl, after all, burst into a flood of tears.

"My dear—my dear!" The other ladies fell back as Madame Lorraine put her arm about the little stranger, her own old voice shaking with emotion. "Betty Trevor's little grandchild, you must come home with me. My carriage is waiting. Come, my child,—come out of all this."

And, taking hold of the sobbing Pat's hand, the old lady led her down the broad steps and under the awning, to the curb, where there was a carriage, small and old-fashioned, but with a crest on its panels that told that little Madame Lorraine was a greater and grander lady than any she had just left.

Tucked among the old lady's cushions and fur robes, Pat sobbed out her story, while Madame Lorraine listened and soothed in the sweet, old tremulous voice that seemed grandmamma's own. They drove on through the bleak, wintry streets, where the snow lay in blackened drifts and the wind whistled through gorges higher and gloomier than Big Black, though built of steel and stone. In those frowning heights were "things" in human shape fiercer than bears or wild-cats' "hants," that still walked the earth, though long dead to its hope and love. But, though there was no Fritz to bark warning, our Pat was safeguarded from all harm now. The spirit of the dear old Past had stretched its tender wings above her and was sheltering her still.

The little carriage stopped at Madame Lorraine's home, a three-room apartment in a big, old-fashioned house, that proved to be a convent of exiled French Sisters, who took ladies like good Madame Lorraine to board. Such a quaint, cosy little home as it was, with a bright coal fire burning in the grate, a stand of blooming flowers by the window, a parrot that talked French, and little Sœur Celeste, in her pretty fluted bonnet, so anxious

about 'chère Madame being chilled from her long drive in the bitter cold, and would she have tea or chocolate at once?'

Presently a little round table was rolled up close to the hearth, and both tea and chocolate were served, with crusty rolls and wafers and cream cheese; and, it being Reverend Mother's feast-day, she had sent *chère Madame* a piece of cake made by Sœur Claire Auguste for the occasion. Madame Lorraine, being beyond cake days, passed this wonderful confection, that was in five layers of variegated hues and flavors, over to Pat, who found it even better than Mam's "white mounting cake."

Then, after a pleasant evening looking at books and pictures and many other pretty things—for Madame Lorraine in her younger days had travelled the wide world over, even to China and Japan,—the French clock on the mantel chimed nine; and the little old lady, who had been dozing in her big armchair before the fire, as very old ladies will, roused at the silvery sound.

"Time for old folks, and young folks too, to be in bed, *ma petite!* But first we will go into the chapel and say our prayers."

And, opening a side door, Madame led the way through a long, bare hall to a little chapel, where the red lamp burned before the altar, and the breath of flowers and incense lingered in the shadowy sanctuary, and a sound of low, sweet chanting came from the unseen choir, like the tender plaint of angels exiled for a while in this vale of tears.

Father John, or some other good Father, had always come two or three times a year to say Mass in the great drawing-room at Peyton Hall; but Pat had been to a real church only half a dozen times in her life,—when on some great, wonderful occasion, such as Confirmation, Mr. Mickell had taken her to town, with Molly and Billy, staying all night at the hotel kept by Molly's Uncle Tom and Aunt Ann.

But the old Faith of the Trevors was planted deep in Pat's warm young heart,—grandma and Father John had seen to that. And so it was that, as she fell on her knees before the little convent altar to-night, after all the storm, the stress, the fierce, passionate revolt of the past few days, a sudden wave of new emotion, blessed and tender, seemed to sweep over her young soul. Oh, how bad she had been! How fiery mad! How she had raged and stormed and boiled over! And that "Nigger" to-day! Pat began to feel the "boil" in her blood again at the remembrance. Suppose grandma's umbrella had been something harder, and heavier, and she had killed him? Oh, what a wicked little girl she had been, and how many sins were on her soul to-night! And only last spring she had been confirmed and made her First Communion, and promised so much!

As she looked at the shadowy altar, a big lump of sorrow rose in Pat's throat, and her eyes filled with tears that her Good Angel smiled to see. She would try again, resolved our poor little sinner, as, with curly head bent low, she breathed her heartfelt act of contrition. It would certainly be hard in this new, strange world, where all things were so different from the rugged ways of old Pocomoke; but she *would try*.

(To be continued.)

Sir Loin.

The large portion of beef that we call the sirloin was formerly known as the baron. Once, when a great roast was brought to the dinner table of a king of England, he inquired: "What part of the animal did this fine baron come from?"—"The loin, your Majesty," answered a gentleman-in-waiting.—"Then Sir Loin it shall be henceforth," said the king, giving the roast a resounding whack with his sword; and "sirloin" it has been called ever since.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Waterloo," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, is announced for early publication by Stephen Swift & Co., London.

—René Bazin's new book, "The Children of Alsace" (Stanley Paul & Co.), bids fair to attain the popularity of his "Redemption." It has already passed into the second edition.

—"Though American, it is written, almost throughout, in the English tongue," remarks the *Athenæum* of a new novel published in New York. Of course no one will presume to accuse the English critic of being "bumptious."

—"The British Museum: Its History and Treasures," by Mr. Henry C. Shelley (Messrs. Pitman & Sons), presents a view of the origins of that great institution, sketches of its early benefactors, and a survey of the priceless objects preserved within its walls.

—A new edition of the "Life of Saint Brigid (Irish-English)," by a Redemptorist Father, has been brought out by A. Bassi, Dublin. A pamphlet of sixty-two pages, one-half of them in Irish, it is assuredly good value for a penny. As we said of the original edition, it is a charming little Life of the great saint.

—"Eternity," an octavo pamphlet of sixty-eight pages, contains a Lenten course of seven sermons, including one for Good Friday, by the Rev. Fr. Celestine, O. M. Cap. It is an admirable work for either the pastor or his people during the season when thoughts of eternity should daily occupy the mind. Joseph H. Wagner, publisher.

—From an interesting booklet, "A Short Biographical Sketch of Mother Margaret Cecilia George," by Sister Mary Agnes McCann, we learn that the centennial of Mother Margaret, who was one of the first companions of Mother Seton, is to be celebrated in July of the current year, and that the occasion will be rendered memorable by the publication of a timely volume entitled "Our History."

—"Agatha's Hard Saying," by Rosa Mulholland (Benziger Brothers), describes the awful grip of an hereditary failing in an otherwise very charming family. The book is well written (needless to state) and interesting, but at its close one can not help feeling disappointed that "Agatha's hard saying" stands before her own happiness. The author has written other books, full of cheerfulness and sunshine; the present one leaves the mind sad,

and with a shadow of pessimism in spite of better knowledge. The fate of the fair young sister of Agatha is full of pathos; her love disappointment is almost as tragic as her untimely death.

—A translation of Dr. Orazio Marucchi's "Manual of Christian Epigraphy" is issued by the Cambridge University Press. The work contains a collection of ancient Christian inscriptions, mainly of Roman origin. The author, who is professor of Christian Archæology in the Royal University of Rome, ranks among the most distinguished disciples of the great De Rossi.

—Among the related documents appended to the recently published journal of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, is his quaintly worded will, a codicil of which contains this paragraph:

And my Ebeney Bed with y^e Curtins & my great Chair & my sea Case with y^e Glass Bottles in itt I doe Give to stand in the house at pettyer which I have Given for a Meeting place & y^e Chair will serve for friiends to sitt on & y^e Bed to Lye upon, and y^e Sea Case will hold some Liqueur or Drink if any should bee faint.

—Readers of THE AVE MARIA may remember that we commented adversely a few months ago on Maurice Maeterlinck's "Death," at that time appearing in the *Fortnightly Review*. Dodd, Mead & Company have published the essay in book form, and, by dint of using thick paper and giving generous margins to the text, have made of it a volume of a hundred pages. The outward form of the book is as typographically excellent, as its inner substance is morally worthless.

—"The Living Witness: A Lawyer's Brief for Christianity," published anonymously by B. Herder, is an apologetic work addressed, not to the scholar or critic, but to the "man in the street." The author has thought that a presentation of his view in the plain language of everyday life may arrest the attention of some who would never read more elaborate and scholarly works, and possibly lead such readers to further inquiry. A cursory examination of some chapters induces the belief that this "brief" is calculated to do excellent work among those for whose benefit it was written.

—"Saint Patrick," by the Abbé Riguët, translated into English by C. W. W., is a new and timely addition to The Saints' Series. It is a neatly bound volume of some one hundred and sixty pages, an excellent reason for the appearance of which, in French, is given in

the preface: "We possess only one single work in the French language on the Apostle of Ireland." And as that work was a thesis presented to a Protestant Faculty of Theology, there was clearly room for another French biography of Saint Patrick. Whether it was worth while to do it into English may be doubted, in view of the number of good Lives of the saint already available in our language. Published by Duckworth & Co., and for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—We recently saw the name of Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson mentioned as one of those who believe that Spiritism is altogether a matter of human trickery and fraud, utterly removed from the sphere of diabolism. Any one laboring under that erroneous impression would do well to read his book entitled "The Necromancers" (B. Herder, publisher). Apart from its merits as a most interesting, not to say a fascinating, novel, the work is as strong an indictment of the genuine diabolism that characterizes some at least of the spiritistic *séances* as has ever come to our notice. Amateur psychologists who, with meagre information as to the well-established facts in the history of Spiritism, offhandedly pooh-pooh the whole matter, need to remember that there are more things in hell, as well as in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in their philosophy.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Eternity." Rev. Fr. Celestine, O. M. Cap. 40 cts.
 "Agatha's Hard Saying." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.
 "The Living Witness: A Lawyer's Brief for Christianity." 50 cts.
 "Saint Patrick." Abbé Riguet. \$1.
 "The Necromancers." Monsig. Benson. \$1.50
 "Spiritual Perfection through Charity." Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.50, net.
 "A Hosting of Heroes." Eleanor R. Cox. 35 cts., net.

- "The Education of Catholic Girls." Janet Erskine Stuart. \$1.25, net.
 "Wide-Awake Stories." Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.
 "The Perils of Dionysio." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.
 "The Tempest of the Heart." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
 "Do-Re-Mi-Fa." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.10.
 "Booklets of Beauty." 25 cts. each.
 "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Vermeersch. \$1.35, net.
 "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. III. \$2.
 "The Acts of the Apostles for Children." Mary Virginia Merrick. 75 cts.
 "Elevations of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Felix Anizan. \$1.10.
 "Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912." 35 cts.
 "Christian Science and Catholic Teaching." Rev. James Goggin. 10 cts.
 "Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons." Cora Payne Shriver. \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Bernard Elskamp, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Very Rev. John Hollern, diocese of Harrisburg; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Magennis, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. James McNamara, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Michael Rooney, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Cornelius Gillespie, S. J.

Brother Justin, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Ambrose, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Adelbert, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Catherine, Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Bernard, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Albina, Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. Eugene Van Antwerp, Mr. John L. Ball, Mr. John F. McHugh, Mrs. Rose Faivre, Mr. Patrick Sheedy, Mr. Orin Coleman, Mrs. James T. Donohue, Mr. Thomas Walls, Miss Vinette Keelan, Mr. Melvin Mitchell, Miss Mary A. Collins, Miss Susan Masterson, Mr. B. J. Wirth, Mr. Edmund J. Kelly, Mr. Thomas M. Smith, Miss Winnie Meade, Mr. Charles Pekarek, Mrs. Margaret O'Donnell, Mr. Frank Kasselmann, Mrs. Susan Quinn, Mr. William Kramer, Mr. J. L. Musick, Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, Miss Margaret Maher, Mr. John Nitzge, Mrs. Mary Byrne, Mr. William Brinkmann, Mr. N. L. Gorman, Mr. Thomas J. Browne, Mrs. Margaret Murray, Mr. Joseph J. Golby, and Mr. A. E. James.



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

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NO. 11

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Spouse of Mary Immaculate.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

SPIRIT like the dew from heaven falling on the weary heart,
 Teacher that angelic wisdom doth to humble souls impart,
 Guide who never leaves a pilgrim on his journeying alone,
 But still shows the Angels' Ladder shining next the altar-stone!
 Comforter in dire affliction, giver of sublimest hope,
 Who doth arm us with the weapons 'gainst the Evil One to cope;
 Guest who waiteth with the Master in the solemn eventide,
 And, with Jesus, enters gladly when the door is opened wide!
 Strength of martyrs, who doth strengthen in the sevenfold heated fire,
 Purity of holy vestals, who to walk with Christ aspire;
 Priest who calleth to the priesthood, and to missioners gives zeal,
 Dove which hovers o'er the God-Heart, which our smallest woes can feel.
 'Neath whose wings the Bark of Peter saileth on for evermore,
 And the blessed saints and martyrs pray, confess, weep, love, adore;
 Dove who watcheth o'er the novice who the flesh hath crucified,
 And who giveth richest blessings to the spotless Bridegroom's bride.
 Guide who fareth with the Shepherd when He goes to find the sheep;
 Voice which calleth like a trumpet rousing slumberers from sleep;

Guide to Paradise of glory, give the white robe, give the palm;
 Give to troubled hearts and weary, peace and faith and soothing balm!
 Thou didst hover o'er Our Lady in that hour calm and still
 When the meek lips meekly answered: 'Be it done unto Thy will!'
 Thou didst hover over Mary when she wept at Jesus' feet,
 O'er the blood-stained Roman circus when the "lions ground the wheat."
 We believe in Thee, blest Spirit, we Thy wondrous power confess;
 Well we know the Spouse of Mary ready is to lead and bless;
 Let us make our souls a chamber, let us open wide the door
 For the Paraclete's swift coming, and be blest for evermore!

On the Gospel of Joy Sunday.

BY FRANCIS GAGE (1652).

WE shall do well to joyn an Alacrity of soule unto the Lenten Fast (because God loves a merry giver) as a proper integrative part thereof, especially on this Sunday, which is called *the Sunday of Joy*; and not unfitly so, when the whole Epistle runs upon the joyful Allegory, between the Church Militant, and the Church Triumphant, by the abolition of the Jewish Synagogue. And yet because the motive of our joy is ever extrinsecal, coming from Heaven to us, out of the

infinite mercy of God, we are justly bid in our greatest comforts, to acknowledge the punishments we deserve, if God should ever give us our own due, and consequently to mix with our Joyes, our Tears, or rather never to look for any joy, that we doe not first beg with sorrow for our sins, to the end it may be with us as Holy David said, according to the multitude of my griefes, thy consolations have joy'd my soule; whence it is we are taught to mix contrition with Alacrity, this holy time of Lent, to make our Fast compleat.

The Gospel, John 6. ver. i, etc.

1. After these things, Jesus went beyond the Sea of Galilee, which is of Tiberias.

2. And a great multitude followed, because they saw the signes, which he did upon those that were sick.

3. Jesus therefore went up into the mountaine, and there he sate with his Disciples.

4. And the Pasche was at hand, the Festivall day of the Jewes.

5. When Jesus therefore had lifted up his eyes, and saw, that a very great multitude cometh to him, he saith to Philip, whence shal we buy bread, that these may eat?

6. And this he said, tempting him: For himselfe knew what he would doe.

7. Philip answered him, two hundred peny-worth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every man may take a little piece.

8. One of his disciples, Andrew the Brother of Simon Peter saith to him.

9. There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves, and two fishes: but what are these among so many?

10. Jesus therefore saith, make the men sit down. And there was much grasse in the place. The men therefore sat downe, in number about five thousand.

11. Jesus therefore took the Loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to them that sate, in like manner also of the fishes, as much as they would.

12. And after they were filled, he saith to his Disciples, gather the fragments that are remaining, lest they be lost.

13. They gathered therefore, and filled

twelve Baskets with fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained to them that had eaten.

14. Those men therefore, when they had seen what a signe Jesus had done, said, this is the Prophet indeed, that is to come into the world.

15. Jesus therefore when he knew, they would come to take him, and make him King, he fled againe into the mountaine himselfe alone.

The Explication.

1. After these things, that is, immediately after Herod had cut off the Baptists head, and after Christ had cured the Paralytick, of whom the Evangelist makes mention in the two precedent Chapters. Then he passed, etc., but it was about a yeere after, that he did passe this Sea, for Christ did that cure a little before the Paschall time, in the yeer after. So Saint John sayes nothing, what Christ did all this yeer, that intervned between these two miracles; but one reason is, he undertakes not to tell all the story of Christ, so much as to supply in many places, what the other Evangelists had not spoken of: though much were done by Christ in that yeer, as namely his calling his twelve Apostles, Luke 6. His Sermon upon the mountaine recounted by Saint Matthew cap. 5. 6. & 7. the mission of the Apostles to preach and teach, &c. and though in this story, Saint John repeats cap. 6. what others had said, yet it is because he takes occasion thence, to fall upon the subject of the holy Eucharist, or Sacrament of the Altar, wherein he is more copious than ordinary, and wherein the rest were very sparing.

2. The multitude went footing it after him, as he did on foot goe round about the Townes, that lay neere the Meandrous windings of this Tiberian Sea; and still as hee went, the fame of his conversation and miracles made the company increase, those being carried on, who first set out with him, by the desire they had to enjoy him more, and those that met him with a zeale to see something of that much

they had heard of him, who being many in number, could not all goe in boats, as he by boat went from one point of land to another, on the same side of the Country, so that still the same company met him sooner or later, as he stayed by the way doing miracles, while they went about.

3. This Mountain is that which stood in the desert neer Bethsaida, not far from the Tiberian Sea, to which place he went with designe, because resolving to feed the people (as after he did) and being in a desert where no provision was neer, their refection should be the more miraculous; and yet by this text it seems Christ and his Disciples were gotten up to this Mountain, before the following multitude could overtake them, when in the interim, he set with his disciples, teaching them in his accustomed manner.

4. . . 5. St. John according to his wonted custom omits what St. Luke hath more in relation of this story, namely that Christ, after he had lifted up his eyes and saw a great multitude of people, said, I have compassion on this people, because he remembered what David had foretold, was his charge, Psalm 9. verse 14. The poor man is left unto Thee, and thou wilt be a help to the fatherless: O! how many eyes do we lift up to the Potentates of this world? how few do we cast down upon the poor? but Jesus remembers his affection to us, how negligent soever we are of our duty to him; he looks upon the poor with eyes of mercy, of pity, of compassion, and therefore sayes immediately to Philip, whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? where we are to observe the onely efficacious way to relieve the poor is to consult their exigencies with the pitiful, as it seems St. Philip was, of whom for that special reason Christ asks this question, rather than of the other Apostles; again we must note, Christ was sollicitous to buy corporal bread for those that out of zeal had followed him to feed upon the spiritual Doctrine, or bread of his sacred Word.

6. Christ is here said to tempt or try Philip, because it is very fit men should first see their wants can be supplied by none, but God himself; and this appeared by Philip asking all the rest, what store of victuals they had among them; whence it was cleer there could be no hope of supply from humane store in that place, unless God shewed a miracle, as indeed he intended to do. So thus Christ tempted man to shew himself God, by doing that which was above mans power to effect, or to hope for indeed.

7. But see Philips answer to this Temptation: he onely told what slender store of money they had in all their company, but two hundred pence, and the bread which that could buy, would not be for each mouth there one morsel: so he despaired of their being fed upon that slender stock of money; but in this account the Apostle was out, the purse of providence was full, though theirs of maintenance were empty; and the more Philip proceeds like man, the more we see Christ appears like God.

8. 9. See how St. Andrew (neerer allyed to Faith by his brother Peter) renowned for that vertue more than Philip was, findes out a boy with five loaves and two fishes at least; but checks himself for the fondness of his first flash of hope, that this could be enough, by adding, what is this amongst so many? yet still divine providence guides the process of this humane action, for by how much the more they all despair, by so much the miracle is still the greater; and that Christ had no ambition in this action is evident, because he rather chose to let creatures share with him in contributing something at least to his miracle, than that he would Creatour-like, do it all himself out of nothing; so for this reason he permits those inconsiderable numbers of fishes and of loaves, to enter into the reliefe of that prodigious multitude he satisfied therewith.

10. This verse is onely narrative, that the five thousand were by Christ his command placed most probably as St.

Mark tells us the story in companies, according to the custom at great dinners, men by men, and women apart with their children in their laps, for the more easie distribution of each persons proportion.

11. Hence we learn, while Jesus gives thanks, the laudable custome of saying grace before and after meales, to shew all our sustenance is Gods special blessing upon us.

¶ It remains here to reconcile St. Matthew and St. John upon this place, the former saying, Mat. c. 14. v. 19. Christ gave the bread and fishes to his disciples to distribute. The latter, John. c. 6. v. 11. that he gave it to the people himself, whereas both being verifiable in a right sense, there can be no contradiction, for what the Disciples distributed to the people, Christ gave them, by the mediation of his Disciples hands; and indeed it is more likely the Disciples did distribute the gift, because thus, it was sooner distributed by many hands to so many people. We will not stand here to discuss, how this bread was multiplyed, whether by creating new corn, or extending that little to infinite parts, certain it is which way soever we grant it done, the bread given was most substantial, and gave as wholesom nourishment, as it did abundant saturation to the hungry stomacks that did eat it; for the works of God are perfect, and morally hence we learn, what we give to the poor, doth increase (not any way diminish) our wealth, since after all men were full, there remained of five loaves twelve baskets of surplus more than all could eat.

12. 13. These two verses afford us this Doctrine, that the poor man is the richest rewarder of any curtesie in the world: lo here, how twelve baskets of gratitude are returned for five little loaves of bread onely. So this boy that had given little, received much, as a testimony that God never asks us for any thing, that himself hath need of it, but because he knows we have huge necessity of his infinite Blessings, for the trifles he asks at our

hands, with no other end, than to put them out for our emolument, a hundred fold over and over, above what that is worth, we give him; nor is it void of mystery, that being there were twelve Apostles, each should receive his multiplyed share in the distribution he made, to shew, that no Minister of God can in vain labour in his cause.

14. By the Prophet they mean the Messias, of whom they expected wonders, and seeing these, they concluded Christ was he. See the difference between these devout people and the proud Pharisees; these ask signes upon signes, and when they see more than they can in reason ask for, yet they believe none at all to be the work of God; for indeed the signs which they demanded were curiosities, meer Castles in the air; but here are people, without asking can observe a signe given of Christs omnipotency, bestowed not in vain, but in a case of necessity upon the poor, and seeing but this one signe, they rest satisfied, and went away praising God for the wonderful works of his sacred Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

15. This intention which Jesus saw in these people of seizing on him to make him king, he did also see, was out of a Judaical Interest, that he might make them rich and great, for they served God in their way with regard to humane and temporal blessings, and as much for that reason as for his own disdain of humane honours, he fled from these promotions, that is, he slipt aside from the people, who were going to the Towns from whence they came, when first they did follow him.

The Application.

1. As the Expositours of the Holy Text do interpret this, feeding many thousand people in the desert Mountain with five loaves of Bread and two Fishes onely, to be a mystery of the Blessed Sacrament, so the Holy Church having carried us now up to the high Mountain of corporal abstinence, which we have been climbing these three weeks together, following her Preachers daily, as these people did our

Saviour, gives us this present Gospel as a spiritual Banquet to refresh us after a tedious journey; to shew us that the end of our corporal Fast, is to make us worthy of a spiritual Feast, which is this day bestowed upon us in this mystery of the Blessed Sacrament. And hence we call this *the Sunday of Joy*.

2. And because this is the last Sunday of Lent which carries us down the full Tyde of our Holy Fast (the next two Sundays bringing in a new stream upon us of our Saviours Passion) therefore (having it under Precept to receive once a year at least, and that about Easter) we shall now do well to look upon this Gospel as on the best Instructions for our complying with that holy Precept; dividing our selves into our several Parishes, and repairing each to our own Pastours for performing this Precept, as these people were divided into several ranks, and each division served by the Apostle our Saviour appointed them, so every Parish hath by a proper Pastor distributed unto her Parishioners the Holy Communion at or about the Feast of our Saviours Resurrection. Hence we are taught to add unto our Lenten Fast the vertue of Decency or Order in our religious Duties and Devotions, each one going to this commanded Communion in such sort and order, as is by Holy Church appointed.

3. Lastly because we see twelve Baskets of fragments left, and carried away (after this refection given unto the people) out of that little store of fishes and bread, we are minded thereby to carry with us from the Communion-Table, where we are fed with the Banquet of the two Natures in Jesus Christ, his sacred Deity, and his Blessed Humanity (if not all the twelve Fruits of the Holy Ghost as the abundant effects of this heavenly Feast) at least the Fruit of Joy which is proper to this Communion, in regard it is a Banquet mercifully bestowed upon us, whose guilty consciences tell us we deserve a famine in punishment of our sins, rather than such a Feast as joys our hungry souls.

The Organist of Imaney.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

XII.—AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

THE weather next morning proved to be ideal for fishing, and soon after breakfast old Dermot appeared at the organist's house with a message that Mr. Stewart hoped Miss Lambert would fish in the lower reach of the river, as he himself intended to keep entirely to the upper waters. And so he did, during the morning; but after lunch, when Elinor had just succeeded in landing her first fish—it was for trout, not for salmon that she had accepted permission to fish,—he came to her, not far from the place at which they had first made acquaintance two days before. Only two days! yet Elinor almost felt as though he had always been her friend.

Thinking over their talk of yesterday, it had seemed to her that she ought to have urged him to write to his grandmother. The idea that perhaps he ought to go to her she put from her as unnecessary. Mrs. Stewart was certainly very stern, and though she herself had been firmly disapproving, she had sympathized too, and she thought that the

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—When Crellan O'Congaile was born, a wee, crooked, and feeble child, in the great House of Imaney, he was brought to the humble home of Thaddeus O'Congaile (for his mother was in a dying condition), to be brought up with the young Thade, who was some few days older than himself. The two children became as brothers, and folks often referred to them as Jonathan and David. Crellan's mother died, and when his father married again he took the boy back to the House of Imaney, but Crellan's friendship for Thade never grew cold; and it was through him that Thade, who had a talent for music, was given an opportunity to study and became quite a musician.

They had both grown to manhood now, their parents were dead, and Thade was to leave for London, where he hoped to become famous as a composer; they met to exchange farewells.

poor boy might be allowed time to get over his own disappointment a little before being asked to face his grandmother's reproaches. A plan, too, had suggested itself to her, too vague and Utopian even to be mentioned as yet to her mother; but she thought if she had another talk with Crellan she would be able to tell if this wonderful scheme had any possibility of ever coming into being.

He had certainly listened to what she had told him of the needs of the valley, and had questioned her in a way which showed that the social problem itself, apart from the people of Imaney, roused his interest. Why should he not do for Ireland, or at least for that part of Ireland, what so many men were doing in Belgium not only for the good of their own estates but for the good of the country at large? Crellan had said that though the fishing and the wild shooting in the mountains appealed to him as sport, he could never satisfy himself with a life that had not interests beyond them; with such a life as his brother was content to lead.

"Half the year he is happy hatching pheasants, happy shooting them the other half," he had said; and there was a tone of contempt in his voice. "That is an existence if you like, but no life."

But if Crellan took up the work that

Crellan's heart was in the Glen, and all his energies bent on its improvement. It grieved him to see all his friends departing. He had built the church in Imaney, hoping some day to gather enough money to furnish it with an organ and to build a home for the organist. After his death, the House of Imaney was to pass to his stepsister, for he had but a life interest in it, so things must be done while he lived. "Perhaps," he said to Thade as they parted, "that, when you have made your name in the world, you will come back to the Glen and spend your last days as organist at home."

Forty years had laid Crellan to rest at Imaney, and Thaddeus, after a brief flash of fame as a pianist and composer, was now playing for a dancing master to earn a scant living. He was now called "Signor Thaddeus." It was at the dancing lessons that he first met Elinor Lambert, daughter of a wealthy merchant, who,

Elinor was so eager to see carried out, it could not fail to bring him interest and occupation. Yes, and change and movement too; for he would have to travel, not only in Ireland, but in other countries as well, to keep abreast with the social movement; and yet with all that there would still be time for him to pay visits, if he wished; to go to London, to see his friends, to indulge in the sport that he loved at home. And the people of Imaney would become contented, after discontent, and prosperous and happy; and so, instead of emigrating, as they were now forced to do, they would be able to stay at home, providing for themselves the amusements they now longed for and went over the water to seek, because work and the means of prosperity would be put into their hands, and existence at home would be both possible and pleasant. It was a glorious scheme, and the second long talk that they had together whilst the fish rose unheeded beside them, only served to strengthen Elinor's hopes of possible ultimate success.

If Mrs. Stewart had known who had prompted the writing of the letter she received a few days later from her grandson she might not have been so satisfied as, being in ignorance, she was. Crellan's first communication had merely been a

because she had mimicked him before the class and pained him, had now asked him to be her music teacher as a sort of recompense to the struggling musician. He taught her for some time, and she became as a daughter to him. Even after she had grown up and found little time to practise her music, she always welcomed visits from the old Signor and confided in him.

Like a thunderbolt came the news of the failure of Mr. Lambert, which utterly ruined the family, and caused the father's death. All his debts were paid off; but to do this it was necessary to sell even the furniture; and Elinor, always accustomed to luxury, was left alone with her mother to support. It was to Signor Thaddeus she now turned. If he could get her some pupils, she believed she might be able to teach them music. She was not a good musician; but it was the only thing she knew, and she had to earn something. He would try to help her, he said; he would do his very best,

wire to inform her that he had utterly failed; but in this letter that he wrote to her from Imaney he confessed that he was both sorry and ashamed of his failure, and he asked what she would wish and advise him to do for the future. He added that since coming to the Glen he had been thinking over things—he did not add that he had also been talking of them,—and he had come to the conclusion that it was a mistake for a man not to have some definite interest in life.

"If I had not been such a lazy cuss," he concluded, "I might have been able to take up soldiering decently; but, on the other hand, I should probably have been contented with fooling along as I have been doing up to now; so that perhaps, after all, things may turn out to be for the best. I don't say this," he added, "to make little of my failure, but to prove that I am not quite the good-for-nothing you have every right to think me."

Crellan knew that his letter was an invitation for a recall from Imaney; and though there was nothing he wished for less at the moment than to have to leave the Glen, Elinor had made him feel it was the only reparation he could make to his grandmother in what he knew was as sore a disappointment to her as it had at first been to himself.

but he could not promise her any success. Meanwhile word came from Mrs. Stewart, the stepsister of Crellan, that the wishes of the dead Crellan had been carried out: that an organ had been put in the church, that a house had been built for the organist, and that the post of organist was open to Thaddeus.

He was overjoyed by the letter. He would go back to his old quiet home and end his days in peace away from all the heat and struggle of life. Soon he would be too old to work, and must starve if he remained in London; but his joy was turned to sorrow when he remembered Elinor. It would be just the place for her, he thought, among friendly countryfolk. "She has a long life before her, and I am old," he said; and by a supreme act of renunciation he decided to give up his right. He received Mrs. Stewart's consent; and Elinor left London and Thaddeus, little knowing that he had sacrificed his last years of worldly happiness for her.

It was therefore a great relief to him that his grandmother's reply was delayed in coming. So it was that for some days longer his quiet life at Imaney went on, bringing with it the intercourse with Elinor which was coming to mean so much to him. Mrs. Lambert was kept indoors by her old enemy, neuralgia, and Elinor hardly realized that wherever she went—whether to the river or to the sandhills or up the mountain to visit one of the friends who were growing so rapidly in numbers in and around the valley,—Crellan somehow always joined her; and the time flew by so rapidly when they were together that quite unconsciously she left her mother under the impression that there had been little more than casual meetings to tell her of. The girl felt, without perhaps quite realizing it, that she and her mother were not in sympathy where Crellan was concerned. The reason as yet she neither guessed nor questioned, but the fact remained; and therefore she could not bring herself to lay open to unfavorable, even if unspoken, criticism the talks by stream and mountain that she knew, on Crellan's part, had been given voice to on the impulse of the moment, because he had found a sympathetic listener. She had not yet begun to wonder if he had given

Elinor's first performance on the organ was not a success. Mrs. Stewart visited her that day, but said nothing of the failure. She was going away, to be gone till spring; and Elinor hoped to be able to play sufficiently well by that time to suit her. She would also try, she told Mrs. Stewart, to help in improving the Glen in any way she could. Mrs. Stewart was a kind woman, though she seemed severe. She had married when young, but her married life was unhappy. She had one daughter, who married and had two children, Hugh and Crellan. The daughter dying, the children were left to her. Both were lazy. Crellan was her favorite, though he had failed for Sandhurst, and failed again after two years at Cambridge. An examination to determine whether the army was his profession proved equally disastrous. Meanwhile he visited Imaney, got acquainted with Elinor who imbued him with some of her interest in improving local conditions.

similar confidences to other people in other places. For the present, with perfect simplicity, she took them as they came; and in return she let him see what no one else, maybe not even she herself, had known was in her mind and heart.

There had been two long days that Mrs. Lambert had been aware they had spent in each other's company; but she could not have refused the permission which Father O'Leary demanded, rather than requested, that Elinor join him and Mr. Stewart in expeditions to the farthest end of his parish, fifteen miles away, along paths and passes that no horse born out of the district could have travelled in safety. A quaint, old-fashioned sidesaddle was unearthed at the castle for Elinor; and in spite of her protests that she was quite accustomed to riding, the priest insisted upon giving up his own pony to her and borrowing a young one for himself.

Looking back afterward to those days, Elinor realized that Father O'Leary's calls at various houses had been much spun out, and that several times he had bidden them ride on slowly till he overtook them. Then the second day he had met a confrère, who had been invited to join them for the whole ride home; and in the gathering dusk Crellan had set his pony loose on the track to follow the priests' horses, and had walked beside Elinor, with his hand upon the mare's rough mane by way of guiding her along a path that he had never trodden before, and of which she knew by long experience every rock against which to guard her hoofs.

It was the following morning that Madam's letter came, and Elinor was practising in the church when Crellan took it to her. The letter was, as he expected, a summons to London. She acknowledged his letter that had been following her from place to place, and plainly showed that she had been gratified and touched by it. Since receiving it, she had been making various inquiries, and had decided that she would like him

to accept the post of unpaid attaché to the British Legation at Brussels, where the Minister, an old friend of his father's, was willing to have him.

"A few months ago I'd have either jumped at this or chucked it straight off," he said to Elinor when he had told her of his grandmother's scheme. "Now I see that, though I am not very keen on it, I owe it to her to take it, if she really wishes it. In any case, I shall have to go to her. I suppose I must start to-day, worse luck; but even if I have to take this billet for a bit, I will talk over things with her first and tell her—" he paused for a moment. "I shall have a lot of things to tell her, and I think when she sees that I really mean it, she may let me start now, or before very long, on some of the things that we are going to do—" he broke off abruptly, and then said quickly: "At any rate, I shall do my best to get her to advance the money to Tomàs for his looms; and then, if only she would take up the idea of those new cottages for the workers!"

Although she had been expecting it, the news of his sudden departure startled and troubled Elinor in a way she did not understand. Then, when he spoke of the things they were to do together, a sudden pang, such as she had never felt before, seized her and tied her tongue. It was over then, this fortnight that had held days unlike anything she had ever dreamt of. He was going away; and even if he did come back, it could never now be the same again. She understood, in a flash, her mother's want of approval of all these later developments of the plans they had originated so happily together in their early days in the Glen. What a fool she had been! Then, with quick reaction, she realized that she would not do differently if it were all to happen again. What these days had brought her was worth at least some pain. Defiantly she owned this to herself; though as yet she did not realize that so long as he was by, no pain could be unbearable.

He was still speaking while these thoughts were flashing through her mind, and then all her energy was concentrated on an effort to answer him in her ordinary voice, with which by now he was so familiar. And her success surprised even herself. Perhaps the coolness was the least shade overdone; but to Crellan, on the alert though he was for any change that would show regret for his approaching departure, it only sounded distressingly natural and indifferent.

"If you can get the money for Tomàs, it will indeed be a great thing," she said quietly. "Even if the life of a diplomat fascinates you when you embark upon it, and lures you away from the Glen, you will have left behind you what will keep you in all our minds and make us, mercenarily, look out for your return when you can tear yourself away from Brussels for a few days."

He turned to her with a sudden overmastering impulse, and laid his hand on hers as it grasped the iron of the chapel gate.

"Will you look out for my return?"

She had thought by now that she knew his voice; but this was a tone she had never heard before. She tried to speak, tried to move her own hand from under his; but her voice was dumb and he held her prisoner. Then, before she dared look up or he had time to repeat his question, the old woman who brought the telegrams from the station pounced down triumphantly on Crellan, whom she had been stalking patiently for half an hour, and Elinor, with a mumbled sentence—she must go and tell her mother he was leaving, — fled from him across the chapel yard; and without giving herself time to wonder what it all really meant, she pushed open the door of their little house, and, pausing just an instant to pull herself together, she then went quietly in to her mother and told her with apparent calmness that she believed Mr. Stewart was to leave for London that afternoon.

(To be continued.)

A Lenten Thought.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

THE road is short that skirts Life's valleys fair,—

The Road of Pain we daily travel o'er;
And light fatigue is ours in days of toil.

Why cling to earth, nor long for heaven more?

Eternal is the rest,

'Mid God's dawn breaking clearer,

To which each fading night

Brings us, in peace, the nearer.

The Pity of the Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IV.—THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

OF all places in the world Palestine is the land of tender and sacred memories. From the earliest time in Genesis, down to our own day at Lourdes, the well and the running stream are spots around which delightful associations hover. When Abraham sent the steward of his house into "his own country" for a wife for his son Isaac, the steward found "the damsel" by a well; and she gave him and his camels to drink; and he put on her the betrothal presents that he had brought.

When Moses fled to the desert of Madian from Pharaoh, it was at a well that he met the daughters of Raguel; for "they had come to draw water and to water their father's flocks; but the shepherds drove them away. Then Moses arose, and, defending the maidens, watered the sheep." And the old priest said to his daughters: "Where is the man from Egypt that delivered you? Why have you let him go? Call him, that he may eat bread."

The patriarchs, wandering with their flocks and herds, at once dug a well in the place where they meant to make some delay. "And Abraham said to Abimelech: Thou shalt take seven ewe-lambs, that

they may be a testimony for me, that I dig this well. And they made a league for the well of Bersabee [the well of the oath]. There Abraham called upon the name of the Lord; for he was a sojourner in the land of the Palestines for many days." (Gen., xxi.)

It was by this well, which his father had digged, that Isaac was meditating when the steward brought Rebecca and her maids. "Isaac was gone forth in the fields to meditate, for the day was well-nigh spent; and he was on the way to the well of [Him] who liveth and seeth. Other wells also Isaac digged, which the servant of his father had digged." (Gen., xxvi.)

It is told of Jacob that "he came to a city of the Schemites; and he dwelt by the town. And he bought part of the field and pitched his tents there; and raising an altar upon it there, he invoked the most mighty God of Israel." Did Jacob foresee that this was to be a place of singular benediction? We are not told; but this we know: that the place never left his hands. He had to fly from the neighborhood of Schem; yet he kept it in possession. He was forced for "the want of corn" to go into Egypt, and he still kept possession in it. And when he was dying, he bequeathed this chosen spot to his beloved son Joseph: "It was comely to behold . . . and blessed with the blessings of heaven above and the deep beneath."

It was in this singularly beautiful spot, in this vale of waving corn, of olive groves, of enchanting colors, and of singing birds, that Our Lord is said to have "been weary," and for rest sat down upon the fence that bordered the well, which Jacob had dug here in olden days. His disciples had gone up the valley to the town of Samaria, the ancient Schem, that stood on the higher ground. They had gone to buy corporeal food; but "He had food that they knew not of." "His food was to do the will of Him that sent Him." And the will of Him that sent Him may

be summed up in one word: "I desire mercy and not sacrifice." 'Unto this did He come into the world, and for this was He born, that all might have life through Him, and life more abundantly.' And there was coming out of Samaria a woman who had not "life." It was because of her, that He rested by the well of Jacob.

It may not be unfair to surmise that the author of the *Dies Iræ* had this scene before his mind when he wrote: "*Quærens me sedisti lassus.*"—"Jesus cometh, therefore, to a city of Samaria, which is called Sichar near the piece of ground which Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat on the well; and it was about the sixth hour" (that is, midday).

"This was the second time that Our Lord in the course of His public mission travelled from Judea to Samaria; the first being the occasion on which He changed water into wine at the marriage-feast in Cana. The course He followed was the direct route from the South to the North. It was not into the city He came, but to the land beside it; and in the time of Our Lord this city was known by the name of Sichar. In the Old Testament it is generally called Schem, sometimes Sichimem" (Menochius).

This town with its surrounding district was in the Tribe of Ephraim, son of Joseph. "And Jacob said to his son Joseph: Behold! I die; and God will bring thee back into the land of thy fathers. I give thee a portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorrhite with my sword and bow." (Gen., xlviii.)

We have now in St. John the whole history of the interview between Our Lord and the Samaritan woman with the fullest and most satisfying details. We bring before our mind the representation of the two figures about to meet. We know that, as regards Our Lord, He in His divine mercy, sat down in weariness for

the salvation of that poor woman's soul. We do not know what made her leave her house and come to the well at the unusual hour of midday, and, perhaps more unusual still, alone. We, no doubt, surmise in our hearts that it was the grace of God that was urging her, as it urges persons to go to confession and meet Our Lord by the well of His "mercy and of His plentiful redemption."

She came to the well. All Eastern wells were deep; water was drawn from them by rope and windlass. The woman hooked her two-handled jar to the rope, let it down into the well, and drew it up full of water. Up to this, not a word was said. It is possible even that Our Lord, as a lesson of modesty which was opposed diametrically to the evil habits of the woman there present, kept His sacred looks averted. But when she had drawn up the water, He asked, quite naturally, as it were, to give Him to drink. "He who asked to drink," says St. Augustine, "thirsted for that woman's salvation."

Singularly enough, the words used by Our Divine Lord are almost the very words used by the steward of Abraham: "Give me to drink a little water of the pitcher. And Rebecca answered: Drink, my Lord." (Gen., xxiv.) The answer given by the Samaritan woman to Him who was sent from heaven was not so modest or so generous as that of the Eastern maiden, who, instead of leading an evil life, was "an exceedingly comely maid and a most beautiful virgin."

It is hardly possible to read the answer of the Samaritan woman without suspecting there was pertness in it or underlying it. And this we might reasonably believe; for the people of that district smarted under the self-assumed haughtiness of the Pharisees and the inhabitants of Judea, refusing to sit at the same table or have any intercourse with them. "The Jews did not hold communion with the Samaritans."

"Our Lord did not approve of the action

of the Jews; for it was done through vainglory and silliness and self-esteem" (Menochius). 'Jesus answered and said: If thou hadst known who it is that asketh thee to give Him to drink [rather than refuse Him for the gift of a drink of water] thou wouldst have asked of Him for [something greater] the gift of God—that is, living water,—and He would have given it to thee.'

Living water,—the grace of God, supernatural water, cleanses the soul, cools the passions, fructifies virtues; *living*, because the grace of God is always alive, operating in the soul and leads finally to eternal life. She took the word in its natural meaning and answered, with, however, more reverence than in her first reply. The tone of our Blessed Lord's words must evidently have impressed her. "Sir, Thou hast not a vessel wherewith to draw up water, and the well is deep; how, then, canst Thou give living water?"

It came into her head, however, that perhaps there was something hidden in the expression *living*. The phrase, "living water," puzzled her. And she added with a share of volubility: 'Art Thou able to give us more than our great ancestor? Art Thou greater than our father Jacob? (genealogy was not a weak point with the Jews.) And he gave us this well [which has lasted for thousands of years]; and he himself drank of it, and his children, and his cattle.'

She is not to be blamed for not knowing that one 'greater than Jacob or Solomon was there'; but she will know it. So is it with all outside of the Church: they come drawing natural water, and holy Church is by; they do not as yet know that there is a greater than Jacob present.

Our Lord does not answer and tell her whether He is greater than Jacob; but He tells her that He will give water that will lead him who drinks it into life everlasting. The great saints, commenting on the passage, remind us that water always seeks its level; the grace of God comes down from heaven, and, in seeking

its level, leads souls back to heaven. "Whosoever drinks of the water that I will give," says Our Lord, "shall not thirst forever."—"Sir," she cries, "give me that water that I may not thirst nor come hither to draw." In every well-ordered family husband and wife share mutually in good fortune and in ill. Our Lord knew well everything about the woman, but He speaks as if He did not; and taking it for granted, as it were, that a husband ought to share in a wife's good luck, "He saith to her: Go, call thy husband." The want of reverence again returns to the woman's tongue, and she answers shortly: "I have no husband."

Type once more of the race of man upon earth, living according to its own will and license. But the Lord chooses His time. Possibly that poor woman began to yield to remorse, to listen to the ever-living grace of God, knocking, knocking at her heart. Perhaps it was that thirst of the soul for ease or peace, or, at any rate, for solitude, that drove her out in the middle of the day to go all alone to the well. However it was, there she met Jesus. That is the one blessed thing in life.

The world would say: If this man knew who and what manner of woman she was, He would not speak to her. It was not so with Our Lord. He who is meek and humble of heart had pity on her. He sought to win her, and therefore answered sweetly: "Thou hast said rightly. Thou hast had five husbands; but this one thou now hast is not thy husband." She is again impressed with both the meekness and the divine knowledge manifest in His reply, and cries: "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet!" In her heart she is already determined to change her life. But one thing she wants to know. Is it here on Mount Gerizim, that overtops Samaria, or is it at Jerusalem, that she must worship God?

She little knew of the mercy that was to be poured forth over the whole world. Up to this the abundance of God's graces

were reserved for the children of Jacob; the children of Esau had little part; the remainder of the human race less. Henceforward it shall not be so. "When the sun shall rise in the heavens, then shall you see the King of kings proceed from the Father, as the bridegroom from his bedchamber." Not to one land alone shall there be peace; but peace on all the earth to men of good-will. "The grace of God, our Saviour, hath appeared to all men!" (Tit., ii.)

Therefore doth Our Lord answer: "Woman, believe Me; the hour cometh when you shall not be confined either to this mountain or to Jerusalem to adore the Father. But every true adorer shall adore Him everywhere in spirit and in truth." The woman said: "I know that the Messias cometh. He will tell us everything." And Jesus answered: "I am He." At once the woman "left her water-pot, and ran to the city." To everyone she met she cried with joy: "Come, see a man that hath told me all things, that ever I did. Is not He the Christ?"—"So the Samaritans came to Him and desired Him to tarry with them. And He stayed there two days." (St. John, iv.) "And fear came upon every soul; for the time of refreshment had come from the presence of the Lord." (Acts, iii.) "And many believed in Him."

And later on, to the same city, Philip came, "and he preached Christ to them." Already they know of Christ; and so, "the people were attentive to those things which were said by Philip, with one accord and the miracles which he did; and there was great joy in that city." (Acts, viii.)

(Conclusion next week.)

ALAS! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fires of human passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

—Longfellow.

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XI.—AROUND THE FIRE.

"**Y**E may say what ye like, but ghosts walk in the night just as people on this side of the grave walk in the day."

Tade Clancy put a fresh coal in his pipe and spoke with solemnity. No one of the four men who sat around the fire that night felt inclined to contradict him, even though his remark would seem to have been occasioned by a previous dispute. Neither, you may be sure, did any of his four children, whose seniority of birth gave them the traditional privilege of staying up a little later than the rest of the flock, nor his hard-working wife, who at that moment was remaking a dress for one of the little ones and had not her mind on spirit land. Indeed, she was too busy with the cares of the present.

Tade Clancy was steeped in ghost lore. Spirits lived closer to him than did his struggling fellows on this earth. His imagination ran riot with the vision of them. In every silence of the dark he heard their voices, long-drawn and plaintive; he saw their forms moving about in the neighborhood of old castles, fallen abbeys, graveyards, and sometimes along a dark, deserted piece of road. He spoke of them with finality and reverence. When you heard him, you would feel inclined to say: "This man could not speak with such show of conviction if what he says were founded on a pretence."

Every little group he joined the ghosts joined with him; every house he entered the ghosts followed. Never a man nor a woman died, whose going was at all sudden or peculiar, but came back to him with a word or a message. He heard the banshee in every sough of the wind,—now blending with it, now distinct and high, now faint and far, now almost lost. He was so much in the company of ghosts that one might wonder if he were not a

ghost himself. Once when a neighbor said so, Tade made answer:

"The ghosts are on the hill and on the plain. An' sometimes the hill man sees them, an' sometimes the man on the plain. But all don't see them; for they don't show themselves to all. An' I'm no ghost that I'll tell you, but only one o' them they come to."

Around the fire that night the scene was singularly suited to Tade's train of thought. The turf sods were banked high in the hearth; the sparks leaped up and vanished with the smoke through the chimney; the group was silent and meditative; the click of the old clock in one of the back rooms measured the pauses between Tade's solemn words; fitful gusts of wind shook the bare tree limbs, and made the windows rattle dismally; the occasional patter of the rain seemed like the dancing of fairy feet.

"Wisha God rest Mick Hannon's sowl!" Tade began reflectively; "an' 'tis a night like this reminds me of him. I was ridin' down the Creela road on the horse I bought at the autumn fair of Limerick, an' a fine horse he was. 'Twas about tin o'clock of a Saturday night, an' the wind blowin', the trees sighin', an' the heavens weepin', just like ye hear abroad now. Ne'er a sign of a star was in the sky, nor a thrace o' the moon at all, at all. I was cantherin' along pretty lively; for the hour was gettin' on, an' the darkness isn't for min to be out in. Just whin I got to Hasset's lodge, at this side o' Downey's cross, a man walked out through the closed gates, with ne'er a noise nor a sign of any kind to show that he opened them. He stood in the road in front o' me in a flood o' light, with his two hands stretched out."

Here Tade and his hearers lifted their hats, the same as if they were passing by the priest or the chapel gate, while the children blessed themselves in holy fear. Tade remained silent for a little. There was a hush in the wind at that moment, and the hound out in the car shed howled

plaintively. Mrs. Clancy at her sewing ejaculated piously:

"God guard and keep thim without house or home on a night like this!"

"I coaxed the horse," continued Tade, "to move on past the vision there in the middle o' the road. He picked his way gintly like a lady in a muddy boreen, and thrimbled like a spray of ivy. As for meself, I thought every minute the sowl would go out o' me body from fright. Just as we got on the side o' the road opposite the man, a voice spoke that seemed not his voice but a voice from far away:

"'Tade Clancy, stop there!' If the glory of heaven was waitin' in front of me I couldn't open me mouth nor lift me hand to make the horse gallop away. An' faix the animal himself sthooed as sthille as a statue.

"'Tade Clancy,' says the voice again, 'do you know me?'

"Then I found me tongue an' looked at the man. I says: 'By gor I do. You're Mick Hannon, the son of Paddy Hannon, of Ballinagool.'

"'I was,' says he, 'but I am no more. To-morrow mornin' early they'll find me dead body out from Athery, at the bind o' the white road. A side-car sthruke me at the dark turn, an' the driver was the servant o' Hasset, the landlord, an' Hasset himself was sittin' in the opposite side. An' whin they saw what they did, they galloped away and left me dead on the road. Now, 'Tade Clancy,' says he, 'many a man an' many a woman about these parts will say I was dhrunk and died in me sin. For 'tis their way an' the way o' the world. But 'tis bad for the livin' to spake hard o' the dead. An' I wasn't dhrunk, an' me sowl wasn't red with sin; for I was back at the chapel this day an' the hand o' the phriest absolved me o' me sins an' they are washed away. An', 'Tade Clancy, you silence the tongues of thim that spake against me, an' give the money they find in me pocket for Masses, for I need thim wherè I am. An' know

that it will not come well by thim that left me deserted there in the dark o' the night.'

"All at once he vanished, an' there I was alone with me horse on the side o' the highway. When I came home here the childer were all in bed, but herself was up sittin' by the fire waitin' for the first bate o' the horse's hoof on the stony road. An' whin I came in she says:

"'Yerra, Tade, what ails you? An' is it hurt you are?'

"'Woman,' says I, 'I'm not hurt, thanks be to the great God! But don't ask me any more questions now, only let us kneel down together an' say the Rosary for poor young Mick Hannon's sowl.'

"'For Mick Hannon's sowl! Sure you must be taken lave of your sinses. Didn't I see Mick Hannon goin' to Athery a little afther dinner?'

"'He's dead an' gone, an' that's all. So let us kneel down an' say the Rosary.'

"So we said the Rosary and the prayers for the dead, while the wind kep on wailin' an' moanin' outside. 'Twas a long time before I slep', an' whin I did all night long I saw the outstretched arms an' the light and the pale face in the middle o' the road.

"Early next mornin' the news flew like wildfire that Mick Hannon was found dead at the turn o' the white road outside o' Athery. An' there was terror an' wondher and talk. But I stilled the tongues of thim that gossiped about the poor boy, an' had his brother Jim give the money found in his pocket to the phriest to say Masses for his poor sowl. An' may the great God have mercy on him, an' may Our Lady put her blue mantle about him an' carry him home to heaven! I needn't tell ye how ould Hasset was drowned at a wathering place three summers ago, an' how a short time after-ward his servant boy was killed; for ye already know."

"But, Tade, why didn't you tell the peelers how Mick came by his death, an' make ould Hasset an' his servant pay

for their deed?" asked one of the men.

"Because the ghost o' Mick Hannon didn't tell me, that's why. 'Tis for us to do what the spirits tell us; no more an' no less."

"Well," declared Maurice O'Connor, looking thoughtfully into the fire, "it may be all well an' good to talk about ghosts, but I hope the Lord will preserve me from ever seein' one."

"You shouldn't pray for that," replied Clancy; "for the ghosts mane no harm to any one, only to warn him or ask his help. Sure you remember ould Ned Condon that died up at Kilcolman fifteen years ago."

Yes, they all remembered; and Tade had another story, which, however, did not at all illustrate what he said.

"We all know ould Ned Condon was a miser, God forgive me for sayin' anything bad o' the dead! But it's no sacret that he was close-fisted and stingy, though he had plenty and more o' the world's goods. He never would let his wife give an apron full o' praties nor a dish o' flour to a beggar. He wouldn't let his five childer go to school, but kep' thim at home to slave an' dhrag for him out in the garden. An' while the childer of other people wint off with their strap o' books in the mornin', ould Ned Condon kep' his childer out workin' from early to late. An' the phriest tould him to give his family an education; but he wouldn't be said or led by the phriest, but spint his days heapin' up money and his nights countin' it, an' made slaves of his childer. Thin he died of a strange disase, an' the best docthor in Limerick couldn't tell what it was. An' the divil a much o' funeral he had, an' ne'er a wake at all. An' whin he was gone, the childer who had grown up not able to write their names hated the mention o' their ould father. The little woman died heartbroken at the wicked ways o' thim; but she had the phriest and was buried dacent. When she wint, the boys and the girls were worse than ever, havin' no human voice now to gainsay

or advise thim. The boys dhrank an' the girls were rough in their manners. The money ould Ned Condon counted night afther night wint like wather through a sieve; an' 'tis a known fact, as twenty min o' the parish could tell you, night afther night, whin the boys an' girls were away, the ghost o' the miser would sit on the stile at the back of his house, moanin' and lamentin' the loss of his money. An' many a time I heard him meself, but I never saw him, for he was not allowed to appear. The boys an' the girls are all gone now, an' the farm belongs to other people. But the house is haunted; for hardly a night goes by they don't hear strange noises an' the moanin' and wailin' o' Ned Condon the miser."

"To bed with ye, childer, an' don't mind yer father fillin' yer heads with his wild tales!" Mrs. Clancy admonished the four privileged ones, with a yawn; for she was tired herself, poor woman! When the children had gone up to bed, Tade took issue with his helpmate.

"Woman, you talk in a s'trange way o' thim that be dead; an' 'tisin't right to make little o' holy subjects."

"Faix, Tade, you're not the Pope o' Rome yet, that we have to believe every word you say. An' you're not the bishop o' Limerick either."

Then the man of ghosts turned and addressed his wife, while she still held her hand on the knob of the door through which she would presently enter her room.

"Woman, I'm not Pope nor bishop, but answer me this. Didn't they find Mick Hannon dead in the mornin' with money in his pocket, as I tould you?"

"They did."

"An', later on, didn't ould Hasset an' his servant die as I mentioned?"

"They did."

"An' didn't I tell you I saw the ghost of Mick Hannon?"

"You did."

"An' didn't I see the ghost?"

"That I don't know, Tade; for I wasn't there to see. An' all that you tould me

could happen, an' still you might not see the ghost of Mick Hannon. I never saw ghosts meself an' I never want to see any. Our Lord and His Blessed Mother an' the holy angels an' saints are enough for me." With that Mrs. Clancy quietly closed the door behind her, said her prayers, and sought a quiet rest from her hard, patient toil of the long day.

The mystic circle was broken. Tade Clancy's mood was gone. The veil of mystery that surrounded him was thrown apart for the present. Whether he saw and spoke with spirits one does not know for a certainty. But there were times when circumstances and coincidences were strange and difficult to explain. Withal, it was well for him to have so sensible and so practical a wife to keep his feet on the ground when his dreams lifted him too high among the hills. It was well for his well-kept and well-fed children, too, that God blessed them with a mother whose ways were not too remote from the workaday ways of earth. For while it might be well to have a father who half lived in spiritland and shared of his visions with them, still they needed the practical head and the practised hand of a mother to teach them the good and the useful lessons of life.

The circle was broken; the mood was gone. The men lit their pipes anew and passed out to their homes. Tade bade them good-night and safe journey and bolted the kitchen door. He raked the ashes on the fire, which now burned low. He varied his prayers from audible exclamations to gentle whispers; then blessed himself piously, kissed the crucifix on his beads and put out the light. The wind still moaned among the tree limbs and the rain swished with every gust. Every human voice was stilled within the house, and the beasts without were safe in their bedding of straw. The moon and stars were still imprisoned behind the black clouds, but the angels of God were keeping the watches of the night.

(To be continued.)

The Song of the Harp.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

HAIR, Harp of my country! one proud song
is left thee,
Sublimar than all of which wrong has bereft
thee;

It was taught to our race by Saint Patrick of
old,

It is echoing still in the hearts of his fold—
The anthem of Faith!

Blest Harp of my country, thy hymn is divine,
And sacred the symbol the shamrocks entwine;
For wherever the blood of our martyrs has
been,

Its ruby drops mingle with Ireland's green*—
The color of Hope!

True Harp of my country, thy music vibrating,
Was wafted to lands that in darkness were
waiting;

Upon eyes till then blinded, and souls doomed
to loss,

Did the emerald flash with the light of the
Cross—

Divine light of Love!

Hail, song of the Irish, men noble and saintly!
Though oft sung in sorrow, it echoes not faintly.
Oh, well may her bards, spite of Erin's long
pain,

Let their harps utter only a triumphant strain
On Saint Patrick's Day!

* The Irish say that when, as sometimes happens, the leaves of the shamrock are tinged with red, it is because the blood of martyrs soaked the ground where it grew.

ACCUSTOM your heart to be docile, manageable, submissive, and ready to yield to all in all lawful things, for the love of your most sweet Lord; so you will become like the dove which receives all the colors that the sun gives it. For this end, put your soul every morning in a posture of humility, tranquillity, and sweetness. And notice from time to time through the day if it has become entangled in affection for anything; and if it be not quiet, disengaged, and tranquil, set it at rest.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XII.

THE oldest inhabitant who has been sighing for an old-fashioned winter must be satisfied; for he can not remember one more severe than that from which we are now emerging, our coal bins and store of patience both depleted. And yet Grandsir Floyd would laugh at what seems to us so full of discomfort.

"Folks are terrible tender nowadays," he said one day. "When I was a boy, like as not in the morning we'd find the bed covered with snow that had sifted in through the roof. We didn't have any furnace or steam heat or even a stove. We had just one big fireplace, and we covered up the fire at night and hoped it would last till morning. Generally it did, and then again it didn't."

"And then you had to kindle it," I said.

"Yes, darter; but fust we had to go to the neighbor's and borrow some live coals, and our nearest neighbor was more than a mile away."

I thought of an applicant for a situation as housemaid. "No electric light!" she exclaimed. "And do you think I'd bother with lighting the gas?"

"You must have a great deal of snow up here in the mountains," I said to Grandsir.

"Snow?" he answered. "When the first flakes began to fly in the fall my mother would say, 'We shan't see the bare ground again till spring.' One year we had to make a tunnel from the front door to the road, and didn't see the top of the fence for five months."

"O Grandsir!" I remarked, having heard the story often.

"Well, four months then," he said; "and I won't take a day off of that."

Snow in the New Hampshire mountains is one thing and in a manufacturing

city another. In my convenient mirror I shall look no more at present, for it only shows me an expanse of mingled soot and slush. In an hour after the snow falls it is contaminated. No one wants it. Householders are forced to remove it from the sidewalks and are forbidden to pile it upon the street-car tracks; so it lies in unwholesome ridges, threatening the safety of travellers and horrible to look upon. After a while, having absorbed every sort of foulness, it melts into dirty and ill-smelling streams, and disappears, leaving grime and oozy slime behind.

But snow in the hill country! Softly it comes down, white and clean, bringing beauty to all it touches; clothing the landscape with a sparkling robe of sunlit glory; decking tree and bush with royal robes; giving grace to the humble dwelling and a look of home to the pretentious roof-tree; melting by imperceptible degrees to enrich the poor man's acres and swell the rippling brooks; outlining the churchyard mounds with a soft blanket; protecting all growing things from winter's bitterness, making the scene like the vestibule of heaven. Ah, they must have loved and known the Northern Hills in winter who named Christ's Mother Our Lady of the Snows!

My friend Constance tells me that more than fifty robins are wintering upon the hill where she abides,—not half-starved creatures either, but fat, saucy birds that evidently find plenty to eat, despite the fact that angleworms and cherries are afar off. Those who know assure me that this is not unusual: that wise robins, like modern fashionable folk, often stay in their summer homes the year round. If they can find frozen apples and dried berries and thickets in which to hide, no amount of cold weather daunts them; and, if birds can remember, they may recollect other and sadder winters when countless numbers of their confiding comrades were butchered by greedy sportsmen in States where redbreasts are not protected. And protection does not always

protect. A woman not far away from here made a pie of twenty-four robins and invited her minister to partake of it; and he, unsuspecting man, asked for a second helping.

The "pious monks of St. Bernard" are hospitable to birds as well as to human bipeds, and at the approach of a snow-storm throw the windows of a large room wide open that their feathered friends may find shelter. Love for birds has always distinguished the great and good of earth. Do you recall Walther von der Vogelweide's bequest? He left a large sum of money with the Brothers of the monastery to provide corn for a "daily remembrance bounty" for the birds, to be placed in four hollow places in the slab of his tomb. For hundreds of years his request was faithfully honored, and even to this day his tomb remains, the little niches a reminder of his pious kindness. Longfellow gives a different version of the story regarding the gentle minnesinger; but let us believe that he was misinformed, and that the kindlier one is the true one.

Long ago I told Grandsir Floyd of the "birds' sheaf" that has place near every Swedish farmhouse in winter; and, smiling, he led me to a sheltered nook behind a clump of fir trees, where great bunches of grain and an appetizing piece of suet were hanging. And this not in winter, but in the leafy June, when every well-regulated wild bird finds it easy to earn his own living.

"Grandsir!" I said, sternly. "Is it true that you sometimes go without your dinner because there is not enough for both you and the birds?"

"Most folks eat too much anyway," he answered; and would say no more.

Grandsir, grandsir, little boy of many years, you need a guardian! And I hope some kindly angel will see that your feet do not stumble upon that fair mountain where you dwell with your feathered friends.

(To be continued.)

The Return of the Jewels.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

RABBI NATHANAEL, the great teacher, sat one Sabbath Day in the synagogue instructing his people. Meanwhile his two young sons were stricken by death,—both fair of face, clever in mind, and upright of soul, chosen youths in Israel. On their way to the synagogue, hand in hand, a wild steer, suddenly breaking from the herd that was being driven through the street, bore down upon the pair, and trampled them to death. Compassionate neighbors soon gathered around them and carried the lifeless forms to the unsuspecting mother.

So strict were Rabbi Nathanael's people in orthodox observance that no one would have dared to enter the synagogue with the unwelcome news until the functions of the day were over; and when, his labors completed, the good man walked slowly homeward, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes downcast in pious meditation, none had the temerity to warn him of what lay beyond the threshold of his home.

The wife of Rabbi Nathanael was a fitting partner for so great and good a man. At the feet of her husband she had learned patience in trial, resignation in sorrow. So well had she profited by his teachings that now, when for the first time it came to her to put them into practice she showed herself to be a heroic soul. When the neighbors had left her alone with the bodies of her beloved sons she carried them to an upper room, laid them side by side upon the bed, and spread a white linen cloth over their lifeless forms.

"Where are my sons," asked Rabbi Nathanael, on entering his home. "Where are my sons that I may bless them?"

"Were they not in the synagogue?" answered his wife, evasively, smiling upon him, her eyes more bright than

usual from keeping back her heart's tears.

"I must have overlooked them," said Rabbi Nathanael. "I did not see them."

She poured him a goblet of wine; he lifted it, thanked the Lord for the Sabbath just departed, and raised it to his lips, looking about him.

"I would that my sons were here," he said, "to drink with me the wine of praise and benediction!"

When the Rabbi had finished his supper, and given thanks to God, his wife said:

"Husband, I wish to ask you something."

"Say on, beloved," replied the Rabbi, smiling affectionately upon her.

"Some time ago," she said, "a couple of jewels were placed in my keeping, and now I am requested to return them. Shall I do so?"

The Rabbi looked at her in astonishment.

"That is no question for my wife to ask," he replied. "Can you delay returning what does not belong to you?"

"No," she replied, meekly. "Oh, no! But I first wished to ask your permission. Come with me, my husband, and I will show them to you."

He followed her to the upper chamber, and, going to the bed, she drew the linen sheet from the bodies of their dead boys.

"Alas! My sons; my sons!" cried the father, throwing himself upon them and weeping bitterly.

When he had passed the first violence of his grief, the patient wife took him by the hand and led him from the scene.

"Rabbi," she asked, "did you not tell me a few moments ago that it was wrong to refuse to return a treasure which had been entrusted to our keeping? Beloved, the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" repeated her husband. "And well has it been said that he who possesses a virtuous wife owns a treasure more priceless than diamonds or pearls. She hath opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue."

"Thou Hast Said It."

IT is a great help to our act of faith in the mysteries of religion, especially in that ineffable mystery which at the most solemn moment of the Mass is called the "mystery of faith," — it is a great help to join our act of faith with the faith of all lands, and of all the centuries since that momentous day when St. Peter made the first public act of faith in the Blessed Eucharist: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life," — the Master's latest words, solemn and memorable, being, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

Ever since one memorable day, all the children of the Universal Church, through all the changes of the centuries, have believed that the Redeemer of mankind has fulfilled, and will forever fulfil, the promise that He made of uniting Himself to us in the closest sacramental union. All — high and low, priests and people, learned and ignorant, subtle and simple, young and old, saint and sinner, — have accepted the word of God; they have believed Him when He said: "This is My body, this is My blood." And with all these innumerable hosts of Christians of nineteen hundred years, each of us says humbly: "I believe, Lord! Help Thou my unbelief."

If nature or intellectual pride or the enemy of our souls presumes to suggest difficulties, let us remind ourselves that the same difficulties can be urged against the whole economy of Redemption, which must be accepted by all who call themselves Christians. "Why not gain His object in some way less harrowing to human feelings, less revolting to human sensibilities?" All this, when not thrust aside as an evil temptation, is outrageous and abominable blasphemy and impiety. A worm of the earth presuming to dictate to the great God, to improve upon the

work of the Omnipotent, to set Him lessons of wisdom and propriety! The only attitude for us, His creatures, is to lie prostrate at the feet of the Creator, like Magdalen at the feet of Jesus, unless He deigns to raise us up and bids us lean upon His breast as did St. John, the disciple whom He loved.

M. R.

The Pros and Cons of Celibacy.

WE have noticed rather frequently of late that the desirability of an unmarried clergy is apparently ceasing to be a purely academic question among the sects and is rapidly entering the sphere of practical politics. Significant of this tendency are an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, "The Church and Celibacy," and two somewhat inadequate answers thereto in the February issue of the same magazine. Here, for instance, is one paragraph from the article whose force has been left quite unabated by replies. The writer is Mrs. Huth Jackson, for whom "the Church" means the English Establishment, or, more properly, Anglicanism:

The Roman priest, whatever his social position, has given up a great deal for his profession. He has practically renounced all that which to most men makes life worth living. The laity, whatever their religious opinions may be, recognize this, and in fairness pay a certain respect to the man who has done what they know they are not capable of. A certain aloofness—a certain loneliness—comes at once into the life of the man who has entered the priesthood. He dwells on the mountain peaks, and ordinary humanity in the vale. It is because of this aloofness that he becomes not only the teacher but the friend of humanity in all its great moments of stress. He who walks alone with God can help the soul that has suffered, the soul that has sinned, and the soul that is going alone into the great darkness. The ordinary English clergyman knows by bitter experience how seldom he is sent for by his parishioners when they are in trouble. Many devoted men chafe under this knowledge: they long to help, and can not. *They have not given up enough.* For, because of all he has renounced, full measure of recompense is given the priest—

the wonderful communion with his Master, the power to remit sins, the power to confer the Grace of God, the actual God Incarnate called into being by his hands. He stands—solitary indeed, but never alone, because with him is God Almighty, Very God of Very God.

There is cause for genuine thankfulness on the part of all, Catholics as well as Anglicans, in the condition which Mrs. Jackson thus portrays:

There are signs in the air that in England the need for priests, as opposed to clergymen, is more general than is popularly supposed. I think the Church has come to the parting of the ways. The parson of the end of the eighteenth century, specimens of whom survived down to our own day—who hunted and shot, and was a pleasant man of the world and a first-rate whist player—is extinct. He was possibly a delightful person, but he was no more a priest than is the Prime Minister. His successor, whom Trollope has portrayed for us amongst his many types—the mild, inoffensive, slightly grotesque clergyman we all know—is also passing. We are beginning to take our priest seriously. . . .

I remember a tragic case of the inadequacy of the "clergyman" in a Midland village where I once lived. An old laborer, dying in tortures from cancer of the tongue, and in great depression of soul, was advised by a well-meaning lady to send for his parish priest. I asked next time I went to see him whether the clergyman had helped him. With a whimsical, sad little smile, he replied, "Well, ma'am, he talked to me about his son in India." Several Anglicans, seeing the trouble he was in, told him to ask Father —, the Roman priest of the place, to visit him. I was struck at our next interview by the utter peace of that old man's face. He was received into the Roman Church directly, and died blessing the illness that had helped him to find reality! That man could have found equal help and comfort in our Church had the village possessed a "priest" and not a "clergyman."

As for the objections which the enemies of celibacy would urge against it, three cardinal ones are discussed as follows: "The first would be that grave scandals will arise should the clergy not be allowed to marry. I do not believe it. It is an insult to our clergy to say that they are only decent men because they are married. . . . The second argument against the celibacy of the clergy is not a difficult

one to meet. 'Marriage makes them so much more capable of understanding human needs.' Does it? . . . Do not any of us who know priests in both Churches know how much more frequently one meets human 'Roman' priests than human 'Anglican' clergy? And are not the human types one does meet in our communion almost invariably unmarried men? The third objection is that the wife and family of the clergyman do such good work in the parish. That there are many splendid women who are wives of clergymen and daughters of clergymen, I do not for an instant deny. But that there are many wives and daughters of clergymen who are a byword in their parishes for silliness and scandalmongering is also true. Mrs. Proudie is not yet dead. And where they are not as bad as that, how little they matter in many cases, either way!"

The Catholic reader will be inclined to think that Mrs. Jackson sacrifices her whole case in the second sentence of our final quotation, because, with all due respect for her good faith and subjective certainty of the contrary, the objective truth of the matter is that her Anglican "priest" is purely and simply a Protestant minister; but her viewpoint is interesting, nevertheless:

We come now to a graver aspect of the matter. No sane person can have any objections to a Protestant minister, of whatever denomination, marrying. He does not believe in the Sacraments—that is, he does not believe in any supernatural power as residing in the Sacraments. He does not believe in the Apostolic succession. He is at best a moral and ethical adviser to his flock. The Anglican Church, on the other hand, preaches the Real Presence, the necessity for confession, the miraculous nature of baptism. Let us take only one of these Sacraments—confession. For confession to be possible there must be a clear line of demarcation between confessor and confessed. Every man or woman of the world would pronounce it a dangerous and a false position for, let us say, a young and attractive woman to discuss the inmost secrets of her soul with a man, unless there were between them some absolute gulf which could not be bridged. . . .

Notes and Remarks.

Just what is to be expected from Socialist office-holders the moment they get the reins of power into their hands is shown by the action of Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady, N. Y., in advocating the study of "social science" (his name for Socialism) in the public schools. He wants "grown men and women" to attend these "study classes," as he calls them; and he expresses surprise that there should be any objection to their doing so. The objection is thus stated by the editor of the *Common Cause*: "No person will deny that Dr. Lunn has the constitutional right to teach Socialism, or even Mohammedanism, if he can get anybody to listen to him; but, if he proposes to carry out such a plan, let him hire a hall, and divorce his 'study classes' completely from the school system. He has no more right to use a school class-room for this purpose than any political party has to make the public schools the centre from which to disseminate its particular kind of 'reform.'"

Writes Professor Eucken, of Jena: "The very fact that this Social Democracy expects all salvation to ensue from material conditions of life involves alienation from religion. Despite the superficiality of the favorite [Socialist] procedure of representing religion as a mere invention for the advantage of the higher classes, it finds approval among the masses."

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* makes this statement the text for an editorial which, although it contains nothing new to Catholic readers, is worth reproducing in part, as an evidence of the viewpoint of a leading secular journal:

Socialism deliberately limits its vision to this life. It conditions happiness wholly upon material comfort. It declares that all misery is inflicted upon the sufferer from without by his fellowmen. It refuses to recognize the fact of sin except where the sinful act is "socially injurious." It assumes that this is the only

life we need think about, and therefore demands that everything shall be arranged to make this life as physically pleasant and comfortable as possible, without regard to the possibilities of any other. Not all professed Socialists are atheists, but the Socialist viewpoint is atheistic, or at best agnostic. Many professed Socialists are faithful to their marriage vows, but Socialism regards such fidelity as purely optional with the two persons immediately concerned. Not all Socialists desire to seize their neighbor's property, but Socialism assumes that the possession of property above some wholly undefined "normal" amount is *prima facie* evidence that the possessor is some kind of robber or is the beneficiary of robbery,—at best is an unconscious receiver of stolen goods. And we think the very queerest of all queer mental and moral delusions is that which leads so many Christian ministers to foster Socialism, and makes them totally unable to see that the very first work of a triumphant Socialism would be contemptuously to brush aside, or to crush if it resisted, the very Christian institution which makes them all they are and has given them all they have. That is Socialism in Germany and that is Socialism everywhere.

The foregoing is good Catholic common-sense—and 'tis a pity that there is not more of it in the editorial pages of the secular press.

The following information, furnished by the Church Extension Society, is calculated both to moderate the exultation with which patriotic Americans are wont to boast that this is a Christian, godly nation, and to animate Catholic zeal toward helping to make it such:

The amount of money expended every year by the different Protestant Home Missionary societies is enough to fill Catholics with wonder. Last year it was estimated, by one in touch with these societies, that the amount reached the enormous sum of forty million dollars. But it will be a greater source of wonder to know that, while many of these millions are spent annually for the purpose of building chapels and organizing Sunday-schools in out-of-the-way places, nevertheless there are ten thousand towns in the States, west of the Missouri River, wherein there is not only no Christian church or chapel of any kind whatever, but not even some sort of a religious station.

Some years ago the Church Extension Society claimed that, for the entire United States, only one out of every ten small centres of population

possessed a Catholic church. The statement was questioned, but it appears from the statistics furnished by Protestants that the statement was rather conservative. It is astonishing to know that there are ten thousand towns in the West alone without a chapel of any kind.

Such being the case, perhaps the chapel car is not quite so superfluous an adjunct of missionary effort as it was once, if it is not still, considered to be.

In a recent "charge" to his clergy, the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury said: "I feel it is most unwise of Protestant parents to send their children to the numerous convent schools which have been opened by exiled Catholic religious who have taken refuge here, and who feel they have a high vocation to teach. I do not dispute that the good Sisters no doubt keep the promise exacted not to interfere with the religious education of the child. But, even so, it is impossible for these children of impressionable age not to be attracted by what they see and the example of their companions, and the result is obvious."

Commenting shortly afterward on this address, Cardinal Bourne said, rather felicitously, that he was glad the English primate had made it clear that it was not the Catholic schools which sought the Protestant child, but *vice versa*. Unconsciously, too, he praised the atmosphere prevailing in schools taught by the "good Sisters."

Here is a new symbolic significance given to a traditional picture with which most of our readers are probably familiar. It is Mr. Hilaire Belloc who furnishes the interpretation:

Behind the enemies of Ireland, furnishing them with all their modern strength, was that base and secret master of modern things, the usurer. He it was, far more than the gentry, of the Island who demanded toll, and, through the mortgages on the Irish estates, had determined to drain Ireland as he has drained and rendered desert so much else. Is it not a miracle that he has failed? Ireland is a nation risen from the dead; and to raise one man from the dead is surely miraculous enough to convince one

of the power of a great spirit. This miracle, as I am prepared to believe, is the last and the greatest of St. Patrick's.

When I was last in Ireland, I bought in the town of Wexford a colored picture of St. Patrick which greatly pleased me. Most of it was green in color, and St. Patrick wore a mitre and had a crosier in his hand. He was turning into the sea a number of nasty reptiles—snakes and toads and the rest. I bought this picture because it seemed to me as modern a piece of symbolism as ever I had seen; and that was why I bought it for my children and for my home.

There was a few pence change, but I did not want it. The persons who sold me the picture said they would spend the change in candles for St. Patrick's altar. So St. Patrick is still alive.

A tactful bit of royal courtesy on the part of George V., King of England and Emperor of India, is thus chronicled in the Bombay *Examiner*:

Last week we published the text of an address from the Catholic Hierarchy of India to the Emperor, and the reply to the same. One point worth noticing about it is this. Whereas the text of the address conforms to the official Government usage by speaking of "the *Roman* Catholic archbishops and bishops of the Indian Empire," his Imperial Majesty does nothing of the kind, but in the most courteous manner possible gives us our traditional title—"To his Grace . . . the *Catholic* Archbishop of Simla . . . the address of welcome presented by the *Catholic* Church in India . . . thanks to the members of the *Catholic* Church."

We are rather inclined to wonder that his Majesty has not ere this been denounced by some of his Anglican "Catholic" subjects for his catering to the "pretensions of Rome."

The reverend editor of the *Catholic Advance*, Wichita, Kansas, has kindly words to say about an Anglican monk, calling himself Father Somebody, who lately visited that place, "said Mass," heard confessions, and "instructed people in the Catholic faith." Had we been requested by disturbed friends, as our confrère was, "to say if such things are right," we should have been inclined to answer in the stern words of Father Dalgairns ("Essay on the Spiritual Life

of the First Six Centuries"). After expressing "the profoundest pity" for those attempting to renew outside the Church the monastic system, which, except within her pale, can only be stagnant or awfully perilous, he adds:

My whole soul revolts with indignation at the presumption of those who without mission, without jurisdiction, without the requisite gifts, presume to take upon themselves the guidance of souls . . . men who never speak of a sacrament without betraying a confusion of thought which shows them to be incapable of seeing clear into any theological question whatsoever. How dare they touch the keys without a semblance of jurisdiction? With what face can they urge any one to make a confession when they inform the penitent that, after all the misery and the agony of the avowal of guilt, forgiveness might have been cheaply purchased without it? How can they pronounce an absolution which they themselves assert to be unnecessary?

In what terms Father Dalgairns would have denounced travesties of the Mass by Anglican monks, we leave the reader to imagine.

How colossal a fraud the story of Congo atrocities, so industriously exploited a year or two ago really was, appears more and more evident as the months go by. Travellers returning from different Congo districts invariably testify that they saw nothing of the horrors over which emotional journalists (and shrewd politicians) affected to wax hysterical. In the Introduction of a book just out in London, the author, Mr. M. W. Hilton-Simpson, member of the Geographical Society, writing of his two years' sojourn among the cannibals of the Equatorial forest and of other savage tribes of the Southwestern Congo, says:

As my readers will observe, this book has no political motive; it is intended merely to be a record of our journey, and they will find in the following pages nothing about the atrocities which we hear have been perpetrated in many parts of the Congo. The reason for this is that we came across no brutality of the white man toward natives during our journey in the Kasai district. When I returned from Africa I made this statement to a representative

of the press, with the result that I aroused such indignation on the part of certain persons that I almost feel I ought to apologize for my misfortune in having no atrocities to describe. As my narrative will show, we lived for practically two years in close contact with the natives, and we were fortunate enough to win the confidence of nearly all the peoples with whom we dwelt; but I was unable to obtain tales of atrocities. What goes on in parts of the Congo which I have never visited I am not in a position to state; I shall deal only with the districts which I personally know.

That is just where Mr. Hilton-Simpson is at a disadvantage compared with the denouncers of the fictive Congo atrocities. Not having *any* personal knowledge of the matter, they were free to give full rein to their imagination—and they abused their freedom.

Rarely has Canada had occasion to mourn the passing of a more genuinely distinguished son than the late Hon. Edward Blake. A jurist of eminent ability, a parliamentary orator notable even among the notabilities of the whole British Empire, a public man to whom was instinctively given the appellation of statesman rather than politician, and a citizen who throughout well-nigh four-score years uniformly wore "the white flower of a blameless life," he brought distinction to the land of his birth, and did noble work for both that land and the country of his large-hearted sympathy, Catholic Ireland.

That the "great spectacular drama" which is being presented in London will eventually be seen in this country may be taken for granted. In view of such a contingency, it may be worth while to reproduce the opening paragraphs of a favorable criticism (there are very *unfavorable* ones) of "The Miracle," contributed to the *Universe* by Father Rylance, O. S. B.:

While it is still possible to see "The Miracle," it is a great pity that any Catholic should be dissuaded from doing so by the unfair and misleading criticisms that continue to appear in print. As far as the general public is concerned, there

is no need for further advertisement, since "The Miracle" has for some weeks now successfully "caught on." But I claim that "The Miracle," understood in its entirety, is not only fit for Catholics, but also best appreciated by Catholics.

At last we have got something in London decent beyond compare for the benefit of those Catholics who clamor for "decent recreation and relaxation"; and yet the moment an entirely new and better state of things is inaugurated, a bitter outcry is raised amongst a few against a most successful production of a religious drama for the first time in this country. And that is what "The Miracle" is—a religious drama. As a drama, it represents a lively conflict between the good and the evil; but the basis of this particular conflict assumes a sacred and religious character, and the religious ideal predominates throughout.

Absolutely unobjectionable dramas are passably rare, but it would seem that the one under consideration is to the average stage production as "Hyperion to a satyr."

One portion of Cardinal Logue's Lenten Pastoral is devoted to Portugal; and, as the London *Catholic Times* remarks, his review of the situation created by the enemies of Christianity in that country is scathing. Against their political activities he has nothing to say. He holds they are perfectly justified in striving for national freedom—"one of the noblest of God's temporal gifts,"—in seeking for good government, and for the welfare of the individual and the community. It is because they ignore God's laws, lose sight of man's highest interests, and trample upon the most elementary principles of justice, that he condemns them. Their tyranny is of the basest. Foul dens called prisons are crammed with priests and laymen who have committed no crime. The extracts which have been published from the report of a committee of English residents in Portugal on some (and not the worst) of these prisons enable us to judge how horrible the dungeons are. Dioceses are widowed, the bishops being expelled. The press is muzzled at home, and the representatives of the foreign press are, as far as possible,

prevented by a rigid censorship from making known abroad the misdeeds of the country's oppressors.

That the Irish Cardinal's picture is not overdrawn is evident from the terms used by a correspondent of the *London Morning Post*. He speaks of "the punishment cells as places of horror, without air or light; they have stone floors and are kept in a filthy condition, overrun with rats and full of vermin"; of "damp subterranean dungeons 15 metres below the level of the ground"; of "the infirmary as a single room in a dirty and insanitary condition, where patients suffering from every kind of disease, infectious and otherwise, are huddled together"; and of the "water supply as polluted with filth and insects."

The bright contributor who supplies the *Boston Pilot* with its "Talks to Young Men" column writes thus aptly on a timely topic:

It is readily understood that at times a Catholic business man, dining away from home, may be entirely forgetful of the fact that the day is Friday, especially if he be not accustomed to take meat at breakfast. But this lapse of memory should not be of weekly recurrence. It should not happen chiefly when he dines with non-Catholics. And if we can not charitably excuse such men on the plea of forgetfulness, we certainly find it hard to understand why success in finance or in politics brings about such remarkable stomachic changes that meat is especially essential on Friday, even at the certainty of giving scandal.

The sarcasm is excusable. He is but a paltry apology for a good Catholic who, through sensuality or human respect, will break so strict a precept of the Church as is the Friday abstinence.

The impression is generally prevalent that, of all the religious sects of the United States, the Methodists are the most flourishing. The contrary is the case, if we may rely on the testimony of Bishop Wilson, himself of the Methodist persuasion. Addressing a meeting of ministers last month in Philadelphia, he

declared that "the church was not holding its own," and asserted that some of the ministers were "asleep on their job." To quote Brother Wilson's picturesque address more fully:

In fact, if we study present conditions carefully, we would say that the church is going backward! The trouble with us is that we are too superficial. A church that is overfed and underworked can never conquer the world, and that is just what the object of Christianity is. A church that is over-entertained can get no time for spiritual work, and the church that lives on honey can hardly have any substantial life. The church has at times assumed the attitude that we are losing ground. We have no grip upon the people, and they are going farther and farther out of our grasp. Then we are much to blame, for we are not working together. It appears to me, after a close study, that some of us are asleep on the job. If we want to reform the world, we had better get awake and wipe the dust out of our eyes, and then use every agency in our power to work for the cause for which we are pledged.

A worthy priest of the diocese of Louisville, widely known throughout the United States, lately passed to his reward—the Rev. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins, pastor of New Hope, Ky. "Father Jeff," as he was familiarly called, won the fullest confidence of all who knew him. Zealous, pious, humble, charitable, and self-sacrificing, as simple and guileless as a child, he was admired by his fellow-priests and beloved by his parishioners. His intimate associates will not soon forget the equanimity with which he bore trials, and the unalterable patience, even cheerfulness, with which he endured sufferings. It would be hard to find a more amiable invalid than Father Jenkins. He never refused a cross and was never without one. A man of scholarly habits, he read and wrote to the very end of his life. Besides publishing several books, he was a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals, and was always ready "to scribble a line," as he would express it, in favor of any good cause. His death was in keeping with his life—peaceful, prayerful, faithful. God rest his gentle soul!



I Wonder Why?

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

WHEN mother comes upstairs at night
To see if I'm asleep,
I play I am,—my eyes shut tight.
I feel her soft hand creep,
Creep, creep across my hair. I hear her say:
“Dear little lad, how hard he’s worked to-day!”
And then I peep and see her face,—
Her darling face that charms us all!
She looks then like that picture there
That hangs upon my wall.
(And sometimes, when I’m tired, you know,
She holds her little boy just so!)
She kisses me and takes the light,
And says, “God keep my boy this night!”
And then I lie and think a while
How sweet it is to see her smile!
And yet—I wonder, wonder why
She loves so bad a boy as I?

The Secret of Pocomoke.*

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—“COUSIN” PAT.

IT was the day after Mrs. Granville’s “At Home,” and the air was still heavy with the storm that had burst on the previous evening, when Mrs. Granville had heard of the scene on the threshold, and Mr. Granville had learned how his ward had been driven from the door. He had returned from his office to find the guests all gone, and Mrs. Granville

in the care of her French maid and on the verge of hysterics.

“I told you the child would be here this afternoon,” he said, when he had heard her sobbing story of Pat’s most disgraceful conduct, that had made them the “talk of the town.” “You should have given orders to your fools of servants to look out for her in such a confounded scramble. And as for the Jim at the door, he got only what his airs and graces deserve. To be ordered from her guardian’s door by an upstart of a ducky! No wonder that every drop of that old Peyton blood was aboil.”

“James says he will expect you to pay damages,” faltered the lady.

“I will most cheerfully,” replied Mr. Granville, a gleam of humor for the moment lighting his grave eyes. “And I hope he is damaged enough to make a lasting impression on his insufferable cheek.”

“She called herself our cousin before everybody—everybody!” went on the lady, her voice trembling with mingled rage and shame. “After all I’ve done to get in the right set! Our *cousin*,—looking like a tramp and acting—acting—like—”

“The little fire-eater she naturally and rightfully is,” concluded Mr. Granville, with a grim laugh. “Don’t be troubled, my dear! I’ll assume all the disgrace of the relationship. She will not be considered a cousin of yours, I can assure you.”

“You mean—” began his wife, angrily.

“Simply that you have dropped all

* SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Miss Patricia Peyton, twelve years old, and known generally as “Miss Pat,” is living in the old family home, Peyton Hall, in Pocomoke Mountain, miles away from towns, railroads, churches and schools. Her grandmother and only guardian since early childhood (both of her parents dying young) had taught and cared for her tenderly until six months ago, when

“ole Missus,” as she was called by her faithful servants, had died; and Pat had been left with “Mam,” Uncle Scip, and their two grandchildren, “Link” and “Ginger,” to keep up the half-ruined old home. There is an unusual snap of cold weather at Pocomoke, and Pat and her little maid Ginger go out coasting on the snow-clad hills. The sled breaks and they decide to slide on the frozen creek; but a sudden thaw

your family connections, as everyone knows. The good aunt and uncle to whom you owe so much have not crossed our threshold for years; so a mere cousin would not be likely to intrude. Besides, Madame Lorraine settled matters for us. Madame Lorraine has the *entrée* to houses in Europe whose thresholds few Americans cross; she has a crest and coronet that date back somewhere in the Middle Ages. She was Aunt Trevor's friend and school-mate more than fifty years ago. Madame Lorraine, my dear Marcia, if you had but known it, was the real social star of your gathering. And your guests saw her take little Patricia to her heart and to her home, so all is safe."

"You have no feeling for me in this matter!" sobbed the lady. "Everything was going on so beautifully, and then to have such a scene! Mrs. Lester Lynn's gown almost torn off her back and my servants attacked by a wild-cat of a girl, who ought to be shut up in a cage instead of coming here to shame our own dear girl before all her friends! Have you considered what you are bringing upon Gladys, Mr. Granville?"

loosens the ice, and the two children are obliged to jump to the nearest shore. They climb Big Black Mountain that had been held by Pat's grandfather during the war, and they find shelter in grandpap's "powder hole."

Meantime Mr. Gilbert Dunn arrives at Pocomoke. He has been sent by Mr. Maxwell Granville, Pat's cousin and newly-appointed guardian, who has just returned from Europe and wishes to hear all about his ward. Pat and Ginger are reported drowned in the Creek by neighbors, who saw them drifting on the breaking ice toward the mill-dam. Mr. Dunn joins a searching party, and the children are discovered and brought home by the Mickells, who keep the country store. Horrified at the lonely and unprotected life that Pat leads in her mountain home, Mr. Dunn reports to Mr. Maxwell Granville, and he determines to send for his ward, whose father was one of his dearest friends in early youth, to make her home with him. Mrs. Marcia Granville, who is a heartless fashionable woman, and her young daughter Gladys object strongly; but Harold, her good-natured son, is ready to welcome the wild country cousin.

"Yes, I have. Something that I hope will rouse her out of the French doll-baby life she is leading now. I don't pretend to know anything about girls or meddle with your methods, my dear; but, from a mere man's point of view, Gladys and her crowd are about as insufferable a lot of selfish little idiots as I ever saw. If this fiery little Peyton can put some life and spirit into her, I shall be very glad. As for Harold" (the speaker's face fell at the name), "she can't very well help or hurt him. He must take his own boy's way." And Mr. Maxwell Granville turned away from his still weeping wife rather gloomily, feeling that, as usual, they misunderstood each other: he could not change her nor could she change him.

All next day the lady kept her room in the pettish ill-humor usually diagnosed as "nervous headache," while Mr. Granville lunched at his club down town; Gladys got excused from school to spend the afternoon with Corinne Carr, and Harold played truant openly. He had learned all about Dietrich's Rathskaller now. When six boys got together they

Unconscious of coming change in her life, Pat is strolling happily among her loved mountains when Link shows her that coal, which the prospectors have long been searching for, lies hidden under the rocks of Pocomoke. He tells her that it means "millions of money" to her; but she is broken-hearted at the thought of her dear mountain home being turned into a coal mine, and makes him promise to hide the place and keep the "secret" of Pocomoke forever. She is returning to the house, when Ginger runs to meet her to tell her that Mr. Dunn has returned to take her back with him to her guardian in the North. She rebels fiercely and refuses to go; but Father John, who was her own father's dearest boy-friend and is her god-father, arrives and persuades her to obey her guardian; and she reluctantly consents to bid her old home good-bye, and leave with Mr. Dunn for the North. She arrives at the Granville residence during an "At Home," creating a sensation by her commonplace attire and an uncommonplace exhibition of temper. Madame Lorraine, an old friend of her family, saves the situation by taking Pat home with her.

could call it a "club," and lock the door and have beer and cigarettes. And there was a pool room upstairs, which Dietrich would open for two dollars down; and in the pool room there was a funny little game that spun round, on which the boys could bet. Harold had won three dollars on that table last night, and so to-day he had treated the crowd to lunch—a real boy's lunch,—fat frankforts and plenty of potato salad, and rolls and butter without stint; pretzels too, and blue steins of foaming beer. Then they had lounged back in their chairs around the table and puffed their cigarettes, and felt very big and manly indeed. And Fred Farley had said:

"D— school, anyway!" He had a rich governor now and did not mean to be a "dig." And Weston Lynn confided to Harold that he was going to "break traces pretty soon and beat it for the West."

Then they had some more beer all around, and Harold was feeling just the least bit dizzy as he walked back home. But there was no watchful mother to see; the new parlor maid opened the door for him, and then hurried back to the servants' hall, where was buzzing the gossip of yesterday, that she did not want to miss; so, with his head still in a bit of a muddle, Harold made his way to the den, thinking he would tumble on the cushioned couch and take a nap. But on the threshold he paused, startled. The log fire that usually smouldered and went out this time of day was blazing its brightest; the yellow canary was in full burst of song; and seated there on the hearth rug, making friends with Pont, the white poodle, was the daintiest and prettiest little girl, he thought, he had ever seen.

She wore a fur-trimmed coat; a dainty little black muff to match lay on the rug beside her; while the stylish beaver hat, pushed back a little in her play with Pont, showed a rosy dimpled face framed in dark dancing curls that beat all the

bows and fluffs of Gladys and her crowd to a finish.

"Oh, please come in!" she said, as Harold stood hesitating on the threshold. "I've been waiting here for half an hour to see somebody."

"Gladys, I guess," remarked Harold, advancing.

"Yes, that's the name; the girl told me to come in here and wait and she would soon be in. Who is Miss Gladys anyhow?"

"My sister," answered Harold. "I am Harold Granville."

"Oh, are you?" said the young lady, brightly. "Why, then, we're cousins, aren't we? I am Pat—I mean Patricia Peyton from Pocomoke."

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Harold, startled quite out of politeness. "Not—not the girl that came yesterday, and—and—"

"Cracked the saucy Nigger over the head that wouldn't let me in?" added Pat. "Yes, I'm that same girl dressed up different." And the speaker surveyed her coat with some satisfaction. "I suppose I did lose my temper; but to have a dandy Nigger ordering me off, well—" the Peyton eyes began to flash again,— "I just couldn't stand it."

"But, but—" Harold, who had heard of the "little beggar on the steps," stared in bewilderment at the dainty young stranger—"it was all a mistake and—"

"Oh, I understand now!" said Miss Patricia, loftily; "Madame Lorraine explained that the darky didn't know me; that he took me for some strange little girl that had no right to come in. But we don't treat strangers like that at Pocomoke. I'd like to catch Link ordering a strange little girl from our door this cold icy weather! He wouldn't dare. Why, even the tramps come in to get warm and have something to eat, and if it's late we let them sleep in the barn. One of them did have smallpox last winter, and Doctor Martin made us burn up all the hay; but that was better than turning him out to die in the cold. But, as Madame Lorraine told me, everything

is different in town, even clothes. Cousin Max came to see us this morning, and gave her money to buy me everything spick span new. I look all right now, don't I?" She started to her feet and turned around for inspection.

"Great!" said Harold. "You couldn't look better."

"Well, I suppose I'll get used to it," sighed Pat, twisting her slender throat like a young colt in its first collar; "but it feels awfully stiff and tight now. I've always worn things that were soft and woolly and loose. And these boots!" Pat put out her slender foot in its new French garb and regarded it critically. "They don't pinch as much as I thought they would when the man first put them on me; but what's the good of each one having fifteen buttons, I can't see."

"Gladys's will," said Harold with a grin, as he thought of his sister's fear of a shabby cousin. "They've got her new boots beaten out of sight. You're just in the tiptop of the style from head to heels, Cousin—what shall I call you?"

"Pat," was the prompt reply. "Of course my right name is Patricia; but I'm keeping that until I'm grown up. Now I'm just plain Pat."

"Pat let it be then. My! you're a funny girl after Gladys and her crowd," said Harold, with boyish bluntness.

"Funny!" exclaimed Pat. "Don't tell me I look funny still. You said just now I was all right."

"And so you are," was the quick reply,— "about as right as they make them."

"I ought to be, I'm sure, after all the money Madame Lorraine spent. I never spent so much in my life. Why, this hat cost ten dollars!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Harold, suppressing a schoolboy grin and trying to look properly impressed at such a revelation.

"Yes, ten dollars," repeated Pat. "Why, you can get a real good hat at Mickell's store for three pounds of butter!"

"But not diked all up with a feather like that," said Harold.

"*That!*" said Pat, taking off her hat and surveying its black cock plumes disparagingly. "That's nothing but a rooster's tail, as everyone can see! And ten dollars! Why, it nearly took my breath. And I despise hats anyhow, they are so wobbly. Give me a hood or sun-bonnet every time,—something that will stay on." And the speaker gave a shake of her curly head that told "staying on" its dancing curls would be a matter of some difficulty.

"There's Gladys now," said Harold, as the front door banged and there was the sound of girlish voices in the hall; "and some of the bunch with her. I say, Cousin Pat, clap on your hat again. It's a stunner." And the speaker caught up the despised headgear and tossed it hurriedly on the dancing curls. "Whew! but you look dandy; and maybe there won't be a spiteful stare when Gladys sees!" chuckled Harold under his breath, as the door of the den flew open, and Gladys, all bow and feather and fluffy hair, appeared with two other young ladies of her own age, equally fine and fashionable, all ready to giggle at the "queer" country cousin, whose dreadful looks and ways Gladys had been giving them in detail.

And they stared indeed, but it was in breathless surprise; for the slender little figure standing by Harold's side with the touch of Madame Lorraine's "marchand" and "modiste" upon her girlish grace, seemed a picture out of some latest-style book. Hat, boots, coat, gloves, even the dainty muff swinging by its silken cord to her arm,—Miss Patricia Peyton was quite complete; while the dancing curls, the rosy face, the bright soft eyes sparkling with friendly greeting, were quite beyond all experience of Miss Gladys Granville and her "bunch."

"Gladys" (there was a roguish gleam in Harold's eyes as he spoke), "and girls all, this is our cousin Patricia—"

"Oh, don't call me that!" interrupted Cousin Patricia, with a laugh that had all the tinkling music of Bondebelle. "It's too long and solemn for boys and girls. I am just—just Pat; and you're Gladys. Oh, I'm so glad you're a little girl! I was afraid you were almost grown up."

"I am thirteen," said Gladys, frigidly submitting to Pat's warm-hearted kiss.

"Well, I'll be thirteen in May," said Pat; "and I'm sorry for it. Teens sound so old, and I just hate to grow up. You can't have one-half the fun."

"These are my friends, Corinne Carr and Louise Allen," Gladys introduced stiffly.

"We are so glad to meet you!" said Miss Corinne. "Mamma saw you yesterday afternoon at the reception."

"Oh, did she," laughed Pat,— "when I cracked that darky's head for not letting me in? But I didn't hurt him. You can't hurt a Nigger on the head. If I had hit him on the shins, I tell you he would have danced. I never could stand a dandy darky; they don't look natural or right. But I'll have to get used to town ways, and things now. Cousin Max says he wants me to stay here six months and go to school and make friends with you all." And Pat took in the whole crowd with a bright glance and a smile.

"We hope you will call very soon," said Miss Louise in her best society manner, as the visitors realized it was time for them to leave.

"Call?" repeated Pat. "Oh, you mean come to see you! Why, yes, of course I will. That's one good thing about town: people can get round; at Pocomoke, when the roads are bad, you don't see any one for weeks at a time. I will come to see you both, and I suppose we shall all go to school together. And, O girls!" (Pat's voice sank to a roguish whisper) "I've never been to school in my life; but I've read about them in story-books, and I know we'll see lots of fun."

"Isn't she queer?" asked Miss Corinne of Miss Louise as they passed out of the Granville doorway. "Why, after all that fuss of yesterday, she did not seem a bit afraid or ashamed!"

"Afraid and ashamed!" said Miss Louise, spitefully. "I guess not in a coat and hat like that she was wearing; I suppose she is so stuck up over her new clothes she doesn't care for anything else."

But Harold knew better. He stood by the hearth in the den thoughtfully, while Gladys thawed a trifle out of her frosty manner and took her new cousin upstairs.

"My, but she's a little brick!" was his conclusion. "No fuss and fiddle-dee-dee about her! She didn't even see that kitty-cat Corinne was trying to scratch her about yesterday. And maybe with those eyes and curls she didn't make them all look sick! And such a little sport, too; ready for fun and everything! Well, how the rest of the family will take to her I don't know; but you've got me, little Cousin Pat, for fair."

(To be continued.)

The Narrowest Street in the World.

If you would find the narrowest street in the world, just go over to a little seaport town on the northeastern coast of England. Great Yarmouth is the name of the town; and there are, in all, seven miles of narrow ways, or "rows," as they are popularly termed. The narrowest one of the lot is known as Kitty Witches Row, and at its entrance is a little less than thirty inches in width, while its greatest width can boast of only fifty-six inches. These byways were probably used in olden times in carrying fish up from the wharves. Traffic could not possibly be carried on now, even pushcarts being cramped for room.

REGARD no vice so small that you may brook it, no virtue so small that you may overlook it.—*Oriental Proverb.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—From the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris, comes "Le Pain Évangélique," an explanation, in dialogue form, of the Gospels of Sunday and Holydays, by the Abbé E. Duplessy. This first volume covers the Sundays from Advent to Lent.

—Readers of "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress," a most excellent story of a conversion to the Church, hitherto issued anonymously, will be interested to know that the author is Miss Anstice Baker. Her name appears with a recent translation of the work into French.

—New issues of "The Arts of the Church," published by Messrs. Mowbray, are "Church Embroidery," by Miss Alice Dryden; and "The Heraldry of the Church," by the Rev. E. E. Dowling. Both are excellent manuals, and, although written by non-Catholics, will be found useful and unobjectionable.

—"With Christ, my Friend," is the attractive title of a "five-minute book" by the Rev. Patrick J. Sloan. The contents are sixty-five short papers with such titles as: "Doing All for Jesus," "Living at Peace with All," "Home Conduct," "Judging Others as Christ Judges Them," "The Real Joy of a Catholic Life," "In Time of Need, Pray," and the like suggestive phrases and sentences. The style is simple, direct, and lucid; and the brief papers should prove of genuine utility to all their readers. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—M. H. Gill & Son have brought out a second edition of "Poems of the Past," by *Moi-Même*, a pseudonym which, since the author is a lady and presumably an Irish one, may perhaps be best rendered by the Hibernicism, "Herself." There are some eleven-score verses in this volume of 357 pages, many of them replete with beauty of thought, dainty fancy, religious suggestiveness, and healthy sentiment. We transcribe the first quatrain of "The Opening Leaflet," the versified preface of the book:

Thoughts, oft penned in some stray leisure hour,
Here interwoven without skill or art
Would, like the uncultured wayside flower,
Impart a passing pleasure to some heart.

—From Mr. Thomas Baker (London) we have received "The Way of Perfection by St. Teresa of Jesus," translated from the autograph of the saint by the Benedictines of Stanbrook; and revised, with notes and an Introduction, by Prior Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D. This edition includes all the variants from both the Escorial and Valladolid editions. The Intro-

duction and the notes are characterized by the excellence one has come to expect from Father Zimmerman; and, on the whole, the book is probably the best version extant of St. Teresa's classic contribution to the literature of spirituality,—spirituality, be it understood, for people in the world as well as for religious.

—"Duty," a slender octavo of 120 pages, by the Rev. William Graham (Joseph F. Wagner), contains twelve conferences to young men. The meaning and source of duty, its limits and conditions, its outward rule (law) and its inner one (conscience), its sanction, our duties to God, to parents, to the Church, to the State, to our soul, and finally, habits of duty, are all discussed with clarity, thoroughness, and force.

—"Waiting on God," by the Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald, D. D. (C. P. A. P. Co.), a tastefully bound little volume of 125 pages, contains meditations for an eight-days' retreat for lay persons, with an Introduction on the practice of meditation. A cursory examination of the work verifies the opinion to which the name of the author gave antecedent probability,—that it is admirably adapted for its purpose, and can not fail to benefit those who use it.

—Paternoster Row is an appropriate point of departure, in a literal sense, for the little books of the Angelus Series, bearing the imprint of R. & T. Washbourne. They have the literary make-up and the religious character connoted by the name of that historic pathway. The latest numbers of the series are two translations from the French of the Very Rev. J. Guibert, S. S.,—the one "On Kindness," the other "On Character." The third, "On Thanksgiving," is a compilation made from the writings of Father Faber by the Hon. Alison Stourton. Appropriateness is the mark of these small volumes. In the character and treatment of subject-matter, and in outward form of presentation, admirable fitness is the word. Would that little books of this kind might bring back the lost habit of slipping a volume into the pocket when faring forth into a world of mere newspapers!

—Two new volumes of collected pamphlets dealing respectively with Socialism and Social Work, just published by the English Catholic Truth Society, include several papers for which there has been a considerable demand, and others not so well known as they deserve to be. The importance of the subjects warrants the transcription of the contents of each volume.

In the first we have: "A Dialogue on Socialism," by the Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, O. S. B.; "Three Social Fallacies," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; "An Examination of Socialism," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Church and Socialism," by the same; "My Catholic Socialist," by the Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J.; "My Catholic Socialist Again," by the same; "A Dialogue on Landlords," by the same; "Rome and the Social Question," and "Workingmen as Evangelists," by the Rev. C. D. Plater, S. J. The second volume contains: "The Catholic Social Catechism," a collection of utterances of the Holy Father on the Social Question; Mrs. Gibbs' paper on "Catholic Social Work"; the Bishop of Northampton's on "The Church and Social Reformers"; Father Plater's on "Social Work on Leaving School"; Cardinal Mercier's pastoral on "The Duties of Conjugal Life"; Dr. Mooney's paper, read at the Newcastle Congress, on "The Decay and Revival of the Social Sense"; and Father Maher's essay on "English Economics and Catholic Ethics."

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "With Christ, my Friend." Rev. Patrick Sloan. 75 cts.
 "The Way of Perfection." St. Teresa. \$1.90, net.
 "Duty." Rev. William Graham. 75 cts.
 "Waiting on God." Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald, D. D. 25 cts.
 "Angelus Series." 50 cts. per vol.
 "Eternity." Rev. Fr. Celestine, O. M. Cap. 40 cts.
 "Agatha's Hard Saying." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.
 "The Living Witness: A Lawyer's Brief for Christianity." 50 cts.
 "Saint Patrick." Abbé Riguet. \$1.
 "The Necromancers." Monsig. Benson. \$1.50.
 "Spiritual Perfection through Charity." Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.50, net.

- "A Hosting of Heroes." Eleanor R. Cox. 35 cts., net.
 "The Education of Catholic Girls." Janet Erskine Stuart. \$1.25, net.
 "Wide-Awake Stories." Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.
 "The Perils of Dionysio." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.
 "Do-Re-Mi-Fa." David Bearne, S. J. \$1.10.
 "The Tempest of the Heart." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
 "Booklets of Beauty." 25 cts. each.
 "Meditations on the Blessed Virgin." Father Vermeersch. \$1.35, net.
 "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." Vol. III. \$2.
 "The Acts of the Apostles for Children." Mary Virginia Merrick. 75 cts.
 "Elevations of the Sacred Heart." Abbé Felix Anizan. \$1.10.
 "Agenda Ecclesiastica, 1912." 35 cts.
 "Beacon Lights: Maxims of Cardinal Gibbons." Cora Payne Shriver. \$1.
 "Words of Wisdom to the People." Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
 "Elder Flowers." Mrs. S. B. Elder. 50 cts.
 "The Holy Mass Popularly Explained." Very Rev. Eugene Vandeur. 50 cts.
 "John Poverty." Luis Coloma, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Latter-Day Converts." Rev. Alexis Crosnier. 50 cts.
 "Kyriale with Gregorian Notes." Dr. Karl Weinmann. 30 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins, of the diocese of Louisville; Rev. George Kolesinski, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Nicholas Drohan, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. John Brogan, diocese of St. Cloud.

Mother Seraphine, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Raphael, Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Bernard, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Zachary, O. S. F.

Mr. Philip Stewart, Sr., Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Miss Mary G. Randall, Mr. R. Murray, Mr. Benjamin Matroni, Mrs. Mary Sexton, Mr. Edward H. O'Brien, Mrs. Emily Ostendorf, Mrs. Mary Doyle, Mr. Charles Ries, Mr. Philip Vossel, Miss Cecilia Ryan, Mrs. Katherine Gascoigne, and Mr. John Jarvies.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 46.

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

The Humble Maid.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE day was like a common day.
 No thunderous pealing rent the air,
 No startled lightning cut its way.
 Above, the little garden where
 The lilies swayed by day and night,—
 Now bowing in their Lady's light.

Her morning work was almost done,—
 Of this the little Maid was proud.
 A great light in her dwelling shone;
 And, like the flowers, before her bowed
 A presence in this frugal cell—
 The splendid Angel Gabriel!

And yet the water drawn that morn
 Was quiet in its earthen vase;
 No sound of cymbal or of horn
 Told who had made her full of grace.
 Her heart caught fire from Gabriel's flame;
 Her world no longer was the same.

So splendid was God's messenger!
 A gleam from heaven made him fair;
 So glorious, it seemed to her
 There could not glitter anywhere
 A star so white, a sun so gold.
 And then the reason she was told.

She knew that she would blessed be,—
 The Spouse of the One Lord of all;
 And in her sweet simplicity
 She took her distaff from the wall.

"I must not idle. 'Tis past noon;
 The shadow of the night falls soon.
 "The Child will come," she softly said:
 "I must begin to weave His dress.
 Though He is God!" (enraptured!)

"He is my little Son, no less!"
 As mothers do, she smiled and wept,
 And in her heart great joy she kept.

And so Love found a human mate,
 And heaven and earth were one again;
 And all on high sang out, elate,
 And mystic thrills struck hearts of men.
 Strange, cruel shapes from earth are fled,
 And Mary to the Word is wed!

Sacred Sites and Scenes in Palestine.

BY ALICE DEASE.

I.

SPRINGTIME in Galilee; flowers, in bewildering variety, growing in every nook and cranny, spreading a multicolored carpet over the hills that circle the little town of Nazareth. Olive trees and fig trees clothe the slopes, whereon the white houses, with gardens around them, and tall cypresses, slim and dark, showing against their walls, are guarded with hedges of prickly cactus plants; and winding between them through the valley is the stream that must once have supplied the Holy Family with water for their needs.

Even to-day there are to be seen in the village of Nazareth dwellings that show almost exactly what the home of Our Lady must have been at the time of the Annunciation. Now as then, the houses that form the village are built upon the hillside; and the smaller, poorer dwellings are flat-roofed, and protected

by an earthen terrace. Each of these houses stands before a cave that pierces the mountain, and serves either as an extra apartment or as a shelter for the cattle and the flocks.

Such was Our Lady's home. But, guided again by tradition, we know that the room, built of masonry, in which the Angel stood to deliver his message, is now venerated at Loreto in Italy, whilst at Nazareth the second chamber, or grotto, alone remains. But here in this grotto our Blessed Lady knelt when the heavenly vision appeared to her. Floor and roof and walls are all of solid rock. No hands of man formed the cave: it is entirely the work of nature. But now everything except the roof and part of the right-hand wall has been covered with marble. At the end of the grotto stands an altar, also made of marble; and under it is a slab engraved with the words:

VERBUM CARO HIC FACTUM EST.

Silver lamps hang above the kneelers' heads, each flickering light burning dimly, yet all together lighting up the place. Here, in this place, Our Lady knelt, and in the outer room the Angel spoke: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee!" And Mary, from the very spot whereon the pilgrim kneels to-day, from the spot worn by the knees and the lips of countless millions of other pilgrims, answered him, saying: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me according to thy word."

II.

Another range of hills, the bare brown mountains of Judea. The way leading across them from Nazareth is long; and, looking at the boulders of rock that lie loosely on their slopes, at the narrow paths winding between them, now up, now down, now across the rough gravel of a dry torrent bed, one realizes something of what the journey from Nazareth to the mountains of Judea must have been. That Zachary and Elizabeth dwelt at Ain Karim, in the valley of Soluc, about four miles from Jerusalem, though

not historically proved, is accepted by pious tradition. The house stood high over the valley, on a terrace half cut into the solid rock, half built up of rough masonry. The cave which formed a part of the dwelling stands to-day as it did then; and some worn steps in the rock show where St. Elizabeth came down into the garden to greet and bless her cousin.

Picture a sunny court, paved with slabs of the yellowish stone that also forms three of the enclosure walls, the third consisting of the sheer face of the cliff itself, and covered with vegetation. To the left, where the ground falls away, the spire of the Franciscan church of the Visitation is seen over the wall of the convent garden. Higher up and a little farther off, a grey dome with gilt balls shows where the Greeks venerate the meeting-place. There are creepers growing over a wooden trellis to the right of the entrance door, and the bees make summer music in their flowers as they pass out from the garden over the wall. Looking upward, one sees on the hillside white houses shaded by sombre cypresses, which stand out sharply against the grey of olive and of cactus and the tender green of the budding fig trees. An oblong trough, with high ends roughly cut of the yellow stone, stands in the centre of the court. Here the water is collected from the spring which, according to tradition, burst forth from the ground when Mary and Elizabeth met.

The little chapel built over the spot itself forms a sort of crypt to the church, and lies to the left of the sunny court. It is small, wide for its length, and the sun comes in unchecked, for the door seems to stretch the whole width of the building. There is no feeling that the dimness which forms a part of the other shrines is needed here. It is a place of joy,—of peace and quiet, but still and foremost of joy. A piece of marble under the altar marks the place where St. Elizabeth greeted her cousin. At that

time and for many years it was uncovered, open to the skies; but a wish to preserve it has led to its enclosure. "Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!"—first spoken in this spot, the words belong to it forever. And outside, in the glory of the sunshine, another prayer comes to the mind—the sublime canticle in which Our Lady herself made answer to Elizabeth: "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

III.

It is hard to realize that the long, irregular-shaped chamber lying under the Basilica of the Nativity at Bethlehem was once an open cave in the side of the mountain, and that it was indeed the birthplace of our Saviour. Two short flights, each of fourteen rough steps, lead down from the church; and between them, let into the floor of the cave, is a star of white marble, inlaid with jasper and surrounded by rays of brass, on which are engraved the words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin." Above it is an altar, rather higher than those to which we are accustomed. It belongs to the Greeks; and the mosaic representing the birth of Our Lord that once ornamented the rounded recess in which it stands has been defaced by them, so that the Latin words beneath it are scarcely legible.

The cave is low, dark, and long. Leather hangings embossed with a design in gold cover the walls. Only in one place is the limestone itself visible, and that is in the second recess near the stairs. A hollow in the rock, now lined with marble, represents the manger in which the Infant Jesus was laid; and over it, rough and bare now as it was then, is the naked wall that sheltered the Holy Family. Fifteen lamps burn day and night round the altar of the birthplace, the altar of the star; while from the centre of the ceiling of the narrow, passage-like chamber (it is some forty feet in length and ten to twelve in width) a whole row of dimly burning lights are hung. The air is warm

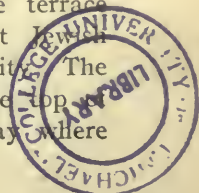
and heavy, and the unmelodious sound of Greek chanting comes faintly from the Basilica above. At the foot of the stairs, still as a wooden figure, stands an unkempt Turkish soldier, always on guard. He is so still that the worshippers forget his presence.

It is five o'clock on a winter's morning. Not a glimmer of light penetrates from above, and the lamps flicker uncertainly in the darkness. The priest comes down the stairs between the two altars, descends the three farther steps that lead into the rounded space—a real cave this,—where an altar stands facing the manger. Only the blurred outlines of brown-clad figures are to be seen in the gloom, with here a tonsured head, there a sandalled foot. Later, two by two they emerge into the semicircle of light cast by the altar candles—students and Brothers of the Order of St. Francis,—and kneel to receive Holy Communion in the very spot where Jesus lay in Mary's arms, where St. Joseph knelt, the first to adore the God made man, where the Shepherds came to do Him homage.

The priest has said the prayers of Mass in an undertone,—it is the Christmas Mass that is said every day at Bethlehem. Only once his voice is raised, not loudly, yet every word is clear, and it seems to linger and re-echo softly in the gloom of the cavern. *Puer natus est nobis*. The Mass is over. We follow the friars up the stairs, leaving the grotto for the Greeks to occupy; but the impression of that half hour is with us, and the words remain, and are ours to take away, stored in the deepest recess of our minds: "The Child was born for us."

IV.

The site where the Temple stood in the time of Our Lord is now a vast open space,—vast, that is, as space goes in Jerusalem. It lies like a wide terrace between the crowded, overbuilt Jewish Quarter and the walls of the city. The ground is almost level with the top of these walls; and they fall away where



the road to Jericho winds along in the valley, beside the dried-up bed of the Brook of Cedron; whilst farther off the Mount of Olives rises so that its slopes overlook the whole of Jerusalem.

To enter the enclosure of the Temple, one mounts the steps leading from the Via Dolorosa, and crosses the semi-enclosed court, now a Turkish barrack, and once the judgment-seat of Pilate. Outside this, one sees the whole extent of the Temple site. The first impression is of dazzling whiteness. The wide stone steps leading to the mosque are white; the open court around this building is paved with huge white flags; the walls of the mosque itself are white; and the crowded houses that seem to lean over the enclosure, so closely are they packed along the narrow streets without, are of a creamy color that in the sunshine is as dazzling to the eye as the whiteness of the pavement. Near the walls, the grass has been allowed to grow; and children play upon the slopes and in the shadows of the stunted olive trees, that remind one how long it is since this place was covered by any building. It is only inside the two mosques which stand in the enclosure that one can realize anything of the past,—of the Temple, with its holy associations and its beautiful decorations.

Nearest to the city walls is the Mosque of El Aksa. This was once the church of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin; and even now it is more like a Christian church than a Mohammedan mosque, with its long nave edged with great columns. The marble floor is covered with loose pieces of matting, and the slippers that pilgrims are obliged to don before entering the building flap noiselessly on the soft material. Everything is very quiet with the quiet that is associated with large ecclesiastical buildings; but on reaching the apse this feeling is ruthlessly broken in upon. There is no altar,—nothing but a Mohammedan praying desk. And again one realizes that here the present gives little help toward realizing the past.

In the Mosque of Omar, though of itself far more characteristically Moslem, there is one thing that stands to-day just as it stood in the time of Our Lord,—just as it stood, so claims tradition, in the time of Abraham the prophet. This is the great rock of sacrifice, on which, when the Temple existed, the altar of holocausts was placed. In those days it was encased with thick plates of bronze, but stood open to the heavens; now the rock is covered with only a loose carpet, but the huge cupola of the mosque lies directly over it. The whole is an octagonal building, lighted with windows of colored glass, and decorated inside with tiles on which texts from the Koran are written.

The part set aside for prayer is like an open gallery round the outer walls; for the centre is all taken up by the great rock, which is circled by a ring of pillars, joined with a beautiful grating of gilt iron; and inside this is the rock itself, protected by a wooden casing. It is a huge, rough, sloping slab, higher at one end than a man's head. And here, according to tradition, Abraham made the sacrifice of his son; whilst legend goes even further back, and claims the rock as the spot where the Ark rested at the time of the Flood. The Mussulmans assert that David made an altar upon it, offering sacrifices, which were consumed by fire from heaven. The fine decorations and pillars of the mosque give some idea of what the ancient Temple may have been. But there is at present less to be seen of things and places concerning the two mysteries of the Rosary connected with the Temple than of any of the others. Indeed, it is a greater help in picturing the scenes of the Presentation and the Finding of the Child Jesus to read a description of these places in the past than to visit the site of the Temple as it is to-day.

THE Church has been the best guardian of liberty, because she has been the best guardian of law.—*John Ayscough.*

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

XIII.—THE RETURN OF MADAM.

NOW that Crellan had really gone, the reaction which Mrs. Lambert had dreaded came down upon Elinor, and left her unable to hide from her mother that her fears for her had been but too well-grounded. At the beginning of Crellan's visit, Elinor had been silent because she did not understand her mother's feelings; now the fact of understanding them so fully kept her equally mute. She could not, dared not, speak; but when alone she allowed her mind to dwell on those last moments when she had discovered how her heart had escaped her keeping, and to reflect upon Crellan's unanswered and unanswerable question. Did he mean what his words had said and what his tone conveyed? For the first time Elinor almost regretted that she had not carried on a harmless coquetry with the youths whom she had only laughed either at or with. Perhaps from them she would have learned to judge whether this was truth or pastime. Then, was it only fancy that made her think that he had meant to convey a meaning to her,—that his voice had changed when he spoke of "the things we are going to do together"? Was it only love of social science that had made him so willing to sit and talk, with idle line trailing on the bank?

What was the use of such questionings when she had no answer to give to them? Besides, was he not a poor man who could not, even if he would, think seriously of a penniless girl? He was a younger son, dependent even for this poverty-stricken estate on the pleasure of his grandmother. Elinor thought fixedly and determinedly of Mrs. Stewart's frigidness toward herself, and her apparent sternness. The lady was ambitious, too,—that had been said of her by more than one.

And even—even if Crellan had meant what he had not said, even if a few weeks of life in Brussels did not wipe away all thoughts of Imaney and its inhabitants, would not that ambition, that cold determination, stand between him and her forever?

It was a harder struggle now to be contented—to "like what she had," as Thaddeus had advised—than it had been even in the time of great trial during the previous spring. She was then a girl, and had accepted things with the buoyancy of childhood; now, all at once, she was a woman, with a woman's power to suffer, but also with a woman's strength to bear. The little plans, the smaller beginnings, in which up to this she had taken so much pride, became irksome tasks, which only a firm will and a strong sense of duty made her continue assiduously and uninterruptedly. She could not hide the whole of her trouble from her mother; but so well did she ignore its existence that even Mrs. Lambert was deceived as to its depth, and as the days passed by she began to hope that she had been mistaken in her first estimate of Elinor's feelings.

If there had been talk in the village of Crellan's frequentation of her company, neither she nor her mother had heard of it; so it did not matter in the least to them. In looking back, however, Elinor realized that not only had Father O'Leary noticed and thought about them, but that he had also deliberately helped to throw them together. At first she feared he might mention the subject to her, but he spoke of Crellan so casually and naturally that she replied quite as naturally; and when, after a few days' time, she received a letter telling of his interview with his grandmother, she took it as a matter of course to the priest, and they rejoiced together over the news it contained.

Crellan had agreed to go to Brussels immediately; for he found that Mrs. Stewart's heart was set upon his accepting the minister's offer. But, in return, he

had exacted a promise from her that, on receiving an assurance of approval from Father O'Leary, she would advance the money which Tomàs the weaver was longing to receive. As to the other schemes, he said his grandmother had changed her plans for the winter, and intended returning shortly to Imaney, where, on the spot, she would judge for herself what it was possible and desirable for the Glen that she should do.

The letter ended with polite messages both to Mrs. Lambert and the priest. It asked for no answer, and indeed it might have been taken as a final conclusion to that fortnight on which Elinor was beginning to look back as upon a dream. After the neat signature, however, two other lines had been hastily dashed in:

"The chief will let me home in the spring. I am going to study at first hand all the marvels of sociology you tell me exist in Belgium. It will help to pass the six months—"

It almost looked as though he had meant to add more, and quite unreasoningly Elinor's heart lost all its soreness as she read even what was there. Then, with a pang, she realized her folly, and turned her mind resolutely to the former part of the letter, in which the writer spoke of Madam's impending return. She knew that she had improved in her playing of the organ. Although she could not yet draw out the tones of the beautiful instrument, she played correctly and in time; and, thanks to her tuition, it was no longer a nerve-rending ordeal to listen to the children. She hoped and thought that, on the score of incompetency, she need no longer fear dismissal; but she could not help dreading the meeting with Madam Stewart, who seemed to her a very formidable personality.

It was, however, some weeks before orders came to prepare the castle for its owner's return; and even after the Lamberts had seen the old-fashioned carriage pass down to the station, and had learned in the village that "Madam" had come

home, several days passed before they themselves heard or saw anything of her. Then came a note asking if Elinor would go up to the castle to see Mrs. Stewart, who was unable to leave the house. And so for the first time the girl crossed the threshold of the quaint old building—half ancient fortress, half modern shooting-box—that people called the Castle of Imaney.

The old man-servant, familiar to Elinor in his ordinary guise of caretaker, led her through the big sunny billiard-room to a smaller drawing-room, that, in spite of being—so seldom occupied, managed to keep its homelike air. And there almost immediately Mrs. Stewart came to her.

"It is very good of you to have answered my note so soon," she said stiffly, yet with evident intention of being kind. "As I came over chiefly on business of various kinds, I did not want to lose time with this disagreeable cold that I have. And also," she added, smiling, "I thought we could have a more comfortable talk up here; for my grandson tells me you are a perfect mine of information concerning the Glen."

Elinor colored at her words; but, set at rest now as to the object of the summons, she looked up fearlessly at Mrs. Stewart.

"That I am afraid is only a *façon de parler*," she replied simply. "But when you said I might try—might do what I could in the valley I did set to work and study the question, and perhaps in the absorbing interest I found in it I inflicted too much of it on Mr. Stewart."

"On the contrary," returned Madam. "I think you have inspired him with an interest both in sociology and in the people as intense, for the moment at least, as your own. He was anxious to come back here and start upon schemes which, curiously enough, I have found, on looking over old papers during these last days, to have been thought out and, in many cases, I fancy, attempted by my brother forty years ago."

"There are some of the old people who

still remember that!" exclaimed Elinor. "But he died so young! Besides, there was no railway in those days, and the outer world had not advanced as it has since done."

"You thought I meant that because the O'Congaile had failed I disapproved of my grandson's trying?" asked Mrs. Stewart, abruptly.

"I was afraid so," replied Elinor.

"No, no!" went on Mrs. Stewart. "As you say, things have so advanced that what was impossible then might be most advisable now. My grandson and I have talked the matter out fully, and I promised him I would tell you exactly what we had agreed upon. He is very young, as you know—barely twenty-three,—and, if he takes up these things, I do not want him to tire of them or to fail. Now" (and again she smiled) "you have worked upon his enthusiasm; but how do we know whether in a few months' time he may not have forgotten all that of which his mind is now so full? To please me he has accepted a post in the British Legation in Brussels for six months at least. If at the end of that time he is of the same mind as he now is, I shall not prevent his going his own way. I could not, however, get him to agree that nothing should be done during his time of probation; so I told him I would come myself and talk matters over with you and with Father O'Leary. One thing more he requested me to tell you. He has been introduced to several of the workers mentioned in some book about Belgium that he read when over here; and when he returns it is *he* and not *you* who will be the authority on social reform. Still," continued the speaker, as Elinor made no comment on this message, "time alone will show whether diplomacy and society will not have overthrown the present supremacy of sociology in his mind before the six months of his probation are over."

Then, taking up a pencil, she began to question Elinor categorically concerning the things she and Father O'Leary

thought the most pressing for the good of the Glen. And whilst she wrote, the priest himself was announced; and for over an hour all three, outwardly at least, gave their full attention to the business on hand.

Up to this Mrs. Stewart had taken little or no interest in the welfare of her Irish estate. Nevertheless, she understood enough of the economic question to follow Father O'Leary's explanations exactly; and the part she had had to take in the management of her husband's and grandson's properties brought into the schemes of the other two just the matter-of-fact commercialism of which Elinor's knowledge was entirely, and the priest's very largely, theoretical; though, on the other hand, they both understood the present condition of the people, of which Mrs. Stewart was still ignorant.

The decision finally arrived at was that the reopening of the castle limekiln, which had been closed through some dispute as to a right of way and the free supply of lime for whitewashing, was the first step to be taken. After that came the purchase of the new looms for Tomàs and the building it would entail, and the putting strongly before the Board the need in the Glen of a depot for the home-spuns and the women's work—knitting, lace, and white embroidery,—and of classes whereby these latter should be improved. The difficulty alleged when Father O'Leary had made the application for these had been that there were not enough people left in the district to justify the initial expense of such a depot; and if Mrs. Stewart pushed the demand, she might have to back it with a promise of a subsidy, if necessary. Finally, there was a question of allowing the people a share of the grazing rights upon the mountains, and of procuring sheep that would in time make such grazing a source of profit.

But this last, and the other schemes for the improving of the houses, gardens, and stock, the village hall, the classes for sewing and cooking, and such things, were of minor importance until a start had

been made to combat disease by lime wash and increased cleanliness, and to help on the material prosperity by providing work and improving the conditions of present employment. When at last the conclave broke up it was with an arrangement to meet again as soon as Mrs. Stewart had consulted her man of business about the details of financing such undertakings.

When Father O'Leary took his leave, Elinor rose to go; but Mrs. Stewart detained her for a moment, asking her if she would come again next morning and help her to look through the papers of which she had spoken,—papers that contained many references to the work they were now about to undertake. Her manner was still stiff, and Elinor fancied she was being closely scrutinized; but she felt that Father O'Leary was right. It was only *manner* now, though before there had certainly been disapproval in words as well. Whether that had been occasioned by her feeble attempts at playing the organ or from some other unknown cause, or what it was that had wrought the change, Elinor could not divine; only, going home, she could not help wondering whether Crellan had been in any way responsible for it, and whether the warning that diplomacy might in six months' time make him forget Imaney implied more than had actually been put into words.

(To be continued.)

Foreshadowings.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

BUT once the gentle Saviour died,
 Yet all His days were Passiontide:
 The dawning, dewy-eyed and dim,
 Forebode that awful day to Him;
 The withered noon's untempered power
 Foretold the Cross and marked the hour;
 And in the glooms of veiling night,
 He saw those shadows quench the light,
 On Calvary's predestined height.

The Pity of the Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

V.—THE CONSUMMATION.

HE went about doing good." "Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a Man *approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs.*" "The God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob, the God of our fathers *hath glorified His Son Jesus.*" Such are the testimonies regarding Our Lord which we read in the Holy Bible. "Approved of God by miracles." God set His seal upon Him, and testified that "this Man" was from on high by the extraordinary miracles He had wrought. "He went about doing good." If any man had ever done the like that He had done, then the Jews would have had an excuse; for they could have said, 'Such a one once did like miracles, and he was but a mere man.' But, no one having done the like, the Jews were without excuse in not believing in Him.

If we but look, even in the most cursory way, at one of the Evangelists, we shall be overwhelmed with the number of miracles wrought by Our Lord, and the consequent joy and happiness following upon them. St. Matthew has the merit of grouping together similar incidents, rather than following the sequence of events. We go with him for one or two moments.

(1) Christ cleanses the leper; (2) heals the centurion's servant; (3) cures Peter's mother-in-law,—"And when the evening was come, they brought to Him many that were possessed by devils; and He cast out the evil spirit, and all that were sick He healed." (4) He cures the man sick of the palsy; (5) cures the woman suffering from an issue of blood; (6) gives sight to two blind men; (7) heals the dumb man possessed by the devil,—Jesus "had compassion on the multitude, and healed their sick." (8) He feeds the whole multitude with five loaves and two

fishes, — and “they took up what remained, — twelve baskets of fragments; and the number of them that had eaten was five thousand men, besides women and children.” (9) He cures the strange woman’s daughter, although He was “not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel”; (10) once more He has “compassion on the multitude, because they had nothing to eat”; and of the “seven loaves and the few little fishes they took up seven baskets. And they that did eat were four thousand men, besides women and children.”

So we go through the narrative, until of ourselves, even if it were never written in the Holy Bible, we should cry: “He went about doing good.” He indeed had “compassion on the multitude.” And to this same compassion He Himself appeals for a reply when the Baptist sends disciples to Him to ask: “Art Thou He who is to come, or look we for another?” His answer was: “Go and tell John” — not that I am the Christ, but — ‘Go and tell John that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.’

It was what the holy prophet Isaias had said already: “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me, and hath sent me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, to preach release to the captives and deliverance to them that are shut up. Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of them that are deaf be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free; for waters [of benediction] are broken out in the desert, and streams of gladness in the wilderness.”

Writing on these wonderful miracles and on the words of Our Lord, “Blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in Me,” Pope St. Gregory observes: “In the presence of so many signs and wonders, no one ought to be scandalized, but rather be astonished. The mind of the unfaithful, however, suffered great scandal, when

they saw Him dying after having worked so many miracles. For the same reason also St. Paul says: ‘We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews indeed a scandal and to the Gentiles foolishness.’ For it seemed a foolish thing to them that the Author of life should die for men.”

The fact of the Lord’s death was so far beyond even the dreams of men that they could not understand it. The pity of this act was infinitely beyond the pity of all His other acts.

“After two days shall be the Pasch, and the Son of Man shall be delivered up to be crucified.” (St. Matt., xxvi.) It would look as if only one thing were here pointed out by Our Lord; but, in fact, there are three. The “Pasch” itself includes two acts of wondrous pity, which, with His own death, make a trinity: the divine Institution, the all but omnipotent Priesthood, and the adorable Crucifixion, the first or most important of which it is hardly possible to say. No doubt, the necessity of His death for the redemption of the human race, and all the graces resulting therefrom, make it first in our minds, and the most indispensable. We could truly be saved without the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist or the Priesthood. But these latter are in themselves of such excellence that we may be permitted to think they held, even in the mind of Our Lord, a place of almost equal importance, when He brought them together thus closely in point of time, seeing how close they already were in the reasons of their existence. We read the Evangelist, St. Luke; he shows how closely connected the three are:

“And taking bread, He gave thanks, and brake, and gave to them saying: *This is My Body.* [The divine Institution.] Do this [same divine act, thus bestowing the tremendous Priesthood] for a commemoration of Me. In like manner the chalice also, saying: *This is the Chalice of the New Testament in My Blood, which shall be shed for you.*” [His death.]

O gracious Lord! make us understand

that any one of these three sacred acts has for the human race infinitely more pity than if one half of mankind were to nurse the other in leper hospitals from the fall of Adam to the end of time.

There is even nothing to help us to make a comparison. It is in this that the difficulty lies for the human mind. If it were within the same category as, for instance, the sparkle of firefly at night and the glory of the noonday sun, we might arrive at a very distant idea of it. But there is no comparison between human kindness and this pity of the Lord.

The death of a God is unique. My mind can find no steps, no ladder, no staircase, that will lead to the understanding of it. The child approaching the verge of reason has come as near to it as the most learned philosopher or the holiest saint at the zenith of his powers or his sanctity. It is incomprehensible, and, but for the authority of the Church, would be incredible. God died for me, and would have died for me if I were the only one in the world; and has actually shed His blood for me, with as full and as plenteous a redemption as if I were the only one in creation. Let me picture myself the only one on earth. The God-Man would in that case have borne His cross, and been nailed to it, and allowed Himself to be scoffed at and smitten and reviled, and fastened and bound (by some other agencies if men were not there to do it), just as He has been. His adorable hands would on the cross have held up the weight of His sacred body. His adorable blood would have ebbed forth through the five precious wounds. He would have thirsted for my salvation, and His Father would have abandoned Him, in order to make Him endure the utmost agony of soul. He would have continued suffering on the cross until the fullest and most rigorous extremes of justice were satisfied.

This would be imagination; and yet it would have been even nothing near the revolting and hateful cruelty of the reality.

He had done works the like of which had never been done in Israel. He had shown pity for the poor that David, "the man after God's own heart," had not shown. For a moment the true nobility of the human heart manifested itself: "They spread their garments before Him" to show Him honor; and even the children, "the lips of babes and sucklings," cried out: "Hosanna to the Son of David!" And they waved their green branches with gladness and joy. Alas! it was only a moment. In the dead of night they went out with pikes and staves, and seized Him as a malefactor. And they bound Him fast with knotted cords, and they suborned witnesses, and they struck Him on the mouth when He dared to speak to them.

And they scourged Him and mocked Him, and reduced Him to such a state of misery that Pilate, a pagan and a Roman, thought that His own countrymen could not look on Him without being moved to pity. And he took Him up in an open gallery before the people, and he cried: "Behold the Man!" But they answered in their fury: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!"

And through their city, thronged with an infinite multitude of their nation, they "led Him forth bearing His own cross to the place of Calvary." There they took vengeance on Him,—vengeance on His body with hammer and nails; vengeance on His honor,—"He was reputed with thieves"; vengeance on His modesty,—He was stripped naked. And what man could not do, God did: He crucified Him in soul. It was the only thing that drew a seeming murmur from the Redeemer. When man was revenging himself, He whispered meekly: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." But when His Father took revenge, He complained aloud: "My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

And when the redemption of the human race was consummated, "He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." This

tremendous act of purchase, that comprehended not alone all the human souls from creation to judgment, in their inconceivable multitudes, in their almost innumerable myriads, but would have bought inconceivable and innumerable worlds of souls, is reproduced in all its infinite value every single moment of the twenty-four hours of every day that rises over us.

It is the pity of the Lord. Bring all the rivers of the earth, and put them into one solemn flood; then "let him that thirsts come and draw water." So is it with the person assisting at the tremendous Sacrifice of the Altar. Bring all the world, bring worlds of worlds, to the morning Mass, and they would no more exhaust it than the thirsting deer, "panting for the waters," would exhaust the ocean tides. Freely, lavishly is it given,—as free as the air of heaven, as free as the gladsome sunlight that is poured in profusion about us. No one to hinder, no one to stint: "Come ye that have no money, and buy."

How is it done? Who are the agents? Does a "multitude of the heavenly army" come forth every morning from heaven, and, crying out, "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men," produce this inconceivable work which divine power once had done? Oh, the pity of the Lord! No, no! It is man that does it. It is man like yourself, flesh and blood, and weakness and temptation,—a man in everything without exception like yourself. And he not only steps into the shoes of the Saviour and does a thing like that once done by Him, but the Lord reigning in heaven, seated at the right hand of God in power and glory, makes of him, as it were, a God for a moment; so that the man is no longer himself, but "another Christ"; and, interpreting justly that sublime ministry, he breathes on the feeble elements these words: "This is My Body; this is My Blood"; and they literally and absolutely become God. "Oh, the pity of the Lord is sweet!" (Ps., cviii.)

(The End.)

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XII.—MOLL MAGEE.

MOLL MAGEE was a polite beggar with a distinct personality. This is important when you come to know that nearly all Irish beggar women are of a mould. They travel from house to house in humble fashion, thankful if they get little, and decidedly thankful if they get much,—"Then pray a string of prayers," Jim Donnelly used to say, "as long as from Belfast Lough to Bantry Bay, an' you never can tell whether they mane thim or not." Probably Jim was wrong in this instance; for there is very little doubt that every beggar woman who lifted her voice, lifted her heart also.

Moll Magee had a personality; and because of her personality, and not because of her prayers, she was known from Abbeyfeale to Cappamore. She dropped in to see Johnny Delaney, a bachelor of forty-five, who had a snug house and a snug farm. His sister, a woman of thirty-seven, "kept the house" and Johnny kept the farm.

"Yerra, Johnny," Moll said, "aren't you married yet?"

Johnny abbreviated the first person of the verb and answered:

"I amn't."

"An' why?"

"They don't come to me."

"Then why don't you go after thim?"

"Herself is here."

"Manin' your sister Kate?"

"Ay!"

"An' why doesn't Kate get married?"

"Yerra why? Tell me, an' I'll tell you."

"Kate!" Moll called.

"Yes."

"Come out here."

Kate came out from one of the rooms where she had been busy sewing. It may seem strange that Moll Magee, a beggar woman, could so order people about in

their own houses. But Moll Magee had a personality.

"Kate, aren't you married yet?"

Kate abbreviated the second person of the verb and answered:

"I aren't."

"An' why?"

"Because nobody asks."

"They would if you wanted."

"Yes, but he's here."

"Manin' Johnny?"

"Ay!"

Johnny had already gone out to the apple orchard.

"An' why doesn't Johnny get married?"

"'Tis a wise man could tell you that."

"Now, Kate, Shrove is comin'. An' you'll be waitin' an' waitin' till you're an ould woman like me; an' Johnny will be waitin' till he's as ould as me ould man when he died,—the heavens be his bed this day! Let ye hurry up the both o' ye, an' Father Tracey will be mighty glad of a double weddin'."

Now, it never entered the head of honest Kate Delaney that Moll was winning her way by the subtlest kind of flattery; for Kate was a simple girl even if she was burdened with a few extra years. People like to be flattered, if one knows how. Kate had a good heart, and never let a beggar pass out over the threshold with an empty sack. For all that, Moll exercised the gentle art, and, by the same token, got more than any four others combined. So when Kate gave her flour and potatoes and some ripe apples and a little package of tea, Moll ejaculated:

"Wisha, may God Almighty bless an' keep you, child! An' may the Holy Mother look down on you with love from heaven!"

However much or little Moll received, this was the sum and substance of her prayer. And when one stops to consider, brief as her prayer was, she asked for much.

To tell the truth, Moll never looked like a woman who could make prayers. No doubt she had faith, but her faith

was down in the deeps and rarely floated on the surface. She must have been sixty years, although she could be ten less. She was a beggar partly by necessity, partly by choice. When she was a young girl she married a soldier in the English army,—a rare occurrence among Irish girls. Her husband was a good enough man, but a private soldier does not save money. He gets so little, it is hardly worth while. Moll travelled through England, was with him in Africa and India; and if she was not rich, at least she saw the world. Let it be said, too, that her soldier husband never drank or gambled, and was kind to his young Irish wife. He got old and was pensioned. Moll had a longing for the land she had left, and, by some strange freak of fortune, they settled down in the little village of Knockfeen. The single pension was just enough to keep both, and they lived on happily enough till the "ould man" died of what Moll announced as "decline." The lone widow was a wanderer by nature; she had never learned to do any kind of work, so she did what was probably the best under the circumstances—became a sort of polite beggar.

Moll was tall and rather erect for her years. She had a thin white face that gave evidence of refinement, and grey eyes that could shoot sparks of fire on occasion. Her hands showed no traces of work or weather; her fingers were long and slender. She always wore her plain gold marriage ring.

Her wandering nature carried her over a vast stretch of country, so that she hardly ever called at the same place more than once a year. Then, too, people grew so fond of her wit and drollery she found it hard to make many calls during the course of a day. If she was successful in getting, it is sweet to remember that she was also generous in giving.

Once she met poor Dave Morgan, the Dummy of the Pike Road, coming home from the fair of Ardee. He looked so wan and worn, and his clothes were so tattered

after his long day of unsuccessful broom-selling, that her heart melted. But she had her own breezy way of expressing it.

"Dave, you look like the scarecrow out in Hartigan's garden. You should get married an' settle down, an' not be wearin' your life away with thim brooms."

Then when Dave did not answer she added:

"God forgive me! I forgot the poor man was deaf as well as dumb."

She walked the remainder of the journey home with Dave, and gave him the flour and potatoes she had collected during the day, keeping just enough for her own "bite" that evening. Dave protested by gesture, but she brushed him aside, saying:

"Whist, you anashore! Sure I have a tongue that's a mile too long, an' can ask for more. But you have neither tongue nor ear."

Many another brisk deed of charity could be told of Moll Magee; but they are all recorded in heaven, in that book where the writing is never effaced.

To Father Tracey, Moll was the source of unflinching delight. Wherever and whenever he met her, he had to stop for a little banter, to which she always replied—with courteous dispatch.

"Moll, I declare you're looking younger every day." He paid this compliment one Friday morning when he met her during his walk.

"Faith, then, your reverence, 'tis just like you to remark on good looks."

"I hear you were up at Johnny Delaney's yesterday."

"I was then, though I didn't think your reverence would know it so soon."

"And, Moll, is there any truth in it?" Father Tracey asked, with an air of mystery.

"Yerra what do you mane, Father Tracey?"

"Faith you know well enough what I mean, Moll," Father Tracey declared.

"Indeed then I don't, your reverence. An' if you say what it is I'll tell you."

"Well, I mean the match."

"Wisha, glory be to God! An' what match do you have in mind?"

"Between yourself an' Johnny Delaney, of course. Sure all the parish is talking about it."

"Wisha, God forgive you, Father Tracey, an' to mention marriage between Moll Magee an' that little anashore! Sure I was married to me ould man once, an' that's enough. An' if I'd marry Johnny Delaney, I'd make him sell his farm an' buy ould horses an' a scrawny pony, an' then we'd go off an' be gypsies. Now, your reverence wouldn't like that; for Johnny is a good little man, an' goes to his duties, an' pays at all the collections."

"Speaking of duties, Moll, have you been to the 'failing' lately?"

"I was, then, just a month ago Sunday, your reverence."

"That's a long time ago, Moll."

"Yerra, your reverence wants to make a saint out of me, like Mary Connelly as goes every day since she lost her sith!"

The very idea of being a saint was terrible to Moll.

"Saint or no saint, come over Saturday."

"But to-day is Friday, an' it always takes a week to prepare."

"Well, start in to-night and be over to-morrow. That's the long and the short of it."

As she walked home to her little cabin, Moll declared to herself:

"Wisha, Father Tracey is getting very quare of late. After a while every dacent woman in the parish will be a saint."

Saturday, however, found Moll's tall form waiting her turn to undergo the ordeal of saintship.

The following Monday she had to leave for a long tour back in the mountains. She called in to Micky the Fenian, on her way through Athery, for a pair of shoes she had left him to repair. He had promised to have them ready by eight o'clock that morning; but, as usual, they were not ready, nor was Micky in any special hurry with them either. Micky

and Father Tracey were the only two on earth to whom Moll spoke with guarded tongue. This morning her ire was up, however, and even with Micky she was not so guarded.

"Micky, an' if you'd sthoph your ould gab an' your yarnin' with thim boys as comes in here, maybe you'd attend to the work of dacent people."

"Faith, Moll, you were at confession Saturday evenin', I hear, but you don't seem to be much the betther for it Monday mornin'."

Micky's remark was intended as a corrective, but it failed entirely.

"Micky, an' if I wasn't to confession Saturday, I'd give you another hump on your back, an' then you'd have two."

"If you keep on talkin' like that, Moll, you'll have a tongue on you as long as the handle of Mike Hartigan's spade."

Moll had no time for debate, so she called for the previous question.

"Micky, why haven't you done me boots?"

"There's lots o' raisons, Moll," answered Micky, hoping in the meantime to find one.

"Yerra, Micky, what raisons can you have? I have your word, haven't I?"

"You have," Micky agreed, thankful that he had yet another pause to search for a "raison."

"An' isn't your word your word?"

"Of course, woman,—of course!"

"Then why haven't you done me boots?"

"Time, for one thing," Micky declared, with a business air.

"Time!" echoed Moll, with scorn. "What is time to you, I'd like to know? Don't you murder it by the minute an' by the hour an' by the day tellin' your ould lies to thim boys?"

Micky lost control, and presently the scene of battle changed from Micky's cobbling to Micky's veracity.

"They aren't lies, an' you know it."

"They are lies, an' you know betther."

"Moll Magee, I'm not goin' to let you assail me in me private character."

Micky's splendor of diction here shone out with conspicuous distinction.

"Who's assailin' what you call your 'private character'?"

"You are, who should know betther," answered Micky, his voice carrying the note of wounded feeling.

"Micky the Fenian," declared Moll, solemnly, "you know very well I didn't assail your character, as you say. I'm a dacent woman as never assails anybody. An' if you'll give me me boots, I'll go out and lave you."

"Woman, I forgive you!" Micky declared, with rare magnanimity. "Sit down there and I'll have thim done in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

Moll sat and Micky worked. Both kept silence by mutual compact. One must be truthful and say that a lamb might have shaken its tail many times before Micky finally said with triumph:

"Hefe you are, Moll, an' 'tis a long time since I worked so fasht!"

"An' long till you will again. What's the price?"

"Sixpence, but I won't take it."

"You won't take it? An' why won't you take it?"

"You're of me profession, Moll, an' me service to you is what the docthors call professional coortesy." (Micky waved his hand with a grand flourish.) "You see, your ould man was a sojer—in the English army, but sthilla a sojer; an' I was a Fenian, a sojer of Ireland. An', though he was the inimy of me land, I'll render him an' his mournin' widow the professional coortesy."

"Wisha, the divil run off with your brag an' your professional coortesy, Micky! But if you don't want the sixpence, I'll give it to thim that do."

As a matter of fact, when she went by the chapel on her way to the west, she put the coin in the poor box; then, strange as it may seem, she knelt down and said an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary" for Micky.

All told, Moll Magee was an odd mixture.

Yet the compound was not unpleasant. If she had a racy tongue, she had a generous heart. If she could be sharp on occasion, she could also be exceedingly tender. When she flattered, it was more for the pleasure it gave her than for anything else. She could see the odd or the foolish, but she never played unduly upon it. In a word, she was a type of the race, of which there are many. And variety is the spice of a people as well as of life.

(To be continued.)

The Passing of a Notable Figure.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

ON a recent day, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Ottawa, witnessed the passing of a notable figure, and one of the most remarkable women of her generation—Mother Teresa, of the community of Gray Nuns (so called familiarly from their costume). Her stately form had long been a landmark in the city, with whose birth, or at least its earliest development, she had been closely associated. Her big, generous heart, that beat so high for God and humanity, and that was never closed against any appeal for charity, leaves her community and the city poorer that it has ceased to beat. Her commanding intellect—masculine in its breadth and solidity, feminine in its acuteness of perception and spirituality,—will be sorely missed by the Order to which she was at all times a source of strength; and by generations of pupils, who were accustomed to turn back to her for guidance and advice.

Though something of the infirmities of age had been gradually creeping upon her—for she had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-four,—there was but little premonition of decline until, on New Year's morning, she was stricken with paralysis. She lingered for some weeks, falling at last into an unconscious condition.

Even the merest glance at Mother

Teresa's life takes one back to the time when Ottawa was little more than a straggling village, Bytown, so called after its foremost citizen, Colonel By; and when the matriarch of to-day was the young novice, aflame with the ardor of her holy vocation. She was the first English-speaking candidate to join the nascent community.

Martha Hagan was born in 1828, in St. John's, Quebec, that little frontier town, skirting the borders of the great Republic to the southward, and where the indefinable difference between, as it were, the genius of two peoples first becomes marked to one travelling northward. Her father had come thither from Ireland, and was one of the last of that old race of Irish schoolmasters whose attainments were as solid as they were varied. He left there to establish himself at Bytown, where he opened a school. And in that institution Martha Hagan attained those acquirements which fitted her to be a foremost educator.

At a very early age, she listened to the divine call and entered the newly inaugurated novitiate of the Gray Nuns. This is a community of Sisters of Charity, purely Canadian in its origin, though it follows the Rule of St. Vincent de Paul and Mlle. Legras. It took its rise in Montreal during the eighteenth century, when the brilliant and beautiful, no less than saintly and heroic, widow of François d'Youville consecrated herself and a handful of associates to works of mercy. Its history has been written large over the face of that metropolis, in the noble monuments raised to the service of the poor. The Ottawa foundation, however, though following the same Rule and acknowledging the same foundress, is a quite separate institute. It sprang into existence when four Sisters from Montreal came thither to lay the foundation. That was in February, 1845, and Sister Teresa Hagan was one of the first novices. The work was begun on a site overlooking the river, where now stands

the Monastery of the Good Shepherd.

But the religious life of prayer, study, and devotion to the interests of the poor, was rudely interrupted by the appearance in Ottawa of that dread spectre of pestilence, which had already terrorized Quebec and Montreal, and which had given scope, as has been previously related in these pages, to bright examples of heroism on the part of the Catholic clergy and religious; and of faith, resignation, and charity on the part of the laity. It is related in the life of Mother d'Youville that the charity and devotedness of the religious during that disastrous epoch led many non-Catholics into the bosom of the Church. As in those other cities, so too in Ottawa. The disease had been conveyed there by some of the emigrants; and the Sisters, closing their school gave themselves up entirely to nursing.

The ship fever (so named from the fact of its having been brought to Canada in the fetid and unwholesome emigrant ships in which Irish exiles were fleeing from famine and persecution in their native land) was in reality a malignant typhus. The terrified townspeople, Protestants as well as Catholics, turned instinctively to the heroic band of religious workers, few in number but stout of heart. Temporary sheds were erected at Earncliffe, a site of great beauty, hard by the river-banks, and at no great distance from what is now the gubernatorial residence. Numberless were the instances of heroism that might be cited; for there labored day and night the devoted daughters of Charity, every one of whom was stricken, in turn, with the malady, and amongst them Sister Teresa, who had been from the first indefatigable in that dread and arduous service. There were no deaths, however, and the community was presently free to resume its interrupted labors in a variety of directions. For years to come there were none but Gray Nuns to undertake the work of Catholic education for young girls, to visit or nurse the sick, and to exercise

those varied functions which make the calling of a Sister of Charity a benediction and a sweet odor of Christlike kindness in whatsoever locality it may be exercised.

The stone building on the corner of Water and Sussex Streets, now the headquarters of the community, was meantime in process of construction; and there classes were established, and Sister Teresa, whom the discerning eye of the saintly Mother Bruyère had early noted, became head teacher. In this field she found scope for her rare gifts as an instructress of youth; and when, in the Sixties, the educational portion of the institute was removed to its present location on Rideau Street, under the tutelage of Mother Teresa, now named superior (a position which she was to hold for well nigh half a century), it became one of the most celebrated houses of education in the Dominion. It is not too much to say that most of its success and of the broadly progressive spirit for which it is noted are due to its venerated head. Mother Teresa's ideas were all upon a grand scale. She had courage, initiative, a large-hearted devotion to duty, and a surprisingly keen and comprehensive knowledge of the world, of public affairs, and of the various movements of the day, despite the fact that she had spent the greater portion of her life in the shadow of the cloister. Everyone knew Mother Teresa; everyone admired her sound judgment, and loved her all-embracing charity and kindness of heart; whilst all revered her intellectual gifts, which were apparent in her strong countenance. She was fairly idolized by her community, to whom her death comes as a veritable calamity.

As her community had been alone for some years in the field of education, Mother Teresa had educated the greater part of old Ottawa, Protestant as well as Catholic; and there is little doubt that she did much to break down those barriers of fanaticism for which Bytown, no less than other parts of Ontario, had at one time an unenviable notoriety. That calm

judgment which weighed all things in the scales of the sanctuary, that equable temperament, that practical common-sense which served as the balance to her more brilliant gifts, and which were invaluable in community life, had also their influence abroad, and made the superior of Rideau Street convent a power of good.

The years went by, — fruitful years, when the mustard seed of the newly established community was spreading to a vigorous tree. Bytown became Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion; Catholic churches and institutions of education or of charity were multiplied; and on the slopes of Parliament Hill — looking out over the river to where the Chaudière Falls, like a miniature Niagara, seethed and boiled; and where in the distance the Chelsea Hills, typically Canadian, in their pine-crowned heights, extended upward into the Gatineau region — were erected the splendid group of Parliament buildings. Under the ægis of the late Archbishop Duhamel, the college, which had been the work of Father Tabaret and the Oblate Fathers, became a university; the city was growing in every direction, and with it grew the community of the Gray Nuns. The four Sisters of 1845 became the eight hundred Sisters of the present day, and branched out into many schools, orphan asylums, and a flourishing hospital.

Mother Teresa, who had been a sharer in the early struggles, and had put her shoulder to the rough work of pioneer existence, remained to be a witness of her Order's prosperity. As some sturdy oak of the forest, she outlived most of her contemporaries, who fell about her thick as "the leaves in Vallombrosa." Those whom she had known as children she saw pass from the novitiate to become mature Sisters, or to take their place in the world as busy matrons; but all of them felt her influence. She lived to celebrate her Golden and Diamond Jubilees, both of which were occasions of great rejoicing to the community, and the city at large. For during those sixty-seven years of her

religious life she was forever "putting out her hand to strong things," and, "as a lamp shining upon the holy candlestick," sending forth the lustre of her example.

And so it is not surprising that the secular no less than the religious papers should be loud in her praise, and that reference should be made in one of the most prominent dailies to her illuminating intelligence, which had lighted the path of knowledge for many lives. As a teacher, as a religious, as the head of one of the largest educational institutions of its kind in Canada, she had exercised an incalculable influence for good, and realized to the full every one of her opportunities. Practical and able, yet possessing a pronounced spiritual influence over her thousands of pupils, she commanded the respect and reverence of all who knew her. A lady in the fullest meaning of the term, characterized by the refinement that culture brings, she at the same time possessed an almost masculine grasp of current issues. This capacity to stand abreast of the times enabled her to keep her school in touch with modern wants; while that indefinable finish that distinguishes a convent education was never sacrificed.

Of her religious virtues, it is certain that she was "laying the everlasting foundations upon the solid rock." Her fervor, her humility, her abounding charity, her generosity in personal service in her relations with her Sisters, her zeal for the glory of God, can not be touched upon here in anything like detail. Indeed, it is probable that the gifted pen of one of her own daughters, which has already made itself felt in periodical literature, will give to the public a memoir commensurate with the virtues and talents of the deceased, and the place which she occupied in the ecclesiastical world. With full sheaves she has gone home, and for her has been realized that saying of the spiritual father and patron of all Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul, on hearing of the death of some of his fellow-

laborers in the cause of charity: "Happy are they who have gone to their Heavenly Father with their hands full, after having reaped on the field of battle the magnificent reward of those who fight bravely to the end!" So faithfully, indeed, did that good superior practise those virtues essential to her vocation that it is not hard to picture her in the speedy enjoyment of that "delicious land" whereof the Tuscan poet speaks, clad "in the white raiment destined for the saints" who

In the eternal springtime blossom fair.

All the city flags were at half mast on the municipal and other buildings, and a universal feeling of sorrow was abroad, when it became publicly known that the noble-hearted woman, the strong and courageous pioneer, the religious who had commanded the respect and admiration even of the most prejudiced, and the Mother who had won so many hearts, was dead. Her *Requiem* was sung in the chapel of the institute, which was filled with a sorrowing throng. Prelate and priest were there to do her honor; also many of the most prominent citizens, former pupils, friends and admirers of the great woman who "had taught many and had strengthened the weary hand."

When the funeral cortège set forth, bearing her mortal remains away from that conventual building which had been uninterruptedly her home for nearly half a century, four hundred pupils, with whom were associated a large contingent from the sister establishment of the Congregation de Notre Dame, accompanied it a certain portion of the way. It was a bright, still morning, with the cold frosty beams of the wintry sun fairly transfixing the Capital, which had grown up around the feet of her who was now being borne away to rest after her labors. And so the bereaved daughters of that highly gifted Mother were left to mourn their loss, and to realize with heartfelt sorrow that she of the kindly smile and maternal heart is no longer with them.

What God Hath Joined.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

ERIN'S grief and Erin's gladness,—
How they merge and how they mingle!
Erin's joy and Erin's sadness,
Erin's pleasure, Erin's pain,—
In the selfsame heart you find them,
In the selfsame nerve they tingle.
God in one has stooped to bind them,
And they can not live as twain.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

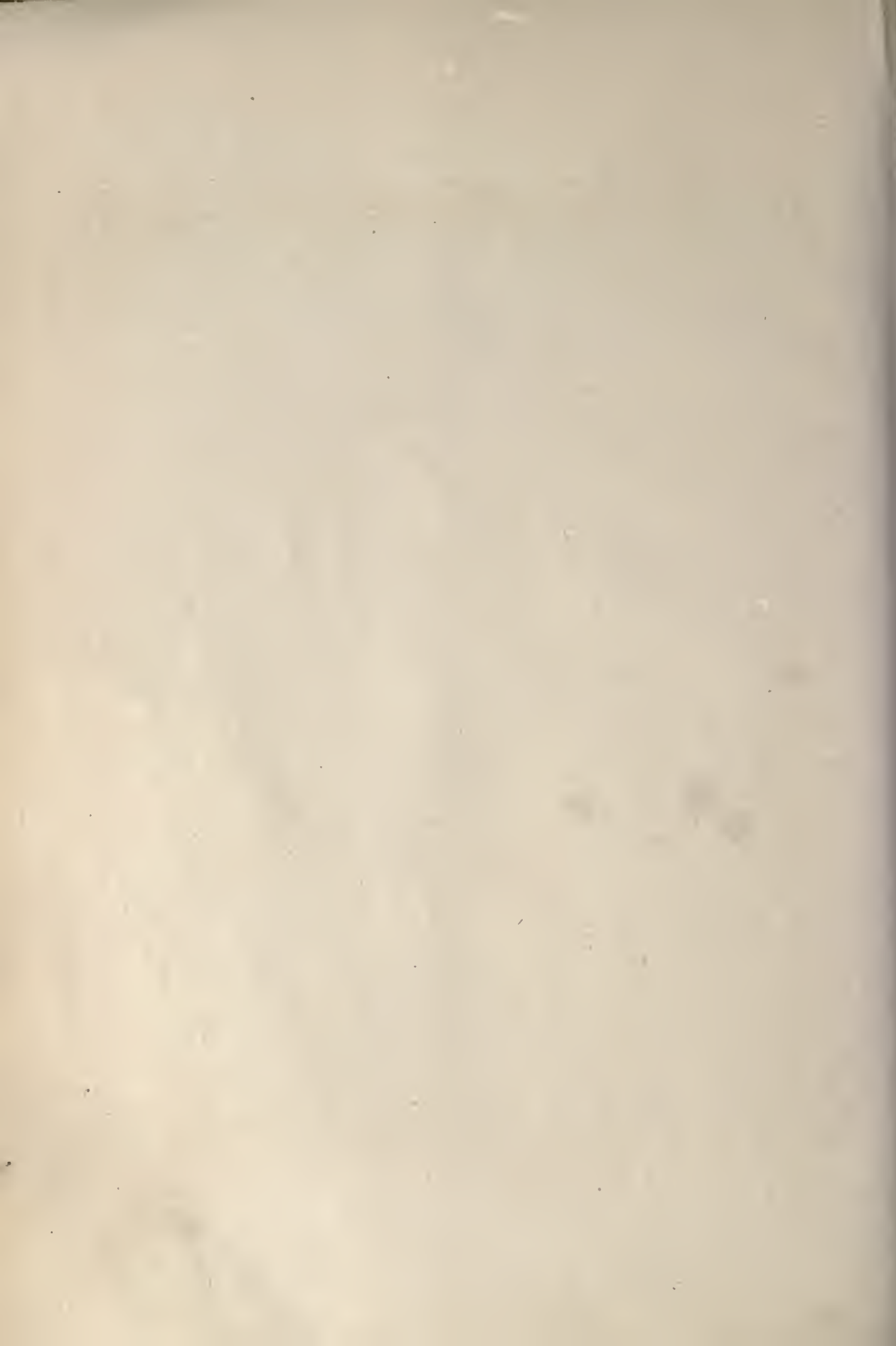
XIII.

IF there is anything more interesting to me than an old garden, it is an old house. In fact, the two can not exist apart. You can not have a time-honored garden without a house, or the remains of one; and what is a house unless you can see a garden of some sort from its windows? Most gardens, however, have the advantage of being accessible to strangers' eyes whether the owners of the eyes have been properly introduced or not; while it stirs me almost to wrath to be consumed with a longing to explore an old mansion, and know that, because every man's house is his castle, I may not pass the threshold without a reasonable excuse. Perhaps it is as well that I have ever been too poor a sailor to cross the ocean. To be excluded from dwellings when seized with a wild desire to enter them, to be roped off from enchanting excavations, to be watched lest I be an unprincipled relic-hunter, would be, to say the least, trying.

Even in our own New England I can not pound with a door knocker and say to the one who responds to my summons, "I'd like to be shown through your house," as if it were for rent. I must, though, say that I treasure no grudge on



MARIA MATER GRATIÆ.



this account. If Louise should tell me that a respectable-looking couple would like to wander over our dwelling, I suppose I should direct her to dismiss them as politely as possible, and to keep an eye on the silver card-basket.

But when once you are privileged to pass the old-time portals, what cordiality awaits you! What treasures of old mahogany are set out for your inspection! What priceless bits of china are brought forth from ancient corner cupboards! What an array of ancestors smile upon you from their frames! Above all, what modest and delightful manners and what perfect accents give joy to your eyes and ears! But, as before remarked, there are houses whose apparent inhospitality wrings one's heart, and the mansion of Sir William Pepperrell at Kittery Point is such a one. And yet it seemed to say: "I would bid you welcome if I could. Those who now control me do not understand me, and have no thought of the days when my doors swung open. Ah, me!"

About a hundred years before the American Colonists declared their independence, a young Englishman, hardly more than a boy, left his native land and settled on the Isles of Shoals. In time they grew too small for his ambition, and he moved to the mainland, where he amassed a large fortune and died. His son inherited the wealth that had been gained in the extensive fisheries and the building of ships, and lived on in the fine mansion at Kittery Point, from whose pleasant garden one could look far out at sea. He seems to have been a conspicuous character, and of the stuff, too, of which valiant men are made; for in 1759 he became the hero of Louisburg, and was promptly rewarded by the mother country with the title of baronet and immense land grants, possessions suitable for a prince. When he died his grandson succeeded him; and then, in a worldly sense, there began the downfall of the

family's fortunes. The new Sir William espoused the English cause as the Revolution came on, and was promptly exiled, his estates, of course, being confiscated. He died abroad; and when his son, too, passed away, the title became extinct.

The old mansion at Kittery Point, somewhat curtailed of its fair proportions, still stands, the gilding dim upon the great eagle over its front door, its sides sadly in need of paint, its general appearance one of woe. But what pleasure is there in knowing that there are within it fine carvings and other evidences of the splendor of its prosperous days, when the stubborn fisher people will not let you in to see them? And why does not the great State of Maine take possession of and restore and care for this historic roof-tree?

There is one house in Kittery Point, the Bray house, which, I believe, has the proud distinction of being the oldest house in the State. A little old gentlewoman answered our knock, and, in response to our inquiry, informed us that usually people were willing to pay something for the privilege of viewing the heirlooms inside. "How much?" promptly asked my comrade, prepared for any demand. "Do you think fifteen cents would be too much for the both of you?" she said, shyly. This was not a unique experience. In our wanderings along the Atlantic coast we have repeatedly been surprised at the lack of parsimony displayed. There were five of my friends in a fishing party which a kindly boatman chaperoned for a long half-day in the White Mountains, furnishing boat and bait and doing the rowing. "What do we owe you?" one asked upon leaving him. "About fifteen cents, I guess," he answered. "That's seventy-five for the crowd, and cheap enough," said the paymaster, handing him a dollar. "Keep the change." — "I meant fifteen cents for the hull of ye," replied the artless son of the mountains, and not a penny more would he take.

The Lesson of Lawrence.

Notes and Remarks.

ANOTHER warning to all who are accumulating vast wealth and living in luxury, while their employees are struggling with poverty and enduring hardships and privations unknown to perhaps the majority of slaves in the South before our Civil War, is afforded by the industrial revolt at Lawrence, Mass. Such warnings, it is safe to say, will not long be repeated.

"It is slavery, it is!" exclaimed one of the strikers. "Why, I saw by the papers that those hundred children who went to New York were examined by a board of doctors! Wasn't they undersized and sick and half starved? The mothers have to work before they're born, and afterward too. Families must work—everybody work. Work, eat, sleep, die! That's all. Is that right? Mill-owners say they can't pay any more. If they are right, then, the mills are a failure. They are a worse failure than Black slavery."

This throws a flood of light on the wage question, yet many will fail to see it. "Men of wealth, bent on increasing it, regardless of the well-being of those who work for them, are brought up wrong," declared one of the strike leaders; "the truth has to come up to them from the bottom,—it won't come down to them from the top."

To our mind, this declaration is full of significance. We do not realize the barbarity of our so-called civilization. The voice of the Gospel is still silenced in the world. The rich do not love the poor, nor do the poor love the rich. The master does not sympathize with his work-people, and they have no thought of his risks and responsibilities. The capitalists fail to regard the wage-earners as their collaborators, as the agents of their prosperity; and the cause of the one has ceased to be that of the other. Social strife is the inevitable result. Only by the Gospel can it ever be ended.

The recipient of the Lætare Medal this year is Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, of New York city; and all who know him will agree that the honor could not have been more fittingly bestowed. A citizen whose personal worth is no less remarkable than his public spirit, a Catholic who has not only professed his faith with admirable fidelity but practised it with exemplary fervor, Mr. Mulry has won the respect and the confidence of men of every creed and of all nationalities in the great metropolis of which he has long been a resident. His integrity, intelligence, education, influence, and energy qualified him to fill any of the high offices for which his name has often been mentioned, but he preferred to be a leader only in charitable undertakings. One who has known him intimately for many years declares that he has devoted fully as much time to works of charity as to his private business; "and God has blessed him in both." Mr. Mulry has imbibed too deeply the spirit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul (of which he has long been the head in the archdiocese of New York) to care for public honors; however, he will value the Lætare Medal as recognition of the importance of the work done by that excellent organization, and as appreciation of the admirable spirit in which it is prosecuted.

A leaflet distributed at the opening, in Oxford, of a new Anglican church dedicated to St. Cecilia has excited no little commotion among members of the Establishment. We do not wonder, for the leaflet contains these words:

There can be but one Church, as is obvious to every thinking Christian. Truth is unalterable. Where do we stand with regard to the True Church? We are as much Catholics as his Holiness Pope Pius X., whom we recognize as our legitimate Patriarch. Such is our position with regard to the great Latin Church of the West. We are admitted by the Orthodox Church

of the East as being in full communion with them. It will be objected: If you recognize the Pope as the head of the Church, why are you not recognized by him? We are in the position of a loyal son who, through no fault of his own, is disowned by his father.

The statement regarding the Orthodox Church of the East is questionable, but let that pass. We are told that the congregation of St. Cecilia's "numbers only a handful"; however, the fact is of great significance that a contingent of Anglicans, however small, is willing to face the question, "Where do we stand with regard to the True Church?" Not all will answer it as does the leaflet writer. It will occur to some to ask further: Is it so sure that we are loyal? Why are we disowned? Or, changing the figure, can a separated branch be as much a tree as roots and trunk? Can life endure when the sap has ceased to flow?

The extent to which the suppression of the religious Orders in France has contributed to that country's temporal prosperity may be judged by the following paragraph from a recent issue of the *Westminster Gazette*:

In 1908 a law was passed prescribing the erection of penitentiaries for the reclamation of dissolute minors of the female sex. Two such penitentiaries were erected — one in Paris, and the other at Passy, — and sixteen functionaries of various grades received appointments in connection with them. At the end of 1911 a report was called for of the work which the penitentiaries were doing. It was then discovered that the number of minors in process of reclamation was sixteen — exactly one for each functionary paid to reclaim them, — and that the cost which the State incurred in reforming them was a trifle more than £240 per head *per annum*.

The death of Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, removes one of the best-known figures of Anglo-Roman society, — a prelate who was admired for his broad culture and beloved for his unflinching courtesy and unwearied kindness to English-speaking strangers in the Eternal City. A graduate of the *Accademia dei*

Nobili Ecclesiastici, he was ordained in 1856, and served as a chaplain in the Papal Army against Garibaldi. Later he became a Private Chamberlain to Pius IX., by whom he was greatly esteemed. In 1886 he was made senior canon of St. John Lateran and dean of that basilica. Two years afterward he was consecrated titular Archbishop of Trebizond, and was further honored with the title of Knight of the Order of Malta. He will long be missed by English visitors to Rome, and mourned by his associates and a host of attached friends.

According to Mr. Stephen Graham, the author of a new book on Russia ("Undiscovered Russia," John Lane, publisher), the life leaning on religion remains there, as nowhere else in Europe; and he declares that it is in the women that the vital elements of the life are vested. "Man is a Kremlin wall, the woman is the church inside it." Outside the towns, drunkenness afflicts only the men; the women suffer with gentle tolerance the insobriety of their husbands, and even of their popes, but themselves remain untouched by the malady, on the prevalence of which — drink being a Government monopoly — the finances of the Budget primarily depend. And so, in her simplicity, her humanity, her power of resistance, the woman stands in Russia for "the strength behind the Russian nation, the spirit of its beauty."

The *Catholic Press* (Sydney, N. S. W.) relates that when Bishop Doucere, Vicar Apostolic of the New Hebrides, lately arrived in Sydney from a visit to Europe, he was handed a packet of letters by the Rev. Father J. Chevreuril, S. M., one of which conveyed details of the death of Sister Marie Ephrem, who was a passenger aboard the *Tathra*, which foundered between Ambryn and Api in the New Hebrides Archipelago. She was stationed at Melsisi, on Pentecost Island, and was

on her way to Mont Matre, with four native girls for the school, and one infant for the orphan asylum there. While the steamer was sinking one of the passengers woke Sister Marie, and took her on deck. Lifeboats were about to leave the doomed vessel, but the nun refused to go without the children, for whom she went below. By the time she regained the deck the boats had gone, and the brave nun, who was in the flower of womanhood, met death with her helpless charges.

A simple narrative and all the more impressive for being unadorned. And to think that there are thousands of Sisters in all countries who would have done the same!

At least four of a series of suggestions recently made by Judge Wilson Taylor, of the St. Louis Circuit Court, Judge of the Juvenile Court, and former judge of the Court of Criminal Correction, will commend themselves to the average citizen and parent. Judge Taylor is an official of wide experience, which has forced these convictions upon him: that the Juvenile Court can do little or nothing for a child who has a good home and good parents; that a good parent and a shingle are more conducive to good citizenship than any Juvenile Court in the country; that it ought to be the policy of the police department to keep children out of the Juvenile Court rather than to get them into such court; that the more that can be overlooked in a child, the better off is that child.

The Catholic laity of Ireland have lost one of their most distinguished members in the person of the venerable Sir Francis Cruise, who died the other day in Dublin, at the age of seventy-seven. A notable figure in the fields of medical science, literature, and art, his kindness of heart, wide sympathies, and profound religious nature long ago secured for him the affection and esteem of his fellow-citizens,—a fact abundantly vouched for

by the tributes paid to his memory in the secular press. Physician-in-Ordinary to the King in Ireland, Sir Francis made numerous valuable contributions to medical literature; but he was probably best known to the general reader for the deep research shown in his critical work, "Thomas à Kempis and the Author of 'The Imitation,'" a subject on which he was admittedly among the first of living experts. Knighted both by the Pope and by his King, he loyally sustained the prestige of both dignities. In addition to other accomplishments, Sir Francis possessed notable musical gifts, and was never more gratified, we are told, than when he was enabled to join in rendering the praises of God during the celebration of divine worship.

Prof. Hilgard, of the University of California, in an address delivered at the second yearly semester of the Newman Club of that institution, is reported by the *Monitor* (the official organ of the Archdiocese of San Francisco) to have said: "At the time of the founding of the Newman Club, the University was in a very irreligious condition. It was considered a mark of a weak mind to have religious opinions, most of all to be a Catholic. But since the founding of the Newman Club these conditions have been largely remedied. Many of the Protestant churches to-day are taking the Newman Club as a model, and religious instruction and prayers are given at many places in Berkeley."

There is consolation in these words for those who, years ago, advocated the formation of Catholic clubs in all our State universities—and were roundly berated for so doing.

To the *Denver Catholic Register* we are indebted for the following extract from a new book, "A Trip to the Panama Canal." Its author had evidently been surfeited with supercilious American references to the backwardness, degeneracy,

etc., etc., of the Latin countries to our south; and, after a visit to Costa Rica, relieved himself in this fashion:

Signs of Latin decadence were everywhere. The cemeteries were lavish in monuments, whose inspiration was faith, hope and charity; and not a thing to the horse, the dog, and the cat, as in civilized lands. The poor old newspapers hadn't "get up" enough to use red ink on the front page; and of the putrid essence of the divorce court and the brothel, they didn't print a word for the consumption of little Pablo and Dolores after they had finished the funny part. The editor of the rival paper wasn't set down as a liar and thief and grafter; and the picture of Señorita Snook, who spent two weeks at Limon and had just returned to San José, was conspicuous by its absence. So was Señora Jones' bridge party, as well as the decorations; and of homicide, suicide, infanticide, and the choice morsels furnished by the operations of the abortionist, they didn't have a single word. Their idea of law and justice would make an American laugh; for if a common drab turns round and shoots the fool who married her, the crazy jury just turns her over to the hangman, who immediately swings her into where she belongs—and that's all. In such cases, when the special newspaper writer comes along to make "copy" out of a foul murder, by describing the long eyelashes, bewitching smile, languid air, etc., of a vile and bloody murderess, they kick him or her without ceremony into the street. It's no wonder that they're decadent!

What a pity they can not pass along some such decadence to their patronizing, pharisaical neighbors to the north!

The Brothers of the Christian Schools are mourning the loss of one of their ablest members; and very many lay Catholics in Baltimore, New York, St. Louis, and other American cities, are expressing deep regret at the passing of perhaps the best-known Christian Brother of the country. Dowered with exceptional intellectual ability as well as with unusual energy, he had for decades been a dynamic force in the Catholic educational movement, and was universally recognized as not only a thoroughly competent moulder of youthful character but as an invaluable friend and adviser of his old pupils when these latter came to maturity. Brother

Justin, at different periods in his lengthy career—he was within two years of rounding out his fourscore,—practically filled all the most honorable positions in his Order, yet withal ever preserved the humility of the simplest novice. He has now graduated from a world which he helped to make better, and the paltry honors which he refused are exchanged for the crown promised to God's good and faithful servants.

One brief paragraph in a recent sermon which Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, delivered on "Marriage" should give pause to a number of effervescent sectarian preachers over in Canada. "Have we ever," he asked, "seen a Catholic priest celebrate the marriage of two persons belonging to other than the Roman Catholic faith? No, indeed. If Protestant ministers had acted in this manner, and if they had declined to celebrate the marriage of imprudent and guilty Catholics upon the simple presentation of a civil permit, without making inquiries as to age and other conditions, we should never have had to deplore those scandals which now so greatly trouble our social life."

One fallacy that is becoming more and more apparent in Socialistic arguments and discussions is thus exposed by the editor of the *Casket*:

This thing began with a few men; and a few men, comparatively, are doing its thinking and directing its career to-day. The idea that the bulk of the membership, in a movement of this kind, shapes its course, is merely a delusion which satisfies the vanity of men and makes them ready to follow their leaders. As our friend, the *Monitor*, says, "If the founders, authors, leaders and journalists of Socialism do not represent it, who does?"

The question is pertinent, but is not likely to be satisfactorily answered by Socialists, who are anxious to swell their ranks even at the cost of considerable inconsistency and hypocrisy relative to their genuine principles.

Notable New Books.

Life of James Cardinal Gibbons. By Allen S. Will, A. M., Litt. D. John Murphy Company.

The quasi-apotheosis of America's foremost churchmen during the past few months is fittingly complemented by this excellent biography. A handsome octavo volume of 434 pages, it contains not merely the life-story of its eminent subject, but a fairly adequate record of the salient events and movements of the Church in America during the past half century. It is accordingly a valuable—we had well-nigh written an *invaluable*—contribution to Catholic historical, as well as biographical literature, and will prove of very material assistance to the future chronicler who tells the story of Catholicity in the United States. Such large questions as the Councils of Baltimore, the school question, the Knights of Labor, Americanism, the Cahensly movement, the Parliament of Religions at the time of the Chicago "World's Fair," Papal Infallibility, the Spanish-American War, etc., are discussed with a comprehensive grasp and in a sympathetic spirit that are admirable.

So far as the Cardinal himself is concerned, the book's office is to give the general reader a definite, carefully wrought portrait, instead of a vague and hazy outline, of one of America's really great men. It is entirely safe to say that even those Catholics who are most familiar with his Eminence's activities in recent decades will be genuinely surprised at the measure of his service and the magnitude of its results. His career, from his ordination in 1861 till the Golden Jubilee of that event, recently celebrated, has been notably full and in many respects truly remarkable. Its record, charmingly told in the present volume, forms one of the most interesting, instructive, and edifying narratives that have for many a day been offered to the reading public.

The Light of the Vision. By Christian Reid.
THE AVE MARIA Press.

A timely theme is ethically and skilfully handled in this handsome volume. In an age when the marriage tie is broken at will or pleasure, it is a distinct gain for the cause of morality to find the Church's attitude in the matter so admirably set forth. To touch briefly upon the chief points of the story: A non-Catholic young woman, lovely in person and character, Mrs. George Raynor, is forced to seek legal separation from her dissolute husband. Later she meets young Maitland—headstrong, though in many ways estimable,—who,

defying the laws of the Church (for he is a Catholic), offers this lady his hand. Before she has reached a decision in the matter, the young man's mother appeals to Mrs. Raynor's higher nature, pointing out the spiritual loss to her son entailed by such a step, and the ultimate unhappiness of both. While yet undecided, Mrs. Raynor by chance enters a Catholic church, where she has an experience somewhat in the nature of a vision, an interior voice bidding her to buy joy and peace with "the coin of sacrifice." In consequence of this, Maitland's suit is denied. The lady is next found in France, in the company of Miss Percival, an artist friend, — both having come under the spell of the great Cathedral of Chartres. Again Maitland appears, renews his suit, which is again denied; he accepts the denial as final only when he learns that Mrs. Raynor is about to embrace the faith whose law he himself stands ready to defy.

In the meantime George Raynor, a second time married and divorced — at death's door through an automobile accident, — begs to see his former wife. Convinced by her faith (for she is now a Catholic) that the bond of marriage between them had not been broken, at the sacrifice of her dearest feelings she goes to Raynor's bedside, prevents his suicide, to stand right before the law remarries him, and for two years devotes herself to his physical and spiritual well-being. The result is that before his death, the scoffing materialist and pleasure-lover is won to repentance; and Mrs. Raynor, who has offered her earthly happiness in exchange for his soul, embraces the life of a religious.

In reading these absorbing pages, one studies the spiritual development of a soul, its response to the inspirations of grace, and its sublime self-sacrifice. This is, of course, diametrically opposed to the spirit of the age; hence the ethical value of the story. As to its style, it has all the literary grace and charm of its author's best work, while teaching in an impressive manner a dual lesson: the binding nature of the marriage tie, and the priceless blessings that may be bought by "the coin of sacrifice."

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XII. Philip-Revalidation. Robert Appleton Co.

The alphabetical order of the present volume renders it especially interesting and valuable; and the high importance of the Encyclopedia as a work of reference for students and as a storehouse of information for general readers is strikingly illustrated. The former will be impressed by the fairness and impartiality with which all open questions are treated, while the

latter will admire the fulness and reliability of the information afforded them on a great variety of subjects. The long articles on more important subjects all maintain the high standards of accuracy and thoroughness set forth in the first volume. Notable lapses would be hard to find. To mention only a few of these essays: Property, by Prof. Victor Cathrein, S. J.; Pragmatism, by the Rev. Dr. Turner; Political Economy, by Dr. Frank O'Hara; the Pope, by Father George H. Joyce, S. J.; Punishment (Capital), by Mr. John Wiley Willis, M. A.; The Psalms, by Prof. Walter Drum, S. J.; Religion, by the Rev. Dr. Charles Aiken. These are eminently satisfying articles, and their value is enhanced by the bibliographies appended to them. Among biographical sketches we note, Father Prout, by Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock; Pugin, by Rev. Dr. Henry Parkin; and Père Ravignan, by the Rev. John Reville, S. J. Doubtless the volume contains many more biographies quite as readable as these; but a few, it must be said, are inadequate. Certain of the miscellaneous articles—those on Poland, Paraguay, the Philippine Islands, and Porto Rico in particular,—merit special praise, being full of information for which one might search in vain elsewhere; they are admirably planned and excellently written. The numerous illustrations of the present volumes—twenty-eight are full-page,—the colored plates, and the maps are well chosen, well printed, and fittingly placed.

The early completion of this great work, so creditable to all concerned in its production, is matter for rejoicing. Its comprehensive plan and the execution thereof, the excellence of the material gathered and the superior manner of presentment, the discrimination and painstaking of the editors, their impartiality and broad-mindedness, manifest in every page, entitle the Catholic Encyclopedia to rank among the best works of its kind in the language.

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard. A. M. Robertson.

A reprint of this beautiful and unique book is sure to be welcomed by a grateful public. All who care for the early romances of our country, especially all Catholics who prize the religious associations and traditions of the Southwest, ought to know this book, wherein that romance and that tradition are enshrined. And the writer is Charles Warren Stoddard!

Style is a matter of thought as well as of expression. With Stoddard it is often a matter of dream. He was an idealist, dwelling in the realms of fancy; there is no question about that. He breathed an ampler ether, a diviner air than the common mortal—or the common

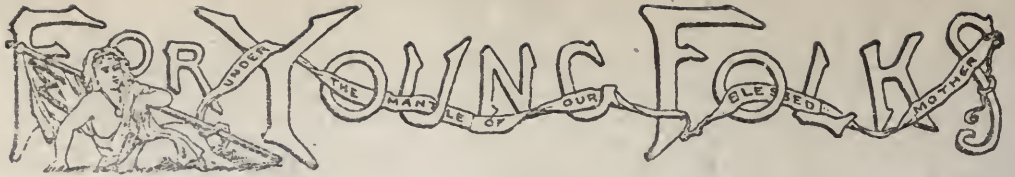
immortal, for that matter. He was different even from his class. In life and art there is nobody quite like him. He never aged, never wore. His work came up fresh each day from his young heart,—the more to be wondered at since he was in a true sense a man of the world, and his writing usually had the journals for its destination. But, written only under the moving impulse of authentic inspiration, it is journalese of the seraphim. His prose is above mere qualities: it is a superb total glory,—“white thoughts” clothed all with gold.

A great range of Stoddard is given in the present volume,—some of his earliest as well as some of his latest work. “Old Days in El Dorado,” detailing the trip around the Horn, is a kind of writing that will never be done again. “A Bit of Old China” and the selections from Stoddard's one novel, “For the Pleasure of His Company,” are more than commonly interesting. The many illustrations give a concrete local habitation to the objects of Stoddard's airy description. Mr. Charles Phillips contributes an appreciative Introduction.

Mother Mary Rose. Foundress and First Superior-General of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Longueuil, P. Q. By a Member of the Community. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, D. D. Montreal: The *Messenger* Press.

Eulalie Durocher, the youngest of a French-Canadian family of ten children, three of whom became priests, and one other besides herself a nun, was born in 1811 and died on the thirty-eighth anniversary of her birthday. She was thirty-two years of age when she began her novitiate, and accordingly six brief years made up her full religious career. That it was so fruitful in good and abiding results is but additional evidence of the fact to which all who knew Eulalie—or Mother Mary Rose, as she was known in religion—gave superabundant testimony, that she was an exceptionally saintly woman. Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, himself a model of holiness, said of her: “I marvelled constantly to see so much virtue in a human being.”

The present volume tells in an interesting style the all too brief life-story of this saintly nun; and while the work will naturally appeal more to pupils, past and present, of the Sisters of the Holy Names than to the general Catholic reader, it will not be found inappropriate for libraries of any kind. More than sixteen hundred Sisters and some two hundred novices will find it of personal interest; for to such gratifying numbers has grown the community of which Mother Mary Rose was the wondrously gifted foundress.



A Carol for the Annunciation.


BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

SWIFT as a ray of light
From the great Throne of White
Came Gabriel, message-bearer of the King,
Unto a Virgin fair,
Absorbed in silent prayer,
Sheltered beneath the Temple's sacred wing.
Hail, Mary, full of grace!
Lo! thou hast found a place
In the great counsels of Redemption's plan.
One shall o'ershadow thee,
Thy heavenly Spouse to be.
Slowly the Angel bent,
Waiting her full consent
The Mother of God's only Son to be;
Meekly, she made reply:
'God's lowliest handmaid I,'
Back to the Throne of White
Sped Gabriel, swift as light,
Bearing the Virgin's fiat to the King.
Then Justice stayed her hand
At Mercy's sweet command,
And earth's sad winter blossomed into spring.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—THORNY ROSES.

 **I**T was a very pretty little room to which Gladys led her cousin,—the prettiest room that Miss Patricia Peyton had ever seen. There were roses on the rugs and roses on the walls and roses on the cretonne draperies; a very tangle of roses overran the dainty coverlet of the shining brass bed; while the electric lights were in two big glass buds on either side of the white dressing table, with a rose-embroidered scarf. There was also

a dainty white wicker rocker with a rosy cushion.

"Oh, what a lovely, lovely room!" said Pat, pausing delightedly on the threshold. "Is it yours?"

"No," answered Gladys. "My room is in blue and silver. I don't like pink. This room is yours."

"Mine!" cried Pat, in amazement,— "mine! Who fixed it up for me like this?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Miss Gladys, carelessly. "Davis & Davis, I suppose. Mamma always deals there. She just sends an order, and they do everything just right."

"You all are certainly good to me," continued Pat, warmly. "I did not expect anything half so pretty as this."

"Oh, didn't you?" said Miss Gladys, lifting her light eyebrows, an affectation she had copied of late from her dear Corinne. "It is really very simple, you know,—just wicker and cretonne. You should see Corinne Carr's! She has a Persian rug and a cheval glass, and all the furniture is antique that cost—oh, I can't tell what!"

"Well, I don't see how any room could beat this," rejoined Pat. "We don't have anything half so fine at home. Everything is so dreadfully old! There's not a bit of furniture in the house that was not bought before the war,—great big old mahogany beds with four posts almost reaching to the ceiling, and wardrobes that you can play house in, and chests of drawers that belonged to my great-great-grandmother, and old dingy carpets that Great-uncle Roger brought from some far-off place to grandmamma when she was a bride. Oh," said Pat, as she completed a description of treasures that would have made the fashionable antique hunter envious. "we don't have our house fixed up pretty like this at all! But still it's the dearest,

sweetest place in all the world, and I don't want it to look different. I just like it to stay shabby and dingy, with the big crack in the dining-room wall, and the hole in the roof where the Yankee shell burst, and—and—" Pat's lips began to quiver, so she concluded hurriedly, "everything just like it is."

"How queer!" said Gladys, with a cold, hard little laugh. "I should never want a house with holes and cracks in it, I'm sure. But I must go to my own room and take my things off and call Susette to do my hair. I can't tie a good bow myself. You ought to brush out your curls and wear hair ribbons," added the young lady, loftily. "Susette will show you how tomorrow. Curls are dreadfully out of fashion now. I wouldn't wear them for anything. And we have dinner at six."

And, with this concluding information, Miss Gladys took herself off airily, leaving Pat standing in her rose bower, vaguely conscious of thorns that she could not exactly place or see.

It was all so lovely, she thought, dropping down into the pink-cushioned chair and looking delightedly around her; for our Pat loved beauty and brightness as a flower loves the sun. Never had she seen such a dear, dainty little room. It was like the nest the redbird had made last summer in the big rosebush, whose thorny branches grew high over the west porch. And how the close-set thorns had torn that redbird's wing! But surely there were no thorns here, thought Pat, forcing a gay little laugh. And then she jumped up and proceeded to investigate her new domain,—the dainty white-tiled bathroom, the cedar-wood closet where already the new clothes sent home by Madame Lorraine were put in place; for, besides the hat and coat and muff, the little Madame had selected two school dresses from the best *couturières*: a white serge "Peter Thompson" suit, with tie and belt; and a lovely white soft sweater which had taken Pat's eye and heart at once. Really, it was as Father John and

Madame Lorraine had said: this new world might be a very pleasant place, after all.

So it was quite a happy little girl that arrayed herself in the "Peter Thompson" suit, tied back her curls under a new black ribbon, and went downstairs with a hop and a jump, as the great clock in the hall chimed six with the melodious stroke of a cathedral bell. Cousin Max was just coming in the great front door, after a rather troubled, weary day. Pat cleared the last few steps with a bound, and sprang gaily to meet him.

"O Cousin Max," she held out two eager hands to the tired, dull-eyed man, "you've been just too good to me! I want to tell you right now how sorry I am that I made such a fuss about coming here. I never had such pretty clothes or such a pretty room in all my life. Everything is—oh, just lovely!"

Mr. Maxwell Granville, quite bewildered, stood for a moment with those two warm little hands in his, the bright young face uplifted to his own. He had made his ward's acquaintance at Madame Lorraine's that morning, and he had rather dreaded the young lady's introduction to the chilly atmosphere of his home. Never before had that chilly atmosphere so warmed and brightened at his coming; never had husband and father been met with such warm, glad greetings.

"Everything lovely?" he repeated, with a smile. "Well, that is something I don't often hear, little girl. But Madame Lorraine has fixed you up, I see." He glanced at the pretty white serge suit approvingly. "You look all right now."

"Oh, don't I!" And again the rippling laugh, that was like the bubble of Bonnielle filled the dull splendor of the hall with its music. "I never was so fine in my life. I had to look in the glass three times before I could believe the girl looking back at me was really Pat Peyton. And I think Harold is as nice as he can be, Cousin Max. He looks like you, only

younger and funnier, of course. And Gladys—I don't know very well yet; but we're going to be good friends, I am sure."

"How about Cousin Marcia?" asked the gentleman, as, with his little ward still chattering at his side, he let the waiting "Mills" relieve him of his fur-lined coat and gloves.

"Oh, I haven't seen her yet! But I know I shall love her too,"—as she thought of the rose-lined nest prepared for her so considerably by Gladys' mother.

"Here she is now!" said Mr. Granville, turning to face a vision in blue satin and lace which was just descending the broad stairs. "Marcia my dear," and there was an unusual note of appealing tenderness in the speaker's voice, "this is our little ward, Patricia."

He would have said more, but the cold glance of the lady's eyes, steel blue, though fringed with soft golden lashes, stopped him. Even Pat, looking up, felt something, she knew not what, that hushed her as the frost had hushed Bonnibelle.

"Oh, how do you do, Patricia!" said the lady, in a chilly voice. "Gladys told me you had come, but my head has been aching so dreadfully all day I scarcely heard what she was saying. I suppose Patricia is to take dinner with us, Mr. Granville?"

"My dear Marcia, of course," was the surprised reply.

"I didn't know," said the lady, with a short little laugh. "As you have made me quite understand this is a matter in which I have nothing to say. Has Mr. Harold come in?" she asked, turning to Mills, as if the matter of Patricia were indeed of no interest to her.

"Yes, Madam, —some time ago," was the respectful answer.

"Then we will have dinner at once," she remarked, sweeping forward, past Mr. Granville and Pat, into the splendid dining-room, where the light fell through a dome of jewelled glass, that seemed made of shivered rainbows, upon a crystal

bowl of roses that had all the glow and fragrance of June.

But Pat was suddenly and sharply conscious of thorns in this new nest,—thorns sharper and ruder than those in the old rosebush that had torn the red-bird's wing. And, in spite of rainbow light and roses, in spite of the glittering glories of glass and silver such as grandmother's chest and closet had never known; in spite of the deft, noiseless service of Mills, whom, in his full evening dress, Pat took for a gentleman visitor and thanked when he handed her soup, the dinner was not a pleasant one.

After the jovial hosts of Pocomoke, Colonel Clayton and Judge Johnson, and others at whose houses our Pat had sometimes dined, Cousin Max seemed strangely silent and dull. Cousin Marcia found fault with everything, and said she knew the cook was drinking and ought to be discharged at once. Harold teased Gladys about her kitty-cat friends, and Gladys snapped back that if she were a tittle-tattle she could tell tales on him he wouldn't like.

Pat herself, seated by Cousin Max, felt quite suppressed, answering her guardian's questions about old homes and neighbors at Pocomoke very quietly, and bearing herself generally with the unconscious grace of the little lady of Peyton Hall. She was glad when the dinner was over, and Cousin Marcia went upstairs to dress for the opera, and Cousin Max pulled on his fur-lined overcoat and went to meet a friend at the club.

Harold and Gladys were supposed to retire to the den after dinner and prepare their lessons. Pat followed them, with newly awakened interest; for in the morning she was to go to school herself. It would be such a new, wonderful experience that she wanted to hear all about it. But Gladys flung down her books on the hearth-rug and stood over them in a very bad humor indeed. Corinne was going to a dance and Gladys had not been invited; and she hated history

anyhow, and she couldn't and wouldn't study to-night.

"Oh, but you'll miss your lessons then, won't you?" said Pat, recalling the school stories she had read.

"I don't care if I do!" pouted Miss Gladys. "And I'm going to get even with that Lois Raymond for not inviting me to her party. I intend to have a dance on my birthday that will make her sick."

"Don't be too sure of that," grinned Harold from his desk in the corner, where he had outspread books and papers. "Lois Raymond doesn't get sick easy. It would take a bigger 'swell' than you can make to upset her, Sister Glad."

Pat, who was down on the hearth-rug looking at the pictured pages of Gladys' history, caught the name.

"Lois Raymond?" she repeated. "I know her."

"You do?" said Gladys, staring.

"Yes," replied Pat. "She came down to Clayton's last summer, and we all went on a picnic to Eagle Rock together. I rode over and met them on the Trail. And it was good I did; for Lois twisted her ankle up there on the rocks where no carriage could go, and I had to lend her Bobby to get home. There are not many ponies that can take the Trail, but Bobby was 'broken' out in the Sierras, and is as sure-footed as a cat. I had to lead him, though; for Lois was so frightened she could scarcely hold the reins, and Bobby won't stand a jerk up: he bucks right off. And I didn't know what Lois would do if she got scared. The Trail is mighty narrow where it cuts around Eagle's Nest, and I wouldn't trust anybody but Link or myself to lead Bobby there. Lois almost fainted when she looked down, for it was a good three hundred feet to the creek below."

"My! I should think so!" exclaimed Harold, breathlessly. "On a bucking pony up there!"

"Oh, Bobby never bucks with me," said Pat, lightly. "There wasn't a bit of danger, only Lois got so white I was

afraid she would turn sick and roll off Bobby's back; so I had to walk one good half mile of that Trail with my arm around her, holding her on. City girls have no business climbing mountains in high-heeled shoes like these I've got on now. I wouldn't dare to climb in mine, I know."

"Lois Raymond ought to be very nice to you after you did all that," said Gladys, quite impressed.

"Nice to me!" repeated Pat. "Why, I couldn't let her roll off into the Gorge, could I? Her mother came over next day, with Colonel Dick Clayton too, and made a lot of fuss about it. But the Colonel only laughed, and told her it was plain she did not know the Peytons of Pocomoke."

"Her mother, Mrs. Roger Raymond, called," exclaimed Gladys,—“called on you! Oh, I hope you returned it; for mamma would be so glad to be on her list, you know—”

And she paused; for Pat, wofully ignorant of all such society matters, had lost her brief interest in Mrs. Roger Raymond and had gone back to the pictured history.

"Oh, if these are the sort of books you study, I'll love school, I know! Mine are all forty years old and haven't a picture in them. Why, here's Bull Run and Antietam and grandpap's flag flying, just like the stories Colonel Dick Clayton tells when we sit round the fire popping corn. Oh, I think history like this is just fine! May I look at your other books, please?"

And Pat proceeded to examine the geography and atlas, "The Story of the Stars," and the various books by which study is made so easy and delightful to the modern schoolgirl. Her eager curiosity aroused interest even in Miss Gladys. She herself was far down in her classes, but here was a girl who had never even seen her class-books; and, with quite a new sense of pride in her superior knowledge, Gladys sat down with Pat,

among the despised lessons, and began to explain modern ways and methods of which Pocomoke had never heard.

"Oh, you'll have to go very low down indeed!" said Gladys condescendingly, when her new cousin frankly confessed her ignorance.

"I suppose I shall," sighed Pat, with a rueful glance at grandpap's flag waving in the midst of Gladys' history lesson of to-morrow. "Just let me study with you to-night, and show me how you do,—won't you, please?"

Quite puffed up with her own superiority, Gladys proceeded to show Pat how, by studying as never in her life she had studied before. And Harold, after flinging a few teasing words at his sister, caught the spirit of the two young students before the fire, and proceeded to dig manfully at his Greek roots. Altogether, that first evening in the den was not bad at all; and Pat went up to her pretty room and dreamed she was a redbird in a rose-wreathed nest, and sang in her sleep.

(To be continued.)

A Hindoo Fable.

A thief, having been detected and condemned to die, told his jailer that he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king before being put to death. Upon receiving this intelligence, the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence. The thief explained that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment was one which might be easily tried, and his Majesty would not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his prime minister, the governor of the citadel, and numerous courtiers, he went with the thief to a spot selected, near the city wall, where, after performing some mysterious ceremonies, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it were planted in the right way it would produce

a tree every branch of which would in time bear the purest gold.

"But," he added presently, "this piece of gold must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a single dishonest act. My hand is not clean, I beg to pass it to your Majesty's Majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said: "I remember that in my younger days I once filched from my father's treasury some money which was not mine. I have repented of the fault, but yet I can hardly say my hand is perfectly clean. I pass it, therefore, to my worthy prime minister."

The latter answered quickly: "It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have always been perfectly honest? I will, therefore, give it to the excellent governor of our citadel."

"No, no!" cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I am charged with paying the soldiers and providing their food and clothing. Perhaps I am not always exact. Let some one else plant it."

Whereupon the thief exclaimed: "Your Majesty, I think it would be better for society that all four of us should be put to death, since it appears that an honest man can not be found among us. Your Majesty, of course, is least deserving of such a fate."

The king was so pleased with the thief's cunning expedient that he pardoned him on the spot, and allowed him to go his way, but on condition that he would never again suffer his hands to be stained by ill-gotten goods.

Anagram.

George Herbert.

MARY,
ARMY.

How well her name an army doth present,
In whom the Lord of Hosts did pitch His tent,

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Mass," by the Rev. Dr. Adrian Fortescue; "The Friendship of Christ," by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Benson; and "The Price of Unity," by the Rev. B. W. Maturin, are new additions to the Westminster Library.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. announce for early publication "Introductory Philosophy: A Text-Book for Colleges and High Schools," by Charles A. Dubray, S. M., Ph. D., professor of philosophy in the Marist College, Washington, D. C.

—It is interesting to recall in connection with the death of Sir Francis Cruise that a street in Kempen town is named after this distinguished Irish physician, who was a devoted student of Thomas à Kempis and the translator of perhaps the best version of "The Imitation" in our language.

—Some notable improvements will be found in the English "Catholic Who's Who and Year Book for 1912," now for sale in this country by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. Without inconvenient enlargement of the volume, many additional notices are presented and twenty full-page pictures. We still miss some names surely entitled to inclusion in such a work of reference as this; and it ought to be flexibly bound. Otherwise it would be hard to improve upon it.

—A new and cheaper edition of "The Coming of the Saints," by Dr. John W. Taylor (Methuen & Co.), should be welcomed by many Catholic readers. It was noticed at some length in these pages on its first appearance, five or six years ago. It deals with the beginnings of Christian life in Palestine and with the history of the earliest missions in the West. The old traditions found in Spain, in southern France, and in England, and the relation of these to one another and to the recognized historical, early Christian and mediæval literatures, are carefully considered.

—In "A Knight of the Green Shield," Mrs. Stackpoole-Kenny gives us a delightful romance, more absorbing than some of the "best-sellers." There is also historical knowledge, and insight into the lives of men and women in the days of the Crusaders. The author explains that the Order of the White Lady of the Green Shield was established in 1349 for the purpose of protecting "ladies, widows and damsels" threatened and oppressed by wicked, tyrannical men who might seek to seize their lands and gold, or rob them of their honor. It was found that,

when the lords and masters of the castles were away at the Holy War, advantage was taken of this fact, and the innocent and helpless sometimes suffered in consequence. Therefore the Knights of the Green Shield remained at home to prevent and to redress such wrongs. It is a marvel how Catholic youth could turn from a story like this to the sensual, passionate novels of the day.

—From R. & T. Washbourne comes "Doctrine Explanations: The Commandments. Part II.," by the Sisters of Notre Dame. A wire-stitched pamphlet of 96 pages, it deals with the Commandments from the Third to the Tenth. The usual features which we have noted in mentioning the previous ten issues of this admirable series are found in this latest number; and the mention of the "*Ne Temere*" decree in the chapter on the Sixth and Ninth Commandments indicates that the explanations are not of the antiquated variety.

—"The Business of Salvation," by Bernard J. Otten, S. J., is a book of nearly 400 pages, gathered together as the result of a series of talks given during the noon-hour, in the Lent of last year, to the business men of St. Louis, Mo. As the title indicates, the question of salvation is treated as a business proposition. The author has a number of practical topics briefly treated under these headings: An Important Undertaking, Means and Methods, Theory and Practice, Business Transactions, Associations, Economic Questions. The clear and simple presentation of interesting and useful subjects, each strengthened by Scriptural texts, will make this book profitable reading at any time and particularly during the present holy season. It is published by Herder.

—A novel that is sure to figure during the next few months among the "best-sellers," at least in Indiana and other Middle-Western States, is Meredith Nicholson's "A Hoosier Chronicle." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Thoroughly to enjoy the story, one must know something of politics and contemporary political methods; for very many of the six hundred pages of the work deal with political intrigue, journalism, conventions, "bossism," etc. The social side of Indiana life is also treated with considerable fulness—and with as little intrusion of the religious note as one finds in the average American novel. Lifelike characterizations there are in abundance, Mrs. Owen (Aunt Sally) being by no means the least notable and charming. Sylvia, Dan Harwood, and Morton Bassett

are strong delineations; and the secondary characters are all individualized sufficiently for the story's purpose. The identity of Sylvia, which is not fully revealed until toward the end, will be suspected by the more experienced novel-reader hundreds of pages before that. The unravelling of the plot is a leisurely process, and the denouement is much less tragic and unsatisfactory than some of the complications threaten to make it. His publishers proclaim this to be Mr. Nicholson's "greatest novel"; but it does not follow that "the great American novel" has even yet been written.

—Whatever may be said against introducing Catholic eugenics into the training of our adolescents—and the advisability of such introduction is now being mooted in some Catholic publications,—there can be no objection, we take it, to recommending to the newly-wedded, and to their elders in the conjugal life, "Marriage and Parenthood," by the Rev. Thomas J. Gerard. (Joseph F. Wagner.) In thirteen chapters the author gives a clear, forcible, and eminently practical exposition of the Catholic ideal of married life and its duties. Not the least interesting or timely chapter of the thirteen is that on sexual instruction. Very many readers will find Father Gerard's conclusions a happy medium between undue reticence and imprudent expansiveness on this delicate subject.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Light of the Vision." Christian Reid. \$1.25.
 "Life of James Cardinal Gibbons." Allen S. Will, A. M., Litt. D. \$2.
 "In the Footprints of the Padres." Charles Warren Stoddard. \$2.
 "Catholic Who's Who and Year Book for 1912." Sir Francis Burnand. \$1.50.
 "A Knight of the Green Shield." Mrs. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.25.
 "The Business of Salvation." Bernard J. Otten, S. J. \$1.25.
 "A Hoosier Chronicle." Meredith Nicholson. \$1.54.

- "Marriage and Parenthood." Rev. Thomas J. Gerard. \$1.
 "Through the Desert." Henryk Sienkiewicz. \$1.35, net.
 "With Christ, my Friend." Rev. Patrick Sloan. 75 cts.
 "The Way of Perfection." St. Teresa. \$1.90, net.
 "Duty." Rev. William Graham. 75 cts.
 "Waiting on God." Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald, D. D. 25 cts.
 "Angelus Series." 50 cts. per vol.
 "Eternity." Rev. Fr. Celestine, O. M. Cap. 40 cts.
 "Agatha's Hard Saying." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.25.
 "Saint Patrick." Abbé Riguet. \$1.
 "The Living Witness: A Lawyer's Brief for Christianity." 50 cts.
 "The Necromancers." Monsig. Benson. \$1.50
 "Spiritual Perfection through Charity." Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O. P. \$1.50, net.
 "A Hosting of Heroes." Eleanor R. Cox. 35 cts., net.
 "The Education of Catholic Girls." Janet Erskine Stuart. \$1.25, net.
 "Wide-Awake Stories." Mother Mary Salome. 75 cts., net.
 "The Perils of Dionysio." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.
 "The Tempest of the Heart." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Most Rev. Edmund Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond; and Rev. Leon Lentsch, of the diocese of Cleveland.

Mother M. Benedict, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. John Morris, Mrs. Catherine Campbell, Mr. Matthew Cox, Mrs. Edmund Cushing, Miss Penelia Heenan, Mrs. Margaret Miles, Mr. Michael Neilson, Miss Anna White, Mrs. Margaret Cleary, Mr. P. H. Prendergast, Mrs. Mary Allen, Mrs. Helen J. Mande, Mrs. Richard Maddock, Mr. Francis M. Hallahan, Miss L. C. Grace, Mrs. Mary Kane, Sir Francis Cruise, Mrs. Frances Ullathorne, Mr. Philip C. Smyth, Miss Margaret Collins, Mr. John Sonntag, Mr. Henry Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. John Nelligan, Mr. Thomas Welby, and Mr. Herbert Arnold.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



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

VOL. LXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 30, 1912.

NO. 13

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Gethsemane.

BY C. L. O'D.

♪ Ent'reth the Garden, lonely,—
 Follow Him, O my soul!
 He falleth, and lieth prone,—
 Down on thy face, my soul!
 Angels are all anear Him,
 Yet is He lone, my soul;
 Demons no longer fear Him,—
 Lo, how the red-streams roll!
 Only thy love can cheer Him:
 Tell Him I love Him, my soul.
 Into the deep hell with Him,
 Follow Him, O my soul!
 Horrors no words tell, with Him
 Drink of them deep, my soul.
 Challenge the worlds for sorrow,
 Shoulder the weight, my soul;
 Woes of the ages borrow,
 Take of all suffering toll:
 Think not of rest to-morrow;
 Bleed with Him, O my soul!

The Sorrows of Mary.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

I N the far-off days when Heli
 the priest judged Israel, a
 young Hebrew mother climbed
 the ascent to Silo, where the
 Tabernacle of the Lord then stood. In
 her arms she bore her little son; and in
 that holy spot, the appointed place of
 sacrifice, with prayers and oblations she
 dedicated him "all the days of his life"
 to the Lord, presenting him to the priest
 to "abide always there." That mother

was Anna; the child was Samuel, who
 was destined to become a mighty prophet,
 the deliverer of God's people, their
 teacher and judge, and the founder of
 their kingdom. How generous that
 mother's sacrifice! Only a few years
 before, she had prayed in that same spot,
 with fervent desire and the outpouring
 of many tears, that God would grant her
 a man-child. Her prayer had been heard
 and answered; and now she returned to
 God, as she had vowed to do, the treasure
 He had bestowed.

Yet, however willingly and gratefully
 she made the sacrifice, it would have been
 contrary to nature not to have felt the
 pang caused by the loss of her dearest
 possession. That little one, so fondly
 loved, was to be hers no longer. She
 would be unable to watch with a mother's
 delight the daily growth of his mental
 and bodily powers; he would grow up
 among strange scenes and unfamiliar
 faces, far away from her. She must re-
 nounce all a mother's privileges in his
 regard; no longer may she tend and care
 for him—nurse him in sickness, supply
 his childish wants, console him in his
 infantine sorrows, share the simple joys
 of later childhood, be in all things his
 dearest and most trusted confidante. All
 this and far more—a mother's heart alone
 can fathom the depth of that renuncia-
 tion—was entailed in Anna's sacrifice.
 Yet so generous her offering that she could
 lift heart and voice in a canticle of thanks-
 giving to God, because He had blessed
 His handmaid, who had trusted in Him.
 Samuel is a type of Christ. He had

been born of a childless mother in answer to prayer: Jesus was the Son of a Virgin. Samuel was devoted from childhood to God's service: Jesus began in boyhood to be about His "Father's business." Samuel was the teacher of the aged Heli: Jesus taught the doctors in the Temple. As Samuel rescued his people from their enemies the Philistines, so also did Jesus deliver His people — and from a far more deadly foe. Samuel judged Israel only: Jesus will judge the whole world. Samuel founded an earthly kingdom: Jesus has established a kingdom which will endure forever.

In like manner, Anna foreshadowed the Mother of Jesus. Anna's name meant "grace": Mary was "full of grace." Both mothers offered to God a canticle of praise and thanksgiving. Anna sang, "My heart hath rejoiced in the Lord, . . . because I have joyed in thy salvation. There is none holy as the Lord is, . . . and there is none strong like our God. . . . They that were full before have hired out themselves for bread; and the hungry are filled. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; He humbleth and He exalteth. He raiseth the needy from the dust, and lifteth the poor man from the dunghill, that he may sit with princes, and hold the throne of glory." What a striking foreshadowing of the *Magnificat*! "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. . . . He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name. . . . He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. . . ."

But Anna is a still more perfect type of Mary in her sacrifice of her beloved son. She offers him willingly to become the Saviour of his race; she deprives herself of the joy of his presence, that God may take him to dwell in His Tabernacle. Mary's offering is infinitely greater. She, too, accompanies her Son to the height of the mountain of sacrifice — up to Calvary, the little hill surrounded by greater ones, even as Silo stood among

its guardian mountains. She offers Him to become the Saviour of the world, through the sacrifice of His sacred body—holy and undefiled—upon the altar of the Cross. She gives back her Beloved to God, who gave Him to her, and who has decreed this incomparable sacrifice as the prelude to everlasting glory in the eternal Tabernacle on high.

Whatever may have been the keenness of Anna's sorrow at parting with her dear one, it can not be compared with the anguish of Mary's soul in the hour of her sacrifice. "To what shall I compare thee, . . . to what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? For great as the sea is thy destruction. Who shall heal thee?" Thus the prophet sang of old, and the Church applies the lament to the sorrowful Mother of Jesus. Her Son was God as well as man, and therefore the bond between them was more close and more sacred than that which united any other mother and son. His offering was to atone for all sin, and to restore man to God and to His loving friendship. In so far, Mary rejoiced in her sacrifice. Yet all the time her heart was torn with anguish; holy as He was, dear as He was to her, He had to sustain the greatest intensity of suffering that the devil or man (his agent) could invent. Because Jesus had to endure the deepest humiliation and the bitterest sufferings that the world had ever seen, or would ever see again, His Mother must needs share His anguish.

There is in this a mystery of which we must not lose sight. As Anna had accepted all the suffering which the birth of her son was to bring, so Mary, in a far higher and nobler spirit, accepted her lot. When she consented to become the Mother of Him who was to "save His people from their sins," she embraced whatever of joy or sorrow that office might entail. She was, indeed, to take a great part in the world's redemption. Not only did she furnish, by the power of the Holy Ghost, the body wherewith Jesus

was to suffer, but she was destined by her office of Mother of the Redeemer to offer that great sacrifice in union with her Son. It is one way in which she brings about the fulfilment of the promise made by God in Eden when He told the tempter of the Woman's ultimate victory: "She shall crush thy head." Under the Tree of the Cross Mary was to undo the work of Eve under the tree in Paradise. As God waited for her consent before sending His Son to be born of her, so He desired her willing offering of that Son for the salvation of the human race. Therefore it is that Mary *stands* on Calvary, taking her part in that wondrous sacrifice. "She stood," says St. Ambrose, "gazing with maternal love on the wounds of her Son; and thus she stood, not waiting for her Jesus to die, but for the world to be saved."

It is not to be wondered at, seeing the close connection between the sufferings of Jesus and the compassion of Mary, that those Christians who have been drawn to the more assiduous contemplation of the former should have been attracted by the latter. Consequently Mary's sorrows have been the cherished devotion of many holy souls in all ages. But, like other devotions in the Church, this also has been of gradual growth. By the early part of the thirteenth century it had taken sufficient hold upon pious Catholics to lead to the institution of a new religious Order—that of the Servites,—which had for its special aim the contemplation of Mary's dolors and the propagation of devotion to them.

The first mention of a *feast* in honor of Our Lady's Sorrows occurs in 1423, when the Council of Cologne, to make reparation for Hussite irreverences, instituted the festival of "The Anguish and Sorrow of the Blessed Virgin Mary." After that date, a similar feast began to be observed in other countries; it bore various titles—"The Compassion of Our Lady," "Our Lady of Pity," etc. For the enumeration of the "Seven Sorrows" was not general till a later date, although

it is attributed to the Servite Order.

It was not until the eighteenth century that the feast, already celebrated in many churches on the Friday in Passion Week, was extended to the whole Church. Pope Benedict XIII. accomplished this by a decree of April 22d, 1727, adopting for the festival the title of "The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary." A second feast was established on the third Sunday of September by Pius VII. in 1814. It was the extension to the whole Church of that granted to the Servites in 1688. The Pope had found consolation in his five years of captivity under Napoleon by the contemplation of Mary's sorrows, and the establishment of the festival was in thanksgiving.

Although the Lenten feast bears the same title as that in September, an examination of its liturgy will show that it honors chiefly the one special dolor of the presence of Our Lady under the Cross of Calvary. The Seven Sorrows—so called because the chief sufferings are recounted under seven heads, and not because they were limited to seven only—are: Simeon's prophecy of the sword of sorrow; the Flight into Egypt; the Three Days' Loss; the Meeting with Jesus bearing His Cross; Mary standing under the Cross; Mary receiving the sacred body of Jesus; the Burial of Our Lord. These are commemorated in the responsories of the Office of Matins in the September festival, but have no special mention on the feast we are now considering.

The antiphons for the Offices of Vespers and Lauds are selected from the mystic Canticle of Canticles; they speak of Mary's desolation in the loss of her Beloved. It is worthy of note that the Vesper psalms are those appointed for the last days of Holy Week, and refer specially to the Passion. The antiphons, translated into English, run as follows:

1. "I will go to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense." (Calvary, although a place of bitter sorrow—myrrh,—is the mountain of sacrifice

whose oblation rises to Heaven with a sweet odor.)

2. "My beloved is white and ruddy; the hairs of his head are as the purple of the king bound in the channel." (The allusion is to the delicate body made red with blood; the hair bound with its thorny crown, from which streams of blood descend.)

3. "Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou most beautiful of women? Whither is thy beloved turned aside?"

4. "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me; he shall abide between my breasts." (The sacred body is to rest in the Mother's bosom; its wounds are a source of sorrow.)

5. "Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with apples, because I languish with love." (The Mother's intense love causes her soul to faint at sight of the sufferings of her dear one; without the support of grace—bringing sweetness and refreshment—she could not endure her lot.)

The *Capitulum* is taken from the vivid description of the Passion given in prophecy by Isaias ages before: "Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? etc."

The hymn is that loving lament known as the *Stabat Mater*, from its first Latin words, *Stabat Mater dolorosa*—"The Mother stood all sorrowful." This beautiful poem is divided among the Offices of Vespers, Matins, and Lauds; it also stands between the Epistle and Gospel of the Mass in the form of a sequence. Although so popular a hymn in the Catholic Church, its authorship has never been accurately determined; it dates from about the thirteenth century. Among the various writers to whom it has been ascribed, the most probable seems to be either Pope Innocent III. or the Franciscan, B. Jacopone de Todi.

The antiphon to the *Magnificat* recalls the prophecy of Simeon—the first of the dolors: "Thine own soul [said Simeon to Mary] a sword shall pierce."

The Mass is that used by the Servite Order long before the feast was made universal. With the exception of the necessary changes consequent on the Lenten rite, it is nearly identical with that used on the September festival.

The Introit reveals its modern construction in having no psalm attached. For it must be borne in mind that, in the primitive ages, the Introit was a psalm sung during the entrance of the priest or Bishop. It had a refrain—taken from the psalm in question,—which was repeated as an antiphon. In later ages, this antiphon, with one verse of the psalm and the doxology, was all that was retained. The Introit for this feast is taken from the Gospel describing the weeping women who stood in company with the Sorrowful Mother under the Cross of Calvary. "There stood by the Cross of Jesus his Mother, and his Mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Salome, and Mary, Magdalene." Then, in place of a psalm, are the following words: "Woman, behold thy Son, said Jesus; to the disciple however, Behold thy Mother. *Gloria Patri*, etc."

The Collect runs thus: "O God, in whose Passion, according to the Prophecy of Simeon, a sword of sorrow pierced the most sweet soul of the glorious Mary, Mother and Virgin, grant, in Thy mercy, that we who call to mind with veneration her transfixion and suffering, by the glorious merits and prayers of all the saints faithfully standing by the Cross interceding for us, may obtain the happy effects of Thy Passion!"

The Lesson, in place of an Epistle, is from the Book of Judith. It recounts the glories of the valiant woman who became the deliverer of her people: "Blessed art thou . . . above all women upon earth. . . . The Lord . . . hath so magnified thy name this day, that thy praise shall not depart out of the mouth of men. Thou . . . hast prevented our ruin in the presence of our God." For the Church regards Mary as associated closely with our Blessed Lord in the Redemption.



LA PIETÀ
(C. Duprè.)

The Gradual compassionates Mary's woes: "Thou art sorrowful and worthy of tears, O Virgin Mary, standing near the Cross of the Lord Jesus, thy Son, our Redeemer! O Virgin Mother of God, He whom the whole world doth not contain, beareth this punishment of the Cross; He the author of life being made man." Then follows the Tract: "Holy Mary, the Queen of Heaven, and mistress of the world, stood by the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, full of sadness." "O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!" The Sequence, *Stabat Mater*, follows.

The Gospel is St. John's short account of the last moments of Jesus: "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus his Mother. . . . Woman, behold thy son. . . . To the disciple, Behold thy Mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own."

Under the Cross, Mary became the Mother of Mercy; therefore does the Offertory verse implore her loving intercession for sinners: "Be mindful, O Virgin Mother of God, when thou standest in the sight of the Lord, to speak good things for us, that He may turn away His anger from us!"

The Communion verse is as follows: "Happy senses of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which without dying deserved the palm of martyrdom beneath the Cross of Our Lord!" The peace of Mary's soul in that hour of anguish was maintained by her perfect resignation to the will of God. The Church points this out in the foregoing verse, as a reminder to us that we must hope to obtain that peace of God through our participation in the sacred mysteries of the altar, the continuation of the Sacrifice of the Cross.

We may conclude with a short extract from the loving address to the Blessed Virgin from the pen of the devout Abbot Guéranger, in his notice of this feast: "O Mother of Sorrows, we come before thee on this feast of thy Dolours, to offer thee our filial love. . . . What proofs hast thou not unceasingly given us of thy maternal

tenderness, O Queen of Mercy, O Refuge of Sinners, O untiring Advocate for us in all our miseries! Deign, sweet Mother, to watch over us during these days of grace. Give us to feel and relish the Passion of thy Son. . . . Make us enter into all its mysteries, that so our souls, redeemed by the blood of thy Son, and helped by thy tears, may be thoroughly converted to the Lord, and persevere, henceforward, faithful in His service!"

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

XIV.—THADDEUS IS SILENT.

THE letters of Signor Thaddeus were now few and far between. Elinor, after the first mention of her meeting with Crellan Stewart, had seldom referred to him in her correspondence with her old master; and the latter, failing in health, and with his mind filled with his own troubles, had scarcely grasped the fact of Crellan's existence. Later, when Mrs. Stewart came back to Imaney, the girl had to tell of frequent visits to the castle; of mornings spent in the little drawing-room where, had she but known it, Thaddeus had drunk in his first knowledge of instrumental music, whilst Madam O'Congaile played and sang at the old spinet which, dumb now for many years, still stood as a relic of bygone days in the place where he had been so familiar with it. When Elinor wrote describing this apartment, and the hall and billiard-room, beyond which, in the castle, she had not penetrated, Thaddeus began to fear again for the safety of his secret. But no mention of it came, even as the weeks went by.

Elinor told of mornings spent with Mrs. Stewart going through papers and notes, which the dead O'Congaile had collected, concerning the improvement of the Glen; but she did not know that

a bundle of letters had been set aside from the other papers with which they had been put away, — letters written to "David" and signed "Jonathan," — names that conveyed nothing to Mrs. Stewart; but, glancing at the first, she could see that they were personal communications, and therefore not to be studied as the other papers were. Had Elinor seen them—the writing, sprawling, untidy, unmistakably artistic, their writer, through the fulfilment of the discovery he so dreaded, would have been spared many hours and days of suffering and sorrow; and Elinor, too, would have escaped much anxiety and self-reproach.

As it was, his secret remained safe; and he judged that, on the whole, Elinor was content. That she was deeply engrossed in the works that his foster brother had longed to see started in the Glen was plainly evident, and this feature at least in her letters gave the lonely old man unmixed satisfaction. His sacrifice was being of use, not only to the girl whom he loved now, but also to the dead man whom he had always loved and would continue to love till his dying day. In this God did give him some share of present reward, and he took it as a sign that he had acted rightly in doing as he had done.

As the autumn drifted gradually into winter, Elinor became anxious at the irregularity of the old man's replies to her letters. When he did write, and that became more and more seldom, it was only a few lines; and he told her not to be uneasy about him, as he was as well as could be expected. Sometimes, when she complained of his neglect, he pleaded pressure of work; at other times he would ignore the reproaches, and merely send his blessing to her, and his respects to Mrs. Lambert.

Since Mrs. Stewart's return, Elinor's time was more fully occupied than ever; for it was seldom a day passed that she was not either summoned to the castle or visited by Madam, who came for her

to act as a guide to the various houses and places that needed inspection. Tomàs had been made happy by the ordering of his loom, and he was busy turning the disused flour mill, on which he had long set his heart, into a shelter for it and a workroom. The doing of this, and the banking up of the river in order to make use of the water power without interfering with the fishing, together with the work Mrs. Stewart herself was giving at the limekiln, and the building of the depot which the Board had at last agreed to start, had lessened, for that year at least, the annual roll of emigrants from the Glen. But this fact, besides being a cause for individual rejoicing, had given rise to muttered grumblings as to the housing problem. If the young men stayed at home for these works, and the young women for the lace and embroidery that in future were to be better paid, must they not have houses to shelter them? There was not sufficient room in Imaney cottages for large, grown-up families.

Father O'Leary had approached the District Council, which met so far away over the mountains that the claims of the Glen were easily overlooked; and the sites for two or three laborers' cottages had been marked out on the road which wound along near the river. But he had in his mind a further scheme, which he disclosed to Mrs. Stewart before she went over to England to spend Christmas with her grandson and his wife, and the little great-grandson whom she had only seen, a tiny pink bundle of week-old humanity, just before she returned to Ireland in the autumn. There was a piece of waste land near the church, close beside the quarry and gravel pit which had supplied materials for the building of that edifice. The good priest thought of erecting there a few cottages, less ambitious than the laborers', but comfortable and suitable for small families, or for couples who in a few years' time would be in affluent independence, when the old-age pension act, so much talked of, came to be law.

These houses would provide work in the building as well as much-needed lodging when finished; and even Mrs. Stewart's man of business made no great demur to the scheme when he found how cheaply it could be carried out. It was not, however, to be put in hands until the spring,—the spring when, as now and again Mrs. Stewart reminded Elinor, she would be back again at Imaney and that maybe Crellan, too, would be returning.

The fear which Mrs. Stewart had at first inspired in her organist had long ago turned to pity, and the pity to admiration and affection. During the weeks that Madam spent at the castle she often saw Mrs. Lambert as well as Elinor; and the latter, referring naturally to the past, brought to light the fact that they had several mutual acquaintances. There were no neighbors in or very near the Glen, so that the occupants of the organist's house were the greatest resource to Mrs. Stewart; and thus they came to know one another better during those few autumn weeks than they would have done during as many months, or even years, in London.

That Mrs. Stewart was growing fond of Elinor was evident to Mrs. Lambert; and she could not help wondering whether the lady knew that her grandson had also been attracted by the girl. If she did, she could not have behaved as she was doing unless she thought it was a serious attraction and was prepared to countenance it; for it would have been wanton cruelty to make a companion of her and then when Crellan came back either to stand between them or to put her in his way, knowing that he meant his intercourse with her to be only a pastime.

But Mrs. Stewart was not cruel. Under her cold manner she had, as Father O'Leary had discovered, a kindly heart, but a heart that had been thrown back upon itself until it had lost the power of expression. Therefore, either she did not connect Crellan and Elinor in any way, or else she was prepared to

approve of her grandson's choice. It was impossible to tell which was the case. And now, with the work in the valley merged into wider lines, Crellan's name was seldom mentioned between mother and daughter; though the former had become aware that that sunny fortnight in September had brought a deeper knowledge of life to Elinor; and, after it had come, a knowledge of sorrow, but how deep or how lasting Mrs. Lambert could not tell.

Elinor herself had been resolute in putting the remembrance of that last day from her. Nor would she allow her mind to dwell upon the postscript of his letter. If he did return in the spring, she would meet him as she had drilled herself to meet his grandmother's references to him. — If the six months' probation ended in a decision to remain in the diplomatic service, she would still be true to Signor Thaddeus' axiom and "like what she had." By throwing herself into the lives of those around her, and into the reforms that were gradually taking shape for their benefit, she was setting to work in the best possible way to attain this end. She put her life, simply and with trusting faith, into the hands of God, knowing that He would order it as was best.

The departure of Mrs. Stewart made a great blank in the life of both Elinor and her mother; and in the grey winter days and long dark nights Imaney was a very different dwelling-place from what it had been in the summer and early autumn. Their work was increasing; and so, in spite of all, the days did not drag in passing. Their class for lacemaking was growing, and would be of quite respectable proportions by the time the Board sent the promised teacher to Imaney; and the choir was rapidly improving both in size and in skill. Then, too, Mrs. Stewart had put her stepbrother's store of books at the Lamberts' disposal; and the long evening hours were whiled away by Elinor in studying the Irish question from a perfectly new point of view. Irish history,

Irish legends and traditions, translations of the poems and romances that some day she hoped to be able to read in the original, as well as the works of poets and authors who had lived and struggled forty years ago, when the O'Congaile had laid in his store of books,—all this reading gave Elinor a realization of the "Dark Rosaleen," whom up to now she had known only as a country physically beautiful, the home of a people naturally attractive and who were still suffering under adverse economic circumstances.

Christmas time, too, came to them, but not as a season of rejoicing. It was a lonely Christmas; and the familiar hymns which Elinor had taught the children brought back memories of other years, and yet, for some perverse reason, made them also look to the future, upon which, somehow, neither of them cared or dared to dwell.

After weeks of silence, Christmas Day brought a line of greeting to Elinor from Thaddeus; and Mrs. Stewart also wrote,—not as an employer to her organist, not as one acquaintance to another, but as though she really was what they felt her to be—their friend. If Elinor had hoped for any sign of remembrance from Crellan, she was disappointed; and his name was not even mentioned in his grandmother's letter. And yet the girl read and reread that letter oftener than even its kind wording and her affection for the writer could quite account for. Despite her resolutions to the contrary, despite her better sense, she could not help feeling that there was a message of hope for her between the lines, present though unexpressed. It was an altogether unreasoning conviction, yet it would persist in forcing itself upon her, until at last she had to take herself sternly to task and banish it into the little compartment of her mind where Crellan's unanswered question and his unfinished postscript were hidden away,—buried out of sight, yet ready to come to light again upon the slightest provocation.

(To be continued.)

To Jesus' Wounds.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I KISS Thy bleeding brow
Beneath its crown of thorns.
Lord, whom a cruel, cold world scorns
My lips confess Thee now,—
My lips confess Thee now!

I kiss Thy bleeding hands,
Stretched on the cross for me.
When sin assails, Lord, let me be
Where Mary, weeping, stands,—
Where Mary, weeping, stands!

I kiss Thy bleeding feet,
Nail-pierced through and through.
Let me not fail, whate'er I do,
To find Thy pathway sweet,—
To find Thy pathway sweet!

I kiss Thy bleeding side.
Lord, hide me in Thy Heart!
In life or death I will not part
From Thee, my Crucified,—
From Thee, my Crucified!

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XIII.—GOD REST HIM, PADDY OWEN!

HIS full name was Patrick Owen MacMahon; Paddy Owen he was called. He was named Owen in Confirmation, although in Ireland the Confirmation name in spoken speech is as useless as the letter *p* in pneumonia. If you called yourself John Joseph or Michael Aloysius or Patrick Thomas, people would think you were going to start off to the seaside the next summer; and if you had such a combination as Alfred Wellington, they would say you were aiming at an English peerage. You were John, Joseph or Patrick when called upon to answer to your name in any official capacity; you were Johnny or Jack, Joe, Pat or Paddy in conversation with your equals and those above or below you.

Paddy Owen's mother had aspirations. She declared time and again in the hearing of the high and the low that her husband was a lineal descendant of the late distinguished Marshal MacMahon. There was no one in the north section of the county learned enough in pedigree to dispute her claim, although Micky the Fenian said he could. Mrs. MacMahon's own father's Christian name was Owen. Hence the name of the sainted Apostle of Ireland and her father's name and the name of the noted soldier seemed a worthy trinity with which to distinguish her first-born. She was a good woman, even if she did have aspirations. Aspirations are not sinful, but the Irish will overlook a big sin seven times a day and will not overlook a social aspiration once in seven years.

Mrs. MacMahon's life aim for her son was to preserve his name intact.

"Patrick Owen MacMahon," she would remark, "did you lunch this noon?"

The men resting a little out in the "haggard," before beginning the after-dinner threshing would joke and jibe till one got tired from laughing at them.

"Patrick Owen MacMahon," Jim Walsh would mimic, "did you ate a head of cabbage for your lunch this noon?" Another, in a falsetto voice, would add: "Patrick Owen MacMahon, will you tell your 'mamma' to come out here and rip the shaves of whate for the machine?" And finally: "Patrick Owen MacMahon, ye can all go to the ould boy with yer consate!"

There were three distinct stages in the retrograde movement of Paddy Owen's name. First, there was Patrick Owen MacMahon, which endured some six weeks; second, Paddy Owen Mac, which endured six months; third, Paddy Owen which endured ever after. His mother and a few friends of hers always clung to Patrick Owen MacMahon. It was purely of scientific interest, however, like the names which botanists tag on 'to flowers.

In the after years Paddy Owen married

and had one daughter who was called Catherine MacMahon. But tradition is as tenacious as tar, and Catherine MacMahon was changed to Kitty Owen. Kitty married a man from the "mountains." They lived happily enough, though not blessed with children, Paddy remaining with them till near the completion of his hundredth year, when God called him home. It is here our story opens.

To tell the truth, when the news that Paddy Owen was dead got abroad, there was no such sorrow as one feels over the loss of a young mother who leaves six or seven little ones after her. When a man reaches close to a hundred years he has lived long. He has had a full measure of time, and should be prepared to pass out to eternity. All credit to Paddy Owen, for he left life without a sigh or a moan. He "had the priest," and no rite was wanting that helps to mellow and sweeten death. The neighbors near about quit cutting the hay, or whatever other early summer work they were at.

There was a warm sun the day he died. The crows loafed in the air, the cattle loafed in the fields, the stream loafed as it stole between its sedge-grown banks to the lazy river. And, between ourselves, the men round about were glad (since it had to be) that Paddy Owen was dead, so they themselves could loaf for a day.

Though the bishops and the priests were even then opposed to all manner of wakes, still, a man doesn't often get close to a hundred years. Yes, it seemed quite proper to evade the law just this once, in some legitimate way, and hold a wake. To make a long story short, they got around the law somehow—one doesn't remember now, for 'twasn't important then,—and Paddy Owen had a wake. To speak more correctly, there were two wakes. That is to say, Paddy died in the morning, and that same night there was held what one might call the eve of the wake proper. Liturgically speaking, therefore, the funeral was a double of the

first class, second class funerals having only one wake. The first wake was a rather private mourning, to which only relatives, friends, and near neighbors came. The second assumed a more general character, and may admit of brief description before the scene and the setting pass beyond the regions of memory.

One wishes there were some sort of Literary Holy Office to order burned some two dozen or so books on Irish life and character. One would dance with blessed glee around the funeral pyre. And one may add that a few books one remembers by Catholic writers would serve the only good turn they can ever serve if they were added to the flames. In some of these books the Irish wake has been travestied into a drunken orgy that would disgrace a pagan, not to speak of a Christian people at all. How one scolds!

At the principal wake the men sat in the large kitchen on improvised seats; the women occupied one of the inner rooms. The corpse, clothed in a shroud that looked like the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, was laid out in a room beyond that occupied by the women. Pipes and tobacco were passed around, and the men smoked in leisurely fashion and conversed in quiet tones. Toward midnight the women drank tea and the men drank a measure of whiskey, — that is, those who wished it. As each woman took her cup of tea, and as each man took his glass of whiskey, they ejaculated, "God rest him!" or "God have mercy on his sowl!" Later on Mrs. Conway led the Rosary for the women, and Tade Clancy led it for the men. Mrs. Conway was reasonably brief with her prayers, and the women were soon free to chat again. Tade Clancy went very leisurely and said every "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" with great unction. Then he had fifteen special intentions to add and several prayers of his own one could never find in the prayer-book. At last they were ended.

"By gor, Tade, you're longer than if

'twas the Mass you wor sayin'," Jim Shanahan remarked.

"Jim, prayer never hurts anny man, and 'tis bettther to be prayin' than sinnin'," came Tade's answer.

"So 'tis, Tade; but a man's knees aren't iron."

"Sure, Jim, the Rosary won't ever wear a man's knees away."

"Yerra, 't isn't the Rosary I mind at all, Tade. 'Tis the thrimmin's you put on. If you'd say the Rosary and sthop, 'twould be well and good. But you have your own prayers, an' they're as long as Jackeen Hogan's song that has thirty-seven verses."

"'Tis for the dead, boys. Don't ye complain. Thim that's gone will thank ye for it."

Then Tade, in weird, far-off tones, told a ghost story, and every ear listened and every imagination quickened as he placed the setting and the time, and set forth every circumstance as if it were of vital importance to remember and narrate. Micky the Fenian told one right after; John Conway followed; and so on like a company of competing troubadours. There was no incredulity in the minds of the listeners, no want of certitude in those who narrated.

Already in those days the practice of keening was fast passing out. The keen itself goes far back into Irish history, and of course comes from the East. Paddy Owen was good and respected and belonged to the bygone days. It was fitting his wake should be honored by the keen. Three old women, who did not practise keening as a profession, but remembered or learned the art from those who did, stood over the corpse and began a sort of half-singing, half-moaning dirge, in which the general goodness of the dead man was lauded and his special and particular virtues repeatedly mentioned. Their bodies swayed back and forth rhythmically as they wailed out the phrases. There was no set form of words, no attempt at continuity of thought, no

effort at composition. Indeed, one would find it difficult to catch the words, though the general meaning was unmistakable. There was no special attention given to the keening women. Those attending the wake chatted and smoked just the same as if no dirge were sent up for the departed Paddy Owen. If you cared to listen, you could do so; if you had a mind to go nearer for the purpose of catching the words, you were equally free. Although the keen was even then passing out, people took the present instance as a matter of course.

No doubt to many in this modern life the wake and the keen and the smoking and the story-telling will seem ludicrous enough. Every people, however, has peculiar customs that rise out of the remote past. And it is a sure sign of shallowness to laugh at modes and conditions of life that differ widely from those to which one is accustomed.

Paddy Owen had a great funeral the following day. There was Mass at the house in the morning, which the specially invited attended; the priest took breakfast, and those who were very specially invited took breakfast with him. About three o'clock in the afternoon the hearse, drawn by two black-draped horses, came up from Athery and waited out on the road at the end of the boreen. The body was placed in the yellow coffin with brass handles. There was some crying as a matter of course; for it would not be a funeral without that. The body was borne through the door that must never open or shut to it again. Four men placed the coffin on their shoulders and began the procession out to the road. After some time four others relieved them. It is a sign of signal honor for the men to carry the coffin on their shoulders to the graveyard.

But Knockfallen graveyard was a long eight Irish miles away, and the sun was already far in the west; so the coffin was placed in the hearse and the great last

march began. First there were two priests in a side car, each with a large band of white linen around his hat, and another band over the left shoulder after the manner of a deacon's stole. The hearse followed, then the immediate mourners; the near relatives and the more distant; neighbors and friends; people who knew the family, people who knew relatives of the family; people in the city with whom the family did business, and on, and on, and on, till a number of men on horseback brought up the rear.

It was a long journey, and though they went as fast as funeral proprieties would permit, the shadows were gathering when they reached the place of burial. The same four men who first took the coffin on their shoulders when the body was borne from the house took it again now, and, preceded by the priests who said the prayers of the ritual, circled the entire graveyard. It is difficult to discover the origin of this custom, though one may surmise it is done as a mark of honor to the dead. The body was placed in the grave, the earth was heaved in upon the coffin, and one of the priests said five "Our Fathers" and five "Hail Marys" for the departed soul. The people scattered till at last only Tade Clancy and John Conway remained with the men who were shovelling in the dark earth.

"Tade, he lived a long life. 'Twon't be so long with us," said John Conway.

"'Twon't, John,—indeed 'twon't. Long or short, it don't make so much difference, anyway. 'Tis all in the way a man lives."

"'Tis, Tade,—indeed 'tis. But Paddy Owen was a good boy, although thim that know say his mother had high notions."

"Faith so she had, but she was a good woman for all that, an' raised a fine family. An' Paddy Owen was good as a boy, an' good as a man, an' was good always."

"He was, Tade, so he was,—a good boy an' a good man. An' now he's dead an' gone. God rest him, Paddy Owen!"

Santa Croce in Gerusalemme.

BY JOSEPH MAY.



SANTA CROCE IN GERUSALEMME (also called the Basilica Sessoriana) was, according to some writers, originally one of the halls of the Sessorian Palace, a ruined fragment of which is still standing. But whether the sacred edifice was actually built by the Empress Helena, the saintly mother of Constantine, or simply adapted by her for the reception of the portion of the True Cross and other relics of the Passion, which she brought from Jerusalem to Rome, very little of the ancient building is now left. The subterranean chapel, which bears her name, and which, an inscription states, was strewn with earth taken from Mount Calvary, is the oldest part of the basilica, and was founded by her.

The history of the finding of the True Cross by Saint Helena is too well known to be repeated here. The pagan temples, and the heathen idols that had defiled the sacred hill of Calvary, were demolished by her orders; and when, after digging to a considerable depth, the Cross was brought to light, and its authenticity established by a miracle, she built a church upon the site of the discovery. According to Saint Gregory of Tours, besides the Cross and the Title, or Inscription, that had been attached to it, Saint Helena found four Nails, although the particulars that have been handed down to us relate to three Nails only. Howsoever this may be, it is certain that many ancient pictures and crucifixes represent Our Lord's feet as being fastened to the Cross with two Nails. Saint Helena had one of the sacred Nails fixed to the helmet of her son Constantine, as a protection in battle and a pledge of victory. She lowered a second of the Nails into the Adriatic, as a safeguard against the storms then so frequent, and so disastrous

to ships sailing in that sea; and she brought a third to Rome, where she placed it in the church of Santa Croce, together with the Title and a large portion of the True Cross. The holy Nail once attached to the helmet of Saint Helena's warrior son was given to Charlemagne by Constantine V., and is now in the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris.

The precious relics preserved in Santa Croce had disappeared for a long time, and were supposed to have been lost. But, in the course of some repairs in that church, ordered by Cardinal di Mendoza, in 1492, a niche was discovered near the summit of the apse. This niche was walled up with bricks, on which were inscribed the words *Titulus Crucis*. When the bricks were removed, a leaden coffer was found in the niche; and in the coffer was a plank of wood, two inches thick, a palm and a half in length, and one palm in breadth, which bore in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." A portion of the True Cross and one of the Nails were also found in the leaden coffer.

There could be no doubt that these were the relics of the Passion placed in Santa Croce by Saint Helena, and it was supposed that they had been walled up in the niche to save them from possible profanation during some foreign invasion of the Eternal City. The news of their discovery filled the whole Catholic world with joy; and Pope Innocent VIII., who then filled the See of Peter, came with the College of Cardinals to venerate them. Cardinal di Mendoza had them placed in a silver reliquary, and they were exposed for the veneration of the faithful,—a custom that is still continued on the fourth Sunday in Lent, Good Friday, and on the 3d of May, the feast of the Invention (or discovery) of the True Cross.

It was on Good Friday, 1911, that I had the happiness of witnessing the exposition of the relics of the Passion at Santa Croce. At a given signal the doors of the darkened church were thrown wide

open; and from the sunlit Place without, a long line of purple-hooded monks, scarlet-robed cardinals, priests and acolytes, filed slowly up the nave, amidst the swinging of perfumed censers and the plaintive chanting of the choir. The Mass of the Presanctified followed, and then the customary veneration of the crucifix by the congregation. The exposition of the relics came last of all, a blessing being given with each relic in turn from a small balcony to the right of the high altar. One priest held up the object for veneration, and made the Sign of the Cross with it above the heads of the kneeling people, whilst another chanted its name in Latin.

Santa Croce in Gerusalemme is one of the seven patriarchal basilicas to the visiting of which special and great indulgences are attached. The other six are: Saint Peter's, Saint Paul's, the Lateran, Saint Mary Major's, Saint Laurence's, and Saint Sebastian's. The monastery adjoining Santa Croce was erected by Benedict VII. in 975. It was seized by the Government in 1872, and converted into a barrack; a few rooms only being left to the monks who serve the church.

The exterior of Santa Croce is, on the whole, disappointing; for it has been completely modernized. The ancient façade and the beautiful arcaded court have long since disappeared, and much of the surrounding ground, at one time covered with a portion of the Papal gardens, has been built over. But, notwithstanding a series of modern paintings which disgrace the aisles, and which were executed in 1880 by order of the Italian Government, the interior is very fine. The sombre nave is flanked on either side by eight magnificent columns of Egyptian granite, and part of the ancient mosaic pavement still remains. The frescoes in the apse, representing the discovery of the True Cross by Saint Helena, and its recovery from the Persians by Heraclius, date from 1470 and were painted by Pinturicchio. Above these is a painting of

Our Lord in a nimbus with angels, which is attributed to Giotto. The bodies of Saints Anastasius and Cæsarius are preserved in a large urn of green basalt, which is beneath the high altar. A curious feature of this altar is the position of the Tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament, it being placed high upon the wall of the apse, and opening onto the sacristy side of the church.

It was in Santa Croce that Pope Saint Xystus III. assembled a Council in 433, in order to defend himself against the slanders of the ex-Consul Anicus Bassus. The innocence of the saintly Pontiff was triumphantly established, and all Bassus' personal property was confiscated, by order of the Emperor Valentinian, in punishment for his crime. The wretched man died three months later, and was attended in his last moments by the Holy Pope whom he had sought to injure, and who also celebrated his obsequies. Pope Saint Symmachus also held a Council in Santa Croce in 509, when he was cleared from the wicked charges brought against him by the Antipope Laurence, archpriest of Saint Praxedes. In 1003 Pope Saint Sylvester expired at the altar while celebrating Mass in this church.

The ceremony of the Blessing of the Golden Rose, which commemorates the joys of heaven purchased for us by the Passion and death of Our Lord, and which is now usually held in the Sistine Chapel, in former times always took place in Santa Croce, on Lætare, or mid-Lent, Sunday. The flower was of virgin gold, gemmed with diamonds, and was generally presented to some Catholic prince or princess. Amongst those who received it in days gone by was Henry VIII. of England, to whom it was given on as many as three occasions. Pope Innocent VIII. sent it to James III. of Scotland with a golden sceptre. The custom of presenting the Golden Rose to some prominent Catholic is still kept up, but the recipients are now more usually women than men.

The Two Thieves.

BY GABRIEL E. FORDYCE.

ONE saw the river's silver gleam,
 And, casting curses on the stream,
 Of bitter thirst he died;
 The other, bending low his head,
 Drank from the gentle river's bed,
 And life was sanctified.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XIV.

WE are, you may remember, at Kittery Point. Come with me across the pleasant Piscataqua River to the old town of Portsmouth. We can cross a long bridge, we can be rowed in a dory over the dancing water, but it will be a speedier way to travel upon the wings of fancy. Yet why should we hurry? Where could one find a sweeter spot in which to doze away the sleepy hours of a sunny afternoon?

The world knows little of Portsmouth. One lady told me that she had taken an Isles of Shoals boat there for twelve years but had never heard of the town as being interesting; and a throng of tourists pass and repass all summer long, many of whom are equally ignorant of the charms of the old seaport. But those who know are aware that people have crossed the ocean to view sights less wonderful than it possesses; and that its traditions make Marblehead seem like a giddy young girl going to her first party; and Plymouth or Concord or Salem, as modern as college lads starting for a football scrimmage.

Some seventeen years before the *Mayflower* sailed into Plymouth harbor, Martin Pring, commander of the good ship *Speedwell*, explored the Piscataqua River for a dozen miles. With the *Speed-*

well went the *Discoverer*, a much smaller vessel. The crews, were in search of saffras from which to distil the elixir that would make men live forever. Not finding the precious bark, they took their ships and sailed away again. Nine years after that, Captain John Smith appeared upon the scene, and, returning to England, gave such glowing accounts of the locality that the home government speedily established a "plantation" there. Then came Portsmouth and its palmy days. Its traffic with the West Indies was enormous. Buildings went up, purses waxed fat, fine mansions were constructed, and then—the traffic went elsewhere; old buildings tumbled into ruin, new ones grew old; the wharves rotted away; and we have, in consequence, the quaint seaport where every reputable citizen has at least one ancestral portrait painted by Copley, and a brass knocker on his front door. Let us be thankful that the India trade took to itself wings!

There was a large and strong Tory element in Portsmouth, as there was everywhere in New England north of the mouth of the Merrimac River. Even my beloved Hilltop, in the back country, although it gave most generously of its inhabitants to the Continental army, had its "Tory Hill." In Portsmouth the English occupation has left many traces. If you should walk down Pleasant Street and meet a courtly old gentleman in Continental costume, you would not be surprised; and if assured that Columbus sighted the tower of St. John's Church, your amazement would be mild. The traveller is inclined to believe the most absurd statements. When the guide, speaking of St. John's, told me that twelve old women each receive a loaf of bread there after service on Sunday mornings, I saw nothing improbable in her assertion. Perhaps there is such a dole. We once had a maid who when detected in wild recitals was accustomed to say, "I don't know nothing about it myself, but that's the way she spoke."

Let me say in passing that you must not expect my assertions to be perfectly accurate, or my dates absolutely without flaw. I tell what I remember or what people have related to me. Should I happen to err, I can only say, "That's the way she spoke."

So wedded is Portsmouth to the old ways that she has become the meek subject of jokes. There is a story, told by her few modern citizens, to this effect. The curfew bell, they say, rang faithfully at nine o'clock for some hundreds of years; then, complaint being made of the annoyance to some nervous invalid, it was, by vote of the selectmen, silenced. That night, at half-past eight, two hundred ancient gentlewomen read two hundred chapters of Jonathan Edwards, drank two hundred cups of weak tea, and began to warm their feet by their fireplace preparatory to retiring at the first sound of the curfew. As it failed to ring, they were found the next morning cold and exhausted for want of sleep. Twenty-eight old gentlemen in knee-breeches and ruffled shirts, who invariably started on a walk down to the shore at a quarter to nine, and walked until they heard the bell, continued on and were picked up during the week, in various states of fatigue and bewilderment, by policemen in Boston.

(To be continued.)

HE that will not use the treasures of heaven with acknowledgment deserves never to keep them. When a man is recovered from a great sickness, as his body is renewed by health, so on the other side he should renew his spirit by virtue. The body, saith St. Maximus, is the bed of the soul, where it sleeps too easily in continual health and forgets itself in many things. But a good round sickness doth not only move but turn over his bed, which maketh the soul awake to think on her salvation and make a total conversion.

—*Sir Basil Brook* (16—).

The Legend of the Tree of Mercy.



WHEN Adam felt the approach of death, he sent his son Seth to the Garden of Eden, to ask the angel guarding the Tree of Life to send him some of the oil of mercy that had been promised to him before he and Eve were banished from Paradise. Seth prepared to obey, but asked how he should find the way, to which his father replied: "Go by the valley leading to the east, and there you will see a path along which your mother and I passed before you were born; and on that path you will find our footprints, for no grass has ever grown where we trod."

Arrived at the entrance to the path, Seth saw a brilliant light at the end of it; and, drawing closer, found that it proceeded from the flaming sword held by the angel, who, as he approached, asked him what he sought. Seth explained that his father was about to die and wished to receive the oil of mercy promised him before his exile from Paradise. And the angel said: "Five thousand five hundred years must pass ere it can be given to him; but here," he added, "are three seeds from the Tree of Life. Take them to your father and place them beneath his tongue; in three days he will pass away to the place of waiting, there to remain till the Second Adam shall release him."

Seth duly carried out these strange instructions; and when he told his father of them, Adam laughed aloud for the first time since his fall, exclaiming: "O God, I have lived long enough! Now take my soul to Thee." On the third day after the seeds had been placed under his tongue, he died, and was buried by Seth in the valley of Hebron. In the spring-time, from his mouth grew three saplings, typical of the Holy Trinity, that in course of years grew into a mighty tree, that overshadowed a vast space when, later, Moses led the children of Israel forth from Egypt.

It was with a branch of this tree that

the Jewish lawgiver turned the bitter waters of Marah sweet, and struck the rock from which the spring gushed forth. Beneath the spreading branches of the wonderful growth David rested; but Solomon, his son, cut it down to make one of the beams of the Temple. Try as they would, however, the workmen found it impossible to use, and it was flung aside, to remain unheeded for many years, until one day a wise woman, perhaps one of the Sibyls, prophesied that the beam would be the cause of the destruction of the Jews. To prevent the fulfilment of her words, the tree was thrown into a stream, but it would not sink; and later it formed a bridge over the brook Cedron, for the use of the Queen of Sheba, when she went to visit Solomon. As she crossed the bridge she saw a vision of Our Lord on the Cross. Falling on her knees, she worshipped Him, explaining her strange behavior to her host by telling him that He who should hang upon the holy wood would be the Messiah. Solomon, therefore, had the beam cased in gold and used it as a lintel for the door of the Temple, so that all who entered might bless it as they passed.

There it remained until the reign of the wicked Abijah, who, coveting the gold in which it was encased, had it taken down and stripped of its covering, after which he ordered it to be buried in the earth. Many years afterward, near it was sunk a well that became the Pool of Bethesda; and at the time of the apprehension of Our Lord the beam floated on the surface and was taken possession of by the Jews, who used it for the cross of their Victim, when it became at last the true Tree of Mercy.

THE road to heaven is narrow. He, then, who would walk along it with greater ease should cast aside every incumbrance, and set out leaning on the staff of the cross, — that is, resolved in good earnest to suffer in everything for the love of God.—*St. John of the Cross.*

About Suffering.

CULLED FROM SERMONS BY THE BLESSED
CURÉ D'ARS.

THERE are two ways of suffering: with and without love. The saints supported everything with patience, joy, and constancy, because they loved. We, on the other hand, suffer with anger, distaste, and lassitude, because we do not love.

If we loved God, we would love crosses and desire them. We should be happy in suffering for the love of Him who deigned to suffer for us.

You say it is very hard? No: it is sweet, consoling, delicious, — it is joy! Only one must love while suffering, must suffer while loving.

Oh, what sweetness is experienced in suffering by those souls that are given all in all to God! 'Tis like vinegar in which much oil has been poured. The vinegar still remains vinegar, but the oil tempers its acidity and 'tis scarcely tasted.

None in the world are really happy save those who have peace of soul. In the midst of life's many trials they taste the bliss of the children of God.

To suffer—what does it matter? It is but for a moment. Could we only spend a week in heaven, we should understand the worth of this moment of suffering. We should find no cross too heavy, no hardship or trial severe enough. . . .

What are twenty, thirty years compared to eternity? And what have we to suffer, anyway? A few humiliations, a few cold shoulders, a few sharp words. *None of these ever kill any one.*

Trials, for those whom God loves, are not chastisements: they are graces. . . .

How good it is to die when one has lived on the cross! We should run after crosses as the miser runs after money.

The cross is the gift of God to His friends. There is no need of discovering the origin of our crosses: they come from on High. 'Tis always God who gives us this means of proving our love for Him.

A Catholic Layman on the Young Men's Christian Association.

THE following open letter, addressed to a professor in one of our State universities acting as a promoter of the Young Men's Christian Association, presents a Catholic layman's view of that organization, and sets forth his reasons for being in opposition to it. An excellent presentation and an admirable statement. It is a gratification greater than we can express to publish so useful and timely a communication. The writer, as will be seen, can give reasons for the faith that is in him; and, though mindful of the good works of the Y. M. C. A., is not blinded to its un-American and anti-Catholic spirit, and to the unworthy methods of its propaganda. So strong, manly, frank yet kindly a letter will appeal to fair-minded non-Catholics; and, in ways that need not be specified, it will prove beneficial to such of the writer's coreligionists as are disposed to join the Y. M. C. A., or have already done so, though by its constitution they are disqualified from holding office in it. Think of any American Catholic submitting to such a thing! It is fervently to be hoped that this communication, which is calculated to do a great deal of good, may have a great many readers:

DEAR SIR:—I returned the Y. M. C. A. subscription list to you a few days ago (as I did also last year) without comment and without my name upon it. I regret that I can neither contribute to the Y. M. C. A. nor co-operate with it. I write you this with real sorrow, since the end you propose—"To bring the young men of the University to Christ"—is at one with the broader aim—"To restore all things in Christ"—declared by Pope Pius X., whom I look up to as the Vicar of Christ on earth. I feel, therefore, under a moral compulsion to give a reason for adopting a policy of non-intercourse with an organization seeking an end identical with my own religious aspirations and the most sacred that can be proposed to a Christian. And yet I hesitate, because to give such reason will necessitate an Apostolic plainness of speech, and I have neither the call nor

the grace of an Apostle; therefore my language may wound. Yet you ask for such expression of views, and reasons for either sympathy with or divergence from your aim or methods; and I can only hope that you will receive with the respect due to an honest purpose (and such charity as you can) what I believe you ask for with sincerity.

I lived for a time in a city where one of the active officers of the Y. M. C. A. was a Protestant minister, highly esteemed. In his congregation was a woman whose husband's business called him frequently and for long periods away from home. In a course of time this woman was divorced, and quickly following her divorce she married her pastor, the minister to whom I refer. He suffered no ostracism on the part of general society or of his church; and he continued an active and prominent leader in Y. M. C. A. work, and frequently addressed the young men of that organization.

Now, I am a Catholic; I believe that Jesus Christ is God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, coequal with the Father and the Holy Ghost. I believe, therefore, that the same Divine Lawgiver who, on Sinai, wrote on tables of stone, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," reiterated the commandment, interpreting it for His Church and re-establishing for all mankind the primal law (mitigated after the Fall on account of the hardness of men's hearts) when he said to the Jews, "Everyone that putteth away his wife and marieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery." The words could not be plainer or more apt if Our Lord were giving a decision on the very case I have used as an instance from my own experience. So believing, how could I permit my son to sit for moral guidance under a man who, I hold, was living in open and persistent adultery?

You may urge that this minister's case is but an instance of human infirmity such as the holiest body of men might show, and that the organization should not be held responsible for the personal sin of one of its members. I forego the natural rejoinder, that the local organization tacitly approved his course by retaining him in office as a leader and exemplar. Even this, however, I would overlook as the too generous complacency of personal friends, were I not convinced that the attitude of the organization toward him was a logical development of principles inherent in the constitution of the Y. M. C. A.

The Association, as I understand it, is a confederation of Protestant churches, for evangelical and social work, — a kind of ecumenical council of Protestantism. Now, what is it

that differentiates one Protestant denomination from another? Not the truths they hold in common, but the particular error each one champions as the reason of its being. You should acknowledge this; for, if you are (say) a Presbyterian, you must hold that the Episcopalian denomination, in those things in which it differs from the Presbyterian, is in error; otherwise you would adhere to the Episcopalian. Similarly, each denomination, by the law of its being, *must* hold that all the others are in error in those particular doctrines in which each of them differs from itself. Therefore, it is not a particular truth but a particular error which is both the cause and symbol of sectarian differentiation. It follows that when these denominations join in a confederation like the Y. M. C. A., each one joins it, and is received and recognized in it, as the champion of its own particular belief. As the sects are many, it results that there is no revealed truth, save perhaps one (and even the divinity of Christ is held under nebulous or contradictory formulas), that is not denied by at least one sect; and so in this consensus of all errors "Christ is dissolved."

Again, you may urge that doctrinal differences are not brought into the Association; that Christ and Christian morality are its only Gospel. But what Christ and what morality, since each sect strips Him of a little? Sound doctrine is the only sanction and safeguard of sound morals; and your organization, with only a vague Christian sentimentality for its Gospel, demonstrates this. You dare not, in your assemblies, declare the awful truths of God's immutable justice; for the people would murmur in their hearts, "He blasphemeth." You dare not assert the austere commandments of His infinite holiness; for the Scribes and Pharisees about you would cry out upon you, "He hath a devil," and stone you from their presence. No; integrity of doctrine is the only safeguard of integrity of morals. The catholicity of error in your organization produces a palsy of all its faculties, and you lie impotent in the midst of perils, helpless in the crises of catastrophe. Test it by the record of your Association:

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."—One of your ordained leaders embraces a *state* of adultery and no wave of horror sweeps your organization and casts him forth from among you. "Thou shalt not bear false witness."—In Latin-American countries, in rural and frontier communities, wherever, in fact, the simplicity of the populace, the hostility of the civil authorities, or the intolerance of public opinion makes such misrepresentation safe, slander of the Catholic Church is the only gospel of a certain type of uneducated and malignant

missionary evangelists, — the only one on which their warring factions are in accord. That I may not lay myself open to the charge of intemperate expression, let me cite a late and officially declared instance of this common practice. Only a few weeks ago Archbishop Harty, of Manila, was compelled, by the boldness and insolence of these calumniators, to issue a public protest and warning against them. A paragraph from the Archbishop's letter reads as follows:

In violation of civil law, missionaries of these denominations [American Protestant sects] have, in many instances, chosen highways, streets, and market-places, in which to denounce the Catholic Church, its doctrines, worship, practice, and ministers. They hold up to scorn and ridicule our veneration for the Mother of God, for the saints, and for sacred images; they decry the spiritual power of the priesthood; and they have not hesitated to stigmatize all Catholics as idolaters, and priests as mercenary and avaricious.

That your Association does not repudiate this campaign of defamation and blasphemy, but, on the contrary, offers itself as a centre of unification for it, is quite evident from the next paragraph of Archbishop Harty's letter. It reads:

Lately the manifold evangelical denominations, combined in a body called the Young Men's Christian Association, have established a branch of that Society in Manila for the white race only; and are about to establish another branch for the Filipinos. . . .

This certainly is a passionless statement of intolerable conditions borne with truly Apostolic longanimity, and is worthy of a patriotic prelate mindful of a delicate and complex situation calling for self-control and forbearance; mindful, too, of the warning and the plea addressed especially to ecclesiastics and missionaries by one of the early U. S. Philippine Commissions. And yet your Association, with its vast preponderance of decent, truthful, clean-minded, just, patriotic and Christian men in its membership, is made to stand sponsor for this propaganda of misrepresentation and insult. It is seized upon bodily by these conspirators of calumny and made the citadel of their unholy warfare; and no upheaval of indignant shame shakes your mountain of God, until it vomit them forth, discredited and dishonored.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."—In Porto Rico, the subsidiary sects of your organization have gone so far as to set up in their chapels altars and images of the Blessed Mother of God, decorating them with lights and flowers: By Beelzebub they cast out devils; for they commit the very idolatry they denounce in us, who commit no idolatry; for we know whom we adore. But *they* "discern not the body of the Lord" born of her, Mary, the creature; yet "set up from all eternity and

of old before the earth was made," in the inscrutable counsels of the Most High, to be the Mother of the Word made flesh. We adore, as the Magi adored, the Child in her arms; and, opening our treasures, we offer Him gifts as the Magi offered them, at the feet of Mary, His Mother. We come unto God by Mary, as Christ, our Way and our Emmanuel, cometh by Mary unto us. But to these sectarians, all this is idolatry. Yet they themselves commit it, to make a snare for innocence; and, committing it, they violate the last sanctuary and the last sanctity of the soul—conscience: their own and their proselytes'. They imitate this holy worship to deceive the little ones of Christ, and they profane what they imitate. To lure from the sheltering fold of Mother Church the lambs of the flock, they steal her voice, they copy her vesture, they mimic her call; they parody all this sacred ritual—of angels, of shepherds, and of kings; and they desecrate what they parody. And you! You are mute—by silence participators in their sacrilege.

Patriotism should make the Constitution sacred to you, yet you violate it, I believe, in spirit and in letter, when your Association solicits or receives, directly or indirectly, Government or State subsidies for its work. It is not long ago that free transportation to the Philippines on Government transports was secured for Y. M. C. A. officials. (My name must have been obtained for your mailing list by an unauthorized and illegal use of the records of the State University.) In many Government departments, notably in the army and navy, so pervasive and officious has the Y. M. C. A. become that it holds almost the importance and recognition of a departmental bureau.

You yourself (pardon the personal directness of the argument),—you yourself sign your appeal for the Association with your official signature as a member of the staff of the State University, supported by all the people; and you are not even conscious that, in so doing, you traverse the most sacred of the people's guarantees, using the high office you hold from the State as a title of religious authority, and wearing your doctor's hood over the Geneva gown of your sectarianism as a pallium of spiritual jurisdiction.

Do I, then, believe you evil? God forbid! I believe the organization is human; and I believe, too, that the Providence of God makes use of it, by the agency of His elect within it, to witness of Himself where no other witness would be received,—a witness by the ministry of service rather than of doctrine. For I believe that the spirit of God is on many among you; and I myself stand in shame and inward confusion as I look upon your manifold good deeds.

The very faith in me seems faithless, as I am witness of the works of faith that you do—and *I do not*.

The Church, indeed, rejoices and is consoled in the promise of her Founder: "Many shall come from the East and the West and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven." For God hath His witness in every nation, and He doth not abandon even the abandoned. He maketh the stern decrees of His justice minister to His mercy, and scattereth the chosen people for their idolatries among the idolaters, that the tradition of the heavenly truth may be made known among them, and His Name be magnified among the Gentiles. You are the children of the Captivity of Babylon in exile for your fathers' sins. Men of desires afflict themselves in the sight of God in prayer and in the privation of every desirable food, for the desolated people of God. But the angel, the Prince of the Persians, resisteth their angels now, as aforetime he resisted the angel of Daniel's vision; and not until Michael, the great Prince, of the Church of God, shall come to their assistance, shall God gather together His elect from the four winds of heaven into the visible communion of His Church. Then, indeed, shall the great and dreadful day of the Lord be nigh at hand, when the nations that have rejected Him shall be abandoned indeed, and there shall be no prophet among them, save the lying prophets of Antichrist.

If I have written with fervor, believe me I have no rancor in my heart. I am only a common, everyday Catholic—too unskilled for the defence that has been thrust upon me. But if I lack skill and courtesy, there is (I trust) in my plea at least no professionalism, no pharisaism, no self-righteousness. I judge no one—not even one who hath "married her that is put away from her husband." I know the sin: God alone, who reads the heart, knows the guilt, if guilt there be. But I, if I have communication with sin, then indeed shall guilt be in me. Therefore, I can not be of you or with you.

I am, however, with all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

THE showy airs and ostentations, the extravagance and prodigality of some persons who have suddenly become rich, is merely gold-plating the scabbard without improving the blade. The veneer of refinement serves only to accentuate the vulgarity. The more you polish woodwork, the more you reveal the grain.—*William G. Jordan.*

A Lady's Testimony.

Notes and Remarks.

FEW persons have thrown more light on that group of the parties to the recent industrial dispute at Lawrence, Mass. which most needs to be known and to be understood, than Mrs. Amos Pinchot, of New York, who spent eight days among the strikers, and furnished to the *Sunday Sun* of that city an account of what she saw and heard. This lady had a decided advantage over most investigators in being able to speak Italian and French. She declares that she was greatly impressed and pleased with the strikers, and much less pleased with the officials and the police. "I should say that the most notable feature of the strike itself was the self-discipline of the strikers." They were not a lawless mob.

Mrs. Pinchot refers to the work of the strike in welding together all the people of various nationalities that are employed in the Lawrence mills, and changing their attitude toward one another from distrust and hostility to fraternal feeling. So it may turn out that the strike was a disguised blessing, not only for Lawrence but for manufacturing towns everywhere. Once the workman becomes convinced that nothing is to be gained by violence, and the workwoman realizes that a brick is no argument, and persons like Mrs. Pinchot are found to espouse the cause of the laboring class, employers will be more amenable to reason and more disposed to do justice to their employees.

Mrs. Pinchot heard the strikers' side of the story,—the side of which the general public hears least. Having thus taken the subject to heart, we claim that she is incomparably better qualified to discuss it than the average man who has only read about it. And let us add that women like Mrs. Pinchot—there are many such—are a thousand times more worthy to cast votes than the men who cast stones at them.

It is gratifying to notice that the movement inaugurated two years ago by the Young Men's Institute of San Francisco, aiming at the promotion of a general observance of Good Friday, has spread widely among Catholics, and has even attracted the attention of a considerable number of our separated brethren. The day is now more strictly observed than ever before in numerous parishes; and in not a few of our great cities, where there is a large percentage of Catholics, servile work is suspended as on Sundays. The public devotions are attended by an ever-increasing number of pious people. In some States, thanks to the cordial co-operation of the Protestant clergy, Good Friday has already been declared a legal holiday.

In an address at a recent meeting of Protestant Sunday-school teachers, the Rev. D. S. Hamilton, of Patterson, N. J., made a strong plea for the observance of Lent, according to the custom of former ages. "Is there anything," he said, "we need to teach our children of to-day more than to give up indulgence and things that are dear to the flesh? There is no season so good for this purpose as the forty days preceding Good Friday; and then there will be a joyous occasion on Easter and a real resurrection. If we Protestants would band together like members of the Catholic Church, something great could be accomplished."

The editor of *Harper's Weekly* makes some reflections on the burial of the *Maine* that are to our liking, describing it as one of the most remarkable naval exhibitions ever witnessed. "It was melancholy, dignified, and immensely picturesque. Everything about it, and about the proceedings that led up to it, is remarkable. They have all been governed almost entirely by sentiment. To get the *Maine* up out of the harbor of

Havana was a costly and very difficult job. It was not necessary. The sunken hulk could have been blown to pieces where she lay. But there was a strong feeling that that was not the way to do it; that an autopsy should be held on the remains of that vessel; that the bones of the dead should be taken out of her; and that if it were possible she should be made to float again, and disposed of as seemed desirable. And so it has been done. The cofferdam was built, the autopsy was held, and the bones of the dead have been removed; all offers of showmen and relic-hunters have been refused; and finally the historic wreck has gone honorably down to Davy Jones, amid a thunder of salutes, and covered all with roses and a great flag of the United States."

It was all done by sentiment. There was lots of it, and it was of prime quality, too. Yet a great many of our English cousins are wont to assert that we are utterly incapable of true sentiment. Coventry Patmore used to refer to us as New Worldlings, and declared that it was impossible for an American person to produce an epic.

Notable among the tributes recently paid to the children of St. Patrick is this from President Taft:

The thing of which I wish to speak to-night, however, is the well-known fact that Socialism and Anarchy have found no lodgment among Irishmen. They believe in constituted authority; they believe in the institutions of modern society; they believe in upholding our national and our State governments; they believe in the preservation of the checks and balances of our constitutional structure. Not from them do we hear proposals to change the fundamental law, to take away the independence of the judiciary, or to minimize in any way the influence and power of constituted authority. They welcome progress; they are enterprising and active to further prosperity. They are not full of diatribes against the existing order.

As a concrete verification of the foregoing, we quote a brief extract from an appeal made to wage-laborers by an

individual Irishman, Mr. James McCarthy, of Chicago. Calling himself "a working-man, a trades unionist, and one who concedes to the other fellow the same right that I may have, legally and naturally, and no more," Mr. McCarthy declares: "There is absolutely no question in the minds of thinking men as to where Socialism would inevitably lead us. We should be State slaves beyond any doubt. Where law and justice ought to prevail, we should have despotism, just as surely as the sun shines."

Apart from the economic aspects of Socialism, its moral or *unmoral* side makes it supremely distasteful to the sons of Erin. The abolition of marriage and the exaltation of free-love will never appeal to the clean-hearted clients of Saints Patrick and Brigid.

"What is the cause," asks a writer in the *Dublin Review*, "of this mistaken idea that science is a foe to religion? The answer is, fashion and novelty. No one would trouble to listen to a man who suddenly got up and proclaimed that he had proved the truth of that Christianity with which we are all familiar; but the curious flock in crowds to hear preachers who put forth new and fascinating theories about Creation, life, and religion; and too often the listeners have not brains or learning enough to know whether they are being instructed or duped."

This declaration explains the vogue of novelties in art, science, and sociology, as well as in "new" religions. Men and women are still pretty much in the condition of children, so far as their fondness for the unfamiliar is concerned.

A propos of the recent edict of the Pope, in reference to gatherings where women are dressed *décolleté*, the *Catholic Bulletin* (Dublin) recalls an incident of the visit of Cardinal Vannutelli, seven years ago, to that city. The Cardinal, in company with Archbishop Walsh, paid a surprise visit

to the Oireachtas, which was being held in the Rotunda. It is generally known, of course, that the Cardinal expressed his pleasure at the entertainment, and was particularly pleased with the singing of the Oireachtas choir. What is not so generally known is that he expressed not only approval but admiration of the dress worn by the ladies of the choir. "So modest!" were the words of his Eminence. "It was not only modest," says the *Bulletin*, "but graceful and becoming also. It is well to remember that a high dignitary of the Church praised a dress which was modelled on that worn by our women in the days when Ireland did not slavishly adopt foreign fashions."

Mr. Tobias Schanfarber, who conducts the News and Views department of the *Chicago Israelite*, protests against the practice of inviting aspirants for political honors to synagogues, and allowing them to make addresses, — 'men who had forgotten all about being Jews until they were moved to run for office.' We agree that these worthies should not be exploited by the Orthodox Jewish public, for the same reason that Catholic voters should "fight shy" of those coreligionists whose only profession of faith consists in regular attendance at church fairs, picnics, and large funerals.

If the new anti-Catholic organization known as the Guardians of Liberty obtains a foothold in this country, and if in districts where Catholics are few they are made to suffer veritable persecution, as they did a few years ago from the American Protective Association, we shall at least have the satisfaction, such as it will be, of knowing what provoked the hostility and how it has been fomented.

Father Curry, of New York, is responsible for a bit of civic action thus described in a current circular: "There is about to be introduced into the Board

of Aldermen of New York city an ordinance providing in effect for the placing upon every public building—tenement, saloon, theatre, hotel—of a conspicuous plate bearing the name and address of the owner." An excellent ordinance to be adopted by the aldermen of every city in the land,—and one that would lead to a number of surprises as to the responsibility for vicious conditions weighing on citizens commonly considered "eminently respectable."

So far as external evidence goes, it would seem that Spiritism is making greater inroads, at least among Catholics, in England than in this country, although it was in America that modern Spiritism really took its rise some sixty-four years ago. It may be that there is a dallying with the practices of the cult, on the part of American Catholics, to which not much attention is paid because of a very general, though very erroneous, opinion that the whole system is "humbug and nonsense." There is an illuminative remark made in Father Benson's "The Necromancers" by Mr. Cathcart, an ex-Spiritist: "I wouldn't rely on Father Mahon. I've hardly ever met a priest who takes these [spiritistic] things seriously. In theory—yes, of course; but not in concrete instances." That they are taken seriously, however, by some priests and prelates is clear from the fact that the Bishop of Salford devotes his Lenten Pastoral to a discussion of the subject. These extracts from his letter will be found interesting:

We are quite well aware that a considerable part of this modern Spiritism, with its mediums, *séances*, clairvoyance, evocation of spirits, etc., is demonstrably made up of chicanery and fraud. But such an admixture of mere charlatanism does not preclude the really preternatural, or even diabolical, character of some of the phenomena of more advanced Spiritism. And whatever explanation, whether natural or preternatural, be given of such phenomena, there is no doubt that the crucial evil, the specific danger, of spiritistic practices is the

eventual subjection of the will-power to what is denominated "external control"—be that control diabolical or merely human. This control, this surrender of the keys of the free-will, is the true source of the frightful evils to which Spiritism inevitably leads. . . .

It has thus appeared to us a solemn duty to utter a timely and most serious warning against the dangers, spiritual and even material, which the adoption of spiritistic beliefs and practices involve. And this all the more so, because the beginnings are small and apparently harmless. A little dabbling, perhaps for amusement, in some slight forms of occultism leads to deeper interest and an ever-growing craving to know more and see more, until the victim becomes a full adept and a slave of the cult.

The last place in the world in which a genuine Catholic should look for help or amusement is a spiritistic *séance*, and his presence thereat would be not only incongruous but positively sinful.

The latest oracular deliverance on the name "Catholic" to come to our notice is this, from the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, for whose scholarship we used to entertain much respect:

"Catholic" is a term especially characteristic of the universal church based on the achievements of Christianity in the first three centuries of her existence. The three great Protestant bodies, and their legitimate daughters, have just as good a right to the term as the Romanists and the Greeks; for they all in their common creed hold to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

The most appropriate comment on the foregoing would seem to be the contemporary small boy's comprehensive interrogatory, "Now, what do you know about *that?*"

Among the beautiful customs of Holy Week in Montreal is that according to which the head of the diocese, together with others high in ecclesiastical office, waits at table upon the theological students at the Grand Seminary,—an institution familiar not only to every parish in Canada, but to very many in the United States, because within its walls were trained and fostered hundreds now min-

istering to the spiritual needs of the children of the Church in almost every quarter of the Continent. On Good Friday last, three hundred of the students assembled in the large dining hall of the Grand Seminary, and were waited on by his Grace Archbishop Bruchési, the dean of the faculty, and the professors. Over the purple robe of his episcopal office, the prelate wore the white apron of the waiter and attended to the wants of the students in the section assigned to him. The custom is, of course, in commemoration of the fact that Our Lord waited upon His disciples on that ever-memorable Holy Thursday before His death.

Among the principles asserted by the Boston Archdiocesan Federation of Catholic Societies is this on education:

We hold that the State is not the sole educator. We admit that circumstances may at times compel the State to assume the rôle of an educator. We contend that, in its educational program, it should respect the rights of conscience and the differing religious beliefs of those who come under its teaching. We affirm, moreover, that all schools which are contributing to the formation of good citizens deserve equal recognition.

Deserve—yes, and eventually will receive such recognition. The trend of educational thought is clearly in that direction.

The criticism frequently passed on conventions of Catholic societies—that they are too fond of confining their activities to the passing of resolutions and eschewing practical work—is scarcely applicable to the Guild of Catholic Women, founded some time ago in St. Paul, Minnesota. Witness the following pledge recently signed by as many as six hundred of the Guild's members:

I pledge myself to remain away from all places of amusement where the standard of morality is not of the highest. It is not necessary that I take such a pledge, but I hope by so doing to influence others to do likewise; also to try to influence others to attend anything commendable.

Notable New Books.

The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Written Word. By Bishop Hay. A New Edition. Revised by the Very Rev. Canon Stuart. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

In the Introduction to the first edition of this work, its author said: "In every age we find men of the greatest genius and learning who have employed themselves with great zeal in instructing the ignorant in the truths of salvation, both by their Apostolical labors during their lifetime, and by the pious monuments of charity and zeal which they have left behind them in their many valuable writings, for the benefit of future ages. To contribute my mite toward so laudable a purpose is the design of the present publication." How large and fruitful and famous a contribution his publication was to become, the good Bishop in all probability did not suspect: but a hundred years later, English-speaking Catholics, the world over, can testify to the immense amount of good effected by his work.

Hay's "Sincere Christian," like Milner's "End of Controversy," and Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," is a classic of Catholic apologetics, one of the standard works with which our fathers and grandfathers were as familiar as later-day Catholics are with their favorite magazine or newspaper. And, like all other classics, it will bear frequent perusal. Catholic libraries, public and private, will do well to provide themselves with the present edition; although, substantially, it is little more than a reprint of that published by Bishop Murdoch. Canon Stuart has simply altered some archaic spellings and expressions, and added a few short notes to the original text. It was a happy thought to issue the work during the centenary year of its right reverend author; and one hopes that its mission during the twentieth century may be as abundantly blessed as was the original book during the nineteenth.

Outlines of Bible Knowledge. Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. B. Herder.

The mere fact that Archbishop Messmer's book is the only one of its kind in the English tongue for Catholics would make it notable. In addition it is very well planned and written, and it will convey to the average reader such information about the Bible as every educated Catholic should have at his command. In the space of three hundred pages is given a fair outline of the history and character of the Sacred Books and of the geography and archæology of the Holy Land. There is a good index,

some fine illustrations also, and the book is well printed from clear type. Probably its most valuable and attractive feature is its easy style, which makes the matter very readable. Moreover, the popular controversies, familiar to the man in the street, are taken up and so placed before the reader as to get their real merits into his mind. Some people are very glib on Biblical questions without knowing much about them. Their glibness would vanish if properly instructed people were ready with the right rejoinder. Archbishop Messmer's book is just the one for reading Catholics, priests and laymen alike, who are too busy to go deeply into Biblical study and yet must know something about the Sacred Books.

The Elements of Social Science. By Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. M. H. Gill & Son.

This translation of a popular Italian book has been very well done into English by the Rev. William McLoughlin, of Mount Melleray Abbey, Ireland. In the small space of less than two hundred pages, the author has managed to give a fair idea of the Catholic doctrine and opinion on various important topics connected with social science. In the first part he treats clearly the origin and object of society, the origin and nature of man, the family, the commune, the State, the rights and the authority of the State. In the second part he examines labor and its products, the distribution of wealth, and the rights and duties of both Labor and Capital. His work is based on the teachings of Leo XIII. as set forth in his famous Encyclical *De Operariis*, and also on other documents issued by the same great Pope. The book is intended chiefly for seminaries and schools, but it will be found very useful to all readers who desire as much necessary information as can be conveyed in a handy volume.

Saint Teresa of Jesus. The Life, Relations, Maxims and Foundations. Written by the Saint. Also a History of Saint Teresa's Journeys and Foundations. With Map and Illustrations. Introduction by Walter Elliott, C. S. P. Edited by John J. Burke, C. S. P. The Columbus Press.

This imposing volume, a large octavo of 727 pages, opens with Crashaw's "Hymn to the Name of the Admirable Saint Teresa." Then comes Father Elliott's admirable Introduction, a dozen pages in length. It is at once a genuine study of the Carmelite saint's personality, natural and supernatural, a critique of her literary style, and a vindication of the practical side of her character. No one, indeed, who is at all familiar with the saint's letters about her family's concerns, or business matters generally,

will need Father Elliott's assurance that "this nun, rated by non-Catholic writers as a dreamy mystic, was a good business manager."

The English translations used in the volume are those of Lewis, the distinguished Tractarian convert; and naturally so, for it is scarcely possible to improve upon his excellent rendition of Saint Teresa's by no means facile Spanish. A peculiar feature of the work, so far as English Lives of the saint are concerned, is thus referred to in the Introduction: "In connection with the 'Life,' 'Relations,' and the 'Book of Foundations,' the present volume presents for the first time in English a unique French work entitled 'L'Espagne Thérésienne ou Pélerinage d'Un Flamand à Toutes les Fondations de Sainte Thérèse.'" The author, M. Hye Hoys, a native of Ghent, illustrated the itinerary of the saint's life as foundress in minute detail. His excellent map and twenty-seven plates, with explanatory notes and keys, are reproduced in the present work and add much to its value and interest.

It remains to be said that the editor's task has been conscientiously and admirably done, and that the typographical setting of the volume is quite worthy of its intrinsic merits.

The Magic of the Sea; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making. By Captain James Connolly. B. Herder.

It is conceivable that the genesis of this book has some connection with the more or less heated controversy waged, a few years ago, about the respective claims of John Barry and Paul Jones to the honorary title, "Father of the American Navy." Whatever be its genesis, it is a nautical novel, a seafaring man's yarn. And no short yarn, either. Five hundred and fifty-four pages, with three hundred and forty or fifty words to a page, would suffice for even a three-volume novel of the middle nineteenth century, and make up an unusually well-filled single volume for our less leisurely day. As for the comparative merits of Captain Connolly's narrative and some of the old-time three-volume sea-stories, tastes will differ in deciding. That this is a historical novel of American Revolutionary times, a tale told with substantial fidelity to the facts of history, is a circumstance likely to weigh much in its favor with patriotic readers; and the portrait which it affords of Barry, on the whole a flattering portrait, is an additional merit. The story covers the period from 1767 to 1794, and is told in the form of an autobiography by Shane Ronan, a boyish chum of Barry in Wexford, and, later, his first officer throughout most of his naval career. Ronan's own love story, chequered and protracted by the enthusiastic patriotism of his mistress, Macha Nixon, of Philadelphia, is one of the

constituent strands that make up the cable of the volume's interest, and younger readers at least will find the cable strong.

In the Early Days. Pages from the Annals of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. B. Herder.

A handsome octavo of 375 pages, in which the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Mount Carmel, Dubuque, Iowa, chronicle in uniformly interesting style the heroic achievements of their founders and their first members, "and the not less noble efforts of their worthy and efficient successors, all for the glory of God and the good of souls." The origin of their institute dates back to 1831, when five young Irish girls united in charitable work for the suffering poor of Dublin. In 1833 they removed to Philadelphia, and, under the direction of Father Donaghoe, were formed into a regular community. Ten years later the Sisters accepted the invitation of Bishop Loras to make Dubuque the centre of their activities, and since that period the Iowan city has been the home of the community's governing body. Mother Clarke, who enjoyed the title of foundress, was dowered with exceptional administrative ability, as well as with altogether uncommon holiness; and numerous incidents related of those early days indicate that supernatural assistance was more than once lent to the struggling band of religious, whose vow of poverty was often enough put to the test of actual and severe practice. We have read the book with pleasure, and can recommend it to others than the pupils and friends of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Fair Noreen. By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). Benziger Brothers.

This may be described as an absorbing book, with many amusing pages. The heroine, the Lady Honoria Turbary, holds the reader's sympathy to the end; the minor characters are also brimful of life and spirit. The old major, crusty yet human; Lord Gytrash, his friend, a noble character on the whole; Heber and his mother, Lady Emmeline; and Kerrigan, the fine old Irish valet, with his sallies of good sense and native wit; the stories of the peasantry of Connaught and their woes so graphically and faithfully drawn, — all make a world of lively entertainment for the reader. The introduction of the air-ship, with its failures and final success, is a most interesting addition to the plot, and will render the last chapters of absorbing charm to those who follow the fortunes of "Fair Noreen." The book is beautifully illustrated, and should find favor with those selecting gifts.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE HANDLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Vervain.

(There is a charming tradition that fragrant and healing herbs sprang up beneath the feet of our Blessed Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane. The memory of this tradition is preserved in the lines still recited sometimes in certain districts of England when vervain is picked.)

NEVER will the sorrowing
Long in grief remain,
If they tread the silent wood,
Plucking sweet vervain.
Hail to thee, then, holy herb,
Growing on the ground!
On the Mount of Olivet
First thy leaf was found.
Thou art good for every ill,
Healing many a wound;
Let me in the Holy Name
Lift thee from the ground.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—A NEW LIFE.



PAT went to school next day. It was not the school that grandma would have willed for her little girl; but the gentle old lady had lived apart from the world so long that she had forgotten how hearts and minds can change in the busy whirl. She did not know that the cold, hard world and a loveless home had laid their icy touch upon the Max of long ago; that, in the fierce struggle for wealth and power, he had let better things slip from his hold; that the old Faith of the Trevors, the Light they had borne undimmed across the seas, had all but gone out in the soul of her sister's son.

Indeed, few of Mr. Maxwell Granville's many acquaintances, Mr. Gilbert Dunn included, dreamed that he was, by the heritage of his mother's saintly race, by baptism and early education, a Catholic. So Mrs. Marcia had her own way with the children, who had always attended the most fashionable church and school within reach. And the Eclectic Institute for young ladies, with its columned entrance, its marble vestibule, its list of patrons and patronesses at home and abroad, was all that Mrs. Marcia could ask in style and splendor.

Even the fearless spirit of Miss Patricia Peyton, that all the terrors of Big Black could not daunt, was a trifle subdued as she was ushered through heavy portières of green velvet into the presence of the Board for examination and registration. The Board consisted of a thin lady in eyeglasses, and a fat one with a double chin, and a spare, spectacled gentleman. They were seated at a table covered with papers; and there were charts and maps and diagrams all around the walls, and globes and bookcases and marble busts everywhere.

"Examination," "registration," "vaccination," too, perhaps,—Pat had heard rumors of such dire demands in the country schools beyond Pocomoke. She felt very much like bolting through the nearest window; but the atmosphere, so weighty with knowledge and wisdom, held even grandpap's girl in check.

"Miss Patricia Peyton, of Pocomoke," began the thin lady, glancing at the note which Pat had given in at the door. "Introduced by her guardian, Mr. Maxwell Granville, of Linden Terrace."

"Quite satisfactory," replied the fat lady, who had been listening with half-closed eyes.

"Age twelve years," continued the

previous speaker; "social position guaranteed by guardian, to whom her bills are to be rendered. All the advantages of the Institute desired, without regard to cost."

"Very satisfactory, indeed," said the fat lady, with another nod. "You may now proceed, Dr. Willoughby."

Doctor—*Doctor Willoughby!* Pat started back at the words, guarding her arm.

"No, he can't,—he can't!" she said. "I won't let him! I was vaccinated last year when the tramp had smallpox in our barn, and it *took*."

Tramp—smallpox—vaccinated! There was a breathless pause of horror at the words. Even the fat lady's eyes opened in a stare of dismay.

"Oh—aw—yes! From the country, of course! Miss Benson, will you explain?"

"Doctor Willoughby is not a medical practitioner," said the thin lady, rather severely. "His title is academic entirely, and there is no question here of—of—such things. The Doctor wishes simply to ascertain your scholastic standing."

"What schools you have attended and what studies you have pursued," explained the Doctor, a gleam of humor behind his glasses as they turned on Pat's bewildered face.

"Oh, I've never been to school at all!"

"Never been to school!"

There was another horrified pause. Madame Morelle, the fat lady, and Miss Benson stared at Pat in blank dismay at such a revelation. Never been to school! From what wild depths of barbarism could this ward of Mr. Granville's have come? Only Doctor Willoughby, looking into the bright eyes of the new pupil, kept his composure.

"You mean you have been taught at home?" he said quietly.

"Yes," answered Pat, "I had a governess, but she got married,—all the teachers that come to Pocomoke get married. Then grandma taught me herself. But—but"—Pat, glancing around at maps and charts, felt, as she recalled the dog-eared grammar on the kitchen shelf, that

she might as well make open confession,— "I haven't studied very much for six months now, and I'm awfully behind city girls, I know. I never had any new books like theirs. There isn't any West Virginia in my atlas, and Alaska was Russian America, and my History stops at the Battle of Chapultepec."

Doctor Willoughby put up his hand to hide a smile that would ill befit the dignity of the Board.

"Chapultepec?" he repeated. "Well there has been some history made since then, I must confess. I suppose you've heard of the Civil War?"

"Heard of it, Doctor!" repeated Pat, with flashing eyes. "I've been hearing of that ever since I was born. Oh, you can't puzzle me on that! I've been listening to Colonel Dick Clayton's stories all my life, and he went straight through from Bull Run to Appomattox. And I've gone up to vulgar fractions in arithmetic, and to prepositions in grammar, and I've studied verses in "Lady of the Lake" and "Hiawatha," and I've been through the Catechism three times, and that—that's all I know."

Pat's cheeks were quite red now, and she was twisting her little hands together nervously. Passing a "Board" is nervous business even for a Peyton of Pocomoke.

"Well, what do you say, ladies?" asked Doctor Willoughby, who knew well that Miss Patricia Peyton's entrance fee was already in Madame Morelle's silver handbag and that questioning was quite unnecessary. But the Boards of such stylish establishments must go through all the proper forms.

"I think," said Miss Benson, "that, with a short course of preliminary study—"

"Which is always considered an extra," put in Madame Morelle.

"We may bridge the gap of time in Miss Patricia Peyton's previous curriculum," concluded Doctor Willoughby, dryly, "and admit her to registration."

And so Pat, feeling very much as if she had been put through the various stages

of a Russian bath, signed her name in a full round hand in the elegant registration book, and became a pupil at the Eclectic Institute for better or worse.

Miss Gladys found she had no reason to blush for her country cousin, as, despite all her frankly confessed deficiencies, Pat Peyton soon made friends of her own. Lois Raymond welcomed her with a joyous hug that showed she had not forgotten the ride around Eagle's Rock; and Lois had a crowd of merry, happy girls who took to Pat at once. The playground of the Eclectic Institute woke into new life at recess; though Gladys and Corinne, walking with their arms entwined on the porch, tossed their ribboned heads at such tomboy fun. And in the private schoolroom Pat was making short work of preliminary studies, and bridging the gap between the Battle of Chapultepec and the twentieth century with astonishing rapidity.

Then there were so many wonderful things to hear and see after school, and the first two weeks of her new life were so full of breathless interest for our little mountain girl, that she was only vaguely conscious of the chilling void in the stately house she called home. Altogether, it was a very cheering, pleasant letter that reached Molly Mickell one bright wintry morning from the little exile of Pocomoke.

DEAR, DARLING MOLLY:—I am writing to you as I promised I would. I have never written letters before except in a copy-book of grandma's, where everything began "Honored Madam." So this won't be right, I know; but I am just going to scratch ahead and not mind. O Molly darling, when I think of your sitting down in the little parlor to read this letter, with the cat on the hearth-rug and the fire in the stove and the nice smell of coffee and spices and apples coming in from your father's store, and the checkers and backgammon and "messenger boy" games on the table, and me—me away off here so far from you, I just—just can't keep from crying. There's

a big tear-blot on the paper now. I won't think of it any more, Molly. I'll just tell you how things are here, though I scarcely know how to begin.

It's a great deal nicer than I thought it would be, Molly; though I get very homesick at night. I wake up from dreams about Mam and Uncle Scip and Ginger and the kitchen-fire, and everything. Still it's a *great* deal nicer than I thought. I've got four new dresses and two hats, and a coat all trimmed with fur, and you wouldn't know me if you met me on the road, I—I look so fine. And my room is the prettiest place you ever saw. Counterpane, curtains, carpet, walls, everything just trailing with pink roses,—not real ones, of course, but painted and woven in. And we have fresh flowers on the table just as if it were summertime; and Cousin Marcia wears a satin party dress to dinner, and we have ice cream nearly every day.

I go to a school where all the books are full of pictures and maps and things to make lessons easy. And Lois Raymond goes there too; and we have fine times together, as you can guess. You know how nice Lois was when she was down at Pocomoke last year. She took me to the *matinée* (which means theatre in the daytime) and to two moving-picture shows. And Madame Lorraine, a nice old lady who went to school with grandma, comes every Sunday and takes me to church, because they are not Catholics at my guardian's house. Gladys does not know about our Blessed Mother, or St. Joseph, or anything; and Cousin Marcia stays in bed all Sunday, because she is so tired.

Now I must end this long letter because it is time to study my lessons. I am trying to catch up with Gladys and go into her class, so I can not lose any time. Give my love to everybody. And when you see Mam tell her I dream about her and Ginger and Link and—and [another big blot punctuated the closing sentence] every night.

Your loving friend,

PAT.

Molly read the letter three times with shining eyes; and then slipping into the store where "Dad" was settling his somewhat confusing accounts in his old ledger, reread it to him.

"Sure an' that's fine news entirely!" said the good man. "Jump on the little mare, Molly *asthore*, an' take that letther up to Peyton Hall; for, black or white, we're all God's crathures alike. An' I'm thinkin' them poor Naygurs are sorrowing sore for their little lad. It will warrum their harts to get word of her."

And soft-eyed little Molly pulled on her worsted cap and sweater and ran out to saddle Sheela, who was soon bearing her rosy-cheeked rider over the rugged heights of old Pocomoke toward the great hall, whose broad pillared front stood closed and shuttered as if the last gleam of its busy life of a hundred years had departed with Miss Pat.

Molly guided Sheela around the back road to the kitchen door, where Uncle Scip was smoking his corn-cob pipe; Link was chopping wood at the big pile; and Mam, hanging out her snowy "wash" in the yard, was as usual berating her small assistant.

"You Ginger! Whar dem clothespins? Didn't I tell you to bring dat tickin' bag ofen de kitchen table? You ain't no more 'count dese days dan a chicken wif de pip. Clothespins, you hyar? Move 'long for dem quick, or I'll find some way for to make dem laigs of yourn limber. For de land's sake," declared Mam, as Ginger disappeared in the kitchen at her bidding, I believe dat ar chile gwine to pine herself into de graveyard. She ain't eat a full meal since Miss Pat's been gone."

"She do look mouty peaked and tallery," agreed Uncle Scip, shaking his grizzled head.

"Peaked and tallery!" echoed Mam. "Why, dar ain't a pickin' on her bones! I's dat wurrud about her I can't sleep ob nights.—You, Ginger, don't you see me hyar waitin' for dem clothespins? What

you standin' dah stock-still like ye ain't got no sense?"

"Mam—Mam, hyar comes Miss Molly Mickell!" Ginger's dull eyes kindled into sudden life. "Hyar comes Miss Molly on her little mare! An' she got a letter, Mam,—she got a letter!"

For pretty Molly was already cantering through the clotheslines, waving the letter gaily above her head.

"From Pat!" she called, reining up Sheela and springing lightly to the kitchen steps,—“from dear, darling Pat!”

"Bress de Lord!" gasped Mam, dropping her armful of clothes in a heap. "My chile safe, den, and sound! I ain't drawed an easy breaif since she got off in dem steam cars what's killin' folks ebbery day."

"Link!" Ginger's sharp little cry rang out to the wood pile. "Come quick, Link! Hyar's a letter from Miss Pat!"

And, gathering round the fair-faced little messenger, they all listened breathlessly while Molly read Pat's letter, with all its cheery news and loving greetings and its homesick sigh.

"Nebber knowed pen and ink could talk like dat," chuckled Uncle Scip delightedly. "You 'most tink Miss Pat was a settin' dar on de stone steps gibbin' us all dat news herself."

"Dey's treatin' her right, suah," said Mam delightedly, with a sigh of relief. "Four new dresses and a fur coat—"

"An' roses runnin' all ober her curtains and counterpane," put in Ginger, eagerly.

"An' school an' church an' ebberyting dat de Peytons ought to hab," interposed Uncle Scip.

"An' she ain't forgettin'," said Link, with his eyes on the blot on the paper. "She's a dreamin' ebbery night ob Mam an' Ginger an' de kitchen fire an' ebberyting dat she left hyar, and a cryin' 'bout it too. Oh, she'll come back just de same as she left, when she dream like dat!"

"Flowers on de table an' ice cream most ebbery day! Dat's fine times, ain't it, Mam?" asked Ginger, when Molly had ridden away again over the hills, and the

letter was still the subject of discussion. "Peared like Miss Pat was daid an' gone an' I weren't nebba gwine to see or hear her again; but now—now—any dat cole hominy lef' from breakfast, Mam? An' kin I hab some sorghum and corncake? Dat ar letter from Miss Pat made me powerful hungry, Mam."

And there was a look in the dusky little face that told Mam that her peaked and pining Ginger had roused to life and hope again.

(To be continued.)

A Solomon in Abyssinia.

The natives of Abyssinia are especially fond of lawsuits. At the least dispute—and they are fertile in originating differences—they elect as judge the first person who seems to have any authority, and proceed to indulge in interminable discussions. The judge's sentence, however, is always accepted with satisfaction, or at least with entire resignation.

One day two friends went looking for honey. Perceiving a hive sheltered in the topmost branches of a very high tree, the more active of the two climbed the tree, while the other built a fire at its foot to stupefy the bees with the smoke. Alas! the branch broke and the climber fell on his friend, literally knocking the life out of him, though the climber himself sustained no serious injury. The dead man's family said 'twas a clear case of murder and demanded the murderer's life. Accordingly, the matter was brought to one of the village's Solomons, an old man noted for his equity. The judge listened gravely to both sides. "You who have killed," he said to the prisoner, "ought to die; and I authorize the relatives of the dead man to fall on you from the top of the tree one after another until one of them makes an end of you." The prisoner betook himself to the foot of the tree; but, it is hardly necessary to say, the dead man's relatives didn't attempt to carry out the sentence.

The First Mass.

It is a common belief that the first Mass was celebrated after the Descent of the Holy Ghost by St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles and head of Christ's Church, in the Cenacle at Jerusalem where the Blessed Sacrament was instituted, and where our Divine Lord uttered the words, "Do this in commemoration of Me." The next to offer Mass was probably St. John, the Beloved Apostle; and a venerable tradition has it that the Blessed Virgin was present on the occasion.

The ablest liturgical writers and linguists, as Father O'Brien tells us in his learned "History of the Mass," hold that in the days of the Apostles the Holy Sacrifice was offered in the language prevailing in those places whither the Apostles went to spread the Gospel; hence, that at Jerusalem it was celebrated in Syriac; at Antioch, Alexandria, and other Grecian cities, in Greek; and at Rome and throughout the West, in Latin. As the first Mass was offered at Jerusalem, it is probable that the language used was the Syriac.

Our Lady's Birds.

It was when our Blessed Mother stood, all trembling and weeping, beneath the Cross that the swallows, swooping and darting overhead, longed to comfort and help her. Even they were sorrowful at that sad sight, and they flew closer and closer, circling round and round until at last they swept her breast with their soft feathers as they passed. The tears were falling slowly from her eyes, and dropped on the upturned breasts of the little birds; and wherever a tear fell, the feathers turned from black to pure white. And so the swallows have worn their white badge ever since in memory of the comfort they longed to give; and, like the wrens that built their nests in the Stable of Bethlehem, are sometimes called Our Lady's Birds.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A revision of Dr. Giles' translation of the Venerable Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of England" has just been added to Bohn's Library.

—"Manalive" is the title of a new book—a story—by the indefatigable, inimitable, and paradoxical Mr. Chesterton. It is said to be replete with Chestertonian wit and wisdom.

—We have received, in the form of a neatly printed volume of handy size, the 1912 edition of "Course in Isaac Pitman Shorthand," a work so often and so highly praised in these columns that further comment seems superfluous. Isaac Pitman & Sons, publishers.

—In "Easy Catechetics for the First School Year" (Joseph F. Wagner, publisher), the Rev. A. Urban presents an excellent series of primary instructions on the chief truths of religion. Given ordinary intelligence on the part of the little ones and ordinary tact on that of the teachers, there seems to be no reason why these simple talks should not be effective.

—Stoltze's "Lose Blätter" are short stories in the best sense of the word,—stories of the kind that attract beginners, boys or girls; not fairy tales, but stories that are always of interest because there is something human in them. The pedagogical part of the book is carefully done. There are helpful notes, questions based on the text, and a complete vocabulary. Published by the American Book Co.

—"Mary's Call; or, Devotion to the Dying," is an American edition of an excellent little devotional work first published in England some thirty years ago. Its pages are replete with considerations well calculated to incite charitable souls to renewed fervor in not the least charitable of spiritual activities, that of aiding those who are about to leave this world for the next. The book is published by the Little Company of Mary, at the Convent of the Maternal Heart, Chicago, Ill.

—In his preface to "Catholic Theology; or, The Catechism Explained," by the Rev. D. I. Lanslot, O. S. B. (B. Herder), Dom Gasquet says: "It is by no means a rare experience for a priest, when called to the bedside of a dying man, to find himself obliged, in the very last moments of a life, to try to impart even a general knowledge of the great mysteries of religion." This is one reason why Our Holy Father Pius X. insists in the strongest fashion upon the absolute present need of simple or catechetical instruction.

The present volume, an explanation of the Catechism of Baltimore, has been prepared with a view to helping priests and other teachers to give such instruction. It seems admirably adapted to its purpose.

—An illustrated booklet of twenty-four pages, with "Care-a-Button" for title, the word "Kingwith" occupying the space usually assigned to the name of the publisher, and a picture of "Brother Joseph" for frontispiece, comes to us from we know not where, though we have a notion that the work is a companion volume to a similarly anonymous booklet, "Pouladuff," that reached us some months ago.

—Among forthcoming books we note: "A Flower for Each Day in the Year, Culled from Many Writers as a Bouquet for Our Lady," by Mary Talbot; "The Pilgrim's Guide to Lourdes, and Places *en route*," by the Rev. G. H. Cobb; "Abbot Wallingford: an Examination of the Relations of St. Albans with Cardinal Morton," by the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet; and "The Mirror of Oxford: a Catholic History of Oxford," by the Rev. C. Dawson, S. J.

—The Rev. L. J. Kavanaugh, superintendent of Catholic schools in the Archdiocese of New Orleans, seems to have supplied the need of a serviceable hymn-book. His "Crown Hymnal," just published by Ginn & Co., will appeal to all who have felt the want of such a work. This hymnal follows well-defined, orthodox lines. Though primarily designed for parochial schools, it is ample enough for the needs of all grades. There are English and Latin hymns; Masses, litanies; funeral, Holy Week, and Vesper services; morning and evening prayers; and the Ordinary of the Mass, with explanatory notes. The presswork is in the splendid style of the publishers.

—"A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction," edited by the Rev. John Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College in Rome (Benziger Brothers), is a lucid and very thorough explanation of the Decalogue, in two volumes. Though neither preface nor Introduction giving the sources of compilation is to be found in these volumes, a perusal of the work makes clear the editor's plan. The Commandments in general and each Commandment in particular are set forth and explained by extracts from "The Roman Catechism" and the "Catechism of Pius X.," after which a short, clear and pointed instruction of Raineri's is given on each Commandment. Not only for priests and

theological students will this compendium be found of great value, but even for laymen wishing a more detailed knowledge than the ordinary Catechisms afford. An index would add to the usefulness of this work.

—From the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co. we have received two volumes of Tolstoy's hitherto unpublished work—a novel and a collection of short stories. If we refrain from any specific notice of the books, it is not that we deny the literary art of the Russian novelist, but simply because neither these stories nor any others of Tolstoy's contain any message worth reading by Christians generally or by Catholics in particular. In 1909, the Russian Count wrote to a friend: "For me, the doctrine of Jesus is simply one of those beautiful religious doctrines which we have received from Egyptian, Jewish, Hindoo, Chinese, and Greek antiquity. The two great principles of Jesus . . . have been preached by all the sages of the world—Krisna, Buddha, Lao-Tse, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius; and, among the moderns, Rousseau, Pascal, Kant, Emerson, Channing, and many others." The literary output of the holder of such views is not likely to be—and, as a matter of fact, is not—of a quality to benefit our readers. Specialists in fiction may need acquaintance with his works, but the general reader may well and wisely ignore Count Leo Tolstoy.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
- "The Elements of Social Science." Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. \$1.50.
- "The Magic of the Sea; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making." Captain James Connolly. \$1.50.
- "Fair Noreen." Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). \$1.50.
- "Easy Catechetics for the First School Year." Rev. A. Urban. 60 cts.

"The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Written Word." Bishop Hay. New Edition. \$1.75.

"In the Early Days. Pages from the Annals of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary." \$2.

"Mary's Call; or, Devotion to the Dying." 85 cts.

"Catholic Theology; or, The Catechism Explained." Rev. D. I. Lanslot, O. S. B. \$1.75, net.

"Crown Hymnal." Rev. L. J. Kavanaugh. 75 cts.

"A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Rev. John Hogan. \$4.25, net.

"The Light of the Vision." Christian Reid. \$1.25.

"Life of James Cardinal Gibbons." Allen S. Will, A. M., Litt. D. \$2.

"In the Footprints of the Padres. Charles Warren Stoddard. \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Boff, of the diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Anna, of the Sisters of Charity; Mother Ignatia, Institute of the B. V. M.; and Sister M. Euphrasia, Sisters of St. Joseph.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

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

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Eastertime.

BY L. M. TAINTER.

'TIS Eastertime! Sing, birds, your roundelay;
Sing all ye little streams along the way:

'Tis Eastertime.

O sighing trees, lament no more your shame!
The Cross man hewed from ye did man reclaim.

'Tis Eastertime! O sister Magdalene,
This day know that His blood hath washed thee
clean:

'Tis Eastertime.

He doth upon Himself thy burdens take,
Thy base desires, thy anguish, thy heart-break.

'Tis Eastertime! Mary, no longer weep!
The Christ, thy Son, hath wakened from His sleep:

'Tis Eastertime.

O sorrowing Mother, ever art thou blest,
That thou hast rocked the Godhead on thy breast!

'Tis Eastertime! Our Saviour hath arisen.
Sing, contrite hearts, your ransom from death's
prison:

'Tis Eastertime.

Through heaven and earth let the glad anthem
ring:

Behold upon His throne, Jehovah, King!

IN one sense, all forms of vegetation may be considered emblems of the Resurrection and of the life of grace in our souls, which from a small seed may blossom into a fair tree. But the Rose of Jericho, which possesses the property of recovering its form, however dry it may be, upon being immersed in water, is the favorite type of the Resurrection among the plants.

Mary in the Resurrection.



HE sorrow which oppressed the heart of Mary after the sufferings and death of her Divine Son was softened by the certainty that He would soon rise again, living and glorious, from the tomb. The Blessed Virgin could not for a moment have the least doubt in regard to this consoling fact. She knew the prophecies that had been made of old concerning the resurrection of the Saviour of the world. Besides, her Divine Son Himself, during the three years of His evangelical ministry, had more than once foretold this glorious event, not only to His disciples but also to His enemies, at the same time announcing precisely the day upon which all would be accomplished. Moreover, she knew perfectly that divine justice follows a law of compensation from which it never deviates: that Almighty God exalts him that humbles himself, and humbles him that exalts himself. Now, Christ humbled Himself even unto the death of the Cross, through love and obedience toward His Eternal Father; it was fitting, then, that He should be exalted by the glory of a triumphant resurrection. He Himself expressed this thought to His disciples after He had risen, saying, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?" (St. Luke, xxiv, 26.)

So, too, the measures taken by the enemies of Jesus did not in the least disturb the tranquil confidence of Mary.

She beheld without emotion the care with which they sealed the tomb, and placed over it guards who would have to answer with their lives for the integrity of the seal. She knew of all their vain efforts to imprison the Lord more securely in the darkness of the tomb and to falsify His words; but she knew at the same time that all the precautions which they were taking were precisely such as would serve to establish more convincingly the triumph of Jesus.

The perfect knowledge of this mystery was a soothing balm to the wounded heart of Blessed Mary. Though hope, by its nature, gives strength and consolation to the suffering heart, inasmuch as it presents the thought of an end to pain, it does not bring with it a feeling of joy, still less is it joy itself,—it is but the presage of what is to come; and the longings of the soul become the more ardent and painful in proportion to the vividness with which the object of its desires is set before it. Such was the mental disposition of the afflicted Mother of Jesus immediately before His resurrection. She awaited that glorious event with the holy impatience of the most perfect love, and the strongest aspirations of her soul were directed toward the speedy realization of her desires. Her heart eagerly longed to see Him whom she had beheld dying upon the Cross restored to her, glorious and triumphant.*

The moment so long expected at length arrived. The Lord of the Sabbath had slept the sleep of death on that great Sabbath Day, and the third day after the cruel crucifixion of Jesus had begun to dawn. At that moment the soul of the Redeemer, accompanied by the souls of the patriarchs and prophets, departed from Limbo and penetrated to the sepulchre of Calvary. There it was again united to that sacred body, which, disfigured by the bruises and wounds inflicted upon it, received a new beauty as life was restored to it. That precious blood which had been

poured forth so abundantly again coursed through its veins,—recalled, without the loss of a single drop,—through the power of the Divinity. All the wounds were healed, save the marks of the nails in the hands and feet, and the opening made in the sacred side, which remained to add to the beauty of the glorified body of the Saviour of the world.*

After this wonderful restoration, Jesus threw aside the winding-sheet which had covered His body cold in death, and put on a garment like to the one He had hitherto worn, but of ravishing whiteness and brilliant with the splendor of the Divinity.† Then, without removing or breaking the stone that closed the entrance to the tomb, He arose and issued forth, as the rays of the sun pass through the clearest crystal.

Alleluia! The Saviour of the world has risen! "Let now the heavenly troops of angels rejoice; let the divine mysteries be joyfully celebrated; and let a sacred trumpet proclaim the victory of so great a King. Let the earth also be filled with joy, being illuminated with such resplendent rays; and let it be sensible that the darkness which overspread the whole world is chased away by the splendor of our Eternal King. O truly blessed night, which now delivers, all over the world, those that believe in Christ from the vices of the world and darkness of sin, restoring them to grace and clothing them with sanctity! O welcome night, in which Christ broke the chains of death, and ascended conqueror from hell!"‡ And thou, O Queen of Heaven, rejoice; for He whom thou didst merit to bear has risen as He said! Alleluia! What a day of joy for Mary!

The Gospels are silent in regard to the visit of Jesus to His Blessed Mother on the day of His resurrection. But this is not surprising; for the Evangelists, writing under the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, were careful to avoid any

* S. Thom. Summa, par. 3, quæst. 54.

† À Lapidè, in Act i, 9. ‡ The Exultet.

* "Marie, Mère de Jésus," par C. H. T. Jamar.

unnecessary detail, and have recorded only a number of instructive facts in reference to the Blessed Virgin, which otherwise would have remained unknown. However, those facts and testimonies necessary to confirm our faith have been recorded with the greatest diligence. At the same time it is certain, as St. Anselm says, that Jesus appeared first of all to His own Mother.* For "who could believe that Jesus, so full of love for His Mother—Jesus, the source of all consolation,—could forget Mary, who drank with Him the bitter chalice of His sufferings?" † And Suarez does not hesitate to teach that "the apparition of Jesus to His Blessed Mother is the professed belief of all theologians and ecclesiastical writers who treat of this question. So that the opinion may be taken as the constant and general sentiment of the Church."

What a ravishing spectacle was presented to the heavenly hosts when the glorified Jesus, accompanied by the souls of the just of the Old Law, whom He had delivered from Limbo, directed His steps toward the abode whither Mary had retired! With what joy did those elect souls follow their Saviour! With what holy eagerness did they long to look upon that valiant Woman, promised thousands of years before in the Garden of Paradise,—the daughter of a long line of patriarchs and kings, the Virgin Mother foretold by the prophets!

Escorted by this happy throng, the Saviour of the world enters the house where His Mother dwells. It is no longer the "Man of Sorrows," covered with bleeding wounds. From all His body there issue forth floods of light with a splendor unknown to mortals—brighter than the rays of the sun, softer than the tender brilliancy of the moon. With what warm words of welcome does His joyful Mother receive Him! How different from her

station at the foot of the Cross is her position now by the side of her own Son glorified and impassible! Human language is too weak to express the joy which fills her Immaculate Heart as she exclaims, in the words of the spouse in the canticles: "I have found Him whom my soul loveth. I have held Him, and will not let Him go."*

The highest angel before the throne of God in heaven knew not the greatness of the love that burned within the heart of Mary; so, too, no created mind could conceive the depth of her sorrows nor the immensity of her joys. We read in the Book of Tobias of the profound grief into which the mother of the young Tobias was plunged because of the prolonged absence of her son; how "she could by no means be comforted, but, daily running out, looked round about, and went into all the ways by which there seemed any hope he might return, that she might if possible see him coming afar off." And what sweet tears of joy she shed when at length it was given her to embrace her son and welcome him home! † We are told also of the transports of joy with which the Patriarch Jacob was seized when he learned that Joseph, the child of his predilection, whom he believed hopelessly taken from him, was still alive. "He awaked, as it were, out of a deep sleep, . . . and he said: It is enough for me if Joseph my son be yet living." And his heart was filled with joy when, as he embraced his son, he exclaimed: "Now, shall I die with joy because I have seen thy face!" ‡ But such joy was as nothing compared to the holy rapture of Mary when, after having witnessed the tortures and outrages heaped upon her Divine Son during His Passion, she beheld Him returning to her, living and glorious, triumphant over sin and death.

And this inexpressible happiness, caused by the triumph of her Son, was still further increased by the knowledge of the

* Certissime tenendum est quod dulcissimus Filius ejus, primo et ante omnes, resurrectionis suæ gloriosæ lætitia consolatus est eam.

† St. Bernardine of Siena.

* Cant., iii, 4.

† Tob., x, 7; xi, 11.

‡ Gen., xlv, 26-28; xlvi, 30.

salutary fruits which His resurrection was to produce in countless numbers of souls. She knew, indeed, that faith in the divinity of Jesus would through all ages rest upon this great event as upon an indestructible foundation. It is true that the Saviour of mankind had, during the years of His teaching life, wrought miracles more than sufficient to establish the divinity of His mission; but the impression which they produced was, to some extent, effaced by the ignominy of the Cross. The glory of the resurrection came to renew and to confirm these wonders, and mark with the seal of eternal truth the line of separation between the Old and the New Law. Hence the great Apostle of the Gentiles does not hesitate to say: "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain." (I. Cor., xv, 14.)

Moreover, the resurrection of Christ was to encourage the hearts of men in the hope of their own future resurrection to a life of happiness; for it would be to them a means by which their souls would be purified from the stains of sin, and they would enter into a newness of life, inflamed with the fire of divine charity. As the Apostle says: "He was delivered up for our sins, and rose again for our justification." (Rom., iv, 25.) And the manifestation of these wonderful effects of the divine power and goodness was a new source of ineffable joy to Mary.

WHAT an infinite blessing is the mystery of memory! No possession or instinct belonging to man can touch that single gift. To look back, to remember, to be young when you are old, to see the dead, to paint a picture upon a prison wall, to have ways to escape, to be free,—all this out of memory. Surely this was "the breath of life" breathed into the brain of man when God gave him "a living soul." And yet there are people who say they can not see the soul!

—Sir William Butler.

Flower of the Almond.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

"When the snows on Mount Hermon's heights are melting, swelling to an overflowing torrent the waters of Jordan, the almond, first of all the trees of Palestine to awaken from the sleep of winter, breaks forth into an exquisite symphony of bud and bloom. It is the herald of the spring, and in the Hebrew tongue the name of the tree is 'Shaked' (the waker). Its blossoming is a call to every flower and leaf to arise and come forth from the tomb of winter to a resurrection of vernal glory.

"This is the day which Christendom observes in celebration of the resurrection from the dead of Him who is ('the first fruits of them that sleep') the Almond Blossom of the world; the Waker from the winter of sin in this time, and from the winter of death in the time which is to come."

I.



THE young Contessa della Rovere gave a cry of pleasure when, as she stepped out upon a balcony from her boudoir in the old palace of her husband in Rome, she looked down on a rosy cloud of almond blossoms, which in a day had burst into flower in the garden of the palace.

"Oh, delicious!" she exclaimed in her clear young voice, which spoke English with an American accent. Then, with a glance over her shoulder to the room behind, "Come out, Giulio!" she called. "The almond trees are in bloom."

"And why should they not be?" a half-laughing voice answered, as through the open window a tall, handsome man, of the virile, classic type frequently seen among Italians, came out and leaned on the stone balustrade of the balcony beside her, looking down also on the lovely mass of roseate bloom below. "It's a way they have, the almond trees," he told her banteringly. "The blossom comes before the leaves; and, because it is the first harbinger of spring, the people call it the Flower of the Resurrection."

"How like them!" she said. "Your Italian people have such poetical ideas, and their religion is so interwoven with

their lives! I've always loved the brave pink flowers that come so early, and make the world lovely with their bloom before anything else ventures forth; and long ago I read something which associated the same symbolic idea of resurrection with them. Ah," she sighed softly, "how I love the spring, with all its wonderful renewal of life!"

"So you should, since you are a flower of the spring yourself," her husband said, with a smile, as he turned his gaze from the almond tree below to the flower-like beauty of her face. "It was a happy inspiration to call you Iris. The name suits you in every way."

"They called me so because the iris were blooming when I came," she said. "I, too, like the name because of its association. At least, I have liked it until very lately. But now I feel as if I should prefer something more—Christian."

"Oh, no, no!" the Conte della Rovere exclaimed hastily, with an expression almost of distaste. "Something Christian—the name of a saint, for instance—would not suit you half so well as the lovely Greek name that suggests a nymph or a flower, or both."

"But nymphs and flowers are soulless things," she suggested, wistfully; "and I—I really have a soul, though I haven't, up to this time, given it much thought."

"Don't begin to give it thought now," Della Rovere advised, with a lightness which seemed to be partly assumed. "A soul would be a troublesome possession for a nymph or a flower; and," he added caressingly, "you are too charming as you are to be spoiled."

"Would it spoil me to give a little more thought to my soul than I have ever given yet?" she queried, with the same wistful expression. "I have never asked you much about your religion," she went on hesitatingly; "but I've been thinking lately that I should like to know more about it than I do."

She paused; and, since there was no response from the young man, who turned

his gaze back to the almond blooms, she added after a moment, with an attempt at lightness like his own:

"It doesn't seem altogether the right thing—not harmonious or appropriate—for a Roman countess to be a Protestant. There's something so provincial about Protestantism! I think I should prefer an old, poetical, picturesque, world-wide religion."

"Then go back to paganism," Della Rovere said, still lightly; though his eyes narrowed a little, as they had a trick of doing when he was not pleased. "That is old and poetical and picturesque enough to satisfy you; and, moreover, it's very much in fashion just now."

"Don't laugh at me!" she begged. "I'm really in earnest. I have always fancied that I should like to be a Catholic, if I knew more about the religion; and I was sorry when you yielded to mamma's wish and agreed to our being married in a Protestant church. I should have felt better if we had been married by a priest."

"We couldn't have been," her husband informed her, with startling candor. "You've no idea of the inquisition one must go through before one can be married in the Catholic Church; and I had no mind to be bothered with the questions that would have been asked, and the certificates, from baptism down, that would have been required. It was much easier to be married by your agreeable and accommodating clergyman, who asked nothing whatever. And as for your religion, I hope you will not think of changing it. Protestantism is undoubtedly provincial, but it has the great advantage of making no demands on those who profess it, and that's—er—very convenient. Now, the Catholic Church" (he frowned slightly) "makes so many demands that, in self-defence, one is forced to turn one's back on it."

The girl—for in years she was little more—looked at him curiously.

"And have you turned your back on it?" she inquired. "Why, Giulio?"

"I've told you why," he answered.

"Because the demands it makes on faith and obedience are intolerable. A man should be free both in his mind and in his conduct, and the Catholic Church permits freedom in neither."

"And aren't you really a Catholic, then?" she asked, as if disappointed.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As good a Catholic as numbers all around us," he replied carelessly. "I was baptized, and when I come to die I shall probably send for a priest; but meanwhile the less power of meddling in one's affairs one gives the Church, the better. So I have nothing at all to do with it, and I advise you to imitate my example."

Then, evidently desiring to end the conversation, he glanced at his watch.

"I promised to meet a man at the Club," he said, "so I must go. One is glad of anything to while away time in these days. Holy Week is dull even for those who have put away religious superstitions, since custom obliges one to forswear all social amusement."

He nodded, smiled, showing a gleam of white teeth under his black mustache, and, turning round hastily, re-entered the room behind them.

She who had been Iris Grenfell, American beauty and heiress before she became the Contessa della Rovere, remained on the balcony, looking down on the roseate mass of bloom in the garden below; while her thoughts wandered back on a past which was very recent, and yet, from the multitude of new experiences which it contained, seemed already remote. There had been only a year of gay, brilliant existence, filled to the brim with all the varied pleasures and excitements of modern fashionable society, between the day when, as a *débutanté*, she had been introduced to that society and the day when its representatives crowded the church where she was married to the Conte della Rovere, whose picturesque personality had captured her imagination, and who had swept her off her feet by his impetuous wooing.

There had been every indication of genuine passion on both sides. She had certainly fallen desperately in love with the handsome young Roman, who was at once an accomplished man of the world, a member of an ancient house, a brave soldier, and a favorite at the Italian court, as well as an ardent lover; while he was seized with the intense if sometimes shortlived passion of his race for this charming and carefully trained girl, who, in her delicate loveliness, with her air of having been sheltered from every rough thing of the world, might have been a princess. He told himself (and her) with perfect truth that, had she been penniless, he must have fallen in love with her; but he did not add (at least to her) that in such case there could have been no question of marriage on his part. As it was, however, the alliance was rendered not only practicable but highly desirable by the large fortune she had inherited from her father; and hence there had been little delay in arranging the marriage,—so little indeed that the rushing weeks of preparation were now as little distinct in the girl's mind as the ceremony with all its expensive details of gowns and flowers and music. She would have been willing to forego all this display for something much simpler,—something with a more sacred note in it, at this supreme hour of her life. But her mother decreed "a church wedding," and to her great surprise Della Rovere yielded without a protest; and it was not her place, as a Protestant, to insist upon the Catholic sacrament for which he did not care. The recollection remained with her, however, as something unexplained and unpleasant, and had returned more than once since her arrival in Rome.

This was because she was conscious of a strong attraction toward the Catholic Church. As she had said, Protestantism seemed to her here, in the heart of the Christian world, a lamentably narrow and provincial thing; it had never at any time satisfied her soul or filled any large



THE RESURRECTION.

place in her life; and, now that her life had expanded and her soul was awakening, she felt herself almost irresistibly drawn toward the great mother of humanity, whose ancient temples were all around her, and whose worship was so appropriate to those temples. Especially did she feel this attraction when she looked toward the vast palace across the Tiber, wherein the august Head of Christendom sat, between the soaring cross-crowned dome of St. Peter's and the splendid angel, sheathing his sword, over the fortress which was once the tomb of Hadrian. It grew so strong at last that she asked her husband if he did not intend to present her to the Holy Father. He stared, laughed, and answered that he did not.

"I shouldn't be *persona grata* at the Vatican," he told her. "Those of the Roman nobility who go to the Quirinal are not regarded favorably there. One must make one's choice. Mine is made, and yours follows mine; so you had better not think of the Vatican any more. Besides, why should you want to go? You are a Protestant, and the Pope is nothing to you."

This seemed unanswerable, and yet the haunting desire to kneel at the feet of the white-robed figure, with the gentle, benignant gaze, of whom she had heard so much, remained, together with a deepening attraction toward the great Church of which Peter is the head. Of late she had been going, with the rest of the fashionable English-speaking world, to hear the Lenten conferences given by a distinguished English preacher in one of the Roman churches; and the lucid beauty of divine faith, as he unfolded it, made captive her mind and heart. And now Holy Week had come; the solemn drama of the Passion was at hand; and with a strange consciousness of diffidence she had brought herself to speak to her husband of her leaning toward his religion, only to be told that Protestantism was good enough for her, and that she should be satisfied with it.

Well, apparently there was nothing more to be said; but there was a great sense of disappointment, sadness and emptiness in her heart, as she stood gazing down at the almond blossoms that made a rosy fire below her. And to-day was Holy Thursday. To-day in how many shrines the exquisite blooms were heaped about the "sepulchres," where the Body of the Lord lay in state amid a thousand lights! Some lovely words she had once read, and of which she had spoken to her husband, ran in her mind: ". . . the Almond Blossom of the world; the Waker from the winter of sin in this time, and from the winter of death in the time which is to come."

She sighed again. "Surely awakening is needed here,—needed by Giulio and by me!" she thought. Then, turning, she re-entered the room behind her and rang a bell. To the servant who answered she said:

"Go down into the garden and bring me some sprays of the almond. I shall want a quantity. But be careful in breaking them not to injure the beauty of the trees."

As the man left the room, she looked around the charming apartment, and fancied the effect of masses of the roseate blooms against the tapestried walls. Then, selecting a tall golden vase, she brought it to a table near one of the lofty windows, in order to have the pleasure of arranging some of the graceful sprays in it. A few minutes later the servant returned, with his arms full of the flowering boughs; and as he laid them on the table beside the vase he said deferentially:

"There is a signora below who begs that the Contessa will be good enough to see her."

The Contessa, already beginning to arrange her flowers, inquired carelessly:

"Who is she? Did she give no name?"

"No, *eccellenza*," the man answered. "She only said that she begged the Contessa to see her on a matter of great importance."

"Was she not asked for her name?"

"Certainly, *eccellenza*. But she said that

her name would mean nothing to the Contessa."

The Contessa, with her head on one side, considered for a moment the effect of her arrangement.

"I suppose," she hazarded then, "that this is a case of charity."

"I do not think so, *eccellenza*," the man replied, with the instinct of his class. "Although she declined to give her name, she is apparently a signora of respectable position."

"Many signoras of respectable position come to me for charity for many things," the Contessa remarked. "But the easiest and quickest way to find out what she wants will be to let her come up."

The servant hesitated slightly.

"She has á child with her, *eccellenza*."

"Oh, if she has a child, it *is* charity that is wanted!" the Contessa said, out of much experience. "Let them both come up."

(To be continued.)

The Easter Sun.

(Villanelle.)

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE Easter sun glows rosy red
 Above a sea of pearl and gold,—
 Christ has arisen from the dead!
 Beyond the meads with blossoms spread,
 Beyond the hills and mountains old,
 The Easter sun glows rosy red.
 The shadows of the night are fled,
 A new light shines o'er wood and wold,—
 Christ has arisen from the dead!
 On streams by merry music led,
 On lines of marsh flags all unrolled,
 The Easter sun glows rosy red.
 The skylarks chant high overhead,
 And, low, the thrush and blackbird bold,—
 Christ has arisen from the dead!
 And east and west the tale is sped,
 And north and south the news is told,
 The Easter sun glows rosy red,—
 Christ has arisen from the dead!

The Shrine of the Saintes Maries.

BY K. O'KELLY.



WHEN the hostess of our hotel at Arles was enumerating the different places of interest within reach of that town, she said: "You ought to visit Les Saintes Maries. It is a wonderful place, at the very end of the world."

Les Saintes Maries! The name seemed to haunt us all the afternoon; and, later on, having consulted the guidebook, we found that the town thus named was a famous place of pilgrimage, dedicated to the Holy Women who had stood at the foot of the Cross; and that it contained one of those architectural miracles of the south of France—a wonderful old fortified church, dating from the eleventh century. So the next day, having consecrated the morning to visiting beautiful old Aigues-Mortes, we left its grey walls behind us in the afternoon, and set out for the equally interesting town of Les Saintes Maries.

About fourteen miles of wild, marshy plain, called La Petite Camargue, separate the two places; and, as a certain freshness and salt breath in the air told us that we were approaching the sea, we perceived a group of old-fashioned houses, clustered around a great edifice with strong walls and towers, the whole much more like a feudal castle than a church. In the stern isolation of its site, the town itself seemed really to be, as our good hostess had said, "at the very end of the world," enclosed as it is on three sides by sand deserts and salt marshes, and washed on the fourth by the blue Mediterranean, whose waters roll to within a few feet of its walls.

The basilica stands on a little square, and towers majestically above the humble buildings which environ it. In its hoary majesty, massive and grey, it is something apart, as, supported by great pilasters

crowned with arches, it rises into the sunny air. While we admire its solemn strength, we remember that it was built in wild times when pirates from many lands frequented these unprotected coasts. For this reason the windows are few and the doors low and narrow. This also explains the battlements on the roof and towers; for, during the Middle Ages, the inhabitants of the village, at the first sight of a hostile sail upon the horizon, took refuge in their church fortress, and, having invoked the aid of their holy patrons, defended themselves and those dear to them against the assaults of the godless invaders.

When we arrived the streets were empty, except for a few children playing in the sunshine; but as we neared the low portal of the church, we met a picturesque old woman wearing the pretty headdress of the peasants of Arles. "Yes, of course, you can see the church," she said. "It is open. But it would be better for you to knock at the door of the presbytery, and Monsieur le Curé would be much pleased to show it to you himself."

Having thanked the kindly old dame, we followed her advice and were soon sitting in the Curé's modest reception room. Very humble it is, with its bare wooden floor and simple furniture; but it contains treasures that the richest collector or bibliophile would envy and long for in vain. The Curé is a man past the prime of life, straight and vigorous, but with the ascetic face of one who lives apart from the world. His eyes light up only when he speaks of his beloved church; for the object of his life is to restore it to its ancient splendor.

Having grouped us around him with quiet courtesy, Monsieur le Curé began by explaining the origin of this venerable shrine, remarking that our visit to the church would be much more interesting when we knew the history of its saintly founders. He then related the miracles of faith and devotion which have kept the relics safe from profanation since the dawn

of Christianity down to the present day. And while he spoke, sunbeams stole in and flecked with golden light old embroidered vestments and precious vessels, ranged in simple cases around the room, some of which date from the time when King René, the poet-sovereign of the fifteenth century, reigned over Provence.

This is the story of the Saintes Maries. Tradition tells us that, after the Resurrection, the Holy Women who had stood beside the Divine Mother at the foot of the Cross remained for some time in Jerusalem; but, when the Apostles were dispersed, they accompanied them from place to place, instructing the neophytes and helping to spread the doctrine of Jesus Christ. In about the year 48 of our era, there were at Jaffa a number of followers of Our Lord; amongst others, Maximus, Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead; his two sisters, Martha and Mary Magdalene; and the two other Marys, — one, the mother of Saint James the Less, known in France as Sainte Marie Jacobé; and the other, mother of Saint James the Greater and Saint John the Evangelist, who is venerated as Sainte Marie Salomé.

The mission in Jaffa had been most fruitful and the conversions numerous, when the Jews, furious at the triumph of the new religion, seized on the disciples and the Holy Women in their dwellings and drove them, with blows and imprecations, to the edge of the sea, where an old leaky boat was lying. Into this frail vessel, which had neither sails nor oars, the followers of Christ were thrust by their enemies, who watched with delight a sudden wind waft them from the shore, out upon the open sea. Soon the boat disappeared in the distance, but those on board did not meet with the cruel death their enemies had intended for them. God took care of His own; so, guided by angels, and suffering from neither hunger nor thirst, they passed before the beautiful coasts of Greece and Italy, crossed the Mediterranean and

came gently to shore on the great watery plain of the Camargue in Southern Gaul. This part of the French coast can not have changed much in nineteen hundred years; the same sandy stretches, glittering pools, and deep morasses must have met the eyes of the holy pilgrims, just as one sees them to-day.

The first care of Saint Maximius was to erect an altar and celebrate Mass; and tradition tells us that during that first offering up of the Holy Sacrifice in France, a beautiful spring of clear, fresh water bubbled through the sandy soil, at a short distance from where the sea broke into rippling waves upon the shore. The few inhabitants of the country—half civilized fishermen,—struck with awe at this manifestation of the power of the strangers' God, listened with respect to the new doctrine. Then an oratory dedicated to the Virgin Mother was erected; and when the saints had established a flourishing little mission, they separated,—some to evangelize the different districts of the country, and others to live in penance and solitude.

Sainte Marie Jacobé and Sainte Marie Salomé, who were advanced in years, remained in the place where they had landed, and spent the evening of their life in encouraging and instructing the new converts. They were aided by their faithful servant Sara, who had followed them into exile; and Saint Trophimus, first Bishop of Arles, visited the Christian colony from time to time, celebrating Mass and administering the sacraments to the faithful. After the death of the saints, wonderful miracles were worked at their tombs; and pilgrims from distant places soon began to arrive in numbers, to thank the Saintes Maries for favors received, or to pray for other graces. Their faithful follower did not long survive them, and is honored in the Church as Saint Sara. She is supposed to have been a Negress, and the gipsies of Europe who profess Christianity have a special devotion to her. They come from

immense distances to pray at her tomb, which is in the crypt of the basilica, just under the high altar.

In the sixth century, Saint Cæsarius, Archbishop of Arles, sent nuns from that town to found a convent at Les Saintes Maries, as the little village was already called. It was erected beside the primitive oratory, and the Sisters became, from generation to generation, a guard of honor to the precious relics of the saints, until the eighth century, when Southern Gaul was invaded and laid waste by the Saracens, the convent pillaged, and the nuns martyred or driven into exile. At the first alarm, the bodies of the Holy Women had been hidden with care, as being the greatest treasure the church possessed; but after the massacre all trace of their place of concealment was lost for several hundred years. The ruins of the oratory were guarded by a succession of hermits, until Guillaume, Count of Provence, rebuilt it and began the erection of the great fortress church, which still exists. This was in the tenth century. A monastery of Benedictines was also founded at this time, and the incense of fervent prayer again floated heavenward in this favored place.

It was not, however, until the fifteenth century that the relics of the founders were discovered by King René of Anjou, who was also Count of Provence. This monarch obtained permission from the Pope to make excavations under the oratory which had been enclosed in the basilica; and he not only found the bodies of Sainte Marie Jacobé and Sainte Marie Salomé, but also that of Saint Sara. Inscribed stones marked the resting-place of each saint; and the Bishop of Marseilles, having examined the relics, the inscriptions, and the witnesses, discovered also that, as a mark of respect to the cherished friends of our Divine Lord, no other body had ever been interred in the church. The venerable remains were enclosed in a shrine of precious wood and placed in the upper chapel of the basilica.

From this date miracles became even more frequent; and a priest was appointed by the Archbishop of Arles to keep a record of the wonders worked at the tombs of the saints, after making the minutest inquiries as to their authenticity.

The basilica continued to be a place of prayer and graces until the dawn of the fatal year 1793 brought hordes of blaspheming terrorists, who carried off the sacred vessels, wrecked the church and burned the empty shrines,—for the Curé, aided by a few faithful laymen, had buried the precious relics in a secret place. After the work of destruction was accomplished, the church was abandoned and stood a gaunt and lifeless ruin, while the people met by stealth to hear Mass in cellars or cabins in the marshes.

One evening in 1795 two men were walking on the seashore near the town. They were talking of the miserable condition of France and regretting the past splendor of their beloved sanctuary, when suddenly, looking toward the ruined church, they were astonished to see it filled with a brilliant light, and the shrines of the patron saints appeared surrounded with rays of glory. Overwhelmed with awe, they called together some of the inhabitants of the town, and entered the building. The light by this time had died away, but the church was still filled with a bluish vapor. They all cast themselves on their knees and thanked God; for, by the wonderful miracle they had been permitted to witness, they knew they were not abandoned, and that the Holy Sacrifice would soon be once more celebrated in the basilica.

In 1797 their wish was gratified. The liberty tree, erected on the public square, was cut down, and the relics, drawn forth from their place of concealment, were enshrined anew, after which they were carried in solemn procession to their accustomed resting-place in the higher chapel over the sanctuary. Since then the pilgrims to Les Saintes Maries have become more numerous every year.

When Monsieur le Curé had finished the story of this favored place, he opened various cases and showed us antique vestments embroidered in silk and gold, one of which at least dates from the fifteenth century. A processional cross and some richly chased altar vessels are also preserved; but the greatest treasure the good Curé possesses is a wonderful old manuscript book, which relates the discovery of the bodies of the saints. Appended to this volume, which is a marvel of beautiful penmanship on vellum, are the seals of the king and those bishops who attended the ceremony of the "invention" of the relics.

The basilica is a most curious and original church, every stone in it telling of the sombre age in which it was built. The windows, narrow, and allowing but scanty light to filter through, seem waiting for mailed marksmen to defend them. The thickness of the walls, the absence of aisles to the nave, the rows of massive pilasters supporting the roof,—all point to the dominant idea of strength. The sanctuary is approached by a flight of steps on each side of the altar, and between these a central staircase leads to the crypt or chapel of Saint Sara.

Immediately above the sanctuary is another chapel, supported by beautifully rounded Romanesque arches. This chapel—which contains the relics of the two Saintes Maries—has no communication with the interior of the church, except by an opening or window, through which the shrines are let down, for the veneration of the pilgrims. Halfway down the nave is the miraculous fountain, enclosed within a railing of forged ironwork. In recesses between the pilasters are side altars, the most remarkable being L'Autel de la Barque,—an antique shrine in the form of a boat, containing two quaint statues of the Holy Women. This is literally covered with *ex-votos*. On the exterior of the church, near the sanctuary, a winding stairs conducts to the upper chapel. The wood-carving which lines

this chapel is very fine, and dates from the eighteenth century. Two beautiful pictures representing the patron saints of the town are placed between richly carved pillars on each side of the altar, and *ex-votos* hang all around. The relics are kept in a handsomely carved recess in front of the altar; and the elaborate system of pulleys used for the lowering of the shrines is concealed from view. In a panel in the wainscot are to be seen piles of precious manuscripts relating to the history of the basilica or of the miracles performed therein.

Climbing the narrow stairs to the roof, we had, on one side, a view of the marshes which hem in the town, and on the other of the blue immensity of the sea. It was from here successive generations watched the galleys of the cruel Northmen, and, later on, the redoubtable Barbary pirates who for centuries haunted these flat, defenceless coasts. From this place of refuge the inhabitants often witnessed the destruction of their homes; for the fierce bandits, when balked of their living prey, wasted the crops and destroyed the houses of Les Saintes Maries.

On our way back to the presbytery, Monsieur le Curé told us of the pilgrimages still made to the basilica,—of the crowds that come from far and near to visit one of the oldest and most interesting shrines in Christendom.

A GERMAN countess who was an infidel, when about to die, ordered that her grave be covered with a granite slab and surrounded by blocks of stone, the whole to be fastened by iron clamps; and that on the slab should be cut these words:

This Burial Place,
Purchased to Eternity,
Must Never be Opened.

But an acorn sprouted under the covering, and its tiny shoot found its way between the blocks of stone, and grew until it broke the clamps; and, in becoming a great oak, it lifted the slab and burst the tomb asunder.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE," ETC.

XV.—MADAM EXPLAINS.



LINOR had been expecting Mrs. Stewart from day to day; but March had set in before that lady returned to Imaney. This time she brought her motor with her; and in it the girl made acquaintance with other parts of Donegal, and with some of Mrs. Stewart's neighbors, whose distant abodes were brought within easy reach by this most convenient mode of travel. Sometimes Mrs. Lambert accompanied them on these expeditions; at other times Elinor went alone with Madam; and when this was the case Crellan's name crept oftener and oftener into their conversation, till the girl, who listened eagerly, learned nearly all that his grandmother could tell of his boyhood, of his schooldays, of himself.

He was coming back. That much Mrs. Stewart announced even before she came herself. His time of probation was drawing to a close, and sociology had triumphed over diplomacy, Imaney over Brussels. Yet his sojourn in the Belgian capital, his intercourse with the leaders of the movement in which he as well as they were interested, had taught him that if he took up, as they had done, the science together with the practice of the work, his life would by no means be bounded by the narrow limits of the valley which he greatly wished to benefit. And, much as he was interested in dear Imaney, it was the science of the thing that seized upon him as he studied it. Elinor had taken it up for the sake of the people; he rather would take up the people for the sake of the science.

It was quite clear that in the future Crellan would not be satisfied with only putting his theories into practice at home:

he would want to travel also,—to see how things were done in other countries, to mix with men who had the same interests as himself both at home and abroad. Imaney was not the only part of Ireland that needed to be taught how to help itself; and in time if Crellan Stewart had some one at his side to urge him not to forget the practice in the theory, he might become a strong power for good in the country. In all her ambitions for him, his grandmother had never thought that he had it in him to develop into what she now saw was possible; and, though as yet she made no allusion to the fact, she knew that it was through Elinor her boy had found out his vocation.

His letters, however, were not confined to the subject of sociology: there were questions as to whether the birds had begun to nest upon the hills, and as to what promises the river held against his return. Finally, there was a message for Elinor,—the first and only message he had sent her during all these months.

"Please tell Miss Lambert that I hope she is keeping the river and Murtagh in order till I come."

There was nothing more; and in giving it to the girl Mrs. Stewart made no comment. But a few days later she asked smilingly if Elinor was doing her duty by the river as conscientiously as she did the other things that had been confided to her charge; adding that in a few days Crellan would be there to take an account of her stewardship.

Then, when he came, it was Mrs. Stewart herself who took him for his first visit to the organist's home. Long ago Elinor had owned to her own heart that, whatever his feelings might be toward her, or whatever difficulty her want of fortune or the opposition from Mrs. Stewart might put between them, no one else would ever be to her what, all unconsciously to herself, he had become during the short days that they had passed together. And now, when they met again without the warning she had expected

(for, though she knew he had returned to the castle, she did not expect a visit like this), he surprised her secret in her eyes before she had realized what had happened. Then she suddenly became aware that he, too, did care; that he had come back not only to the Glen, but to her; that she had read aright the unspoken messages on which she had not dared to dwell.

Mrs. Stewart was so proud of her boy, so happy to have him with her again, that it seemed as though she had to have some one to share her happiness; and Elinor was asked to join them in inspecting the improvements and in visiting the various things in the valley that were to be touched upon when the whole scheme was working. Finally, when the call of the river became imperative, she and her mother were asked to come and take lunch down to the fisherman at the river, where six months before Crellan had come to her rescue when she had been in such dire need for some one to gaff her fish.

What March winds there were in the valley were tempered by the shelter of the mountains; and by the side of the river there were sheltered places, where even Mrs. Lambert could sit in the spring sunshine without fear of harm. And in one of these nooks she and Mrs. Stewart settled themselves down for a talk, when lunch was over and the young people had wandered off ostensibly to try their luck with the salmon.

Some remark of Mrs. Lambert's as to the peace of the scene before her gave her companion an opportunity to ask a question that would make an opening for her to say what for days and weeks had been on her mind.

"Peaceful indeed!" said Mrs. Stewart. "I suppose no spot in the British Isles is more different from London than this is. You must have felt the change keenly when you first came here?"

"It was a haven of refuge," said Mrs. Lambert; "and as such we were deeply

grateful to have found it. But, of course, it was an immense change, and it was all part of a time of great trial to us."

"And to me your coming was a trial, too," observed Mrs. Stewart,—“a fact which I am afraid I did not conceal. You must have thought me very disagreeable, or at least very hard and unsympathetic?” she questioned insistently.

“If we did,” replied Mrs. Lambert, smiling, “we have forgotten it long ago.”

“But you can not deny it,” went on Mrs. Stewart. “Now that you know me, you can understand that I have only that one mask to disguise my feelings; and, as I tell you frankly, the sight of you both was anything but welcome. I know you will forgive me for speaking so plainly, but I feel that I owe you an explanation; and I must tell you all, so as to make clear what I want you to understand.”

Then she went on to tell of her first sight of Elinor,—“a princess in disguise,” as Father O’Leary had called her; and she was certainly very charming and beautiful. Mrs. Stewart had wanted an organist, preferably an old man; and in his place she found a girl who in any London ballroom would have been attractive and noticeable; whilst here, at Imaney, where Crellan was coming to spend, as he hoped, the weeks of leave granted after the passing of his examination, surely she would be irresistible.

Mrs. Stewart knew nothing of the newcomers, except that Signor Thaddeus had vouched for Elinor’s playing—and she could not play! All her hopes, all her thwarted ambitions were centred in Crellan. She wanted him to be happy and prosperous, and to marry well. What if this girl—lady to her finger tips though she looked—was an adventuress who had either come on purpose to Imaney, or who, when the opportunity arose, would seize upon Crellan and get him to marry her! Mrs. Stewart knew well that the twin brothers were absolutely different in disposition; and that while Hugh had

married the first suitable girl who came in his way, and the marriage was turning out perfectly well, Crellan would not marry until he fell in love, and then prudence and compatibility would be cast to the winds.

“My first idea was to give your dear child a month’s notice, on the plea of her want of experience with the organ,” continued Mrs. Stewart, who was indeed making a frank avowal of all that had passed. “In fact, I went to your house that Monday morning with the full intention of doing so. Then I saw you. I saw her in the little home you had already made so charming. I knew that you must have come to this through sorrow. I understood her naïve confession of incompetency and the entreaty in her words about the organ. It was true that she was incompetent as an organist; but she intended to improve, and I had to own in justice that a finished performer was not needed to accompany these village children. And, then, what an influence for good she would be amongst them! My idea that possibly she was an adventuress, I saw at once was the merest folly. Yet even then I did not wish my boy to be brought, possibly, into daily contact for several idle weeks with a girl of whom I knew absolutely nothing except that she was penniless and most attractive.

“I decided, therefore, to go back to England, and so by having Crellan with me at my English home to keep him from her, instead of her from him. You know how all my plans were frustrated by the lazy boy’s being plucked, and so you can easily imagine my feelings when after some days’ silence I heard that he had retired to the solitude of the Glen to hide his diminished head and nurse the soreness of his injured feelings. His letter telling of his whereabouts was delayed in reaching me, and my first message calling him to England was disregarded. Then when he did come I learned that my worst fears had been realized. He told me at once that he loved Elinor and that he would

not rest until he had won her for his wife. Remember, at that time I knew nothing more of you, my dear friend, than what I had seen for myself; and so forgive me when I say that I was very angry with him. He is, during my lifetime at least, almost entirely dependent upon me; and I told him I would never consent to his marriage with a girl—but there he stopped me. I can still see his white face before me and his eyes blazing. He feared I was going to say something disparaging of his ideal. There was a note in his voice that told me any words of mine would be vain.

“He asked me to wait for one moment; and, opening his pocketbook, took out a letter and laid it silently before me. It was one I had written to him about the time he had come of age, and he had kept it because of some business details it contained. It was not, however, to these that he now drew my attention. See, I have brought it with me to-day for you to read for yourself.”

And she placed a folded paper on Mrs. Lambert's knee, indicating the part to which she referred. It ran thus:

“Mrs. Rochdale tells me she is asking you to Knowlesworth for the Weir races next week. Do go, dear boy, if you can. The Lamberts are to be there; and, though I do not know them myself, I should so like you to meet them! He is the head of Brook & Smallridge, you remember,—tremendously rich, and the girl is his only child. She is, I hear, very pretty, charming, clever, well brought up, and above all a good Catholic.”

After the lady had read the lines, Mrs. Stewart resumed:

“He showed me my own words, and asked me whether the loss of the fortune to which I had alluded so casually whilst dwelling upon the heiress' other qualities had made the latter cease to exist or rendered her less desirable. Then he told me that the Miss Lambert of whom I had written and the Miss Lambert against whom I now spoke were one and the

same person. After that I could not—and indeed, believe me, I did not—say anything more. Still, I did not wish Crellan to be carried away by feelings that, after all, might not be lasting, considering the circumstances that had given them birth; so I persuaded him to accept for six months the post of unpaid *attaché* to the British Legation at Brussels. During that time I promised, if he would hold no communication with Elinor, to come back here and make her acquaintance; and if I found her possessing even half the perfections that he claimed for her, I should not oppose the marriage if at the end of his probation he was of the same mind, and could succeed in winning her.

“Very soon I realized that my boy's love had not been given in vain, though Elinor never knew I had discovered her secret. I was learning to love her very dearly; still, I kept to the letter of my agreement with Crellan until these last few weeks, when I was certain that he had remained unchanged. I knew all along that if, on his side, the love was true, the six months' trial would serve only to strengthen it, whilst, on the other hand, if he found it was only a passing fancy, I did not want, by any false hopes, to make Elinor suffer more than would be inevitable. Now, however, all has come right—at least,” she concluded, looking from her companion to where, at a bend of the river, the two of whom they had been talking had just come in sight,—“at least, unless my eyes deceive me.”

Her voice fell away to silence; and quietly, without a word, these two, grandmother and mother, waited for the grandson and daughter to come and put into words their own version of what, as side by side they drew near, the two who were waiting could read so plainly written on the upturned radiant young faces.

(To be continued.)

WE are indeed already risen from the dead, but are still bound with our grave-clothes.—*Coventry Patmore.*

Home Life in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XIV.—THE AFTER YEARS.



AWN breaking on Queenstown harbor. Four Irish girls, come home from America to spend Christmas in the old land, are wiping the tears away at the sight of the familiar city spread out along the hill. The paperman comes up with the *Cork Examiner*, and has no change for a sixpence. Sixpence, a mere trifle,—what is change to you? Still it makes you moralize, if you are of the land. You say to yourself: Many a tourist thinks that the paperman with his mean whine about no change, and the lacewoman with her run of talk that tires, and the jarvey with his hand always reaching out, are typical of the race: that these express the hospitality and the warmth and the heart of the people. But of course 'tis otherwise; for the paperman and the lacewoman and the jarvey are mean money-getters as foreign to Ireland as is the travelling Jew or gypsy. But how can the hurrying tourist know, who sees all Ireland from one peep at Queenstown or Dublin?

On the way to Cork there is a lad of fifteen in the train with his strap full of books. He is smooth-faced, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and probably will hold up his end of a conversation. He talks very well, you find; he is going to a college in Cork; studies Latin, trigonometry, Irish history, Roman history, and so on. You bid him good-bye at Cork station, and the train passes out near the neighborhood of Blarney Castle. Blarney has won a certain notoriety beyond other Irish antiquities; but there are a dozen or so castles vastly more interesting, more crowded with memories of daring deeds than this popular pile out from the city on the Lee. On either side along the way are prosperous-looking towns, and around them rich grazing lands, on which

fat cattle are browsing in shady places.

Down at Limerick Junction a train is waiting for your train to pull out. During the wait one porter calls out, "Tickets!" and another follows and punches holes in them. An old woman standing on the platform asks in a high pitch:

"Porter, is that other thrain for Caherfin?"

"Yerra, woman, can't you see I'm in a hurry?" responds the "porter," ceasing to punch.

"Faix, thin, you might answer a civil question with a civil answer, at any rate."

"Don't I tell you I'm in a hurry, woman, to let the thrain go?" The porter, however, doesn't seem to be especially hurried.

"Well, I want to go to Caherfin."

"Yerra, go! I'm not houldin' you."

"Well, but where is the thrain?"

"There it is, over there."

"Will I walk into it now or will I wait?"

"Well, if you walk into it now, it won't go away without you, at any rate."

By this time everybody is convulsed with laughter over the ridiculous situation in which the porter who clamors about his time has still so much of it to waste.

"Wisha, the devil carry you an' your ould guff!" the old woman calls after him as the train pulls out.

Then on to the city of Limerick, which, the Danes held once and where Danish names still survive; where William of Orange met his repulses, and where the name of Sarsfield shines with special brilliance. These are all dead glories, however, that only quicken regrets for what might have been. One likes to dream when the dream does not vanish with a sharp pain. And whoever dreams of historic Ireland as distinct from Ireland of the hearth and the people, must feel conscious at every turn that everything might have been different if something had not happened. But the something always happened, and therefore the sad sequel.

If Brian of the Tribute had not been killed by his enemies on the night after

the battle of Clontarf, a settled government might have followed, and who knows but Irish rulers might still be ruling a free land from the historic fortress of Kincora? If jealousy and wounded pride had not poisoned the red blood of Dermott MacMurrough till he became a black traitor, there would not have been any Norman invasion, perhaps; and if before the invading hosts had become a dark shadow on the landscape, the native chiefs could have presented an unbroken front—instead of spending their strength on one another,—there might have been no Norman Castle, no English pale. If spies had not tracked the men of Ninety-Eight, and if the leaders had not been arrested, and if Dublin had not been under martial law, things might have been so different. If Emmet's dream had come true, he might even now be honored by another title than that of martyr; and if Parnell, that master of strategy in the war of peace, had not slipped when the day was almost won, the nineteenth century in the history of Ireland need not, very possibly, have been shelved away with the might-have-been centuries of the past. And one wonders if, even now, when the dawn is so red with promise, something may not happen to turn the face of Mother Erin back to the old days, dark as night and cheerless as death. One hopes not; but disappointment in the fruition of the hope for so long, quickens the doubt.

Athery is the same dreaming town into which the turf and the seaweed come with the early morning or at midday or in the still evening. The abbey is on the hill, and from one of its narrow windows you can follow with your eye the river that widens until its waters are lost in the historic Shannon that comes from afar. Slantwise, on the other side, is the "Hill o' Dreams"; but the cottage below it is there no longer. Where it stood a tree nods in the soft wind. One wonders where is Tim Hogan. It is better not to ask; for the answer will surely come like an echo: "He is dead and gone." And his

little girl of dreams? Perhaps in America; if so, her dreams are no more. Let us not ask; for surely this is an instance of "ignorance is bliss." The blind man's grave has its cross and its inscription,—his modest hold on immortality.

The day is waning and the children are passing down the street on their way from school. The boys still carry their books in a strap, and the girls carry the lunch in a bag or a basket. Upon the bridge they stand for a little to watch the tide steal in. The breath of the sea comes and is sweet to their sense. Many chatter about the boat that belongs to the Macks, and carries more turf than any two others; or about Jimeen Connell's "cot" that ran aground ere yesterday. Some are silent and with wide eyes watch the gulls, the ships of the air, sailing far out. The little village is, in essentials, unchanged and unchanging. Better houses to live in, more education, more of the comforts and refinements of life,—yes, by all means. But the religion of the race, and its spirit of reverence, and its love for the supernatural, and its wit and quick fancy and its sympathy, and its wide range of sentiment,—these must endure, else the race, as we know it, passes out.

You drive along the white road from Athery to Ardee, and the endless procession still moves on. But the feet of some you have known who walked over it many and many the time are laid away in dust and will never walk over it again. You miss them and their familiar "God bless you!" Then you drift into dreamland, and forget the jarvey and his white pony, and the houses set in among the fields on either side of you. You think of old Micky the Fenian and his bad hump and his good eye and his hasty temper and his terrible tales. You think of fun and laughter, and wit and repartee. Then Micky vanishes, and Dan Madigan's life and its sudden ending pass before you. You wonder if Kathleen O'Donnell is still at the Good Shepherd convent. But you do not ask, lest the echo come: "She is

dead and gone." Mary Connelly? Yes, you remember of her going. The echo came to you somehow, somewhere. Then young Danny O'Neill, now asleep under the high heavens of far-away Texas, glides past you and vanishes. His gentle sister, secluded with silence and eternity in the cloister, floats before you, too. You are going to ask how she is bearing the sorrow of her brother's going, but you fear the echo may return, "Dead and gone!" To the south are the crossroads, and you notice the road running east and west. To the east is the stony land where the sheep and goats are feeding as of old; to the west, the Furness estate and the interlocking trees and the "Bridge o' the Ghosts."

Presently you come back to life with a jerk: the jarvey reins his horse suddenly before the gate of Knockfeen chapel, where you told him to drive. You put away your dream for the moment and enter the chapel yard through the iron gate. There is a mellow setting sun and a cooling wind. The grass is soft over Father Tracey's grave. The place is very quiet, symbolic of the life of the man. One looks for the familiar figure as if he must always be; but the familiar figure comes no more. Yes, it is sweet for him to be home with God. The little chapel is quiet within. The red light keeps vigil, and an old lady far back in one of the side aisles keeps vigil also. The heart is quickened to prayer there. It is so still one can hear the whisper of God. Pealing bells, throbbing organs, the roll of voices, ministers and splendor of vestments, and the infinite detail of ceremonial, are a tribute to the King. Let the tribute be sent up again and again. Yet there is a joy in hearing whispers in the silence. Once an old Irish-woman said, when her married daughters took her to a Pontifical High Mass in one of our large American cities: "I like the grand music an' the bishop an' all the priests. But over in Ireland we have a Low Mass, an' 'tis quiet like; an' you can say your prayers better, an' you can

hear what God says; for there's no organ an' no singin' to drown out His voice."

You spend your time in the haunts you know and love; and each haunt quickens a memory of a joy or a sorrow, or a memory in which both commingle. When at last the time comes to bid them good-bye, you will bear away with you the conviction, heretofore mentioned, that Ireland does not change. The old castles with their narrow windows, the abbeys to which the ivy clings tenaciously, still stand and point to the past. The little towns, with their houses roofed with slate or thatch, do not often grow larger. The old people die out with their hands clinging fast to the gate of heaven, while the young grow up and follow in their ways.

Many who talk of an "awakening" mean not merely the dawn of industry and a wider education and land-ownership and prosperity: more often they mean the dawn of revolt against the old ideals, against the old faith, against the old morality, against the old enduring patience and the old reverence. The true dawn is breaking even now. It needs no seer to tell that the long night of landlordism is past, that the land of Ireland is fast coming to its rightful owners. Nór does it need a seer to tell you that Ireland's national school system does not suffer by comparison with the public school system of the United States; and when the Irish Catholic University has grown richer and riper, the day of the Trinity College man, with his English ideas and his Tory point of view, shall have past.

May this true dawn come sure and swift! The world will welcome it. But no real lover of Ireland and her history and her purposes will welcome the other dawn with eager eyes. Much as one's heart aches for the true dawn, any one who loves Ireland deeply and tenderly will pray that the east may never be red with the streaks of a new day, if the clouds of doubt and infidelity hide the dear, familiar sky of the Ireland we know.

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XV.

MINDS, like facts, are stubborn things. In vain have I tried to beguile my thoughts away from the ancient city at the mouth of the Piscataqua: they will not stir. Portsmouth, too, seems resentful.

"You have represented me as a mouldering freak," it seems to say. "Kindly refer to my stately dwellings and embowered streets. Be a little more definite."

"But, dear old town," I want to answer, "there is no distinction in having rows of fine houses; and anybody can have big trees, if he will plant them and let them grow. As to being definite, I'd as soon think of being definite with the ghost of a butterfly."

"There you are again!" I fancy the old town saying. "'Ghost of a butterfly' indeed! Well, suppose you mention the Portsmouth navy-yard. That is definite enough."

"Very well," I imagine myself replying. "The Portsmouth navy-yard is situated at Kittery in the State of Maine."

This must be a delicate subject; for even in my indulgent mind there is no reply; and I, left in the silence, recall the days when the "treaty of Portsmouth" was signed—at the navy-yard in Kittery. This has ever been a puzzle to me. "Why is the Portsmouth navy-yard in Kittery?" I asked a distinguished naval officer only last night. "For the same reason, I suppose," he replied, "that the Boston navy-yard is at Charlestown."

But let us, while we are so near, enter one of Portsmouth's historic mansions, which, to match other incongruous things, is not at Portsmouth at all, but at Little Harbor, two or three miles away. I choose this old house to have place in my thoughts on account of the pretty story attached to it—and for other reasons.

There were three Governors Wentworth

(Colonial governors, of course), and there are three Wentworth mansions; but it is that of Governor Benning Wentworth which enchains the fancy of the pilgrim in search of the picturesque.

A fine old Colonial dignitary was Governor Wentworth; and it is small wonder that when his chariot and four, with coachmen and outriders, came clattering into Portsmouth, the people were dazzled and awe-stricken. But young Martha Hilton, a barefooted serving maid at Dame Stavers' inn, was not bewildered; and, going for a pail of water at the town pump, she, seeing the great Governor going by in all his state, merely bobbed a courtesy and went her way. Mistress Stavers reprimanded her and called her a "saucy baggage" to dare to courtesy to so great a man. "I shall ride in a carriage yet myself, ma'am," said Martha. Soon after that there was a shortage of help at the Little Harbor mansion, and Martha was employed; and, what is more, she was in the course of time married to the Governor. You know the quaint narrative: how the Rev. Mr. Brown, being bidden to perform the ceremony, hesitated, until the Governor thundered: "I *command* you to marry us!"

My grandfather long ago had made me familiar with the fine old house. He had a fancy for pedestrian tours, grandfather had, where sometimes his objective point was a historic house, often an ancient graveyard, frequently just a view from a mountain top, or of a field of oxeyed daisies. The fact that he was accounted "a little queer" was for a long time a source of mortification to me. But Shut-Ins lay aside a large stock of worldly vanities together with other foolish fripperies; and when my comrade and I ended a long walk through the woods and came in sight of the Wentworth house, I was glad of the "queerness" that made dear granddad go a-roving. No wonder he liked the house: for "queerness," it was his twin brother. So extraordinary is its architecture that I have never known

it to be successfully described; and, large as it is, it is not imposing from the outside, though the repository of elegance and grace within.

A beautiful little boy was playing with a big dog upon the lawn, and said at once that his father had been obliged to deny the house to visitors, there were so many. The disappointment in my face must have touched his warm young heart; for he added: "But I'll ask him." And he came running to us presently with an invitation to inspect some of the rooms; and so we stood where the Governor and Martha Hilton were wedded, and went—down a flight of steps—to the council chamber and into the billiard-room, with the little card-rooms on left and right, where the roistering blades of other days won and lost the money that bore the image of King George. The Governor's identical arms were stacked over the door; the wonderfully carved chimney-piece was intact; the portraits (by Copley, of course) were in their places. It was the old Colony time preserved in the midst of a hurrying age.

Inquiries have come to me concerning the Loughton family, of which Celia Thaxter was one. "And did Browning write her husband's epitaph?" I am asked. "Yes," I make answer to this question. His grave is in a quiet burying ground at Kittery Point, marked only by a common boulder. But Robert Browning's words add to it a rare distinction; for Mr. Thaxter's interpretations of the poet were so subtle and sympathetic that they were rewarded by some of the Englishman's finest lines, beginning,

Thou, whom these eyes saw never!

As to the Loughton family, there is but one of them left, and, said an old sailor: "He's going over to Londoner's [a dreary island] to live. He wants to be more lonesomer." My comrade daring to remark that you might expect just such foolishness from one of that family, was promptly frowned upon by the old man.

(To be continued.)

Eggs in Eastertide.

FROM the earliest times the egg has been regarded as a symbol of life, hope, plenty, and immortality. It is a perfect emblem of the Resurrection,—the shell representing the tomb from which Christ burst, as the little bird breaks the shell and comes forth living. Like the mustard seed, the egg suggests faith. Although we see outside only a hard shell, we are convinced that it contains the germ of life. In those things which God has revealed, though we are unable to see them with our corporeal eyes, faith should not be less undoubting. One would wonder at a person who should refuse to believe that a living thing could possibly issue from an egg. How, then, can it seem incredible that Christ arose from the tomb, or that the dead shall one day rise from their graves? The leafless trees, the barren earth, the leaden skies and silent streams are as little suggestive of the springtime's transformation as is midnight darkness of the morning's glory.

The Christians of the first ages were accustomed to make gifts of eggs at Easter in honor of Our Lord's resurrection. They were first blessed in the Church, and often, as now, dyed red in remembrance of the Precious Blood shed for us, or decorated with Christian symbols.

There is a form in the Roman Ritual for the blessing of eggs, especially at Easter, which is probably unfamiliar to many. It may thus be translated:

- V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
 R. Who created heaven and earth.
 V. The Lord be with you.
 R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to bestow the grace of Thy blessing on these eggs, that they may be salutary food for the faithful, who with a thankful heart partake of them in memory of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, who with Thee liveth and reigneth eternally. Amen.

Some English Thoughts on Ireland.

NOT the least interesting or gratifying editorial utterances of our English contemporaries nowadays have to do with Ireland and her inevitable political destiny, Home Rule. Cordial recognition of the debt owed by the Catholics of England to their Irish co-religionists is coupled with generous resolve to atone for the past mistakes — and worse — of British rulers, by the sympathetic co-operation of the British people. Here is a typical declaration by "Papyrus," of the *London Catholic Times*:

We shall deserve more than rebuke, we shall deserve contempt, if we fail to meet Ireland's offer to put a gravestone on the past and to begin to work with us in cultivating the fields of the future. For at present it is, really, we English people who are responsible for Ireland's joy or sorrow. It was not so in the past. . . . Now it is we, the common people, who are in power. It is we, the sons of fathers that toil for the bread they eat, who are to decide whether our brethren in Ireland shall be given the freedom that has made us strong and fearless and unmatched in generous championship of right over wrong. Whoever else may find his interest in keeping Ireland bond, it is the British workman's interest to make her free. And it is the English Catholic's interest, too. He can not hope to rise while she is sunk. His religion is not praised when hers is scorned. . . .

Now, at this hour, when Ireland's hopes are keen of being able to escape from the ascendancy and selfish intolerance of Orange bigots, would it not be an added bitterness if the cup were dashed from her lips by her brethren in the Household of the Faith? God forbid! God grant that, of all those who love Erin and work for her cause, not the least devoted and zealous may be many an English Catholic who, shaking off the shackles of traditional misguidance, may stand forth and take his place in the ranks, not of the powerful and the highborn and the rich and the prejudiced and the hard-hearted, selfish ones of earth, as any coward may do, but, as only a brave man will, in the ranks of the weak and the lowly and the poor and the hopeful and bright-hearted, warm-souled people struggling to be free.

Nor is it only in the Catholic press of England that fairness to Ireland is now being shown. The "selfish intolerance

of Orange bigots," referred to in the foregoing extract, is being scathingly denounced in the most notable secular journals. Some weeks ago, for instance, the *Dundee Courier*, a Scotch Unionist opponent of Home Rule, published a libellous attack on Bishop Browne and the priests of Queenstown. People were led to believe that they did not shrink from exerting their influence to get Catholic shopkeepers to dismiss Protestant employees, nor from ruining a Catholic who refused to take that step at their dictation. As a result of their prosecution, the *Courier's* owners have been mulcted in damages to the amount of £200 in the case of the Bishop; and £50 in that of each of the other plaintiffs, with heavy costs. Commenting on the case and its outcome, the *London Daily News* has this to say:

The story, in short, was a pure invention. Now, this kind of story, no better founded than in the present instance, is the substance of the Orange legend of Catholic intolerance. Usually the Orange politician is prudent enough to frame the fiction so generally that it is impossible to bring it for exposure before the courts. On this occasion, quite unwittingly, as the defendants' counsel rather naïvely indicated, the story was made sufficiently precise to give the court a chance, and the result is the exposure of about as disgraceful a lie as was ever concocted for political purposes. These lies are profitable; they would not be invented and circulated if they were not. Knock the fable of Catholic intolerance out of the Orange case against Home Rule, and what appeal has that for a sane Englishman? Well, the Edinburgh verdict knocks that fable out of the Orange case.

We repeat that such statements as these, in the religious and secular journals of England, are gratifying instances of the radical change that has come over the minds of the English people, Protestant and Catholic, relative to the rights and the wrongs of their Irish neighbors. They are evidently taking to heart the truth of what Gladstone maintained in his greatest Home Rule speech, — that "the best and surest foundation statesmen can find to build on is that afforded by the convictions, the affections, and the will of man."

Notes and Remarks.

There are 15,015,569 Catholics in the United States, according to the 1912 edition of "The Official Catholic Directory" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons). These figures include only continental United States, and do not embrace the number of Catholics in any of our island possessions. As compared with the figures for 1911, the Directory of 1912 proves an increase of 396,808 souls for the year.

There are 17,491 Catholic priests in the United States. Of these 12,996 are secular clergymen and 4495 are members of religious Orders. This shows a gain of 407 priests during 1912.

According to the Directory, there are 5119 parishes which have schools attached, with an attendance of 1,333,786. Besides these parochial schools, there are 289 orphan asylums, in which 47,111 orphans are cared for. Counting the children in parochial schools, the number of young ladies and young men in academies and colleges, and including the orphans and children in other charitable institutions, it is found that at present there are under Catholic care in the United States as many as 1,540,049 young people.

On the whole, there appears to be reason for moderate gratification over the growth and development of Catholicity in the country,—gratification that should leaven the pessimism existing in some quarters, and temper the optimism that holds sway in others.

Time was when no Protestant person, except one gifted with an unusually keen sense of humor, enjoyed a story, no matter how good, that in any way reflected upon his form of religious belief. It is a sign of the times that such stories are now becoming popular, and are occasionally repeated in sectarian papers. The *New York Evening Post* tells of a tired or tipsy Irishman who, walking up Fifth Avenue, dropped into a Presbyterian

church and fell asleep. After the services were over the sexton came and shook him by the arm. "We are about to close," said that functionary, "and I'll have to ask you to retire now."—"What talk have you?" said the Irishman. "The Cathedral never closes this early."—"But this is *not* the Cathedral," said the sexton. "The Cathedral is several blocks above here. This is a Presbyterian church."

The Irishman sat up with a jerk and looked about him. On the walls between the windows were handsome paintings of the Apostles. "Ain't that the Apostle Saint Luke forenenst you?" he demanded.—"It is," said the sexton.—"And Saint Mark just beyant him?"—"Yes."—"And isn't that other wan Saint John?"—"It is."—"Young man," protested the Irishman, "since whin, tell me, did all thim turn Prodestants?"

The age of this story, we must say, is somewhat against it; however, it was probably new to the majority of those who have been amused by it.

Recent utterances of two prominent American citizens merit serious consideration by all classes of people in this country. Speaking at a banquet of financiers and captains of industry in New York, Judge Gary, of the Steel Trust, uttered this warning: "I tell you, gentlemen, that there are things being said nowadays which are very similar indeed to things said just before the French Revolution. I tell you the spark may yet become a flame, and that soon. Unless capitalists, corporations, rich men, powerful men, take a leading part in trying to improve the conditions of humanity, great changes will come, and they will come quickly, and mobs will bring them about."

In an address delivered on Lincoln's birthday in Milwaukee, the Hon. Neal Brown said: "This is an age of universal suspicion. The anarch of the time is busy—his weapons, class hatred, suspicion and

distrust. He is willing to fire the Ephesian Dome in order to destroy his enemies or to warm his greedy hands. Class against class; workman against employer; faction against faction; friend against friend; the thriftless against the thrifty; the hysterical against the sober; the envious against all. Those who support him are sanctified; those who oppose him and expose him are damned. He and his kind are our lords of misrule, our revolutionary tribunal, having some likeness to its French prototype of 1793."

Mr. Brown's address is not without a political hue and a personal application, and his power of description is inadequate. The employer is quite as blameworthy as the employee; and if by "the thriftless against the thrifty" the speaker means the poor against the rich, his denunciation is one-sided. If he had read Judge Gary's speech before delivering his own, he would have seen in what his characterization is lacking.

Commenting on the utterly disgraceful and baldly criminal action of the Virginian mountaineers who recently shot and killed a Judge in his court, as well as several others, officers and jurymen, the *New York Sun* thus deprecates the apologies that are being made for the offending Allens:

It is easy to sentimentalize about homicides, and there is fascination for many worthy and harmless persons in picturesque crime; but is not the thing being overdone in the case of the outlaws of the Blue Ridge? Hillsville is not the frontier, after all. It is not even a new county town. Its court-house is imposing; regular terms are held there; and the vicinage is familiar with judges, sheriffs, lawyers, and court officers. The railroad is not far off. Thriving industrial centres like Roanoke and Wytheville are accessible. Civilization long since came down the valley of Virginia. Moreover, the Blue Ridge is not the Great Smoky Mountains. The Allen "clan" has had far more advantages than denizens of the Tennessee fastnesses. Some of its leaders are men of substance and carry their heads high. . . .

The fact is, there has been a great deal of "drivel" about these "mountaineers" of the Blue

Ridge. They committed deliberately an unprovoked crime that staggered an ordered civilization, and it is no case for sentiment and panegyrics upon a fine old stock. The question is not whether the Allens and their accomplices have redeeming traits, but whether they shot down, with intent to kill, the officers of the county court at Hillsville. They should be well and duly tried, vigorously but without vindictiveness. The Commonwealth of Virginia will be on trial as well as the defendants.

* * *

Of cognate interest is a recent declaration of M. Lepine as to crime in France. "The problem," he says, "is one of the most serious with which the authorities are confronted; for a wave of mawkish sentiment has for years been transforming prisons into luxurious hotels, and prisoners guilty of the most abominable crimes into 'victims of society' and 'heroes' to be protected. Great scandal was created at New Year's when it was found by perusing the annual reports that the prisoners at Fresnes, the celebrated penitentiary near Paris, were better fed than the honest poor in the hospitals or the helpless orphans in the asylums, better housed than the sons of the bourgeoisie in the State colleges, and better warmed than any other category of Government wards; while their superiority in the matter of food and lodging was marked in comparison with that of soldiers or sailors."

"Protestant Thought before Kant," a recent work by Dr. A. C. McGiffert, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, should do something toward dispelling the notion, so general among sectarians, that the Reformation, as they call it, was a return to primitive Christianity. A contributor to *Truth* quotes some striking passages of the book referred to. After stating that Luther was not just to the old system, Dr. McGiffert declares that "his [Luther's] interpretation of Scholastic Theology . . . led him to draw an unwarranted contrast between the Ancient and Mediæval Church, and to

treat the latter as an apostate from the principles of the former." (p. 23.) Again, our author says the Mediæval Church was at one with the Ancient Church; and "the difference between Luther and the Early Fathers was at bottom as great as between him and the Schoolmen." On page 24 of Dr. McGiffert's book it is said: "To claim that the Protestant Reformation was due primarily to ethical considerations, and was the result of dissatisfaction with the moral state of the world, and the desire to raise the moral tone of society, is nothing less than a travesty upon the facts." "The Protestant Reformation was not exclusively nor even chiefly a religious movement." (p. 9.) Regarding what is known as "Evangelicalism," Dr. McGiffert asserts (p. 175): "Becoming identified in the minds of many with Christianity, its narrowness and mediævalism, its emotionalism and lack of intellectuality, its crass supernaturalism and Biblical literalism, its want of sympathy with art, science and secular culture in general, turned them permanently against religion. In spite of the great work accomplished by Evangelicalism, the result in many quarters was disaster."

So at long last, thanks to fair-minded scholars like Dr. McGiffert, our separated brethren are beginning to find out that much of what they have hitherto regarded as true history is in reality a travesty upon facts.

A vigorous protest from the female teachers of Turin brings into prominence the Italian imitation of French anti-clerical action with regard to the schools. The general education law has been modified for some time back by ministerial circulars which in one way or another interfere with the thorough imparting of religious instruction. The Turin teachers very appropriately ask how legal statutes are to be regarded as safeguards if they are to be altered by Ministers at discretion. Once grant that a Minister may make a serious change by circular, and

the way is free to extensive interference with the law. The protest reminds the Government that in Italy the schools are maintained by a people the vast majority of whom are Catholics, and who are determined to bring up their children in the religion which they themselves profess, and which was handed down to them by their ancestors.

These teachers have done well to protest publicly. The work of secularization, if carried on at all, will henceforth be done in the open, and may conceivably meet with effective opposition.

In an editorial appreciation of Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, of New York, to whom the Lætare Medal was awarded this year, the *Catholic News* remarks: "He did more than any other person to break down the barriers that had so long kept Catholic and non-Catholic humanitarians apart." This in itself was an inestimable service. Some idea of its importance may be gained from the tribute paid to Mr. Mulry by Mr. Robert W. de Forest, president of the Charity Organization of New York: "I can think of no Catholic who has to so great a degree not only the confidence of his own denomination but also that of the Protestant community, or at least that part of it which is most familiar with practical charity." The moral worth of men sincerely devoted to charitable work is never questioned. Their example is a powerful encouragement or an impressive reproach to those of the household of the faith, and does more than we can have any idea of to soften the prejudices and to disarm the hostility of outsiders.

Insisting on a point often made in these columns, as in the pages of our Catholic contemporaries everywhere, the Rev. John H. Whitaker, writing in the *Magnificat* on "A Convert's Word to the Catholic," says:

In the great work of bringing the non-Catholic world to understand the beauty of Catholic faith and to accept Catholic teaching as their

rule of life, it is the layman who has the ever-present opportunity. You who are living a life of common interest with your non-Catholic neighbors, have glorious missionary work in your power. You can do this work by kindness and by your faithful prayers. You can do it effectively by uncompromising fidelity to your faith. Long before I thought of entering the Church, I watched the lives of Catholics; and when I saw one stanchly loyal to his faith, something within me rejoiced; and when I found one weak in faith, something within me was disappointed and sorry.

The lesson can not be enforced too persistently. We Catholics must remember that we shall be judged not only on the evil we do but on the good we leave undone, and our failure to give all men the example of genuinely practical Catholicity will most assuredly receive merited condemnation.

Our readers all know the story of the zealous American Protestant lady who went to Rome to convert the Pope—and of what came of her visit; but they are probably ignorant of the somewhat similar plan of the Anglican Vicar of Stantonbury (England). This enterprising parson asserts his intention of obtaining an audience with the Holy Father, whom he intends asking “to come to London to speak at the Albert Hall on the Reunion of Christendom”; for, he says, “we want the Pope to speak in England and *ad Anglos*, to the English.” After this, comments the *Catholic Weekly*, we do not need the writer’s assurance that his views on the matter are “neither cribbed, cabined, nor confined.”

Referring to an alleged interview with a miners’ leader who is also a member of Parliament, the *Eye-Witness*, edited by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, takes occasion to criticise the leader’s attitude, and incidentally to declare its own position in the matter of the (at the time) threatened coal strike. We quote:

Out of the many gems of this gentleman’s conversation we select one which really throws a shaft of white light on the official “Labor”

attitude. He has been proclaiming that “the press can do magnificent service to the miners and their families and the nation at large, if it will only make a united and immediate demand” that the men should withdraw their notices. He goes on to say: “That a million of people should be able to say to the other forty-six millions, ‘We can bring ruin, devastation, death upon you at our will’; that they should be able to quench the poor man’s fire and damp down iron furnaces shows that there is something wrong in our social system.” . . .

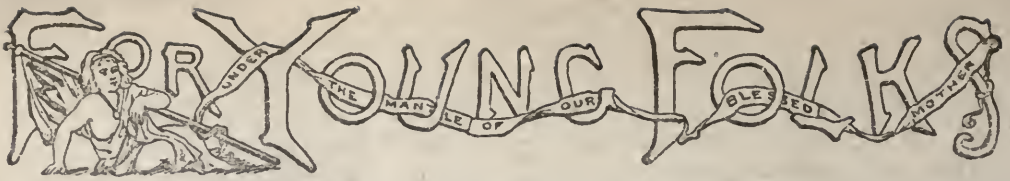
He is convinced that “there is something wrong with our social system”; so far, as our readers know, we entirely agree with him. But let us see just what it is that he feels to be wrong. It is “that a million of people should be able to say to the other forty-six millions, etc.” He says nothing of the four or five people who can say to the million on the one hand, “You can go without wages”; and to the forty-six millions on the other, “You can go without coal.” He feels, apparently, no objection whatever to the arbitrary fixing by these men both of the price of labor and the price of fuel. The fact that a few wealthy men would have an absolute monopoly of this important and, indeed, vital source of production does not impress him at all. What he feels to be intolerable is that the men who have to get the coal—the men, by the way, whom he is supposed to be representing—should have the right to say that they will not work on terms lower than they conceive their labor to be worth.

From all which it would appear that Mr. Belloc is a truer representative of the laboring classes than the “leader” commissioned to plead their cause in the House of Commons.

The following paragraph is copied from an anonymous Protestant church leaflet, presumably of recent publication:

It should be remembered that a church is a public institution, and is not of the nature of a private club. No one, therefore, should wait for an invitation to join in its activities, any more than he should wait to be invited to join in any great civic work. He should take for granted that the church belongs not to its present members but to all in the community who wish to work for its avowed object.

“That it should be necessary to say this,” comments the *Catholic Citizen*, “is rather significant of conditions, especially in fashionable churches.”



When the Easter Flowers Bloom.

BY T. E. BURKE.

WHEN from sleeping earth is lifted
Winter's winding-sheet of snow,
And the gentle winds like angels
Out across the meadows go,
All the world seems white with sunshine
That was lately robed in gloom,
And our hearts are full of gladness
When the Easter flowers bloom.
From a grave of deepest blackness
Lifts the lily white her head,
And the fragrant purple lilacs
Break in splendor from their bed,
E'en the little golden crocus
Rises from its winter tomb,—
All the world seems bright and happy
When the Easter flowers bloom.

An Easter Visit.

MAXIMILIAN II., King of Bavaria, on account of his friendly manner and simple life was dearly beloved by his subjects. He was in the habit of walking about quite unattended, attired in half-worn clothes and carrying a knotted stick, like any ordinary traveller. In this way he became well acquainted with his humble subjects.

One Easter Sunday, while strolling along the road, he came to a little house which had long been untenanted. But now he saw that it was inhabited: an energetic, good-looking man was working about the premises. The King, after wishing him a happy feast, inquired who he was and whence he came. The man answered that he had formerly lived on the frontier, when he had good neighbors;

but that now, when there were rumors of war, they had grown less friendly.

"I thought it safer," he said, "to come farther into our own country, so that we might avoid trouble. Here we shall stay, I hope, good sir; and should war break out, we can be on the spot to help our Fatherland and King with all our hearts. Also," he continued, "should any one molest us or do us an injustice, we shall be closer to our sovereign, who will see that we get our rights."

"Very good," replied Maximilian. "But it may not be so easy to do that as you think. The King is generally surrounded by a crowd of lackeys and courtiers: you may have difficulty in reaching him."

"Oh, I don't believe it! I have been told that the King walks about alone like the least of his subjects. He is as likely as not to step into a house where he is least expected."

"And what would you do should he happen to step into yours, my friend?"

"What would I do? Salute him politely and ask him to sit down. What else could I do?"

The King smiled.

"And if war were declared?"

"I would say, 'Your Majesty, I am ready to serve you.' And should I be in trouble myself, I would ask him to give me some advice, perhaps assistance; and I know he would be willing."

"You are right," said the King. "I am glad to have made the acquaintance of so good a man and so loyal a subject. For, you see, I am the King myself. Should I ever need your help, I am sure I can depend upon it; and should you ever need mine, you will receive it, I promise you."

He turned as if to go, but the man burst out laughing.

"Oh!" he cried. "Good sir, you are

pleased to joke with me. A gentleman no doubt you are: your speech tells me that; but the King? Ha! ha! He would not go about in such clothes as yours."

"The clothes do not matter," rejoined Maximilian. "How can I convince you? Oh, yes!" Putting his hand into his pocket, he produced a gold piece. "Now, is it I or not?"

The man took the gold piece in his hand and gazed at it for some time, looking now at the graven image inscribed upon it, now at the King. Finally he said:

"Yes, yes, it is the same face,—a little younger here and somewhat handsomer, as would be natural in youth. Yes, yes, it is the King!" Then, before the sovereign could speak, he called out: "Wife, wife, come quickly! Here is the King!"

A young and pretty woman appeared in the doorway.

"Do you see?" said the husband. "It is the King, Babette. Make him your best bow. It is really the King."

But the woman smiled incredulously.

"What are you saying, Hans?" she answered. "Why should the King come to our house, and on Easter Day?"

"You will not believe it, eh? Prove it to her, your Majesty. Show her a coin."

Once more Maximilian produced a gold piece.

"Truly and really it is the King!" she exclaimed, after examining it carefully, and she made a deep curtsy.

"But the children must see him also. Come, Joseph, Franz, Marie! The King is here!"

At these words three flaxen-haired, rosy-checked children came tumbling out of the house with wondering eyes. Nowise abashed, the boys stood erect before their monarch, and the older one said:

"We are to be soldiers, and will fight against your enemies some day, so father has told us."

"Good father, good sons!" exclaimed Maximilian, greatly moved.

"But where is his crown?" asked the little girl in a loud whisper of her mother.

She could not imagine a king without a crown.

Maximilian laughed.

"He does not always wear it, little one," he said. "He feels far more comfortable without it."

Then he placed a gold piece in the hands of each of the children.

"Take them," he said; "so that when your friends come to see you and are inclined to doubt the story that the King has been visiting you, you may show them his image given you by himself."

And, in the midst of loud and heartfelt expressions of gratitude, Maximilian, wishing them all a joyous feast, went on his way. Hans and his family never forgot the King's visit, and often spoke of their happy Easter.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—AN EVENING IN THE DEN.

It had been a busy week with Pat. She had taken the last lap in her preliminary studies, and was ready for regular class work the next Monday. This had meant long evenings in the Den, her curly head bent over maps and books, with little help from her companions; for, after the first night, Gladys had lost all interest in her cousin's progress, and Harold was now thinking of other things besides studies. The Rathskaller had grown even more attractive of late; the pool room was open every night, the wheel game whirling; and Rob Fennell, who was sixteen, had won all Harold's pocket money and three dollars besides.

"My, I'll have to stop this sort of business!" Harold said, as he thrust his hands into his empty pockets. "I won't get any more money this week."

"You won't?" laughed Rob. "Your 'governor' such a tight wad as all that?"

"No," replied Harold, indignantly. "There's nothing mean about my dad."

He gives me three dollars a week regular."

"Three dollars!" scoffed Rob. "With a dad like yours, you ought to have all the money you want."

"Where shall I get it?" said Harold, gloomily. "Dad won't stand for losing it this way, you may be sure."

"Perhaps not," said Rob; "though I can't see that it's any worse than his deals in the stock market. George, he's a plunger! I heard my old man say Granville & Granville cleared up a good hundred thousand last week. And the son of the house whining about three dollars! Why, I have to hustle for myself without any rich dad. But give me your I. O. U. for it, and I'll stake you for your next remittance, right now and here."

"Oh, will you?" asked Harold, his face brightening at this easy way out of the difficulty. "How do you give an I. O. U.?"

"Just put down on a piece of paper that you owe me three dollars and sign your name to it."

And Harold took out his silver-mounted fountain pen and wrote:

"I owe Robert Fennell three dollars."

"And twenty-five cents," added Rob, "for interest, you know."

"Oh, yes!" said Harold, nodding as he put in the additional words; and, signing his name, Harold Trevor Granville, in a round schoolboy hand, he pocketed the money Rob gave him; and his first business transaction was complete.

"I'll never forget you for this, Rob," said Harold, gratefully.

"No, I'll see that you don't," answered Rob, with a laugh. "Now that you are all to the good again, what do you say to a show to-night? There's a great one at the Arcade."

"All right. And I—I—have a rich dad, as you say, Rob; so I will stand treat."

Ah, Harold was on a "slide" more treacherous than the white slopes of old Pocomoke, but there was no one to see. Mamma was far too busy with her teas and her luncheons, her operas and her receptions. Gladys' thoughts were too

full of the party that was to eclipse all the juvenile affairs of the year to give Harold a thought. Dad was living in a fierce, feverish world, where neither wife nor children had place. It was a time of wild business excitement.

It was Pat who caught the first note of alarm. It was Saturday night, and there were no lessons for the morrow; but she was seated under the shaded lamp in the Den, making a final revision of the dozen or so new States that had started out from the dim territorial regions of grandma's old atlas, when she heard Harold bargaining cautiously with the new page, who, gorgeous in silver-buttoned livery, attended to the hall door.

"Leave the front door latch down for me to night, Watty, and I'll lend you my skates."

"I daren't," answered Watty. "Mills would catch me and 'fire' me next day. But I tell you what I can do. Loosen the catch of this window. You can slip in and nobody will hear. Only you'd better take off your boots as you go upstairs."

"I will," said Harold. "Take the skates, Watty, and keep mum."

Pat, roused from all interest in the route of the Southern Pacific, sat breathless with dismay for a moment; then she whirled around in her revolving chair and faced the boy, who, coming into the room from the hall where he had held this conversation with Watty, started guiltily at the sight of his cousin.

"Oh, I didn't know you were studying Saturday night!" he began awkwardly.

"I don't suppose you did, or you would have never talked where I couldn't help hearing you. O Harold," (the young voice trembled), "I could scarce believe my ears! To think of a cousin of mine being a sneak!"

"Sneak!" Harold, who had been feeling very big and bold of late, flushed angrily. "What are you talking about?"

"About *you*," answered Pat, frankly. "Bribing that spider legs to let you steal into your own house like a thief!"

"Well" (Harold's brows lowered sullenly), "what if I did? I just can't ring the bell and rouse the house. Other boys have latchkeys and come and go as they please. I'm fourteen years old and treated like a kid yet!"

Pat looked at him uncomprehendingly. The only night perils of which she had heard were the "bars" and wild-cats of Big Black. Why Harold should not venture out as he pleased she could not see. It was the 'sneaking in' that was a capital sin to a Peyton of Pocomoke.

"I suppose you'll blow on me," said Harold, grimly. "Well, go ahead, only I'd be sorry to have Watty lose his place. Mother would 'fire' him in a flash if she heard a word about windows and doors being left open."

"Oh, I won't tell!" said Pat. "I wouldn't tell for the world. I never told on anybody in my life. I'd be torn to pieces first. But, O Harold, it just made me sick! You see, I never had a boy cousin before. All mamma's family are dead, and Aunt Letty lives away in Louisiana and hasn't any children. And I've been telling Lois and all the girls what a nice boy you are,—the very nicest I ever saw; not rough and mean and hateful like they say their brothers are, but real jolly and kind. You just ought to hear how I've been bragging about you; and now—now—"

"You can't brag any more," said Harold, with a short laugh. "I don't see how you ever could. You're really a funny girl."

But all the same it brought a sheepish pleasure to the boyish heart to know that Pat had been "bragging" about him at all.

"You see," he began to explain, "I thought I would be out late to-night, and mother would fuss and scold."

"Then why do you stay out late?" asked Pat, simply.

"Want a little fun. There's none at home," answered Harold.

"It is dull, I must say," replied Pat.

"Why don't you have the boys and girls and do something,—pop corn, roast nuts, pull taffy? Gladys is off making pink paper things for her German with Corinne Carr."

"And you're all alone. Now, that is tough for a little sport like you," said Harold. "I've got half an hour to spare. Get out the board and we'll have a game of checkers before I go."

Pat brought out the board gleefully, and they were soon deep in a game that Harold found taxed all his wit and skill. His young cousin had not been playing nightly with grandma since she was eight years old without learning something; and Colonel Dick Clayton had added a few instructions that made Pat quite a mistress of the old-time game.

Harold, driven to hopeless defeat, while Pat's six kings triumphantly held the board, felt his mettle rising. It was quite impossible that a little country girl should beat him like this. He must try again. And, roused into keen interest, he did try again and again to match the bright-eyed little antagonist, who had learned how to block and trap and capture men and kings in ways that Harold had never seen before. The clock on the mantel chimed the half hours, and still the game went on,—Harold gaining now; for Pat had learned among other tactics that one must not beat all the time.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Cousin Max, who had been detained down town by a press of business, and was walking home to relieve the strain of the day, passed Dietrich's Rathskaller just as a group of boys burst noisily out of a side door and nearly knocked him down. The policeman at the corner shook his baton at the rude youngsters, who only scattered laughingly down the street.

"Ah, the young devils! I'll get my grip on them yet. They're in the Dutchman's for no good. Gentlemen's sons, too, every wan of them, and their pockets full of money! What the fathers and the mothers are thinking about, I don't know."

Officer Monnahan's growl echoed in one "father's" ear as he kept on his way home. It seemed to him that he had seen very little of his boy of late; and his last report from school, as well as he could remember, was not at all satisfactory. As soon as the stock market got steady again, he would look into Harold's ways. He must not get in with any rich young roisterers such as those he had met to-night. And Cousin Max turned toward his splendid home, feeling that another uneasiness had been added to the burden pressing heavily upon him; for deep down in his troubled heart lived the father love that no wintry frost could kill.

"Is Master Harold in?" he asked of the many-buttoned page at the door.

"No—yes—no, sir," stammered Watty, guiltily; for he was conscious of his bargain with the young master, and fully believed that Harold had gone out.

Mr. Granville's brow darkened as he pulled off his coat in the great hall, that, with all its splendor of rugs and carvings and jewelled light, seemed so silent and chill. Harold was out! Ah, it was no wonder! What was there here to keep him?

Then suddenly through the cold stillness there came a laugh that was like the bubble of Bonnbelle amid wintry snow. Pat,—little Pat! With his stern face strangely softened, Cousin Max strode down the long hall to the Den, and stood before the half-drawn portières, looking at the scene within: the bright fire that Pat always poked with experienced touch into cheery blaze, the white poodle-blinking comfortably on the rug, the books and slate on the table, the two young heads bent eagerly over the checkerboard where Harold's last king was penned in a double corner beyond escape.

Something warm and sweet and tender seemed to well up in the father's heart as he looked at the picture. He stepped in and laid his hand upon Harold's shoulder.

"She has you, my boy!" he said, casting a smiling glance at the board.

"She has indeed, dad!" replied Harold, ruefully. "Two games out of three, and just look at the time! Ten o'clock! I promised to meet a fellow at eight."

"And I kept you in," said Pat, remorsefully. "Oh, that is too bad!"

"Not as bad as it might be," said Cousin Max, dryly. "This is rather a cosy place for a cold night."

He sank down into a chair before the fire and stretched his hands out to the cheery blaze with a tired sigh.

"O Cousin Max, you are cold!" exclaimed Pat, looking anxiously at the white, drawn face. "You ought to take off your shoes and put your feet to the fire, and have a hot 'toddy' right away."

Cousin Max laughed a laugh that smoothed out the lines of his face wonderfully.

"I believe you're right, little Pat! But suppose we make it something milder. Ring for Mills, Harold. I would like this little lady to make me a cup of tea."

Mills came, and soon the little Miss Patricia was perched behind salver and urn and tea-caddy, making tea as grandma had taught her long ago.

Cousin Max leaned back in his chair, cup in hand, a restful look on his tired face; and Harold munched sugar lumps from the silver bowl unreprieved. For the first time in long years, this splendid house was, for one brief hour at least, a home.

(To be continued.)

An Emblem of the Resurrection.

There is a very early tradition that, immediately after His Resurrection, Our Lord appeared first of all to the Blessed Virgin, bearing a banner with the cross upon it, and surrounded by a company of angels, patriarchs, and prophets. The banner is the symbol of victory, and for this reason it is generally introduced into pictures of the Resurrection, to signify Our Lord's triumph over death.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Johannes Müller," by G. A. Boulenger, D. Sc., Ph. D., F. R. S., etc.; and "Nicolaus Stensen," by Sir Bertran Windle, M. D., Sc. D., F. R. S., are new additions, valuable and most welcome, to the English Catholic Truth Society's excellent series of penny biographies.

—"Lincoln Selections," edited by Andrew S. Draper, LL. D., is a late issue of the Gateway Series (American Book Co.) Dr. Draper's Introduction is informative and critical, the selections from Lincoln's letters and addresses are well chosen, and the notes are both succinct and adequate.

—Concluding a review of a new collection of essays on St. Francis and kindred saints by M. Paul Sabatier and other writers, the *Athenæum* warns its readers against "the danger of luxuriating in theory on the subject of sacrifice, which can alone be understood by its genuine disciples in any circumstances and in any age."

—"Annus Liturgicus," *auctore* Michaelæ Gatterer, S. J., is made up of a course of lectures on the sacred liturgy. Nothing is missed: the general notions of liturgy, the legislators, the liturgical books, the decrees of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, the liturgical year in its various parts,—such are this excellent book's contents, which are carefully grouped into fifteen chapters. An alphabetical index renders the volume convenient for the study of particular questions or for general reference. L. Pustet.

—A former associate of the late Mr. Labouchere recalls his assertion in his early journalistic days: "It has always appeared to me that the making of an article requires two persons,—one to write it, the other to cut it down, and generally to cut out what the first man most admires." When in after years apologies were once offered for cutting out a part of the brilliant journalist's own matter, he wrote back: "You need not sentimentalize about my stuff. I sent it to you to do what you like with it."

—G. Schirmer, New York, publishes a number of Masses and motets in two and four parts, all in conformity with the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X. The *Mass Orbis Factor*, for unison chorus, with organ accompaniment and hints for effective rendering, comes nearest to the ideal of the lover of Gregorian Chant. Devotional spirit, unity of parts, simplicity, melodiousness, so often wanting in more pretentious compositions, may be claimed for this compo-

sition, which can be sung with good effect by any choir. The collection includes an *Ave Maria* and an *O Salutaris*, for unison chorus, which may be recommended to choir masters as well fitted for special occasions.

—"My Lady Poverty," a drama in five acts, by Francis de Salis Gliebe, O. F. M., comes to us from St. Anthony's College, Santa Barbara, Cal. It is written in the traditional dramatic metre, iambic pentameter blank verse; has to do with some thirteen or fourteen principal and subordinate characters; is simple in construction and development; and reads well enough, however it may act.

—From Bloud et Cie, Paris, we have received two French brochures of genuine, though diverse, interest. "La Paroisse" (350 pages), a collection of sermons by contemporary French preachers, is dominated by the note of actuality, and will be found helpful for occasions not generally discussed in the average sermon-book. "Edgar Poe" is a French Life and critical appreciation of America's genius-gifted if ill-starred poet and story-writer.

—A pamphlet of exceptional interest, and timeliness as well, is one on the alleged leakage in the Church. Bishop Canevin, of the diocese of Pittsburg, is the author, and his work has for title "An Examination, Historical and Statistical, into Losses and Gains of the Catholic Church in the United States from 1790 to 1910." The right-reverend author contends that much of the current pessimistic talk about the untold millions who have fallen away from the faith in this country during the past century needs to be discounted before being accepted as even approximately true.

—In the midsummer of 1911 we noticed, in this column, Vol. I. of "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries," by the Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. From Benziger Brothers we have now received the second volume of the work. It deals with cases relating to duties of particular states, to the sacraments, to censures, to irregularity, to ecclesiastical burial, and to indulgences. As in the first volume, frequent reference is made to the author's manual of Moral Theology, of which the "Cases of Conscience" is in a certain sense the complement. Pastors will find it of genuine practical utility.

—It will be a painful shock to many Catholic readers, especially young people, to learn of the death of Miss Marion J. Browne, of Yonkers,

N. Y., who, under the pen-name of Marion Brunowe, published a number of popular books and contributed to several periodicals, including THE AVE MARIA, in which her first literary work appeared. Although an invalid, she was prominent in charitable work, and did more than will ever be known for the needy and unfortunate. A woman of noble character, and not less amiable than talented, she will be mourned and missed by all who were privileged to know her.

—"Back to the World," translated from the French of Champol's "Les Revenantes," by L. M. Leggat, is the story of three contemplative nuns, forced by the French Government from their convent home and obliged to take up once more the secular life. The narrative is sympathetic and reverent, is well supplied with incidents, and is fairly safe to satisfy even those novel-readers whose only aim in perusing a new story is to gratify their curiosity. That a good many such readers will protest against the final decision of Henriette Le Hallier, once Sister St. Gabriel, is probable; but the author's artistic instinct suggested the only proper *denouement*. Publishers, 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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Lincoln's Selections." Andrew S. Draper, L. L. D. 35 cts.
- "Annus Liturgicus." Michael Gatterer, S. J. \$1
- "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries." Vol. II. Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.75.
- "Back to the World" (Champol's "Les Revenantes"). L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.
- "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
- "The Elements of Social Science." Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. \$1.50.
- "Fair Noreen." Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). \$1.50.
- "Easy Catechetics for the First School Year." Rev. A. Urban. 60 cts.

"The Magic of the Sea; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making." Captain James Connolly. \$1.50.

"The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Written Word." Bishop Hay. New Edition. \$1.75.

"Mary's Call; or, Devotion to the Dying." 85 cts.

"In the Early Days. Pages from the Annals of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary." \$2.

"Catholic Theology; or, The Catechism Explained." Rev. D. I. Lanslot, O. S. B. \$1.75, net.

"Crown Hymnal." Rev. L. J. Kavanaugh. 75 cts.

"A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Rev. John Hogan. \$4.25, net.

"The Light of the Vision." Christian Reid. \$1.25.

"Life of James Cardinal Gibbons." Allen S. Will, A. M., Litt. D. \$2.

"In the Footprints of the Padres." Charles Warren Stoddard. \$2.

"Catholic Who's Who and Year Book for 1912." Sir Francis Burnand. \$1.50.

"A Knight of the Green Shield." Mrs. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Michael Gualco, of the diocese of Sacramento.

Sister M. Berchmans, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; and Mother M. Rose, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Frederick W. Ulrichs, Mr. Garrett Hinch, Miss Marion J. Browne, Mr. John Lenihan, Mr. Charles Fey, Mr. Michael King, Mr. Arthur Gaukler, Miss Helen Mullen, Miss M. Deane, Mr. Edward Downey, Mrs. A. A. Mockler, Mr. Gustav Hurliman, Mrs. Isabella O'Donnell, Mr. Richard F. Koster, Miss Loretta O'Connell, Mr. W. D. Grant, Mrs. Harkins Drake, Mr. Patrick F. Desmond, Miss Mary E. Desmond, Mr. Albert J. Barr, Mrs. Matilda Harkins, Mrs. Catherine Bourman, Mr. William J. Gillin, Mrs. Margaret Clark, Miss Eliza Mullin, Mr. John P. Martin, Miss Mary Hurley, Mr. William Passmore, Mr. Patrick D. McCann, Mrs. Matilda Schelle, Mrs. Bridget Nallin, Mr. F. P. Smith, Mrs. Johanna Hayes, Mr. John Koch, Mrs. Mary McManus, Mr. Joseph Smith, Mrs. B. Lavelle, Mrs. J. S. Fragua, and Mr. F. J. Werckmann.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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NO. 15

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Chance.

BY JOHN AYS COUGH.

MEN talk of Chance: and what is she?

Some trust in her, and boldly ask

That all their own piled foolery

She shall smooth straight: a fitter task
To beg, as beggars do, of Charity.

I'll tell thee: Chance is but a mask

That Fate puts on when she gets drunk
To hide her stale debauchery,

Her burning cheek and temple sunk.

Chance is old Fate prank'd young for play,
Fate skipping like a gill in May,
Fooling to show 'tis holiday.

Some Celebrated Statues of Our Lady.

BY F. M. STEELE.



It is a curious fact that some of the most celebrated images of Our Lady are black; but it must be a most consoling one to those Catholics of colored race who become aware of it; and to all nations, black and white, it emphasizes the truths that Almighty God is no respecter of persons, and that the Church embraces in her arms all mankind, irrespective of the color of their skins.

The best known of the "Black Virgins" is that of the Atocha in Madrid, in the church of that name, which is also the pilgrimage church of the Spanish Court. The King or Queen of Spain and the

Spanish Court hear Mass in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin of the Atocha once a week. It is the custom for the Queens of Spain to present their wedding dresses to the sanctuary of the Atocha; and on all special occasions, such as the birth of a royal prince or princess, or a death in the royal family, or on the inauguration of any great expedition, the sovereign visits Our Lady's chapel there.

In February, 1852, Queen Isabella II. was on her way to the Atocha, after the birth of her little daughter, the Princess of the Asturias, to return thanks at her shrine, when she was stabbed by one Merino, and miraculously escaped assassination. She afterward went in full state in procession to the church of the Atocha, to give thanks to Our Lady for her double preservation from the danger of death, and to present the dress she wore on her first visit, torn by Merino's averted dagger, to Our Lady of the Atocha. This particular dress was made of cloth of gold and crimson velvet, and was richly embroidered with the castles and lions of the provinces of Castile and Léon. It was partly due to the thickness of this embroidery that her Majesty's life was saved. The dress was first exposed on the altar for the people to see the hole made by the assassin's dagger; and it then became the exclusive property of Our Lady of the Atocha.

When any member of the Spanish royal family is dangerously ill, this statue is carried to the sick room to console the patient; but this is resorted to only as an extreme measure, when death seems

imminent. The statue is a large one, and the face and hands are black; but the face, which is small, is almost hidden by the huge golden halo and the jewels which surround it.

Another celebrated Spanish statue of Our Lady is that of Los Reyes, in Seville, in the great chapel of the cathedral, close to the tomb of St. Ferdinand who won Spain from the Moors. It is related that, during the siege of Seville, Ferdinand had a dream of a lovely statue of Our Lady, and summoned all the artists of his court to make a reproduction of the one that had appeared to him in his dream, but all failed to satisfy him. At last a sculptor came and promised, on certain conditions, to produce an image like the one the King desired. He made a stipulation that he should have a house to himself, with provisions enough to last a fortnight; and that during that time he should not be disturbed. This was agreed upon; and after more than the stipulated time had expired, and nothing was seen or heard of the sculptor, the King ordered the house to be broken open. This was done, and the statue was found completed. It was a perfect copy of the one the King had seen in his dream. The provisions were found untouched, but there was no sign of the artist, who had disappeared mysteriously, and was never heard of again. Ferdinand came to the conclusion that the image was the work of an angel or some supernatural being, and it was from thenceforth revered accordingly.

Two other celebrated statues, both Black Virgins, are the one at Rocamadour, in the Department of Lot, in the south of France; and that at Walcourt, between the rivers Sambre and Meuse, in Belgium. Rocamadour is a great place of pilgrimage, and has been from the earliest Christian times. It is said to have been founded by Zaccheus the publican, who is believed to have come from Palestine in an open boat, bearing with him this statue of Our Lady carved by St.

Luke; and, on landing, to have lived as a hermit for the rest of his life in a cave on this rock, afterward called Rocamadour, or "Lover of the Rock."

Our Lady of Rocamadour is the special Patroness of sailors, who come from all parts of the world in great numbers to venerate her as the Star of the Sea. Her present chapel was built in 1479, on the site of the original oratory of Zaccheus, which was destroyed by the fall of part of the rock. At one time twelve chapels were grouped round this miraculous one, but six have been destroyed. The first is really a church, where the pilgrims meet; and underneath is the chapel of St. Amadour, with four others. The pilgrimage church stands at the top of Rocamadour, and a long flight of steep steps leads to it from the village below. Halfway up the rock stands the palace of the Bishop of Cahors. Pilgrims mount these steps on their knees, as is done at the Santa Scala in Rome and many other sacred shrines. While making the ascent they say an *Ave Maria* on each step and invoke Our Lady of Rocamadour.

The largest pilgrimages take place in the month of May and during the octave of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. There are torchlight processions then every evening, and crowds of pilgrims may be seen creeping up the steps. The route is illuminated with colored Chinese lanterns, and every pilgrim carries a lighted taper. When at last they reach the chapel which contains the celebrated image, they find it most brilliantly illuminated, and the fervent devotion with which they implore the protection and favor of Our Lady of Rocamadour convinces the beholder that, in spite of all efforts of an infidel Government, the Catholic Faith is as yet by no means destroyed in France.

The chapel suffered much from the Huguenots, who, not content with mutilating many of the images it contained, sacrilegiously burned the relics they found therein. They tried also to burn the remains

of St. Amadour, which they discovered in another chapel, and which were said to have remained incorrupt for fifteen centuries; but when cast into a huge fire of wood, the flames had no effect on them. A Huguenot officer then tried to smash the body of the saint with a large hammer, but succeeded only in breaking the hammer; and, to the terror of the soldiers, fresh blood was seen oozing from the saint's body. The soldiers abandoned their evil work; the remains were put into a reliquary, and are still preserved on the high altar.

Attached to the chapel of Our Lady is a miraculous bell, which is said to ring of its own accord (it has no ropes) when a miracle has been performed by the invocation of our Blessed Mother under this title. This has happened on several occasions; and generally the record is of a sailor who has been saved from shipwreck through Our Lady of Rocamadour.

Among the other treasures of this venerable shrine is the celebrated sword of Roland, who fought under Charlemagne. There are also pictures representing scenes in the life of Zaccheus. In one he is depicted climbing the sycamore tree to see Our Lord as He passes; in another, travelling by sea from Palestine to Medoc, with his wife, St. Veronica; while still another shows him living in his cave as a hermit.

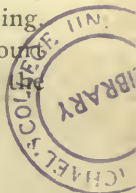
The statue of Our Lady of Rocamadour has become black through the smoke of candles and incense. It was hewn out of the trunk of a tree, and is only about two feet and a half in height. The Holy Child, whom Our Lady is nursing, holds in His hand a copy of the Gospels. Both figures are crowned. The entire statue was once covered with silver, but this has worn off in the ages that have elapsed since this ancient image came to its present shrine.

The order and seemliness that prevail at the functions at Rocamadour can not be said to characterize the pilgrimages to Walcourt, where the most conspicuous

element is noise. Legend has it that a certain black statue of Our Lady was carved by St. Materna and placed in the church, which was destroyed by fire in 1304. The statue, however, was saved by angels, who carried it into the valley of Walcourt, which is south of Charleroi and Thuin. Here it was found by one of the Counts of Rochefort, who restored the church and replaced the image. This event is commemorated every Trinity Sunday at Walcourt, when a sort of military and fancy-dress procession takes place, and enormous crowds from the neighboring villages come on pilgrimage to witness the little drama. The representative of Count Rochefort is seated on a gaily caparisoned white horse, and is himself in a magnificent costume. A bodyguard of soldiers dressed in every sort of ancient and modern uniform, and wearing huge busbies adorned with tall white feathers, accompany the statue in procession to the church, followed by a motley crowd of pilgrims, mostly of the peasant class, and very noisy. A number of sick and afflicted people—the blind, the lame, and the deformed in various ways—also follow, wailing and groaning. Whenever these processions are held the village looks like a fair. The street is lined with booths and stalls, at which colored pictures of saints and miniature statues of the Black Virgin of Walcourt are offered for sale.*

The statue itself is dressed in white robes of costly material. Beside it stand two acolytes, who receive from the crowd walking-sticks, and various other articles, and touch them to the statue to get a blessing for the owner. As the statue is afterward carried to the church, the more enthusiastic and active of the pilgrims gather under the stand to touch it. The noise of this scene is indescribable; with the wailing of the sick and the shouting of the whole, it is really deafening. But the fame of Our Lady of Walcourt is so local, that few people beyond the

* "Romance of Religion."



inhabitants of the neighboring villages are present; these, however, are very numerous.

Our Lady of Elche, another celebrated statue in Spain, while not so widely known, is not less interesting than the Atocha Virgin. (Elche is close to Alicante, on the southeast coast of Spain, and is sometimes called the Spanish Jerusalem.) This is not a black statue, but it is honored in so unique a fashion that an account of it may well find a place here. The principal feast of Our Lady of Elche is that of the Assumption, when a kind of religious opera is held in the cathedral. Like the Virgin of the Angustias, the Patroness of Granada, the Virgin of Los Reyes in the Cathedral of Seville, and many other statues of the Blessed Virgin, that of Elche is said to have a miraculous origin.

On December 29, 1370, a magnificent chest containing this celebrated image was found on the banks of the river by a coast-guard. On the chest were the words, *Soy para Elche* ("I am for Elche"), and it was believed that the chest had drifted over from the Holy Land. The statue was transported to Elche in a grand procession, but not until sixteen years later was it placed in the cathedral, where it is now preserved. It is guarded with the greatest care, and is exhibited only on certain feasts. This statue, like that of Our Lady of Loreto, is said to have been carved by St. Luke, and it is venerated in an extraordinary degree. Local artists frequently repaint the face and hands. It possesses jewelry and robes worth an enormous sum of money, and is the owner of a good many palm groves and of certain houses in the city, which are marked with a crowned monogram, M V, on a blue slab. On rare occasions the statue is carried in procession, on a platform, through the streets; but the great function for which Elche is famous, and in which it plays an important part, takes place at the Feast of the Assumption and lasts for two days.

Then an opera is performed in the cathedral, the music and libretto of which are said to have been found in the chest in which the statue was brought to Elche.

On the 10th of August the cathedral is cleared of all its statues and ornaments, and for the time being is turned into a sort of theatre. A stage is erected before the high altar for the performers. The scenery, it must be said, leaves a great deal to the imagination. A sort of cave represents the Garden of Gethsemane; and a coffin, the Holy Sepulchre. The sky is composed of blue cloth hung over the roof, with white clouds and angels roughly painted upon it. The sacred opera begins on the Eve of the Assumption, when apparently all the inhabitants of Elche crowd into the cathedral and scramble for places. Boys climb onto the window-sills or wherever they can get a good view.

The actors and actresses, like the peasants of Oberammergau, are members of the congregation, and are trained by the organist. The characters they represent are Our Lady and the other Marys, the Twelve Apostles and a great many angels. There is a conductor; and all hold the music in their hands. This detracts from the realism of the opera, but adds to the simplicity with which all is performed. It is done with great reverence; and, quaint as are the costumes of the Apostles and the cardboard halos which surround their heads, there is really nothing to offend the religious susceptibilities of any stranger who may witness the performance; while to the people themselves it is a religious ceremony, and one they thoroughly enjoy, and probably look upon as a foretaste of heaven.

The performers enter in a long procession, in which Our Lady is the chief figure; and it is usually a choir boy that takes this part. The first scene represents her death on a bed decorated with silver brocade in the middle of the stage. The sky (that is, the blue cloth) then

opens: a shower of gold-leaf falls down, and there descends a large blue globe, called a *mangrana*, which, on reaching the floor, opens and an angel steps out of it; he sings a salutation to Our Lady and gives her a golden palm. The Apostles then approach and group themselves round the deathbed. After they have sung a hymn, Our Lady answers in a recitative, and then dies and is lowered through a trapdoor. Her place is taken by the black statue; while a large doll, supposed to represent her soul, is taken up to heaven in the *mangrana*, which again descends to receive her.

This closes the first day's performance; but all the rest of the day and all night long a crowd of worshippers pass in and out, making their devotions before the black image, which lies in state on the deathbed, with a quantity of wax candles burning before it. Even people who have little sympathy with the Catholic religion, on witnessing this ceremony, say that both the devotion of the people all through the livelong night and the crowds that visit the church are wonderful to behold.*

On the morning of the Assumption, a great procession with the statue passes through the town. On returning to the church, Our Lady (represented by the boy) is placed in an improvised grave on the stage, and during the burial an altar is brought down from the roof to receive her. She comes out of the tomb, blesses the audience, and then, lying upon the altar, is drawn up to the roof, amid the ringing of bells and the music of the organ and other instruments. During the octave the image is exposed on an ebony bed in the cathedral, from which all traces of the theatre are removed by the morning of the 16th.

* "Romance of Religion."

Flower of the Almond.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

THE Contessa della Rovere was still standing by the table on which she had placed the tall golden vase, still engaged in arranging in it the rose-red almond blooms, when the door of the room opened, and the footman admitted the woman whom she had consented to receive.

A glance was sufficient to show that, as the servant had said, this woman was not a likely applicant for charity, unless it were for some object disassociated with herself. She was plainly but well dressed in the black which all Italian women wear in Holy Week; her bearing had the grace and dignity which is a heritage of the race; and her face was remarkably beautiful, with its clear, pale, olive complexion, regularly chiselled features, and splendid dark eyes. She was leading by the hand a child, about three years old, of the ideal, picturesque loveliness which Italian children, especially when very young, so often possess; and she entered the room with an air of self-possession which could hardly have been surpassed; but paused immediately after her entrance, as if struck by a note of something unexpected in the scene before her.

Certainly the modern luxury and modern taste displayed in the furnishings of the stately Roman apartment might well have proved as astonishing as they were new to her; but her gaze did not rest on these accessories of the scene, but on the figure in the midst of the rich setting,—a figure which looked as if it had stepped out of a canvas of Fra Angelico. For an angel such as he painted, might readily have worn the *négligé* of soft white silk, which fell in straight lines and clinging folds around the slender form; and appropriate to an angel was the golden hair, which was simply drawn

If you accuse your soul without cause, you spoil its courage and turn it into a coward.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

back from the fair face and knotted behind; while in the arms, instead of some heavenly musical instrument, the lovely vision was holding long sprays of the flowering almond.

The young Contessa herself had little idea what an exquisite picture she made as she turned around when the door opened, and looked, with eyes of the deep blue of a mountain lake, at the visitor who was shown in. Each woman was instantaneously struck with the beauty of the other, and while they gazed, in an unconscious pause, it was the child who spoke:

"Mamma! mamma!" he cried, pulling at her dress, and pointing to the white-clad, golden-haired figure with the armful of blossoms. "Is it an angel?"

"No, my Pietro," the mother answered quickly: "it is a lady. Pardon him, Signora Contessa!" she said, addressing Iris. "He is but a little fellow, and he has seen in the churches pictures of the holy angels, which—which indeed you are strangely like."

"I wish it were not so entirely a surface resemblance," Iris said, smiling at the child, who, clinging to his mother's dress, stood staring at her with great, luminous eyes. "He is like one of the cherubs in the same pictures," she added. "I have never seen a more beautiful child. What is his name?"

"Pietro," his mother replied hastily. "But it is not to speak of him that I have come to you—"

At this point, however, Pietro interrupted her to speak for himself. As the Contessa bent smilingly toward him, he put out his hand to touch the blossoms in her arms.

"Flowers," he lisped softly, looking into the sapphire eyes above him.

"Pietro!" his mother exclaimed in a tone of rebuke, drawing his hand back.

But Iris interposed.

"Pray do not scold him," she said gently. "He wants some of the almond blooms, and of course he can have them."

She selected several of the most fully flowering sprays, and put them into the eager little hand held out for them. "Ah, how charming!" she cried, drawing back a step. "He should be painted as one of the cherubs that in the old pictures always surround the Madonna. And you"—her gaze turned to the woman's pale, beautiful face,—"*you* might sit for the Madonna herself."

"Oh, no, no!" the woman cried sharply, as if in pain. And then suddenly, sinking into a chair, she burst into tears.

Accustomed by this time to the emotionalism of the Italian nature, Iris was not as much startled as she would have been among her own people. But she advanced quickly, and laid her hand on the shaking shoulder.

"Do pardon me!" she said in the appealing voice which lent a charm to her imperfect Italian. "I did not intend to say anything to shock you. But you know that it was from women like you that the famous Madonnas were drawn, from which we take our ideas of the Blessed Mother; and I only meant that you are very like the type the painters used."

As the woman, restraining her emotion by an effort, lifted her face to reply, she was struck afresh on her part by the resemblance which Iris bore, and which the child had at once perceived, to another pictured type.

"Pietro is right!" she exclaimed. "You are wonderfully like an angel. As you stand there, with those flowers in your hand, it might be the Angel of the Annunciation."

"Only the Angel of the Annunciation always carries lilies," Iris said, smiling again, "and these are almond blooms,—the flower of the resurrection, they tell me it is called; and therefore, as a type of awakening from death to life, from lower to higher things, more suitable to us than the lilies which typify the spotless purity of the Mother of God."

Talking with an instinct of kindly tact, merely to give her strange visitor—this

woman whose face had now the look of the *Maier-Dolorosa*—time to recover her composure, Iris was again surprised at the effect of her words. The dark eyes, still brilliant with moisture of tears, looked at the flower-laden almond spray as if suddenly recognizing a symbolic significance in it.

"The flower of the resurrection,—the type of awakening from death to life, from lower to higher things," she repeated slowly. "And you bring it to *me*, and you have given it to *him!*"—her glance turned to the child clutching fast his sprays of rosy bloom. Then she rose abruptly to her feet. "Come, Pietro," she said, "we will go. Forgive me for disturbing you, Signora Contessa; and let me bid you good-day."

"Oh, pray do not go!" Iris cried, conscious of an intense interest in this strange, beautiful woman. "Pray sit down again, and let me ring for a glass of wine for you. You must not go before you have even told me why you have come, you know."

"It is better that I should not tell you. I see now that there is nothing to be gained by it," the other answered. "No, no!" she added hurriedly, catching the Contessa's soft silken draperies as she turned to move toward the bell. I want no wine. I could not take it—in this house."

"And why not in *this* house?" Iris asked, pausing with a sudden sense of fear, of foreboding which was like a tightening grasp upon her heart. "Do you perhaps know—my husband?"

"Yes." The answer came unhesitatingly now. "I know the Conte della Rovere very well. I was married to him four years ago, before the altar of God. My name is Elena Almirante, and this is his son."

She laid her hand on the shoulder of the child who stood beside her, and who, holding his flowers clasped against his breast, still gazed upward, as if fascinated at the graceful, white-clad figure, and

the fair young face that now grew whiter than the gown.

"You were married to him!" Iris repeated in a stunned tone. "But how could that be? There are no divorces in Italy, and he is married to *me!*"

"I know that you think so," the other answered; "and, now that I have seen you, I have suddenly felt so much compassion for you that a moment since I was ready to go away and leave you in ignorance. Ah, why did you not let me go? It was your sweetness to Pietro that made me ashamed of coming to destroy your happiness, and now I *have* destroyed it."

"Yes, you have destroyed it," Iris assented, with a quietness that was strange to herself,—the quietness of one as yet unable to realize her pain. "But happiness that is built on a lie is not worth preserving. Only I don't understand. If you were married to the Conte della Rovere, how is it that you do not bear his name, that you have not claimed your place as his wife before the world, and saved me from the degradation which has befallen me, if what you have said is the truth?"

"It *is* the truth, and I have proof of it to show you," Elena Almirante replied. "And the answer to your question is very simple. I do not bear the name of the Conte della Rovere, nor am I able to claim my place as his wife before the world, because we were married only religiously, not by a civil ceremony."

"And the law does not recognize a religious marriage?"

"No: the law recognizes only the civil ceremony as constituting a valid marriage."

"And so" (a flash of illumination came like a sword-blade to the speaker) "our positions are exactly reversed. The Church recognizes *you* as his wife, and the law recognizes *me!*"

"And the law is the stronger," Elena said. She glanced around the beautiful luxurious room. "Your position is unassailable. You are the Contessa della

Rovere, and I am only Elena Almirante, a poor music teacher; for men without religion make the laws, and other men without principle take advantage of them to deceive women, as you and I have both been deceived. I say this because, since I have seen you, I am sure that you would not have married this man if you had known the truth."

"I could never even have thought of marrying him," Iris replied. "And it seems to me that here in Rome, where I knew him first, some one might have been found to tell me the truth. American millions are greatly desired, I know," she added, with a touch of bitterness strange to her; "but some Catholic might have remembered that behind the millions was a woman, with a soul to save and a heart to break, and have had pity enough to say, 'This man is not free to marry you.'"

"No one could have said it," Elena told her, "because no one knew of his marriage. We met in Florence, when his regiment was quartered there, now nearly five years ago, and at once fell in love with each other. I take blame to myself that I did not withstand his passion, knowing that he was far above me in rank, and therefore not likely to make so unequal an alliance; but I was young, passionately in love, and alone in the world. He told me that he could not marry me openly,—that his father, who was then living, would never forgive him; but that we would be married secretly with a religious ceremony, and that later we could add the civil. This, I have learned since, is a common device of men to deceive women whom they love, but for worldly reasons do not wish to marry openly; and I have never yet heard of the promise being redeemed. I was no wiser than others. I listened and believed. You know Giulio has a tongue of honey."

"I know," Iris said, while a keen pang contracted her heart, as she seemed to hear that tongue of honey telling her that she alone, of all the women he had

known, had Della Rovere truly loved.

"We were married," Elena went on, "in a little village up in the hills above Florence, where an old priest whom I had known all my life—one who had suffered much from the new order of things, and held its laws in scorn—was persuaded to marry us. It was one morning very early. We stood before the altar of the little church, with only the old sacristan as witness. And when we went out I remember that the almond trees were in bloom all over the hills. I thought of it when I came in here and saw those flowers—"

Her voice broke and fell into silence; while Iris, turning her gaze away, visualized the scene as if it were taking place before her eyes: the ancient church, set high in the hills, with its faded frescoes and dark walls; the marriage ceremony before the altar, where the candles burned in tarnished candlesticks, and the old priest stood, with the sacristan by his side; and then the cloud of almond blossoms covering the hillsides when the two went out who had plighted troth to each other before God and man. And beside this picture the scene of her own wedding rose with equal vividness: the ornate modern church, so eloquent of wealth, the elaborate floral decorations, the music, the fashionable crowd, the costly toilettes, the pervading spirit of the world. A sense of passionate envy rose within her. How close to heaven it must have seemed, that little sanctuary in the hills! How the sacramental blessing she had vaguely missed must have been felt there! And yet the man who stood beside this woman before that altar had also stood beside her, and dared—oh, dared—

Suddenly she looked at the other, with her young face set like marble.

"What your motive may have been in coming here I do not know," she said; "but if envy of me had any part in it, you may go away satisfied; for of us two whom the same man has deceived, I am far more to be pitied than you are, and

my injury is deeper, and more hopeless of redress. Nothing can undo it, and there are no circumstances under which I will ever forgive it. Now will you be kind enough to go?"

There seemed, indeed, nothing else to do. Elena Almirante felt as much. The work for which she had come was accomplished. As the ancients would have said, the Furies had entered the house in her train, and she would leave them in possession. This had been her intention—to make guilty and innocent alike suffer for the wrong done to her, the misery of which she had drunk so deeply. But, gazing now at the white face of the innocent, she knew a pang of self-reproach.

"I am sorry" (involuntarily the words forced themselves),—"sorry that I came. I wish now that I had left you in your happiness."

"I do not wish it," Iris told her. "I would rather know the truth, and suffer all that is before me, than live in a paradise of falsehood, however sweet."

(To be continued.)

More Stories by Father Lacombe.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

THREE things I have met in the West that have made the Old Times live before my eyes,—the grand, hard past days of the Saskatchewan country before it became commonplace. First, there is old Fort Chippewyan, the strategic post of Northern fur-traders in the tempestuous days of a century ago; and a primitive journey for weeks in scows up the Athabasca Rapids; and, best of the three, the hours spent listening to the tales of Father Lacombe. These weave the strongest spell in conjuring up the Past.

Among the stories of the famous old *raconteur* are two of Indian women as far removed in type as Hood's seamstress and Boadicea. They indicate that in the

primitive races, as among ourselves, femininity varies. With each are the clinging vines and the militant suffragettes.

The old man is wont to tell one tale with tears in his voice, as he peers back through the curtain of the years. At the other, his fine old eyes flash with laughter and daring, as they do for the days of John Rowand. This is the tale he tells as tears tremble at the brink of his lids, and the listener hangs on every accent of his delicious "English of the Nor'west."

"Hah! On that time I was going out from my mission at St. Albert, to meet a band of Crees. Alexis—*mon fameux Alexis*—was wiz me, and we took a trail to the north in the direction of the La Biche River. At las' one night as the darkness come we arrive on the river-bank. And there we see sign of a camp jus' moved. We hung our kettles over the fire and fed the dogs and made our beds ready, with buffalo robes on top the spruce boughs. After supper we sit by the fire to smoke—Alexis and me. It was still there,—a great stillness in the woods, and very cold. Br-r-r! Cold—

"Heh! We hear something,—like a groan } it sound. It pass on the air, trembling. I ask:

"Did you hear somethings, Alexis?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"The cry of a rabbit caught by an owl."

"Your rabbit he seem to me to have a voice human."

"Then the cry came again. Now it was more pitiful.

"Your rabbit mus' have a hard life, *hein, Alexis?*"

"It is not a rabbit," Alexis said, and his eyes were big wiz fear.

"What is it, then?"

"A ghost."

"*Mon cher Alexis,*' I say, and laugh, 'ghosts do not travel in cold like this. Be sure not!'

"*Hein!*' he grunt. 'To-morrow we will find an Indian body on the tree, where

his people put him. He wants something and he asks us for it.'

"'No, *mon Alexis*. If that is the voice of a human, it is a man—a living man—that cries.'

"But now the groans came no more—not until we were lying under the buffalo skins for the night. Then we hear them again. Now it was like one who weeps. I could not stand that.

"'Alexis,' I say, 'some one has need of us. We mus' go and see.'

"But Alexis would not go. He was afraid of nothing alive, but he had fear for ghosts.

"'Eh, *bien!*' I say. 'Then I go alone. But hold your gun ready, and if I need you I will call.'

"Now I make my way through the woods, very slow; I feel my way and follow the voice of the groaning man. Sometimes that sound like a lost spirit, and my flesh get cold.

"At las' I feel ashes scrape under my moccasins: it mus' be a camp-fire. I feel with my hands low on the ground, and I find coals with the ashes, and bime-by something soft like buffalo robes. . . . Heh, heh! what is this? My heart jump; for there was something under that skin. I stir up the warm coals and push some wood on it, and then with the light that makes, I look under the skin.

"*Hein! hein!* it was *triste!* A poor Indian woman lying there half frozen, and her baby held tight to her bosom. I shake her and call to her. She awake, moaning. *Ha, la pauvre misérable!* She tell me all her people are gone 'way and she is alone—she is abandoned. Her feet are froze.

"I call Alexis. Together we carry those two on the buffalo skin to our fire, and Alexis make ready kettles of tea and meat. I untie the fur wrappings from my feet, and put them on hers when I rub them with snow. . . . Heh, heh, I was afraid it was too late. So it was: the feet were all froze—*froze!*

"When she was warmer and stronger after the tea, she tell me her story. It was this. Two years before now a Cree hunter took her from her father's tent to make himself a wife. But he was a bird on the wing, a hawk, a miserable man, that Cree. Soon he begin to treat her very badly, and to tell her he is tired of her. The night before I found her he beat her in the hunters' camp like a dog,—a lazy sleigh-dog that will not pull. 'Now,' she cry, 'this mus' finish. I go now and kill myself.' And what do you expect that miserable man say to that? He say: '*Hein!* Go, then, and kill yourself. Go away! I do not want to see you no more. To-night I take another woman to my tent.'

"She run away, half crazy, her heart like a stone in her; for—it is droll, this!—she love that man. She left the camp with her baby in her arms, and walked far out over the prairie, asking all the time in her misery that she would freeze to death. All day she walk. Bime-by it is hard for her to go on. She stumble on the trail; she is weak—*hein!* That was misery for the body, but her heart was so sick she did not feel her misery. She had her baby on her back, I tole you—heh? Then now it began to cry. *Pauvre femme!* she had only tears for the child, because the misery and cold had dried the milk in her breasts. The baby was ver' hungry.

"By this time of her wanderings her senses were numb. It is the beginning of the sleep that drags you down into the snow. It was heavy to walk in the snow with no trail, and the frost was so great that it burned. She is so glad to lie down in the snow now, but that baby's cries go to her heart. Its little hands and mouth—they search on her breast and seem to ask for life.

"Ha! now the heart of the mother was stir strong in her. Right away she rise out of her misery, and turn her steps back to the camp. But the trail was long, and her feet kep' stumbling under her. Now

she knew they were froze; but she say to herself she *will* bring her child back to the fire and food. She was weak and afraid before her man, that little woman; but she was like lion when she fight wiz the cold and the trail for her baby.

"That was a long fight . . . *hein! hein!* And now bime-by it is evening—late. See that poor woman drag herself off the prairie into the trees by the river! That was where the camp was pitched. It is all quiet; she is afraid. But she is making the las' big effort, because she want to save the baby. . . . Hah! *Mais, mais, chère fille*—they are gone—all gone! The camp was move away!

"You do not know what that is like, I s'pose? To faint in the cold and look for the fires of your people! And to find them gone! It is for anguish."

(It is here the tears that have trembled all along on the brink of the lids slip out, and down the furrows of the old man's face. And he pauses to get his voice.)

"Heh! This is too much for the froze body and heart of one little woman. What to do? She pull the buffalo skin tight around her and the babe, and she lay down beside the ashes of a camp-fire. She expec' to die. She is not sorry. But she raise her hands to the Great Spirit that He will save her child. That is all—until I hear her moan, and find her.

"Alexis, you will know, was shamed that he did not go on firs' time to help her, and he work like two men now. All night he did not sleep. He kep' the fire blazing, and he got young willow branches to make a fine seat on the flat-sled for the poor *misérables*.

"Nex' morning, that was early when we start out on the trail of her people. We push on fast to reach them. I walk on my snowshoes; and when the dogs find the trail heavy with their extra load, Alexis help them. Good Alexis!—*mon pauvre Alexis!* We reach that camp in the evening. Right away I call the husband to me, and ask him what he means when

he drive away his wife—that poor little woman, so young and weak, and with her little baby! And he say to me—that scoundrel Cree!—he say to me:

"I do not want this woman. You would be wiser to leave her in the snow. I have another woman now. You can do what you like with this one."

"Heh! heh! But I was mad that he was such a brute, and no sorrow and no shame in him! Huh-h!

"You miserable dog!" I say to him to shame him before his people. 'A dog? But I do wrong to those dog. You are worse; for dogs treat their own better nor you, and have some care for their young. It is nothing to you? Then go! Crawl into your tent and hide away your disgrace. I will find some one here with a heart, who will take your woman and child.'

"And he turned and sneaked into his tent like a dog what was beat."

(Small wonder he did, when even the echo of that old scene could rouse such notes of indignation and scorn as those to which I had listened!)

"That night I got a woman to take the poor little mother and her child into her tent. This was a kind old woman, and as strong as a man in courage. Well, bime-by they brought her up to St. Albert to the Sisters, and she lived almost happy with them for many year. The little baby grew to be a man and one of the best hunters in the country. So they were both save; but the woman—she always go lame. And that woman's name was Suzanne, and many old-timers will tell you they remember her."

(To be continued.)

At Emmaus.

• BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

THEY knew Him when He broke the bread. Was't by the accompanying word He said Which faith, though faltering, understands, Or wounded beauty of His hands?

The Power of Christian Love.*

I.

THE first warm rays of spring! Sunshine was illuminating the gay streets of the great city. People poured forth in crowds from their homes to bask in the fresh air and walk in the welcome sunshine, glad to be released from the confinement of winter. They passed up and down, greeting acquaintances, shaking hands with friends, or admiring the newest creations in the shop windows. Mingling with the crowds, others went quickly to and fro,—not bent on pleasure, but with steps directed to the performance of important duties.

At the corner of a street a little girl was standing. In her hand she held a miserable flat basket containing matches and other small articles, with some bunches of spring flowers. More with looks of entreaty than with words, she begged the passers-by to purchase her wares. Bitter poverty spoke through her scanty, faded clothing, her dumb, pleading eyes, and her pale, thin cheeks. The child had once been pretty, but want and misfortune had left their impress upon her whole personality. The majority of those who passed the poor child did not cast a single glance in her direction; some vouchsafed her a compassionate glance; others again murmured something about "ragamuffin," "dirty little creature," "vagabond," or the "wickedness of sending out a little child on the streets to beg."

At length a distinguished-looking, heavily veiled lady, dressed entirely in black, came toward the little flower girl. The child timidly raised her eyes. This splendid-looking woman surely would not purchase any of her miserable flowers, she thought; again the shadows deepened on the pale young face. But as the lady drew near a gleam of hope shone in the child's soft eyes and colored her emaciated cheeks. The beautiful lady spoke.

"What is your name, my child?" she inquired.

"Anna Ruiz," answered the girl, in a low and trembling voice.

"Who has sent you here with these things?"

"My mother," the little one replied.

"Have you no father?"

"Yes: he works in the factory."

"Then why do you stand here selling flowers and matches?"

"I do not know. Father never brings home any money, and mother and I can not starve."

It seemed very clear to the lady that the drinking habits of the father had caused the ruin of his family.

"Where do you live?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"On Martin Street, No. 77," was the reply.

The lady dropped a piece of silver into the basket, taking one of the withered flowers.

"I hope we shall meet again, my good child," she said, in so friendly a manner that tears sparkled in the weary eyes of the little girl.

The lady continued her walk, but her good action had its own fruit. When several of the passers-by saw her pause and speak to the flower girl, and observed her kind deed, the effect was to remind them that Christian charity was a virtue, and other gifts found their way into the basket. The child stood for a short time bewildered, then suddenly came to herself as though some one had roused her from a trance, and disappeared in the busy throng.

The home of Anna Ruiz was in a dark, dirty and gloomy room of a small house behind its larger neighbors. It had only one window, through whose dim and grimy panes but little daylight entered. It overlooked a courtyard, where all sorts of rubbish and sweepings were deposited day after day; but we shall not linger over these evidences of poverty and mis-

* FOR THE AVE MARIA, from the Spanish.

fortune. In one corner of the room stood an old rickety couch, hardly worthy the name of a bed; a pair of ragged blankets and a coverlet were spread over this substitute for a bedstead. In another corner there was a smaller bed in the same condition. A rusty, broken stove, three chairs, and an unsteady table completed the furniture of the place. On the table lay a pile of rags, pieces of torn clothing, with a few dishes and crusts of bread. On the window-sill were two small vases containing some half-withered flowers, which hung their heads as though ashamed of their surroundings. At the window sat a melancholy-looking woman, sewing on a coarse shirt. Sighing deeply, she gazed mournfully out upon the clear blue sky.

"Alas!" she murmured. "Am I then entirely abandoned and deserted? How is it that God, whom people say is so good, can leave a poor woman in such misery? I do not know why I have not long since drowned myself and my child in the river."

With a gesture of despair, she wiped away the tears that had come into her tired eyes, and once more resumed her sewing.

What was it that had prevented her from executing her terrible purpose? Without doubt the presence of a well-worn picture which she had fastened to the wall with four small nails. It was in memory of her first Holy Communion. It still reminded her that the God of the poor and humble loved and cared for them; that He would dry their tears, and, after their misfortunes were ended, would reward them in heaven for all they had suffered, if they bore their trials with patience and Christian resignation. To be sure, she no longer went to church, but religion was not yet dead in her heart: she still treasured the remembrance of her First Communion Day; she still feared God's displeasure, and she still prayed, and taught her little one the simple prayers of childhood.

To-day, however, she felt herself at the end of her resources. Her heart was filled with rancor and bitterness. She was obliged to sew for her scanty living; it was all she could do, and she could hardly find employment. Only machine work was in demand: it was better and quicker. Hunger gnawed at her bosom and that of her miserable child. The husband spent all his earnings with his boon companions, and for his wife had only rough words and sometimes blows. This morning she could not keep her eyes from the fast-flowing waters of the river that she could see from her window. If little Anna brought nothing home to-day, if she had not been able to sell the articles to buy which the mother had pawned her wedding ring, they would have reached the very end of their resources, and she resolved that the merciful waters should receive them both.

Then she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and in a moment little Anna appeared in the doorway. The mother sprang quickly to her feet, in amazement. She seized the basket, still unemptied, and cried out, half in anguish and half in despair:

"What has happened? Did the policeman send you home? Is the measure of our misery full at last?"

"Mother, mother, I have some money!" answered the child, almost breathless.

"Money? Here are all your things. Where did you get money?"

"A fine lady gave me some, and she asked where we lived, and other persons gave me more."

"What? You have been begging! Do you not know that I have never begged, and that I have forbidden you ever to do so? And yet you went out on the street and asked for alms!"

"Mother," replied the child, her voice full of the tears that began to roll down her pale cheeks, "I did not beg. The rich lady gave me the money. She talked to me."

"And the others?"

"They came after they had seen the lady talking to me, and gave me something. I was very much surprised."

At this information the heart of the unhappy woman was agitated with a mixture of shame, wonderment, anger, and joy, that, in spite of her despair and hopelessness, she had not been altogether forgotten by God and man.

"Let me see how much money you have," she said, eagerly examining the silver which the little girl held in her hand. "Now, dear, we can pay for these articles and take my ring out of pawn; and there will be enough left to buy some good food."

"Shall I not take the things back, mother? Wouldn't that be better? I can not bear to stand on the street corner. The rich lady will help us, I am sure. She asked where we lived, and when she was going she said, 'Good-bye until we meet again!'"

"You do not know rich people, Anna. They are proud and haughty, and if they once help a poor person they think they have done wonders. They do not bother themselves again. They talk a lot and do little. They have no love for us poor people."

"I do not think this lady is one of that kind. She spoke so nicely to me!" persisted the innocent child.

"That may be, but you have seen the last of her."

With these words she took the basket in her hand, and hastened to the shop to redeem her wedding ring, and also to purchase something to eat. She soon returned, and in a few minutes two hungry persons were eating a substantial meal. When it was finished, the woman resumed her work and Anna began to tidy the room.

For some time all was silent in the poor dwelling.

"Mother, some one knocked," said the child, suddenly.

"Come in!" replied the woman, lifting her eyes from her sewing.

The door opened. On the threshold

stood the beautiful lady. Anra uttered a cry of joy, and in her confusion and astonishment the mother forgot to rise. In the first moment of surprise, both mother and daughter were speechless. The visitor, still young, was tall and slender; in her countenance there was an expression of truth and sincerity. Her black garments and long mourning veil told that she, too, had known sorrow. With a gentle "Good-day!" Madam de Lures entered the room.

"You know me, then?" she said, turning to Anna, who was gazing at her in speechless delight.

"Yes, ma'am," rejoined the little girl, "I know you."

"You are the mother of this child?" inquired the visitor of the poor woman, who at last had managed to stand on her feet.

"Yes," was the abrupt answer.

"I met your little girl this morning and heard from her of your misfortunes; that is why I concluded to come to see you personally."

"Thank you!" murmured the woman, still struggling with tears herself. "I can not offer you a chair,—everything is wanting here."

The gentle eyes of the lady looked into the restless, unhappy ones of the poor woman before her as she asked compassionately:

"You are not desponding, are you? We all have our sorrows, you know. I am only twenty-eight years old and already a widow."

Again her soft eyes sought those of Anna's mother, in which for a moment rested the deepest sympathy. Then she replied in a bitter tone:

"I might better be a widow than have a good-for-nothing husband."

"Poor, poor woman!" murmured the sympathetic visitor.

"Father is not bad!" exclaimed Anna, looking fearlessly up into her mother's face. "He loves me, I know."

A sad smile passed across the lips of

the mother and softened the look of her despairing eyes, as she observed:

"Father really loves Anna. He strikes her sometimes, but he never touches her even when he is drunk."

"That is a good trait in your husband's character," said the lady. "Perhaps the love he bears his child may be the means of rekindling his love for his wife, and restoring her to her former happiness. We must pray for this. How long have you been married?"

The poor woman hesitated a moment, but the sincere eyes of the lady, full of compassion, rested appealingly upon her, and reawakened the best instincts of a nature warped by sorrow and misery. It is sweet to be able to open an overflowing heart to a sympathetic listener. And then she unfolded her sad story. They had married for love, and were happy in their native village. She was a seamstress and he a wagon driver. But the great city tempted him; he sought the modern Babel, where so many make shipwreck of life and soul. After some time her husband lost his place; their savings were soon exhausted, and piece after piece of furniture was sold to meet the expenses of living. Two children—fine, healthy boys—sickened and died. Finally, her husband found work, and with it worthless companions. He had become a habitual drunkard, giving nothing toward the support of his family, and having for his wife only angry words and cruel blows. Many times had she resolved to put an end to it all. The adjacent river would bring her release.

"But you know very well that such an act would be a frightful sin in the sight of the good God," interposed the lady, with compassionate reproach.

"The good God!" exclaimed the unhappy wife and mother. "If He is so good, why does He inflict such terrible misfortunes upon His creatures?"

"Sorrow is the Christian's school of virtue. He who was Himself poor on earth and underwent the most dreadful

suffering will never forsake you. Do you not realize that it was He who sent me to you to-day?"

"I have never been a beggar!"

"But you will not refuse help from a woman who has also known great sorrow. I have a little girl left me. I must bring her to see you."

It was evident to the lady that her words had made some impression on the unhappy wife, and she continued:

"You complain that your husband no longer stays at home. Let us arrange things a little; then perhaps he will like to remain in the house instead of going to the saloon."

"I have no courage left," said the woman.

"I have plenty of furniture I do not need," the lady went on. "I am going to send you some. Then we shall clean the room and wash the window and repaper the walls. Besides, I am sure I can find some work for you. Take heart now. With the help of God, everything will be well."

The woman did not speak. She was unable to do so. But her eyes had softened, and the trembling of her lips betokened her deep emotion.

Madam de Lures opened the door. Just outside it stood a large basket of provisions—meat, eggs, and vegetables. These she placed on the table.

"Take this," she said. "We are friends now, you know. Prepare a good supper for your husband. Good-bye till I see you again!"

(To be continued.)

The Message.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

OH, who can hear the first glad lilt,
Or glimpse a tiny nest, new-built,

Without a start and thrill?

And who can watch the leaves unfold,
Or see new life spring from the mold,—

And doubt a higher Will?

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE."

XVI.—SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

NATURALLY, there was little surprise and much rejoicing in the valley when the engagement between Crellan Stewart and Elinor Lambert became known. Father O'Leary insisted, playfully, that it was owing to his discrimination in those early days, and the masterly fashion in which he had stimulated the interest of both on the same subject, and thrown them together during their expeditions with him in the mountains, that the match had been made at all; whilst the curate, who, since his recent advent to Imaney, had spent all his spare time in beating up every piper in the district, and, with assistance from Elinor, organizing a band, immediately started his musicians to learn an old Irish bridal march which was to be played upon the wedding day. That all concerned in the marriage, the young people themselves as well as their elders, were satisfied and happy, was plainly evident. Mrs. Stewart had long ago accepted Elinor as a daughter, and Mrs. Lambert's welcome to her son was deepened by the joy and satisfaction she had in the fact of her child's future happiness and protection being secured.

For a whole month the fair sky of their lives was untinged with the slightest shadow; and then, when to Elinor and her mother, and in a lesser degree to Mrs. Stewart, there came a shock of anxiety and reproach, it was altogether from an outside source, and Crellan's help and comfort were of the greatest avail to them.

Mrs. Stewart had signified her intention of handing over Imaney Castle and estate to Crellan when he married, instead of keeping them in her own possession until her death; and, as the wedding was not to take place for some time, it was de-

ecided that the necessary alterations and renovations should be undertaken at once. This meant that Elinor still spent a part of every day at the castle. Although she would not give up her duties as organist, her time was now more her own; for the lace class had been transferred to the teacher, for whom temporary lodgings had been secured until her own room and the depot of the Board should be finished.

One morning Elinor had found Crellan busy turning out the drawers and shelves of the little room that had been his great-uncle's study, and where Mrs. Stewart had discovered the notes which were of so much use to them in laying out their plans of improvement. Amongst the papers that were left they came upon a statement of accounts, evidently drawn up by the O'Congaile to show that the money laid aside for the purchase and endowment of the organ was fairly his own, and that the estate could make no claim upon it after his death.

To Elinor, judging not by her present earnings, but by what she had known of the spending of money in the olden days, the total income marked down seemed inadequate either to carry out the proposed improvements or to keep the house in anything like comfort.

"I am afraid," she said, kneeling beside Crellan and laying her hand upon his shoulder,—“I am afraid you are giving up a great deal in marrying me, when you might, like your brother, have married a wife with a big fortune.”

For a moment her *fiancé* looked at her in surprise; then, seeing that her eyes were on the rent-roll total, he answered, speaking apparently quite in earnest:

“Are you afraid of facing life with an income no greater than that?”

“Afraid?” Elinor repeated quickly. “Don't you know that I should not be afraid if you came and asked me to share your weekly wage as a farm-laborer? Only it is for you —” her voice faltered. “O Crellan, I have seen and known what poverty is and you have not! If — if I

drag you into it,—if, because of me, you have to feel on every side the want of things that up to now have come to you as a matter of course,—is it right of me to accept such a sacrifice?"

He turned to her, and, taking up the account sheet, tore it into twenty pieces.

"There!" he exclaimed. "So much for that! My darling, don't you know that, with what my father left me and what my grandmother allows me from her English estate, I am a wealthy man without a penny from Imaney? I was only teasing you, dear, when I asked if you would be afraid of poverty."

"But I don't understand!" cried Elinor, only partly satisfied. "Why, then, did Madam want you to marry an heiress?"

"Why?" laughed Crellan. "Why does money seem always to want money? But I think we shall be satisfied, you and I, with what we shall have. Besides my allowance—and 'gran,' as you know, is generosity personified,—I shall some day (in the dimmest of futures, let us hope), have half of my grandfather's money. Did no one ever tell you, that, by his will, everything is to be sold at my grandmother's death, and Hugh and I are to share alike?"

Elinor gave a sigh of relief; for this fear that Crellan was sacrificing himself for her sake had been troubling her for some time.

"Well, with all that money in the family," she said musingly, "it seems rather pitiful that your uncle should have been obliged to plan and save so as to put up and endow the organ on which his heart was set."

"Yes," replied Crellan, "I used to think that his had been altogether a pitiful existence. But since you have taught me to love the Glen, and to understand his hopes and plans, I begin to think that he may have had his own share of happiness. Have you ever seen his portrait?" he added abruptly.

As he spoke, he opened the lower drawer of the bureau and took from it an

unframed oil painting, very well executed, and evidently a speaking likeness of the man it represented.

"We must have it framed," he said, looking at the face upon the canvas, beautiful in spite of the traces of suffering which it bore, "and put it in its place in the dining room. It is a shame he is not there—the chief of the O'Congailes! But I think first we ought to have it copied, so that when the village hall is built it may hang there to remind the people of all that he did for them."

He looked for acquiescence from Elinor; but, to his astonishment, she had sunk upon a low chair and was gazing spell-bound at the picture.

"It is *he!*" she gasped, and her voice was hardly above a whisper. "It is the original of the miniature!"

"The miniature?" repeated Crellan. "What do *you* know of the miniature? All we could find out was that there had been one painted. I chanced to come upon the account of them both one day lately, but no one knew what had become of the other."

"He has it," said Elinor, speaking like one in a dream. "But, O Crellan, Crellan, I think I see it all now, and it is too dreadful!"

She could hardly explain what to him were such wild words; but at length he understood that Signor Thaddeus, who had asked for her appointment as organist at Imaney in his own place, was the friend referred to in his uncle's papers for whom the miniature had been painted.

And then, piece by piece, they put together the whole story of Thaddeus' secret. Crellan told what he knew of his uncle's wishes concerning the organist; and Elinor added a picture of Thaddeus, old, struggling, lonely. Mrs. Stewart had taken for granted that the old musician had refused the post because he had made for himself a higher and more desirable position in London; but now Elinor knew the truth. He had given up all for her

sake. Whilst she had been at peace, contented, and, lately, supremely happy at Imaney, he had been toiling alone in London, only keeping body and soul together by unremitting and often distasteful labor. And she had never guessed, never for a single moment dreamed, that the post she had accepted so gladly, yet so thoughtlessly, had been his very own,—that he had sacrificed himself for her.

She told of his words when she had questioned him concerning the original of the miniature: "He was my friend. He is dead." And that made Madam Stewart turn with sudden wonder to the letters from "Jonathan" to "David" that she had set aside from amongst the O'Congaile's other papers. A glance at them sufficed to show Elinor that Thaddeus was their author. Now they looked at them reverently, reading therein the whole sweet story of a love greater than woman's. Only once did the O'Congaile's real name appear. It was evidently the first letter written after his last visit to Imaney, when the schemes for the organ and its player must have been fully discussed; and the fact had also been faced that it would not be long before death would for a time interrupt this loving friendship.

"O Crellan! O my more than brother, when I think of the dearly loved Glen, of the little house that is to be my home, of the chapel, and of the organ that is to come, I feel it is all too grand, too sweet to be true! But then—then I think of you; and it is only because you are already a saint on earth that I can bring myself to say, 'God's will be done!'"

Such words as these, and many other passages in the letters, were to Elinor as a sharp-edged knife thrust and turned in her heart. It was useless for Crellan and Mrs. Stewart to urge that, however much she might feel regret, she need not reproach herself for what had happened. Thaddeus had voluntarily made the sacrifice; and, in all ignorance, she had

accepted it unquestioningly. She could not rest for thinking of him; and the fact that she had had no news whatever from him since his answer to her New Year letter only increased her anxiety a hundredfold.

Now that her eyes were opened, it became clear to her that his assumption of being in easy circumstances was only a pretence to blind her to the real struggle he had to exist, and to keep her suspicions far from the discovery of his beautiful, noble, but now to her torturing, secret. In his last letter he had remarked that he was leaving his old house and going to lodgings where he would have more comfort. She had thought this very natural at his age; and then, though his silence after that had distressed her from time to time, she had been too deeply engrossed in her own affairs to brood over it as she would have done had it occurred a few months before.

Her one wish now was to find the old man, to tell him everything,—their discovery of the truth, their most profound gratitude, her happiness and Crellan's. And then with what joy and tenderness would she see him installed in the little house that was by right his own, and that had been transformed into a model of what a perfect cottage home should be! He could play the organ, and do justice to the beautiful instrument, whose finest tones had been dumb under her unskilful hands. Then in his old age she would be near him, and he would have every care that love and money could procure.

Such dreams as these were her only consolation, and she could not rest until efforts were made to find out the present whereabouts of him whose kindness to her could be measured only by God, as He alone could reward it. No sooner had the portrait betrayed the old man's secret than Crellan telegraphed to London, and a friend of his had gone to the address that Elinor had supplied; but the only report he was able to give was disheartening in the extreme. The fate of its neighbors

had overtaken the old house. It was in the act of being destroyed to make room for another block of flats, and no one seemed to know what had become of its former occupants. Evidently it was a case to be put into the hands of detectives; and, to Elinor's great relief, Crellan decided to go over to London himself, so that nothing might be left undone to ascertain the fate or whereabouts of the old musician.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XVI.

Thieves may purloin your gold, debtors retire
 Beyond the reach of law; earthquake and fire
 Destroy your house; your ships may wreck or burn
 With all the wealth it cost you years to earn;
 But what you nobly give kind Heaven secures
 From fate's caprice,—that, that is always yours.

IF these lines be true—they must be,—Grandsir Floyd is a wealthy man. From whence the little verse came I do not know. I learned it when a child, and when I did not appreciate its truth in the least degree. "I'm going to have a great many fine things when I grow up," I said, with the selfishness of ten years,— "a house with seventy rooms, gowns good enough for a queen, all the oranges I can eat, and a big cage full of birds; and I am not going to give anything away." And now? Oranges and other things have, somehow, lost their flavor, and I should set the birds at liberty. It is only the children and the birds who know how the cherries taste, and only "grown-ups" who realize that one keeps but the treasure from which one parts.

Grandsir came from poor people into a region where what we commonly call wealth does not abound. There is yet to be found in Hilltop a survival of the distinction between yeoman and "gentleman." Grandsir's masculine progenitors were yeomen; and not flourishing ones at that, if one reckons by large crops or

broad acres. Their few acres were more perpendicular than horizontal, the underlying granite having but a thin covering of poor soil; the owners, however, were self-respecting and dignified, clean of mind and stalwart in frame and spirit, maintaining ever the rugged but brave obstinacy that sent their forbears across a wide ocean.

As to the "Injun streak" at which Grandsir hinted, there may have been something upon which to base his theory. A white maiden taken captive and carried to the banks of the St. Lawrence, wedded to a chief, escaping with her little son,— this was the outline of what was so vague a story that it was hardly more than a legend. Most of the early settlers of New England knew little and cared less for pedigrees, considering an interest in them a remnant of the government by kings from whom they had fled.

Well, whether or not little Grandsir— how strange to call him that!—had an Indian chief for one of his ancestors, I have no idea. He surely was a normal, good-hearted boy himself, differing from other lads only in his propensity for giving away things. He had no toys, but he made over to his few small friends such treasures as he possessed by giving them— not trading them, as is the fashion among boys. His mother had hard work to induce him to retain his few poor garments; and but for his abiding honesty he would have parted with her belongings. The habit grew upon him. "Giving-Away Floyd" was the name he came to be known by. In time he married, and his wife and children—there were four—were fed and clothed and sheltered in some mysterious way. The little ones died young, and the mother followed.

For many years Grandsir has lived—I was about to say alone, but he is seldom without the watchful care of his friends. He is the village counsellor and philosopher. His advice is sought—and, what is more, followed. A poor manager of his own pecuniary affairs, he is, strange as

it may seem, invested with wisdom in regard to the finances of others. To take no thought of the morrow and to give away all his possessions, to love birds and animals, and to forgive injuries,—there is the rule of his life. I do not say that it suffices, or that there would be wisdom in following his un-wisdom: I just tell you of Grandsir as he is—a childlike old man, uneducated, somewhat stubborn, but as unspoiled as one of the straight fir trees upon his native hills.

One day—it was his birthday—we made a little feast and gave him a fine new coat, broadcloth, of the style we call Prince Albert. He seemed pleased and more thoughtful than usual. The next day I walked up the hill to see how he was faring after his unwonted excitement. He sat on the fence whittling, with the new coat on.

“Grandsir,” I said, “the new coat is for Sunday, when you ‘go to meeting.’”

“I haven’t any other,” he answered. “I gave my old one to Jim Burbank. I can’t wear two coats.”

Sure enough, he had waited until we left and then hastened to rid himself of what seemed to him a superfluity. I tell you this incident because it illustrates so well his method of reasoning. “He needed it more than I did,” was all he would ever say concerning our gift.

In an old church in Doncaster, England, there is a tomb upon which is an epitaph that has become renowned. It was built in memory of a generous man and his wife Margaret. I never hear or read of it without thinking of “Giving-Away Floyd,” our own dear friend, Grandsir of Hilltop. Here is the epitaph, which may be unknown to some of those who follow these desultory “Thoughts”:

How now, who is heare?
I, Robin of Doncastere,
And Margaret, my feare.
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.

(To be continued.)

The Message of “The Angelus.”

I VENTURED lately to demur in the *London Tablet* to the usual version of the Angelus: “The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary.” “Declared” is a strange word here. The Latin for it is not even *annuntiavit* (“announced”), but *nuntiavit*, from *nuntius* (“message,” or “messenger”). I suggested that we might say: “The Angel of the Lord brought a message to Mary.”

In the *Tablet* of December 9, 1911, Mr. W. T. Birkbeck, of Stratton Strawless, proposed this rendering: “The Angel of the Lord brought the good tidings to Mary.” He says that the feast of the Annunciation on March 25 is well known to be of Eastern origin, and that in the Greek the title *Annuntiatio* is represented by *Euaggelismos*. The verb corresponding with this noun occurs in St. Luke ii, 10, where it is translated, “I bring you good tidings.” Hence the version that he suggests.

But it was not merely tidings that the Angel brought to Mary, like the glad tidings that the Shepherds were to hear at the Christmas midnight nine months later. No, the Angel was the bearer of a momentary message; it was a solemn embassy, making a proposal to which the Blessed Virgin’s consent was asked. In the prayer which follows this triple commemoration of the first moment of the Incarnation the words *Angelō nuntiante* (the participle of our *nuntiavit*) are translated “by the message of an Angel.” This seems to justify our proposed translation of *Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*—“The Angel of the Lord brought a message to Mary.”

What beautiful associations of devotion, art, music, poetry, and other holy things, have clustered round the Angelus! The Church is the true home of poetry. The great sculptor Canova had good reason to say, “There is no sublimity outside the Catholic religion; there is no beauty without the Madonna.” M. R.

The Legend of the Happy King.

April Days.

ONCE upon a time a king, succeeding to the throne of his fathers, resolved that, no matter what happened, he would be happy. In the courtyard of the palace he caused a silver bell to be hung. "When I am happy I shall ring this bell," he said. Time went on, and, though the courtiers listened intently, they heard no sound to indicate that their sovereign was rejoicing. He was victorious in great battles; but the heavy losses which his army suffered, the sight of all the dead and wounded, and the thought of so many orphans and widows, so many ruined homesteads, pierced his heart. He grew rich and powerful, but his wife and children died and left him desolate. He was called "The Great King," but he had numerous enemies, all jealous of his prestige. Every day he sat at a table loaded with rich viands, but he could not eat, disease having robbed him of his appetite. His bed was of down, but he could not sleep. He knew no waking moment free from pain or worry. So the bell did not ring.

At last he lay dying; and, having been shriven, he commanded his servants to take him out to the courtyard. They tremblingly obeyed, for the court physician assured them that their king was beyond all help or harm. "Am I dying?" asked the king. "You have but a few minutes on earth," answered the physician. Then the king reached out his hand and rang the bell, and, happy at last, drew his expiring breath.

In the country of "The Great King" this legend is often recounted; and the lesson of it is not lost on the poor who are blessed with health, or the humble who have peace of mind, or the sorrowing who possess friends, or the weary that are not deprived of rest. In that happy country no complaint is ever heard, and the music of the bells is sweeter than in any other land.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, which is celebrated on the 23d of April, has long been a favorite holiday in numerous Catholic countries. In Brazil it is observed with a procession; and as long as that country was an empire, the late Dom Pedro was always to be seen riding through the streets bareheaded behind the figure of the knightly saint, which was carried upon horseback, led by two gaily-dressed attendants.

In some of the old-fashioned English villages the boys play at tournament in honor of the saint; and, mounted on hobby-horses, act "St. George and the Dragon," with wooden swords, much to the discomfort of the unfortunate dragon, one of their number, chosen by themselves on account of his good nature and power of endurance.

Ireland is the only country where St. George's Day is not always observed with peaceful jollity, probably on account of the fact that the English once tried to force the festival upon the sons of St. Patrick. The "Dublin Boys" declined to regard the festival as a religious one at all, and many disturbances and sundry swollen heads often resulted from a too great insistence upon the celebration.

"Arbor Day," which is becoming very popular in many of our States, has been copied from the Spanish *festa* held in Madrid early in the spring. The former King had conceived the idea of tree-planting upon the bleak Campagna, in the hope of making it blossom into leafy beauty, and help conserve the moisture so needed in this arid plain. He instituted the *festa*, and it is a beautiful sight to see between two and three thousand school-children, in holiday attire, each carrying a small tree, march to the outskirts of the city where the planting takes place. As they dig and plant their trees, they sing in chorus a pretty Spanish song, the words of which tell in graceful verse of

the beauty of doing good deeds, which live long after the doer is dead, as the trees planted may thrive and afford shelter and shade to the passer-by long after the hands which planted them have withered and died.

In our own land, Arbor Day is a legal holiday in Idaho, Kansas, Wyoming, Nebraska, Colorado and Rhode Island. The manner of observing it is not always the same; and the dates celebrated vary in the different States, being appointed by the governors, but are generally about the middle or last of April.

A Notable Declaration.

IN the course of an illuminative paper, "Darwin, Darwinism, and Other 'Isms,'" contributed to the *Catholic World* by that eminent English scientist, Sir Bertram Windle, D. Sc., we find a notable passage, surely worth meditating by a goodly number of persons who are accustomed to attribute to any one calling himself a scientist a prestige and an authority quite disproportioned to his real ability and merit. The passage is long, but must be quoted entire:

I lay it down as a principle that no person who has not devoted a certain number of years to really hard original research in some line of biology is fit to estimate the value of many of the theories which are daily put forward. Manuals written by those who have not gone through such a discipline and received some measure of acknowledgment from their scientific compeers, are usually not worth the paper upon which they are written. Such manuals may be wholly disregarded; and I make this statement in the belief that it would, at least in the main, be agreed to by those whose opinion on the matter is worthy of consideration. Tried by this test, ninety per cent of the manuals and articles may be ruled out of court. Written, as many of them are, by the half-ignorant for the use of those even less well-informed than themselves, they abound at once in mis-statements and bold assertions. It is this ignorant rubbish, the backwash of the last half of the nineteenth century, and its effect upon the uninstructed reading population, and not the opinions of the really great exponents of,

and workers at, science that we have to meet. It is impossible to pursue these points further; but a most interesting catena of absurd and pretentious statements might be made from the misleading manuals. An equally interesting and much more convincing catena might also be made of the admissions—the honest admissions—the doubts, the hesitations of genuine men of science in putting forward their theories for the consideration of their compeers. At any rate, there is one thing quite clear and it is this: The ordinary non-scientific person can not be expected to embrace, and ought not to be expected to embrace, any scientific opinion until it may be asserted of that opinion that the genuine scientific world is fairly unanimous in giving its adherence to it. It may be claimed that this is the minimum of evidence on which a doctrine should be received as coming with authority. Tried by this test, how very few of the theories of to-day would stand any chance of survival!

On the whole, then, it would appear that one is not necessarily a reactionary, a hopelessly stagnant conservative, nor yet an ignoramus, because one does not yield prompt assent to the kaleidoscopic theories, on any and all subjects, emanating from self-satisfied professors of agnostic universities, or from literary folk whose ephemeral reputation imbues them with the idea that they are competent to utter the last word on matter, mind, and soul, on life and death and the hereafter.

As for evolution in particular, Dr. Windle quotes a *Times* writer, who enumerates a dozen different kinds of specialists on the subject, all at war one with another. "The humor of it is," he declares, "that they all claim to represent 'Science,' the serene, the majestic, the absolutely sure, the undivided and immutable; the one and only vicegerent of Truth, her other self. . . . The plain truth is that, though some agree in this and that, there is not a single point in which all agree; battling for evolution, they have torn it to pieces; nothing is left, nothing at all on their showing, save a few fragments strewn about the arena."

We hope to see Dr. Windle's excellent article reprinted as a pamphlet.

Notes and Remarks.

In a lengthy and sympathetic review of "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation," a new work by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bernard Ward, just published by Longmans, Green & Co., the London *Athenæum* observes, with characteristic impartiality: "The transparent ingenuousness of Mgr. Ward, as manifested in his two volumes, will make many Protestant readers rub their spectacles and wonder what has become of the crafty Romish priest of the novel and the stage, who was portrayed as being equal to anything in the way of falsification and concealment in the interests of the Church." Which provokes us to remark (1) that rubbing their spectacles is a most desirable thing for Protestant readers to do, and (2) that it is something to which, we fear, the vast majority of them are altogether unaccustomed.

Referring in the same review to John Lingard, whose "History of England" is recognized by men of all religions and of no religion as a sincere and impartial narrative, our learned contemporary says: "If there was one man of whom his fellow-Catholics were proud, and for whose literary labors they were thankful, it was the man who perceived and acted on the principle that true history could only be based on contemporary records." And for the same reason, as is plain, Catholics would be ashamed of, and ungrateful for, the efforts of that crafty ecclesiastical person who is to be seen only through Protestant spectacles that are sadly in need of rubbing.

European statisticians have been comparing the relative number of suicides in Protestant and Catholic countries, and, quite naturally, to the advantage of the latter. The German review, *Der Alte Glaube*, publishes tables showing that in Saxe, the Protestant country, there were on a ten-year average 330 suicides for each million inhabitants; in France, 225;

Austria, 163; Italy, 58; Spain, 18. The returns from Switzerland take account of both language and religion. In the French-speaking Catholic cantons the suicides number 119; in German-speaking Catholic cantons, 137; in French-speaking Protestant cantons, 352; in German-speaking Protestant cantons, 307. In Catholic Bavaria the suicides average 90 per million inhabitants; in Protestant States — Prussia, 133; Duchy of Baden, 156; Württemberg, 152; Saxe, 300.

A very notable fact in connection with this question of the influence of Catholicity on self-destructive inclinations is that, since the decline of religious observance in France, suicides have risen from 2752 in 1840 to 8885 in 1906.

The following dispatch from Scranton, Pa., dated March 31, goes to prove the truth of the assertion once made by a Pole of our acquaintance: "We Polish people are a strong blood people":

Three loud explosions brought people from their beds shortly after 4 o'clock this morning, but all the Protestants went back. The police found that the explosions were set off at Greenwood by a party of pious Polanders, who annually use dynamite to remind sluggards that it is Palm Sunday, with Mass at daybreak.

No bells are rung in Polish settlements during Holy Week; and the substitution of dynamite, to rouse those living at a distance from the church, is merely the exercise of a national propensity.

After an interval of nearly forty years, the church of Notre Dame has been restored to the Catholics of Geneva. During that time it was used as a place of worship by the "Old" or "National" Catholics. A certain number of Catholics fell away after the definition of Papal Infallibility by the Vatican Council, and in 1874 they succeeded in getting possession of the church, and great things were prophesied of the "new branch of the Old Church." The "branch" was never vigorous, and the disestablishment of the churches



1907 accelerated the suppression of the schism. Out of twenty-three parishes, only three survived — Geneva, Carouge, and Lancy. There was a dearth of clergy, of congregations, of funds, and especially of faith. A commission composed of Catholics and schismatics have now come to an agreement which has undoubtedly dealt the deathblow to the "National" religion of Geneva. It has been decided to pay a sum of £8000 to the Old Catholics to compensate them for the loss of Notre Dame. A generous gift of £1000 was immediately forthcoming from a local citizen, M. Maréchal. Money continued to flow in, and the debt is now paid off. Geneva may well be congratulated on the return to Catholicity of the city of Calvin, the former stronghold of the Kulturkampf.

A valuable lesson is to be learned from the belated apology offered to the Catholic Federation by the manager of a theatrical company that, nearly a year ago, gave offence to the Catholic public both by a play and the posters advertising it. The delay is thus explained: "We would have replied to your letter immediately, but inasmuch as the protests received were from the same locality, we delayed any radical move until we could get opinions on this subject from other sections." The moral of this little episode is obvious. In order to be effective, protests on the part of Catholics against offensive plays or bill posters or anything else should be prompt, courteous, vigorous, and, above all, general. The "pull altogether" is the pull that counts.

The lamented death of Father Michael Watts-Russell, C. P., recalls the memory of his brother Julian, a Papal Zouave, who fell at the battle of Mentana, and of whom a most interesting and edifying biography has been written. Like his brother, he was venerated as well as beloved by all who knew him. The two

were sons of an Anglican parson who was a friend and fellow-convert of Father Faber. After the death of his wife, Mr. Watts-Russell became a priest, and assisted his son at the celebration of his first Mass.

A lay Catholic whose sterling character, exceptional abilities, and unflagging energy are fast winning for him a national reputation is the United States Commissioner of Labor, Dr. Charles P. Neill. In accordance with the terms of the Erdman Act, Dr. Neill and the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission (Judge Knapp) are the mediators who try to arrange amicably all disputes between the railroads and their employees. During the year 1910 there were sixteen cases handled by the mediators, the railroad mileage involved reaching 257,000 miles, and more than 71,000 employees being interested. When it is considered that all the mentioned interests reached a common ground of settlement without any strike, one can appreciate the consummate tact and patience that were required to point out the way of honorable adjustment.

The always interesting writer who conducts the "Et Cætera" department of the London *Tablet* quotes an opinion held by Cardinal Manning which, at the time of its expression, must have seemed strange to many who would find it reasonable enough now. He declared that the public authorities ought to provide work for those who want work, or relief for those who can not. When called upon to explain his view more fully, the Cardinal added: "I am strongly of opinion that it is the duty of every Commonwealth, in times of exceptional distress, to provide relief; and, in my opinion, the best relief takes the form of employment upon works of public utility. I know all that has been said about not disturbing the labor market; but I contend that to

suffer the worthy and deserving to remain wretched and starving in times of distress which they have in no way brought upon themselves, is a crime in a Christian Commonwealth. It is terrible work, and we are tyrannized over by a certain school of political economists."

Dispatches concerning the probable overthrow of the ill-fated Portuguese Republic appear less sensational than a good deal of cabled European news, when read in the light of this paragraph quoted, by *Rome*, from a London journal:

The recent revelations in the *Morning Post* of the character of the war against Christianity and against God that is being waged by the dominant faction in Portugal are full of wholesome warning as to the danger that inheres everywhere in the propaganda of atheistic socialism. In Portugal it is an offence against the Republic even to use such a phrase as "Thank God!" in a private letter. At such a time, and in presence of such an enemy—an enemy so terrible, so alert, so implacable, so active,—ought it to be impossible for all professing Christians to draw together in self-defence? Is this a moment at which Christian people can be wishing to deprive their fellow-Christians of the means of teaching religious truth, or of supplying religious ministrations?

It is a good sign when influential secular journals recognize the fact that genuinely vital, practical religion is the sole bulwark capable of effectively resisting the disintegration of organized society threatened by the atheistic socialism which means anarchy.

Speaking at a recent meeting of the Catholic Social Guild of London, Bishop Keating, of Northampton, expressed a principle that may well be adopted by Catholic societies everywhere. "In answer," he said, "to those who complain that the Guild deals with questions in which Catholic principles are not involved, or only remotely involved, we shall have to determine the object of the Guild. Put briefly, we say that the Guild exists not to record decisions but to study and discuss social problems in a Catholic,

but unofficial, spirit. For definitions the Guild looks to the Holy See; and in speaking of 'definitions' I use the word in its broader sense, to include whatever definite guidance it pleases the Holy See to issue. For the Guild accepts unreservedly the sentiments expressed by Cardinal Newman, as the outcome of his wide historical knowledge and keen insight—namely, that, over and above the attribute of infallibility which attaches to the doctrinal decisions of the Chair of Peter, a gift of sagacity has in every age characterized its occupants; so that we may be sure that what the Pope determines is the very measure or the very policy expedient for the Church at that moment."

This, on the face of it, is the congruous attitude for genuine children of the Church; this, rather than undue insistence on the alleged fact that "Rome doesn't understand conditions here," or the emphasized assertion that "there has been no authoritative decision on the point," or similar pretexts for following one's own opinion rather than "the mind of the Church."

The recent passing of Mr. Crane, the outspoken denouncer of University education in this country, has not freed our great schools from all criticism. We notice that Mr. Owen Johnson, himself a college graduate, is unpleasantly frank (from his Alma Mater's viewpoint) concerning the things which college graduates should know and do not know. He says in part:

The trouble to-day is that, whereas men used to go to college to get an education, they go now for almost any purpose except that. Learning is in contempt among them. Scholarship is a thing they are ashamed of. A man who has an honest liking for study is actually apologetic about it. He is afraid of having laid upon him the stigma of being a "dig" or a "grind." The consequence is that the average college man's ignorance is appalling. . . .

Ask any dozen college students who was Cervantes. Half of them won't know. Take music, architecture, painting. They are almost as

ignorant about them as a two-year-old baby. Take the history of medicine, of surgery,—subjects that are not only tremendously interesting but are of vital importance. What does the general college student know or care about them? Nothing.

Science? Literature? Religion? Politics? Why, three-fourths of them don't know the difference between socialism and anarchy! They not only haven't even a smattering, superficial acquaintance with the things which make up what we call culture, but they haven't touched any of the big vital problems of actual living conditions.

On the other hand, it should be confessed that the "general college student" has a fairly good knowledge of such vital matters as the batting averages of the baseball stars, the indoor and outdoor records for athletic events, the present standing and future prospects of feather, light, middle, and heavy weight pugilists, and the like momentous bits of knowledge. Mr. Johnson should give credit where credit is due.

The non-Catholic who contributes his impressions of Lourdes to the current number of *Munsey's Magazine*, admitting that "cures do occur there for which science can not account," should have given his subject more thorough study. If he had investigated the "remarkable incident" which he relates—the sudden and complete cure of a crippled girl, suffering from tuberculosis of the spine,—he would probably have been even more deeply impressed than he was. He wonders at the "implicit, universal, unwavering faith" manifested at Lourdes. "The atmosphere of the place, where thousands assemble, thinking the same thoughts, chanting the same hymn, kneeling day and night at the same shrine, is hypnotic. One's judgment, whirled away and strangled in the torrent of faith which beats against it on every hand, is helpless."

No one, we think, whose judgment can thus be dethroned should presume to write of the marvels at Lourdes. And we beg to inform the editor of *Munsey's*, who

contributes a footnote to the article, that M. Zola's work on Lourdes is "offensive to the church authorities" principally on account of its falsity.

"Anything but 'history,'" said Sir Robert Walpole; "for 'history' must be false." That a good deal of it conforms to Sir Robert's view is certain; but it is gratifying to note the increasing frequency with which the falsehoods are being exploded. A case in point is the following quotation from a lecture recently delivered in the Glasgow School of Art:

The cosmopolitan Beaton is a type of the men whom Scotland lost by the Reformation. Men of all nations united to praise his integrity and sagacity. The King of France himself arranged his continuance there as Scottish Ambassador; but he left Scotland, as did a second order of *émigrés*, fastidious gentlemen, liberal Catholics, and men of the world, not strongly political, but disliking the rule of Minister and Session. Such were William Barclay and his son John, the author of "Argenis" and "Ikon Animorum." Meanwhile Scotland was left to violent Reformers and to an ignorant and rapacious nobility.

And so the murdered Cardinal Archbishop of St. Andrews is being rehabilitated in his genuine excellence even by non-Catholics. His most recent (and none too partial) biographer, Professor Herkless, well says of Cardinal Beaton that he was one to whom "historic truth must give a place among Scotland's greatest statesmen and patriots."

A special cable dispatch to the *New York Sun* one day last week stated that "the Vatican officers have refused an offer of 2,000,000 *lire* (approximately \$400,000) made by moving-picture men for the privilege of taking moving pictures of the Pope receiving the Easter pilgrims."

We are hoping that this dispatch is true, it is so edifying. The moving-picture men needed a little check to what is called their enterprise, also a reminder that "spot cash" is not invariably a consideration.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Welcome Guest.

BY C. E. M.

'TIS Spring, 'tis Spring,—the balmy Spring!
The bees and birds are on the wing;
Our hearts are gay, we gladly sing
Fond welcome!

Jack Frost, with all his ice and chill,
Has fled to regions colder still,
And left the linnet singing shrill
Glad welcome!

The purling streamlet winds its way
Among the blooming flow'rets gay,
Whose grateful fragrance speaks of May,
Fond welcome!

In varying hues is Nature drest;
From azure skies come zephyrs blest,
Hailing the sprite of Spring, fair guest,
Glad welcome!

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—THE BREAKING STORM.

PAT took her place in the regular class next week, all preliminary studies finished. It had been hard work, but the Peytons had never given in to difficulties either in peace or war; and Pat had resolved to catch up with girls of her own age, if she had to study day and night. So it was quite a triumphant moment when Miss Benson led her into the class-room, and assigned her a place between Lois Raymond and Corinne Carr. Five and twenty pairs of eyes regarded the new scholar critically; but Miss Patricia Peyton, in her simple French cut gown, with her pretty head held in the proud poise grandma had taught her from baby-

hood, had "a style" of her own that Gladys, with all her frills and furbelows, had never reached.

Everything went on beautifully for a while. The new life, the new school, the new friends, opened delightful outlooks to our bright little mountain girl. True, Cousin Marcia was almost too fine to be friendly; Gladys had fretful, spiteful ways she did not altogether like; Harold, moods that she could not quite understand. Sometimes he would be bright and chummy, and ready for a game of checkers or backgammon; then he would be out for several evenings together, and, when he came in, stand on the hearth-rug and glower into the fire without anything to say.

But, then, there were lovely Sunday evenings spent in Madame Lorraine's convent parlor; and bright holiday afternoons with Lois and Alice Moran; and letters from Father John and Molly Mickell; and, through all the chilling, changing temperature of his home, always the quiet kindness of Cousin Max. She did not see very much of him, it is true. Some days he did not come home at all; but as he took his lonely way down town in the morning, Pat, who was always a little bit ahead of Gladys, tripped a block or two beside him on her way to school, slipping her hand in his as they walked, and "blowing" him a kiss as they parted. And sometimes he dropped into the Den, when she was kept over a hard new lesson; and, leaning back in the big armchair, he smoked until it was time to go to bed.

For Father John had written to Cousin Max; and, though the letter had come when he was in a fierce whirl of business excitement, it had been read gravely and attentively more than once. It had been a long time since such a clear, high note had sounded through the turmoil in which

Cousin Max lived, and its echoes lingered. He was trying in a busy man's bewildered way to do his duty to little Pat. But the trials and troubles that Father John in his wisdom had foreseen were to come. And they came at first, as trials and troubles sometimes will, in most flattering guise.

Miss Patricia Peyton was chosen to read aloud the leading "essay" at the monthly meeting of the history class; for, as Miss Benson had discovered, Miss Patricia could read extremely well. Grandma had taken care of that in the long winter evenings when her own eyes were growing dim, and Pat had read aloud to her in the lamplight, minding her stops properly, drawing the right sort of breath at comma and semicolon, letting her voice fall at periods quite in the old-fashioned way; for in grandmamma's time reading had been a very serious matter. As Lois informed Pat when they lunched together at recess, Miss Benson had declared her "voice culture" to be quite remarkable, and had desired the class to notice and imitate her "clear, carrying" tones.

And Pat, who realized that the Battle of Chapultepec and the old atlas had rather discredited her home teaching, felt, with a tender, loyal pride, she must do justice now to grandmamma's lessons, and read her very best. It took some nerve, it is true, to face twenty-five pupils and three teachers. But the Peyton spirit had never quailed before numbers; so when the time came she stepped up bravely to Miss Benson's desk and took the open book from her hand.

As Miss Benson said, 'the subject-matter of the next historical essay was of the greatest importance.' She requested the class to pay particular attention while Miss Patricia Peyton read a brief but powerful exposition of "The Reformation."

And, happily unconscious of what was before her, Pat began to read—in the sweet voice trained by grandma into such clear music—a fierce, false attack on all

that she held dearest, holiest on earth. For a moment she read on, confused, bewildered, only half comprehending assertions of which she had never heard or dreamed; then the meaning dawned upon her. It was her Church! This book was defaming the Faith of her fathers and her forefathers,—declaring it false, idolatrous, corrupt! The young reader caught her breath and stopped in horror; she could not speak. For Pat had been brought up with an old-fashioned reverence for the Faith of her race,—a reverence that had never known shock or jar. She stood flushed, gasping. It was as if she had seen her dear, old, stately, silver-haired grandmamma pelted with stones and mud.

"Go on, my dear!" said Miss Benson, misconstruing this breakdown into a natural attack of stage fright. "You are doing beautifully. Read on!"

"I—I can't!" burst forth Pat, flinging down the book as if it had stung her. "I—I can't read another word of those horrid, wicked stories!"

"Miss Peyton!" exclaimed Madame Morel.

"Patricia!" gasped Miss Benson, in horror.

"By George!" exclaimed Dr. Willoughby, under his breath.

An hysterical titter ran around the twenty-five pupils.

"This is beyond all precedent!" puffed Madame Morel, purple with indignation. "Will you be good enough to explain this most shocking and scandalous outbreak, Miss Peyton?"

"Possibly the young lady is a Roman Catholic," suggested Dr. Willoughby, in a low tone.

"Roman Catholic!" exclaimed Miss Benson and Madame Morel in breathless dismay. "Oh, impossible!"

"Yes I am!" was the prompt and proud reply; and, under a battery of staring eyes that might well have silenced a less plucky soldier, Pat flung out her colors as grandpap had flung his flag to the breeze on Big Black forty years

ago. "I am a Catholic! I would not be anything else for the world! And I can't read out those dreadful things about my Church, *that I know are not true*—"

"Bravo!" burst unconsciously from Dr. Willoughby. But he put his hand to his lips to hush the word; for Miss Benson was speaking now, her eyes blazing beneath her gold-rimmed glasses.

"We will discuss your opinions on this subject later. You have made it evident that you are very rude and ignorant."

"Or rather, let me add," said Dr. Willoughby, "quite unaccustomed to—ahem!—the discipline and the methods of an institution like this. We will excuse you from reading aloud for the present. You can go back to your seat."

"No!" said Pat holding her head high, though her lips quivered and her voice shook a little as she spoke. "My grandmother would never send me to a school where—where—I'd have to read or listen to books like that. I—am—going—home!"

There was an awful pause. Pat felt as if a hundred thousand eyes were glaring at her. Big Black, bristling with bears and wild cats, was nothing to this. Then Dr. Willoughby's clear, measured voice broke the silence.

"You may go home," he said. "I will see your guardian upon the matter later."

And how Pat walked that stretch of slippery floor, between rows of staring, tittering faces, to the class-room door, she never knew. She clapped on her pretty hat awry, pulled on her fur-trimmed coat with trembling hand, and dashed off like a hunted thing, never stopping until she was in her own rose-wreathed room with the door locked. Then she threw herself face downward on the pink-lined pillow and burst into a flood of tears. Oh, if she were only home again,—back in the dear, blessed past, where no dreadful things such as she had read to-day could come,—back again where there were no horrid books or strange schools or glassy-eyed teachers, only grandmamma to tell her how those of her blood and race had

held to the Faith through the ages, of saints and martyrs that had borne the Trevor name! What would grandmamma say to such a book as she had read to-day!

Gladys came home an hour later, primed with news for mamma, who heard her story of Pat's most disgraceful conduct with tightening lips and narrowing eyes. Mrs. Granville had held to her word heretofore and not bothered about her husband's ward, —indeed, had treated her with systematic indifference, of which our little Pat, absorbed in so many new interests, was happily unconscious. She concluded Cousin Marcia's chilly manner, like her low-cut evening gowns, was among the city fashions unknown to the cordial, kind-hearted dwellers on old Pocomoke. But Cousin Marcia's cold dislike of Pat flamed up into something sharper and fiercer to-day. She knew that her husband had been born in the old Faith; that, although its light had gone out in his heart, some fitful gleam of its radiance still lingered; that this outbreak of Pat's might fan that gleam into a glow. He might even uphold and defend her, take Gladys from a school where the Faith of his mother and of the old Trevors was openly condemned and despised. A sudden rage came over the lady at the thought of this. She quite forgot the cold prudence that had hitherto guided her course with the unwelcome little stranger beneath her roof.

"I'll see to this!" she said, pressing her lips together. "I will not have this Patricia Peyton making us the talk of the town."

"O mamma, if you could hear how the school is buzzing about her! And Lois Raymond is standing up for her, and said it was just like Pat's pluck. And Dr. Willoughby sent for me to explain how she ever came to be a Romanist. And Miss Benson is furious. And Louise and Corinne say their mothers wouldn't let them go with a girl that could act and talk like that. O mamma, just on the

eve of my party to have Pat spoil it all! Oh, I'd like to scratch her eyes out!" concluded Gladys, with a spiteful burst of tears.

"There, stop crying, — stop crying, for Heaven's sake!" said her mother, sharply. "I'm sure you and Harold are trouble enough without your father putting this outrageous country cousin of his upon me. I'll show her that I have something to say in this house for once. Your father has been called away on business, and I am mistress here. I'll give her a talking she won't forget."

And, with her eyes gleaming angrily beneath their white lashes, Mrs. Marcia swept upstairs to Pat's room and knocked at the door.

Pat opened unsuspectingly.

"Why, Cousin Marcia!" she exclaimed in surprise at this altogether unusual visit.

"Don't call me 'cousin'!" began the lady, and all the bitterness that had been gathering in her heart ever since the day she first heard of Pat's coming burst forth in a fierce flood upon the defenceless little girl. Never had Pat heard anything like it. She could only stare blankly at the elegant lady before her, wondering what she meant. O poor Cousin Marcia! She must surely have lost her mind!

"O Cousin Marcia!" she faltered. "What is the matter? You — you don't know what you are saying."

"I don't know what I am saying!" echoed the angry woman, driven to fresh fury by the words. "Do you dare to say that to me, you insolent young wretch! It was bad enough to have you brought here looking like the little beggar that you are, — bad enough to have you disgrace me in my own house before my guests; but now — now you would make more trouble still, shaming my poor child before her teachers and her school by your outrageous conduct to-day!"

"Are you talking to me — to *me*?" said Pat, paling to her lips with sudden comprehension, — "to *me*, Cousin Marcia?"

"Yes, I am talking to you, and I intend

to do more than talk. I will show you who is mistress of this house, Patricia Peyton! You will stay shut up in your room until I feel that you are sufficiently punished for your disgraceful outbreak to-day."

And, before Pat could recover her wits or her breath to realize the situation, Cousin Marcia had swept her silken draperies out of the room and closed and locked the door.

(To be continued.)

Why there are no Nightingales in Scotland.

Some years ago a Scotch nobleman devised a plan whereby the forests of his native land would become inhabited by the birds known as English nightingales. In fancy he heard their sweet songs filling the chill air of Bonnie Scotland, and lost no time in carrying out his design.

His first step was to commission a London bird-dealer to secure for him a large number of nightingales' eggs, for each of which he promised to pay a shilling. These were readily secured, packed in wool, and dispatched to Scotland. In the meantime hundreds of men had been busy locating robins' nests; and as soon as the nightingales' eggs arrived they were carefully substituted for those upon which the mother red-breasts were sitting. In due time the little nightingales broke their shells, and the robin mothers never appeared to notice the strange appearance of their offspring, but reared them with care; and all summer long the young foreigners lived happily in the Scottish woods. But when the period of migration came in the autumn, they flew south to England and never came back! And now you know why there are no nightingales in Bonnie Scotland.

THE Maronites derive their name from *Moran* (Our Lord), and are very proud of it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Sealy, Bryers & Walker (Dublin) have just issued a third edition of "Counsels for Young Women," a compilation, by an Ursuline nun, of gems of advice drawn from many excellent sources. It is a handy little book, bound in blue cloth, with a picture of the Madonna and Child in colors for frontispiece.

—"The Little Apostle on Crutches," by H. E. Delamare (Benziger Brothers), is the story of a crippled boy of nine, a veritable angel, who converts all the erring people with whom he comes into contact. We very much fear that most American young folk into whose hands this book falls will consider it somewhat "goody-goody."

—The Sister of Notre Dame who wrote "Communion Verses for Little Children" (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers) deserves a word of commendation for the excellence of her technique as well as the quality of the thought expressed. The pamphlet is illustrated by M. G. Cooksey, of whose drawings the children will prove, if not fond admirers, at least lenient critics.

—A short meditation for every day of the month, on subjects connected with the theological and cardinal virtues, and on the special virtues of the unitive life, forms the substance of a small volume translated from the French of André Prévot, D. D., by M. D. Stenson. It is entitled "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown," and is attractively published by Benziger Brothers. While these meditations will be found suitable for any month of the year, they would seem, says the author, to have a special appropriateness for September, the month of the Nativity of Mary, who was Queen of all virtues. The method is that of St. Ignatius, and the matter is solid and practical.

—Messrs. F. Pustet & Co., the famous liturgical publishers, have produced a beautiful new set of altar cards, which will be admired by all who see them, and prized by the clergy, both on account of the excellent arrangement of the prayers, etc., and the large, clear type used in printing them. The initials, ornamental border, knobs, and other features, leave nothing to be desired. The need of glass or frame is done away with; the knobs protect the print from blurring; and the heavy cardboard, covered with durable red cloth, takes the place of the usual clumsy frame, the back of which is apt to be flimsy when it is not unsightly. Another thing worth mentioning is that the new

cards lie flat upon the altar, thus preventing dust from penetrating under the covering. The cost of a set of these really devotional, ornamental and convenient altar cards is less than that for framing the unwieldy ones now in general use.

—*America* is authority for this interesting bit of information:

The Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind will soon have ready for publication the third and fourth volumes of the Douay Bible. The first and second volumes were published some time ago. A book for the blind is not a small affair, either in bulk or in the matter of expense. There are in all ten volumes to be published, and the foremost dignitaries in the land have deemed it an honor to be enrolled as patrons of the work. The first volume is a gift to the blind from Cardinal Farley; the second volume, from Cardinal Gibbons; the third, from Cardinal O'Connell; and the fourth, from Archbishop Quigley.

—Oldtime readers of THE AVE MARIA, and elderly Catholics generally, will be interested in learning that a very beautiful window was recently unveiled in the Jesuit church at Farm Street, London, to the memory of a well-known convert to the Faith, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who worshipped there for many years after her reception into the Church. In the third quarter of the nineteenth century, Lady Fullerton's novels were staple commodities in the Catholic literary market, and some of them still retain a well-deserved popularity.

—"In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects," by the Rev. Edward Charles Hearn (Christian Press Association Company), is a volume of 327 pages, containing sixteen papers on subjects ranging from "Gratitude," "Vanity," "Scandal," "Home," to "Original Sin," "Indulgences," "Judgment," and "Purgatory." The "newness" of the way in which Father Hearn discusses his different topics will scarcely impress readers with a wide acquaintance with books as being especially notable; but the way is an excellent one, and the volume merits cordial commendation.

—Pustet & Co. have published a neat vest-pocket edition of "De Vita Regulari," written in beautiful simple Latin by P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. The booklet is intended primarily for the followers of the Rule of St. Benedict; but the principles of the great Patriarch, which are the source and foundation of the work, will be read with profit by all who are striving to advance in the religious life. There are twenty chapters of general interest, besides an appendix in the form of a short review of the contents. Novices and

seminarists will be interested in these sympathetic talks, while students at college will find in them many valuable hints for various situations in their daily life.

—Just what symbolic meaning the reader of "The Fugitives," by Margaret Fletcher (Longmans, Green & Co.), may attach to the novel's title will depend a good deal on individual character and viewpoint. Some will accept the rather obvious explanation that the majority of the leading personages in the story are fugitives from the straitlaced conventions of "respectable" society; others perhaps will find a more significant interpretation in the suggested truth that many souls are fugitives from the persistent call of God, the importunities of grace. Be this as it may, the narrative possesses considerable interest. Its setting is that art-quarter of Paris in which the figures of "Trilby" played their rôles, and some of the incidents are not without a suggestion of the ultra-frankness displayed in that once popular story of Du Maurier. Such religion as is found in the book is Catholic, and the author probably thinks her work unexceptionable; but we can not give it unqualified recommendation.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. 65 cts.
- "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.
- "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown." André Prévot, D. D. 85 cts., net.
- "The Little Apostle on Crutches." H. E. Delamare. 45 cts.
- "Lincoln's Selections." Andrew S. Draper, L. L. D. 35 cts.
- "Annus Liturgicus." Michaele Gatterer, S. J. \$1.
- "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries." Vol. II. Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.75.
- "Back to the World" (Champol's "Les Revenantes"). L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.

- "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
- "The Elements of Social Science." Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. \$1.50.
- "Fair Noreen." Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). \$1.50.
- "Easy Catechetics for the First School Year." Rev. A. Urban. 60 cts.
- "The Magic of the Sea; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making." Captain James Connolly. \$1.50.
- "The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Written Word." Bishop Hay. New Edition. \$1.75.
- "Mary's Call; or, Devotion to the Dying." 85 cts.
- "In the Early Days. Pages from the Annals of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary." \$2.
- "Catholic Theology; or, The Catechism Explained." Rev. D. I. Lanslot, O. S. B. \$1.75, net.
- "Crown Hymnal." Rev. L. J. Kavanaugh. 75 cts.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Rev. John Hogan. \$4.25, net.
- "The Light of the Vision." Christian Reid. \$1.25.
- "Life of James Cardinal Gibbons." Allen S. Will, A. M., Litt. D. \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Francis Tobin, of the diocese of Pittsburg; and Rev. Michael Watts-Russell, C. P.

Sister M. Estevan, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Benigna; Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Henry Engels, Mr. Frank Dohack, Mr. Michael Derrick, Mrs. Mary Orr, Mr. Denis Mahoney, Mr. Michael T. White, Mr. George Hafertepe, Mrs. Julia Murphy, Mrs. Ellen Beudane, Mr. Glenholm Anglin, Mr. Frank E. Gillen, Mr. F. E. Hoelting, Mr. Michael Mугan, Mr. Julius Hess, Mary Jane Mahony, Mr. Louis Weber, Mr. Michael Benbennick, Mr. B. J. Neville, Mr. John Weinborg, Mr. Peter Kehoe, Mrs. Mary Couthlene, Mrs. Jane Langan, Mr. Frank Kuelker, Mrs. Annie Murphy, Mr. Francis Varley, Mrs. Mary C. Lynch, Mr. Herman Thomas, Mr. John Gibbons, Mr. Joseph Schmidt, Mrs. Mary Henebery, Mrs. H. J. Moering, and Mr. F. T. Poelker.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 20, 1912.

NO. 16

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Rosa Mystica.

BY MARION MUIR.

FLUSHED with the wealth of garden bloom,
 Mother of Life, abide with me!
 The light hand, listless at the loom,
 May snap the thread of destiny.
 We, who first caught the lisping word,—
 We, who have borne the pangs of earth,
 Ask that our plea above be heard:
 Protect the watchers by the hearth.
 Bearing the breath of paradise
 To soothe thy people's darkest hour,
 Still fair thou art, and wondrous wise
 As best befits Love's royal Flower.
 In spaces that lie dark between
 The golden dawn and silver eve,
 Thy soft compassion clothes the mean
 With solace such as saints receive.

The Communion of the Young.

BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP HEDLEY.

IT is well known to the flock that the Holy Father, in a Rescript beginning with the words *Quam Singulari*, dated August 10, 1910, has authoritatively instructed the Catholic Church that the obligation of Communion comes into force as soon as the child begins to have the use of reason, and that the use of reason comes about the age of seven, or somewhat later or even sooner. The result of this instruction has been, as it was

intended to be, to bring about certain practical changes in preparing and admitting young children to the participation of the Sacrament of Our Lord's Body and Blood.

The history of the Church's dealing with children, in regard to their admission to Holy Communion, is an interesting illustration both of the freedom with which she adapts herself to the varying conditions of time and locality, and of a certain advance or development in devotion to the Holy Eucharist. In the early ages of Christianity children were given the Holy Communion as soon as they were baptized. This practice went on for about twelve centuries. We may quote, as a specimen of what was found in the Rituals of those early times, what is laid down for the function of Holy Saturday, by Alcuin, the illustrious Englishman who was the friend and the spiritual guide of Charlemagne, who wrote in the eighth century. "The child having been baptized," he says, "if the bishop officiates, it must be confirmed and given the Communion; otherwise, it must receive the Communion from a priest, with the words, *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat te in vitam æternam*. ('May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep thee safe unto life everlasting.'). . . The child must not take food or be given the breast before Communion. And it should be brought to Mass and Communion every day during the octave." To infants of this tender age the sacred body and blood could only be given under the species of wine, and it was customary for the priest

to administer it by dipping his finger into the consecrated chalice.

The practice of giving Communion before the age of reason, which continues to this day in the Greek and Oriental Churches, was virtually put an end to in the Western Church by the fourth Council of Lateran, A. D. 1215. It had been gradually falling into disuse, for several reasons. One was the inconvenience and risk of irreverence which necessarily attended the administration to the laity of the holy Sacrament under the species of wine. It was for this reason that, not long afterward, the Church prohibited it altogether, even to adults. Another reason was the prevalence in certain countries of the erroneous and dangerous view that no baptized infant could be saved unless it had also received the Holy Eucharist. And a third reason, undoubtedly, was the more profound realization among the Christian clergy and flock of the reverential aspect of the Eucharist, and the consequent disinclination to admit to its participation any subject, even a baptized child, who could not welcome it with reason and intelligence.

But it is to be observed that the Council of Lateran, and even the Council of Trent, three hundred and fifty years later, whilst pronouncing that the reception of the Blessed Sacrament was not obligatory before the attainment of the use of reason, did not absolutely forbid it to be given before that age. Probably the earliest text that expressly prohibits it is the rubric of the Roman Ritual, which is the manual used by all the clergy in the administration of the Sacraments. It might not be untrue to say that this is the only place in which this prohibition is distinctly found. The Roman Ritual, in its present form, is not more than three hundred years old; so that we have in this law or prohibition an instance of an ecclesiastical custom that has grown up independently of legislation, and no doubt very gradually. Even the Roman Ritual seems to speak ten-

derly of the custom of the Communion of children; for, after forbidding in the shortest and most uncompromising way the admission to the Holy Table of public sinners of various classes, it adds in a last paragraph, almost as if it were an afterthought, that it "ought not" to be given to children who are too young to have a certain knowledge of the sacred mystery, and a desire for it. In considering these changes of discipline by the light of Christian history, we find certain great principles clearly making themselves felt. In the course of the Church's existence, from the Day of Pentecost to the consummation of the world, a great dogma and sacrament like the Blessed Eucharist must necessarily develop in two different directions. On the one side, there is its intimate connection with the spiritual life of the human soul. On the other, there is the instinct and the duty of treating so great a Presence with the deepest reverence and the most solemn observance, whether on the part of individuals or of the Church herself in her liturgical worship.

These two points of view must necessarily, to some extent, interfere with each other, not so as to cause any difficulty in dogma, or even in discipline (in the higher sense of that word), but in the fact that the Church is composed of human minds and hearts, of all nationalities, various culture, and different surroundings, and that we must consequently expect the flock to be swayed at times to a certain degree by devotional impulse which will not always preserve a perfect and ideal balance. History tells us that such impulses, growing in volume from slight enthusiasms to widespread and strongly marked movements, have not infrequently had to be interfered with by the Church, and the true balance restored. At times, indeed, the leaning in some particular direction has been so pronounced as to constitute heresy. But usually it has gone no further than a temporary forgetfulness of other aspects

of duty and piety which could not be neglected without danger to souls.

It may be noted that the twofold point of view here referred to must exist in all the extent of the Christian revelation; for Christianity, as revealed by Jesus Christ, is in its essence the friendship of God with man, of man with God. But friendship implies intercommunion, mutual knowledge, mutual love, and the interchange of gifts: God giving man of His infinite riches, man giving God all he has to offer,—that is, his whole heart. There will always, therefore, be the difficulty, for man's limited powers, of knowing how to reconcile the claims of familiarity on the one side and of reverence on the other. Is it more becoming to worship my Creator as the Omnipotent or to throw myself on His breast as my Father? Must I dread His justice and power, or should I repose in the certainty of His love? In the Hebrew covenant, it would seem that for the masses of the people it was needful to insist on awe and reverence; God's name might not be uttered, His appearances were terrible, His Temple was awful and unique, His Holy of Holies secret and shut up. They were too carnal to be allowed to be familiar. And yet their chiefs—their prophets, saints and kings—knew well how tender the Lord of Hosts was, how fatherly and how merciful. We find something like these differences in Christian history.

For Christians, the conception of God was, from the Day of Pentecost itself, necessarily connected with the great fact of the Incarnation and the great dogma of the Real Presence. In the beginning, whilst the flock was small and persecuted, there was the feeling of a simple familiarity, as if Jesus Himself were still on the earth. When the heathen began to come in, and worldliness threatened the Church, she had to fence the Presence about with jealous care, and to make men appreciate what it was, what Jesus Christ was, and what the true God was, by laws and rules, by prohibitions and canonical

penances. This discipline ought not to have led to a less frequent use of the Sacrament, but it may be said indirectly to have done so. But side by side with the careful and strict discipline which the Church had to keep up during the centuries when the pagans of the Roman civilization and the barbarians of the West were pouring into her fold, there was a continuous advance in the elaboration and splendor of her churches and the rite of the Mass. The culmination of this liturgical glory was reached in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Then it remained steadily at its highest point, and simultaneously the Church and the instinct of the faithful began to turn back more and more strongly to the use of the Blessed Eucharist as a sacrament and as the life of each individual soul. We can not read the lives of the great saints of the sixteenth century without realizing how great in that generation was the stirring up of men's hearts toward the Communion of Our Lord's body and blood. It seemed as if the declaration of the Council of Trent, with which the century closed—that the Church would fain see Catholics receiving Communion at every Mass they attended—would be found to have inaugurated an epoch of frequent Communion.

And it is true that the centuries since the Council have been marked by a use of the Blessed Sacrament far more frequent than was the custom in preceding times. But, in the Providence of God, it has been permitted that this last period should be blighted by the Jansenist heresy, and by the widespread influence of the spirit of that heresy over France, and even Italy and Spain,—the very countries where the Blessed Sacrament was most loved and venerated. This baneful influence was especially strong in the eighteenth century. It was not that there was formal or wilful heresy, except in the Jansenist chiefs themselves. The evil was that the faithful were led to fear God without loving Him, and to abstain

from Holy Communion out of exaggerated apprehension of unworthiness, and false reverence. This pernicious tendency affected even good Catholics, and theologians of high reputation were found to forbid daily Communion to all except a chosen few, and on strict conditions. We have to thank God that the devotion to the Sacred Heart has killed Jansenism, and that theologians, spiritual writers, and the preaching of the religious Orders, especially of the Society of Jesus and of the Redemptorists during the century which lately closed, have steadily promoted frequent Communion.

Finally, the Holy See itself, as is well known, has intervened, and in two remarkable utterances, in the years 1905 and 1910 respectively, has defined the conditions of frequent and daily Communion and the dispositions required, and has ordained that there must be no delay in admitting children who have begun to use their reason. Thus whilst the Church allows no diminution in the solemnity of her liturgical devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, but rather intensifies it year by year; whilst the great Sacrifice of the Mass is followed daily by increasing millions; whilst Exposition and processions and Benediction draw the Christian flock together in worship wherever there is a priest; and whilst even in this unbelieving age the streets of great cities once more witness spectacles that bring back the faith of the Middle Ages, at the same time the Divine Bread of Life is more and more coming to be what it was intended to be by our Blessed Lord — the daily food of every Christian man and woman, from the little child to the busy worker, from youth and maturity to the days of preparation for death and judgment.

The recent instruction of the Holy See in regard to children brings into prominence more than one fruitful point of Catholic truth. It is well known that the Canon Law, ever since the Fourth Council of Lateran, has required children to go

to confession and to Communion as soon as they come to "years of discretion." This phrase, "years of discretion," has been interpreted to mean a different thing when applied to Communion from what it meant when applied to confession. The "years of discretion," it was said, when confession was concerned, meant the earliest moment when a child attains such sense of responsibility as to be capable of grave sin. When, however, the question was the time for Communion it was very commonly maintained that the child should be older, so that it might have a more full knowledge of doctrine and that its preparation might be riper and better. Hence, whilst it was very usual to keep children from Communion till they were nine or ten, it was by no means rare to find them debarred from the Holy Table till they were twelve or fourteen, or even more.

This usage, which was defended by pleading the reverence due to the august mystery, was the occasion of many bad consequences. First of all, a child was often deprived, for four or five years after it became capable of sin, of the greatest of all helps in avoiding sin. As the Council of Trent teaches, the Blessed Sacrament is the antidote, or remedy, whereby we are delivered from daily faults and preserved from mortal sin. Yet the child, exposed as many children are to evil communications and to many temptations, was left to the risk of losing its innocence and perhaps contracting habits of vice even before its first Communion. In some places, among imperfectly instructed teachers, and even in quarters where such a mistake could be explained only by the insidious poison of Jansenism, it seemed to be considered that Holy Communion was not so much a remedy for human frailty as a reward for good behavior. A further consequence of this error was that children long in possession of the use of reason were deprived of the Holy Eucharist even at death, and were buried as if in baptismal innocence, and

so never recommended to the prayers of the faithful.

But what we chiefly gain from the instruction which is here referred to is to understand what is meant for the Christian soul by sacramental action. A sacrament, as we know, produces grace in the soul by its own power, through Christ's ordinance, and not by the prayers or dispositions of the receiver of the Sacrament. It is true, as all of us know, that the dispositions and prayers of the receiver are useful—nay, essential—in two ways: first, in removing obstacles; and secondly, in extending the impregnation of the soul by the sacrament in ways not strictly sacramental but pertaining to the sacrament and most profitable to the soul. Therefore, the more excellent are the dispositions of the receiver, the more will he profit. But it must always be remembered that it is the effect produced by the sacrament itself (above and beyond the prayers and dispositions of the receiver) that matters by far the most. It follows that, in itself, it is better to approach a sacrament with just sufficient dispositions than to put off receiving it in order to work ourselves up to dispositions more perfect but not essential.

With regard to the Blessed Eucharist, then, it becomes a most momentous matter to know what dispositions are essential. It would evidently be very pernicious to souls to insist on a knowledge and preparation which were not absolutely necessary, and which could not be secured without keeping Christ's flock unduly from Communion. This is where the Holy Father assists us in his instructions of 1905 and 1910. In 1905 he lays it down that no one must be kept back even from daily Communion who is in the state of grace and who approaches with a right intention and with piety,—that is, not out of mere custom, or out of ostentation, or from mere human motives, but intending to please God, to draw nearer to Him by charity, and to obtain help in his spiritual needs. With regard to children,

he tells us, in 1910, that for first confession and first Communion it is not necessary they should have a full and perfect knowledge of Christian doctrine. It is sufficient that they know, even in a confused way, the existence of God as their Creator and Heavenly Father, who will reward the good and punish the bad; that they have learned the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, but that there is only One God; and that the Son has become Man to save us by His precious blood. In regard to the Blessed Sacrament, they must understand that it is not common bread or mere food for the body, and so approach with such devotion as their age permits.

Given these simple and easy conditions, the child is lawfully admitted to Holy Communion; whereupon the immense graces of the Blessed Sacrament fill and occupy its immortal soul, bringing with them increased likeness to God, greater nearness to His influence, enhanced spiritual beauty, and a stable and permanent security in temptation. It is not the child's dispositions that carry these glorious gifts: it is the sacrament. This is what believing Christians possess under the New Covenant—an unction and communication from the Holiest, through the blood of Jesus, which far transcends all they could ever dream of or acquire by personal striving or the most fervent aspirations of nature. It is this that the children are intended to have in the days when they are yet innocent and unsullied, that God may be firmly seated in the habitation of their breast before the enemy has begun to throw his fiery darts or to set his snares for their destruction.

In these days, when the supernatural is so little regarded, it is not easy for the fathers and mothers of the flock to realize how great a thing it is to get their children to the great Christian sacraments at an early age. But it is a serious part of their responsibility to listen to

the teaching of the Church on this head, and to carry it out to the best of their power. The clergy are ready and anxious. They are seeking out and assembling the little ones; and by fatherly talks, rather than by questions and answers of a formal syllabus, they are sowing those earliest seeds that will spring up in due time into mature Christian faith, and gently sprinkling the young hearts and intelligences to which God will give the increase, in charity, in self-denial, and in prayer. But priests and teachers can not get an effective hold of the children unless the parents, and especially the mothers, do their part.

It is well-nigh impossible for priests to make pious servants of Jesus Christ out of the little savages that one sometimes comes across among our Catholic children. Neither can the sacred duty of holy purity and modesty be brought home to those who have been allowed to run about with shameless companions, to use coarse words, and go everywhere without restraint; or the tender love of their Heavenly Father be expected from the reckless and irreverent creatures whom their parents ought to have taught better. Every little child is God's treasure, the heir by baptism of the Heavenly Kingdom, entrusted to parents in order to be brought up for God and not for the world or for wickedness. It is truly lamentable and heartrending to see them, even whilst they are just learning to speak and to play, left unprotected, like lambs in the midst of wolves, by the only persons who can really look after them—their own parents. The Church, through her pastors, is deeply in earnest in desiring to save them by the practice of early Communion; and she makes every kind of effort, by exhortation, by visits and by laborious instruction, to bring them under the loving care of the One Good Shepherd. May every Christian family take its share in this noble work, and may parents never forget what will be the retribution of those who neglect their children!

Flower of the Almond.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

WHEN the servant, who presently answered the Contessa's bell, entered the room where she was again alone, his impressionable Italian soul was conscious of a sense of something like tragedy in the air. Perhaps it was indicated by the attitude of the slender figure that stood in the middle of the floor, as if lost in thought, with one hand on the tall, carved back of a chair, or by the expression in the wide, myosotis-blue eyes which looked at him, as the Contessa turned at his entrance.

"Take those flowers away!" she said, with a motion of her hand toward the pile of almond blossoms which lay on the table. "I find that I do not care for them. And order the carriage. I shall go out in half an hour."

It was half an hour later, therefore, that she came down the great staircase of the palace, dressed now in blue velvet and furs, which threw into stronger relief the whiteness of her face as well as the spun gold of her hair, and entered the carriage which awaited her. There was a brief pause, as the footman stood by the step awaiting her order; then, apparently rather at a loss, she said hastily:

"I want to drive into the country,—no, not to the Borghese Gardens or the Pincio, but out beyond the walls. By what way? Oh, the Via Appia will do!"

She had no reason for choosing the Appian Way above any other of the famous roads that once led from Rome to all quarters of the earth, except that its name was the only one which occurred to her at the moment; and all she desired was to leave the city behind her as soon as possible, and find herself in the open country, where she felt as if it would be easier to breathe—and to think. For

thought, above all things, was required,—thought, in order to decide what to do in the ruin of her life which lay about her. Upon one point, indeed, no consideration was necessary: she was resolved to leave the man who had so cruelly deceived her, and placed her in a position from which conscience and pride alike revolted; but she had to determine how best to accomplish this, what steps to take, and where to go. It was terrible to think of returning home and telling the truth to her mother, who would certainly not understand; and of facing the world,—that gay, fashionable world which had so shortly before come in its smartest clothes to attend her wedding. How she could hear the gossip over the teacups. “Poor Iris!” they would say. “Do you know that she has had to leave the Italian Count whom she married and come back home? It’s rather early even for an international marriage to go to pieces; but here she is, and no doubt it means divorce sooner or later.”

That was what they would say, and that no doubt was what would come to pass—sooner or later. Every fibre of her nature shrank from the thought of divorce, yet she knew well the arguments that would be used to induce her to consent to it. And in her case there would be the excuse for doing so that she was married only in a legal sense to the man she called her husband, and the law which had made the tie uniting them could be called upon to dissolve it. This was clearly possible for *her*; but for *him* there would be no such release, since Italy had not yet forgotten her Christianity sufficiently to put a divorce law on her statutes. He would, therefore, remain married in the eyes of the law even after she had left him, as he was already married in the eyes of the Church when he went through the form of marriage with her. She felt no pity for him in thinking of this: it was only just that he should reap of his own sowing, as she, who had not sowed, was reaping in bitterness of spirit

and humiliation. Her heart was hot with that sense of outrage which comes from trust betrayed, and her love (so she told herself) lay dead before her.

Meanwhile her carriage had passed under the great arch of Drusus, and she found herself outside of Rome, driving along that ancient Appian Way, over which the conquering legions had so often marched to take part in a Roman triumph. They, with their glory and the power which overshadowed the earth, had long since gone down into the great tomb which awaits all things, but the pavement on which their feet trod still remains as when they passed over it; and no scene could have been more in unison with her feelings than that which this ancient way presented,—this way lined with the ruins of classic tombs, while the desolate Campagna spread beyond, to the foot of the distant hills. Yet even upon its desolation Spring had laid her magic touch. The great plain was green with springing grass, while here and there a pink cloud against a broken wall, or thrown into relief by the heavenly blueness of the far heights, indicated an almond tree in bloom. The “waker” was here, too, in this scene of death and buried glories,—not, indeed, as in the fair land of Provence, where in early spring a roseate cloud of bloom seems to float over the whole earth; or in the Riviera, where the slopes that go down to the azure sea are covered with the same lovely blossoms in masses of entrancing color; but scattered at intervals amid the desolation made by time and man, as if to give more striking effect to its message of hope and resurrection.

But it was a message which had ceased to have a meaning for Iris. Whenever her gaze fell upon the pink flowers, she turned away immediately, saying to herself that her life was laid desolate like the land before her, and to think of hope or resurrection of happiness was a mockery. More and more she shrank from the thought of ever seeing her husband again.

It was intolerable to think of explaining what needed no explanation; of listening, perhaps, to his excuses, his protestations. A sudden wild desire seized her to get away out at once and spare herself further pain and indignity. It came to her like an inspiration that she would not return to his roof: there should be no leave-taking of any kind, no formal departure from the palace or from Rome. She had gone out for her usual afternoon drive—well, she would not return, that was all. She would drive—it was only a matter of a couple of hours—to the nearest of the hill towns that shone in the sunlight before her, take the first train from there to Naples, and catch the steamer for America, due to sail in a day or two. Fortunately, there was a purse containing money in the bag hanging from her wrist; she could telegraph from Naples for more, and at the same time communicate her decision—her unalterable decision to leave him—to the Conte della Rovere.

She sighed with relief as she thought of all she would escape by such flight; and, with her mind completely made up, leaned forward to address the coachman and ask the name of the nearest town on the Naples railway, when her glance was caught by a small church, evidently very ancient, which stood close beside the way. Absorbed though she was in sad introspection, something about this silent and apparently deserted shrine awakened her interest; and, deferring her other inquiry, she said to the servant on the box of the victoria:

"Do you know the name of this church?"

"*Si, eccellenza,*" the footman answered, turning toward her. "It is the chapel of the *Domine quo Vadis.*"

The chapel of the *Domine quo Vadis!* Thanks to a widely read novel, even she, despite her Protestant training, knew what that meant. This was the spot where, according to tradition, St. Peter, flying from the fierce persecution of Christians

in Rome, met his Lord, as of old on the roads of Galilee, and cried to Him, "*Domine, quo vadis?*"—to be sent back by the answer to die, head downward, on the Janiculum. She had regarded the story as no more than a romantic legend when she read it in the moving pages of the great Polish novelist; but, with the church erected as a memorial of it before her eyes, it assumed an aspect of strange reality. Had something unearthly indeed taken place here? Had the presence of the Lord hallowed forever this Roman way? She was suddenly conscious of being drawn by a powerful attraction, of a desire to see, to know, to touch—she knew not what, and she cried quickly that she wished to stop. The carriage drew up before the door of the chapel, and the next moment she stood within.

She found a small sanctuary, bare of all ornament—of everything except a simple altar; and, let into the floor before this, a block of stone, like those with which the road outside was paved, bearing the rough imprint of a human foot. There was nothing else. The vast silence of the Campagna was all around; but through the open door she saw the rosy bloom of an almond tree against the blue distance of the Alban Hills, and the sweet, clear note of a lark came to her ear, as she stood looking at the footprint in the paving-stone.

There had been a time when she would have smiled incredulously over this, but that time was now passed. In a certain sense, the supernatural had laid hold of her here in Rome—the home of the supernatural,—and the direct intervention of God in human affairs seemed no longer unbelievable. As for this tradition of the meeting of St. Peter and his Lord, was it any more strange or difficult to believe than the vision which struck St. Paul down on the road to Damascus, than the voice which said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Of the two incidents, this was the less wonderful; and certainly the story was thoroughly

in accord with all that is told of the great Apostle and his Divine Master. Especially was it characteristic of St. Peter, when rebuked so gently, to turn in prompt obedience and retrace his steps toward suffering and death. And was it here, indeed, that the touching interview occurred? Had the nail-pierced feet that once hung on the cross truly pressed that stone of the dusty Roman way? And had the air above heard the famous question and reply?

The scene presented itself so vividly to her imagination that for an instant Iris' heart almost stood still. It was as if, on another plane of being, she were permitted to witness what had once taken place in this spot; and to know that it held a lesson for her also,—that not by chance had she been led here. To her soul the voice which once spoke to the Apostle seemed speaking also in accents of divine command, and she knew that she must turn and go back whither she had come. There was to be no easy way of escape for her; like St. Peter, she must return and take up her cross, how or where to carry it she did not know and could not see. But it was not permitted her to fly like a coward: so much she clearly recognized. Thus awakening came to her for the second time that day. First it had been an awakening from happiness to pain, to the sharp anguish of seeing all the fair edifice of love and trust, in which she had thought to pass her life, lying in ruins about her; and now it was an awakening from selfish absorption in pain to a realization of duty still remaining,—of the necessity to bear with courage and dignity what had befallen her by no fault of her own; of some task awaiting her to be fulfilled, which only she could fulfil, and of lessons to be learned which she, as yet, but dimly grasped.

She lifted her eyes. No marvellous and gracious vision stood in bodily form before her; but she saw the lovely symbolic bloom of the almond tree against the

distant, heavenly hills; and murmuring to herself again, "*the Waker from the winter of sin in this time, and from the winter of death in the time which is to come,*" she knelt humbly and kissed the footprint in the stone, not caring to question whether or not the impress had truly been made by the divine foot, since it was in her heart rather than with her lips, that she paid the homage of love and obedience. Then, going out, she bade the coachman take her back to Rome, to the tawny walls, and the great dome hanging in the distance.

(To be continued.)

More Stories by Father Lacombe.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

II.

THESE were, however, women of sterner blood on the plains than the shrinking Cree girl whose sad story has been related. There was the old wife of Natous, chief among the Blackfeet. Men stood at attention before her. This they did when she was a withered brown crone as well as when she was in her nut-brown maidenhood.

Father Lacombe met Old Sun and his wife in the early days, when the Blackfeet still traded at Edmonton,—when they came in large parties armed against surprises from their enemies, the Crees, who were as pugnacious and full of surprises as the porcupine. The Man-of-the-Good-Heart met them again in the early Eighties, one day's ride east of Fort Calgary, where the Bow and Elbow meet. The great iron road of the Canadian Pacific had not yet broken the horizon, but the Indians were already familiar with the white camps of the surveyors. Father Lacombe, riding into the village of Old Sun one summer morning, found only the women and children and a few young warriors lounging about the sunny plain. And so he tells his story:

“‘Hah!’ I call to them,—‘lah!’ And the young men hurry to meet me. ‘Where is the old man—Natous-apiw?’

“‘He is in the Tent of Council,’—and they point to a big skin tent, with animals and signs in many color painted on the yellow sides.

“I went there and lif’ the curtain. Inside were the grown men, the most wise and strong and old of the warriors. They are in council. There was much smoke in there, and the faces of the old men looked like figures carve in the bronze. And now, *hein*, I was surprise—me! There was a woman, an old squaw, wiz the men of the Council. I look again through the smoke, and saw it was the wife of Natous. She wear on her head the bonnet of a chief! A woman wiz a *gros bonnet* like as the men! Ha, that was something to make the world surprise!

“I say nothing now; for a Council, you mus’ know, is a grand affair,—a grand affair! But in the evening again when we sat in the lodge of Natous, and his old wife make a meal ready over the fire, I say to her:

“‘Heh, grandmother, how is I found you sitting wiz the men? That is not often a woman have such honor.’

“‘They give me the big hat because I was brave,’ she say; and she look into her husband’s face very proud, and he nod his head as to say, ‘Yes.’

“After supper she promise me she will tell the story about it. When we finish to eat, we smoke. Bime-by the wife of Natous take out her pipe and she say:

“‘Now I’ll tell you; and he’ (she nods to Natous) ‘will tell you if it is right. When I was young I was a fine-looking girl. I did not know that of myself. Natous, he tell me, and many more tell me the same. And Natous, he was not himself so bad-looking. So we marry. Maybe two months after that, about forty young men, warriors, held a council. They decide to go on war-path. They

called to my husband, and I beg him to take me too. He was only cross at that, for that old fellow Natous was not too good in those days,’ she say, laughing, to tease her old man. ‘I ask him again and other times. He always say, “No: what will a woman do wiz warriors in battle? Only a trouble for them,—only so.”’

“‘But at las’ they start one night. Natous say good-bye to me. Good-bye! Ha-ha! I wait till I hear the feet of the horses no more. Then I start—me too. By the sun and the moon I follow them many days, and one night I come into their camp. Eh-heh! that old man there rub his eyes! *Hein*, it was me! Yes, all safe wiz him. And I would not go back. He say I mus’ go,—I mus’! The other warriors say, “No: it is far behind. Let her stay. Maybe she can help us when we get hurt in the battle.” So I stay.

“‘This was in the country that belong to the Crows, and the trees were not many there to hide behind. But there is hills of yellow sand. We march on a long distance, and bime-by we see those Injuns we want fight,—Crows, maybe four, maybe five hundred. Now it was come night, and the warriors say we will make a hollow in the side of a sandhill and hide ourself. Then jus’ before sun-wake we will surprise them—when we can see more better to kill them.

“‘Heh! Our warriors were smart, but the Crows were not asleep. Those others—they were warriors too, and they have scouts. And so while we hide in the sandy hill they fall on us like hail, quick out of the sky. We were like ponies in a corral. Some fall dead fighting, some run away, and some are hurt and can not run. And now when my man fight I am lost from him. I am made prisoner—me! The chief take ‘me—a big man,—oh, a terrible man as you find!—and he say to me I mus’ go wiz him.

“‘The warriors—the Crows—go about and take what they find on the bodies. They were glad; for our men are rich

and have fine guns and belts and knives. They cut off the scalps, too, off my people. Ugh! And I sit there wiz my head bowed. I did not move; for the big chief say to me like a dog: "Stay there. Move, I kill you!"

"At las' they make ready to go. The chief has a big American horse, and when he was on him he looked more terrible. He put two of the guns of Blackfeet in front of him. He shout to me to get up behind him. I do that, but when we ride on and on ver' fast I think what I am to do.

"Then the sun shine very bright on the handle of the big knife in his belt. It laugh at me. It speak to me, and I can not take my eyes away. I think what I will do. And when we ride down the steep bank of a river I fall forward on him. Eh-h, how can that be help? My hand catch the knife tight, strong, and find a place; then push it in—in! Huh-h-h-h! Out and in again—huh! And he fall back to me. Then I tumble him off the horse easy. Oh, he was big man and terrible in fight! But now he was still like papoose. The two guns fall down wiz him. I jump and get them, and jump again to the big horse. Then I turn and fly—fly! I am going back to my people.

"Bime-by I come on their camp, where they rest the horses on their way to our country. Natous was there. He ran away. He thought I was dead. He could not find me. But me—I was warrior, and I fight battle. That is why I sit wiz the Council.'

"What grand miracle Christianity make wiz those poor Indian!" concluded Father Lacombe. "She was wild, savage—what you call Amazon woman. She become ver' good. I wonder to see her so change from herself. In that time she was for fighting, now it is to pray; and she say well her bead. La Sainte Vierge make miracle now like in old time. I find many good Indian—ver' good—like that old wife of Natous."

(Conclusion next week.)

Anemone.

BY CAROL L. BERNHARDT, S. J.

ANEMONE! in silent beauty blowing
And majesty of tender, snowflake white,
So fragile in thy garments, softer flowing
Than flows the train of woodland nymph or
sprite.

Anemone! the wooded slopes adorning,
Wee flow'ret routing Winter's weary while,
The forest winds of tossing April scorning,
Till lonely hills and sober mountains smile.

Anemone! the hosts of hearts blow coldness,
And sombre are life's little hills of gloom;
But hillsides brighten when, like thee in boldness,
Some little loving kindness dares to bloom.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE."

XVII.—WORKHOUSE OR HOME?

THE loss of Elinor and the final extinction of the hopes of years had seemed to loosen Signor Thaddeus' hold on life. The things that had awaited him so long at Imaney—the organ and the house, the assured income and the leisure—had kept him young despite his years. The thought that perhaps death would come before all these were his had never oppressed him; for Crellan had promised them, and he was content to wait. Then when Destiny, more cruel far than Death, decided that he was to linger on, but that the things which made his life worth living were not, after all, to be his, he suddenly found that he was an old man, and that he had neither energy nor physical strength to continue giving his lessons, nor indeed to do anything but sit at home and wait for the end.

That his pupils dropped off one by one did not at first distress him; for he felt he could not have continued teaching

them all, even had they wished it; and the fees of the small number who remained sufficed to supply his simple needs. So he struggled on through the autumn months; but when the winter set in he found that even those on whom he counted for subsistence had also to be given up; for there were days and days when he had not dared go down the long stairs for fear of being unable to climb back again.

Even his piano—his sole remaining friend—could not bring him the pleasure that in former days it had afforded him; for his hands, stiff and numb with cold, refused to play the dear, comforting melodies. And as the days passed, bringing in less and less wherewith to sustain life, he grew so weak that the effort of sitting at the keyboard became more pain to him than pleasure.

He had thought when he made his great sacrifice that he had drunk the dregs of life's bitterness, but now the shadow of something that was still worse began to loom before him. With no fees for lessons coming in, how was he to live? One by one his belongings had to go to provide the price of food and fuel. His pictures, of which the mottoes alone remained, melancholy reminders of what had been; his music, his furniture,—all went piece by piece, until even the armchair that Elinor had given him in the early days of their friendship, as a balm to her conscience for her childish rudeness at their first meeting,—even the armchair had to be given up. At last his room was completely dismantled; only the bed and the piano with its stool were remaining. It was not because he loved it so—Crellan's gift and the companion of many happy hours, the consoler of many that were sad—that the piano was spared, but because without it the landlord had no security for the payment of the rent, which, on the understanding that the piano was a pledge, was allowed to accumulate from week to week.

As long as he could, the old man put

from him the horror of what would happen when all was gone—the workhouse! Even to himself he would not frame the word; but sometimes when he awoke in the night he cried aloud to God in His mercy to take him to Himself before his last resources were gone; but, with the greater control that morning brought, he added to his appeal the further prayer: "Yet not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done!"

It was one day, soon after the New Year had begun, that he received from Elinor a letter which revealed to him a possible chance of escape from the realization of his haunting dread. By this time the people, not only in the village but up and down the Glen as well, were all her friends, and in writing to her old master Elinor often mentioned them.

"I have made some more new friends," she wrote in her last letter to Thaddeus,— "another family of Connells; for, as I think I told you, everyone in the Glen of Imaney is either Connell, O'Connell or Connolly. Years ago this was the district of the family of O'Congaile." (The reader almost smiled at the familiarity of this information.) "But now, since the last head of the family died, the name is spelled only as in Irish; in English they seem to use whichever rendering of the name they like the best. The Phelim Connells live at the back of the castle, a long way up the mountain." (Thaddeus remembered well the place. There had been a Phelim O'Congaile in his time, too.) "There is one son at home, four in America, and only one daughter. I asked if she also had emigrated, and the old woman answered in the negative. 'Not a step, *machree!*' she said. 'But it's to God Almighty she's gone away.' I thought of course that the girl was dead, but not at all: she is a nun. Dear master, is it not a charming way of putting it? And fancy, she is a nun in London! I am sending you her address, so that if some day you feel well enough to go to the convent where she is, you can tell me about her,

and it would give her mother so much joy. Letters are such poor things when you can not read them for yourself!"

Further she went on to say that Sister Anna's convent was a home for old people — old men and old women—who were destitute. "It is a home, and not the workhouse."

The thought came to Thaddeus like a flash: If for other old men, then why not for him? For hours he sat pondering over this new, Heaven-sent idea. He was not well enough to cross half London to pay a visit to Sister Anna in her convent; but if it offered a possible escape from what, to him, was the crowning shame of a pauper's fate, it was worth every effort that he could make.

He was still debating within himself whether he dared go there and seek admittance when a visit from the rent collector made him aware that, whether it was to be workhouse or home, the time was at hand when he must leave his present abode. The value of the piano was now exhausted; the few shillings that the bed would bring might tide him over another week or two, but after that he must go.

It was desperation that drove him out, after the agent's departure, into the wet, cold streets, where the passers-by hustled him and the noise and movement bewildered him after the long weeks that he had spent in the solitude and stillness of his attic; and finally his weakness made him expend the last of his coppers in taking a bus which a kindly conductor pointed out to him as the one going nearest to the address that Elinor had given him.

He had no thought of revealing his identity to Sister Anna, lest through her Elinor should learn of his straits; and they were so directly the result of what he had done for her that in his poor old tired brain he feared she might even guess at them, and so, somehow, find out his secret. He had even determined to deprive himself in future of the pleasure of her letters. She must not think of him

as any worse off than in the decent poverty she had known; she must be kept in ignorance of his whereabouts, whether it was by the charity of the home he was supported or by the cold, grim duty of the State. Besides it was not unmixed pain that this silence on her part would bring him; for Elinor's descriptions of life and scenery in the Glen were often as painful to him as they were pleasurable.

He had already written to her that he was leaving the house where she had visited him,—the house of the steep long stairs,—and going where there would be some one always at hand to serve him, or care for him if he fell ill. So natural a development could make her neither anxious nor suspicious; and he had added that, if she did not hear often from him, she must remember that he was getting old and feeble, but his silence would always mean that he was well and thinking of her. He also promised to have her informed if anything should happen to him. Anything! It was only the one thing, death, that she was to hear from other hands than his. He knew that in the workhouse, and probably in the home as well, the inmates were allowed to go out. He would take those opportunities to write to Elinor; and if she persisted in asking for his new address, he hoped to be able to find some house or shop where he would be permitted to call for his letters. It was all a vague, confused plan, the only distinct thing about it being his determination that so long as he lived, so long as she could possibly think of restitution, she must not know what he had done for her.

So his mind worked as, slowly and painfully, struggling against almost overpowering weakness, he made his way to the convent door; while on his heart he wore the gift that at his death was to be Elinor's — the miniature that, once Thaddeus had gone to rejoin the original, was at liberty, if so it fell out, to make known the secret which nothing, during his lifetime must be permitted to reveal.

XVIII.—WITH THE SISTERS.

The good Mother of St. Joseph's Home was too well accustomed to receiving visits from all sorts and conditions of men to express, or indeed to feel, any surprise when she was given Signor Thaddeus' card, with the single explanatory word "Pianist" printed under his name. She held it in her hand when, after a few moments' delay, she entered the small parlor where the old man was waiting for her.

"Signor Thaddeus?" she said questioningly; and, looking at the threadbare coat, the bent and shrunken figure, and the white drawn face, she realized that the duty which to her was hardest of all to carry out was about to face her,—the duty of a refusal. She had not thought of Signor Thaddeus as a possible applicant for a place in the Home, though foreigners of every nation were welcome when there was an empty bed; but as soon as she saw the old musician she knew what his errand would prove to be.

"That is my name, Reverend Mother," replied Thaddeus,— "or I should say, perhaps, it is the name by which I have been known for many years; and half of it is my own."

"Ah, but you are Irish, my good Signor, and not Italian at all!" said the nun, in a tone of relief, smiling now; for the discovery made her task a shade less hard. For a broken-down Italian musician there would be no possible alternative to the Home except the workhouse; whilst an Irishman might be induced to return to his native land, or to communicate with his friends who sometimes came forward with help when they found that the workhouse, that place so hated and dreaded by their race, was something more than a threat.

"Yes, Reverend Mother," said Thaddeus, "I am Irish; but when I began my career the world required that its music should have an Italian flavor, and so far as I could I submitted to the public fancy."

"Ah, well," said the nun, "if Italy has

the music, Ireland has other good things! We have had Italians here before this;—good poor people and pious; but, for me, I love our Irish."

"Then," rejoined Thaddeus, speaking hesitatingly (for, now that he was on the spot, he did not know how to frame his request for admittance),—"then I am the more emboldened to ask you to receive another of that nation, than whom you have received none more destitute, more truly in want of your shelter and your charity."

"My poor friend,"—said the Reverend Mother, simply translating the idiom of her own tongue, "if you are speaking of this moment, it is impossible, impossible. But for the future,—yes, when we have a bed to spare, and you come with your recommendation, we shall have for you a welcome with all our hearts."

"But now, Reverend Mother,—now!" pleaded the old man in a faint voice. In the nun's words he had read his own doom. For him there was no future. It must be *now* or the workhouse and a living death until the end came in mercy. "I can get a recommendation from the priests at St. Patrick's, but I can not wait. I have not come to you until the last. Oh, for God's sake, do not send me away!"

His voice rose and broke; he stretched out his hands with an imploring, despairing gesture; but, though there was the deepest pity on the superior's face, he read at once that his appeal was useless.

"If we could," she cried,— "if only we could! But, my friend, we have no place. Every bed, every corner is filled, and we have given our promise to many who are waiting. Yesterday one of our old gentlemen went to rest. To-morrow we send for one of the ten or more who wait. So it is, and we can not break our rule."

"Not for life or death?" asked Thaddeus, making one last effort. "It is that for me,—life here till my call may come, or—my God, my God, let it then be death!"

He threw his arms on the table and buried his face on them. He was ashamed

of his outburst, ashamed of his want of self-control; but he was too weak and weary to bear this blow with fortitude. He had clung to the belief that, unconsciously, Elinor was going to rescue him in his hour of need; and now it seemed as though she, too, had failed him; and he could not, dared not look to the future.

"Do not,—do not!" cried the nun in distress, laying her hand on the bowed shoulder. "*Oh, mon Dieu, ayez pitié!*"

In the eyes of the world the lives of the Sisters were filled with hardship, but to them these refusals came as the hardest of all. The good Mother guessed that weakness, probably hunger, was the cause of her visitor's distressing break-down; and although she could not change her rule, and give him the newly vacated bed over the heads of so many who had come before him, she saw that he must have something to revive and strengthen him before he could be called upon to face the cold grey streets again.

"You are tired," she said soothingly. "Come now! A cup of tea will refresh you. Come and see the refectory where some day, you know, you will have your own place, if the good God wills it."

Thaddeus pulled himself together, and as the Reverend Mother rose he tried to do the same; but his head felt strangely light, and he thought all at once that he was out in the lonely streets once more, penniless, homeless, hopeless. Then for an instant he was back again in the convent parlor; but as he tried to move it seemed as though the polished boards rose up suddenly and struck him in the face. He had stretched out his hands instinctively; but the nun had moved away to open the door of the little room, and she did not see the gesture nor the deathly whiteness of his face; only she heard the heavy sound of a fall, and, turning in quick fear, she was not in time to catch the old musician as he fell in a dead faint at her feet.

They raised his head, the Reverend Mother and the Sister Portress, who had

come in answer to her cry of alarm, and loosened his collar; and then the Sister went for help and stimulants. But nothing would pass his clenched teeth; and the infirmarian, laying her hand on his feebly beating heart, whispered as to whether the priest and doctor ought not to be summoned.

"Thank God we have a vacant bed!" she said, looking to her superior for permission to carry him to it.

And so it was that, within half an hour of being refused admittance to the Home, Signor Thaddeus was laid in one of the white infirmary beds, and tended with such care as he had never known since the long-past days of his earliest boyhood. And, now that it was his again, he was unconscious of it all.

The deadly faintness passed away at length, but he was so weak and spent that his mind remained clouded from the blow that his head had received in his fall; and, though he opened his eyes, he did not see or know who was near him or where he was. When he spoke it was confusedly of Glen Imaney, of Crellan (or David, as he called him), and of old, old days; and the nuns could not find out from his raving whether he had friends or family in London or elsewhere, or whether he was just a stray piece of flotsam that had been washed into the shelter of the Home.

There was no question now of turning the old man out. Fortunately, he whose turn it was for admittance had not yet learned of the death that had created a vacancy for him; and, as the good Mother said, God must have meant Signor Thaddeus to stay, sending him to them as He had done. So when at last he began to notice the Sisters and to realize where he was, the infirmarian was able to allay the fear that with dawning consciousness crept back into his eyes. He was not to leave them. There was a place waiting for him in St. Thomas' Room as soon as he was well enough to leave the infirmary; and meantime he was asked only to eat

and sleep, to rest and recover, with just a few prayers now and again, and to be happy if that was possible.

At first, in his great weakness, he had hoped that God was about to grant his prayer — that death was coming to set him free. And even when he found that this was not to be, and he said another "*Fiat!*" bowing himself to the will of God, he still had no great wish to live. The Home was indeed a God-sent haven to him; but with the loss of what he had given to Elinor it seemed as though the mainspring of his life had snapped. He lived on; he was grateful for the tenderness and care that were lavished upon him; but all wish to live, all joy in life was gone.

The spring was at hand by the time he was able to get downstairs; and even in the London garden crocuses and snowdrops were beginning to show through the smoke-grimed earth. The sparrows were chirping merrily in the budding branches of the sooty shrubs, and their voices proclaimed loudly what the faces of the flowers said in silence: "Spring is coming."

And in Imaney, too, it was spring. Thaddeus' thoughts were always there, clinging round his old home, weaving fancies concerning Elinor and her life up there. Sometimes he longed to hear of her; but the fear that if she knew he had had to seek for charity she would distress herself, and make inquiries that might lead to the betrayal of his secret, kept him silent. Later, he would write.

The little Sister in whose charge he was hoped to rouse him by leading him into the pale yellow sunshine that shone so weakly in the garden; but afterward, meeting the good Mother, she reported that her plan had failed. Signor Thaddeus had recovered to a certain point, but unless his interest could be roused he would just fade away; for he had no hold on life.

He needed an interest! Ah! the good Mother thought for an instant, and then

bade the Sister bring the old man to her.

"Signor," she said gently, "I want you to do a favor for me."

"Good Mother, that you should ask is in itself a favor to me," replied Thaddeus, who had by this learned the usages of the house where the superior was the good Mother of all.

"You have heard our organ in the chapel," went on the nun. "A kind friend gave it to Our Lord for the old people; but the good Sister who plays it has little time to practise, and, as you may have noticed, her fingers are not in order. Well, I thought if sometimes you would play for her—"

"Good Mother!" There was a new note in the tired old voice, and she knew that she had had an inspiration.

"You will, then! Ah, but, Signor, that is kind and good! Come now, we will go to the chapel. There are many hours when you could practise if you wish. We have never used the automatic arrangement for the blowing; but it can be put up, and then you would be independent. For the services, of course one of the old gentlemen will always be there."

As she spoke she had led the way to the gallery where the little organ stood, and now she motioned to the old man to sit down and try the instrument. He obeyed, but his eyes were dimmed and his fingers trembled weakly. He had never thought to touch a keyboard again,— never since he had waked up to the realization that his beloved piano had long since been seized to pay the rent that had been left owing at the time of his sudden disappearance. And now he might play as much, as often almost, as he wished. "*Ave Maria.*" In his sorrow Schubert's art had helped and soothed him. Now in his joy it again expressed his feelings. And the Reverend Mother, kneeling near, thanked God for the success of her scheme, and thanked Him, too, for the melody that, rendered thus, was in itself a prayer.

The Power of Christian Love.

II.

LATE in the afternoon the father came home, intoxicated and ill-natured, and prepared to quarrel with his wife. He raised his eyes in astonishment as he saw the table set and some roast meat upon it. He looked first at his wife, then at his daughter.

"Father, father!" cried the child. "Bread and meat and pie!"

"A very kind lady—" began his wife; but her husband interrupted her.

"A very kind lady! Probably sent by some priest to spy on 'that good-for-nothing Diego Ruiz' and have him put in jail. I will not allow such people to enter my house. Do you understand?"

"And which is better—that people should come for a good purpose or that our Anna should stand on the street corners begging?" asked the woman, angrily. "I had nothing left in the house but a crust of bread, and Anna was suffering from hunger."

Diego did not reply. The mother filled Anna's plate, and the child ate ravenously of the unusual feast, while her father watched her and sighed deeply.

"If you want something to eat, there it is," said his wife coldly, and troubled herself no more about him.

He pulled a chair up to the table, drew the dish of meat roughly toward him, and began to eat.

The beautiful lady soon came again. One evening Diego returned home to find the room freshly papered. The next day appeared a new bedstead with good clean covering, and the day after that Anna showed him her new dress. His wife also was comfortably clad, and her hair was done up neatly, as had been her custom in better days. Diego felt keenly the reproach of having strangers provide for the family that it was his own duty to care for, grumbling to himself against rich people

spoiling the poor; and, in proportion as he realized the improvement in the household, he hated the friendly widow of whom he knew nothing. Had his wife upbraided him, he would have had some excuse for retaliating; but such was not the case. Her very appearance was in itself a reproach; for when she had been careless of her attire, and the house grimy and dirty, from that circumstance alone he could make some excuse for keeping the money he earned and fleeing from the misery of an unsightly home. But his dwelling was no longer like an abode of animals, his wife no longer clothed in rags, and thus he had no handle on which to hang his grievance.

In spite of his sulkiness, the change appealed to Diego's better nature. Were it not for fear of his wife's ridicule, he would have liked to remain at home occasionally in the evenings to talk with her of their early days,—of their happy, virtuous life in their native village, where, after the day's work, they enjoyed the comfortable and heavenly peace of home. But he said to himself: "No, I shall do what I wish to do myself, not what these women are trying to make me do." Many a time, however, as he mused in silence, he could not but admit that the fault was entirely his own, and that he deserved neither the love nor the devotion of his wife and child. Yes, it was evident that even Anna, his darling, was being more and more weaned away from him; and with this thought his soul would overflow with fierce, unreasonable anger, which banished the softer emotions of shame and repentance.

Anna was ill. She had a deep, racking cough, and was so hoarse that her voice could scarcely be heard. At one moment she seemed worse, the next easier and better, and wanted the playthings which Madame de Lures had given her.

"Oh, it will amount to nothing!" said Diego, as he prepared to go to work; but his wife, ever observant, noticed that he

had an anxious, wistful look in his eyes, and she said in a more friendly tone than usual:

"Perhaps we had better send for a doctor?"

"Why? She has no fever."

"No, but she has a dreadful throat."

She paused for a moment, her eyes fixed on the husband who had been so brutal and indifferent, uncertain whether to reveal to him the fear that was in her heart. But again she thought of the anxious look she had seen in his eyes, and her indecision vanished. He was, after all, the father of her child. With a sudden impetuous gesture, she seized his hand between both of hers and said in a low voice:

"Do you know what I think?"

"No; tell me." And in his own voice could be heard fear of what his wife's next words might reveal.

"I fear it is diphtheria," she whispered.

"Why do you think that? A child who is playing and laughing!" he said. "But if you wish I will fetch the doctor, even if I should lose my day's work."

As he uttered these words the door opened and Madame de Lures entered.

"Ah, Madame!" he exclaimed, in some confusion. "I am about to go for the doctor. Anna is ill." With these words he left the room.

"Anna is ill," repeated the mother, after she had greeted her visitor.

"Anna is ill?" echoed the lady. "I hope it will be nothing serious. How do you feel, my child?" she asked, approaching the bed.

Anna opened her lips, but could not utter a word.

In a few moments Diego returned with the doctor, who examined the sick child and finally said:

"It is a case of diphtheria."

The father trembled with apprehension, and the mother began to sob. A great fear seized the heart of the visitor.

"I thought it was that before I came, from what the father told me; but it is

not yet too late, though there is no time to lose," said the doctor.

Anna looked wonderingly at the group.

"Mother, why are you crying?" she murmured in a thick, almost undistinguishable voice. "Am I going to die?"

A cry of anguish was the mother's reply.

"What is to be done, Doctor?" asked Madame de Lures.

"Get some hot water—take this alcohol lamp. Excuse me, Madame!" he added, placing his hand upon the lady's arm. "I did not think,—I should have remembered. It is my duty to tell you that you are in the greatest danger. You must not remain here. You have no obligations toward this family. As you are yourself a mother, and the disease is contagious, I must order you to leave the room immediately."

The young woman turned deathly pale. During her continual visits to the poor and sick she had never had the slightest fear. But her only child, her darling Lola, the last tie that bound her to her dead husband! Dared she expose her to probable infection and perhaps death? Or what if she herself should take the disease and leave her child motherless and alone!

She looked at the helpless father, trembling as one with the ague; at the mother, whom fear and anguish had rendered incapable of performing the necessary duties toward her child; at the doctor, who had said, "There is no time to lose"; and the Christian charity in her heart overmastered every other consideration. She prepared the water. Tenderly she lifted the child from her bed, and held her in her arms while the doctor performed the delicate operation that has saved so many lives and brought peace and joy to the hearts of so many agonized parents. And, oh, what a triumph of Christian charity was there when the doctor informed her that the operation would be successful, and had given instructions as to the future treatment of the case!

"Now take courage and bestir yourself," he said to the stupefied mother; "and do not frighten your child."

"Oh, how good you are, —how very good!" she exclaimed as one waking from a dream.

"I advise you, my dear Madame," said the doctor, turning to the visitor, "to take every possible precautionary measure before returning to your family. You must disinfect yourself and your clothing."

"Yes, you must follow the physician's advice, Madame!" exclaimed husband and wife in one breath.

The doctor left the room, after giving further directions to the mother.

"O my God!" cried Elizabeth Ruiz, who seemed now for the first time to have regained her senses. "I did not think there was danger of your taking the disease from my child, as the doctor has just said. But neither could you have known it till this moment."

"Yes, I knew it," replied the lady, calmly. "He told me in the beginning; but I could not go and leave you alone in your trouble. And, besides, I am so fond of the child!"

With astonishment in his eyes, Diego Ruiz stared at the speaker, hardly able to believe the words he had just heard her utter—"I am so fond of the child!" She had a child of her own, and yet she had also some love and tender care to spare for a stranger's,—enough to expose her own to danger for its sake. And he had hated and wished all kinds of evil toward the woman who had befriended his wife! Shame and contrition now filled his soul. Had he dared, he would have seized the hand of this generous benefactress and covered it with grateful kisses. But shyness and awkwardness held him back.

Madame de Lures said a few words of leave-taking to the bewildered mother, and, smiling kindly on Diego, quietly took her departure.

(Conclusion next week.)

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XVII.

LOOKING into my suspended mirror for the first time in some weeks, I discovered that the snow had disappeared. I learned, too, that there was an unmistakable alertness in the gait of pedestrians, and that the men had doffed their overcoats. Two boys were racing by on roller skates, and a saucy robin was discoursing from the branch of an elm tree. I called Louisa.

"Is it not sweet and wonderful," I asked, "to have the spring come again?"

She looked out upon the street for some moments, and an earnest, solemn look overspread her face.

"I am sure," she said, "that large hats are going to be worn again."

Louisa is young, also imitative, her ideas concerning clothes varying like a weather-vane with every gust of Fashion's wind. When I tell her that she should have some individuality and not follow the styles unless she finds them suitable and becoming, she answers politely and goes back to her fashion books. As to being of my oft-expressed opinion that the newly arrived immigrants, with their white aprons and gay head-shawls, are attractive objects in the landscape, she laughs sceptically at the thought, and no doubt fancies that my secluded life has warped my brain. She thinks her compatriots outlandish, and is ashamed of them until they display feathers and flowers on their hats, which they do in an incredibly short time.

Of course a Shut-In has no personal interest in the modes. So long as clothes are clean and comfortable, that suffices. But even Shut-Ins have principles; and I, for one, have scant patience with the mass of women who fashion their clothes at the dictates of those tyrants in Paris who, in turn, are swayed by the influence

of manufacturers and the demands of their employees. It is no longer a question of beauty or convenience: it is a matter of traffic, like the making of tons of worthless and hideous rubbish for the "holiday trade." "We are not manufacturing enough!" cry the mill-owners; and straightway the order goes forth for more voluminous garments, and is obeyed wherever civilization stalks, and that is pretty much everywhere nowadays.

No place is too remote for this strange thing, Fashion, to find a way; and everyone looks just like everyone else, and dwellers on the Riviera are replicas of those in the far-away passes of our Rocky Mountains. They have not, moreover, even the old and poor excuse of following the example set by royalty. Queen Victoria, for instance, was independent even unto dowdiness; her successor, Queen Alexandra, had a calm disregard for style; and Queen Mary, it is well known, has put her foot down upon some of the very popular but meretricious styles of dress. If there was more independence, how much more time and happiness there would be, and how many more misguided "ladies" would look like gentlewomen!

A friend comes to my mind as I dwell upon this theme. She was, when I had the honor to know her—well, no longer young, and, I think, had never been beautiful in the common acceptation of the term; but she was so distinguished in appearance that she was habitually singled out of a crowd by strangers anxious to be informed of her identity. And the fashion of her dress never changed. One grew to associate the plain black gown with her, and would not have known her without the picturesque and refined lace that draped her fine head. It always made me think of the nimbus of a saint; and indeed, in one sense, it may have been. "My dear," she said, "I have had my bonnets made in exactly this shape for twenty-five years." Some of you may have guessed that I speak of Eliza Allen

Starr, long ago called home; and many of you may be able to multiply instances to confirm my theory, and will agree with me that when, some day, the vesture of a gentlewoman is no longer worn, the gentlewoman herself may be hard to find. Yet one is happy in saying that the personality of Miss Starr was so abiding and engaging that it left its impress upon all whom she met.

How little the changes of fashion troubled the calm minds of our grandmothers! And how, with one stately gown to do duty when the occasion demanded elegance, they pursued their equable ways amid the mischances which dodge all dwellers here below! And the birds! Should we care for Master Robin so fondly if he changed his waistcoat, or for Mistress Bluebird if she suddenly preferred a yellow dress? We love the entrancing monotony of Nature,—the flowers that open the well-known petals; the trees with the beloved and familiar verdure; the distant mountain in its violet haze; the clouds with their edges fringed in glory. Who can imagine our Blessed Mother in any robes except those which sacred lore has made dear to us—the spotless garments of flowing white and the mantle with Hopé's own hue?

There is one fashion which none of us can escape, and so I open a well-worn book and read: "The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion,—the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged till our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of Immortality!"

(Conclusion next week.)

LITTLE as the human heart can be, shallow as it can make itself, nothing can fill it but God; it must be empty if filled with anything else. —*John Ayscough.*

Naming the Baby.

IN foreign countries many curious customs exist in connection with the naming of babies. In Mohammedan lands, when the child is a few days old there is a feast, to which the family and friends are invited. The greatest quantity of sweetmeats are passed around, and the child is brought into the room by its father, accompanied by the nurse. Five names are written upon as many slips of paper, and these are placed between the leaves of the Koran. The first chapter of the "Holy Book" is then read, and the oldest friend draws a slip of paper and presents it to the father. He takes up the child, repeats in his ear the name found on the paper, and then lays it within the little swaddling clothes which bind tight the childish limbs.

When a Japanese girl is named, she usually receives the name of a flower or a tree, as chrysanthemum, lotus, or bamboo; although all Japanese names have meanings of some kind.

A Chinese boy and girl receive his and her name with great ceremony, and the present of a silver plate engraved, "Long life, honors and happiness." But this name is only a temporary affair, called the "milk name"; for a girl changes her name when she is married, and a boy receives a new name when he begins to go to school.

Little Spanish children, even those in humble life, have not one name, but many; boys having always some form of St. Joseph's name, and girls that of Our Lady, as Maria Pia, Maria Dolores, Maria Annunciata, etc.

Gipsy babies in Spain and Hungary are named at a gathering of the tribe. The child is placed on the floor, a violin at one side, at the other a purse. According as the baby eyes turn to the one side or the other, and the baby hand clutches violin or purse, the infant will grow up to earn his livelihood by playing or by trading, not to say thieving.

A Grave Problem.

UNDER this caption, the *True Voice* discusses a question that we have repeatedly touched upon in these columns,—vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. There can be no possible doubt as to the gravity of the question. The demand for such vocations has been and is deplorably greater than the forthcoming supply. Says our Nebraskan contemporary:

In a new country we should expect religious vocations and vocations to the priesthood to be comparatively few. But the second or third generation in any section should, under ordinary circumstances, be able to fill the ranks of their diocesan clergy and teaching religious Orders. Where this is not the case, it argues something seriously wrong. The fault lies, we believe, partly with our Catholic people, many of whom are too worldly-minded, and turn their sons and daughters away from the idea of religious vocations and the sanctuary. But we are satisfied that by far the greater share of the blame lies with those whose especial duty it is to encourage and foster vocations for the priesthood and the religious life. Carelessness in this respect is responsible for the great dearth of vocations that is so noticeable throughout the Middle West. It is a grave situation, which, we fear, will be fraught with disastrous consequences to religion unless it is remedied.

We fully agree with the *True Voice* in imputing the greater share of the blame for the paucity of vocations—and more especially religious vocations—to the clergy themselves. If confessors and pastors and preachers did their full duty, seminaries and novitiates, we are confident, would be frequented by hundreds where they now count tens.

The recognized, undisputed need of more priests and more teaching Brothers and Sisters is presumptive evidence that the initial grace of vocation is given often enough, for Providence undoubtedly does His part; so the main trouble must be that, through the fault of their elders, our young people either do not recognize the grace for what it is, or neglect to foster it.

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Orthodox Church of Russia has a bishop in Brooklyn, and representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America have been trying to "get round" him with the view of effecting a union between those two bodies. Brother Raphael is a deliberate personage. It took him so long to make up his mind as to how he should receive the overtures that it was devoutly hoped he would do the proper thing—according to the notion of the reunionists. He hasn't. On the contrary, he has written a letter saying in effect that the thing is out of the question, and that it is a waste of time to discuss the matter. His delay in expressing himself is evidently due to a praiseworthy dislike to give offence. But Brother Raphael can be frank as well as kind, and he tells his would-be religious brethren that "the Anglican communion is associated with the numerous Protestant bodies, many of whose doctrines and teachings, as well as practices, are condemned by the Holy Orthodox Church; . . . that this fact brings the members of the Anglican communion into the closest relationship, for purposes other than those of business and religion, with a body of men which includes atheists, infidels, heretics, and unconverted Jews,—men who . . . are opposers of our common holy religion, deniers of the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and all that is uplifting in the true spirit of Christianity in its self-sacrificing methods of spreading the Gospel of that One who so loved us that He gave Himself for us on the Cross of Calvary. For this reason alone," continues Brother Raphael, "I view union as only a pleasing dream."

Long-lived parish priests on this side of the Atlantic are considerably rarer than in the older countries of Europe. A nonagenarian American cleric is an altogether exceptional phenomenon, not-

withstanding the English physician's dictum that "every man is entitled to his century." A Netherlander who seems in a fair way of attaining *his* century is the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Anton Herfkens, of Terborg, who celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday anniversary on March 28. On the 15th of last August he attained the seventieth year of his ordination to the priesthood. For nearly sixty years he was parish priest in the small city of Terborg, and resigned his pastorate only on account of increasing deafness, although he is still hale and hearty. It is gratifying to read that he did not, however, give up the old presbytery in which he had lived for threescore years, and the garden which he cultivated. His people would not allow him to do so. They built another residence for his successor, and the venerable prelate will spend the remaining years of his life among his beloved flock. The Queen has decorated him with the Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau.

Any one for whom the question of the validity of Anglican Orders still possesses a modicum of interest will enjoy the review of Lord Halifax's "Leo XIII. and Anglican Orders" which Dom Gasquet has contributed to *Rome*. It is both a scholarly critique and an effective reply. The Benedictine historian sums up the whole matter in this wise:

What Cardinal Rampolla or Cardinal Gasparri, Mgr. Duchesne or the late Fr. De Augustinis have said or written; or how brutally frank and wrong-minded Cardinal Vaughan may have been at times, at least in Lord Halifax's opinion, or indeed how "unworthy" Archbishop Benson was of having so great an opportunity, is of very little importance now. The only thing that really matters is that the Catholic principles involved in the question be understood and recognized. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that Lord Halifax may some day come to believe that the Roman authorities in this matter did not act hastily or without due weight being given to all that could be or was said on the one side and the other.

Incidentally *Rome* notes the very striking coincidence that, almost simultaneously

with the arrival in Rome of Lord Halifax's book, Cardinal Merry del Val, who was Secretary of the Pontifical Commission appointed by Leo XIII. to examine the validity of those Orders, and who is now Secretary of State of Pius X., raised six former Anglican ministers to the priesthood in the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican. This is surely a notable commentary on the action of Leo XIII., the Commission on Anglican Orders, and Cardinal Vaughan.

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The *Detroit Free Press* repeats a story told by our Minister to Spain, which will be appreciated by those whose sense of justice revolts at hearing Spaniards indiscriminately abused for cruelty to animals. An American, travelling from San Sebastian to Biarritz, had for companion a Spanish gentleman; and, their conversation happening to turn on the subject of bullfighting, the American said: "You Spaniards are a great people; but I can't understand how a nation that produced Velasquez and Valdez can stomach the savage cruelty of the bullfight." The Spaniard rolled his black eyes at this. "You have in America a number of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children?" he then said.—"Yes."—"And they do good work?"—"Oh, splendid work!"—"Well, señor, such societies would be useless in my country. The man who would lift his hand against a child has not been born in Spain!"

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After having spent ten years in the organizing of the Knights of Columbus for avowedly political purposes, the Catholic bishops of the United States are filled with an inexpressible horror that Gen. Nelson A. Miles should head a counter movement.

Quoting this comment from a non-Catholic, not to say anti-Catholic, paper, the *Catholic Citizen* proceeds to state the facts of the case in this fashion:

Now and then, Catholics and Catholic organizations may be careless about being misunderstood, with such consequences as disquieting Protestant neighbors who inherit a tendency

to suspect too easily the Catholic Church and its dignitaries. But, we think, the Knights of Columbus have been, as a rule, quite circumspect in such matters. It is an open secret that their constitution bars politics, and the order would severely discipline any of its officials found guilty of playing politics within the organization. Where Catholic equal rights are attacked or menaced, the Knights of Columbus would, doubtless, come openly into the discussion. That, of course, would be a matter of duty from the Catholic standpoint, and no fair-minded citizen could object.

It is proper to say that the Knights of Columbus was neither founded nor extended by the hierarchy. It is a lay fraternal organization, having an insurance feature, a religious feature, a social feature, and several other features; but no political feature.

Let us add—and the statement, we think, is not superfluous—that not only are the Knights of Columbus not a political body or party, but they are not even an exclusively Irish or Irish-American body, with nefarious designs on the language and nationality of their fellow-Catholics of other racial affiliations.

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"The most self-sacrificing example of the Christian spirit since Father Damien's time," is the *Catholic Register and Canadian Extension's* characterization of the late Dr. J. F. Rymer, a charity doctor for the Indians at Great Slave Lake and the North for the past five years, and the author of a most interesting and instructive series of articles about the Oblate Fathers and the Catholic Missions of the North. Dr. Rymer was an English convert, who, going to Canada, penetrated into the far Northland, where the missionary and the medicine man alone up to his time brought solace to afflicted humanity in the person of the simple Indian and humble half-breed. Without a cent of recompense, until some two years ago when the Government made to him a grant of \$500, more for drugs than services, he attended to the Redman in Mgr. Breynat's jurisdiction (Mackenzie-Athabasca), making his headquarters in a wretched hut at Fort Resolution.

"Dr. Rymer was ready day or night,"

says our Toronto contemporary, "to minister to the sick or afflicted. Not only this, but he brought down the blessings of Heaven to those afflicted with pain and death by pointing to the Saviour's sacrifice and its merits as applied to the souls of men. We have heard much of the Grenfell mission and its privations: nobody but God knows what the Rymer mission effected among the poorest and most abject of the earth. The Doctor had no steam launch to carry him, no troop of servants to attend, no trumpeting press,—indeed, none of the luxuries of civilization to offer when at the end of the long, lone trail he found the sick or dying Indian and opened his portable medicine chest to relieve his bodily ills, whilst those of the soul were attended to by the devoted Oblate Father. But the long trail has now faded from his view. Worn and weakened in the service of God, Dr. Rymer has rendered up his pure soul to Him that gave it." *R. I. P.*

Dealing with the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," the London *Catholic Times* declares that "Mr. Pierpont Morgan and the other millionaires who are co-operating with him, by employing money freely to create a great religious revival in the United States, are promoting a movement which is in its object highly praiseworthy. Their intentions are excellent; and, according to reports published by the daily papers, the work is meeting with a large amount of momentary success. The revival, we are told, is sweeping the country."

Our London contemporary is, nevertheless, doubtful as to whether the results will be lasting. Likeness of methods rather leads it to expect results similar to another "religion forward" movement on its own side of the Atlantic. "The enthusiasm called forth by the advertising and preaching," says the *Times*, "is somewhat like that witnessed on the occasion of the revival in Wales, of which Mr. Roberts was the chief figure. Many

a time since this revival came to an end have Protestant ministers stated orally and in the press that it has not been of permanent benefit to religion."

Under the caption, "A Catholic Oasis in the Coal Fields," a writer in *America* gives a very interesting account of a few hamlets in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. Collectively, they are called Heckscherville, after the original owner; but "Irishtown," it appears, would be the more accurately descriptive name. The people, some two thousand in all, "are exclusively Irish, and wish to be so known. Not a dozen of them have ever seen Ireland, most of them are of the third and many of the fourth generation, but it would be difficult to find a village in the old land more distinctively Hibernian in phrase, accent, and sentiment, and in devoted fidelity to the Catholic Faith." If any further proof of their Irishism be needed, take this reference to the practicality of their religion:

The children go to Holy Communion every Friday, and the women make visits to the Blessed Sacrament during the day, for the safety of fathers, sons, and brothers who are working in the mines. It is rather more than a coincidence that no serious accident has occurred since this practice was instituted.

Of this community, with even more certitude than of the multiple thousands who marched in the St. Patrick's Day parade in New York a few weeks ago, may it be said in the words of one of the parade's onlookers: "And not an anarchist among them."

* * *

Another community that might well be called Irishtown is Ironsport, Ohio. A recent census shows that its population is composed of 637 Irishmen, 11 Welshmen, and 52 Germans. There were only eleven men in the village who had "no church," and a Zanesville priest now claims he has succeeded in converting those eleven. The notable thing about Ironsport is its industrial and economic standing. The post-office was closed on

October 31, because the postmaster had not sold a single stamp in five weeks, nor had he received any incoming or outgoing mails. The inhabitants say that they have no friends to write to; and, anyway, are too busy for correspondence. There has not been an idle man in Ironsport since 1909. The mines are running full time, and every miner owns his own home. Some time ago the police department disbanded, the chief declaring that there had been no arrests made within six months, and that it was a waste of public money to keep salaried policemen. Needless to say, there are no Socialists in the community, and no groggery.

Writing in these columns two years ago, we remarked that the election of a Socialist as mayor of Milwaukee very probably meant, not that the voters of that city love Socialism more, but that they loved incompetent and corrupt civic politics less. Milwaukee tried an experiment—and the experiment has failed. Socialism has had two years of opportunity to justify itself in the domain of city government, and, in the expressive language of the street, it has not “made good.” As a result, it has been ousted from power, and a non-partisan mayor and council take up the task of repairing the evils of their Socialist predecessors. Says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*:

Socialism in Milwaukee did not win on its merits, but it lost place through its faults. Its two years of misrule has done a service, however, in demonstrating its weakness to all the world. Having cleaned house, Milwaukee once more takes its place in the ranks of well-ordered American municipalities. . . . Socialism, discredited in its supreme effort in America, recedes from its high tide.

One of the strongest and strangest pleas against divorce that we have ever heard of was made by a little child recently in a Chicago court, when the judge told her to indicate which of her parents she would prefer to have as guardian and live with

henceforth. After a pause that must have wrung the hearts of those present, the child faltered: “Mamma wants me, and I love mamma, and I want to be with her all the time. But I love papa, too. I—I—I—want them both. I can’t live without both of them. All the other little girls have papas and mamas, and I want mine, too.”

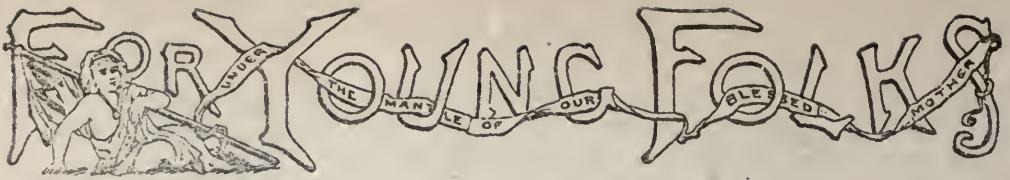
There was a meeting of Presbyterian leaders in New York city last week; and, after electing what is termed a “liberal and progressive” delegation to the General Assembly, they ‘unanimously and respectfully petitioned the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Department of the Interior to affirm and enforce Indian Commissioner Valentine’s order, No. 601, concerning the sectarian garb and insignia in Government Indian schools, and to do away with the use of the same.’

These Presbyterian persons hold yearly meetings, and their General Assembly, we believe, is an annual event; but we do not recall a protest ever made by them against the frequent practice of having the corner-stone of public buildings laid by Freemasons in toggerly attired. If our Presbyterian friends are now “liberal and progressive,” what must they have been formerly?

A pertinent characterization of the old-time Know-Nothing Party—and possibly a not *impertinent* description of the latest set of organized anti-Catholic persons calling themselves the “Guardians of Liberty”—is this of Governor Wise, of Virginia (1806-1876):

Men who were never known before on the face of God’s earth to show any interest in religion, to take any part with Christ or His Kingdom, but were the devil’s own, belonging to the devil’s church, are all of a sudden deeply interested for the Word of God and against the Pope! It would be well for them that they joined a church which does believe in the Father and in the Son and in the Holy Ghost.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



In the Springtime.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

THE singing birds have come!
And through the fields from light till dark
We hear the joyous meadow-lark
And wild canaries, black and yellow,—
Oh, isn't *that* a pretty fellow?

The singing birds have come!

The pretty flowers have come:
Hyacinths and narcissus bright,
And violets and snowdrops white,
And Stars of Bethlehem in the grass,—
Don't let us crush them as we pass.

The darling flowers have come!

The butterflies have come!
One sees them flitting everywhere,
From budding bough to flow'ret fair,—
Red, brown, white, purple, gold, and blue.
I think they're beautiful, don't you?

The butterflies have come!

The April showers have come!
An hour ago, with skies o'ercast,
The soft, light rain was falling fast;
But now the sun is smiling through
A rainbow arch of every hue.

The Spring, the Spring has come!

great monasteries arose, reared by pious persons who sought shelter and retirement within their hallowed precincts. High upon the dark cliffs of Whitby, Hilda, a lady of royal lineage, favored with great wealth, built two convents, over which she ruled with a firm yet gentle hand. Between these conventual retreats rolled the restless ocean, and over the wild billows sea-birds screamed and fierce storms raged. But within the stately buildings the quiet monotony of a monastic life went peacefully forward, and Charity walked hand in hand with Wisdom under the benign sway of the holy and learned Abbess.

On festal days St. Hilda would gather her followers together in the great hall, and discourse to them of God's love and the way to serve Him. "True life," she was fond of saying, "is the life within"; and princes and warriors of high degree would flock to Whitby to hear the old story of the Cross from those pure lips. Then, as was the strange fashion of the time, a harp would be handed around, and each one would, as best he could, sing in rugged words the stirring ballads of his beloved country.

One old man would sit apart, listening but silent. This was a cowherd, who had grown gray in the service of the holy abbess, patiently striving to do his humble duty, and leaving the rest to Heaven. One day the harp went round, and a visitor, perhaps half in jest, handed it to the gentle old man, who shrank back abashed; for he had never learned to wake its chords to music.

"I can not sing," he said, slipping away from the pleasant scene of innocent happiness, and returning to the stable where the mild-eyed cattle lodged. There he fell asleep, and in a dream a shining being came to him.

Cædmon the Singer.



OD often chooses His favored servants from among the most humble. Listen to the story of Cædmon, the first Anglo-Saxon poet. It is so sweet that if you have heard it before, you will be glad to hear it again.

In the seventh century of our Blessed Lord there were wild and troublous times in England. Heathenism was making a desperate fight for its life, and missionaries of the Cross were everywhere arraying themselves against it. In the North

"Sing," he said to the cowherd, as he placed a golden harp in his hands.

"But I can not sing."

"But you *can* sing to me."

"Of what shall I sing?"

"Sing," the mysterious visitant said, "of the beginning of created things."

And without further hesitation the old man sang.

Early next morning he remembered the vision, and went to find St. Hilda to let her know what had happened to him.

"I can sing now," he told her; and sing he did, in the strong language which, somewhat modified, belongs to-day to all English-speaking people. His simple verses ran, not of war nor shipwreck nor human love, but of God, and the world's creation as recorded in Holy Scripture,—in fact, "of the beginning of created things."

St. Hilda was amazed. She called a council of her most learned friends to judge of this strange event. Before this council the cowherd sang as he had sung to her alone. His hearers listened and exclaimed: "It is a miracle!" Then the singer, at the behest of the Abbess, became a monk—the Monk Cædmon.

He never lost the wonderful gift bestowed upon him in so extraordinary a manner; it was with him while he lived. From the lips of this aged herder of cattle flowed the first great English song; and so worthy was it of being honored and remembered that when, long years afterward, the poet Milton wished to write his "Paradise Lost," he could find no worthier model than the verse of Cædmon.

THE peacock is a common emblem of the Resurrection. This gorgeous bird denotes the beauty and glory of immortality, which Christ won for His followers by His passion and death on the Cross. The phoenix is taken as a type of Christ's immortality, because, according to tradition, it rose again from its own ashes. From the insect world we get the bee and the butterfly, both being symbols of endless life.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—THE UPWARD WAY.

For one moment Pat stood dumb, breathless, bewildered; then the whole situation burst upon her. She was "locked up," in shame and disgrace! All the hot blood of the Peytons now boiled with mad fury at the thought; she flew at the door like one of the wild creatures of her native heights; she shook and tore and banged; but snowy panel and glittering lock resisted all her efforts. A giggle without told her that Gladys was listening and mocking her. She sank back in the rose-cushioned chair, panting, gasping, the rushing blood pounding at her heart and head as if it would burst forth in a fierce, fiery flood.

Oh, it was a dreadful moment for the proud little lady of Pocomoke! Locked up,—she to whom the gentle hold of grandma's apron string had been the direst punishment of naughty babyhood; she who had been as free as her own mountain breeze, queen and lady of her own mountain home all her glad life! Locked up like a thief, like a slave—nay, never, even in the old days when the "quarters" had echoed with hundreds of happy voices, had there been a "lock-up" in kindly old Pocomoke. Locked up in punishment for—what? What had she said? What had she done? And then, as Cousin Marcia's bitter, stinging words recurred to her, the hot blood boiled again, and Pat's spirit rose from wild revolt to desperate deed. She would not stay under Cousin Marcia's roof another day, another hour: she would escape from this room, from this house, if she had to jump out of the window and break her neck.

Poor Pat was in a wild, wicked mood that made her Angel Guardian tremble; for it was one of those blind, mad moments when angels are not heard through the fierce tumult of earthly passion and pride

and pain. She rushed to the rose-curtained window and looked out. It opened on the back yard, that stretched bare and wide and silent in the wintry sunlight. Some ten feet below was the roof of the porch, over which grew a scraggly veil of ivy.

A defiant light leaped into Pat's stormy eyes. Cousin Marcia had not counted on her prisoner's past. What was a spring of ten feet to the free nursling of old Pocomoke? She had taken higher jumps on the ridge and rocks a hundred times. She would wait until the wintry sunset, that was already burning low in the west, darkened into friendly shadow, and then—then she would go. She would break away from this dreadful house, in which Cousin Marcia ruled. Ah, she would show her what it was to "lock up" a Peyton of Pocomoke!

Now that she saw her chance to break loose, Pat's wits began to work clearly; though she was still all a-tremble with the storm of passion that had shaken her young soul to its depths. She would go, *not* to kind Madame Lorraine or to Lois or to any of the friends of this new world; but back to her own dear home,—to Mam, to Scip, to Link, to Ginger,—to all that she loved and that loved her. She would not stay in this cold, frosty Northland another night.

Locked up! Ah, Cousin Marcia would find she could not tame a Peyton of Pocomoke! She had money: only a few nights ago Cousin Max had dropped a shining gold piece on her book as he left the Den, and told her to buy a pretty new frock for Gladys' party. She had that gold piece yet, and it would pay her way by the train to Trescott; and there would be Dick Watson, with his lumbering coach, and all the dear old friends she knew, to stand by her and take her home, home, home,—back again, over the wild, rough, rocky heights, where already there were sweet whispers of spring; where trees were budding and birds singing, and the grass in the sheltered hollows growing green; back again to the great, dim old

house rising tender and sheltering in the sunlit shadows; to the big shabby rooms, so unlike the frosty glare and glitter of this city house; to the blazing fire in the kitchen hearth; to Ginger's shrill-voiced welcome; to Mam's outstretched arms,—to all that was her own, her *very* own. Never, never would they get her away again,—never! She would die first, as grandpap did when he could fight no more; never would they get her here again to be *locked up*.

And, with the same wild, free leap in her blood that had made Bonnbelle burst Jack Frost's icy fetters and dash a foaming torrent down the mountain, Pat sprang to her pretty dressing-table, where she had put her money safely away in a locked drawer.

A letter lay in full view on the pink-trimmed pincushion,—a letter that had been left there by Elise, who distributed the midday mail, and that Pat, in the excitement of her return from school, had not noticed. With a glance at the familiar handwriting, she caught it up breathlessly. It was from Father John. Tearing it open with swift, trembling fingers, Pat read:

MY DEAR LITTLE GODDAUGHTER:—I do not know why I am writing to you so soon again; for I am hard at work just now, giving a mission, fighting sin and the devil in a busy, wicked town. But this morning, as I was saying Mass in the dim old cathedral, a little bird perched on the stone ledge of an open window (we have to open windows, the air is so heavy with sorrow and sin), and it twittered a low little song that reminded me of the first prayer I taught you to lisp, more than ten years ago. I had come to your father's deathbed, dear Pat, and my heart was aching for the little baby so sorely bereft. It was a very short prayer, for you were only two years old,—just "God bless little Pat and make her a good girl!" And so, as the bird twittered on the window this morning, I echoed that prayer for you with my heart

and lips; for, short as it is, it holds all I can ask for you:

"God bless little Pat and make her a good girl!"

For it isn't always an easy thing to be a good girl, as we know. It's an uphill business going to heaven, any how. None of us, old or young; can get there without a pretty tough climb, and many a slip and tumble by the way. It's like the pull up the North Ledge of old Pocomoke, through the wintry snow. But, then, there is always "Home" on top. So we'll stick to the old baby prayer, and put no grown-up frills on it,—just "God bless little Pat and make her a good girl!"—not "*proud good*," or "*afraid good*," or "*goodly-good*"; but the real good that God blesses and that keeps our souls white and pure in His all holy sight.

I had a few lines from your guardian last week. He tells me you seem very well and happy in your new home. I am so glad to hear of dear Madame Lorraine and her little convent apartment, and of the beautiful church where you go with her to Mass. Ah, the good angels are guarding you, as I see! Keep close under their wings, little Pat, and you will be safe from all harm.

God bless you again, my dear child!
And pray for

FATHER JOHN.

Father John!—oh, wise, wondrous wise, Father John! Every tender human word in the letter struck into stormy depths that no angel whisper just now could reach. The twittering bird, the baby prayer, the old home on the mountain top,—all the thunders of Sinai could not have stirred Pat as these gentle memories stirred her now. A good girl,—a *good* girl! Oh, if Father John could hear, could see her now! A *good* girl! She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, flushed, fire-eyed, with dishevelled hair, with bruised hand,—a very little fury of passion and pride and revolt. This was the *good* girl for whom Father John had prayed at Mass. For a moment Pat stood trem-

ulous at the thought; then the storm burst again. Oh, but Father John could not dream of anything like this! He would not believe that Cousin Marcia could be so dreadful; he would not have her, Patricia Peyton, bear such shameful, disgraceful treatment. To be insulted, abused! Cousin Marcia's half-comprehended words had begun to take meaning now: To be locked up, a Peyton of Pocomoke! If Father John could see his goddaughter locked up, what would he say? And again the answer seemed to come low and soothing, from the written page she held: "Keep close under the angel's wings, little Pat, and you will be safe from all harm."

Under the angels' wings,—the angels' wings! Pat drew a long, sobbing breath as she felt how she had burst from that blessed care. Ah, she had forgotten the watching angels; she had forgotten the heaven to which she must climb by rough and trying ways; she had forgotten all the holy teachings of the past to-day! She had been like one of the wild things of Big Black that claw and tear in their mad fury,—things that have no sense nor soul, but only follow their fierce instincts.

And only a year ago she had made her First Communion! Only a year ago she had knelt, blind with tears, by grandma's dying bed, and heard her last faint, whispered prayer that God and His Blessed Mother would guard her little girl, keep her sinless and lead her into holy ways. Ah, the angels were busy whispering now through the lull in the storm! With a hoarse sob, Pat threw herself, face down, on the rose-strewn carpet and burst into saving tears that swept the fever from heart and brain.

She must be good, as Father John and grandma had prayed. She must be good, in spite of Cousin Marcia and her dreadful ways; she must be good even— even if she were "locked up." And neither Father John nor grandma would call it good to jump out of the window in the darkness and run away. No: she must stay here, in her guardian's house,—stay and bear things

as best she could. When Cousin Max came home he would help her, stand up for her, she knew. Would Cousin Marcia keep her locked up until then? The hot blood of the Peytons began to boil again at the thought. But Pat clenched her little hands together and tried to keep her angry passions down; for the angels were whispering louder and clearer, and she was listening, with tender, trembling sorrow in her heart for the storm of rage and fury that had passed.

Never in all her life had she been so wild and wicked. But she would try to be good again; try to bear all things, even "locking up," as a penance for this dreadful, dreadful day. And again, at the thought of Cousin Marcia, the storm would rise; and again Pat would strive to breast it, until, weary with the stress and strain of the battle, the poor little soldier fell asleep on her rose-strewn carpet, to dream she was back in old Pocomoke, scrambling up the North Ledge in the darkness, and slipping and stumbling at every step. But far above her the lights of home were gleaming through the shadows; the big hearth fire was glowing; supper was waiting in the "lady corner"; Mam was watching from the kitchen door. Ah, the North Ledge was slippery and steep, but she would be home soon, — very soon! Already she could hear the tinkling laugh of Bonni-belle in the dusky distance, the sharp bark of Fritz as he caught her footfall on the rocks. "Come on, Ginger!" she seemed to call to the little maid struggling behind her. "Come on! We are almost home."

A sharp cry ringing through the darkness roused the little dreamer; she started to her feet in bewilderment. The stars were shining beyond the rose-curtained window: it was night. And through the sweet, broken dream flashed the hard, bitter memories of the day. She was far, far from that dear old home, which she might never see again; far from everyone that loved her. She was "locked up" in darkness and disgrace.

And as she stood there, trembling with waking passion at the thought, the cry rang out again through the silence. It was Cousin Marcia's voice; Cousin Marcia shrieking and scolding! Cousin Marcia, who had locked her up, was in some terrible grief or peril in her room below.

(To be continued.)

A Bird that Builds Fences.

The little brown wren of Central America is one of the most interesting birds one could meet anywhere. It builds a nest that should belong to a bird five or six times as large as it is; and, to prevent other birds from disturbing its home while it is away, it builds as a protection a fence of thorns leading to it.

In the first place, when Madam Wren looks for a home site she selects a tree where two branches lie parallel about two feet apart. Across these two branches she and her mate lay a little platform about five feet in length. Near the trunk of the tree is built a dome-shaped nest, about a foot in height. The sides of this nest are all interwoven with thorns. Next a covered passageway is built from the nest to the end of the platform, in as crooked a manner as possible. Thorns stick out in all directions just as in the nest itself; and every few inches on the inside of the tunnel little fences of thorns are placed in such a way that any creature not familiar with the passageway will get badly pricked. Finally, across the outer end of the tunnel is a movable gateway of thorns.

You must agree that the little brown wren of Central America is one of the most interesting birds in the world. It is a pity that it has to go to so much trouble to protect itself against mischievous neighbors. But birds, like human beings, are not always what they should be, and often fight and steal and even kill. Of all birds the dove is the gentlest and most peace-loving.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The World Peace Foundation, of Boston, publishes in pamphlet form "The King's Easter," a reprint, from *Harper's Magazine*, of Harriet Prescott Spofford's stirring plea for peace, "Her Eyes are Doves."

—"Maxims and Counsels of St. Teresa," and "Some Maxims of Fr. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.," are the titles of two excellent booklets, of 32 pages each, published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—"The Catholic Faith" (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers) is a translation in positive form (instead of the question and answer style of the original) of the larger Roman Catechism,—a work sufficiently commended by the Holy Father, who calls it "a clear exposition of the rudiments of the Holy Faith, and of those divine truths which should guide and shape the life of every Christian."

—Among recent brochures published by M. Pierre Téqui, Paris, we note: "L'Éducation Chrétienne," conferences by Abbé H. le Camus; "L'Éducation Eucharistique," by J. C. Broussole; "La Contemplation," principles of mystical theology, by the Eudist, Father Lamballe; "J'ai Perdu la Foi," a reply to modern incredulity, by the Rev. Ramon Ruiz Amado, S. J.; and "Y A-T-Il un Dieu?" by Henri Hugon. The last two works, in particular, will commend themselves to discriminating readers as of genuine apologetic value.

—As a variant of the "hundred best books" lists, the *Common Cause* mentions the following ten as the best books on Socialism: "Socialism," by Cathrine—Gettleman; "The Superstition called Socialism," by G. W. de Tunzelman; "Socialism and Christianity," by Stang; "Private Ownership," by Kelleher; "A Critical Analysis of Socialism," by Skelton; "Fundamental Fallacies of Socialism," by Preuss; "Socialism, the Nation of Fatherless Children," by Goldstein and Avery; "The Morality of Socialism," by Ming; "The Religion of Socialism," by Ming; and "Questions of Socialists and their Answers," by Kress.

—The Rev. Joseph F. McGlinchy, D. D., was eminently well advised when he undertook the translation, from the Italian of the Rev. Paolo Manna, M. Ap., of "The Workers are Few," a series of reflections upon vocation to the Foreign Missions. (Boston Society for Propagation of the Faith.) The twenty chapters which make up the book's eleven-score pages are all readable, convincing, and persuasive as well; and

they should be fruitful not only in securing additional laborers for the vineyard of the Lord, but in rectifying the viewpoint from which the farther portions of that vineyard are too often regarded even by good Catholics. The preface modestly refers to "the inexperience of a beginner," but the translation needs no apology.

—In the preface to his translation of Père Nepveu's "Meditations for Every Day in the Month," Francis A. Ryan remarks that there are innumerable books of meditation published, and of these a certain number seem to grow with age, and ripen only in the autumn of their existence. He includes Father Nepveu's "Réflexions Chrésiennes" in this class. All the various methods of mental prayer may be resolved into the Ignatian and the Sulpician. The present work is after the latter method. The meditations, brief and tersely worded, are on such subjects as the Dignity of the Christian, the Pardon of Injuries, Frequent Communion, Self-Knowledge, and other equally important subjects. There is an appendix containing litanies, devotions for Mass, prayers for Confession and Communion. Each meditation concludes with a motto from some saint, which may be recalled with profit during the day. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—In his brief but sympathetic preface to the Abbé Klein's "America of To-Morrow" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), Professor Henderson, of the University of Chicago, says: "In outer form, this prophecy of To-Morrow appears to be a jest, a merry notebook of a holiday recreation; in essence it is an affectionate revelation of a man's soul who believes in liberty and the triumph of truth; it is an interpretation of momentous events which are too near us to be seen in a true perspective." We have found the foregoing characterization somewhat misleading as to both form and essence. The fact of the matter is that the amiable French littérateur has given us a most charming narrative of a visit paid to this country in 1907; that his friendliness to America and his admiration of most of her institutions are as marked as in his former work, "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," and that his "impressions," though better worth while than those of the average European traveller who is ready after a few weeks spent in the New World to solve all our problems and indicate our destiny, they still remain simply impressions, inevitably colored by the chance phenomena of the moment. "America of To-

Morrow" is a very readable book, nevertheless; and we can cordially recommend it to the author's many admirers.

—We have pleasure in quoting the following notice, by the American *Ecclesiastical Review*, of two recent Catholic publications which should be known to the reverend clergy and the educated laity,—the notice is so refreshingly unperfunctory:

An erroneous system of theory or practice is best refuted by trying to discover the measure of truth it possesses, and making that the point of departure to lead the adherent from its excesses or defects to the system that is most perfect. A good illustration of this method is given by Monsignor Benson in his "Non-Catholic Denominations," in which, as has been previously shown in this REVIEW, he analyzes the elements of truths held by the various religious bodies, in order to indicate the bridge over which they may be led to pass to Catholicism. A similar illustration, though on a smaller scale, is presented in a neat little pamphlet entitled "Christian Science and Catholic Teaching," by the Rev. James Goggin, of St. Edmund's College, England. The author clearly and succinctly draws out the elements of truth contained in Christian Science; also, no less clearly, its exaggerations, and the consequent dangerous errors to which those exaggerations lead. And, lastly, he shows how the Church possesses whatever of truth, without the errors of exaggeration, that is contained in the system in question. The critique is temperate and respectful. Fun is not poked at the Eddyites. As a consequence, the priest need not hesitate to put the pamphlet in the hands of an intelligent person who may have unhappily been lured aside, or is tempted that way, by the new doctrines.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Meditations for Every Day in the Month."
Père Nepveu, S. J. 75 cts.
- "The Workers are Few." Rev. Paolo Manna,
M. Ap. \$1, net.
- "America of To-Morrow." Abbé Klein. \$1.75,
net.
- "The Catholic Faith." 50 cts.
- "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock,
O. S. B. 65 cts.
- "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-
Worn Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.
- "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown."
André Prévot, D. D. 85 cts., net.

- "The Little Apostle on Crucifixes." H. E.
Delamare. 45 cts.
- "Lincoln's Selections." Andrew S. Draper,
L. L. D. 35 cts.
- "Annus Liturgicus." Michaele Gatterer, S. J. \$1.
- "Back to the World" (Champol's "Les Reve-
nantes"). L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.
- "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking
Countries." Vol. II. Rev. Thomas Slater,
S. J. \$1.75.
- "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the
Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
- "The Elements of Social Science." Dr. Lorenzo
Dardano. \$1.50.
- "Fair Noreen." Rosa Mulholland (Lady
Gilbert). \$1.50.
- "Easy Catechetics for the First School Year."
Rev. A. Urban. 60 cts.
- "The Magic of the Sea; or, Commodore John
Barry in the Making." Captain James
Connolly. \$1.50.
- "The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith
of Christ from the Written Word." Bishop
Hay. New Edition. \$1.75.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William H. Palmer, of the diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. P. J. Clyne, diocese of Sacramento; Rev. Boniface Depmann and Rev. Louis Stanton, O. F. M.; Rev. Antony Boven, S. J.; and Rev. Peter Kemper, O. M. Cap.

Mother Eutropia, of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth; Sister Teresa, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Borgia, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Gabriel and Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Edward White, Mrs. M. Bernadina, Mrs. Mary Carroll, Mr. Frederick Fischer, Mr. Patrick Brazzell, Mr. John Coleman, Mr. Henry O'Sullivan, Mrs. Susan Eckstein, Mrs. L. M. Duggan, Mr. Antonio Lopez, Mr. James Doyle, Mrs. Samuel Hutchins, Mr. Patrick Rielly, Mrs. Fredericka Bauman, Mrs. Agnes R. McKernan, Mr. John Cary, Miss Anna D. Stillé, Mrs. Eliza Dowling, Mr. Alexander Biggio, Mrs. Margaret Kelly, Mr. Henry Boschert, Mrs. Maria Riordan, Miss Frances Benedict, Mr. William Cain, Miss Annie McBride, Mr. John Russell, Mrs. Michael Woods, Mr. Theodore Steiger, Mr. F. L. Wesemann, Mrs. Bridget Stanton, Mrs. Hanora Langan, Mr. Charles Petri, Miss Eliza Hayes, and Mr. Louis Jakle.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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

Our Lady of Good Counsel.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

DOWNCAST, sweet Lady, is thy face,
 Thine eyes look sadly down.
 Dost thou, sweet Mother, haply, trace
 The sharp and thorny crown
 On brow and head, that gently press
 Thy cheek with loving, soft caress?
 Dost thou, sad Mother, haply, see
 The nails so rudely thrust
 Through baby-hands that cling to thee
 With loving, childlike trust,
 That fain would ward from thee all harm,
 Soothing thy grief with heav'nly balm?
 Hast thou, already, glorious part
 In that great wound so wide,
 That pierced at once thy mother-heart,
 And His most sacred side?
 The cross, so bitter, haply, thou
 Dost see all darkly looming now!
 No heart may know thy pain and bliss—
 The gentle wounding of His kiss!

Thoughts for the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

BY M. NESBITT.

ON the third Sunday after Easter our thoughts naturally turn to him who was elected by Almighty God to be the reputed father of Jesus, the most pure spouse of Mary ever a virgin, and head of the Holy Family upon earth—St. Joseph, the "heavenly patron and protector" of the Church founded by our Divine Redeemer, has certainly very

special claims upon our devotion; nor can we, if we reverently study his life, fail to see what a singularly fitting model it constitutes for us all. It matters not whether we be battling with the world and with its many difficulties, disappointments, and temptations, or whether the peaceful seclusion of the cloister enfolds us, St. Joseph is equally suited to be our guide. The great band of religious see in him that angelic purity, humble obedience, and prompt submission to the divine will, which they have "left all things" in order to attain; while to all who labor, either mentally or physically, he is a bright example of what a well-known writer has called "the perennial nobleness and even sacredness" to be found in work.

"God has ordained," wrote Cardinal Vaughan, "that Joseph should be the special advocate of every class of persons, and the universal intercessor, so that all classes and persons may feel themselves beholden to him for something." "Go to Joseph!" says St. Bernardine of Siena, who, both by word and writing, propagated devotion to this great saint in every part of Italy. "Go to Joseph! He is the good and faithful servant whom God has placed over His house; he can bestow all graces upon us." It may be interesting to note that a sermon of St. Bernardine, on St. Joseph, is used in the Roman Breviary for the lessons of the second nocturn on the Feast of the Patronage with which we are at present concerned.

If we turn to Holy Scripture, we shall find that St. Joseph is described as "a

just man"; and surely the whole beauty and dignity of his character is summed up in this short sentence; for no amount of detail, no studied phrases, could better describe not only the human but also the divine standard of manhood. Again, a few verses farther on, we are told that "Joseph did as the angel of the Lord commanded him." Here is struck what would certainly appear to be the dominant note in the life-harmony of this beautiful saint—namely, his strenuous, unswerving response to the call of duty. Though singled out by God to be the faithful guardian of Mary Immaculate and the tender protector of her Child, we find him toiling on patiently day by day in a village workshop. The "Keeper of his Lord" earns his bread by the labor of his hands, and leads an apparently commonplace existence, like any ordinary artisan. "*Laborare est orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other," says Carlyle, "true work *is* worship"; and worship of the most exalted kind it undoubtedly was in St. Joseph's case. Innocent and pure, gentle and calm, prudent and a lover of silence, as became the master of the Holy House, he dwelt for years in the peace of Nazareth, uniting with his domestic cares the continuous contemplation of heavenly things.

We may not know, we can not tell, all the high and earnest thoughts that filled his mind, all the peace "surpassing understanding" that flooded his soul, all the marvellous light that illumined his intellect, as he watched Jesus, his Redeemer and his God, or listened to the words of Him, "in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." But we may reverently imagine the spiritual joy that thrilled his heart when he paused amidst his labor to take the Divine Child into his arms. What sentiments of wondering awe, what raptures of adoring love, must have mingled with his happiness when he clasped and held the Creator of the world! Nevertheless, life in that holy home was no uninter-

rupted dream of celestial delight, no perpetual ecstasy of sublime contemplation. It was essentially a life of hard, and, for the most part, uninteresting work; and we can well believe that, in the eyes of these amongst whom St. Joseph's lot was cast, there seemed nothing specially remarkable about a man who simply "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

When considering the life of him who has been called "the shadow of the Eternal Father," we naturally desire to know who first spread devotion to him in the Western Church. Turning the pages of ecclesiastical history on this subject, we find that the Friars of the Seraphic Order were the first to popularize this devotion; indeed, the first Life of the glorious Patriarch was written by a son of St. Francis, and the first feast in his honor was established by a general chapter of the Franciscan Order at Assisi, in the year A. D. 1399. The first confraternity, too, under the patronage of St. Joseph was founded (A. D. 1487) by a Franciscan missionary, Blessed Bernardine of Feltria, whose extraordinary sanctity, combined with singular gifts of oratory, and that compelling force which personal influence and charm alone can give, rendered his preaching famous throughout Italy. It was in these sermons that such frequent mention was made of the prerogatives and power of the glorious Patriarch.

Again, under the date 1537, we read that "the Feast of the Espousals of St. Joseph was approved for the Franciscan Order by Pope Paul III., at the instance of Father John of Calves, General of the same Order; whilst that very beautiful devotion, known as the Seven Joys and Sorrows of St. Joseph was begun by two Flemish Franciscans, who attributed to his intercession their escape from shipwreck." Another eminent Franciscan, St. Peter of Alcantara, was so ardently devoted to St. Joseph that he placed his reform under his special protection.

The name of St. Peter of Alcantara natu-

rally suggests that of his spiritual daughter, St. Teresa, also a zealous promoter of strict observance in her own Order. She says: "I know by experience that St. Joseph helps us in all our needs. I do not remember to have hitherto asked anything of him that I have not obtained. I can not reflect without wonder upon the graces God has bestowed on me through his intercession, nor recount the many perils both of soul and body from which his prayers have preserved me; whilst those whom I have advised to have recourse to him have proved, from the favors they received, the truth of what I say. Indeed, the many benefits God grants through the intercession of this great saint urge me to persuade all the world, were it in my power, to have a strong devotion to him."

The great St. Bernard remarks that "St. Joseph, by the purity of his life, co-operated in the fulfilling of the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation more than all the ancient patriarchs by their prayers, sighs, and tears." And he adds: "Joseph's humility raised him to the position of spouse of Mary and protector of the Infant Jesus. For it was right and just to unite the most humble man to the most humble woman." "Joseph, united as he is to Jesus and Mary, is like a bright shining star!" cries St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi. "He protects in a special manner those souls who fight the battle of life under Mary's standard."

To return, however, to St. Joseph as our model. Human nature is practically the same now as it was two thousand years ago; and a life of simple devotion to duty appeals as little to us, latter-day Christians, as it did in all probability to the Jews of old. Duty is too often considered a synonymous term for disagreeableness. In fact, as George Eliot has wisely said, "many people take the sacred word 'duty' as a name for what they want some one else to do."

Again, it is our natural instinct to make happiness the sole end and aim of our

existence, forgetting that to-day becomes yesterday so fast! Forgetting also that "for the son of man there is no noble crown, well-worn or even ill-worn, but is a crown of thorns."

Many persons seek knowledge; and ever, amidst the strain and stress of intellectual endeavor, the eternal "why," ringing in their ears, urges them onward in their ceaseless quest. It is good, this keen desire for fuller, more perfect light:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Nevertheless, how few of us sufficiently strive to realize the fact that, "for us men," as a great modern philosopher has judiciously said, "the one supreme end is the fulfilment of duty," and that the most important thing for all of us is not "knowledge" but "conduct"! We are too apt to regard duty as an unworthy aim. We talk and think about high ideals, and pass blindly by "the noblest purpose of our lives, because it comes in humble guise"; yet the path which looks so commonplace is the very one our Divine Lord Himself deigned to tread, and that upon which His Blessed Mother and the greatest of His saints have followed Him.

There is a story told of one who, in spite of many gifts of mind and heart, never succeeded in making a name for himself. He was not a great preacher, a fine writer, or a good talker. He only fulfilled each obligation of his state of life simply, calmly, humbly; and when he died they wrote these words upon his gravestone: "He failed in everything *except his duty*." What more touching record of a noble life could well be found? What grander epitaph could any heart desire? For to do one's duty always is no insignificant life work.

Let us, then, take St. Joseph as our model,—St. Joseph, who is pre-eminently the patron of duty and of toil well performed,—St. Joseph, that wonderful example of humility, of whose lot it has been

beautifully written, "To be forgotten by the world and to forget self." Is not his whole life summed up in these words, "Efface self in living for God"? And if, like him, we are called upon to exert our influence and mould our characters in spheres remote from earthly honor and praise and fame, let us recollect that "in all true work, were it but mere hand labor, there is something of divineness"; and that it matters not what we appear in the eyes of men, if in the sight of Heaven we are just and humble and pure.

Flower of the Almond.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

A GLORIOUS pomp of sunset was marshalling in the sky, behind that dome which rises above the tomb of the Apostle, when the carriage of the Contessa passed again under the Arch of Drusus, and entered the deep-colored streets of the city. But here an intense reluctance to return to the palace she called home seized Iris; and, acting on the first idea which occurred to her, she said to the footman, who looked around for orders: "To St. John Lateran"; for she suddenly remembered to have been told that in the Lateran Basilica the singing of *Tenebræ* in Holy Week is particularly fine. Just now she cared nothing about the music; and to the significance of the service with the poetical name she did not give a thought. But she knew the great Lateran church, the spell of its solemn, majestic grandeur; and she felt that to creep into the twilight shadow of its massive pillars, and rest there for a time unobserved, was what her soul craved above all things.

When she entered the Basilica, she found that the singing of *Tenebræ* was going on; although, in the vast space of nave and aisles and soaring roof, the voices of the cantors sounded remote. Remote,

too, as seen across a wide sea of marble pavement, appeared the crowd of people, gathered about the choir, in that stately apse where a grand mosaic head of Our Lord, attributed to the time of Constantine, looks down, surrounded by the six-winged seraphim. As she crossed the intervening space and drew near to the outskirts of the crowd, she saw that an imposing train of ecclesiastics occupied the choir-stalls, and that before the altar there stood only the lecturns and a triangular candelabrum bearing the thirteen candles of mystic symbolism. The entire scene, with the cadenced rise and fall of noble harmony, breathed the almost austere dignity which characterizes all religious functions in the great Roman churches; while the majestic proportions of the basilica, spreading in solemn vastness on every side, lent an appropriate setting to the lofty simplicity of the touching service.

Of the nature and meaning of this service Iris had but a vague idea — the Divine Office of the Church, that uninterrupted incense of prayer and praise which is ascending unceasingly to God, being altogether unknown to her, — but she understood that in some manner it foreshadowed the great tragedy which would be commemorated to-morrow, and for the rest the music told its own story. Impossible to doubt what that story was, as the melodious voices rose and fell in the rich and expressive modulations of that Plain Chant which; except in the Papal chapel, can be heard nowhere else in the world so perfectly and so effectively as in the great Lateran Basilica, the mother church of Christendom. How it swelled in lamentation or sank in reproach, in the inspired strophes of the psalms wherein David foretold in prophetic vision the sorrowful passion of the Son of God! How it rent at the heart of the listeners with its immitigable pathos in the lamentations of Jeremias, rising into heartrending appeal in the repeated burden, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, be converted to the Lord, thy God!"

Of this marvellous music it has been well said that it is "as if the very spirit of sorrow invented a voice of its own"; so it was not surprising that it should have seemed to Iris the very voice of her own sorrow, crying in her ears with a more perfect expression than she could have conceived. As the mournful cadences swayed back and forth, as candle after candle was extinguished on the triangular candelabrum, and tenebrous shadows deepened among the vaults and arches of the immense church, she felt as if the heart within her breast were literally breaking. And when there rose at last the exquisite and most moving strain of the *Christus factus est* ("Christ was made obedient for us unto death"), stirred to the very depths of her soul, she stole behind one of the great pillars, and, falling on her knees, endeavored to stifle the sobs that shook her from head to foot, as the ineffably sad strains of the *Miserere* wailed through the gathering gloom.

But although she might stifle, she was unable to repress these sobs altogether; and as she knelt, with her head against the cold stone of the pillar, fighting hard for self-control, a hand fell on her shoulder, and a voice which she knew spoke in her ear:

"Come away!" it said in low, authoritative tones. "I will take you out."

She shrank back with an involuntary shudder; for it was the hand of her husband which touched her, his voice that spoke, his face that she knew she would see if she glanced up. It not only startled but surprised her that he should be there; for she did not know that the men of Catholic countries, however indifferent they may be toward religion at other times, will (provided they have any faith left at all) show a strange, though generally evanescent, devotion during Holy Week. There were other young Roman nobles, beside the Conte della Rovere, standing in the twilight shadows, listening to the moving strains of *Tenebræ*, whom the world would again claim and absorb

when Holy Week was over, but who for this brief time listened to the voice of their great mother bidding them remember all that had been done and suffered for them. Not knowing this, it seemed to Iris a strange chance indeed which had brought about the meeting with her husband. But it was easier to go with him than to refuse to do so; and therefore, rising to her feet, she allowed him to lead her from the church.

But when he had assisted her into the waiting carriage, followed and given the order for home, she drew away from the arm he attempted to put around her.

"I am quite well and able to sit alone," she said coldly. "It was only the music, with its unearthly beauty and sadness, that had such an effect upon me."

"And caused you to weep as if your heart were breaking?" he asked. "I don't think the music could have been accountable for all your emotion—any more than for your coldness now. Have I made you so miserable, then, Iris *mia*?"

His voice dropped over the last question to the caressing softness she knew so well; for he did not in the least believe that he had really made her miserable: he put her weeping and even her coldness down to sheer emotionalism; and he was, therefore, entirely unprepared for her reply.

"Yes," she answered, "you have made me so miserable that I do not know what to do with my life. But I can not speak of this here and now. We will talk when we reach—the palace."

She hesitated for an instant over the last words, but she could not bring herself to apply the term "home" to the place which she felt could never again be home to her. And it is possible that Della Rovere understood her hesitation. He drew back, as if deeply hurt and offended.

"As you please," he said; and, folding his arms over his breast, preserved an unbroken silence until the carriage rolled under the great archway of the palace, and stood still. Then, assisting her to

alight, he followed her, still silently, up the grand staircase, and into the boudoir where they had parted a few hours earlier, and where the air seemed to Iris' fancy still echoing with the voice of the woman who had shattered by one word all the edifice of her happiness and peace.

It was Della Rovere who spoke first. Pausing beside the table where the almond blooms had lain, he threw his gloves down upon it, as he said:

"Perhaps you will now explain the words with which you answered me a few minutes ago. You say that I have made you so miserable that you do not know what to do with your life. What is the meaning of this monstrous accusation?"

"The meaning is easily told," she replied, turning toward him, her face like chiselled marble in its paleness, and her blue eyes shining with a light brilliant and cold as ice. "I have learned that when you married me you were not free to contract a valid marriage; therefore, I am not your wife."

He started, and the blood rushed in a tide to his face; but his eyes did not fall before hers: on the contrary, he met her gaze steadily and boldly.

"You *are* my wife!" he declared. "There is not a lawyer in Rome who would not tell you so."

"Not a lawyer, perhaps," she answered; "but is there a priest who would tell me so?"

The flush deepened under his olive skin, and involuntarily his hand went to his throat; and she saw that he swallowed, as if he found utterance difficult. Then:

"Even if that were so," he replied, "I do not see what you have to do with the opinion of priests."

"You have taken care that, as far as possible, I shall have nothing to do with it," she told him with biting significance. "I understand now why you were so ready to accede to my mother's wish for a Protestant wedding ceremony, and why you have discouraged me from turning toward the Catholic Church. You knew

that in the eyes of the Church you were already a married man when you went through the form of marriage with me."

"I suppose," he said after an instant, "that the meaning of all this is that you have seen or heard from Elena Almirante."

Iris put out her hand and grasped the back of a chair by which she stood. Up to that moment she had not thought that any fragment of hope remained that he might deny or disprove the story which had been brought by the woman whose name he uttered; but now she knew that such a faint hope had existed, for his words killed it utterly. Nevertheless, she answered quietly:

"Yes, Elena Almirante has been here. I have seen her, and I have heard her story. She told me that you married her before the altar, according to the rites of the Church, and that you abandoned her on the pretext that such a marriage was not legal. Then you dared—oh, *dared* to go through an outraging farce of marriage with me!"

"You shall not speak in such a manner of yourself!" he cried; and, making a step forward, he caught her wrist almost violently. "It is true that when I was younger and much more foolish than I am now, I fell in love with this woman; and, since it was impossible that I could marry her openly—for my father would never have forgiven such a *mésalliance*,—I contracted a secret religious marriage with her. Afterward, when I felt the folly of the step, and realized that she was not a woman whom I could ever introduce to the world as my wife, it was a relief to know that the law did not recognize such a marriage, and that legally I was a free man. I knew, of course, that no Catholic woman would ever marry me, since the Church would not acknowledge that I was free to contract marriage; but I told myself that this was superstition on one side and tyranny on the other; and when I met you and learned to love you so desperately, I was glad to believe that

my position, would make no difference to you—”

“Ah!” With a sharp cry, she snatched her hand away from him. “You acknowledge that you held me as low as that! You thought that it would make no difference to me that you were married to another woman!”

“But how could I have thought otherwise?” he asked, in evidently sincere astonishment. “I was not *legally* married, and isn’t the legal tie all that Protestants consider? They don’t regard marriage as a sacrament: they hold it to be only a civil contract. How else could divorce be a recognized institution among them? This being so, it never occurred to me that you would question my right to marry you, even if you had known of Elena and the religious ceremony.”

“Would it not at least have been honorable to tell me of it,—to give me a right of choice in a matter which so vitally concerned my honor and self-respect?”

“Perhaps so,” he admitted. “Once I came near telling you. It was when you said that you were quite willing to be married by a priest. But I did not know how you might regard the matter, and I was too much afraid of losing you to take any risk. Then I knew that your position would be absolutely safe.”

“In other words, the law recognizes me as the Contessa della Rovere, while the other woman is only Elena Almirante,” she said bitterly. “But if we asked the Church, we should have a different answer.”

“I have no intention of asking the Church anything about it,” he said haughtily.

“But you must ask the Church one day—when you come to die, you know,” she said. “Now you can get along without her; you can live gaily, and amuse yourself, and put all thought of the sacraments away; but you can not die without them. Oh, I know you Catholics, and how it is with you when death is at hand! You will cry out for a priest then; and the

first thing he will tell you is that you must acknowledge your true wife, and put away the woman who is your wife only according to human law, not according to God’s law.”

“Iris!” He looked at her in an amazement which amounted to consternation, as if his own stifled conscience had suddenly found a voice. “I—I do not know where you have learned such things.”

“At least you may be sure that I have not learned them from you,” she told him. “As far as you could, you have kept all sources of Catholic knowledge from me; and you have been willing—nay, anxious that I should remain what you found me—a nominal Protestant, with merely such ideas of religion as God implants in every human heart. But among these ideas there has always been one: that marriage is sacred; and therefore I will not live with a man who, believing the same thing, knows in his heart that he is not truly married to me.”

“I know nothing of the kind!” he cried passionately. “And you can not believe that there was ever in my mind a thought of wronging you. I knew that there was a penalty to be paid, but I said to myself that it would be only for me. The civil contract, the legal marriage, is all that a Protestant requires. The law and the world would recognize you as my wife, and it was for me alone to pay the cost of cutting myself off from the Church.”

“No one can pay alone,” she reminded him. “Always there are others to suffer for every act of wrongdoing. Is it possible that you have not thought of what the woman has suffered whom you married before the altar of God, and left to bear the burden of desertion alone?”

As he stared at her silently for a moment she saw that truly he had not thought of this woman, except in so far as she had affected his life and comfort. His own point of view, his own impatience and revolt against the mistake he had made, the burden he had laid upon him-

self, had absorbed him with more than ordinary masculine selfishness; and he had never considered the point of view, or suffering of her whose memory had become to him merely a source of irritation, to be avoided as far as possible.

"If I have not thought of that woman as much as I should," he finally replied, "it was because after my passion had burned out, I had a deep sense of injury against her. She was older than I, and she took advantage of the folly of a boy. The religious marriage was her proposal, and all its details were arranged by her (did she tell you that she was a widow?); so that I felt as if little responsibility for it rested upon me, and I was quite determined that I would never give the marriage the legality which was lacking to it. I had not, however, any thought of ever making any other marriage—until I met you. Then temptation overpowered me, and the more because I honestly believed that the kind of marriage I was able to offer you was the only kind you would recognize or care for."

"In thinking so, you rated me lower than I deserved to be rated," she said. "I acknowledge that many Protestants would be satisfied with a purely legal tie, but you have never really known me if you think that I would be—that I would ever have been. I do not feel that I am really married to you at all; and I am resolved to take immediate steps to break a tie which, the law having made, the law can dissolve."

"Iris!" he gasped. "You can not mean that you will be guilty of the cruelty of divorcing me?"

"If we speak of cruelty," she began—and then paused. "But we need not speak of it," she went on quietly after an instant. "It is too late for reproaches, and I can only say again that you have never known me if you think it possible for me to live with you longer. I am going away at once—"

"No, no!" he cried, and suddenly he sank on his knees before her; for some-

thing in her aspect forbade him to follow his first impulse, and attempt to take her into his arms. "I will never let you leave me,—never!"

"You have no power to prevent it," she answered. "There is no binding force in a civil contract such as united us. It is not even as if I had entered into it knowing what I was doing; for then some obligation of worldly honor would have existed. But no opportunity of choice was given me; and now, that I have learned the truth, I utterly repudiate the dishonoring position in which I am placed, and the dishonoring tie which binds me. This is my final word."

"And have you, then, altogether ceased to love me?" he cried, holding fast to her dress as she was about to turn away, and making the last and strongest appeal which can be made to a woman.

She looked down at him for an instant without answering,—at the close-curling dark hair, the face uplifted in a passion of entreaty, the slender, muscular hands, that had all been so dear to her, and her heart seemed to contract in the sharp agony of its pain. But when she spoke her voice was controlled and calm.

"That is beside the point," she said. "However much I loved you, I should have no alternative but to leave you, now that I know the truth."

Then, drawing her dress from his hands, she went away, and left him kneeling, his arms thrown out on the table, where the almond blooms had lain, and his head buried upon them.

(To be continued.)

PERHAPS few fail to know in their secret souls that most of their personal unhappiness has been caused by endeavors—their own or other people's—to push them in directions from which nature bars them. What family tragedies have we not all beheld, of which the root was the desire of a parent to mould a child, or of a husband or wife to mould a partner!

—Anon.

Fraternity.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

§IFE hears the voices of humanity
 Rise like a faint sweet song from o'er the world,
 As pilgrims voyaging far out at sea
 Might hear the song of birds and brooks that
 purred.

Ofttimes the harsher strains of hate break through
 The sweeter strains that sing of love and peace
 Like fitful cries, far blown, that winds subdue
 With tree-harp's minstrel songs until they cease
 But with the years the music clearer grows
 As if the singing hosts were drawing near;
 Harmonious song the future glory shows
 Of that fair time when bending skies shall hear
 The voices o'er the morning's dawning dim
 Rise grandly in one vast fraternal hymn!

More Stories by Father Lacombe.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

III.

AN old Forty-niner and Saskatchewan miner once told me that Father Lacombe feared nothing alive. Like many another old-timer who had travelled with the Blackrobe, he had facts for his assertion. The Indians, fascinated by the missionary's daring, held that he was a powerful spirit rather than a human being. They, too, felt that he feared no man, red nor white, and had no dread of death. Yet there *was* something the Father feared; he told me of it once. Let me repeat the story in his own words, as best I can:

"Hah! It was in that time when I move out from Fort Edmonton to Lac Ste. Anne that I made the coward. That was my firs' winter at the lake, where we have a settlement so good of our Metis and old servants of the Company. Then I was more than twenty-five year of age. I should be a man and *sage*. But we are not always what we should. *Oui, oui; c'est vrai*.

"Now you mus' know when I was a boy at St. Sulpice in Quebec I was ver' afraid from ghosts, —so afraid as to make me sick sometime. And in those day I hear such terrible stories from my old grandmothers. Well, that firs' winter I was at the lake I was still ver' fearful from ghosts and darkness. Although I was priest, and knew better than to believe in ghosts, I was ver' afraid. It was some kind of sickness of the nerves, I s'pose. But I mus' not escuse meself.

"One afternoon late an Indian arrive at my little house there. He was riding pony. I knew him, and ask at once: 'What news?' — 'My sister is dying.' — 'I will go,' I say. 'Warm yourself while I prepare thing.'

"Now, I have four fine dogs and a little toboggan sleigh, and I intend to go wiz him. Then when everything is all right: '*Bien, je dis. Hoorah!* Go ahead, I follow.'

"My dogs were like fire — *ardents*. They fly over the snow. We cross a lake in the darkness, I remember, and went up a hill through a big bush; and after long distance on the trail, when it was now ver' dark, the Indian ahead on his little pony stop quick. I say to him: 'What is it?' — 'Something ahead on the trail; I can not tell what thing it is.'

"So he hold back till I come up, too. Then slowly it came near us, and bime-by we see it is two men on the trail wiz a sleigh and a big bundle on it. 'Who are you?' I ask them. — 'Ha, my Father, have pity for us! My daughter is dead, and I bring her to you.' So! No use for me to go more further. Here was the girl — dead. And they were in hurry to bring her, you see. That was always the way. The pagan Indian were afraid of dead, and our Christians were sometime not so much better in this way.

"'Will you let us put her on your sleigh?' they ask to me. 'Your dogs will take her to the church.' I was so much suprised and so much sorry for them that I say 'Yes' at once. But when they had put her on the little sleigh — sitting up,

for the body was too long for the sleigh,— and they tell me now they are going to their homes —ugh! I did not like that. But what could I say? My dogs would easily do the work. And me, I could not tell to them I was afraid. But I was ver' afraid, I co'fess.

"And the men went away. There I was—me—left alone in the woods with that body—*corps!* Right away I begin to be afraid. I could feel my back and my hair quiver just like when I was a boy and listen to those stories of the old people. I get cold, I get hot, I get numb like.

"I had ver' fine dogs, as I tole you; and always when they turn for home and I say to them, '*Marche!*' they would fly over the snow, if the trail was good. That night it was ver' good. But I could not sit in the little sleigh. I mus' run behind, or kneel on driver's board behind the back of the sleigh and near head of that body. Heh! who would like that much? Firs' I try to run behind, but the dogs go so fast I soon lose my wind. Then I try to kneel on the board—right behind that poor dead woman's head! I did not much like to do this,—no, I was afraid. That was a shame for me, I know. I say to meself, 'You are a priest. You know better than feel so foolish fear. That poor body is not a thing to hurt peoples. Coward man! You go now to obey the Master's command to bury the dead. You have no reason to fear for yourself.'

"So my reason talk to my spirit, but it would not listen well. Cold tremblings run through my poor body, and the forest seemed more dark. But *encore* I say to my dogs, '*Marche!*' and they fly off; and I pray the good Lord to give me some sense to drive away that so foolish fear.

"Alone in the wilderness wiz the dead! What do I see? That head in the sleigh begin to shake and roll, so —and —so! Ah-h! I pull on the reins to hold in my dogs. Instead I lose my head. It is a faint, I suppose, and I fall forward on that—that head of the poor dead woman.

Ugh-h!" (The old man shuddered at the gruesome memory.)

"Hah! I come to meself in what was maybe a moment; and then —I know not how it is—the fear is gone. I go the long distance still to my home, and I am no longer a coward—not so much. I waked up a Metis family near the mission, and I tell to them to carry the *corps* into the church; in the morning I bury it.

"Now it was end,—my fear, I mean; but" (a fine shudder ran through his sensitive old frame),—"but, ah, it is not a good feeling to be a coward! And—I say to my shame—I was big coward in the time I tell you about."

(The End.)

The Power of Christian Love.

III.

ON her way home, Madame de Lures avoided coming into contact with or speaking to any one. Suddenly, as she approached her own residence, however, she felt herself clasped in the embrace of two little arms. Shocked and alarmed, she turned to gaze into the face of her daughter. Lola had seen her mother in the distance, and, childlike, had thought in this way to follow and surprise her.

"Do not touch me! Keep away from me!" cried the poor woman, as she withdrew from the loving clasp.

Lola, hurt to the depths of her heart at this cruel treatment from the mother she idolized, stood inutely for a moment regarding her. Then, not knowing what to do or say, she sought to bury her face in her mother's bosom.

"Stop, Lola dear!" continued Madame de Lures. "I have been with a sick person. If you touch me, you may take the disease. First I must change my clothing. Go and play, dear, and in a short time mamma will come and get you."

Early on the following morning Madame de Lures met Diego Ruiz on the street

as he was going to his work. He lifted his cap politely and paused to tell her that Anna was much better and had almost recovered her voice.

"I hope you will not think me indifferent if I do not call for a few days," said Madame de Lures. "You remember what the doctor said, and one should not expose oneself unnecessarily to contagion. I am a mother also, as you are aware."

"The dear lady has been so very good!" stammered the man, as he left her; and during the entire day his heart was filled with thoughts of the kind friend who had so well earned and now received his deepest gratitude. When he returned home and saw his little daughter out of danger, playing with her toys, he realized for the first time in many a day that happiness can dwell with poverty. That evening he did not go to the saloon.

"Has Madame de Lures not been here yet?" asked Diego some days later, as he saw his wife looking a little thoughtful.

"No," was the reply. "I hope she is not ill. I wish you would go to her house and inquire. You know where she lives."

"I am not going there, like a beggar from the street asking for alms. It would be better for you to go," replied her husband.

Sunday arrived and the lady had not come. Diego put on his shabby Sunday suit, and left the house without saying a word. He turned his irresolute steps in the direction of the handsome dwelling of Madame de Lures. When he reached and stood in front of it, he was ashamed to ring. What would the butler say? Perhaps he might be suspicious and refuse him admittance. In this disposition of mind he continued to hesitate, walking up and down. At last he took heart, and touched the bright metal button of the electric bell. The outer door opened, and Diego saw before him a beautiful garden filled with palms and ferns, while a sparkling fountain played above the

splendid plants and flowers in this abode of riches and luxury.

"What do you wish, please?" A good-looking, grey-haired servitor stood before him, apparently not surprised at seeing a laboring man on the threshold.

"My wife sent me," he replied, "to inquire for the lady, who has not been to see us for some time."

"The mistress is quite well, but the little lady, Lola, is very ill," answered the butler, sadly.

This reply pierced the heart of the questioner like a knife.

"Ill!" he exclaimed. The words he was about to say trembled on his lips. "Can it be—is it—"

"It is diphtheria," rejoined the servant, shaking his head sadly.

The frightful word caused Diego to shudder.

"But they can administer serum for it," he said quickly.

"They have already done so once, but without effect. The second trial may be better."

For a moment the butler waited, thinking that perhaps Diego had something further to say; but, seeing that he stood silent and motionless, he slowly closed and locked the door.

The beautiful sunshine was smiling everywhere that Sunday morning, and the streets were filled with promenaders. But Diego was almost in despair. "If Lola dies," he said to himself, "then God is not just." Poor Diego! God is always just, though we can not understand His ways. He is the Lord, and it is not for us to criticise what He may do. Even though He should demand this child from its mother in sacrifice for her charity and neighborly kindness, He is providing for the happiness of both mother and child. His ways are not our ways.

"What can I do to avert this misfortune?" thought Diego. His memory reverted to the past, when his heart was virtuous and pious; and he remembered

that when anyone in the family was ill his good mother would make a pilgrimage in honor of the Blessed Virgin for the speedy recovery of the ailing one. A pilgrimage! He smiled at the idea. What would his comrades say?

He went on and on, through street after street, his thoughts ever on the sick child. He knew not whither his steps were tending. The city was left behind him. The white houses and pretty gardens of the suburbs stretched out before him. A singular feeling of satisfaction filled his heart as he inhaled the fresh, sweet air. It was so delightful there, at home with Nature—her fields, her flowers, her over-arching trees; the new-mown hay, so fragrant, spreading abroad its perfume; the meadows with the ripening grain waving in the sunlight; and the great fields of rye bursting into bloom. He drank in this beauty and happiness in great mouthfuls as he walked.

"I will bring my wife and child to share this beautiful prospect," he said, half aloud. "I have learned a new way to live. Why should we remain any longer in the black, ugly town? Why should we not know the sunshine and the song of birds, instead of the smoke and bustle of the city?"

Diego suddenly roused himself from these engrossing thoughts, and looked around him, surprised and bewildered. Where was he?

"Surely that is the road to the chapel of Our Lady of Good Health!" he thought. "But for me, so unworthy,—what should I do there? Pray? I can not remember a single prayer; and if I could I am nothing but a vagabond and God would not listen to me. But perhaps if I seek Him, if I go to Him—"

His thoughts once more returned from their wanderings to the stricken Lola, now ill as his Anna had been—probably in greater danger. Her mother had been a friend in the time of sorest need; what could he do in return? His own dead mother had often told him that every

prayer was answered which the devout heart laid before the Blessed Mother of God, if one went humbly and trustfully to her famous chapel. The man straightened himself and resolved to make that pious journey, that devoted pilgrimage.

Midday was long past, but if he walked steadily he could accomplish it and be at home by dark; so he set forward at a quick pace. It was quite warm, and he took off his coat. Whenever he could do so, he made a short cut through fields, resting at intervals in the shade of a tree. Once, in the distance, he saw a country tavern; but, though almost dropping from fatigue, he resolutely turned his eyes away from it. By and by he came to the road leading to the village and Our Lady's chapel.

All at once he stood still. "It is too much!" he sighed. "I can't do it. Such a long way yet in this burning sun just to visit a chapel! No, I can't do it." Then his good angel, who had led him so far, whispered: "Courage! Do not fail!" And again he took up his march.

At last he reached the chapel, half hidden by high, shady trees. Through yonder door his mother had led him by the hand when he was a child, and had lifted him in her arms that he might dip his fingers in the holy water; and now as he entered it again with the memory of her fresh in his mind, his thoughts were very sad and bitter.

Here and there people were kneeling; all was quiet, peaceful and holy. Diego stood for a moment in front of the sacred image which some unknown hand had long ago carved out of wood. He bowed his head humbly, and then lifted his eyes to the sweet face of Our Lady. He did not know what to say. In his confusion he began to draw his battered hat to and fro between his fingers, trying vainly to remember some prayer he had formerly known. All around the statue hung votive offerings which grateful Christians had left there in thankfulness for their restoration to health. Could all these

people have been deluded, or had the Mother of God heard and answered their prayers? Diego trembled in every limb; an indefinable feeling took possession of him, and he fell on his knees.

"O Blessed Mother, save the poor little child! I do not know how to say what is in my heart!" Then other thoughts surged through his bosom, and he murmured: "Who is it that is asking a favor from Heaven? A wicked husband who has abused and ill-treated his wife; a wicked father, who has allowed his child almost to starve with hunger! Can you listen to such a prayer?" Another pause, and the words that came to his lips were those of his long-forgotten youth and early manhood: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, . . . pray for us sinners. . . ." Then he brought the prayer to an end as suddenly as he had begun it, and finished by saying: "I am not worthy that you should hear me; but if the child recovers, I will, I promise you, be another man."

Buying two candles from an old woman, he lit them before the statue, and once more began to feel at home in the house of God. He also purchased two medals, which left him without any money; and he thanked God that on his homeward way, thirsty and hungry, he would have no change to leave in the public houses.

But he had not quite finished. His mother always had her medals blessed. Not far away, knelt the grey-haired pastor, reading his Breviary. Diego approached and asked him to bless the medals. As the priest returned them, Diego said respectfully:

"May I ask your Reverence to pray for a poor sick child?"

"Is it *your* child?" asked the priest, compassionately.

"No, Father. Mine has been ill, but she is now quite well again. It is the only child of a widow, who contracted the disease while caring for my little one."

"With all my heart, my friend, I shall pray for the child," rejoined the priest.

Diego was very tired when his eyes again rested on the houses of the city. The sun was setting, bathing everything in its mellow, golden glow. With a heart full of hope and confidence, the pilgrim once more sought the dwelling of Madame de Lures. In a moment the butler appeared and seemed surprised to see him.

"Excuse me for coming so soon again," said Diego. "But I was anxious for the little one. Is she better?"

"They have not said anything more about it; the doctor is coming this evening."

"Would you be kind enough to give this medal to the mother?"

"Wait!" said the old man; and ushered Diego into the hall, while he went hurriedly up the stairs.

The next moment Madame de Lures stood before Diego.

"I am deeply thankful to you for coming," she said in a low tone, at the same time extending her hand to Diego, who touched it with his own.

"Is she better?" He could say no more: the words stuck in his throat.

Madame de Lures raised her tear-dimmed eyes to heaven with a hopeless expression that pierced the heart of the man before her.

"This evening will be the crisis," she replied.

"My dead mother had the greatest faith in Our Lady of Good Health at the chapel of the pilgrimage," Diego continued. "I can not say long prayers, but I have been to the chapel and have said an *Ave Maria* and brought a medal for your little daughter. She can wear it safely; it is silver."

A look of deepest gratitude shone in the eyes of the beautiful lady, and joyful tears coursed down her cheeks as she said:

"Accept my heartfelt thanks. I will put the medal on Lola's neck immediately, and if it be God's will to cure her I will let you know."

That evening no angry outburst signalized Diego's entrance to the room

where sat his wife and daughter. Elizabeth looked at him half fearfully, but did not say a word. Diego blushed under her reproachful glance.

"For once you have been mistaken, Elizabeth," he said. "Doubtless you have thought me with my old comrades since morning."

"Yes," she replied. "What else could I have thought?"

After a pause in which no one spoke, he said to Anna:

"I have brought you something, my dear!"

A new light beamed in his eyes as he put his hand in his pocket and brought forth the medal. The child uttered a cry of joy; and the mother, astounded, said to her husband:

"You have been to the chapel of Our Lady of Good Health!"

"Yes, I have been there to ask her to cure the little daughter of our benefactress. I bought a medal for the sick child, and the lady told me she would let us know if the pilgrimage had been successful."

"You went to see the good lady and to the chapel without saying a word?"

A deep sigh was the only answer. The woman leaned forward, and saw the drops of perspiration falling from the hot forehead of her husband.

"Wait!" she said. "I will hurry and get supper ready. Anna, find papa's slippers. His feet must be very sore."

For the first time in years Diego felt that he was really included in the life of the family. He seated himself on the chair which his wife set forward, and presently said:

"The medal is pure silver. I had my wages in my pocket; and, though I was dreadfully thirsty, I did not go to a single public-house. It would not have been fitting to offer a copper medal to that grand lady, and I wanted a silver one for Anna also. Come now, Elizabeth, let us take our supper, and I will tell you everything I saw in the country. Next Sunday

we shall all go out together; and as soon as I can find a place we shall live in the country again."

Elizabeth was speechless with joy and surprise. She dared not speak, but, throwing her arms about her husband's neck, she kissed and embraced him.

"One thing more," said Diego. "Next Sunday morning we will both go to church and to the Sacraments."

"With all my heart, dear Diego!"

The old days are past. In a small but airy house in his native village, once more live Diego Ruiz and his little family. He is again driving a wagon, but is hoping, with the assistance of Madame de Lures, soon to find a better position. He would not exchange the best place in the town for his pretty country home. He has become industrious and pious; his heart and home are full of love and contentment.

Not long ago the family received a visit from Madame de Lures and her little daughter, now fully restored to health. With joyful pride, Diego took them through the humble but neat and cheerful house, and the garden he and his wife had planted. With overflowing hearts, the couple again and again thanked their noble benefactress. But with a smile she shook her head, and, bringing Lola forward, she said:

"You see this golden chain with its silver medal that hangs around her neck—the medal of Our Lady of Good Health? You know the story it tells, my dear Elizabeth, my good Diego. What more can I say? The old days are passed, I trust, for both of us. Let us never forget, as long as we live, that all our happiness is due to 'the power of Christian love.'"

(The End.)

CHRISTIANITY is always out of fashion, because it is always sane, and all fashions are mild insanities. The Church always seems to be behind the times, when it is really beyond the times.

—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

St. Bridget's Farm.

BY E. P. DOWLING.

THAT summer was the warmest recorded in half a century or more. The heat set in about the middle of May, and continued almost without interruption till the close of September. By the end of June the fields were burned brown; the streams were all but dried up; and it was only here and there, where stood a good pump or an unfailing spring, that the flocks could get enough even to drink. The water supply in the "Slang," till then regarded as certain, had just given out for the first time in history. So we had to change the cattle over to the other side of the roadway, where a tiny rivulet was still struggling bravely for existence.

Just as we had the work finished, Red Ned arrived.

"Late to-day, boys, for once in a lifetime!" he said cheerily. "But better late than never!"

"You may say that," replied Kevin; "an' more if you want to."

"I'm afraid o' the weather," continued Ned. "This spell o' drought has lasted too long. I've seen times o' scarcity in a long life, but I never saw the country lookin' worse than it is at present. Glory be to Goodness, but it's wonderful! I was comin' up through Dunmurray a few days ago—Dunmurray, one o' the richest places in Ireland, not to say Meath,—an' there wasn't as much grass on the fields as you'd catch in the jaws of a pinchers. Pity it is that the poor farmers can't do to-day what saints used to do long ago!"

"And what's that, Ned?" queried another listener.

"Extend their lands," responded the story-teller. "Did you never hear o' what St. Bridget did when she couldn't get grass enough for her cow?"

"No," said Kevin, "I never did."

"Himiny!" exclaimed the tramp, "an' you brought up in Kildare, a'most within stone-throw o' the Curragh! Well, sir, just take your time for a minute or two now, an' after that you can't say that you never learned anything fresh from comin' into contact with an oul' head like mine."

And the mendicant pulled off his caubeen and proceeded to mop his forehead with a huge handkerchief of flaming "turkey red."

"I'm actually sizzlin'," he began, after a short pause; "but still I must go on with the task. Of course it's a long time ago since it all happened, an' I needn't tell you there's, nobody livin' that witnessed it. Neither was it ever written down in a book. So I'll just tell the story as I heard it, an' you can believe it or not as you think proper.

"I said 'twas a long time ago that the tale was first told, an' so it was. It goes back for nearly fourteen or fifteen centuries, to the time when Kildare's town was little more than a church an' a convent. The head o' the convent was none less than St. Bridget herself, an' the number of her nuns was more than you find in any two convents to-day. There was only a little bit of a garden attached to the convent, an' a small field that would scarcely give grass enough for a goat. An' yet the saint managed to feed a cow on it tolerably well, until at last a dry summer came, — one just for all the world like this that we have. The little field was soon burned up, an' the poor cow had nothin' to graze upon save the yello' clay. The poor people o' the locality came and offered their fields to the saint. But the holy woman never accepted their offers, because she knew they had only too little feedin' for their own stock. So she began to let the cow out to ramble about loose an' pick up what she might by the sides o' the road.

"That, of course, was all very well for a time. But then the police began to get busy, an' the saint had to come up at the

Sessions an' pay her fine just like you or me. At first the penalty was merely nominal, but by degrees it came to be so oppressive that the poor woman—saint an' all as she was—could no longer find the money to pay. As before, the poor people offered to make up a subscription; but the good creature would take nothing. God's saints are not like the rest of us, you see; an' that's how one never could be sure in a case o' the kind. But, anyhow an' at all, when the fines came to be too heavy, the cow had to be taken in off the road. There was nothin' for her in the field, so the poor saint had to tie her up in the byre. The people brought in wisps o' hay, heads o' cabbage, thinnin's o' turnips an' mangels; but the poor animal, not bein' brought up to such a way o' livin', rapidly fell back in her milk, an' as a consequence the supply o' butter ran short. That was a serious blow, I can tell you, where there were so many mouths to be filled.

"Little, however, could be done to make matters better. The poor, indeed, were willin' to give; but the saint didn't want to make them poorer. She wanted the rich people to do something, but they never offered her even as much as a *thraneen*. The lord o' the place—I forget what his name was—had acres an' acres to spare, but he was the worst foe that ever poor St. Bridget had. He was on the Bench, o' course; an' so could readily stiffen his justice with severity. An', as sure as I'm tellin' you, that's what he did. He even went so far as to say that he'd put the whole convent, cow an' all, into the one jail.

"The poor people, com' to know this, begged the saint to make an example o' him for the rest o' the land. One wanted her to give him a pair o' ears like a donkey; another asked her to turn him into a cow; while a third wished to have him changed into a firkin o' butter. But the saint was too kind-hearted to do anythin' like that. Instead she said she'd have him converted. An' she began to

pray for him by night as well as by day, an' made all her nuns an' the people about do the very same thing."

"Wasn't he the heathen?" whispered Kevin.

"Well, at the finish o' three weeks' prayin', she started out from the convent, in company with four o' her nuns, to make an appeal in person to the lord o' the territory. An easy thing enough it was, to talk at the fella, lord as he was. But it was a hard affair entirely to turn him round to her own way o' thinkin',—just as hard as it is to straighten out a mill wheel. What was the line of argument taken up by the saint has never been known for a certainty. But it is maintained by all authorities that the 'boyo' was harder than steel, an' that the mission should have ended in failure had not the holy woman thrown herself upon her knees, an', spreadin' out the cloak that she wore, begged for as much free ground as it could cover. They say the lord laughed heartily; for he took her to be silly, considerin' the size o' the cloak.

"Of what use could so much land be?" he asked in derision. 'How would you an' your nuns be able to till it?'

"Give it first, my lord," said the saint. 'I'll tell you how we'll manage it afterward.'

"An' you want it forever, rent free?" he jeered. 'How could I ever get over the loss!'

"Afterward we'll tell you, my lord," answered St. Bridget, humbly but firmly.

"'Twill be worthy of the exchange?" he said.

"An' more, my lord," replied the saint.

"Then you may have it," he responded.

"The cloak was still lyin' on the ground; but almost before he had finished speakin', four angels from heaven appeared. Each one grasped a corner o' the cloak an' sped away on the wings of the wind toward the north, the south, the east an' the west, spreadin' it out like a big pancake among them. The fella never got such a fright in his life before. He was too

terrified even to know what was happenin'. An' it was nothin' more than the kind heart o' the saint that stopped them, when they had covered in more nor five thousand acres.

"That, now, is the tale that they tell about the way that St. Bridget came to get grass for her own cow, an' for the cows of her poorer neighbors down even to this day.

"A fine strip o' land it is," concluded Red Ned, standing up. "I soldiered there, rode horses there, wrestled there, an' raced there. Pious folk call it St. Bridget's Farm."

The Red Rambler replaced his caubeen, preparatory to taking his departure; while we were loath to tear ourselves away from the broad arms of the brown beech tree that drooped shelteringly over the gateway. But even as he started, the narrator's conscience was smitten.

"Mind," he cried from a little distance, "no man must set me down as havin' said that holy St. Bridget was a deceiver. She just wanted to see if there was in the heart o' the heathen as much blood as you'd get from a turnip at least. An' it was Almighty God, ownin' all things, who did the rest in givin' a fine farm to the saint, an' the light o' faith to one who had never before bent his knee to his Maker."

It is pleasant and delightful to behold the heaven by night, in all parts garlanded with millions of stars for flowers,—flowers which never wither, but always display their beauty uncontaminated. And what more pleasant than it, when the night has passed away, and no sunbeam has yet appeared, — when, purpled by the rising sun, it is beautified like some crocus-dyed vestment? And what more charming spectacle than the rising sun, gilding with his beams all the land and sea, and the whole heaven, throwing aside the cloak which night had cast over all things visible, and exposing all to our view?

—*St. John Chrysostom.*

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF LUCIENNE."

XIX.—THE SEARCH.

IT had at first been decided that the wedding should not take place until Elinor's year of mourning for her father had expired, and that until then she and her mother should live on quietly in the little house where so much happiness had come to them. Mrs. Stewart and Crellan were to remain at the castle; and the works in the Glen, under the supervision of Father O'Leary and of Crellan himself, were to proceed apace.

Then, when the discovery of Signor Thaddeus' secret came like a thunderclap upon them all, these plans were disarranged. Crellan was obliged to hurry off to London, and he was not satisfied that Elinor should remain at Imaney during his absence. Mrs. Lambert, who had found health and peace and happiness in the wild Donegal Glen, shrank from the idea of going back herself to London, where she had suffered so much; but when Mrs. Stewart suggested that she should take Elinor over with her, and give her an opportunity to help in the search, she was glad to agree to the proposal. The girl's simple trousseau had already been ordered in Ireland, so the idea of shopping held out no inducements to her; and, indeed, she had no thought now but for her old master, and she accepted gratefully the offer which would enable her to feel that she personally was doing what she could to find the lost old man.

It was only a week after Crellan's first report about the destruction of Thaddeus' old dwelling had reached Imaney that Mrs. Stewart and Elinor arrived in London; and the girl's first thought was to persuade her *fiancé* to take her to Soho, that she might verify with her own eyes the information already supplied by the detectives,—which information had not as yet led to any satisfactory results. They

had succeeded in finding out the name and address of Signor 'Thaddeus' old landlord, and a visit to the city office of his man of business brought to light what Crellan feared was conclusive evidence of the old musician's death. The agent said that Signor Thaddeus had left his rooms without any warning, and had never returned. He did not conceal the fact that the piano and the furniture had been pledged to him in payment of the rent; but he added that music and books and clothes had also been left, though there had never been mention of them between him and their owner. So far as he knew, the old man had simply gone out, as he had been in the habit of doing daily until he grew too feeble, and had never come back again. To Crellan and to the agent this proved almost to a certainty that Thaddeus had met with some accident in the streets, and had passed into the long list of nameless dead that is recorded every day in London.

Elinor, however, clung to hope, and for this she had two reasons. The first was a frail one. Signor Thaddeus had promised that she should be warned if he fell seriously ill or died. But in answer to this Crellan argued that the old man's end must have been a sudden one, and that he had no time to fulfil his promise. The second reason was, in truth, little more hopeful than the first. The miniature of the O'Congaile had not been left behind. The agent was sure of this. He had often seen the picture in its beautiful frame; and, before the pledging of the piano, he had even suggested taking it in lieu of rent, only to receive an indignant refusal. That Thaddeus should have taken the picture with him seemed to point to his absence being preconcerted, and this tallied with what he had said in his last letter to Elinor about going to lodgings where he would have some one to care for him. On the other hand, that no clue to the picture was to be obtained through any of the city police stations, did nothing to prove that its owner was still alive,

for so valuable a thing would not long be left in a dead man's pocket.

It was only to satisfy Elinor that Crellan put the matter into the hands of a detective, for he himself felt convinced that the man they sought was dead. No thought-out plan could have succeeded in hiding Signor Thaddeus' place of refuge as completely as his sudden illness in St. Joseph's Home had done; and when the days passed and the detectives failed to find the smallest trace either of Thaddeus or his miniature, even Elinor's cherished hopes grew dim, and she began to fear that, humanly speaking, she would never see her old friend again, or have an opportunity to thank him for all that he had done for her. Every morning at Mass, however, she earnestly commended the matter to God, and always found time for a daily recitation of the Beads for the same intention.

The time of Elinor's visit with Mrs. Stewart sped rapidly and, but for this one regret, happily; and the days were so filled with sight-seeing and various amusements that it was only on the eve of her return to Imaney that she found time for another visit which, before leaving Ireland, she had faithfully promised to pay.

When Mrs. Stewart's motor car stopped at the entrance of St. Joseph's Home, and the footman asked if Sister Anna was free to see visitors, the Sister Portress was as imperturbable as she had been some months before when the broken-down musician had dragged his weary limbs to the same door. Sister Anna was expecting Miss Lambert, and the strangers were invited to enter the same little parlor and wait, as the old man had waited for the coming of the Sister.

There was enough resemblance between the white bonnet of the nun and the frilled cap of her mother away in the pretty cottage in the Glens of Donegal to bring out the likeness in the two faces; and it seemed to Elinor that she was greeting an old friend when, after a short delay, Sister Anna entered the room. Before

leaving Imaney, Elinor had written, in old Mrs. Connolly's name, to announce this visit; and now Sister Anna had no eyes but for her, no ears but for news of her father and mother and of the old home to which she had bidden good-bye so cheerfully for God's sake, and yet which held, and would ever hold, its place in her heart of hearts.

But it was not only to impart news that Elinor had come: she had promised to learn all she could of the young nun's life, so as to tell her mother of it on her return to Ireland.

"Your mother told me to be sure to ask if you were contented," Elinor had said, smilingly. "But I see for myself that it is an unnecessary question."

"Indeed it is!" replied the Sister, earnestly. "You will please tell mother what you have seen, won't you, Miss Lambert? I am perfectly contented and happy."

"And you do not find the life too hard?"

"Oh, no, no! For some of the Sisters it may seem hard at first; but for me—no, indeed! I sometimes feel as though I have it too easy,—that I could do more; but Reverend Mother says it is quite right as it is; and that I ought to be very thankful to God for His goodness to me."

"But your work—your old patients?" said Elinor. "Are they not very trying sometimes?"

Sister Anna smiled at her questioner.

"Sometimes some of them are," she replied. "When they will not remember how near they are to the next world, and when they keep wishing for past days and past pleasures, then they are a little trying; but most of them are very good, and we help one another along on our roads to heaven."

"And are they all very old?" asked Elinor.

"Our granny says that she is a hundred," replied Sister Anna; "and really she must be well past ninety; and from that we go down gradually to ladies of sixty-five and seventy. But won't you come and see them yourselves?" She

glanced from Elinor to Crellan. "Visitors are always a treat to the old creatures, and you will give them something to talk about for a week to come."

As the nun rose to go for permission to show the institution to the strangers, the Reverend Mother came in, and it was under her escort that they visited the refectories where the old people were assembled for their tea. At the farther end of the room there was an empty chair; and, seeing it, the superior scanned the lines.

"Who is missing?" she asked; and as she spoke the opening of a door beside her gave her the answer she sought; for the exquisite strains of an *Ave Maria* came faintly in. "Ah, it is our organist!" she went on, without waiting for the Sister to reply. "Once he is before his beloved instrument, he forgets all,—mealtime, bedtime. Nothing is remembered then." She turned to Elinor. "If you will come, my dear, and see our chapel, I will remind our old gentleman that his tea is waiting."

With a pang, the remembrance came to Elinor of another old man who also had loved music above all else.

Sister Anna had gone before them; and, in opening the chapel door, she let the soft, sweet notes of the organ swell out to where the visitors stood. As the first note reached Elinor's ear, an eager light sprang into her face. The music was familiar; but that was not surprising, for it was a well-known air. But it was not the melody, it was the touch, the expression, that sent a sudden ray of hope tremblingly to her heart. The soul of a saint breathed in that *Ave Maria*, and to listen was to pray. It could not be—it was not possible—that, after all their fruitless searchings, they were to find him in such a place! And yet—and yet—who but Signor Thaddeus could play like that?

She turned, almost fearing to question the Reverend Mother; but the latter had left them to go up the flight of stairs leading to the organ-loft, to speak to the organist. Sister Anna had crossed the

threshold of the chapel, and was kneeling on the polished boards, with her face upraised to the altar. Crellan had followed her example, and was also kneeling. Elinor hurried to his side.

"Pray!" she whispered, laying her hand on his sleeve,—“oh, pray to the Blessed Virgin for me!”

She could say no more. Burying her face in her hands, she was unable even to frame the words of the agonized entreaty that her heart sent up to Heaven. Oh, that it might be he! That her benefactor, mourned as dead, might have found care and comfort in St. Joseph's Home!

She did not hear the Reverend Mother's descending footfall nor was she aware of the feebler, shuffling steps that followed. Then a low voice bade her come, and she had to look up. Crellan was waiting at her side. The Reverend Mother stood silhouetted in the doorway; and behind her, moving wearily toward the refectory, was another figure, strange to her—yet no! A second glance corrected the first impression. Aged, bent, shrunken, far feebler than of old, with hair and beard white where they had formerly seen a silvery grey, it was Thaddeus.

Unconscious of what she did, she sprang past the nun.

"Master!"

At the sound of her voice the old man stopped as though he had received a blow. He turned, and for a moment their eyes met. Into his there flashed a light that the Sisters had never seen there before, and he stretched out his hands. Then, tottering, he grew deadly white, and if Sister Anna had not sprung to his side he would have fallen heavily.

"Elinor!" he murmured,—“Elinor my child! Oh, thank God! Thanks to His Blessed Mother!”

And then his head sank down on the little nun's shoulder, and he passed into a swoon as deep and deathlike as the one which had gained him admission to that Home of rest and holy peace.

(Conclusion next week.)

Thoughts of a Shut-In.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XVIII.

WHEN I was a small girl we spent the last days of April in preparing May baskets. For a week, at least, we braved the bleak winds to hunt upon the hills for the trailing arbutus, which we knew only as the Mayflower. Often we were obliged to push away the snow before we came to the pink and white blossoms, and inhaled the sweetest odor that God has given to a blossom. Those who were not young and strong were detailed to stay at home and fashion the baskets. These were invariably of the same size and shape, constructed of wire, with stout handles, and lined with damp moss. Into these receptacles the Mayflowers were carefully placed; and in the early morning of May Day we stole out as slyly as though on sinister errands bent, and hung them upon our various neighbors' door-knobs. We often met our friends with similar intentions toward *our* door-knobs; but it was May Day etiquette for us to ignore one another, like ships meeting in a fog, without a friendly hail.

Our pleasant duty done, we returned home to make ready for the May breakfast at the town-hall, where the grown-ups, in their Sunday clothes, made speeches, and the children wound gay ribbons around a Maypole; it always being too cold to have that interesting ceremony in the open air, as their ancestors did in Merrie England. I did not know that we were unconsciously celebrating the coming of Our Lady's Month; that was left for me to discover in after years.

Our finest May baskets were given to the Shut-Ins,—that was the kindly and unwritten law; and, in memory of the sweet old times, I would, if I could, bear to each prisoner of pain a basket laden with the mountain blossoms that come to grace the month that makes glad the hearts of

mén. But the hills where they grow are, alas! fâr away, and the Shut-Ins are hopelessly scattered. Let me, then, send them baskets of thoughts, hoping that somewhere within they may find tiny scraps of help, bits of comfort, or words that bring hope.

There are many compensations in the life of a Shut-In. To him the world grows to be a place where there are no rivalries or jealousies, and so full of loving thoughts and forgiving impulses that there is no room for hate to enter. I think I speak for many when I say that I do not know of a single individual toward whom I cherish the slightest animosity. Of course people yet do things which are a bit trying; but the inward vision of one kept in his room grows clear, and enables him to look back of the effects to discover the cause. When he can not explain things, he knows that it is because he does not understand them. "To comprehend all is to forgive all." Great troubles grow small, and small ones cease to exist. Rumors of wars no longer cause apprehension; one no longer wastes words or efforts in frantic championship of forlorn hopes; and as to the wickedness of the world at large, it is easy enough to skip a part of one's newspaper. There grows a great confidence that all is managed for the best. And we believe confidently not only in God, but in our friends. Even though they seem indifferent, we trust them; and if they "slip awa," as the Scotch say, into the shadows, death does not seem a dread thing.

But as wonderful as anything is the sympathy, often from the most unexpected sources, that hedges one about. It is as if the whole world conspired to make up to the involuntary prisoner for things denied. And how much more beautiful than any sunshine that ever shone upon one when strong and well is that which pours into his window now! And how much fairer than any flowers that he ever knew before are those which now make his room a glorified spot! And how sweet

the wind that enters through the windows! And how good is God! No harm can come to the one shut out for a brief space from the "madding crowd," if he but possesses his soul in patience; remembering that, "whatever happens, every kind of misfortune is overcome by cheerfully bearing it." If in time he finds his health, and can wander again without aid into the turmoil, that will be well; but if he is never again until the end to leave the chamber where he has suffered and prayed and grown strong in spirit, that, too, will be well.

So these are my thoughts for the basket brought to you in remembrance of Our Lady of the May; and underneath the flowers I hide this verse:

Let me be like the bird, one moment lighted
Upon a branch that swings;
Though the bough bend, he sings on unaffrighted,
Knowing he has his wings.

(The End.)

The Finest Thing on Earth.

AN old Persian legend recounts that "the most high God" wished one day to possess "the finest thing on earth." He called one of His angels and directed him forthwith to descend to the abode of mankind and bring Him the object of His desire, without specifying what the "finest thing" might be.

The angel descended to earth and found himself not a little embarrassed in the accomplishment of his mission. By chance he came upon a vast plain which had lately served as a battlefield and still retained most of war's horrid aspects. Among the corpses strewn here and there was the body of a young man from whose pierced throat the bright red lifeblood was yet flowing. The angel reflected as he stood over the dying youth: "This blood shed in defence of one's country! Is it not the finest thing on earth?"

Taking a drop of the blood, he immediately carried it to the throne of the All-Powerful. "Verily," said God, "for a man to shed his lifeblood in defence of

his country is a most beautiful and noble thing; but it is not the finest thing on earth."

The angel set out again to renew his search. In the course of his wanderings he encountered a funeral procession—that of a good man in a large city. The procession was a very long one, for hundreds of poor people followed in tears to his last resting-place the philanthropist who had not only succored them during his life but had made provision for the distributing of generous alms after his death. "Ah," said the angel, "gratitude is an admirable virtue! Doubtless these tears are the finest thing on earth."—"Grateful tears are indeed admired by all men," said his Master, as the angel placed before Him a vial of shining tears; "but there is something finer still."

For the third time the angel came down to earth. He was walking along a solitary road, bordered on either side by a thick hedge, when he heard some one sobbing heavily. Looking over the hedge, he saw an old man seated at the foot of a tree. From his eyes raised to Heaven fell copious tears, while his clasped hands seemed to be imploring the favor of the Lord. Asking the cause of his grief, the angel learned that the old man was deploring the sins of his early youth. Deeply touched, the angel said to himself: "Surely nothing on earth can possibly equal the tears of the penitent"; and, full of wonder at his discovery, he bore one of the tears on high. "Thou hast accomplished thy mission well," said the Sovereign Master. "There is truly nothing finer on earth than repentance; for, if innocence is the most excellent of virtues, repentance gives to the heart of man a second innocence."

BESIDES prayer and other devotions which we can offer for the departed, we may specially mention almsdeeds; for, since this is a work of mercy, it is more especially apt to obtain mercy for the suffering souls.—*Fr. Müller, C. S. S. R.*

A Memorable Calamity.

THE whole world has been shocked by the terrible marine disaster of last week, and its pity for the many victims and sympathy for their sorely afflicted relatives and friends have been expressed in words and deeds of unmistakable sincerity. Never before, it is said, has a more appalling calamity occurred on sea than the loss of the *Titanic*; and the harrowing circumstances attending it—the suddenness and unexpectedness, the nighttime, the panic that must have seized upon all who had any realization of their danger, the freezing cold, the suspense, the partings between those who found refuge on the lifeboats and those who remained on the ill-starred ship, the anxiety of each as to the other's fate,—all this is calculated to render the event forever memorable.

The effect of such disasters is to impress upon the world, as nothing else can, the certainty and uncertainty of death,—its inevitableness and the impossibility of knowing its circumstances; to show the equality of all men before God, and to quicken the sense of their accountability to Him as Lord of lords; to prove the folly of seeking pleasure and amassing wealth and indulging ambition; in a word, to enforce the truth that the after life is the true life; the unseen things, the realities.

The world has been taught a great lesson by the destruction of the *Titanic*,—a lesson by which many lives will be changed and bettered. All who have heard of the catastrophe, especially the survivors of it, will be more mindful henceforth of the hereafter. As for the victims, we may hope that even those among them least prepared to meet their Judge, seeing earth's aid forsake them, turned to Heaven, and found that mercy for which they might never have implored had Death come to them in guise less direful or unfamiliar.

- Notes and Remarks.

Father Murphy, of Enniscorthy, Ireland, complains that, whilst Irish Catholics display zeal for conversions abroad, they make no organized efforts to bring non-Catholics in their own land into the Church. His suggestion for the beginning of a campaign will scarcely be objected to even by the Protestant Alliance. His program, as given in the *Catholic Bulletin*, is simply this: Obstacles such as intemperance, immorality, dishonesty, uncharitableness, and the neglect of the practices of religion should be removed. Prayer should be offered daily for Protestant neighbors. Young Catholics should be enrolled as Knights of the Cross, and, as members of that organization, taught to say three "Hail Marys" every day for the reconciliation with them of all in Ireland who are outside the Fold. Irish Catholics should also become members of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion, whose prayers and works are directed to the return of all the English-speaking nations of the world to the unity of the Catholic Faith. Lastly, a Catholic Convert League should be formed in Ireland, not only to promote conversions, but also to extend a welcome and sympathy to converts.

Without minimizing in any degree the excellent work that is being accomplished in our own country by the increasingly popular missions to non-Catholics, we opine that the following out of Father Murphy's program by American members of the Church would result in a large increase of converts.

It is gratifying to find so able and influential a newspaper as the *New York Times* applauding the attitude of the Church toward Socialism, and recommending other religious denominations in this country to adopt the same. After paying tribute to the "noble service" rendered by a series of discourses deliv-

ered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, by Father Vaughan, who warned the wage-earners of the United States against the delusions of Socialism, our contemporary goes on to say:

The Church is uncompromising in its opposition to Socialism. It denounces it, it warns the faithful against it. It would be a timely and most useful service if the clergy of other denominations would acquaint themselves with the nature and the aims of Socialism, would get some information about the work the Socialists are carrying on, and would in their pulpits combat its doctrines.

It would seem to be incumbent upon the authorities of the colleges and universities, also, to give their students at least a fair opportunity to find out the real truth about Socialism, to learn something about its fallacies, falsehoods, and, above all, to be so instructed that they might make their choice, not in ignorance but intelligently, between the flag of their country and the red flag. . . .

It would be well, we think, for the trustees of the colleges and universities to take thought about the means of controverting Socialistic teachings. They would be instant in confuting the arguments of atheists. Atheism, however, is only one of the dogmas of the real Socialists. They have many others which call for attention. It is not wise nor altogether prudent to leave the college field to the Socialists.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton pays his respects, in a recent number of the *Eye-Witness*, to the many people who are going about to-day asseverating that morality should always be positive and seldom, if ever, negative. How it can be either without being both, he declares, is beyond his "narrow mediæval mind"; but it is in practice rather than theory that the notion is generally praised.

It is specially urged in connection with education; and we are told to offer a child the affirmative ideal and never the negative commandment commonly attached to it. Thus we must not forbid little Arthur to pull his uncle's nose. We should rather expatiate upon the beauty of the nose in its unpulled state, poised like an unplucked flower; and our eulogy should leave to be inferred the improbability of the nose, even in the most skilful hands, being moulded into a fairer thing. We must refrain from telling Oswald in so many words that he is not to stay in the dining-room. We must

rather exclaim, in a sort of abstracted rapture: "How magnificent, how magnetic, is the wallpaper in the back bedroom! How impossible it must be for young and ardent spirits to resist rushing upstairs this minute to look at it!" We must not say sharply: "Gwendolen, cease from playing the piano with the fire-shovel." We must merely observe, in a loud voice heard above the din: "How noble is silence, older than the gods! How it would fill this chamber with its ancient absolution if by any chance Gwendolen were to leave off playing the piano with the fire-shovel!" I do not know whether these people really apply their principle in such cases, but this is the principle which they profess to apply.

The superficial, logical objection (if such people cared even about superficial logic), says Mr. Chesterton, would presumably be that this avoidance of negatives is itself a negative, — a veto upon vetoes. It amounts to saying, "Thou shalt not say, shalt not"; which is rather close to a contradiction in terms.

That the nervous strain to "get rich quick" tends to shorten life is shown by the fact that comparatively few persons in this country attain the age of one hundred. The death of a centenarian is always chronicled as something very unusual, and in most cases the deceased was of foreign birth or parentage. It is quite otherwise in Europe, which can boast of more than 7000 people who have passed one hundred years. Bulgaria heads the list with 3888 centenarians; Roumania and Servia follow with 1074, and 573, respectively. Among the other nations comes Spain with 410; and Austria-Hungary with 113.

Shortly before his death in 1892, Cardinal Manning told a great public gathering in Liverpool: "If there is any man in England who has acquired by the most just titles the affection and respect of every Catholic, that man is the Duke of Norfolk. I hardly know of any man of whom I can say with more confidence that he has a perfect rectitude of mind and life." We recall this generous tribute

in connection with an item in the *Glasgow Observer*. It tells of the christening of the Duke's infant daughter, Katherine Mary, and gives this detail: "The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Southwark, assisted by the clergy of St. Philip's Church, Arundel; and at its conclusion the Duke of Norfolk himself dedicated his little daughter to the Blessed Virgin, kneeling with the child in his arms before the statue of Our Lady." The premier Catholic layman of the British Empire has apparently not become less praiseworthy since Manning's speech in Liverpool.

Father Baumert, Jesuit missionary at Kiang-Nan, China, writes to the *Missions Catholiques* of a Chinese shrine dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, and instances a number of cures effected thereat. The little chapel is situated at the southern extremity of the large town of Tsin-Yang, and its popularity emphasizes the need of a much larger edifice. Possibly the revolution in China may help the missionaries to enlarge the shrine; for Father Grobel writes to the *London Catholic Times* that the alteration in the national custom of treating Europeans has been very great. Formerly, neither the West-erns nor their ideas were welcome: now everything coming from the West is treated with respect, and there is a decided tendency to adopt European views with regard to questions of national policy. The missionary further states that there has been an official promise that henceforth Christians in China shall enjoy complete religious liberty; and he is convinced that exceptionally good opportunities now present themselves to our missionaries there.

It is gratifying to learn from so competent an observer as the *Catholic Register and Canadian Extension* that a great question, one which has disturbed the peace and harmony of Canada since 1890, has at length been definitely removed from

the arena of Federal politics — indeed, from all further political agitation. The question referred to is that of the Manitoba schools. The disabilities under which the Catholics there have been laboring since the passage of the ill-omened Greenway Act, a decade and a half ago, have, it appears, been practically removed. Briefly, our Toronto contemporary gives the result of recent action by the Provincial legislature in this sentence: "The double tax is done away with, and separate schools in most things but in name restored." While it is quite possible that complete justice has not yet been done to the Catholic minority of Manitoba, it looks at this distance as if they are fit subjects for congratulation.

It is a truism that the administration of the criminal law in this country is lamentably inefficient. We wonder whether among the causes of the inefficiency any serious weight may be assigned to a condition such as that to which the *London Catholic Times* refers in this comment on a recent murder trial in the English metropolis:

The prisoner, on being asked whether he had anything to say why he should not be sentenced to death, said he wished to declare in the presence of the Great Architect of the Universe that he was not guilty. Having thus referred to God by a Masonic title, he raised his hand and gave a Masonic sign. Mr. Justice Bucknill, in sentencing him to death, stated that he, too, was a Freemason; but, though suffering from emotion which appears to have increased when he discovered that Seddon is a member of the craft, the judge remarked that the brotherhood to which they both belonged condemned crime, and he passed sentence of death in the usual form. It may, we are sure, be taken for granted that signs from a Freemason in the dock to a Freemason on the Bench have no effect, but can the same be said with regard to Masonic signs from prisoners to juries? It is well known that such signs are rather frequently given. No doubt many jurymen who are Freemasons disregard them; but may there not be others who are ready to respond by voting for unjustifiable leniency toward the prisoners or acquittal when undeserved? In the interests

of justice, means should be taken for the stern suppression of the practice.

Our London contemporary is optimistic as to the action of English Freemasons on the Bench,—too optimistic, perhaps, in view of the unqualifiedly dishonorable conduct of an English judge recently pilloried in our British exchanges. So far as our own courts are concerned, let us hope that Masonic brotherhood is *not* one of the reasons for the notorious failure of juries to convict, and judges to sentence, criminals.

"Many a man prides himself on his breadth and tolerance, when his breadth only means that he has put all ideals practically on a level; and his tolerance is not true tolerance at all, but only an indifference undisturbed by conviction." The editor of the *Sunday-School Times* quotes this declaration, with the very sensible comment that "the one who is proud of his religious breadth needs to be very sure that, at the same time, he has a depth of earnest conviction that holds him to essentials with an unceasing grasp. Otherwise his life will become not broad merely, but thin and weak. Let us cultivate depth of conviction, and not that ability, which is based on no conviction, of agreeing with everybody."

It is pleasant to be able to agree with our non-Catholic confrère; and we hope it will occur to him some time to inquire why the Church does not agree with the sects.

The Newark *Monitor*, after quoting a number of authentic instances of moral disasters to girls visiting moving-picture shows, comments:

After reading this authentic information, can any father or mother allow the little ones to visit a moving-picture show? . . . And is it not certain that danger lurks for every young girl that frequents these moving-picture places? Are not the precincts of these cheap theatres recognized as the haunting place of lazy, vicious, half-grown lads and bold girls of doubtful morality? Can these be fit companions for your

child? Do you not realize the danger? Fathers and mothers have been asleep too long, lulled by a security imaginary rather than real. We call upon these parents through the love they bear their children to keep them away from the moving-picture show.

These shows have, we are aware, many friends even among Catholics, and some of them no doubt are unexceptionable amusements; but it seems clear that even to the best of them young people, and more especially young girls, should not be allowed to go unless when accompanied by their elders.

Few converts to the Church in recent years have had to endure greater trials than the late Dr. Finlow Alexander, of Montreal. The nature of them, and the spirit in which they were borne, may be judged by the remark he made when, in 1894, he separated himself from his Anglican friends and associates: "If worse comes to worse, I have an acquaintance in Montreal through whom I can secure employment as a street-sweep, and my wife might conduct a boarding-house. I should still be happy." A physician of eminence, Dr. Alexander gave up his profession to enter the Anglican ministry, and was for many years dean of a cathedral at Fredericton, N. B. His life as a Catholic layman was retired, pious, and austere. Only one near relative and a few friends, we are informed, were in attendance at his simple funeral. He was poor and weary and humble; but riches, rest and glory awaited him in another world.

The April *Nineteenth Century* contains an interesting article, by the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, M. P., on "The True Lines of Temperance Reform." The writer makes the point, frequently of course made before, that the word "temperance" is too large for the particular purpose to which it is put. Most teachers of English synonyms have probably called the attention of their pupils to the fact that "total abstinence" society is better and

more precise English than "temperance" society. Mr. Smith has this to say of the latter word's real signification:

Temperance itself is only one of the Seven Capital Virtues. And, though occupying this limited portion of the field of right living, it comprises much more than sobriety in the use of intoxicants. It is worth noting, for example, that, in the list of the Seven Deadly Sins, the converse vice which corresponds to the virtue of temperance is not drunkenness at all, but gluttony. The evil of intemperance is excessive indulgence. . . . I need not pursue the subject into a detailed statement of the reasons why excessive indulgence in any natural good is harmful; but we may usefully remember that overfeeding is hardly less disgusting than overdrinking, and, according to the doctors, is responsible for much more illness and death; it denotes, moreover, at least as great a weakening of the powers of self-restraint.

None but the fanatical will hold that the moderate, or temperate, use of intoxicating beverages is sinful save in exceptional circumstances or under special conditions; although perhaps the surest safeguard of perfect health is temperance in eating and total abstinence from spirituous liquors.

Renewing his subscription to THE AVE MARIA, a venerable reader facetiously remarks: "I am, since the 16th of March, in my eightieth year, and was never so old before"! We beg to congratulate our subscriber on his vigor and fresh-heartedness. To employ his own language, he will never be so young again; but we venture to say that, no matter how old he may grow, he will always seem youthful in spirit, even to his juniors in years.

"The best plan of campaign against Socialism," says the *B. C. Western Catholic*, "is to reform some of the abuses, resulting from greed and selfishness." Yes; and the campaign may be waged individually as well as in organized numbers. Abuses arising from one's personal greed and selfishness may, and indeed should, be abolished as both an individual and a social evil.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Twin Brothers.

BY E. BECK.

THE Romans in the days that were
Kept always, always praising
The brethren twain, a mighty pair,
Performing deeds amazing.
But I now tell of brothers two,
Refusing aid to no man,
Who could give odds to those old gods
Dear to each pagan Roman.

They aid the soldier in the fight,
They roam with many a sailor,
They give the housewife much delight,
They deign to help the tailor;
And in the colleges and schools
Their presence ne'er is flouted,
To youth and sage in every age
They've shown truths all undoubted.

To men of science grave and gray
New lights they're daily showing,
And o'er the whole wide world to-day
Fresh gifts they're still bestowing.
In every land beneath the sun
They make their blest appearance,
And near and far full welcome are
Patience and Perseverance.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—A STARTLING SURPRISE.

PAT stood listening, with chilled blood. Something dreadful must have happened. Only fire or murder or burglars could make cold Cousin Marcia cry like that. Forgetful of all things but the generous impulse to help and save,—the same impulse that had filled the wide rooms of Peyton Hall with scores of wounded "enemies" forty

years ago,—Pat sprang to the door. It flew open at her touch; Cousin Marcia, her fierce outburst of wrath over, had thought it prudent to free her prisoner before her husband's return, and had unlocked Pat's door more than an hour ago.

Pat sped along the hall, conscious of some strange, stricken hush in the house, broken only now and then by those hysteric cries. Halfway down the stairs, she met Elise, the French maid, breathless and wide-eyed.

"O Elise, what is the matter?"

"Mademoiselle, it is what I do not know. There came a gentleman with tidings—terrible tidings—that sent Madame off like this. *Miséricorde*, hear her! She is mad. It must be that something has happened. *Bien-fâcheuse, Mademoiselle, — bien-fâcheuse!*"

Something *bien-fâcheuse* indeed, Pat felt as she hurried on down the stairs. But it was not fire nor murder nor burglars; and of other evils our Pat was happily unaware. She burst into the Den to find Harold standing before the dying fire looking white and strange.

"O Harold," she cried, "what is it,—what is the matter?"

"Dad," he answered, with twitching lip. "He's gone up, Pat."

"Gone up!" she echoed, breathlessly. "Oh, where—how?"

"Broken! Bust!" was the brief answer.

"Broken! Bust! O Harold, what do you mean?" asked Pat, who was altogether ignorant of such financial dialect.

"Is he hurt?"

"Hurt," said Harold, grimly,— "hurt, you bet. He is smashed to smithereens."

"When—how? Poor Cousin Max!" murmured Pat, her voice trembling. "What did it, Harold?"

"Stocks tumbled," answered Harold; "crashed right down to-day, without any

warning; caught dad and half a hundred others before they could get from under. But *he* is hurt worst of all."

"Oh, can't the doctors do anything for him?" faltered Pat, close to tears.

"Doctors!" exclaimed Harold, staring,— "doctors! Gee whiz! I forgot what a little country kid you are, Pat. I mean that dad is smashed up in business,—failed, bankrupt, lost all his money."

"Lost all his money!" echoed Pat, with a long-drawn sigh of relief. "Oh, is *that* all? I thought he was nearly killed somewhere. You don't mean that Cousin Marcia is crying like that about *money*, Harold,—just *money*?"

"Golly, yes; and she'll cry worse before she gets through. I can't stand for it all, Pat. I'm going to bolt."

"To bolt? Where, Harold?" asked Pat, breathlessly.

"Oh, out West, South,—somewhere," he said. "I can't do any good here. I'm in a mess myself. I have to get out somehow. I thought dad might help me; but now—*now* he can't. So I'm off, Pat,"—the boyish lip quivered,— "off to-night without any bye-byes."

"O Harold, no, no," said Pat, tremulously. "You must not, you *can* not, Harold! No, no, no!"

"I tell you I *must*," he said; and the innocent, pleading eyes bent on him seemed to force a desperate confession from Harold's trembling lips. "I've got to, Pat. I've been borrowing money until I'm up to my neck in debt. I owe Rob Feñel and old Dietrich more than I can count just now, and I gave them my word of honor I'd pay up this week. Rob and the old Dutchman are the kind to make it hot for me,—hotter than I can bear. And it would only make things worse for poor dad to know the mess I'm in; so I'm off, Pat,—I'm off right now before he comes home."

"Harold, wait,—just wait one moment!"

Pat was thinking quicker than she had ever thought before. Money! debt! loss! payment! These were matters that had

never troubled the happy peace of old Pocomoke; but with swift, warm sympathy she caught to their tragic importance now. Money! Cousin Max was being "smashed and broken"; Cousin Marcia was going mad; Harold was flying from home in the darkness,—all for the loss of money! Vaguely, dimly, Pat was beginning to understand a little of what money can mean.

"O Harold, wait!" she pleaded, breathlessly. "I can help you, Harold. I have lots of money upstairs."

"You have?" cried Harold, startled.

"Lots," repeated Pat, eagerly. "And you can have it *all*, Harold, to pay your bills and not—not run away from home. Just wait and I'll get it for you right away."

Like a flash she was off to her room, all her own troubles forgotten in this greater need. In a moment she was back with grandma's silver-ringed knit purse in her hands, and had dumped its contents on the table.

"There's ten dollars Cousin Max gave me for a new dress, and fifty cents I had left over from Mam's egg money, and three quarters, and ten cents—oh, I don't know how much it is! Cousin Max has been giving me pocket-money ever since I've been here. Take it all, Harold,—take it all, if it will help you."

Harold stood looking at Pat's little pile, with an odd lump in his throat that would not let him speak. It was not so much the money,—that would be only a sop to throw at his barking creditors, and hush them for a while at least: it was the loving, generous spirit of the little giver that seemed to warm, to soften, to change all things to him. Ten minutes ago he was hard, reckless, desperate; now he had to wink back something in his eyes and steady the boyish quiver in his voice as he spoke:

"It would help, Pat; but, oh, I can't take it from you!"

"You must!" Pat whisked up the coins in her hand and jingled them into Harold's

pocket. "Only don't — don't go away, please! It would make your poor father feel ten times worse, I know; and your mother is nearly crazy now. Oh, I was going to run off myself this evening, Harold. I was so furious when Cousin Marcia locked me up that I was ready to jump out the window and run away. I am so glad I didn't! I am so glad I stayed and kept the money for you."

"Gee whiz! you're a little brick, Pat! I heard about the row to-day. I wouldn't have blamed you if you had cut loose from us. But you're right about poor dad: it would make things worse for him. We'll stick it out together, Pat. And I'll never forget how you've stood by me to-night. We'll stick it out together, you and I."

He stretched out his hand and clasped Pat's slim fingers in a boyish grip that meant more than he could say. Pat had done angel work to-night. She little guessed she had turned her big boy cousin from a downward path that would have led him into depths where he would have been lost indeed. But she had Harold safe now; and, seated close by the fire that she poked into a cheery blaze, he tried to explain to her more clearly all that had happened.

Pat learned that there had been what is called a "panic" in the business world; and that, after a long run of good fortune that had encouraged him to higher ventures, her guardian's fortunes had gone down like a house of cards almost in a breath. Mr. Dunn had brought the news to mamma, who was going out to a grand dinner, where she would have heard it with a still greater shock. They would have to give up everything, Harold went on to explain, — house and furniture and servants and carriages and horses and automobiles, — everything. What mother and Gladys would do he didn't know.

"If they were like you, Pat, it wouldn't be so tough on dad; but how he can stand the racket inside and outside, I'm sure I don't know."

And Pat, listening to all this in bewilderment — for panics never troubled the happy peace of Pocomoke, — felt her warm young heart swell in pitying tenderness for poor Cousin Max, who had been so good to her, — Cousin Max, crushed with heavy troubles she could only half understand. For loss and failure were not very terrible things at Pocomoke. When Uncle Scip had to burn up his hay last year, Colonel Dick Clayton sent half his rick over next day; if the cow died, there was always some nice brown Betty to be borrowed from a neighbor; if a bug ate the Peyton potatoes, there was Judge Wilson's field, where Link could dig all he wished. In the light of all this past experience Pat cheered up.

"Oh, somebody will help Cousin Max, I know!"

"Oh, will they?" said Harold, grimly. "That's all you know about it, Pat. Not much help we'll get in a smash up like this. This isn't one of your everyday failures," added the speaker, with a certain boyish pride in the bigness of his father's tumble. "I guess it would take millions to set dad right."

Millions! Pat drew a quick, gasping breath at the word. Millions! A half-forgotten picture flashed suddenly before her mental eye: the sunlit Ridge, Link standing before her with the big black lump in his hand. "Dar's millions hyar, Miss Pat, — millions all yourn!" Millions *all hers!* But, no, no, she could not, — never, never, *never* could she give up the secret of Pocomoke, not even to help Cousin Max. Yet, what a wild, new beat there was in her heart as Harold went on painting the gloomy future with a heavy hand!

"You don't know what a smash up like this means, Pat. Why, Lew Martin's father dropped dead the day he failed; and Will Norton's father left home and nobody ever heard of him again; and Mr. Raynor went crazy, and they've had to keep him in the asylum ever since."

"Harold, you don't think — anything

like that will happen to Cousin Max?" faltered Pat.

"Can't say," was the grim answer. "He might stand up to it himself; but, with mother and Gladys and everything pulling on him, he's mighty likely to go down and out. I would, I know. Oh, there he is now!" as the door opened with a latch key, and the master's slow, heavy step was heard in the hall.

"O Pat, I—I can't meet him; can you?"
"No."

For once Pat could not, dare not meet Cousin Max. If she should look into his face, hear his voice, she might—oh, she might, in her pity for him, give up the secret of Pocomoke! Not even to save him could she give up the dear old mountain slope, with its waving trees and its leaping squirrels, its singing birds. She could not risk having it stripped, gashed, into shaft and pit and coal hole. Not even for Cousin Max could she have Bonnibelle hushed into blackened silence, the dear old home levelled, the lawn, the graves,—oh, no, no, no,—a thousand times no!

As she stood breathless and shaken, listening to the fresh outburst of hysteric cries with which Cousin Marcia greeted her husband's return, the picture of her evening dream seemed to rise vividly before Pat's waking eyes,—the Ridge, the rocks, the lights of the old house gleaming through the shadows. Again she heard the bubbling laugh of Bonnibelle in the distance, the hoarse bark of Fritz at the kitchen door,—her dear old home that was waiting for her,—the home she loved better than her life! Oh, never, never could she give it up!

Louder and wilder grew the hysteric cries above; and then came her guardian's step, quicker, heavier, descending the stairs. Some one stopped at the door of the Den and looked in. Was it Cousin Max, with that white, deathlike face, those sunken, burning eyes?

"Harold!" he called in sharp command. "Go to Gladys! Keep her from your

mother. I have told Elise to give her a sleeping powder. She will not listen to me. Go keep your sister quiet somehow, or—or they will drive me mad!"

"Yes, sir!" was Harold's quick answer, as he darted up the stairs to obey.

Cousin Max turned heavily away to his study. Pat heard him close and lock the door. With a long, shivering sob, she sank down on her knees. Ah, the secret of Pocomoke was safe! She had not spoken. She would keep it safe forever. And yet—O poor, dear Cousin Max, with his dead, white face and burning eyes, ruined, desperate,—Cousin Max, who was nearly mad; Cousin Marcia, who seemed wholly so; Harold, Gladys! Her millions could save them all,—the millions that Link had told her were only waiting her word and touch.

How could she refuse to give them? And Pat's warm heart seemed fairly torn with the struggle,—the fiercest, mightiest struggle she had ever felt. All the future of this ruined household seemed waiting on the will, the word, of one little girl. Would she, could she give up the secret of Pocomoke?

(To be continued.)

About Bees.

Why do bee-keepers ring bells and beat upon tin pans when their bees swarm? Some think the bees like the noise so well that they will light upon a tree near by in order to listen. Others tell us that the original intent of the racket was to notify the neighbors that the owner's bees had swarmed, and that he would claim them if found on the premises of another. It is considered unlucky to have a straying swarm settle upon one's land; and, above all, it is thought undesirable to sell bees. They must be "given" in return for corn or a pig or some other equivalent. As to stolen bees, they will never thrive; so the hives are usually safe from thieves.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Narrow-minded anti-Catholics will find much pleasure in reading —, for its whole tenor is antagonistic to the Catholic Church." Thus does the New York *Times* begin its review of a book recently published by the American Tract Society. Comment in this case seems superfluous.

—The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, whose headquarters are at Hawthorne, N. Y., has issued a new edition (the third) of "An American Missionary, a Record of the Work of the Rev. William H. Judge," S. J., by his brother, the Rev. Charles J. Judge, S. S. A most interesting and edifying book, for which we hope there will be a fresh demand.

—The current number of Father David Dunford's "Roman Documents and Decrees" contains the Apostolic Constitution, *Divino Afflatu*, "On the New Arrangement of the Psalter in the Roman Breviary," and an excellent English translation thereof. If it be not ungracious to say so, 'tis rather a pity that the new arrangement seems to be complex instead of simple.

—The third (revised) edition of the London Catholic Truth Society's "Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works" has an appreciative preface by Cardinal Bourne. The new alphabetical arrangement of the different works in the various dioceses simplifies the matter of identifying their whereabouts; and, as the lists have been revised by diocesan authorities, substantial accuracy is assured.

—Pretty legends from the Acts of the Martyrs, and quaint tales drawn from various sources, are retold for children in a clear, simple style in Mother Salome's latest volume, happily entitled "Told in the Twilight," and attractively produced by Benziger Brothers. Though we notice a few sentences that seem to have been written with the intention of filling space—such as, "Did you ever hear this story? I will tell you, and then you will see,"—most often the stories are briefly and brightly related, and always convey a moral lesson.

—"The Divine Trinity," a dogmatic treatise, by the Rev. Joseph Pohle; Ph. D., D. D., translated by Dr. Preuss, is the second volume of the series contemplated by Dr. Pohle. The number of works in English in the strictly theological form are not too numerous; for this reason alone the present volume is desirable. The student, especially, who will use this treatise as supplementary reading, or as a review of

ground already covered, will find in it many good points. The author treats the two main questions, Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, proving the various subdivisions of each from Scripture and Tradition. The translation is so well done as to make it an easy task to follow the matter presented. Published by B. Herder.

—Pius X.'s decree concerning the Communion of our very young people has given an apparently permanent stimulus to the publication of books and booklets for the lambs of Christ's flock. The latest one to reach us is "Little Children," by a Religious, a neat booklet of thirty pages. It is replete with sound instruction in simple language. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

—Convent schools throughout the English-speaking world will be interested in learning that the Dominican Sisters of England have published, through Sands & Co., "Sacred Dramas," by Augusta Theodosia Drane (Mother Francis Raphael, O. S. D.) The charming plays are three in number: "St. Catherine of Alexandria," "Flowers from Heaven" (scenes from the martyrdom of St. Dorothea), and "A Christmas Mystery." Written in exceptionally admirable blank verse, with occasional musical lyrics to vary the monotony, these posthumous works of Mother Raphael, as she was called, quite sustain the distinguished reputation she achieved for solid literary content and graceful literary form.

—Many changes and not a few improvements will be noted in "The Official Catholic Directory" for 1912, just published by Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The complete edition contains full reports of all the dioceses in the United States, Alaska, Philippine Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Canada, Newfoundland, Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales; also the hierarchies and statistics of the Canal Zone, Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, Belgium, Central America, German Empire, Luxemburg, United States of Mexico, and the West Indies. The statistics have been carefully revised, and the reports rendered as complete as possible. The Directory is in good hands, and improvements in future issues may be confidently expected.

—"Faith Brandon," by Henrietta Dana Skinner (D. Appleton & Co.), is a Russo-American novel, with Russian characters and setting most in evidence, although the heroine of the title, and a goodly array of her relatives,

are of New England strain. It is a love-story of unusual force and interest, with an accompaniment of incidental psychologic exposition as keen as it is convincing. There is much about religion, or religions, in the narrative. Faith's uncle is an American bishop who would like to get rid of the epithet "Protestant" which forms part of his title; her betrothed is a prince belonging to the Orthodox Russian Church; her stepsisters are Unitarians; and almost the only Catholic in the tale is the Uniät, Count von Dovsprung. The last-mentioned character's early activities in the unfolding of the plot are anything but creditable to his Church, but his later life and acts more than compensate therefor; and to not a few readers, the Count—or Youri Andreovich, as he is known to his friends—will appeal as the real hero of the book. The time of the story includes the period of the Russo-Japanese war, though comparatively little stress is laid upon that struggle. A minor point on which Mrs. Skinner is to be congratulated is her giving the correct pronunciation of a number of Russian proper names. The novel is of goodly length, and will, we think, add to the reputation which the author has already achieved in the field of fiction.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Sacred Dramas." Augusta Theodosia Drane. 90 cts.
 "Told in the Twilight." Mother Salome. 85 cts.
 "The Divine Trinity." Rev. Joseph Pohle, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Faith Brandon." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.30.
 "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. 65 cts.
 "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.
 "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown." André Prévot, D. D. 85 cts., net.
 "The Little Apostle on Crutches." H. E. Delamare. 45 cts.

- "Lincoln's Selections." Andrew S. Draper, L. I. D. 35 cts.
 "Annus Liturgicus." Michael Gatterer, S. J. \$1.
 "Back to the World." ("Champlol's "Les Reve-nantes.") L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.
 "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
 "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries." Vol. II. Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Elements of Social Science." Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. \$1.50.
 "Fair Noreen." Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). \$1.50.
 "Easy Catechetics for the First School Year." Rev. A. Urban. 60 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Thomas Byles, of the archdiocese of Westminster; and Rt. Rev. Monsignor McNamara, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister Ignatia, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Evangeline, Sisters of the Precious Blood; and Sister M. Anselm, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Frank Christen, Mr. Edward Andrews, Mrs. T. Casey, Mrs. Paul Schmitt, Sr., Mr. Martin O'Brien, Mr. John Jolly, Mr. Patrick Caraher, Mr. Joseph Sicken, Mrs. Kathleen Lyons, Mr. James H. Divers, Miss Anna Timmons, Mr. Stephen Eilers, Mrs. Hannah Coughlan, Mr. George Erker, Miss Mary McCann, Mr. Frederick Hang, Mr. John McCabe, Mr. Anton Lorain, Mrs. Mary Kane, Mr. Thomas Healy, Mr. Frank Schleifstein, Mr. Peter Maloney, Mr. John Radican, Mary P. Stewart, Mr. William Downey, Mr. A. J. Wedemeyer, Mr. Daniel Ryan, Dr. John P. Judge, Mr. Patrick Dagnin, Mr. Adam Wunderlich, Mrs. Mary McNulty, Mr. Charles Martin, Mr. Frank Martin, Jr., and Mr. August Langefeld.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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

For St. Michael's Mission, Alaska:

Mrs. J. H. Z., \$1.

St. Anthony's Bread:

T. B. R., \$2.

The Chinese Famine Sufferers:

J. J. C., \$1; F. J. B., \$1.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith of Indian Children:

Client of St. Joseph, \$2.



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

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Our Lady of the Flowers.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

WHEN I cull the violet—

Soft-eyed, dew-eyed violet,—

See, I bring it to thy shrine;

Lady, I'd not keep it mine:

For the soft-eyed violet,

With the heavenly vapors wet,

With its perfume like thy breath

That enodored Nazareth,—

Wherefore, Lady, should it be

But to tell its love to thee?

When I cut the daffodil—

Deep-heart, gold-heart daffodil,—

See, I lay it at thy feet;

Surely, Lady, it is meet:

For the deep-heart daffodil

Where the heavenly dews distil,

With its yellow-golden cup,

Like thine heart with love filled up,—

Lady, ne'er a flower made He,

But, I trow, to 'dizen thee.

English Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Catholic Times.

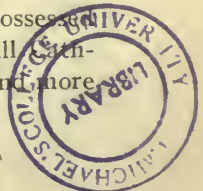
BY BISHOP JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

A WONDERFUL change has come over England, during the past fifty years, in regard to its attitude toward the Immaculate Mother of God,— a change which is little short of marvelous, and which we may look upon as a beautiful harbinger of that "Second Spring" to which the great Cardinal

Newman refers in one of his most remarkable sermons. The tide of bigotry is ebbing fast, and the incoming tide of a healthier opinion is advancing with a rush. It has not, indeed, yet reached high-water mark, but it is coming in by leaps and bounds.

Not only is the name of Mary heard with reverence and devotion on the lips of many Anglicans, but even Our Lady's statues are to be found in most unexpected quarters, as though she were again quietly resuming her ancient position in the land. Every time we enter into Westminster Abbey, we must pass by the image of the Mother and Child; and if we stroll into St. Paul's itself, our eyes are at once caught by a magnificent representation of the Angel Gabriel saluting Mary as "full of grace."

In spite of this, however, there still lingers in some quarters a very strong feeling of dislike and even hatred of this devotion. In fact, the bulk of Protestant England continues, as before, to reject and to denounce all honor and respect paid to our Blessed Lady, and to class it as rank "Mariolatry." It is for this reason that we venture to invite the benevolent reader to consider the state of feeling in Great Britain in the grand old Catholic times, when England was "Merrie England"; and "merrie" because basking in the bright, joyous sunshine of true Catholic Unity and of true Catholic Faith and doctrine. For more than a thousand years England possessed the Catholic Faith; and among all Catholic nations not one was to be found more



thoroughly devoted to the ever-blessed Virgin, or more ready to honor her and to pay her reverence.

As France called itself "Our Lady's Kingdom," and as Flanders called itself "Our Lady's Patrimony," so England loved to call itself and to be known as "Our Lady's Dowery." Her images, skilfully cut in stone or carved in wood, were to be seen all over the land. They met one at the city gates, they stood at the entrances to the bridges that spanned the rivers, and they kept guard over many a church and cathedral. Fair representations of her hung on chancel wall, or blazed in bright and dazzling colors from many a stained-glass window. Nor were these images and pictures mere ornaments: they were venerated and honored for the sake of her whom they represented, as is abundantly clear from many old records still extant. Thus, it was enacted in the thirteenth century that 'the keeper of Our Lady's chapel, in Westminster, was to see that both on the Assumption and on the Purification twenty lamps and fifty tapers were placed in the hands of the statues of the saints that surrounded her image.' In this chapel a lamp burned night and day; and, somewhat later, Ralph de Gloucester caused two more to be added.

Although the great majority of the statues of the Blessed Virgin were carved out of wood or stone, this was by no means always the case. Many were wrought in more precious substances, such as marble, alabaster, silver and silver-gilt, and sometimes even in solid gold. King Henry III., for example, bequeathed a statue of Our Lady in pure gold to Westminster Abbey, and another, likewise of gold, to his son Edward.

Nor were our English forefathers less mindful of our Immaculate Mother in the churches they erected all over the country. A church was built in her honor by St. Augustine at Ely in 607; in the same diocese, St. Lawrence, Archbishop of Canterbury and the successor of St. Augustine, caused another to be con-

structed and dedicated to her under the title of "the Holy Mother of God." Once the example was set, the custom rapidly spread and became more and more general, so that in the course of time there was hardly a town in England without its church of St. Mary. In the larger towns, we find, by consulting the records, that there were two or three or four, and sometimes even more, though the entire population of the country was then less than the present population of greater London alone. We must also bear in mind that, where the cathedral or church itself was not dedicated to her, there was almost invariably a chapel and an altar within the building, set aside as the Lady Chapel.

When we come to the thirteenth century, that "Golden Age" of architecture, when the grandest and noblest of the English cathedrals arose, the east end was generally reserved entirely to our Blessed Lady. In the few places in which no *special* altar was erected to her, at least her image or statue always found an honored place. There was a statute passed in the Council of Exeter, which still exists, commanding that in *every* parish church there shall stand an image of the Blessed Virgin in addition to the statue of the patron.

People had an immense devotion to these representations of the great Mother of God, and would bring presents of flowers and candles and lamps and festoons to help to adorn them, as well as to manifest their love and piety. The sick, when they felt that their end was drawing near, would bequeath large sums of money, to be spent in beautifying and enriching these hallowed spots. We read in some cases of persons leaving lambs and sheep and goats in charge of the churchwardens, to be sold, and the proceeds to be spent in keeping the lamp burning before her image or picture. Among many others, may be mentioned one in particular, stationed at old St. Paul's, long since burned down, which

was a marked favorite with the people. "Oblations of candles and of money before this image were so great," observes a contemporary writer, "that Archbishop Arundel, in 1411, had to arbitrate for the disposal of them."

We find yet another evidence of this same devotion in the immense number of shrines of Our Lady scattered all over the country. There were several in the immediate vicinity of London, and in spots well known to Londoners, at all events by name, even at the present day. As instances in point, we refer to such places as Westminster, Willesden, Muswell Hill, Islington, and what was then known as Eastminster (in contradistinction to *Westminster*). On certain days, almost half the town would turn out and make a pilgrimage to one or another of these shrines. And, while banners floated on the breeze, and the air was full of glad voices singing hymns and spiritual canticles, and making a melody in many hearts in honor of their Blessed Mother, rich and poor, high and low, would gather around her altar, and forget their differences and social distinctions in the reverence paid to one whom all recognized as their sovereign Queen and Mother.

The love of Mary lay deep in the heart of the whole nation. Not only the noble dames and stately ladies with their distaffs and spinning wheels, and the coy maidens with their embroidery, sitting quietly at home and sewing, thought of and invoked her loved name, but the boldest warriors and fighting men also loved to range themselves under her banner. The doughtiest knights, locked up in steel, would cross themselves as they entered on the bloody field of battle, and would rush valiantly upon the foe, shouting, as they swung their heavy broadswords, "Our Lady! Our Lady and St. George!" And then, when victory rewarded their courage, it was no unusual thing to see one or another of the more devout amongst them walking up the aisle of his native church, with his heavy metal armor clanging and ringing on the

stony ground at every step, to hang his trusty sword, as a trophy and as a sign of gratitude, at the feet of Our Lady's statue, there to remain as an abiding testimony of his love and loyalty to her whom he attributed his victory and his safe return. Indeed, there is something exceedingly beautiful and touching in this union of so much strength and bravery with so much gentleness and tender affection.

It is not too much to say that, to all in Catholic England, Our Lady was taken as the most perfect type and model of beauty, grace, and comeliness. Men loved to link her sweet name with all that they admired most. Whatever was sweetest and prettiest and most attractive, they would associate with her, whether in town or country. Hence almost every district had its "Lady's Grove," its "Lady's Mead," or its "Lady's Bower." Not satisfied to bestow Our Lady's name upon their daughters, they called even the choicest flowers and plants after her. Thus we find one christened "Our Lady's Hood," another "Our Lady's Mantle," another "the Virgin's Grot." Besides these, we meet such expressions as "Our Lady's Seal," "Our Lady's Slipper," "Our Lady's Fingers," "Our Lady's Fringe," "Maiden's Hair," "Marygold," as well as a great many more.

In the towns it was much the same. The streets and roads were not unfrequently named after the Blessed Virgin. In London of to-day, after countless changes, there still remain some few relics of this old and truly Catholic custom. We note instances of it in such places as "Ave Maria Lane" and "Marylebone." Some say that a bright, sparkling stream once flowed through what is now known as Marylebone Road; and that this stream, or brook, or "burn," was first called "St. Mary's Burn" in honor of Our Lady, and then simply "Mary's Burn," and that finally it got corrupted into "Marylebone," or what has degenerated to-day into something that sounds very much like "Marrowbone."

We may also point out that the very signboards, swinging and grating upon their rusty hinges before the entrances of shops and hotels and inns and taverns and quaint old hostelries, often bore Mary's image, as well as an inscription or an invocation. Instead of "The Red Lion" or "The White Hart" or "The World's End" or "The Man in the Moon," and such absurd signs that we actually meet with at the present day, the rattling old coaches of those far-off times, running from Oxford to Cheltenham, or from London to the North, would pull up at the sign of "The Virgin," or stop to bait their horses or to have "a stoup of liquor" at the sign of "Our Lady of Pity."

It is still the custom to call certain inns by the name of "The Angel"; but we wish to point out that "The Angel" was originally "The Salutation." Up to the seventeenth century, this signboard had the Angel and Our Lady painted upon it. But when England turned Protestant, such a sign was evidently considered far too "Popish"; at all events, it was soon changed into "The Soldier and the Citizen." Later on, it took the form of two simple citizens politely bowing to each other. In other instances, Our Lady was merely obliterated, and the Angel (relieved of his scroll; with the words *Ave Maria* written upon it) remained standing alone, saluting nobody in particular!

Did space permit, we would gladly speak of the many important guilds and confraternities existing in England in Catholic days, since their rules and regulations throw a flood of light upon the strength and extraordinary keenness of the English devotion toward Christ's Virgin Mother. We can not, however, forbear saying something of one of the best known and most highly esteemed of all the civil and secular Orders of the Kingdom. We refer to the famous Order of the Garter. This Order, which is so highly prized that it is conferred only upon crowned heads, princes of royal blood, and persons of quite exceptional

positions, was founded by that most Catholic King, Edward III., in 1344. How far it may have departed from its primitive form, it is hard to say; but it is certain that it had for its original patroness the ever-blessed Virgin. St. George was, naturally, one of the patrons, but the Blessed Virgin was the chief.

Now, let us ask, why was this Order established? Why was this new decoration conferred? One would scarcely credit it, did one not know the love for our Blessed Lady which burned in the hearts of England's kings in the old days; but it is a fact, all the same, that this Order was founded for the special purpose of paying honor to the Mother of God. In the statutes of the Order, drawn up by King Edward IV., it is expressly enacted and declared that his ancestor, Edward III., had founded the Order "to the honor of the Blessed Virgin; and that, out of his singular affection for her, he wished her to be honored also by all his knights." Therefore, it goes on to say, by a unanimous vote, they had resolved that on each of the five great festivals of Our Lady, and on all Saturdays, as well as on the feast of St. George, the knights should wear during the Divine Office (so, presumably, they attended Office on those days) a peculiar habit having a golden figure of the Mother of God on the right shoulder, and that on each of these days they should recite five times the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary."

Alas! we may gather how far we have travelled since those days, and how completely the original intention of the founder of the Order has been forgotten, from the fact that the Garter is now bestowed even upon those who care nothing at all about Heaven's spotless Queen, — yea, upon celebrities who are not Christians at all. During Queen Victoria's reign, for instance, the Order of the Garter was conferred upon the Shah of Persia and on the Sultan of Turkey.

The multitudes of Protestant Englishmen who now walk through the streets

of London and other big towns, or who travel all over the land in search of amusement, are wholly unaware of the love their forefathers bore toward our Blessed Lady, which was shown in such countless ways, and which was reflected even in the most ordinary objects, from the great figureheads representing her on the prows of gigantic warships, down to the little silver and golden "maiden spoons," so often referred to in wills and bequests of the period, and so called because each spoon terminated in a little image of the Mother of God.

If the Kingdom of England has lost these glorious traditions, and has ceased to be animated by the grand old spirit, God grant that we, at least, who have kept the true Faith may ever prove ourselves worthy of the love and the protection of so ineffable and so powerful a Queen! *Maria Sanctissima, ora pro nobis!*

Flower of the Almond.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.



WHY was I brought back to Rome? What has been gained by it?" This was the question which Iris repeatedly asked herself during the long watches of that night of Holy Thursday, and it was still strongly in her mind when the morning of Good Friday dawned. And, significantly enough, she did not ask herself, "Why did I come back to Rome?" but always, "Why was I brought back?"—so strongly was the impression fixed in her mind that some influence outside of herself had directed her return.

Yet, except for the clearing away of all doubt about her position, which had been the result of her interview with the Conte della Rovere, there had been nothing gained, and she was unable to see how anything possibly could be gained by this return. Scandal—such scandal as her

precipitate flight to Naples would have caused—had indeed been averted; but this hardly seemed worth the pain she had endured in returning, since the scandal must come when the world learned that she had left the man whom the law called her husband, but who acknowledged himself the husband of another woman. For it was clear to her that Della Rovere had no doubt of his true position; that he had probably had a fierce fight with his conscience before going through the form of marriage with herself, but that, as he confessed, he had finally said, "I will bear all the penalty, and pay all the cost." And now she, although innocent, was paying that cost as well as he who was guilty.

But, why had she been brought back? Still the insistent question returned. Was it in order to pay to the full, to suffer instead of evade the keen pang of parting, or was it that she might learn something which only suffering could teach? She had an instinct that it was the last, because of late Rome—religious Rome, which is so truly a Holy City—had been doing the silent work in her soul of which mention has already been made. Like many another mortal, she, too, could have echoed the saying which comes down to us from the man whose eyes were opened in distant Galilee—"Whereas I was blind, now I see." But when she had turned to her husband the day before, with these words almost trembling on her lips, she was met with a repulse which she now understood. For it was now abundantly plain why Della Rovere preferred that she should remain a Protestant, why no news could have been more unwelcome to him than that of her turning toward the Church. And yet in his own heart faith, though stifled, was not dead. This was proved in many ways—among the rest by the attraction that had drawn him to *Tenebræ* in St. John Lateran. And to-day was Good Friday; how were they to spend it, he and she?

She rose and looked out of the window.

The breath of spring was in the air, the mist of spring, like a delicate haze, lay over all things; and in the garden below the almond trees had opened into fuller flower, and formed a ravishing mass of rose-pink bloom against the old gray walls of the palace. "*Shakèd—the waker*"! Could she ever forget how this bloom was associated with the tragic awakening which had come into her life? And yet—and yet—something seemed whispering that an awakening to truth, however bitter, was better than a dream, however sweet; because through truth it was possible to rise to higher things, even though pain were the stepping-stone. "The royal road of the holy cross"! A Kenpiss' phrase clung to her mind, and she said to herself that for to-day at least she would walk in that road: she would put aside the thought of the wrong done to her, and, remembering only the Lord who had died for her, she would implore, through the merits of His bitter suffering, grace to bear her own suffering and strength to do what was right—not merely what natural resentment and indignation dictated,—in the difficult position in which she found herself.

"Perhaps it was for this that I was brought back," she thought; "that I might have time to reflect, and that I might act with wisdom and dignity. I do not know where I shall go or what I shall do, but I have a feeling that this will be made clear to me. And so for to-day, at least, I will take no step; I will wait and pray for light and direction."

As she made this resolution it did not occur to her to consider how she could avoid seeing Della Rovere if she remained under the same roof with him; for their association had been so close that the servants—those relentless spies of the highly placed—would surely observe any sign of the alienation which existed; and what servants know the world soon knows. But had she considered this, she would no doubt have thought that, in any event, the world must soon learn a part at

least of the truth; and for the rest, she felt sure that, after the manner in which they parted, Della Rovere would not, unbidden, seek her presence again. How right she was in this opinion she learned when the maid, for whom she had rung, came in with her morning coffee, and on the tray there lay, beside a spray of almond bloom, a letter addressed to her in her husband's writing. She tore it open quickly, and this was what she read:

"I have spent a sleepless night in thinking of all that you have said, and to me as well as to you the hour of awakening has come. I recognize for the first time the magnitude of the wrong I have done you; and which I deceived myself into believing that you would not recognize as a wrong, if you knew of it. I thought that I alone could pay, but I see now that you must pay also for my fault; and therefore all that remains for me to do is to make that paying as easy as possible for you. So I am going away to the villa, out at Frascati, and I shall stay there until I hear what you wish or intend to do. Be assured of my assent to whatever you desire. This is the penance I have set myself—to see you, for whom I have sinned so deeply, go out of my life without making an effort to detain you. It is also the only atonement I can offer—to put no obstacle in your way, and to take upon myself all the blame for our separation.

"I will not add 'If separation must be'; for I know now that you will not consent to occupy longer the position you would never have occupied at all had you known the truth. My one poor excuse is that I did not know you then as I know you now; and that I loved you, as I still love you, to distraction. I am sure that this love will remain with me always as my punishment, but perhaps God, who has special mercy for the pure-hearted, will allow you to forget

"GIULIO."

Iris looked up from the note, which, in its acceptance of her decision, its tone

o penitence and self-effacement, affected her more deeply than any form of excuse or plea for pardon could have done; and her glance fell on the spray of almond which lay on the tray.

"How did that come there, Anita?" she asked.

"His Excellency the Signor Conte placed it with the letter," the maid replied. "I met him as I came up the stairs. He had been to the garden for the flower."

So he, too, remembered what they had said of the almond blossom the day before, when for the last time they stood together in the sweet intimacy of love, and looked down at the lovely blooms which heralded the resurrection! She lifted the spray, and, as the maid turned aside, touched it softly to her lips. It was as if she bade farewell to love and happiness—to all the enchanted dream which her life in this old Roman palace had been,—even as one bends and touches with gentle kiss the still, white brow of the dead.

Later in the day, dressed in black, like every Roman woman on Good Friday, she stood at the foot of the *Scala Santa*. It was a sense of desperation rather than devotion which had driven her there. In the pain that possessed her she was conscious of a longing to draw as near as possible to the great type of suffering—the Redeemer, on whom on this day the gaze of all humanity is fixed, as He moves through the successive scenes of the dolorous Passion which had an end on Calvary. The year before, when she had been in Rome as a visitor, she had gone, merely as a sight-seer, to watch the devout throng of people climbing the *Scala Santa* on their knees. It was a sight which impressed her deeply. "That is faith!" she said to herself with a yearning of envy; and whether or not the steps were really those which had led to the prætorium of Pilate, and at the head of which the woful, thorn-crowned King of suffering was shown to the mocking rabble, seemed to her of less matter than the faith in Him as God and love for Him

as man, which brought such devout multitudes to climb these steps in His memory. Remembering that scene to-day, when she desired above all things to escape from her own thoughts, as well as to lay hold of something which might help her in her misery, she had come, not now as a spectator, but to join the constantly renewed throng of those who slowly and painfully climbed the Holy Stair on their knees.

Recognizing, with a deep sense of relief, that in the midst of this crowd, absorbed in the devotion which had drawn it there, she was as secure from observation as if she had been alone, Iris knelt down on the lowest step and began the ascent. It was more difficult than she had reckoned upon, and although all around she heard the murmured sound of prayers, she found it hard at first to fix her own mind on anything save the physical exertion required. But slowly and toilsomely she mounted upward, and presently, when she saw some of those around her pausing to stoop and kiss the glass-covered spots where tradition declares that certain dark stains on the marble were made by the Precious Blood which dropped thereon, as the Divine Victim was led downward, she forgot her surroundings, and even her own pain, in visualizing that scene so long past, yet for the Christian soul so constantly and vividly renewed. It was a moment when imagination worked, as it had worked in the church of the *Domine quo Vadis*; and she not only remembered, but saw, with that inward vision which sees far more than the outward, the sacred, majestic Figure passing on the way to cruel death.

Following the example of a woman beside her, she, too, bent and kissed the exposed spot, ceasing to question if the stain had or had not been made truly by the blood of Christ, since, whether as reality or representation, her heart paid its tribute of adoration to the blood shed so bountifully for man's redemption on that long-past Good Friday; and her soul

cried out to Him whose own soul had sounded the utmost depths of human sorrow for help in the pass of pain and difficulty in which, through no fault of her own, she was involved. So, learning for the first time in her life what prayer, in the sense of supplication, really is, and altogether absorbed in it, she continued to climb upward on her knees, following closely the woman whose example she had already imitated, and who had been a little in advance of her when they started. At last, when the next to the last step was reached, and, exhausted by the unusual exertion, she paused for a moment before making the final effort, this woman, who had made it without difficulty, rose, and, turning, held out a hand to help her.

Iris accepted the assistance, and neither looked in the face of the other until she rose to her feet. Then, with an impulse of thanks, she lifted her eyes, started, and drew back, for it was Elena Almirante who stood before her, — Elena Almirante with whom she had climbed the *Scala Santa*, whose hand had helped her, and into whose dark, sorrowful eyes she now found herself gazing.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Cloud.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

HOW beautiful the cloud of heaven white!
 Forever does it float above the earth,
 Like some bright angel of transcendent birth,
 Clothed in the lovely garment of the light;
 Yet often as it moves, from its calm height
 It flings in pity to the lowly dust,
 Tear-arms of pearly rain or shade august
 That falls like manna on the sense and sight.
 So, shining like triumphant vision fair,
 The noble spirit moves on outspread wings
 Above the sordid world of petty care,
 Unsoiled forever by the meaner things;
 Yet does it stoop to share with all mankind
 Its lovely gifts of heart and soul and mind.

An Isle of Saints.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AMONG the thousands of tourists who every year congregate at the fashionable resorts of the French Riviera, there are few who have not, at one time or another, visited the two islands of Lérins that lie in sight of Cannes — Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat. Both are interesting. The mysterious "Man with the Iron Mask" is the hero of Ste. Marguerite, where his narrow cell is still shown; but it is the other and smaller island that deserves the name of "Isle of Saints." Its dramatic history is a record of heroic deeds; and from this sea-girt rock, barely four miles in length, came forth generations of wise and holy men, who greatly contributed to the civilization of mediæval Europe. Indeed, it would be difficult to overestimate the extent and power of the influences that radiated from St. Honorat for many centuries. It was a centre of learning, culture, and sanctity during what some historians are accustomed to call the Dark Ages.

Before the invasion of Gaul by the Romans, both islands were inhabited by an unknown and barbarous people. Pliny even speaks of a fortified town named Vergoanum that, in these remote times, was built on Lerina, the tiny island afterward called St. Honorat. When the Romans, in their turn, took possession of Southern Gaul, they raised temples and villas among the woods of evergreens that cover the islands. Stones bearing Roman inscriptions have been found on St. Honorat, and are now gathered together, with many mediæval relics, within the precincts of the new monastery. When the Romans abandoned Gaul, the islands, once thickly inhabited, were gradually deserted, and in the fourth century Lerina had an evil reputation. Thick woods, infested by serpents, covered the

spot that, in the past, Roman villas and gardens had made beautiful. It was this very reputation that attracted the man who, unknowingly, was to give a new name and an undying glory to the lonely island.

A young patrician from the east of France, named Honorat, called by God to a life of solitude and prayer, left his home and retired to a secluded spot in the mountains of the Estérel, that extend between St. Raphael and Nice. The grotto where, according to an ancient tradition, Honorat spent many years is still shown. It is in an almost inaccessible spot, high up among the red rocks that are the characteristic feature of the Estérel. Below are thick woods of cork trees, and picturesque slopes that in spring are bright with lavender, heather, and blue iris. The majesty of the Alps is here combined with the gorgeous coloring of the South. The depth and brilliancy of the blue sea and sky, the crimson tint of the rocks, and the dark green of the trees make up a picture that is not easily forgotten.

But, although he sought to hide himself from men, Honorat's reputation soon spread through the country; and, to escape from the pilgrims who broke upon his solitude, the hermit exchanged the recesses of the Estérel for the ill-famed island of Lerina, where, like St. Patrick in Ireland, it is said that he miraculously exterminated the serpents that haunted the woods.

In his new hermitage, Honorat was followed by a certain number of kindred spirits — men who were drawn to a life of solitude, — and, in obedience to a heavenly inspiration, he decided to band them together under a religious rule. In the first years of the fifth century, just fourteen hundred years ago, he founded a community, whose members seem to have followed the mode of life practised by the Fathers of the Desert in Egypt and in Syria. They lived in separate cells that were scattered through the island, and, on Sundays and feast-days, they

said Divine Office together and were present at Mass in the monastery church. Their time, like that of the hermits in the East, was passed in prayer, study, and manual labor.

From the accounts of his contemporaries, Honorat seems to have been an ideal chief. Solitude and penance had not dried up his powers of sympathy. "He felt the sorrows of others as if they were his own," writes one of his most illustrious followers, St. Hilaire of Arles. And although his disciples came from different countries, "they seemed to have only one heart to love him," says the same authority.

Many of his first disciples were highly-gifted men, chosen by God to serve the Church at a time of distress and difficulty. St. Eucher was a Roman patrician, who came to Lerina in 412, and who, much against his will, eventually became Bishop of Lyons. Vincent of Lérins, another member of the community, was, according to Montalembert, "the ablest controversialist of his day." Salvian, a German by birth, wrote eloquently on "the government of God" at an epoch when Europe was terrified by the invasion of the barbarians, and when public and private catastrophes forcibly turned the minds of men toward things eternal. Another of Honorat's disciples was St. Hilaire, Bishop of Arles, whose description of his master we have already quoted, and whose funeral oration of the holy founder is a valuable historical document.

That Honorat possessed the gifts of a leader of men is further proved by the strength of the traditions that he planted at Lerina. During the fifth and sixth centuries, the holiest and wisest bishops of the day owed their training to the methods established by him. The tiny island that took his name, a mere speck on the expanse of the Mediterranean, gave canonized saints to the Sees of Carpentras, Fréjus, Valence, Arles, Lyons, and so forth. St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, may be counted among the disciples of St.

Honorat; for he spent nine years among the monks of Lerina before entering upon his career as a missionary. The bishops and priests trained at Honorat's school were distinguished by their energy, their learning, and their absolute unworldliness; and their influence over their turbulent, half-pagan flocks was all the more powerful because of their ascetic habits and supernatural spirit.

The immediate successors of St. Honorat walked in his footsteps. Under one of them, named Stephen, St. Augustine, who was on his way to evangelize England, stopped at Lerina. Under another, St. Aygulphe, the rule of St. Benedict was adopted by the monks. Two of them, however, refused to follow the rest; and, with the help of the Comte d'Uzès, a lawless soldier, they rebelled against their abbot, Aygulphe, and put him to death in 660. This tragic episode did not prevent the development of the Congregation, whose mother-house was at Lerina. Under one of Aygulphe's successors, St. Amand, the Order counted 3700 members.

But evil days were at hand for St. Honorat's monks. In the eighth century, the Saracens were the scourge and terror of the south of France; and to this day the remembrance of their continual invasions has not faded from the memory of the people of Provence. The mountains that stretch from St. Raphael to Hyères are pointed out as their stronghold, whence they descended to attack the Christian towns and villages; and the watch towers that may still be seen along the coast were erected as a means of defence against the infidels.

In 732, the Saracens made a descent upon the island of St. Honorat. The abbot of that day, St. Porcaire, was warned by an angel of the danger that threatened his community. He immediately assembled the five hundred monks who at that time lived under his rule, and informed them of the ordeal that awaited them if they remained in the convent. They replied that nothing would

induce them to leave their post; only the young novices, and some little boys who were being educated at the abbey, were sent to Italy, carrying with them the most precious relics belonging to the community.

When the infidels landed, they were met by five hundred white-robed monks. At their head walked the abbot, carrying a cross. The religious were offered life and liberty if they would embrace the sect of Mohammed. On their refusal, they were, with their abbot, barbarously murdered. Only four of the younger brethren were spared and carried away by the invaders. These religious, however, soon succeeded in making their escape, and returned to bury the martyred friars. The scene of this wholesale massacre is supposed to be the Gallo-Roman cloister that forms part of the present abbey.

Twenty years later, Eleuthère, one of the survivors of the tragedy, attempted to restore the once famous convent. He was magnificently assisted by Pepin, King of the Franks, who thus recognized the services rendered to science and to civilization by the monks of St. Honorat. But once more, in 838, a new Saracen invasion drove the religious from their island home. Their love for the monastery, around which lingered so many traditions of holiness, made them return to it again and again; and, to guard against future attacks, Abbot Aldebert, in 1066, built a strong, square fortress on the headland that stretches out on the south coast of the island. His work was warmly approved of by the Holy See, which lost no opportunity of urging the Christians to support the monks of St. Honorat in their perpetual struggle against the infidels. The Popes also bestowed many privileges on the monastery. It was under their immediate control; and, although situated in the diocese of Fréjus, was independent of the bishop of the diocese. The abbots were temporal lords as well as religious chiefs. They had the right to coin money; they possessed lands

in seventeen dioceses, and exercised their jurisdiction over eighty convents and villages. The neighboring island of Ste. Marguerite was their property till the seventeenth century, when they sold it to the Duc de Chevreuse.

Devotion to the memory of St. Honorat was a characteristic of the mediæval inhabitants of Provence. To them the island was holy ground. Rich and poor came to visit the abbey and also the seven chapels that, in those days, were built round the rock. In 1151, Pope Eugenius III. was among the pilgrims. He insisted, we read, on walking barefoot round an island where so many servants of God were buried; and he decided that the pilgrims of St. Honorat should henceforth enjoy the indulgences that are granted to the pilgrims of the Holy Land.

These were the golden days of the abbey. After the fifteenth century there began a period of gradual decay, that had its origin in the evil custom of appointing abbots who were not religious and who did not live in the monastery whose title they bore. The great abbeys of France thus became the gift of the sovereign to his favorites. They ceased to be homes of penance and prayer; and, naturally, suffered from the influence of the worldly prelates or laymen, who benefited by their ample revenues and cared little or nothing for their interior discipline.

The "Abbés Commendataires" (as they were called) of St. Honorat—Augustin de Grimaldi, the Prince of Conti, the Cardinal de Vendôme, and others—seldom came to the island. At first the monks continued, in spite of adverse circumstances, to cling to their rules and traditions; and from time to time they endeavored, without success, to return to the old custom of a resident abbot. But the French kings, whose interest it was to keep a hold over the wealthy monasteries, persistently thwarted their efforts in this direction.

By degrees, at St. Honorat, as elsewhere, the evil institution produced its

fruits; and when the Revolution of 1789 broke out, the once flourishing community consisted of only seven religious, who spent much of their time outside their convent. Like all monasteries throughout France, the abbey was suppressed; its relics and sacred vessels were given away to different parish churches in the neighborhood; and, most unfortunately, the unworthy monks were allowed to divide and carry away the contents of the library. When the Reign of Terror was at its worst, the very names of the two islands were changed. St. Honorat became L'Ile Pelletier; and Ste. Marguerite, L'Ile Marat.

In 1791, the smaller island, once the home of saints and scholars, was sold to a man named Alziary de Roquefort, whose daughter, a retired actress, took up her abode in Abbot Aldebert's fortified tower! At her death the island was again sold; and, passing through different hands, it came into those of an Anglican minister, Mr. Sims. In 1857, it was purchased by M. Augier, of Draguignan. Two years later, Mgr. Jordany, Bishop of Fréjus, was able to buy back the sacred spot, where during centuries so many of God's servants had lived and died. On February 9, 1859, he celebrated Mass in the ruined church; and, after several unsuccessful attempts to establish a religious community on the island, he made arrangements with the Cistercian monks, who in 1869 took possession of the dilapidated convent. Their Abbot, Dom Marie Bernard, who died only in 1888, may be considered as the real restorer of St. Honorat. He rebuilt the convent and church; and his work was continued by his successor, Dom Colombar.

St. Honorat is now the property of the monks. So far, their presence has been tolerated by the Government; although they are spared neither petty vexations nor grave anxieties. After so many vicissitudes, the traditions of the past are in a measure revived. If the twentieth-century abbey lacks the wealth and splendor of the mediæval monastery, it is still a

home of prayer; and to the pilgrim, filled with the remembrances of the past, there is a fitness and harmony in the sight of white-robed monks pacing the cypress avenues that lead to the church.

Deeply interesting is the massive, square tower, half fortress, half convent, on the solitary headland. Portions of the cloisters still exist. Those on the ground-floor were built with Roman columns found on the island by the mediæval monks; those above are of a later period, lighter and more graceful,—the white marble as spotless as if days, not centuries, had passed since the work was completed. The blue waters of the tideless sea lap the stone walls, against which more than once the Saracen pirates tried their strength. Here and there among the evergreens peep out the ruins of a chapel, reminding us of the seven shrines that in olden days were planted round the island.

The pilgrim, whose impressions of the present are colored by his knowledge of the past, will delight in the peaceful aspect of the Isle of Saints as, flooded by the glorious sunshine of Provence, it lies on the bosom of the Mediterranean. The white monastery stands out among the cork trees and cypresses, and over the whole hovers the memory of the great and holy men who were trained to sanctity within these narrow boundaries. Pictures of the past rise before us as we gaze. We see a Pope walking barefoot round the island, out of devotion for the saints of God. And we remember, too, how mediæval Catholics, coveting the privilege of being buried at St. Honorat, were laid to rest there, with much ceremony. The coffin lay in a boat, with a priest to watch over it; and an escort of twenty boats, each bearing a large cross and lighted torches, accompanied the dead pilgrim across the sea from Cannes, then a tiny village, to St. Honorat, where the monks stood ready to receive him.

A certain Gregory Cortese, who in the sixteenth century was Abbot of St.

Honorat, seems, like all those who dwelt within the convent in its best days, to have been passionately attached to his island home. He was something of a poet, and sang the praises of "Lérins, small in size but rich in glory; . . . the land that I can never sufficiently praise, . . . home of the blessed, . . . the mere sight of thee is enough to still the tempests of the soul." Something of the restful charm that appealed so strongly to Abbot Gregory still lingers on the tiny island, and touches the imagination of the twentieth-century pilgrim.

The Organist of Imaney.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VENGEANCE OF
LUCIENNE."

XX.—IMANEY AT LAST.

THE spring days already carried a touch of summer in them when at last, and in spite of all, Thaddeus O'Congaile returned to Glen Imaney. The house of his dreams was waiting for him in such readiness as he had never pictured to himself. Elinor and her mother had made it the daintiest of homes; and little had been changed when Mrs. Lambert left it to take possession of the wing of the castle that lay across the river, where for the future she was to live. The woman whom Elinor had trained to cook and keep house was ready to welcome the newcomer; and, from her likeness to a former generation, the old man recognized her as a cousin of his own. Her home was next door, so she would still be able to direct the household.

Outside, the house was flower clad, as Elinor had described it. Entering, Thaddeus caught a glimpse through an open door of a white covered bed in a simply-furnished room, whose window afforded a beautiful view down the valley; and then, crossing the tiny, red-tiled hall, he found himself in the living room. It

was his,—all his,—all his own! Long thought of it had made the idea familiar, yet now the reality was difficult to grasp. His evening meal stood ready on a little table, and a bright fire of turf burned cheerfully on the hearth. Through the window there came the faint sound of Irish pipes; for the village pipers were gathering for their evening practice.

Everything spoke the perfection of simple comfort and content; but for this the old man had neither eyes nor ears. He entered the room, and one thing only met his glance—his piano. Yes, the friend of many years, the gift of his loved David, the treasured instrument with which he had parted through grim necessity in his far-away London lodging, now stood before him, where its donor had hoped that one day it would stand—in the organist's house at Imaney. Thaddeus did not realize the difficulties that, with Crellan's help, Elinor had overcome before she found out and recovered the piano, the want of which, intuition told her, would mar the full joy of her old master's return. Yet, even without knowing all, he appreciated the thought to the full. He laid his hands gently on the keys, and felt at once that the sweet tones which time had thinned and sharpened had been restored by the skill of the modern musical mechanic.

He could not keep his mind upon the flow of information that his kinswoman and housekeeper poured out upon him. As yet it seemed too unreal, too beautifully satisfying, to be true. On the walls were pictures of his favorite musicians,—not the pictures he had known for years and decorated with mottoes, but others, chosen lovingly, of the same composers. There, too, were the object of Elinor's thought and care. But it was the piano, David's piano, to which the old man turned,—not to play it,—not that just yet, but to kneel before it and lay his lips upon the time-stained ivory keys, with voiceless prayers to God,—one of thanks too deep for words, one for the

happiness of Elinor and Crellan. Then he began to play; and on into the night, all unknown to him, there were listeners clustering outside the open window. The people of Imaney might not understand the art of Mendelssohn or of Beethoven, but they recognized a human heart when it was poured out in music as Thaddeus O'Congaile poured out his heart in thankfulness and joy that night.

With the morning, the things that on arriving he had been too dazed to notice began to break upon the old man's mind. First, there was the church. Toned by age and the passing of seasons, it was not exactly as he had seen it once, and pictured it afterward through the years. Formerly it had stood alone, but now a group of houses were being built beside it. There were at least a dozen of them; and Thaddeus learned that they were to shelter those who would soon be employed in the woollen mill. After struggling along as a one-loom, hand-worked business, run by a single family, it was now being added to; and the water power of the river where it fell at the Salmon Leap was to be utilized to turn the looms. All this was being done with money advanced by Mrs. Stewart, who was also the builder of the houses for the workers.

A corrugated iron roof not far from the organist's own house, and near to the national school which had superseded his father's little place of instruction of long ago, covered both the premises of the newly established Congested District's Lace Depot and a room where the white embroidery and the stockings knitted from time immemorial in the district were collected to be sold for the workers, without the assistance of a middleman, and therefore at a better price for those who made them.

As the old man walked along the valley he noted the hotel that had followed in the path of the light railway, which long ago the O'Congaile had striven vainly to have laid. As he had foreseen, the railway had made the Glen known as a paradise

for anglers; and the wild lands which stretched away to the sandhills, where it was rumored golf links were soon to be started, brought to the district other sportsmen who cared more for the pleasure of a day's rough shooting than for the wholesale slaughter of hand-reared pheasants in a trimly tended English coppice. Motor cars, too, had opened the Glen to a limited number of tourists,—not numbers enough as yet to spoil the locality; still, sufficient, with the sportsmen, to provide some employment, as the newly built cottages dotted about the end of the Glen testified.

And it was not only these newly built houses that surprised the old man who had been absent from Imaney for so many years. It was the old houses, the mud-walled, straw or rush thatched cabins, that made him wonder most. The walls, once grey and dingy, were, almost without exception, white. Indoors and outside, it was the same; and the smoke, creeping along the mountainside from the limekiln behind the castle, showed whence the material for this change had come. Then more than one of the houses had flowers growing near them; or, if not that, there were places being prepared for them; and Thaddeus learned that a spirit of emulation was in the air. Glen Imaney was no longer to be merely a passage from childhood to emigration. There were boys and girls who, now that living at home had become possible, did not mean to desert their motherland; others who, though going for a time, had begun to talk of the days when, their fortunes being made away in the States, they would come home to settle in the Glen that had given them birth.

That some would go and stay was inevitable; but in the future it was not to be only the useless wastrels who were to be left. Strong, healthy, clever boys and girls would be content, in the days that were coming, not to face the dangers and the hard work over the water for the sake of gains that, if they escaped with

health of body and of soul, might be theirs; and instead they would find work at home, less well paid but less dearly bought; and the amusements that are the lure to so many would be home manufactured too, made by their own hands and heads,—aye, and feet also; for the crossroad dances had already been started again, to the music of the pipers' band, of which the curate was the head. There would be none of the excitement and the glitter that seem so attractive to those who have not seen its victims; but there would be healthy recreation, and Thaddeus thanked God that there were still minds and hearts healthy enough to enjoy it.

But whilst Thaddeus learned how far the wishes and hopes of his foster brother were about to be carried out through the agency of his grand-nephew and of the girl who was so soon to be his wife—for everywhere, in all the improvements, the names of Crellan and Elinor were spoken of,—it may seem strange that he had no thought to spare for the organ that had played so prominent a part in the drama of his life,—the organ that was his first charge and his dearest joy. It was not that he had forgotten or overlooked it. After kneeling before the altar under the Celtic arches he had never thought to see again, his first visit had been to the organ-loft. Lovingly he opened the instrument and let his hands rest upon the silent notes. How exultantly he could have played! But he had made up his mind to deny himself this pleasure for still a few days longer. Then a soul-inspiring *Ave Maria* and a triumphant wedding march would be the first sounds that his fingers should draw from the organ that had cost him, and had won for him, so much.

Now, as he stood silently before it, he thought of all he hoped to do with it in the years that it still might please God to spare him. He thought of the praise that through it would rise to Heaven. He thought of sorrow-laden hearts soothed

by the melody they might not even understand. He thought of weary women coming in to listen to its voice, and going away rested and refreshed; of men on Sundays feeling, because of the message of the music, a greater wish to be strong against temptation and to please God; of children peeping in from their play, and then saying their simple prayers because an unknown something stirred within them that made them think of God and goodness. And then the old man knelt down again and prayed for power and skill to call forth these things with the voice of the organ. His favorite devotion was Our Lady's Rosary, and never had he recited it with more love and fervor than at this hour.

It was Elinor's wish that the wedding should take place in Glen Imaney, and the day was to be a holiday for all the district. The arches that were put up between the castle and the chapel were the labor of willing hands; and the little girls who strewed the early summer blossoms under the feet of the bride cast, with their floral offerings, shy looks of admiration and of pleasure that no bridesmaids nowadays think it part of their duty to offer to the bride. The church was crowded when Elinor, with her mother and Mrs. Stewart, entered. Crellan and his best man were already at the altar, and the few benches that stood near by were filled with the bridegroom's friends and relatives. The bride's friends were content to stand massed together behind, and the murmur of soft Gaelic blessings came sighing through the church as she passed up the aisle. And her best friend of all watched with tear-dimmed eyes from the organ-loft which she herself had entered in fear and trembling for the first time now nearly a year ago. Father O'Leary was to marry the couple, whose match he declared he himself had made; and Mass was to be said by the curate, whose pipers were grouped at the door, in readiness to dart out with their instruments to greet and accompany the bridal

pair as soon as the ceremony was over.

Then at last came the moment which for weeks past had seemed to Thaddeus as the crowning point of his life. The people had heard Elinor's rendering of the simple accompaniments, and had appreciated her efforts, knowing that she gave them of her best. Now, full as were their minds and eyes of the wedding, the sound that suddenly arose and rolled triumphantly over their heads startled them and made them hold their breath in awe. What was it saying, this wonderful, powerful, beautiful voice, of whose existence amongst them none before had guessed? There was in it joy that was almost ecstasy—triumphant, exulting; but through it all there came a prayer of thanks for God's mercy; a prayer of supplication that the church might be blessed as well as the people to whom it belonged; a prayer that the one sleeping beneath the willow on the hillside—the one who had made this music possible—might have eternal rest in peace. But, most of all, the prayer was for those two who knelt before the altar to be made one, that they might be blessed and spared—aye, and that for long years after the player had gone to join his foster brother, they might work, with the talents and the riches that God had given them, for Him and their own happiness, and for the people of Glen Imaney whom the last O'Congaile had loved so well.

(The End.)

No one is perfect who amid his neighbor's evil things is not patient; for he who does not bear others' evil with composure is by his impatience witness to himself that he is very far removed from the plenitude of goodness. He refuses to be Abel whom the malice of Cain does not exercise. Thus in the threshing of the floor the grains are pressed under the chaff, thus the flowers come forth between thorns, and the rose that smells grows along with the thorn that pricks.

—*St. Gregory the Great.*

Back to the Mountain.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

HE stepped forth into the cold grayness of the early morning, before the first beams of light had pierced the eastern heaven. Closing the door softly after him, he stole a glance at the house, painted yellow, with shutters of green, as it stood there in the clearing, at no great distance from the flour mill. It had a beauty of its own, in that it was kept in the best of order, and that it was surrounded by those monarchs of the forest which the hand of man had spared. An oak tree gave its stability; a willow, its drooping grace; while clusters of acacia, maple and butternut herded together as if in sociability. Clothed in the living green of the spring, their branches swayed gently in the breeze that blew down from the mountain top.

Adelard stepped softly; for his father was an early riser and a light sleeper, and the least imprudence might put to naught all those fine plans that were boiling and seething in the brain of fiery youth. The boundaries of the Mountain village had been for some time past too narrow for the eager, restless spirit, which had been chafed by the very unchangeableness of the Mountain itself; like some parent, who had grown old and dull, it had seemed to impose barriers that crushed out ambition.

And yet, even in its most hidden recesses, it was familiar to the young man. He had climbed to its almost inaccessible heights. He had stolen young eaglets from their nest up yonder near the clouds. He had swung himself into the tallest trees, to rob them of their autumn hoard of nuts. With reckless and wanton hand, he had plucked the scarlet clusters of the ash berries, only that he might strew them upon the ground. He had played in the stream that ran trickling down over the

rocky sides, and rowed with swift stroke upon the Mountain lake. Peering downward into its dark waters, he had a haunting, elusive hope that he might discover there some traces of the extinct volcano which, as tradition asserted, had once sent up leaping flames to high heaven. He had robbed the orchards of their treasures, and eaten the plums, and snatched the cherries, red or black, that overhung the roadside. He had danced to the music of Pierre the Fiddler, and coasted down the steep, frozen slopes of the Mountain during the winter months, or played at quoits in the summer sunshine. He had done some honest work, too, — helping his father in their small holding, or draining and mending the roads.

In fact, Adelard had exhausted the resources of the Mountain village, and his longing for the great world beyond had become so intolerable that he felt he must go. Therefore, he had arisen that morning when it was scarcely light, and had attired himself in his "Sunday best," and had put a few articles of underclothing into a bundle, which he carried upon a pole.

He stole softly away from the door, and down to the highroad, where even in that matutinal village there was as yet no sign of life. The Mountain looked cold and forbidding in the grayness, and seemed to frown upon his purpose. But, though it chilled his ardor, he would not be turned back; and the stream had at least as cheery a sound as ever; and the wild roses glorifying the stone fences (some of which the young man had helped to build) had something exquisite in their short-lived loveliness. He hurried down the familiar road, past the stone house and the house with the bees, and the sugar bushes of the rich Autier, and others.

When at last he reached the hilly slope overlooking the valley and the river, he leaped a fence with intent to take a short cut through the woods which would lead him away from the railway station. For he did not want to be observed by the

station master, who would ask him where he was going and when he would be back, — questions to which he could scarcely as yet have given an answer, and which in any case he would have wished to keep secret. It was his intention to tramp as far as St. Bruno, a village lower down upon the line, and there board the train with comparatively little risk of being noticed, especially as the conductor of the train was a stranger.

Before plunging into the bush, he turned for a farewell glance at the Mountain, and at its summit where, faintly outlined in the dimness, stood the cross that the holy Bishop, Forbin-Janson, had planted. The red in his cheeks deepened with something of shame and remorse as he involuntarily touched his cap. He remembered how his mother used to point, with a finger that had grown painfully white and slender from the disease that was sapping her strength, to the cross, reminding him of its meaning, and bidding him say his prayers.

“If she had only lived!” he said to himself, while back upon him rushed the hot, passionate grief that had shaken him at her death, and almost, as he thought, broken his heart. And he persuaded himself that he should never have left the Mountain if she were still there. For scarcely was he himself aware of the lure of the world that was calling him into its swift currents. His father did not need him (or so he believed), and would, in fact, be well rid of the wayward lad, whose views and opinions seemed always to run contrariwise to his own. Since the death of his wife, it was true that the father had grown into a moody and taciturn man, in whose presence the son was always ill at ease and constrained.

Without further ado, he plunged into the woods, newly born in the fresh sweetness of their vernal green. Above the wayfarer’s head sounded the voices of numberless birds, pouring their hearts forth in an ecstasy of gladness. When at last Adelard came out again upon the

road, at a point where a bridge spans the Richelieu, the heart of youth leaped high to the first beams of the morning sun, as it burst in a splendor of shimmering gold over the lovely stream and its banks of velvet greenness.

Adelard paused once more, leaning over the parapet of the bridge, not consciously aware of the exquisite beauty of the spot, but recalling instead, by one of those curious transitions of the mind from subjects of present interest to something remote as to time or distance, an event that had still been an absorbing topic in his boyhood: how that bridge, or its predecessor, had given way under the weight of a heavily laden train, carrying four hundred emigrants. They had set out from their homes, mostly in Germany or Scandinavia,—Adelard did not know much about all that. But he seemed to realize now, as never before, that they, too, had been full of hope and expectation, as he now was, leaving behind them the shadows of the old to plunge into the brightness of the new. Four hundred had gone to their death in the treacherous waters of that mild and cheerful stream! There had been no survivors save two dumb witnesses, the dogs Gaspard and Firmin, that had been taken home by the Postmaster Auclair—or had it been his father?

Adelard turned away. His heart as well as the bundle on his shoulder now seemed heavier. But there was a dogged determination in the youth, despite his swift-changing, emotional character; and, rapidly crossing the bridge, he avoided by another *détour* the station at Belœil, where he also might have been known, and continued his way along the road. After that oasis of greenness, it was dusty and flat and uninteresting, enlivened only by the small farmhouses dotted here and there at intervals. It had little to recommend it to the traveller, save that it led to St. Bruno, and thence outward into the big, glittering fool’s paradise of the world.

II.

Ten years had passed, and a whole chasm had separated the youth from the mature man who arrived at the railway station upon a pleasant day in autumn. For just as the call of the world had hurried him away, blinding his eyes and hardening his heart against the protests of filial duty, so a new call had come to him far off, in the feverish whirl of a great city, and he had experienced an irresistible impulse to go back to the simple, rural existence,—back to the calm and peace,—back to the Mountain.

At the station no one knew him; for the old station master had been replaced by a new; and the drivers of the vehicles standing about were evidently boys who had grown to manhood since his departure. Even the cockatoo that had formerly hung there in a cage, and which, being able to speak a word or two, had been the delight and wonder of his boyhood, had vanished with its owner.

The driver into whose carriage he stepped—it was the same primitive vehicle as of old—eyed him curiously; for since the hotel had been burned very few strangers came to the Mountain. But Adelard felt keenly that there was no voice to greet him, no face to soften into kindly recognition; and yet he had, unconsciously perhaps, imagined them all, as in the old days, crowding around to hear his adventures from “down there.” The driver, indeed, stared hard when he asked to be taken to Antoine Desourdie’s dwelling; and continued from time to time to regard him curiously, as he let the reins lie on the horse’s neck, so that the animal might take its slow way up the steep ascent; but he spoke no word. At last there was the Mountain staring hard at the traveller; and there were the old, familiar pine and the spruce. With a leap of the heart, Adelard rejoiced that this much at least was unchanged; although autumn had stripped the vital green from the branches of the trees, and the foliage that remained was crimson and yellow

and russet; and the pines alone reared their brave heads, untouched by decay, and sent forth their resinous odor.

Adelard, as he looked, was astonished to perceive that the cross of Forbin-Janson no longer gleamed upon the Mountain summit; and he wondered if some breath from that cold and material world he had quitted could have blasted the faith or chilled the hope of the Mountain people. For he did not know that it was a disastrous conflagration which had swept the cross from the heights, with the chapel that had stood near it.

As the road wound upward, Adelard recognized one after another the old landmarks,—the stone fences which he had last seen enwreathed with the wild roses of early summer; the various dwellings; the house which had belonged to the Providence of the Fields, with the cross before the door; farther on, the red house; next, the house with the bees, whence came the fragrant incense of the honey; then the stone house, inside of which he could imagine Ma’am Bourgeois active and capable as ever. And there, too, was the *mouillure*, or wet place, which all the labor of the village men had never been able to make wholly dry. Just as of old, the warm, sweet breath of the forest on either side of the road seemed to counteract the cold dampness of that particular spot. As he drew nearer his destination, he perceived the sawmill; and, looking upward, he could see the post-office precisely as he had left it,—yes, and the barber shop; and he wondered, with a smile, if its inmate was still as eager as ever in the quest of news. Surely the return of the prodigal would interest *him!* He at least, if he still lived, would be anxious to hear all that might be told.

As he pursued his way, Adelard, accustomed to the phenomenally swift changes of the busy centres in which he had spent the past years, was marvelling that a place could remain, in so far as material things were concerned, exactly the same as of yore. His mind was still full of that

thought when, with a swift beating heart and a tingling in all his veins, he caught sight of his home,—that spot where he had known so many happy things that had passed out of his life forever,—the careless joy of boyhood, that found a daily-renewed happiness in the very coming of the sun; the delight in life for its own sake; the simplicity and truth, and innocence almost primeval. His father he had held in awe; but he believed now that the dark-browed man would rejoice, and, like the father in the Gospel, forgive. For, growing older, Adelard had grown wiser, and realized that reticence and reserve did not always betoken want of affection. His heart smote him as he thought of the long, lonely years to which he had condemned that parent; but now it would be all right, and he would take care of him till the end of his days.

Drawing near the door, he noted the signs of neglect about the place, that, though poor, had always been scrupulously well kept; and for the first time a feeling of anxiety sprang up in his breast. As he alighted and paid the driver, the latter burst out with the information that he had been longing to give all through the upward drive, and in English, a language which had been scarcely ever heard ten years before at the Mountain:

"He's pretty sick!"

"He—who?"

But Adelard waited for no answer to his question. He opened the door and entered, his eye catching the prints on the wall of the *Mater Dolorosa* and the thorn-crowned Head, that had hung there undisturbed since his babyhood; and there was the rag carpet, no doubt, the same that his mother had made, only its bright colors had faded out in many washings. But his attention was turned from these inanimate objects, by the figure of a woman, that arose, from a rocking-chair in which she had been sitting. It was—but no, it could never be—Ma'am Bourgeois, with whitened hair and wrinkled face. Oh, the pitiless years! From her,

his glance fell upon another personage, with an air of patient resignation and of gentleness that seemed familiar. It was the Widow Marcelline. The man vaguely wondered what they were doing there, until his eyes, grown accustomed to the light, fell upon the great, four-post bed upon which lay a figure. An icy chill seized him, but it was not, as he had feared, death that there confronted him. For the head upon the pillow turned from side to side restlessly, and words that were now hurried and gasping, and again, clear and distinct, began to issue from the lips. As the young man advanced toward the bed, Ma'am Bourgeois intercepted him.

"What is your business here?" she said.

"I must tell you that, for sure, this is no place for strangers."

"Strangers!" Adelard exclaimed; "why, Ma'am Bourgeois, don't you know me? I am his son."

"His son?" she echoed blankly. Then her face hardened. "If you are his son, you have come too late. You have left him here, to die of a broken heart."

But Marcelline laid a restraining hand upon her companion.

"Hush!" she said softly. "It will be hard enough for him. And his sin, after all, was the sin of youth."

For she, too, had suffered much in waiting for an absent, erring son. Therefore she understood and could forgive.

Adelard gave her a grateful look, as he pushed forward to the bed.

"Father," he exclaimed,—“father!”

But there was no response, no recognition from the figure there.

"He may become conscious again," said the gentle voice of Marcelline, who seemed the personification of the mercy of a loving God.

"But what—what is it?" Adelard asked brokenly.

"It is death," said Ma'am Bourgeois, almost harshly; for she appeared to embody justice that had found out the offender, and brought him retribution. "The doctor says that he will not pass the night."

Again Marcelline interposed:

"You must thank the good God, that He has brought you here in time. And it may be that your father will know you and be so glad,—oh, yes, so glad!"

Adelard sank down beside the bed in an agony of remorse, and with the cold, shuddering fear that strong maturity often experiences in the presence of death. There was silence, broken presently by a weird, unnatural voice,—the voice of one speaking in delirium, and this time it was clear and distinct.

"*Tiens, Angeline!*"

Adelard started, for that was his mother's name.

"*Tiens*, it is I who am proud to have a son! He will live here always, at the Mountain, that our name may remain."

After which followed a string of inarticulate murmurings, from which came forth again:

"Our boy has received the good God. It is his First Communion. He will always be dutiful and good now, for he has a good mother. M'sieu Curé says he can not go far wrong."

Adelard could bear it no longer. He broke in upon those ravings with the futile hope that he could make his father hear and understand.

"O Father,—father! I am here. Speak only one word. It is Adelard."

The delirious voice was hushed a moment, as though the patient listened, and it had a softness in its tone when it resumed:

"Adelard! Yes, that is he, my little son, my boy! Be good, then, Adelard, and maybe I will take you to the big city, to Montreal, for the St. Jean Baptiste."

Then the eyes that saw nothing of earth began to wander round the room.

"See," the voice cried,—"*see, Adelard!*" It is thy mother who calls!"

The fevered gaze was fixed upon a point in the room as if she, indeed, could be seen there, the wife of his youth. Outside there was a moaning wind in the pines, and voices seemed to murmur

through the acacia trees and the butternuts. As if by some association of ideas, the voice began again to murmur:

"They will be ripe soon, the butternuts. Have patience, then, my boy. They must ripen soon. They can not be plucked before."

With a pang, Adelard remembered how often his rash hand had been checked when it would have snatched from the tree the bitter, unripened nuts. Had it been so with life; and had he found the fruit of experience that he had immaturely gathered, correspondingly bitter? But the voice fell silent after that, and it seemed, almost, as if the patient slept. Adelard raising his head asked of the women, for, at least, his faith was not dead:

"Has the priest been brought—M'sieu le Curé?"

The women answered at once that the priest had been visiting his father almost every day.

"Your father," said Marcelline, "has received the good God and has made his sacrifice."

The sacrifice that she meant was that of life; but Ma'am Bourgeois interposed brusquely:

"He made the sacrifice, too, of not seeing you. For every day and evening he has stood at his door watching for you; and when he was obliged to go to bed, he made always the door to be left open that he might see you when you came."

And, as if in accord with her words, the voice upon the bed began to speak.

"Angeline," it said, in a tone that was piercing in its anguish, "is it true that Adelard has gone away,—gone away!" And the wailing voice, in broken, passionate accents, began to pour forth the pent-up, heartrending grief of all those years, or softened only as it rehearsed scene after scene of the prodigal's childhood, with a love and pride that wrung the strong man's heart.

Adelard seized the helpless hand that toyed restlessly with the bedclothes, and upon it fell his hot tears.

"Forgive, father, — forgive!" he said. "It was I that never knew; I believed you did not care."

During the night that followed there were alternations of feverish talk and of repose. Other neighbors came in, interested, curious, sympathetic even to tears in the pitiful tragedy of the father's long and patiently-borne sorrow, now wearing to an end, and the agonizing grief and remorse of the son who had come too late.

The morning breaking, with faint flushes of pink and gold in the east, and throwing its transfiguring haze over the Mountain, brought rest to the father's wounded heart and some alleviation of pain to the son. For there had been an instant of full and free forgiveness, and of mutual understanding, before the father had passed away forever from the shadow of the Mountain he had loved. Adelard, rising up a new man, resolved to find peace by remaining there, and, in perpetuating the name, to realize his father's dream.

An Oriental Legend.

"Alice, who plucked this flower?"

"The master."

And the gardener held his peace.

This epitaph in an English churchyard reminds one of the Oriental legend told to suggest the reason why Death claims so many children. A king, the legend says, while walking one morning in his garden was attracted by the beauty and fragrance of the rare buds upon a certain favorite bush. "When to-morrow comes and these buds are in full bloom, I will pluck them," he said. But when the next morning came, the buds, now mature blossoms, were found to have lost their delicacy and fragrance. "Henceforth," said the king, "I will gather the buds while they are pure and sweet and fragrant." So Death transplants to the gardens of Paradise many human buds before they become sullied.

A Democratic Dean.

"PAPYRUS," whose book reviews constitute an ever-welcome feature of the *London Catholic Times*, has discovered a delightful bit of inconsistency in the Rev. Dean Inge's "The Church and the Age," a recently published volume of lectures delivered by the Anglican clergyman to a society of London ladies. The Dean's pet aversion, it appears, is the democracy—the democratic idea. "He calls it a superstition and a fetish, utterly absurd and irrational; and then, in the four lectures which follow his preface, he teaches such admirable democratic doctrine that the good ladies who listened to him must have said to one another: Why, the Dean is a democrat himself! And I think he is, and a good democrat."

After reading some extracts from the lectures, we quite agree with the reviewer. Here, for instance, is pretty sound democratic doctrine propounded by this self-styled anti-democrat:

The breaking down of class barriers is surely a good thing... It is certainly right that no man should forfeit his citizenship by following a poorly paid calling. And democracy is teaching us, I hope, that there is no reason whatever why a gardener or a bricklayer should not be as good a gentleman as a squire or banker or clergyman. Let us once for all get rid of the snobbish idea that the dignity of our work depends on the kind of work it is, or, worse still, on the scale of our remuneration, instead of on the spirit in which it is performed.

And if that be not enough to vindicate the lecturer's claim to essential democracy, take this:

When it is once admitted that there are only two claims to respect which can be recognized—character and intellect (a Platonist would add beauty, perhaps rightly),—and that it does not matter a pin what a man's trade is, so long as it is an honest and useful one, a more healthy tone about education will follow.

The worthy Dean may as well "own the soft impeachment"; he is democratic enough to be quite at home in our own democratic land.

Notes and Remarks.

What very many people considered an unusual omission from the early accounts of the *Titanic* disaster, the failure to mention the presence on the ship of a Catholic priest, was supplied when the *Carpathia* reached New York with the survivors of the wreck. There were two priests on the *Titanic*: Father Thomas R. Byles, of London, and a German priest, the Rev. Father Peruschoetz. Given their presence, the story of their activities may readily be guessed. They said Mass and preached for the steerage passengers on the morning of the fateful Sunday; heard confessions and allayed incipient panics when the collision came; aided in putting women and children on the too few lifeboats; and, reciting the Rosary, went down with the hundreds whose last moments they irradiated with that religious confidence that robs even the most fearsome death of its keenest pang. Father Byles and his brother-priest were emphatically true to type.

The official Catholic weekly of the diocese of New Orleans, the *Morning Star*, voices an indignant protest against what it characterizes as "paganism invading the high schools." It appears that to the new high school for girls in the Southern city two statues have been presented,—one of "Diana," the other of the "Crouching Venus." The lady who gave the first of the two expressed the hope that "this statue of Diana will inspire the girls to imitate her virtues of modesty, chastity, purity, and courage." Truly, a somewhat incongruous hope in a Christian lady! And we are not surprised that the *Star* asks: "Shall Mary, the model of all ages, be cast aside by young girls in Catholic New Orleans, for the 'Crouching Venus' and the 'Diana of the Woods'? Shall we Catholics, who constitute the vast majority of taxpayers in this city, who

are the main builders, supporters of the public schools, and the payers of the salaries of the teachers, sit supinely by, while our children are to be paganized and degraded by having heathen goddesses set before them as models?"

We should hope not. Our non-Catholic friends in New Orleans, as in other parts of the country, apparently labor under the utterly erroneous impression that, so long as Catholics regulate their own parish schools to suit themselves, the regulation of the public schools is a matter concerning non-Catholics exclusively. That is clearly a mistake. The public schools are—or should be—no more Protestant than Catholic, since they are supported by both categories of citizens.

The proverbial weapon with which to fight the devil is fire; but in combating the Willamette Baptist Association of Portland, Oregon, the Rev. George Thompson considerably employs cold water,—of which, by the way, Oregonian skies at all seasons furnish an adequate supply. The anti-Catholic fever which, in mild form, has been epidemic in many parts of the country since the creation of new cardinals in Boston and New York, broke out in Oregon early in April, and as usual the Baptist clergy were the first to be infected; and in their delirium they resolved to do all in their power to awaken their co-religionists to "the political encroachments of the Catholic hierarchy upon the civil and religious liberties of our Government," and to spur on every bearer of the Baptist name to the "use of all honorable means to protect our rights as a nation."

We are not informed as to how thoroughly the Baptists of Oregon have been aroused, or as to what means, if any, have been adopted to safeguard the rights of this nation. Perhaps Father Thompson's open letter, published in the *Morning Oregonian*, some passages of which we append, has had a soothing effect upon the excited sectarians, and

shown them that, after all, the United States is in no immediate danger from the encroachments of the Catholic hierarchy—citizens like Archbishop Christie,—and that nothing in the power of Baptists to do, in order to prevent or even check the growth of the Church under the Stars and Stripes, is worth attempting:

It is the mission of the Church, and the hierarchy through which she energizes, to make men dutiful, virtuous, religious, and law-abiding. With these ends in view, she builds her own Christian schools, that she may rescue her children from the blighting plague of irreligion and indifference, and teach them life's great business—the saving of their immortal souls. The business of salvation means the formation of Christ in childish mind and conscience. It means keeping the Commandments, respect for legitimate authority, in family, State and Church; it means definite convictions as to the sacredness of marriage and the responsibilities arising therefrom; in fine, Catholic training means good citizens for this world and for the world to come.

The governmental influence which Catholics may be called upon to wield, as time goes on, and their numbers increase, and bigotry dies away, will not be subversive of our liberties. The history of Catholic Maryland, and, nearer home, the biography of the great pioneer convert, Dr. John McLoughlin, are both eloquent testimonies to the cordial good-will and kindly fraternalism which characterize the true Catholic in his dealings with his non-Catholic fellows. And, more than that, it is generally conceded by enlightened and thoughtful men that the Catholic Church is the one institution which our country possesses endowed with moral power sufficient to make her the nation's impregnable bulwark against the incoming tide of materialistic anarchy. It was a Protestant minister who said recently that the Catholic Church was the cement which was holding our civilization together. There are many outside the Church who would indorse this opinion. I commend it to the calm consideration of the Willamette Association.

Telling of a sermon in camp during the Boer War, a writer in the *Catholic Magazine* for South Africa says:

It was first a simple exhortation to us all to approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. The preacher pointed out the need of repentance for those who had sinned, and how Our Lord had put the sacramental

seal on the obligation of repentance, whilst adding to the natural obligation of sincere sorrow the further obligation of confessing our grievous sins to the minister of God. He dwelt with great earnestness on the loving-kindness of the Good Shepherd. . . . One regretted that there were not present a few of the so-called higher critics of the Bible, or some of those other gentlemen, sometimes called Modernists, who imagine that the Gospel message does not appeal to the modern world. What on earth have all these people ever discovered that would make the slightest difference in practical matters such as this preacher dealt with?

This concluding query is well put. As for the higher critics who, a quarter of a century ago, were going to riddle the whole story of revelation, one of the foremost among the English members of the fraternity stated last year in an address delivered in New York that "the higher critics and their criticisms are dead." If not actually dead, surely dying.

A recent issue of *America* reproduces some interesting extracts from a pamphlet sent out by the department of education of the State of New York. The pamphlet has to do with Indian matters, its author, whose competence to deal with such is indisputable, being Mr. John M. Clarke. Contrasting the treatment of the Redmen by the English and the French, Mr. Clarke states that where the former saw a potential citizen, the latter saw a soul to save. And the results are such as might be expected:

No judicial mind can contemplate the results of Catholic and Protestant missionary endeavor among the American Indian, and avoid the conclusion that the Catholic Indians have, on the whole, preserved their physical aboriginal type in greater perfection, have kept much of their tribal culture, possess a deeper religious conviction. Among the Protestant Indians there are many instances of individual attainment of noteworthy excellence in education, public usefulness, and personal uprightness; but it is perfectly evident that the term Protestant as applied in some of the Indian tribes does not mean Christianized so much as it implies an avowal and allegiance to a given form of worship, and in many cases little else. My own personal observation is restricted to neither class; and I believe there is good reason

for saying that, broadly, in matters of faith the Catholic Indian is a Catholic, while the Protestant Indian is an Indian. It is an important fact in its historical bearings that the tribes which have been subjected to the most direct and persistent Protestant effort have never fully surrendered their natural religion. Indeed, among the Iroquois of New York and Canada there are two very distinct interests in the League represented by the "Christians" and the "pagans." So far as my knowledge goes, this is not at all the condition among tribes acknowledging allegiance to the Catholic Church.

As our New York contemporary rather pointedly remarks, "the Protestant ministers who are very active at the present moment in reviving the question of the Indian Catholic schools would do well to meditate and digest the document from which we have quoted."

The press of California speaks gracious and patently sincere words in praise of a Catholic citizen of Los Angeles who lately passed to his reward,—the Hon. Henry C. Dillon. Among his other activities as jurist and author, Judge Dillon was president of the Newman Club, the Juvenile Court Association, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Those who knew and loved him could desire no better tribute to his memory than the sermon preached by Bishop Conaty at the solemn service of Requiem. It was in every way fitting. "Many a poor family in this community," he declared, "is poorer to-day because it has lost the kindness and sympathy and help of Henry Dillon: All that stands for goodness of life, love for home and family, love for God and the neighbor, has lost a staunch and loyal defender." R. I. P.

The quality of gumption, "so little prized, so ardently professed," is apparent in the following paragraph from the *Army and Navy Journal*:

The awfulness of the tragedy of the sinking of the White Star steamship *Titanic*, off Cape Race, on the night of April 14, with a death-roll of 1595 persons, lies not in the fact that the largest and finest of all ocean steamships should

thus have been lost on its trial voyage, but in the truth, known by all shipping experts, that just such a catastrophe had been predicted and warned against months and years ago. The mystery is not in the operations of the hidden laws of nature, but in the strange operations of the human mind, that shuts itself up in a theory and wilfully refuses to take lessons from facts. Out of the fabric of its delusion and hope, the public created the "unsinkable boat," and confided itself blindly to it in spite of warnings to which even a child might have listened.

Unsinkable boats belong in the same category with infallible remedies.

The lot of Italian emigrants in the United States would not be so sad a one as it undoubtedly is, in many places, if more priests of their nationality like those ministering to the Italian soldiers in Tripoli could be secured for Italian colonies in this country, long the prey of wolves and hirelings. A correspondent of the *London Tablet* quotes the following passages of a recent letter, written by an officer of the Italian army to friends at home:

We also have been able to make our Paschal Communion. The military chaplain, Don Felice Tallacchini, with two other priests, came down to us. As usual, every one of us welcomed them cordially. In the morning Don Tallacchini, in his winning and delightful manner, invited us to comply with the Easter precept. Later, the three priests established themselves in the depths of the trenches to hear our confessions. There were so many penitents that the confessions were not over till ten o'clock at night. That evening my eyes beheld a most touching spectacle. The soldiers were divided into three groups, all gathered about a picture of Our Lady, which was hung upon a sentry-box and lit up by our camp lanterns. The Madonna seemed almost to smile, and invite us, with a love that was irresistible, to come to our duties as good Christians; and nearly all the soldiers answered the call in a way that was very comforting.

Next morning our coffee was given us later than usual, so that the men might receive Communion. About 7 a. m. Don Tallacchini came back, set up his little altar on the tomb of a dead comrade, said his Mass, and I was so happy as to be the server. During Mass the Rosary was said. Before the Communion Don Tallacchini preached with fervor. The service ended by the singing of the praises of Our

Lady by a splendid choir of many brave young soldiers' voices. That is how I passed my Easter of 1912. Perhaps it is the loveliest I shall ever live through. . . . God grant these dissensions may end soon, so that I may again see my beloved Italy and be a comfort to my mother!

The evil wrought among Italian-Americans by proselytizers, of which we hear so much, is next to nothing in comparison with that wrought by renegade Italian priests. Truths have to be faced, it is well to reiterate them.

Truth is like vaccination in one respect: it is utterly useless until it *takes*. And some persons have to be vaccinated over and over again before they derive benefit. We very much fear that unless Lord Halifax is convinced by what Abbot Gasquet has said in reply to his book, "Leo XIII. and Anglican Orders," and by what Mr. Birrell (a non-Catholic) had already written about the true inwardness of the English Reformers, the noble gentleman will have to be treated again. It is exceedingly difficult to make him understand that it was the evident intention of those worthies to abolish the priesthood and to do away with the Mass; and, as Mr. Birrell well said, "It is the Mass that matters." Abbot Gasquet touched the bed-rock of the question in saying:

The more the history of these sad days of destruction and desecration, which witnessed the composition of the Anglican Prayer Book and Ordinal, are studied, the more it is impossible to doubt that the intention of all those engaged in the work was to break with the Catholic tradition of the Sacrifice and priesthood. If they did *not* succeed, it must be confessed that they did their best; and only those who find it possible to believe "that, in spite of all, Providence would have preserved the essentials," as Mr. Gladstone once wrote to me, can school their minds to hold that in the Prayer Book they have the Sacrifice of the Mass, and that in the Ordinal they may still discover the valid Catholic rite.

It should be remembered also that, not two generations ago, any clergyman of the Church of England would have looked upon it as an insult to be told he was a "priest" in the same

sense as are Catholic priests. Further, it must not be forgotten that until the year 1662 episcopal ordination, even according to the Anglican form, was not necessary for holding benefices or administering the Sacraments in the Church of England; and that many, even of those holding what was then considered a high level of doctrine, were content to receive the Eucharist from men like the Calvinist Saravia. . . . It is an important evidence of the belief as to the value of Orders held in the first century of the existence of the Established Church.

To a person residing at Ellis, Kansas (we suppress his name, there are so many who bear it worthily), who "as a taxpayer" (!) had protested against the appointment of a Catholic priest as a member of the State Text Book Commission, Governor Stubbs has sent a pointed reply, in part as follows:

Not a single Catholic asked for the appointment of the Rev. John Maher; but, on the contrary, every man who recommended his appointment was a Protestant of high standing in the religious, business, social and civic life of the State. No Catholic or Jew, in so far as I recall, has ever protested against the appointment of a Protestant on account of religious faith.

There are two qualifications required for a man on the State Text Book Commission. One is integrity and the other educational ability. The Rev. John Maher possesses these qualifications in the highest degree. He is a man of fine scholarship, ripe experience along educational lines, high personal and civic ideals, great personal integrity, and a nobility of soul and character that has impressed itself upon everybody who has had relations with him.

Out of the nine members of the State Text Book Commission, eight are members, in high standing, of Protestant churches of various denominations; and I will guarantee that after the work of this Commission is finished, every one of them will have nothing but words of praise for the fidelity and ability of the Rev. John Maher.

The Governor of Kansas holds, with Lincoln, that all who assist in bearing the burdens of the Government are entitled to share in its privileges; and he stands by that clause of his State Constitution which reads: "No religious test or property qualifications shall be required for any office of public trust."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

When Mary's Month is Here.

(Kyriele.)


BY E. B.

OH, many a gleam of gold is seen,
And myriad hues and tints of green
On hill and plain and wood appear
When Mary's month of May is here!
The morning light of pearl and rose,
The crimson red of sunset's close,
The lark and thrush praise far and near
When Mary's month of May is here.
The gorses blaze, the chestnuts glow,
The marsh flags make a wondrous show
By every pool and rill and mere
When Mary's month of May is here.
There's scented snow on orchard trees,
The meadows wide are golden seas,
The daisies dance as breezes veer
When Mary's month of May is here.
The butterflies on sunbeams ride,
No clouds the vault of heaven hide,
Deep liquid blue's the sky and clear
When Mary's month of May is here.
And many a grace and gift is won
By Mary's aid from Mary's Son,
Her faithful clients' hearts to cheer
When Mary's month of May is here.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—IN THE STUDY.



OUSIN MAX sat in his big leather chair in his study. The wood fire he always demanded at night had burned away into a bed of embers under the great hickory log that smouldered dully without spark or flame. It would soon be out,—there was no hand to stir it into life or glow. Though he stretched his numbed hands instinctively to the

hearth, he was only vaguely conscious of the chill around him, so much deadlier was the cold despair that, after the long, fierce fever of the day, clutched him with icy grip to-night.

The shaded lamp on the centre table showed his face very white and still, and strained into tense, hard lines, all unlike its usual expression. His eyes still burned with the strange gleam that had so startled little Pat when he looked into the Den an hour ago. The battle was over,—the battle that he had been waging for long weeks, for greater wealth, wider power, higher place. Just as victory seemed certain, just as untold millions seemed within his hold, just as the business world stood breathless at his daring, his success, he had been hurled down from the very pinnacle of fortune a broken, ruined man,—plunged, so he felt, into some black abyss where he could find no footing, where there was no guide, no light, no sound but the dull roar of waters that seemed to be rushing near.

Once there had been light even for such hours as this; but he had turned from it long ago. Faith, hope, all the blessed teachings of his early boyhood, had been cast aside in his fierce race for wealth and all that wealth brings. And now—now he had nothing, not even the tender ties of love, to sustain him. He had come home to-night, looking, hoping for some wifely sympathy, some womanly tenderness; he had been welcomed by mad, hysteric reproaches, wild outbursts of despair. How could he bear it through all the dark days that were to come? How would Marcia, Gladys, even Harold, bear the changed life before them—the loss of all things they held dear? How could he face the gloomy future, with their cries and laments maddening him night and day, with no help; no hope, no love

in heart or home? There was no answer in the silence, — no answer but the roar of the rushing water that seemed to grow louder in his ears, bearing whispers that come to men like him in such moments of despair.

"You can not bear it!" the whispers seemed to breathe in his ear. "You dare not, you need not. We are the waters of the River of Death" — and the roar seemed to grow louder and nearer as he listened, — "the River of Death, that laves every ruined, hopeless life. We cure all sorrow, all pain, all fear. Beyond there is nothing — nothing. We end all, we end all!"

And the roaring waters seemed to swell into hoarser, wilder sound as Cousin Max listened, the fever gleam growing brighter in his eye. Slowly he rose from his chair. The great hickory log was sputtering into darkness now, and the room was very chill. With dragging steps, the white-faced man made his way to a little cabinet across the room. He took a key from his pocket, and, with shaking hand, unlocked a drawer. The roar of the fancied waters seemed rising in deafening tumult and triumph as he lifted up a shining, glittering pistol that lay within, looked at it with burning, feverish eyes, and poised it in his trembling grasp.

"We end all — all — all!" the rushing waters seemed to shout in his ear, his heart, his brain — and then, at that blackest, darkest, deadliest moment, a clear little voice sounded over their tumult.

"Cousin Max!" it called at the door. "O dear Cousin Max, I've been knocking and knocking! O Cousin Max, please let me come in!"

Pat, little Pat, — loving, loyal little Pat! The shining, deadly thing dropped from his hand back into the drawer as Cousin Max turned, a sudden warm throb in his heart at the piteous call from without.

"What is it, Pat?" he asked, hoarsely.

"I want to see you, — I want to talk to you!" came the sobbing answer. "Oh, please, dear Cousin Max, let me in!"

And again, as the sweet Southern voice reached Cousin Max's ear, the death-chilled heart seemed to leap into warmth and life. Little Pat — Dick Peyton's, Aunt Trevor's little Pat, — whose bright, frank gaze had always brought vague memories of his own long-lost mother!

"I have something to tell you," went on the soft, broken voice, "something I must tell you to-night before I can go to sleep. Oh, please, Cousin Max, let me come in!"

Ah, the rushing waters, mocking, maddening as their whisper was, must wait! He could not turn dear Pat away unheard this *last* night. He opened the door, and a tearful little girl burst in tempestuously and caught his hand.

"O Cousin Max," she sobbed, "I've been just scared to death about you! I've been knocking and knocking, and you wouldn't hear! And Harold has been telling me such terrible things that happen to people when they lose their money. I was afraid something dreadful had happened to you, and I would never have forgiven myself, — I would never have had another happy moment in all my life. O dear Cousin Max, sit down here in the big chair and let me tell you all quick, — quick, Cousin Max!"

She was quivering all over with excitement; her breath was coming short and quick; but the brave, selfless spirit that goes unflinchingly to stake and block was aflame in Pat now. She must save, help, cost what it might.

"Tell me *what*, Pat?" said her guardian, roused into bewildered questioning, as she drew him back to his chair and sank on her knees beside him.

"All — all about Pocomoke," she went on, breathlessly. "O Cousin Max, you needn't be broken or burst or anything; for I've got millions — *millions* — hidden away under the rocks!"

"Millions!" exclaimed Cousin Max, in amazement. "Millions of what, Pat?"

"Dollars — money," she answered.

"Millions of dollars hidden under the

rocks? O my little girl, you are dreaming!" said her guardian, with a faint smile.

"No, I'm not. There's coal all under Pocomoke, Cousin Max. Link found it,—millions and millions of dollars in coal. Oh, I wouldn't let him tell any one! I made him almost swear he'd keep it secret forever, because I couldn't bear to have the rocks and the ridge and the orchard and the house dug up and bared and blackened and turned into a coal mine. I was going to be mean enough to keep silent even to-night; but, oh, I just couldn't when I thought of all the trouble it would save you if you knew,—I just couldn't keep the secret any longer when I thought how you might go crazy or drop dead like the people Harold told me about to-night! You've been so good to me ever since I came to your house, I just had to tell you about the coal. And you can get the millions now, Cousin Max, even if it makes my dear old home a—a—coal mine!"

The last words came with a sob that Pat could no longer restrain,—a sob that woke Cousin Max into sudden comprehension.

"My little Pat," he said huskily, "you mean that you knew there was coal on Pocomoke—coal that would bring you millions,—and you would not tell? Didn't you want millions, foolish little Pat?"

"O Cousin Max, no, no, no—not when it meant cutting down the trees, digging up the rocks, choking up Bonnbelle, spoiling everything that I loved best on earth! I made Link shovel up that hole quick as he could and hide the millions forever. But now, when I know they are going to help you, save you, Cousin Max, I can't keep the secret any longer. Oh, I was real mean for a while!" confessed Pat, with a sob. "I stayed in the Den for nearly an hour before I could make up my mind. But I thought of all the dreadful things Harold told me that happened to people in town when they lost their money, and I had to come and tell you, Cousin Max."

"O little Pat,—dear little Pat!"

The maddening roar of the waters was dying in the speaker's ears and brain as he listened to the young voice, sweet and soft as the murmur of Bonnbelle when its crystal clear waves gushed from the deep, warm heart of old Pocomoke.

"And you are willing to give up the old home and the garden and orchard and the oaks, the ridge—everything now for me, Pat?"

"Yes, Cousin Max," came the brave, low answer.

"And dig up the lawns and the roses and pull down the house?" went on Cousin Max.

"Yes, if they must to get the coal," said Pat. "Only, Cousin Max, I wouldn't want them to touch grandma's grave. Papa and mamma are buried in the churchyard at Trescott, but grandma wanted to lie by grandpapa's side on the Ridge under the pines. Couldn't they leave just one little green spot around grandma's grave, Cousin Max?"

"My noble, generous Pat!" Now it was Cousin Max's voice that was broken and trembling; Cousin Max, whose eyes were suddenly blurred with a mist their keen, hard light had not known for years. "Pat, who—what sent you to me to-night with your blessed secret, little girl?"

"It will help you, then, Cousin Max! Oh, I'm so glad,—so glad!" she said, tremulously,—"even—even if it turns Pocomoke into a coal mine."

He laid his hand upon her curls and upturned her face to meet his questioning eyes.

"Dear little Pat, listen! That will never be."

"Never be?" she echoed, breathlessly. "You mean you won't take the millions, Cousin Max? Oh, you must, you must! Oh, I can't help the tears in my eyes, but you must!"

"I can't, Pat; for there are no millions there. Dear little girl, that hole that Link found under the Ridge is the false pocket that fooled your father more than twenty

years ago. He thought he had a fortune then, and I went in with him; we both spent more money than we could well afford in prospecting his mountain lands; but there wasn't—there isn't—a ton of coal in all Pocomoke."

"No coal? O Cousin Max, not a ton of coal in all Pocomoke! But then—then—" the glad young voice trembled into deepest sadness — "I can't help you, I can't save you, Cousin Max."

"Help me, save me?" he repeated in a low, husky tone. "Ah, little Pat, how you have helped me and saved me tonight you will never know! And we'll stand up to things; you've shown me how to stand up to things, Pat."

"Oh, will you, — can you, Cousin Max, without the millions?" she asked eagerly. "And nothing like Harold said—nothing dreadful—will happen?"

"No," answered Cousin Max, and a shudder went through him as if he were looking down into some dark gulf into which he had nearly plunged; "nothing dreadful will happen, Pat."

"I am so glad, — so glad!" Pat jumped up and flung both her arms around her guardian's neck and gave him a resounding kiss. "I don't see why people mind just losing money, anyhow. Your face is as cold as ice; and no wonder, for the fire is nearly out, and you've been sitting here freezing. I must blow it up."

And, popping down on the hearth, Pat began blowing the embers that were nearly ashes now, while the old hickory was sputtering its last dying gasp. But Pat knew the ways of old hickory logs, and how to coax them into light and warmth. As she blew on softly, the fading embers began to wink and glow again; a tiny blaze leaped up on the rough bark of the old hickory; another and another, until, with a roar and a crackle, there was a shower of shooting sparks, and the whole big log burst into a joyous blaze.

"There!" said Pat, starting up in triumph. "You would have got your death of cold if you had stayed in this cold

room much longer, Cousin Max. Draw up to the fire and get real good and warm."

"Real good and warm," he repeated softly, as in the light of the leaping blaze the black shadows that had so nearly conquered him scuttled away into the corners, and left only little Pat smiling in the hearth fire's ruddy glow. "I'll try, little Pat. Go to bed now — " and his voice faltered for a moment over the unaccustomed words. "God bless you, little girl! You have made me good and warm indeed, — good and warm, dear little Pat!"

(To be continued.)

The Maiden's Scarf.

A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

BY JACQUES AVRIL.*

I once passed my vacation rustivating in Normandy,—that region where every castle has a romance, every forest a mystery, and every flower a legend. I had yet to learn a beautiful one of the sky. While walking out one day, I was surprised by a shower and took refuge in the hut of an old shepherd. The rain soon ceased, and a magnificent rainbow arched above the dark forest. My host then said:

"The storm is past. See the Maiden's Scarf over the forest! That's a sure sign it isn't going to rain any more."

"The Maiden's Scarf!" I asked in surprise.

"Yes: the rainbow. In these parts we call it the Maiden's Scarf."

After some urging, the shepherd then told this tender little story.

One beautiful day in summer, long, long ago, peasants were gathering up the spears of grain in the Maiden's Field, so-called because it belonged to the daughter of the house. As she was very charitable, she used to have the sheaves of ripened grain unbound, and invite the

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

poor of the village into the field to glean. Thus the entire harvest passed into the hands of the peasants, without a single spear finding its way into the owner's granary. And the maiden, wearing a simple gown, and a scarf of white silk striped with the colors of the rainbow, loved to come and watch the people at their work.

One very hot day, when the gleaners were in the field, dark clouds began to gather, and it was evident a storm was brewing. The maiden called to the peasants, bidding them run to places of shelter. All scattered; and, behold! from the other end of the field there appeared a young woman, marvellously beautiful, a veil thrown loosely over her head, as one sometimes sees in pictures of the saints on the windows of churches. Clinging to her hand was an angelic child, with golden curls floating down over his garments of snowy white.

The maiden walked forward and invited the newcomers to glean. Then the two, the mother and child, began to gather up spears of grain, laying them in a little pile. Soon great drops of rain began to fall, and all three took refuge under a spreading oak. The storm broke in its fury; the thunder rolled, and lightning darted through the sky. And, as the boy, with dimpled hands, lifted a corner of his mother's veil to shelter his head under its folds, the gracious maiden took off her scarf, carefully wrapped it around the child's head and shoulders, and kissed him on the brow. The mother smiled; the birds burst into song; and mysterious voices, sweeter and purer than ear has ever heard, filled the air with music.

After the rain had ceased and the clouds broken away, the maiden left her shelter to look up into the suddenly cleared sky. On turning back, she saw that her companions had disappeared. She heard a rustling as of wings; then, at the far end of the field where they had first appeared, she saw mother and child ascending slowly, slowly, borne on white, fleecy

clouds, surrounded by angels with azure wings, and cherubim, all chanting a joyous hymn of praise. Higher and higher they floated up into the deep blue of the heavens. At the edge of the horizon they paused; and as the maiden, who now recognized the Holy Mother and the Child, knelt on the damp grain in mute adoration, the angels sang in chorus:

"Blessed be the good maiden, who helps the poor and unfortunate! Blessed be the Field of Alms!"

The Holy Mother stretched out her arms in a gesture of benediction; then the Child unwound from His head the scarf the maiden had placed there. He gave the ends to two of the cherubim, who soared one to the right, the other to the left, as far as the eye could see. And the scarf, lengthening, lengthening in the heavens, formed an immense arch, under which, to the sound of sweet music, passed the Mother and her Son, followed by the choir of angels and cherubim. Soon all disappeared from view.

When the maiden rose from her knees, she saw that her field was covered with a fresh harvest of golden grain, and the little heap of the divine gleaners had become a hill so large and so high that no one in the country had ever seen its like.

The wonderful scarf continued to shine in all its splendor at the edge of the horizon. And ever since that time, wherever there are charitable souls, the good Lord displays the Maiden's Scarf after a storm. And all the old people will tell you that the rainbow is nothing else than the scarf which was carried into the sky by the Child Jesus, its ends supported by cherubim.

Origin of the Toast.

The word "toast," as applied to a health drunk in some one's honor, comes from the old custom of offering the pieces of toast floating in the punch bowl to the most distinguished guests present at a banquet.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Greater Eve" is the title of a new book for the Month of Mary, by Father Stewart, just published by Burns & Oates.

—A new volume of essays by Father Vincent McNabb, O. P.; and a collection of sermons by Father Day, S. J., are announced by the same publishers.

—Sands & Co.'s new publications include "Retreats for the People," by Charles Plater, S. J., with a preface by the Bishop of Salford. This important book is sure of a hearty welcome on both sides of the Atlantic.

—"The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope," is a brochure of 107 pages, by the Rev. J. M. Lelen, the author of several excellent booklets, such as "Toward the Sanctuary" and "Toward the Altar." Father Finn, S. J., in a brief foreword, writes of its fervor and eloquence, its literary touches and elevated style, and its popular manner. Father Lelen has based his work on Gay's "Espérance," Newman's sermons, and Faber's conferences. An excellent fifteen cents' worth. Publisher, B. Herder.

—The apparent life failure of Valentine Medd, a young Englishman of aristocratic family, whose vivid imagination, working upon a highly-strung nervous temperament, caused him to be misunderstood and considered as a funk by his family, is the theme of Father Benson's latest novel, "The Coward." The need of distinguishing between physical and moral cowardice, the failure of society to perceive that a man who does what he fears is braver than one who experiences no fear, and the tendency of people to judge according to the outward act alone, are lessons clearly and interestingly taught in this book. The author lets the characters draw their own portrait through their conversations and actions; and well-drawn, clear-cut, original characters they are. "The Coward" is published in this country by B. Herder.

—The "Organ Score" to the *Proprium de Tempore* from Septuagesima to the feria VI. after the Octave of Ascension forms a stately volume of 354 pages quarto. The harmonization is by Dr. F. X. Mathias, and this is guarantee of the intrinsic excellence of the work. Accuracy is the first requisite in a book of this kind. There is evidence of the touch of the master organist on every page. The simplicity of the chant, the correct phrasing, the melodic line of the original are preserved in each case. There is undoubtedly a temptation to introduce into such works rhythmic and dynamic, and other

marks well known to the modern composer; but they are not in the original text. To some these might be a help, to others they would prove a stumbling-block. The "score" at best is to serve only as a guide; for the organist who has not the artistic feeling, it will be like a tool in the hands of an unskilled mechanic. Dr. Mathias' score has the qualities that mark the useful book. Pustet & Co., publishers.

—Another veteran Catholic litterateur has passed away. Justin McCarthy, historian, journalist, and novelist, is dead at the age of fourscore and two. Apart from his literary work, he was for years a prominent figure in the Irish Parliamentary Party, and served as its Chairman from 1890 to 1896. As an author, he has to his credit a number of novels, biographies (including a Life of Leo XIII.) and memoirs; but he is best known and will be longest remembered for his "History of Our Own Times," one of the most readable works of its kind in our language. Mr. McCarthy's last book, "Irish Recollections," has just been issued in this country, by George H. Doran Co.

—"Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism," a recent volume by Hubert Gruender, S. J., published by F. Pustet & Co., deals with an important problem in an interesting way. While not exhaustive in its treatment, it contrasts the psychology of Christian philosophy with the many attempts that have been made to offset a time-honored view, and one that answers the legitimate inquiries regarding the soul, its nature and attributes, in a more satisfactory manner than the suggested changes. One often marvels at the lengths to which some writers will go to avoid accepting what seems the obvious meaning of things. Father Gruender points out a number of instances of this kind. A glossary of terms used and an index add value to the work.

—Late researches incline the editor of the *Inland Printer* to believe that the following works were produced by Gutenberg himself: (1) "Donata"; (2) Letters of Indulgence; (3) "Mahnung der Christenheit wider die Türken" ("Warning Christians against the Turks"); (4) The forty-two-line Bible; (5) The thirty-six-line Bible; and (6) The "Katholikon." In addition, a recently discovered work, the "Missale Speciale," is ascribed to Gutenberg. "Under 'Donata' are understood the excerpts from the Latin grammar of Donatus, which were introduced in Mediæval schools. The work given above as No. 3, a plea to Christendom to

go into the field against the Turks, is printed on nine pages of a quarto format. The unknown author closes it with 'Eyn gut selig nuwe Jahr' (1455), and it is probable that this is the earliest printed New Year's greeting. The principal works of Gutenberg are, of course, his Bibles, which, however, are without dates. The oldest, the forty-two-line, was produced in the years 1453-1456. It consists of two folio volumes, having together 1282 double-column pages. Part of the edition was printed on parchment. Of this there are still existing ten known copies; of the paper edition, twenty-one copies are to be found in various German and foreign libraries. Of the thirty-six-line Bible (a reprint of the forty-two-line edition), which has 1762 double-column pages, there are still nine copies in existence, though some of these are in an imperfect condition. Of the 'Katholikon,' the last large work of the master himself, finished in the year 1460, there still exist twenty-five copies, including a number printed on parchment. This folio, a Latin wordbook and grammar, by the Dominican friar, Johannes Balbus, of Genoa, contains 373 closely-printed, mostly sixty-six-line leaves."

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.
 "The Coward." Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.
 "The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.
 "Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism." Hubert Gruender, S. J. \$1.
 "Sacred Dramas." Augusta Theodosia Drane. 90 cts.
 "Told in the Twilight." Mother Salome. 85 cts.
 "The Divine Trinity." Rev. Joseph Pohle, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Faith Brandon." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.30.
 "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. 65 cts.
 "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.

- "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown. André Prévot, D. D. 85 cts., net.
 "The Little Apostle on Crutches." H. E. Delamare. 45 cts.
 "Lincoln's Selections." Andrew S. Draper. L. L. D. 35 cts.
 "Annus Liturgicus." Michaele Gatterer, S. J. \$1.
 "Back to the World." (Champol's "Les Revenantes.") L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.
 "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
 "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries." Vol. II. Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Elements of Social Science." Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. \$1.50.
 "Fair Noreen." Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). \$1.50.
 "Easy Catechetics for the First School Year." Rev. A. Urban. 60 cts.
 "Mary's Call; or, Devotion to the Dying." 85 cts.
 "In the Early Days. Pages from the Annals of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary." \$2.
 "The Magic of the Sea; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making." Captain James Connolly. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Massolo, of the diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Conrad Tintrup, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. John A. Sullivan, diocese of Newark; and Rev. Henry Wochner, S. J.

Sister Mary Rose, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Stella, Sisters of the I. H. M.; and Mother M. Edwards, R. S. H.

Mr. William L. Palmer, Mr. George Hooper, Miss Ella Martin, Mr. Bernard McMahon, Mrs. Alice H. Peck, Mrs. Bridget Myhan, Mr. John H. Tilden, Mrs. Mary Jane Masterson, Mrs. Patrick Shea, Mr. William Dunbar, Mrs. Mary O. Myer, Miss Kathryn McAloon, Mr. William E. Starr, Mrs. Nora Devine, Mr. John Wenzel, Mr. Raymond Vieth, Miss Alice Mackin, Mr. William King, Mrs. Bridget Conboy, Mr. Joseph Moser, Mr. John Waller, Mrs. W. Daly, Mr. John A. Watson, Miss Hannah Boland, Mr. John Webb, Mrs. Martin Gerrity, Mr. John Crabb, Mrs. Ann Flannelly, Mr. Arthur Tagney, Mrs. Catherine McDade, Mr. John Beck, Mr. M. T. White, and Mr. Conrad Blanke.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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Morning Star.

BY HENRY C. MCLEAN.

HAIL, crownéd Maid, we praise and honor thee!
Of womankind thou art the blessed one,
The pure, the lustrous herald of the sun
Forever shining over land and sea
In glory of the Christ whom thou hast borne.
Thou art as chaste and bright in thy array
As thou wert on thy great assumption day,
As brightly thou shalt shine on Judgment morn.
Ere Christ shall come to judge the human race,
Before the throne of God for sinners plead.
Thou art the Morning Star forever fair,
The beacon-light of hope, the Queen of Grace;
Ere He shall come, for mankind intercede,
And Christ, thy Son, shall heed His Mother's
prayer.

The Psychology of Conversion.

BY T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

BROADLY speaking, there are two classes of converts: those who come to the Church, and those to whom the Church comes; or, to be more explicit, those who, realizing that truth is somewhere to be found, seek diligently until they find it; and those to whom, without any or without much searching of their own, the Church reveals herself as the mouth-piece of God and the dispenser of His graces. We find illustrations of both classes in the New Testament. We read, for example, that Nicodemus came to

Jesus, realizing that He was a teacher from God, and discussed with Him questions of religion; and, after a close observation of Jesus and His work, he was, according to tradition, baptized by the Apostle St. Peter. *He came to the Church.* Again, we read of St. Paul, who in his blind zeal was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, and whose conversion was looked upon by the faithful as beyond all hope; yet, even while he was on the way to work further evil against the Christians, a light from heaven shined round about him, and he became a chosen vessel of election, and labored more abundantly than all the Apostles. *The Church came to him.*

So has it been ever since, at least to our eyes. But at present we shall confine ourselves to the former class—namely, to those who came to the knowledge of the truth by a process which, on its human side, may be traced out step by step, and actually has been described for us either by themselves or others. In "Roads to Rome in America" we have at hand a record of the experiences of forty-eight such wayfarers to the City set upon a Hill; and a general survey of these records is in the highest degree edifying and instructive.

Reading over the book, there are several general impressions which add very much to the value of the collection. First of all, the writers are, in nearly all cases, men or women of high intellectual gifts, and are drawn from almost every walk of life. It is not a case of a number of individuals from one community or

class or place, who might therefore have come under the influence of one particular phase of the Church's work, or of one great personality within the Church. Every profession and class in the country is represented; every conceivable combination of religious and social circumstances contributes a narrator; every imaginable obstacle has been met and overcome by one or other of the adventurers. Each one represents an individual history, and has travelled by a special route to the one great haven of rest.

In the next place, all the converts were persons who desired to know God's truth, and were willing to embrace it when discovered. They had acquired as a family inheritance, or had read themselves into the fundamental idea, that a definite form of religious belief and practice was according to the will of God and for the spiritual good of man. This definite form of religion they regarded as a pearl of great price, and they were willing to search eagerly until they should find it. With reverent minds and persistent efforts they prosecuted the search, and when their labors were rewarded they sat down under His shadow whom they had desired; they laid hold of Him and would not let Him go.

Again, another general impression: they are all convinced that they have found "the treasure"; that they are at last in their Father's house; that the Catholic Church is the True Fold, whose shepherd is the Living God, and whose sheep can hear the Master's voice, and be fed with the supernatural food. Here is the testimony of one of them: "Many years have passed since my baptism, and in the meanwhile I have seen the Church in many climes and among many nationalities; I have read many hundreds of Lives of her saintly children; I have partaken of her Sacraments, tried to live her life; and now I have but one testimony to give: how beautiful art thou, my love!—how beautiful art thou! Thou art all fair, O my beloved! and there is no spot in thee,—fair as the moon, bright

as the sun, terrible as an army set in array." Another says: "Yes, I knew it when I had found it. And I found it, as in the parable, like a treasure hidden in a field,—in the selfsame field up and down which I had wandered for years, and where I had often trampled it under my feet. And when I had found it I hid it, scarcely daring to gaze at its splendor, and crying as St. Augustine cried, 'Too late, alas! have I known thee, O ancient and eternal Truth!' And then, for joy thereof, I went and sold all that I had and bought the field." And yet another says: "Thirty-three years have passed since this great grace came to me; and through all these years the majestic form of God's one true Church has stood clearly before me,—the Church as He promised it: one, indivisible, infallible, against which the gates of hell never have prevailed and never shall prevail."

Such are the characteristics and the sentiments of these strangers within our gates. How and by what roads did they come to us? This is an important question, the answer to which must be of intense interest to ourselves and ought to be of great help to others.

Our Divine Lord says: "No one can come to the Father but by Me." And St. Paul, one of the first of those who did come, tells us: "By the grace of God I am what I am." This is the spirit of one and all of those who travelled these forty-eight "Roads to Rome." They can indeed, and do, record for us the various steps of their journey; but, both for the light by which they saw and the grace by which they moved, they give all the glory and the praise to God. "Every convert," says one of them, "the moment he enters the fold of Christ, and begins to live a life of faith, feels and recognizes how little he has had to do with the blessing that has come to him: therefore it is much easier to give the reasons why he *is* a Catholic than why he *became* one." The late Hon. Henry Clay Dillon, of Los Angeles, said: "All conversions are the direct result of

the interposition of the Holy Spirit. Not even the great Apostle of the Gentiles attempted to formulate his reasons for his change of faith until long after the light of heaven fell upon him, and time had been given him for mature study and reflection."

Notwithstanding this, however, God sometimes uses human agents. He sometimes presents an aspect of the Church's life which compels submission; or sometimes shows an individual soul that among the many mansions of His earthly house there is one just suited for giving rest and light to one of her religious bent. It is to an enumeration of those cases we shall devote the remainder of this paper.

And at first sight it seems strange how few of them were drawn by any personality within the Church. In our human vanity, we sometimes think that most conversions are due to some great preacher or some Sister or some friend. Occasionally we read of a seeming justification for the assumption; but this is very exceptional, and more apparent than real. Paul, indeed, may plant, and Apollo may water, but it is God who must give the increase. One instance of personal influence is thus described: "I early made the acquaintance of Father Gordon, of the Oratory, whose conversation and friendship were most helpful to me. He was a confrère of Newman, had been with him at Oxford, and had been in and of the Oxford Movement. . . . He was not only a man of God of exceptional spiritual force, but he was also a man of exceeding personal charm. It was easy to think as he thought; and what we talked about and what he said to me helped me to solve many difficulties, both intellectual and spiritual."

Another instance, and one illustrating by what strange ways the Spirit of God may work, is the following: "It must have been about the 10th of October, my twenty-first birthday. My mother expressed dissatisfaction at my way of doing up my hair, and said that Miss H. R.

must come and show me how to make the puffs or bands, or whatever girls wore at that time. . . . So one morning there appeared in my room a lovely young woman who looked like one of Fra Angelico's angels. I can see her now,—her rippling hair, her shining eyes, her peach-bloom complexion. Her mouth was beautiful, whether it expressed joy or grief or enthusiasm, or gave that enchanting laugh which belongs only to those of Celtic blood. I don't remember much about the hairdressing, but I soon found out that H. R. was a Catholic, and possessed of faith such as I had never seen. We became intimate friends; and she took me with her to visit her sick poor, to whose desolate rooms she brought cheer and sunshine. Surely charity had not often appeared in so fascinating a shape as it did when she encouraged the weary to bear their suffering a little longer, or taught the earth-bound soul to long for heaven." The seed thus planted was watered by a good bishop, and bore fruit in due season. With the exception of these and a few other instances, the personal element does not seem to have entered perceptibly into the conversions under discussion.

One of the most frequently mentioned influences was the piety of Catholic congregations and the many helps to devotion which abound in the Catholic Church. The various non-Catholic religions described in "Roads to Rome" seem to hold their own either because they are family heirlooms or because they are an element in the social life of the community. To a soul deeply religious, seeking for intimate union with God, they seem unable to dispense the bread of life; their children ask for bread and receive a stone; they come to the fig-tree seeking fruit and find none. Such souls always find themselves dropping into Catholic churches at Mass or at Benediction or in the quiet hours of the day. They see around them men and women and children, in every walk of life, who talk

familiarly with God and hear His voice; they see them absorbed in prayer, or visiting the Blessed Sacrament or some favorite shrine or image. It is a revelation to them that devotion should be so real. Like Jacob awaking from his dream, they cry out: "Indeed the Lord is in this place and I knew it not. This is no other than the House of God and the Gate of Heaven." Then and there the star arises on their horizon; if they follow, it will bring them where they should be. Let us quote from one of them:

"In the various Protestant churches to which I went, I found an edifying diversion and pleasant gathering of friends; good music, a beautifully written if not always beautifully read service in the Episcopal church; lots of sentiment and emotion in the Methodist; frequently a dignified and scholarly discourse in the Presbyterian; and in the Unitarian, a lecture of the intellectual philosophical kind." Later on he meets a Catholic young man. He continues: "I went to Mass once or twice with him on Sunday,—to Solemn High Mass. It was about as interesting as a Chinese puzzle, and quite as ununderstandable. I determined, mainly from motives of curiosity, to find out what it was all about. And I did,—thank God, I did! I found out what the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass meant, the idea of it all,—the Blessed Sacrament with Jesus really objectively present on the altar. Here was love indeed,—love only the heart of God could conceive, only the omnipotence of God could effect. Here was God,—not an abstract idea, but a concrete reality; God incarnate, divine and human, and never more divine than when most human. . . . Here at last was the vital power to sustain when all else should fail; here the Eternal Spring to make a desert earth bloom like a rose." He followed the star and offered the gift and was accepted.

Another speaks thus of his first visit to a Catholic church: "I can well remember being taken to that balcony

on Sunday afternoon and looking down on a devotional congregation in attendance at Benediction, while I enjoyed the fragrance of the incense that ascended from the altar. I then observed for the first time that the congregation was kneeling most of the time, instead of being seated; that the benches on which they knelt seemed more important than the seats of which they formed a part. Prayer almost entirely replaced the sermon as the essence of the service." This man, to judge by his narration, has also followed where Jesus pointed, and the last words of his story are: "His way is easy and His burden is light."

Of all the influences mentioned in this book the most powerful and frequent was the teaching authority claimed and exercised by the Church. Most of these converts were men and women who had been tossed about by every wind of doctrine, yet who would gladly serve the Lord in the manner and place He desires if they could but find them. They had assimilated the principle that is common to the whole English-speaking world—namely, that God spoke to us through Jesus Christ. They went further and asked: "Is the religion of Jesus Christ still preserved on the earth? And, if so, Where?" This is the turning-point. Those who come to this point rarely remain there: they pass either to the Catholic Church or to Indifferentism. Let us hear how the question was settled by one:

"Protestantism is in its essence religious anarchy. I saw that the Protestantism of Luther and Calvin, with us quickly became the Protestantism of Wesley and the Baptists; and that that of Wesley and the Baptists soon grew into that of Brigham Young and of Alexander Campbell, . . . of Dowie and of Mrs. Eddy. A system of religion in which I myself seem to have as good a right as Luther or Wesley, or any Puritan, or Mrs. Eddy, to start a sect or to promote a schism, seemed to me no system at all. If there is no final or authoritative interpretation

of Holy Scripture, if each man may and must interpret for himself, if one man's gloss is as good as another man's gloss, and if there is no one to decide finally, no source of authority which is infallible and supreme and ultimate and of divine sanction, then it seemed to me that there is absolutely nothing in Christianity. . . . The mind rejecting that system turns necessarily to the one thing that is left—namely, to Catholicism. If anything in Christianity is true, Catholicism is that thing. It is rational and reasonable, and what serious men would expect of a wise God. It works order in religion, and works along lines that in other spheres commend themselves to sane men. The Catholic system is what we have in the home and in the State; it provides an authority from which there is no appeal."

These are illustrations of the way in which this central doctrine appeals to minds disposed to think seriously of religion.

There are many other causes mentioned in this book as contributing to the happy results described; but we can not analyze or classify them all. The two mentioned—namely, the devotional life of the Church, and her teaching authority—seem to have been the most frequent and the most powerful. Other causes contributed, but they were always subsidiary to one or other of these two. We shall conclude in the words of one of the converts: "The soul in its ignorance, searching for truth, lays hold of so many notions that when truth is fully attained, it is difficult to sort out from the vast heap of ideas those which have had special importance in the process. Having groped its way through a labyrinth of darkness, it scarcely could be expected to remember clearly the various directions it took before coming to the light. The most, therefore, that such a history could contain would be certain prominent facts which seem to stand out clearly, but which, nevertheless, may not have been the true causes of the conversion."

Flower of the Almond.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.



"FORGIVE me, Contessa, for offering you my hand!" said Elena. "I should not have ventured to do so had I recognized you. But I did not think of seeing you on the *Scala Santa*."

"Why not?" Iris asked. "Is there any woman in Rome—I may say in the world—who has better reason for being here than I?"

"Because you are so unhappy?" the other queried quickly.

Iris bent her head.

"And because, being so unhappy," she added, "I desire to learn from Him who suffered all pain how to bear mine."

"Ah!" It was a low cry rather than an exclamation which broke from Elena's lips; and then, putting out her hand again, she lightly touched the sleeve of the Contessa. "Will you come with me into the chapel, and let us pray together for a few minutes?" she asked timidly. "I would not suggest such a thing at any other time or place; but this is the *Scala Santa*, and He who died for us to-day taught us to forgive our enemies."

"I do not feel that you are my enemy," Iris said gently; "and I am quite sure that I am not yours. We are only two poor women, both unhappy, both suffering through the fault of—the same person. Let us pray for grace to forgive *him*."

Then, before the other could speak, she took the hand that touched her sleeve, and so they passed into the chapel together.

It is a very dark and ancient place, this *Capella Sancta Sanctorum*, once the private Papal chapel of the former pontifical palace of the Lateran, and the only portion of that building now remaining since the old palace was destroyed and the new one built by Sixtus V. in 1589. It was this Pontiff who ordered the Holy

Stairs to be transferred to their present site before the chapel, which received its name of the Holy of Holies from the many precious relics preserved there. It also contains the celebrated and ancient picture of Christ on cedar-wood, believed to have been "not made by human hands," which on certain occasions used to be carried through Rome in procession. In the gloom of the chapel where it now hangs little can be seen even of the outlines of this famous image, but the air seems heavy with the prayers which, like incense, have for centuries ascended before it; and the memories which throng the chapel are almost overwhelming, as the lamps burn dimly amid mysterious shadows around the altar where for so many ages the Holy Sacrifice was offered by the hands of pontiffs and saints.

The two women who had passed into this chapel together, and kneeling there in the scented gloom prayed silently, presently came out, and, still silently, descended side by side one of the stairs, placed on either side of the *Scala Santa*, that those who have ascended on their knees may be able to walk down. When they reached the bottom, it was Iris who dipped her fingers in the holy-water font, and held them out to the other.

"*Addio!*" she said softly.

But Elena did not echo the word of farewell. On the contrary, she looked at the other with a sudden passion of entreaty in her eyes.

"Will you let me go with you to some quiet place where we can speak undisturbed?" she asked. "There is something I must say to you; and if I do not say it now, I may never again find the strength to do so."

Iris shrank a little; for she felt as if she had by this time reached the end of her powers of endurance, and that, under further emotional strain, the breaking point might come. Moreover, reasonable and gentle though she was, it seemed to her that any prolonged association with this woman was more than she could

bear. Therefore a note of coldness came for the first time into her voice as she answered:

"I do not think that there can be anything further to be said between us."

"If that were so," Elena replied, "I would not wish to subject either of us to useless pain,—and I can see that it *is* pain to you even to look at me. This makes me the more grateful for your kindness and more sorry for your suffering."

But here a faint stirring of pride came to Iris. She lifted her head with something like hauteur.

"We need not discuss my suffering," she said. "And there is no occasion for regret on your part. You have done what was right: you have told me the truth; and now we can each go our way, since the brief crossing of our paths is over."

"No, it is not yet over," Elena returned, in a tone of something like desperation. "I fancied that it was. When I left your palace yesterday I said to myself that I would never see you again, and I was glad of it; for your face haunted me. But God has ordered it otherwise. When I came here to-day I had no thought of meeting you; but I do not believe that it was by chance that we two, out of all the women in Rome, found ourselves side by side climbing the holy stair together. And when we prayed together, up yonder in the chapel—I do not know what *you* asked, Signora Contessa, but I know that *I* asked courage to tell the whole truth, which you have not yet heard."

"Does it concern me to hear it?" Iris asked, more startled by the other's tone and manner than even by her words.

"It concerns you more than anything else in the world," Elena answered.

"Then come with me," Iris said. "My carriage is waiting, and the place where we can speak in undisturbed quiet is the place where we spoke yesterday—my own apartments in the Rovere palace."

"Is there no danger of meeting—any one there?" Elena asked, hesitating a little.

"The Conte della Rovere has left Rome," Iris told her quietly.

After this, nothing more was said. They passed together out into the street, to the Contessa's carriage, which was waiting for her, entered it, and were driven to the old palace where their interview of the day before had taken place. To Iris it was as if she were walking in a dream, when she found herself mounting the great staircase by Elena Almirante's side, and leading the way to the same apartment in which she had yesterday received her visitor. It was the room where some emanation of the latter's presence had seemed to linger and make itself felt when she had entered it with Della Rovere, after their return from *Tenebræ* at the Lateran basilica. And now another emanation from another presence met her as she entered. It was a vision of what she had seen there in the twilight of yesterday: the man kneeling by the table, with head cast down upon his outspread arms, his whole attitude expressing the desolation that had overtaken him, the abasement and penitence of his soul. The vision was so vivid that for an instant Iris stood still, as if she saw it again with her bodily eyes; then, remembering herself, she turned toward the woman who followed her.

"Will you sit down?" she said courteously, indicating a chair.

Elena sank into the chair without a word; and, conscious of a sudden sense of physical weakness, Iris also sat down opposite her. So for a moment there was silence in the beautiful stately room, into which the soft sunshine of the spring day was shining, as the two women, thus strangely brought together again, regarded each other silently. It was the Italian who presently spoke, very mournfully:

"You have good cause to hate me, Signora Contessa — though you look as if you were too gentle to hate any one, — for I have done you a great injury. I have destroyed not only your happiness,

but what is a greater thing than happiness — your trust and confidence in the man you love — in order to satisfy my own hatred."

"I have told you before that there is no need for such regret or accusation on your part," Iris said in reply. "You have only done what was right in undeceiving me; and, whatever your motive may have been, I assure you that I do not hate you. On the contrary, I am infinitely sorry for you."

"Don't be sorry for me!" Elena cried sharply. "I do not deserve your compassion; though it is true that I have suffered, do suffer, and shall continue to suffer horribly; for what has been built on a lie can never be made straight again."

"But the lie has not been yours," Iris reminded her.

The answer was quick as lightning, and as unexpected.

"It *has* been mine!" Elena said. "No, don't interrupt me" — as the other opened her lips to speak, — "let me tell everything, as I promised in the chapel where we prayed together that I would tell it. For what I told you yesterday was only part of the truth. The real truth is, that, although I was indeed married religiously to the Conte della Rovere, that marriage was as invalid in the eyes of the Church as it was in the eyes of the law."

"Invalid!" Iris heard herself gasp this word as if another had spoken. "But how could that be? You were both free —"

Elena shook her head.

"I was not free," she said. "I had been married before, and the man had left me. He was a defaulter in a position of trust; and, threatened with the discovery of his defalcations, he fled to America, where he already had a brother living. This brother died soon after his arrival there; and my husband, substituting his name, had the death announced and published in Italy as his own. When I met the Conte della Rovere, I thought that I was free, and it was under this impression that I married him, believing that he

would later add the civil to the religious marriage. I still hoped for this, although by that time my influence over him had greatly waned, when I suddenly learned that my husband had not been dead at all at the time of my second marriage. Therefore, you see, there could be no question about it—that marriage was invalid.”

“And you did not tell Giulio this?” Iris demanded breathlessly.

Again Elena shook her head.

“No,” she answered, “I did not tell him, because by that time we had separated, and I knew that he would welcome the news. It was after my husband’s real death, which was caused by an accident, that I learned of the deception he had practised in having his brother’s death announced as his own. But the news came to me secretly, and I kept it secret; for I said to myself that I had acted in good faith in contracting the second marriage, and that for Pietro’s sake I could not lose the hold which it might give me upon the Conte della Rovere. Then suddenly a thunderbolt fell—I learned of his marriage to you.”

Silence for a moment—a silence in which Iris heard her pulses beating, while she tried to realize the complete change in the situation which this news made,—and then Elena’s voice took up her story again:

“All that I can say for myself is that I was mad with disappointment and despair when I heard of this; for I had never anticipated anything of the kind. I was quite sure that, as long as he believed himself religiously married to me, he would never attempt to marry a Catholic woman, nor would any Catholic woman entertain the thought of marrying him; but I did not think of his marrying a foreigner and a Protestant. When this occurred, it seemed to snatch the possibility of revenge out of my hand; for I knew well that you were absolutely secure in your position as his legally married wife, and it did not occur to me as possible that you would care about the censure of the Church.

Nevertheless, I determined that you should know of my existence, and how he had acted toward me; for the point remained that he believed himself married to me when he married you.”

“Yes”—Iris clasped her hands over her painfully beating heart,—“he believed that, and it was right that he should be punished.”

“But it was not right that *you* should be punished,” Elena said; “and in striking at him—in the effort to destroy his happiness,—I struck more hardly at you, and destroyed your happiness more completely. And it is useless now to say that I am sorry.”

Her voice sank in a hopeless cadence over the last words, and she was not in the least prepared for what Iris then did. She rose, crossed the floor, and laid her hand on the other’s shoulder, as she had laid it the day before, when the woman who came to wound her had burst into wild weeping.

“It is never useless to be sorry,” she said. “*Your* religion teaches you that sorrow is sufficient with God,—does it not?—and man can surely not dare to be harder than God. I understand how it was that when your heart seemed breaking, you felt driven to strike in revenge for what was indeed a great injury; but you have learned that revenge hurts ourselves far more deeply than it hurts others.”

“I learned that yesterday,” Elena said, looking up with something of wonder into the fair face above her. “When I left you, I felt as if I had committed murder; for I knew that I had killed your happiness. It is true that, as you said, this happiness was built upon a lie, since the man who married you did not tell you that he believed himself already married by religious ties to another woman. *He* deceived you, but *I* deceived you worse when, to revenge myself upon him, I told you of the marriage, but did not tell you of its invalidity. . . . You see I had never once thought of you apart from him: you did not exist for me,

except as a means of striking at him, until I stood face to face with you. And then—then my heart smote me. When my child cried out that you were an angel, and you turned to me a face so full of kindness and sweetness, I would have gone out and left you undisturbed, only the devil put into my heart the thought of *him*—the man who had forsaken me,—and I saw that because you were so sweet and innocent, because you would consider the religious view of the matter, my revenge was given into my hand. I could, by putting a sword of division between you, destroy his happiness, and I did not think of yours."

She paused, struggled for a moment with her emotion, and then went on:

"But it is as you have said: there is no real satisfaction in revenge. What I had sworn to do I had done, and in a manner more complete than I had hoped or expected—for I saw clearly that you would leave him,—and yet, having accomplished this, I found myself thinking only of you and your suffering. . . . During all of yesterday the struggle in my soul went on; and to-day I said to myself that I would go to the *Scala Santa* and pray there for strength to forgive, to put away revenge, and to tell the truth, so that I might make my Easter duty with a clear conscience; for I knew no priest would give me absolution until I had repaired the mischief I had done. And when I went to the holy stair, there you were beside me! Signora, do you think that was mere chance?"

"No," Iris answered unhesitatingly; "I am sure it was not chance. For when I went out to find some distraction from my miserable thoughts, some light upon my way, I had no intention of going to the *Scala Santa*; it was as if I were led there by a power outside myself. And in the same manner I was sent back to Rome yesterday, when I had fully determined *not* to return: to take a train to Naples, and sail at once for America. But I paused at the church of the *Domine quo*

Vadis on the Appian Way, and a voice there seemed bidding me; as it bade St. Peter, return to Rome, to the suffering I was flying from. Think"—she broke off, and stood for an instant silent, as if arrested by a compelling vision of what might have been,—“only think what I would have lost had I not heeded the bidding!”

Awed by her tone, Elena again glanced up at her.

"You would have lost your happiness," she said.

The other made a gesture which was almost superb in its unconscious disdain.

"I am not thinking of happiness," she replied. "That seems a small thing just now. I am thinking of the power to do what God desired should be done—to help you overcome evil, and to help another, who has sinned deeply and is now suffering much, to find his way back to his Father's house."

The bells of Holy Saturday had rung for the *Gloria*, new fire had been kindled for the altar, new water blessed for the sanctuary, and the whole earth, as far as the Church was concerned, made over anew for the resurrection of the Lord, so near at hand, when Iris met her husband again, and with grave sweetness said to him:

"It is for us also to begin anew, to build our life on a better foundation than we have had before. The first thing we need is the blessing of the Church on our marriage, to obtain the sacramental grace it has hitherto lacked; and, for one of us at least, the grace to forgive, to forget, to learn confidence again. It will not be the work of a day to accomplish this."

"No," he said humbly. "I am well aware that it will be the work of many days. But all things seem possible to me since I have not lost you, though I know that I have deserved to lose you; and that in taking up life with me again, you do so with many reservations, with trust vanished, and love well-nigh dead."

She did not deny this. It was indeed true; for the present, trust had vanished, and love was well-nigh dead. But she had a deep instinct that even for these things there might be a resurrection, if the blessing of God were won by pain bravely borne, and duty faithfully performed. With a wistful smile, she held out to him a spray of the flower which is a symbol of awakening. It said mutely that all things were possible, since there was no longer a bar between their hearts, when the same faith united them, and repentance had expiated fault. For it was the story of life to fall, but the lesson of faith to rise; and the grace for such rising would be given in abundant measure at this wondrous season of the resurrection of Him who is "*... the Almond Blossom of the world, the Waker from the winter of sin in this time, and from the winter of death in the time which is to come.*"

(The End.)

Ernest Hello.

BY E. M. WALKER.



HERE is something incalculable about genius and fame. They differ intrinsically from talent and notoriety, and depend upon laws beyond our grasp. Men use their talents; but genius, it would seem, uses men, and produces in the long run the result that it was destined to produce. Thus, a man of genius may, for various reasons, be neglected in his generation; but years pass by—centuries perhaps,—and the hour strikes for him to make his mark, and to influence in his measure the thought and feeling of the world.

This has been the case with Ernest Hello, French critic, philosopher, and writer of admirable style, who lived in the latter half of the last century. "L'Homme," perhaps his most important work, was in the press during 1871, that unhappy year which saw the Siege of Paris, followed by the excesses of the

Commune. Hello was no lover of his age, but spoke plainly, often harshly, of its faults and of its errors. He was impatient because men could not, or would not, see what to him was so clear. He loved justice and truth, and was convinced of their ultimate triumph; but because the triumph was delayed, he grew impatient, and so it falls out that we detect a ring of bitterness and disappointment in some of his most eloquent pages. And this, although he himself has said: "The property of Error is to have only a moment to live, as the property of Truth is to have all eternity before it. Thus, one is hurried, the other is patient."

Hello died in 1885, without having made the stir in the world that his undoubted genius seemed to warrant. Yet a quarter of a century has passed since then, and to-day Frenchmen are reading his works with renewed interest and appreciation. "L'Homme" is now in its ninth edition; "Le Siècle," in its sixth. A new edition of "Paroles de Dieu," meditations on texts of Scripture, appeared in 1910. "Physionomies des Saints," published in 1875, has been translated into English by Mrs. V. M. Crawford, under the title of "Studies in Saintship." So Hello has come into his own. He speaks to us from the grave, dwelling insistently on the unity of Truth.

Amid the confusion and disintegration of the world of to-day, we need to rest sometimes upon this imposing thought. Hello has re-stated it with extraordinary clearness and force. In "L'Homme," he takes life, science and art, and shows how each, rightly understood, is a mirror that reflects the face of God. Behind all the phenomena of Time lies the Great Unity. God is love; and even in our human affections, all that is warm and generous and disinterested we owe to Him. God is Truth; and, whether men know it or not, every fact of science, in so far as it is a fact, brings them nearer to the basis of all truth. God is Beauty, and no art can be truly great or truly beautiful without

Him; for real goodness is ever true and beautiful. Truth is invariably good and beautiful. Beauty, if it indeed be beauty, is also good and true.

Once grasp the idea of Unity in all its bearings, and what a simplification of outlook ensues! There can be no fear of contradictions, no place for clashing interests. Behind all phenomena, God, being; and outside of God, mere negation, darkness, confusion, and the most utter boredom. No words can even approximately express the horrible emptiness of all that is not God. "There are some thoughts," says Hello, "which have poisoned the very sources of human life; and one of these thoughts is that evil is not boring: that evil is a remedy for *ennui*."

After all, the only thing that really matters is Truth. Get at the truth of a thing, and you find God. We have to seek that which is, model our lives upon it, and give it always and in every department of life our whole-hearted adhesion. Truth before all things ("*La Vérité passe avant tout*,") was ever Hello's motto; and it is in speaking of Truth that he shows the greatest spirit and confidence: "Truth is one; and religion, being true, can neither contradict nor embarrass Truth. God is never in danger. Error is charged with its own destruction. A man never lands himself into any difficulty by following God. As Truth does not belong to us, we can not concede one fraction of it."

Ernest Hello comes to us with no new system. What *is* there new in the world of thought? Yet, in one sense, Truth freshly conceived is ever new. Hello's mind and style are alike original. He has a peculiarly strong sense of unity; his logic is fearless; his mode of expression clear, brusque, and frank. After all, as he explains, "Truth is one, yet always new. . . . The ideas which a man expresses are common property, but the style of a man is his own private property the expression of his personality. It is himself."

An inspiring example of the highest type of journalist, Hello wrote on most of the subjects which came up for discussion in his day. Essentially a critic, he pronounced judgment, not only on the men of his time, but also on many of the great names of the past. Few, probably, will endorse his verdict on Virgil, Ovid, Shakespeare, Watteau, and others; but all at least must acknowledge his independence and originality of thought, and his consistent indifference to accepted opinion. "I have hungered and thirsted after justice," he declares in the preface to "*Les Plateaux de la Balance*"; and he goes on to say how, scales in hand, he has traversed the world of intellect, weighing reputations to the best of his ability. He always states his views boldly, concisely, uncompromisingly, adhering invariably to his own canon of style—namely, that a man should "live in accordance with truth, think as he lives, and write as he thinks."

It is when applying his principles to art, particularly to his own especial art of literature, that Hello is the most interesting. He writes: "By the word 'art' I understand everything which represents the traditions of the world and the ideal of nations. . . . Art is the recollection of the universal presence of God. Human imagination has lost the habit of connecting the idea of the Beautiful with that of the Good. And when this habit is lost, that which we see to-day ensues. When this habit is lost, men come to believe that Beauty and Purity are never to be found in the same country, and that it is necessary to choose between them. . . . Art ought to be one of the forces to heal the imagination; it ought to point out that evil is ugly. But Art has completely lost its head. After having drawn its types from the region of shadows, after having forgotten that the sun is its birthright, after having attempted the glorification of evil, after having dishonored its voice by extolling suicide and adultery, after having tried

to separate the True from the Beautiful, it has turned against the Beautiful. After having attacked Truth, which is its root, it has attacked Beauty. Having persuaded men that what is untrue is beautiful, it has gone on to cry in the insane logic of its delirium, 'The Beautiful is the Ugly!'

In a very brilliant and sarcastic passage in "L'Homme," Hello has held up to scorn the mediocre man, with his intellectual insincerity, his innate distrust of genius and sanctity, his preference for convention rather than truth. It was to the overwhelming forces of mediocrity that Hello owed his temporary failure, if failure it can be called; and, unconsciously perhaps, the fact lent to his words an additional sting. He writes:

The mediocre man, in his distrust of all that is superior, says that he values good sense before everything. But he has not the remotest idea what good sense is. He merely understands by that expression the negation of all that is lofty. The mediocre man is much more wicked than either he himself or any one else imagines, because his coldness masks his wickedness. He is never excited. He perpetrates innumerable little infamies so petty that they scarcely appear to be infamous. And he is never afraid, for he relies on the vast multitudes of those who resemble him. But [Hello is careful to add] if a man naturally mediocre should become a true and sincere Christian, he ceases absolutely to be mediocre. . . . The man who loves is never mediocre.

Ernest Hello has spoken trenchantly of those who, having forgotten that it is their duty to despise error with all the strength of their souls, end by finding it "respectable, interesting in its misfortunes, rather beautiful and almost true." His own uncompromising love of truth seems to have been born with him. As a little child of four, one of his delights was to wrap himself in a tiger's skin and play at frightening his mother. It occurred to him one afternoon that this would be a splendid method of ridding himself of some unwelcome callers. But when, clad in his tiger's skin, the pretty child burst into the drawing-room roaring horribly,

the visitors were naturally only amused, and began to pet and admire him. He bore it in silence, but when at last they were gone he turned to his mother and said: "So, mother, you were never really frightened at all! How could you deceive me, — a little boy like me?" Never, Madame Hello tells us, did she forget the reproach in her child's voice. It was this same devotion to truth that led Hello later on to leave the Bar, because he was told that he might be called upon to defend unjust causes.

Out of touch with his age, he spent most of his time on his hereditary estate in Brittany, nursed by the sympathetic and devoted wife who had married him when he was supposed to have only six months to live. Some years his senior, clever, strong-minded, and deeply affectionate, it was probably to her care and her wholesome influence that Hello owed the thirty years of intellectual activity that followed his marriage in 1855. He was then twenty-nine years old; and, as his wife remarked, though not what would be called handsome, he always appeared so. His face was strikingly delicate and refined, with its masses of dark-brown curly hair, high, broad forehead, expressive eyes, and sensitive, sad mouth.

Hello's life was one of more than ordinary suffering. The victim of some form of spinal or bone disease, he confessed once in an hour of pain: "The effect of my ill health on my soul is simply hell. It makes me feel as if I were abandoned by God. It hinders me from working as a man of my temperament needs to work; and . . . it tempts me to doubt and to despair."

During his lifetime, Hello was to a great extent overlooked, and this was another bitter trial to him. Always deeply religious and a loyal son of the Church, he longed for fame, — not indeed as a good in itself, but because he ardently desired to speak authoritatively in the cause of justice and of truth. M. Henri Lasserre points out his rare nobility of

mind and the extraordinary loftiness of his mental horizon, adding that he had the genius of a saint, but not the sanctity. It was above all peace he needed,—peace and patience. But who shall dare to judge him, or to estimate the innumerable difficulties of his gallant, lifelong struggle against racking physical pain and disordered nerves?

The man who presented so bold a front to the world, whose utterances were often so drastic, and whose sarcasm could be so scathing, was strangely gentle to animals and birds, while his kindness to the poor was quite exceptional. Many years after his death, the peasants of the district still came to pray at his grave. He possessed, indeed, in a pre-eminent degree that true charity which he has described so eloquently,—that love which causes a man to divine the widely different needs of all those with whom he is thrown into contact—intellectual and spiritual needs as well as physical,—and which leaves him no rest nor peace until he has tried his utmost to do something to satisfy them. "Love makes men speak. Love enables them to understand what is said. Without love men are nothing but deaf-mutes."

Ernest Hello left behind him some private prayers; and these, perhaps more than anything else, aid us to a right judgment of him. They were never meant for publication; yet, private and sacred as they are, M. Joseph Serre has thought it advisable to give a few extracts from them in his *Life of Hello*. In their evident pain, humility and sincerity, the words need no comment; and as we read them the voice of criticism is silenced: "Lord, I can not carry Your cross except in the sunshine. I am not a man: I am a child. O my God, I can neither act nor endure nor wait! I am a prodigy of weakness. You know that I am too weak to serve You by enduring suffering. That is not my vocation. . . . Give me joy, then,—joy! Lord, I am too weak to suffer and to die."

In the Gloaming.

BY J. P. H.

SITTING in my chamber lonely, while the city pulses beat,
 As the evening shadows quickly fall upon the busy street,
 And the lamplights glance and quiver on the forms of passers-by,
 And the hum of many voices soars like phantoms toward the sky;
 While the fainter strains of music and the duller sounds of mirth
 Mingle like the sportive cloudlets as they float above the earth.
 And I sigh to think the music and the laughter and the glee
 That echo from the city streets are foreign sounds to me.
 So I sit beside my window, dreaming in the lonely night,
 Till all sounds and scenes around me are obscured to sense and sight,
 And my ears hear other voices with a sweet, familiar tone,
 And time and space have vanished, and I sit no more alone.
 Loving voices fill the darkness, loving faces crowd the gloom,
 And forms I know move silently about my little room;
 While I hold my breath to listen, and I close my eyes to see,
 The voices and the faces that recall my home to me.

WHAT shall be thy delights? According to the covenant—"They shall delight in the abundance of peace." Peace shall be thy gold, peace shall be thy silver, peace shall be thy lands, peace shall be thy life, peace shall be thy God,—peace shall be to thee whatsoever thou shalt desire. Gold can not be silver to thee; that which is wine can not be bread to thee; and what is light can not be drink to thee also. Thy God shall be thy all.

—*St. Augustine.*

Her Faith.

BY JANE C. CROWELL.



THEODORA KENT woke to the remembrance of the words that had rung through her mind late into the night until they had finally been silenced by a restless sleep: "If you were a man, I would call you a coward and wait for you to give me the lie." She saw again the face of Bruce Barnard, where anger struggled with the tenderness of passion, as, having finished speaking, he had turned and left the room; and she felt again the weakness that seized her when the door closed upon him and upon the vistas of happiness down which he had besought her to look with him.

"I would call you a coward." She rose to the rhythm of the words, she dressed to it, she ate (or tried to eat) her hastily prepared breakfast to it, and then sought her easel for freedom from it. In vain: the voice of her art, which usually drowned all other voices, was dumb; and, although she wooed it with all the strength left in her, no response came, and she finally threw down her brush and palette.

So it had been day after day. Day after day? Each day was not a day merely: it was an eternity. What was the use? Was there any use in giving up the only thing that would make her future life worth living? Would such a terrible atrophy as this in regard to everything always continue? If so, was she not wilfully destroying the one talent entrusted to her? And would not the day of reckoning surely come? Which should she do, follow a course that seemed contrary to conscience (and perhaps only seemed) and increase her talent tenfold—no, a hundredfold (for such must be the outcome of a life guarded and inspired by the love of the man whom she loved with her whole being), or should she become an unprofitable steward for the sake of saving her soul?

She turned to the window, and stood with unseeing eyes looking at the river, whose half-veiled waters, crossed now and then by lazy little steamboats, was wont to hold her in its thrall. But had the river entirely disappeared in the night, she would not have been aware of it. As she heard only one sound—the voice of the man she loved,—so she saw only his face, as he looked when his anger flared forth, or more often as when he had told her of his love, before doubt had had time to creep into her mind as to whether she should accept it. Ah, if it were possible to do so and live in peace with the dictates of that religion which had hitherto been her comfort!

For one mistake must a man suffer a whole lifetime? And not only he, but the one who had unconsciously been waiting for him, each incomplete without the other? There was no justice in it! It was the other woman who should do the suffering,—she who was now playing the part in life that she desired, without let or hindrance, "starring" it in the character of her choice; while she, Theodora, accepting for stage-manager the Church instead of her heart, was meekly taking what was assigned to her, defrauded of what was hers by right,—the highest right. It was intolerable!

The moments ticked by unheeded. How long she had stood there she could not have said, when suddenly, as if moved by a power outside of herself, she sat down to the desk and hurriedly wrote a few words like one at dictation; after which, thrusting the paper into an envelope and addressing the latter, she donned her walking suit and proceeded to the nearest subway station. And not even for a second had she heeded the pitying face on the crucifix that hung just inside the desk.

Theodora was only one of the numberless young artists whom ambition was guiding for the conquest of success,—that chimera which ever beckons but is so seldom reached. In her case the goad

n the struggle was not pecuniary want, but the spur of the spirit. Love of the beautiful and the depicting it had become her life; and, left without kindred, no other duty had called her to other thoughts or occupation. Hitherto everything had become a help to her aspiration; or, rather, she had turned it into one,—even disappointment and loss as well as joy and previous achievement; but this renunciation brought strange paralysis.

Among the others with whom she had been thrown, and who belonged to the same cult as she, was Bruce Barnard, a man perhaps five years her senior, in some respects a Bohemian, but called by his friends Galahad,—the title serving to show that, though he was in that world, he was not of it. As his tastes and ideals were similar to those of Theodora, a comfortable comradeship had sprung into being between them, grown and matured devoid of sentiment; for she had known from the beginning that he was a married man. The tragedy of his life had cursorily been told her before she met the man himself,—his marriage when scarcely of age, after only a few weeks' acquaintance with the girl, or woman, older than he, and his swift disillusionment when acquaintance became knowledge; then the bitter years, stoically born, of living with a nature utterly foreign to beauty in any line, most of all character, during which time he met with constant remonstrance from his friends because he did not put an end to the relationship. His yielding to such a course had come only when his wife, after leaving him, refused to return to the shelter of his good name,—a return which he had not only made possible but had urged.

Three years had passed since the divorce had been decreed, and, only a few days since, Theodora had realized that the line of friendship had been crossed, and that not only she held Bruce passing dear, but that his flaming love surrounded her and would not, could not, be extinguished; not that its cessation would be her desire,

but she belonged heart and soul to that Faith that refuses recognition of absolute separation.

Bruce had come to her, pleaded with her, and made demands of her; and then, having failed, had left her in wrath at what seemed to him the needless sacrifice of the happiness of both for 'a mere religious whim, a vagary of a sect. She did not know the real meaning of love if she could accept such a dictum, that would keep apart two people as moral as they. Surely no purer love than theirs could exist, and by yielding to so arbitrary a rule she cast aspersions on herself.' To all of which and more she had listened, almost suffocated by the longing to be able to believe, as he believed, that their marriage could be according to conscience, but never quite losing the sustaining breath drawn from a lifelong belief; until finally, when all her soul was going out to the man in his anguish at giving her up, he had left her with his bitterness for good-bye. She paced up and down the platform at the station in another world than that in which the people about her waited. Her mind seemed capable of only one line of thought, "Bruce or the Church?" which grew more and more insistent.

As the rumble of the coming express was heard, she yielded to the greater love within her. Then a woman brushed against her, recalling her to her surroundings; and for the first time she noticed, not far from her feet, a child's hat which the woman was pursuing. And then, as she turned in her restless pacing, she suddenly saw a hatless child, perhaps a little over three, fall off the platform onto the track. The bystanders, including the woman who had picked up the hat, saw, too, and were as if petrified. Theodora alone rushed to the edge of the platform, jumped down, raised the child, set her as far back as she could reach, and stepped across the third rail to the space between the tracks,—all in a second. The express thundered by. A white-faced official

rushed to her and helped her back to the platform, where she became the unwilling centre of an excited group, she alone unmoved and undisturbed.

The guard's questions and requests for information as to her identity, Theodora smilingly refused to answer, lest she should become a headline in the newspapers. No, she would not give her name; for she rather despised the Carnegie medal. It was enough to know that the child was alive and uninjured. As quickly as she could, she withdrew to the edge of the crowd, eager to escape the expressions of praise and admiration that were forthcoming, yet desirous to take the train for which she had been waiting.

Just then a hand was laid on her arm almost roughly, and she looked up into the frightened face of Bruce Barnard.

"For God's sake, Theodora, you had no right to risk your life like that,—you of all others!" He almost staggered and leaned against a pillar for support. "I got here in time to see you between the tracks." His voice was scarcely audible; and she felt, as even that ghastly night she had not, the contact of a strong man's agony. "You of all others!" he repeated, gaining his composure. "And for *that* child,—*her* child!"

Following his glance, Theodora saw the tawdrily dressed woman, once perhaps pretty, who had pursued the hat, leading away the child whom she had rescued. A swift intuition told her who the "her" was, and her gaze came back to Barnard, filled with understanding, mingled with a great pity for him. But the resentment as to the former's existence felt a few hours ago was gone.

Barnard went on, his words gaining impetus as his strength returned:

"That night I called you a coward—no! Please let me finish!" (The blood surged through his face.) "And I said I would wait for you to give me the lie," (then, as she attempted to correct him) "qualified, it is true, by the words 'if

you were a man.' But it amounts to the same thing. You did not keep me waiting long. Can you forgive me for trying to force you into doing what you thought evil?"

Theodora's color also came and went.

"When one is loved, one does not need to ask forgiveness," she answered gently. And then drawing from her pocket a letter, she slowly tore it to pieces. "I wrote you, perhaps an hour ago (it may be a year, for all I know), that you were more to me than my faith. After—that—I—I—know differently" (her voice growing lower). "But it does not make it any easier. That" (looking over to the track),—"that just now was nothing compared to these pieces of paper."

And from her eyes the love which, surprised when she was off her guard, he had faintly discerned, now in its un-screened power fairly blinded him. He looked away, awed; but the unsullied light had done its work: the Galahad in him became dominant again. Theodora felt him rise to the measure of manhood which had always been markedly his,—the manhood which imposes no burden on womanhood, but rather removes every vestige of it, every shadow.

"In your risking your life, your confessor will tell you that you saved it. Perhaps you saved mine, too" (simply, and trying to speak lightly). "At any rate, you have made a man of me. I will at least play the part of one, which is more than I did the last time I saw you. But, Theodora, it is as impossible for me to stop loving you as it would have been for that train not to have crushed that child had you not intervened. Be sure that my love for you is safe, despite time, space, loneliness,—now and forever."

"Safe from stain, too," added Theodora, taking his outstretched hand and smiling unflinchingly. "Your good-bye now will help me down through the years as nothing else could."

And she boarded the train, leaving him standing with head still uncovered.

Sisterly Love.

BY PATRICIA SOUTH.



THE centenary of Eugénie de Guérin, recently celebrated in France, recalls the touching story of her undying love for her brother. A love-story always appeals to the human heart; but the story of the love of a mother for her child, of a man for a maid, is so natural that it can scarcely compare in unusual interest with the love of a brother and sister. It is safe to say there is no love more pure from all selfishness than that between the children of the same parents. Perhaps that is why it so rarely outlives maturity, separation or marriage. The very small girl looks up to her brother as a superior being, one who is to be trusted above all others; and he regards her as a creature to be petted and taken care of, one on whom he may depend for unlimited sacrifice and intercession. But school friends often usurp this early affection, or even divergence of pursuits may deal the deathblow. It is refreshing, therefore, to come upon such devotion as existed between Charles and Mary Lamb or Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, and which is so clearly set forth in the latter's diary:

"Death shall not separate us, nor take you from my thoughts. Death conquers merely the body; the soul, instead of being here, lives in heaven; and this change of habitation in no way impairs its affections. Far from it, I hope. One must love better in heaven, where all is purified. O Maurice, my friend Maurice, are you far from me? Can you hear me? What is your present condition? Do you behold the sublime God, so mighty, so good, who is making you happy by His ineffable Presence? Is eternity unveiled before you? You can see that which I await, you possess that which I hope for, you know that which I believe. Mysteries of the other life, how deep, how terrible, but how sweet! Yes, sweet

indeed when I reflect that heaven is a place of happiness. Dearest soul, you had no happiness here below; your short life had no time even for rest."

The following day, she writes:

"St. Mary Magdalene's Day,—she to whom so much was forgiven because she loved much. How this thought, which came to me while we were hearing Mass for you, comforted me as to your soul! Oh, that soul must have been forgiven! My God, I remember a time of faith and love, which can not have been lost in Thy eyes! . . . A touching letter from the Abbé de Rivière's, who mourns a friend in you. A similar letter from his mother to me. Most tender expression of regret,—a mother's grief blending with mine. Oh, she knew that you were the child of my heart."

The following lines bear no date:

"All human consolation is empty.' How painfully I realize the truth of these words from 'The Imitation'! Your nurse came in tears—poor woman!—bringing cakes and figs which you would have eaten. What anguish those figs gave me! The least pleasure that I saw you enjoying was a delight to me. The lovely sky, the grasshoppers, the field sounds, the cadences of the threshing in the air,—all this, which used to charm you, distresses me. In everything I see death. That nurse who kept vigil by you and held you in her lap when you were ill brought me more grief than a winding-sheet could have done. Heart-rending apparition of the past—cradle and grave! I could pass the night here with you on paper; but the soul needs prayer,—the soul will do you more good than the heart. . . .

"I read 'The Confessions of St. Augustine' where he speaks of the death of his friend. I found in it a charm of truth, a poignant expression of grief, the perusal of which has done me good. The saints always know how to blend some consolation with their tears.

"Aug. 6.—A day of prayer and pious consolation. Pilgrimage of your friend,

the saintly Abbé de Rivières to Andillac where he said Mass and came to pray with your sisters at your grave. Oh, how deeply it touched me! How I blessed in my heart this pious friend who knelt over your remains, whose soul, mounting beyond this world, appeased your suffering soul, if it *is* suffering! Maurice, I believe you are in heaven. Oh, I have this conviction which your religious sentiments give me, which God's mercy inspires! God who is so good, so compassionate, so loving, so paternal, — will He not have pity and tenderness for a son who had returned to Him? Oh, there are three years that distress me! I wish I could efface them with my tears. My God, so many supplications have been made! My God, Thou hast heard them, Thou hast granted them! O my soul, why art thou sad? Why dost thou trouble me?

“Aug. 17. . . . My soul lives in your coffin,—oh, yes, buried, enwrapped in you, my friend! As I lived in your life, I am dead in your death,—dead to all happiness, to all hope, here below. I had placed all in you, as a mother in her son. I was less a sister than a mother. Do you remember how I used to compare myself to St. Monica weeping over her Augustine, when we spoke of my fears for your soul? That dear soul in error! How I begged God for its salvation! How I prayed and beseeched! A holy priest said to me: ‘Your brother will return.’ Oh, he *did* return, and left me for heaven, I trust! There were evident signs of grace, of mercy in that death. My God, I have more cause to bless than to repine! Thou madest him one of the elect by the sufferings which redeem, by the acceptance and resignation which merit, by the faith which sanctifies. Oh, yes, that faith had returned to him living and profound! It was apparent in pious acts, prayers and reading, and in that kiss given to the crucifix with so much love and emotion before dying! Oh, I, who watched him so much during the last years, said he was going to paradise!

“Maurice, my friend, what is heaven, that meeting ground of friends? Shall I ever hear you, as they say one sometimes hears the dead? Oh, if you could, if there exists some communication between this world and the other, return! I will not fear to see an apparition some night,—something of yours to me,—we who were so united. You in heaven and I on earth! I am writing this in the little room,—that little room so much loved, where we have talked so much together,—just we two. Here is your place, and there is mine. . . . Death!—terrible and haunting thought of your mourning sister!”

A May Day Saint.

BY M. F. N. R.

THE month of May is so entirely dedicated to Our Lady that one seldom remembers or, at any rate, dwells upon the saints whose feasts are celebrated throughout this month. Yet several of our most lovable saints have their feast-days in Mary's Month,—St. Felix, St. Philip Neri, and others whose lives were “gentle prayers,” fragrant with the sweetness the Blessed Lily of Nazareth always lends to her votaries. One of the least known of these saints of May has her feast upon the 1st of the month,—St. Walburga, whose name in its Grecian form, *Eucharis*, signifies “gracious.” She was the niece of St. Boniface, martyr and bishop, one of the noblest characters of his time, so it is not surprising that the mantle of piety fell early upon his gentle relative.

Sister of a saint as well as the niece of one—for St. Willibald was her brother,—St. Walburga was a remarkable combination of humility, amiability, and strong-mindedness. The sweetest of souls, she was learned to a degree. She was the author of a Latin history of her brother's life and missionary labors, and studied medicine to enable her to treat the poor for the many diseases which afflicted them,

When St. Boniface, assisted by St. Willibald, desired to import from England a company of holy women to aid in the Christianizing of the wild tribes along the Rhine, he brought St. Walburga from her quiet convent of Winburn, in Dorsetshire, and sent her, with ten other nuns, to Eichstädt, where she became first abbess of the Benedictine nunnery at Heidenheim, not far from Munich.

Those who are wont to insist that the Church does not approve of intellectual women and would stifle their influence, should read the Life of St. Walburga; for among other things it tells of how, after the death of St. Willibald, the Benedictines esteemed her learning so highly that they sent for her to advise with them about the affairs of their monastery at Eichstädt. Her death took place in the year 778; and her feast, May the 1st, is celebrated all over Germany with great devotion. She was buried at Eichstädt, and a miraculous oil flowed from her tomb, at which many miracles were performed. A beautiful church was erected above the shrine.

Walburga's closest friend was St. Lioba, a charming woman, who was learned and holy and the writer of exquisite poetry. She was the honored companion of the Empress Hildegarde, wife of Charlemagne. The Empress wished to keep the saintly poetess always with her, but could not wean her from the cloister. There the two holy nuns dwelt like sisters, and they are frequently represented in art together, beautiful pictures of them existing in several German convents.

It is a beautiful memory of the Church, these "ladies spiritual," ruling as well as men, esteemed alike by the clergy and the laity,—a refutation of the idea that the Church disapproves of women save in a subservient position. One loves to dwell upon what the women of those times owed to the ladies of the cloister, who then, as now, kept alive in the heart of worldlings the love of letters and the love of the Faith.

Some Socialistic Fallacies.

ONE of the exasperating features of the average Socialist's argument is the vague comprehensiveness of the assertions which he puts forward with all the positiveness of a geometrician stating axiomatic truths. The oracular dogmatism with which he enunciates his nebulous theories is expected to compensate—and with the unthinking multitude often does compensate—for the elusive haziness that is their dominant characteristic. It is, accordingly, an intellectual pleasure to observe such theories dissected and analyzed by a philosophic economist who insists on discovering just what is meant by those who advance them, on just what basis in fact the theories are built, and just what would be the outcome of the theories reduced to practice. Some such pleasure is afforded to the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* in "Socialistic Ideas and Practical Politics," a paper contributed to the April number of that review by Mr. W. H. Mallock. Without attempting to set forth the writer's argument at any length, let us reproduce a few paragraphs which may whet our readers' appetite for the whole delectable dish:

Now, it is impossible to identify Socialism in any satisfactory way with all the opinions and proposals put forward by leading Socialists, partly because as to many of these such persons differ violently amongst themselves, and partly because as to many of them such persons are in general agreement with a number, and perhaps even with the majority, of other people.

Out of the difficulty which thus arises we can, however, escape by a very short cut. Though we can not identify Socialism with all the opinions and aims which are professed by its individual exponents, we can, at all events, identify it with those in respect of which Socialists are peculiar—which are professed by them, and are professed by nobody else; and these, however some of them may conflict with others as to details, have the common characteristic of being, one and all of them, economic. They relate to the production and distribution of purely material wealth. Socialists as men may be interested in many other things as well; but it is with regard to material wealth, and

material wealth alone, that their opinions and their projects are in any way identifiably peculiar to themselves.

Reviewing the history, according to Socialists, of the rich, the middle, and the poorer classes, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, Mr. Mallock declares that the distinctive character of the socialistic diagnosis of society is best shown by its representation of the alleged course of social changes:

This may be briefly summed up in the general assertion that, under the modern economic system which has been dominant in this country since the opening years of the nineteenth century at all events—a system under which wealth has increased as it never increased before,—the whole of the increment has been monopolized by a relatively small class, whilst the rest of the community have not only not gained anything, but have in an economic sense been going from bad to worse. Some Socialists make this assertion in more qualified terms than others; but they are all unanimous in respect to its general tenor, and we need not trouble ourselves now to consider any minor differences; for the first broad fact which I shall endeavor to make plain is that this general representation of a society going from bad to worse, with the exception of one small class, is not merely an exaggeration of facts to a greater or less extent, but is an absolute and direct inversion of them.

Selecting as representative Socialists two writers who, "of all the exponents of Socialism, are incomparably the most conspicuous for their abilities, and who have, through their works, exerted the widest influence," Karl Marx and Henry George, the *Nineteenth Century* writer deduces from their manifold utterances three propositions which, if true at all, must be pre-eminently true as applied to the history of Great Britain from the dawn of the nineteenth century up to the present time. These propositions are:

(1) That the increasing wealth of the rich during the course of the nineteenth century has been accompanied by a "crushing out of the middle classes," or a diminution in the number of moderate incomes. (2) That in this country, during the same period, the rent of land has increased more rapidly than income from all other sources, whether these be manual labor or commercial and manufacturing enterprise. (3) That, whilst during the period in question the

rich have been growing richer, the poorer classes in this country have been constantly growing poorer.

Discussing these propositions separately, Mr. Mallock shows, in a manner which many will consider conclusive, that each of the first two "is so absurdly and fantastically fallacious that it is not merely an ordinary untruth, but the truth turned upside down"; and, as for the third, that "the average income per head of the poorer classes to-day is greater by some 50 per cent than the largest corresponding income which could possibly have been received by anybody if, at the time which Socialists describe as the dawn of modern capitalism, all the wealth of Great Britain had been nationalized by a socialistic State, and the dreams of the wildest of modern Socialists realized by a reduction of all the citizens to the same financial level.

The last section of Mr. Mallock's paper deals with "the socialistic myth as to the present income of the rich," and leads to the conclusion that "of the entire annual income which is produced in the United Kingdom, those persons who can be called rich in the widest acceptation of the term receive no more than a fraction which is appropriately 13 per cent. In other words, just as the socialistic diagnosis of the economic movement and tendencies of the last one hundred and ten years is an absolute inversion of the truth in each of its main particulars, so is the socialistic estimate of affairs as they are now an inversion no less preposterous."

We have quoted Mr. Mallock's conclusions rather than the structural arguments on which they are based, both because of insufficient space and of our conviction that those of our readers who are especially interested in the subject will procure the full article for themselves. As for others, they may be sure that the assertions of Mr. Mallock as to economics are entitled to a good deal more weight than are the nebulosities of the ordinary Socialist speaker or editor.

Two Saints.

THE London *Athenæum* is admittedly one of the most scholarly periodicals in the English language, — incomparably superior in every respect to the best of its class on this side of the Atlantic. To find, under the above title, in a publication of such high standing, so admirably appreciative a review of the latest Lives of St. Francis and St. Clare as the one here appended has been to us a supreme gratification. It is a great satisfaction also to be able to secure additional readers for so able and interesting an article.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that this review marks an epoch in English literature, indicating a change in the attitude of outsiders toward the Church— a fuller understanding of Catholic teaching and a more thorough appreciation of Catholic ideals,—which only the most optimistic among us could have been expecting. Now, let those who write serious books cultivate style, and they may count upon more readers. Biography, like history, is steadily but surely coming into its own. That style has nothing to do with either is an error, the grievousness of which will henceforth be increasingly apparent. The following review represents the best craftsmanship:

It seems natural to notice these two records of saints at Eastertide, when the religious world is thinking of that Cross which was the common enthusiasm of St. Francis and St. Clare. Few idylls have come down to us more eloquent of the exquisite and intimate communion possible to man and woman animated by a single desire and blended in the pursuit of one ideal. We have taken these books together, as expressing the completeness which St. Francis and St. Clare brought to each other; and students of Franciscan literature will agree that the world would have been poorer if they had never met.

It is refreshing to turn to this Italian picture of seven centuries ago, when two experts in simplicity solved a problem which threatens to baffle modern statesmen. It is unnecessary to go again over the career of St. Francis; but Mr. Jörgensen may be congratulated on having written a book full of earnestness, and reproducing the atmosphere of the

scenes depicted with the touch of a true artist. Its charm is enhanced by the impression that he is a sincere disciple of the doctrines taught by his master, while it breathes a devoutness and humility more eloquent than a mere exploitation of such a subject for literary ends. We must leave the reader to study carefully the details so patiently collected by the author, and we heartily commend this exercise to those who are of opinion that the martyr is a greater force than the millionaire.

Again and again we come to the conclusion that the son of Bernardone was a richer man by far when he begged his bread than ever he would have been had he become a merchant prince and flaunted it in the streets of his native town. He is immortalized mainly on account of his unflinching insistence on the law of Holy Poverty, which he regarded as the essence of all his schemes. At times he is almost tiresome in this respect, and probably he would now be considered as particular to the point of madness; but the fact remains that he was not nearly so stupid as he seemed. We doubt whether he would be constantly quoted throughout Christendom, not only in the ecclesiastical world but also as an object of admiration in the fashionable quarters of Paris, Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, or any other of the capitals, unless he had well-nigh played the fool when he stripped himself in the court and flung his clothes with dramatic contempt at his father's feet.

There is a touch about this Francis which prevents fatigue and defies time, for the excellent reason that supreme abandonment is an *immortelle* which never fades. It really is delicious to read how Francesco flouts the Pope, the cardinals, and the whole bench of bishops; as also of his preference for rags in place of the purple, and dry bread instead of finer food. Innocent III. was not far wrong when, in his vision, he saw the Poor Little Brown Man supporting the Church which leant to falling; and probably, if analyzed, the strength of the Papacy, or indeed of any other church, is in exact proportion to the number of similar poor little brown men who do similar things. At any rate, this is the argument which will always appeal to that profound critic, the man in the street; and we believe that, were such teachers more numerous, strikes would be less frequent, and the greatest Anarchist would doff his hat to the type whose only ambition was to give and to suffer.

So far, so good; but we are aware how, before the grass was green on the Poverello's grave, the vulgarity of money betrayed itself, and amongst the Flowers of St. Francis there sprang up all sorts of noxious weeds, ranging

from collective display to pride of learning, and loafing almost to a pest. Genius is seldom hereditary, nor have we read of a second Shakespeare. Francis was unique, not in his poverty but in his love of it, having a way with him which changed dross into gold as well as gold into dross.

The charm of St. Francis, apart from his severity, amounts to a miracle, surpassing many others attributed to him which we do not in the least believe, though we are certain they were perfectly true. His main idea was always to preserve the "gentle-man," and in all circumstances to act the part of the debonair and the aristocrat. He had immense faith in manners, and in the oblique gospel of perfect refinement as more effective than lugubrious sermons.

St. Clare was a replica of St. Francis, whom she loved, and whom she therefore copied,—a trait not infrequent among women, thus adding greatly to the responsibility of the sex which all too seldom furnishes a pattern to be desired. When Clare was quite a child, she heard and saw, and was conquered by, Francis, who dedicated his victory to God, without one scintilla of self, devoting his convert to Christ Crucified with a whole-heartedness beyond praise.

The author of "St. Clare and her Order" is anonymous, as befits the subject; for never was there a humbler, more retiring, yet withal more practical woman than the first Abbess of San Damiano. She had the same passion for poverty as her teacher; and she, too, playfully refused to be released therefrom by the far poorer Pope, while she humbly kissed his feet and craved absolution from her sins.

She had a brain also, and was a wonderful organizer, though "only a woman"; so that, after all the ups and downs of seven centuries, there still exist ten thousand poor ladies called Clares, who choose to live quite away from the world, sleep on a slanting board, take a minimum of food, and indulge in a maximum of prayer. A strong freemasonry obtains between St. Clare, her immediate successors, and her present disciples. They all spell the woman who loses because she loves, and the woman who lays down her life that the world may be blessed through her devotion.

The *Athenæum's* article is reproduced *verbatim*. The biographies reviewed are "St. Francis of Assisi," by Johannes Jørgensen (Longmans, Green & Co.); and "St. Clare and Her Order: A Story of Seven Centuries" (Mills & Boon). Further notice of either of these books at our hands would be superfluous.

Notes and Remarks.

Writing from Belgium to the London *Tablet*, the Rev. W. F. O'Connor, O. M. I., gives a very readable account of a most interesting conference on the miracles of Lourdes lately delivered at the Collège Saint Gervais in Liège by the Abbé Bertrin, author of the well-known work, "Histoire Critique des Événements de Lourdes." Speaking of the twenty-four patients of the Asile de Villepint, all in the last stages of consumption, that have been cured at Lourdes during twenty years, he related a touching story concerning this hospital. One of the Sisters in charge of it was at Lourdes last year, and, being asked at the Bureau des Constatations if any cures had been effected among the patients during the year, answered that to her great regret there had not been a single one. "I can explain that," said a third person who happened to be present. "It is very simple. The French Government announced their intention of dismissing the nuns who were in charge of the hospital. When this came to the knowledge of the patients, they all agreed to ask only one favor of Our Lady that year—namely, that the nuns should be left to them. It was as they had asked. The nuns remained, and no one in the hospital was cured. Many a poor consumptive thus sacrificed all hope of a cure and went to his grave rather than see the Sisters driven away."

The Foreign Mission Seminary at Hawthorne, New York, was strongly recommended by the archbishops of the country at their recent meeting in Washington, D. C. In an appeal for effective encouragement of the institution, the prelates make the point that the Church at home will not suffer from this movement to provide priests for other lands: They say: "Holland, small as she is, counts within her borders some twenty foreign mission

houses; Belgium has long since been supplied; Germany is forming an ever-increasing, and even now considerable, army of missionaries; and the Catholics of England, though few, are already provided with a national seminary for foreign missions. France, crippled as she is, is struggling to keep up her generous supply. We urge, then, and with insistence, that a whole-hearted co-operation be given to those priests who are zealously striving to set on foot what is bound to be, with God's grace, a most important spiritual enterprise,—one that can not fail to bring upon the Church in this country many needed graces from Him who came to save all."

Personally, we shall be both surprised and disappointed if one result of the Seminary's success is not a notable increase in the number of vocations for the home field of priestly labors.

Bigotry dies hard in England. At least half of a new book about India issued by a London publisher deals with the machinations of the Catholics, shepherding the neglected Eurasians for some ulterior end, while the Anglican Church neglects them. The *Daily News* is authority for the statement that services were held in only five Nonconformist churches in London on Good Friday, for the reason, alleged by one of the sectarians, that "such observance is a Roman Catholic custom." Could prejudice possibly go further than this?

Among the uncommonplace and worthwhile morals drawn from the *Titanic* disaster is this, by Mr. Max Heller, in the *Chicago Israelite*:

There is a last, a most solemn and prophetic lesson that speaks in thunder tones of warning out of the very shock to our spirits and the compassionate anguish of our hearts. Our entire Western civilization, with its resplendent state-rooms high in the sun and air, and its foul, gloomy, steerage in the dark hold, is a *Titanic* whose mad lust for speed is sending it into the icefields where roam the under-sea monsters

of elementary barbarism out of the untamed North. Other *Titanics*, in other ages—the proud empire of the Roman, the exquisite aristocracy of eighteenth-century France,—have rushed upon their iceberg, to have all their daintiness trampled under the feet of Vandal and Jacobin. Let us beware. There are inexorable boundaries set to our mental as to our physical powers. Let us, of our own will, out of our human sympathies, set bounds to the grasping, cold-hearted selfishness that feasts on the cake, while the fierce eyes of our brothers and sisters are asking for their withheld portion of the merest bread. A great poet, in detestation of those methods by which the human *Titanics* of all generations have wronged their weaker brothers, has left this warning for all the ages: "It is excellent indeed to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant."

Recent happenings in the economic world emphasize the point that the steerage inmates are awaking to the fact that theirs is really the giant's strength; and, if Socialism is not defeated, there seems little doubt that they will ultimately use it as a giant, too.

A valiant woman, in the Scriptural sense of that phrase, was the late Mrs. Alice Hilton Peck, of St. Louis, whose funeral sermon was preached by Father Bernard J. Otten, S. J. There is not, we believe, in this country any uniform practice regarding sermons at Requiem Masses. In some dioceses, a sermon is the rule; in others, the exception; but even where silence at the bier is the custom, it may well be broken when the preacher is able to say of the deceased, as did Father Otten of Mrs. Peck:

Nor was it bodily distress alone that appealed to her sympathy and compassion: she realized keenly that men's truest good is the leading of a virtuous life, and that any charity falling short of securing this is but ill bestowed. Hence in her own humble way she prayed and labored incessantly to bring peace to the soul whilst she gave comfort to the body. And this she ever did in such an unassuming, delicate, prudent way that the most marvellous results attended all her efforts. How many careless Catholics she brought back to the fervent practice of their religion, and for how many non-Catholics she smoothed the way to the true Faith, God alone knows; yet of this I am certain from my own

personal knowledge, that their number is very great,—so great that even a zealous minister of the Gospel might well be satisfied with such a harvest of souls. Of this even her most intimate friends knew little or nothing; for she ever acted on the principle, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth." But I was in a position to know; and I think it but right that now, when she has gone to her reward, you should also know, so that, as our Blessed Lord directs, you may glorify your Father who is in heaven.

The *Western Watchman* says of Mrs. Peck that she was one of the most active and least ostentatious of charitable workers. And so the proverb is once more verified: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Applying recently to the reverend director general of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for a copy of its *Annals*, a Protestant minister in Massachusetts wrote: "I am a returned missionary from India, and the work of the priests and Sisters there impressed me greatly." Mr. William J. Bryan, who has travelled extensively and delights in lecturing on what he saw and heard in foreign lands, would seem, judging from reports of his lectures, not to have been impressed in that way at all. But Mr. Bryan is a politician, and is perhaps disposed to exercise extreme caution in lecturing before audiences supposed to be overwhelmingly non-Catholic. A man with the Presidential bee in his bonnet must never be indiscreet.

The severest rebuke to Mr. Kipling for the outburst of bigotry in his recently published poem entitled "Ulster" came from a brother poet, "A. E." (Mr. George Russell, a Protestant and an Ulster man.) He wrote in part:

I am a person whose whole being goes into a blaze at the thought of oppression of faith, and yet I think my Catholic countrymen infinitely more tolerant than those who hold the faith in which I was born. I am a heretic, judged by their standards—a heretic who has

written and made public his heresies,—and I have never suffered in friendship nor found my heresies an obstacle in life. I set my knowledge—the knowledge of a lifetime—against your ignorance, and I say you have used your genius to do Ireland and its people a wrong. You have intervened in a quarrel of which you do not know the merits, like any brawling bully who passes, and takes sides only to use his strength. If there was a high court of poetry, and those in power jealous of the noble name of poet, and that none should use it save those who were truly Knights of the Holy Ghost, they would hack the golden spurs from your heels and turn you away.

A writer in *Harper's Weekly*, a passenger on a railroad train, recently heard a child of five or six harshly crying out: "Give me the funny pictur-r-r-es!"—the desired object being that monstrosity, the comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper. And the writer moralizes:

The heart of the listener dropped low, and he sat in his seat staring out of the window at the pink and yellow and green line of hideous advertisements that cut off the meadows from view, and wondered what kind of men and women are the result of an infantile experience grounded in hideousness. Well, the baby fed upon pink and yellow funny pictures, with at least four ugly burrs from the one *r*, will never touch heaven on this earth. It is difficult to think that he will even be honest and fair-minded; but if he does grow up a criminal, at least only a dull person would ask, Why? Why on earth should a mind fed upon ugliness be expected to conceive out of a mass of sordidly hideous impressions the great, self-sacrificing discipline of moral beauty?

And why should parents, who have the faintest conception of their obligation to rear their children properly, allow them access to an agency so destructive of all notions of the good, the beautiful and the true, as is the typical outrage on art and humor—the comic supplement?

The memory of the first Bishop of the United States and the founder of Georgetown University was congruously honored in Washington last week when, in the presence of a notable assembly of churchmen and public officials, there was

unveiled the statue of Archbishop John Carroll. The occasion naturally lent itself to a historic review of the wonderful expansion during the past century and a quarter of Catholic education in this country, and the no less marked increase of the Catholic hierarchy. Of colleges and universities other than Georgetown we have now two hundred and twenty-eight; while the hierarchy numbers three cardinals, fourteen other archbishops, and one hundred and one bishops. The mustard seed has certainly grown to gratifying dimensions, and it is well that one of its sowers should receive the public honor just paid to the memory of Archbishop Carroll.

It is not recorded that John Wesley ever said so, but if half the stories of his married life are true, the founder of Methodism must often have wished that he had never contracted matrimony. Mrs. Wesley was not the gentlest of souls; and when angry with her reverend spouse, instead of tearing her own hair, used to tear John's, and otherwise annoy him. According to the *Boston Transcript*, the first Methodist bishop ordained in this country, Brother Francis Asbury, was a strong advocate of clerical celibacy. He never married, "lest a wife should distract his attention from his work." The *Transcript* further declares that when Bishop Hamilton rededicated the old church at Hallowell, Me., the other day, the local historian noted that in its earlier history certain lamentable schisms resulted because the congregation, though willing to support a celibate, refused to take care of a minister's wife and children.

Writing in the *Fortnightly Review* some months ago, Mr. W. S. Lilly considered the hostile relations which have existed, and still exist, between the French Revolution and the Catholic Church. Supplementing that paper by another in the current issue of the same periodical, Mr. Lilly discusses the substitutes for Chris-

tianity which the Revolutionists introduced. Coming down to the present rulers of France, he says:

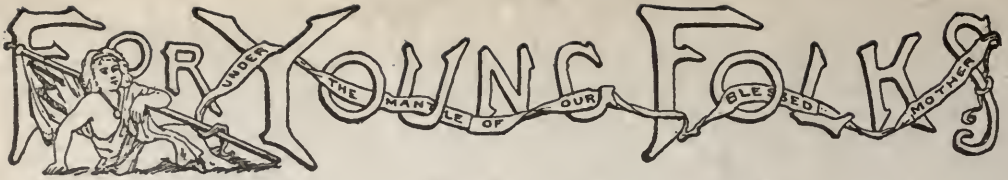
Probably the present rulers of that country will not attempt to set up a new religion of their own. The ill-success of the three which we have been considering, notwithstanding a vast amount of State support, affords them no encouragement for such an undertaking. They appear to be content to rest in sheer Atheism, to hold the view expounded in Proudhon's "Popular Revolutionary Catechism": "There is no power and no justice above and outside of man: to deny God is to affirm that man is the sole and sovereign arbiter of his destiny." That is the creed with which the children of France are being indoctrinated. But can society be carried on with such a creed? It is a question to which history supplies no answer, for the experiment has never been tried. The First Napoleon; we may note, thought not. "I need," he observed on one occasion, "scholars who will know how to be men. One is not a man without God. The man without a God I saw at work in 1793. And we don't govern that sort of man: we shoot him."

Judging from the prevailing conditions in France, and more especially the increase of juvenile crime, society can not be carried on with such a creed. The logical outcome of such a creed is anarchy, which is the absence of "society," or social civilization.

An ounce of working fact that is worth a pound of economic theory is found in this assertion of M. Léon Harmel, the widely-known Catholic manufacturer of Val-des-Bois, France:

In March, 1902, when the law fixing ten hours and a half as the maximum working day went into effect, after consulting with the "Mill Council," we posted a statement that wages would remain the same as for the eleven-hour and formerly the twelve-hour day. We were convinced that the loss in time would be compensated for by increased efficiency, and that the output would not diminish. The event fulfilled our expectation.

Still further abridgment of the working day, to the extent at least of the odd half-hour, would probably not diminish the output in any appreciable degree. And even ten hours constitute a fairly long day's work.



To a Little Friend.

BY T. A. M.

☞AY angel faces smile upon thee, dear,
And angel voices sing a joyful lay;
May golden sunshine flood the heavens clear,
Thy First Communion Day!
May all the love those angel smiles suggest,
And all the sweetness of their voices gay,
Unite, to make the happiest and best,
Thy First Communion Day!
May our dear Lord come down from heaven above
To rule within thy heart in holy sway,
And find a dwelling-place of purest love,
Thy First Communion Day!
An old, old friend—a priest—at Holy Mass
Will fondly think of thee, and often pray
That paradise be promised thee, sweet lass,
Thy First Communion Day!

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIX.—THE COMING OF SPRING.

STRANGE days followed that talk by the study fire,—strange days and weeks for Mr. Granville's ward. Pat found herself in a whirlwind of wreck and change such as the wildest mountain storm had never brought to old Pocomoke. The "panic" had done its worst to Cousin Max. House, furniture, carriages, horses—everything would have to be sold to pay his debts. He stood firm and unflinching on that point: not for all Cousin Marcia's hysterical lamentations would he retain anything.

Gladys wept with her mother; but Harold, roused into sudden manliness, was with his father heart and soul. Pat's money and the sacrifice of his watch and

sleeve-buttons had enabled him to compromise with his own creditors; but the days of Rathskillar were over, and his "fair-weather friends" gone. He was unmistakably "left out" in treats and games, and there were things even harder to bear.

Pat, coming down into the Den late one afternoon, found him doctoring a black eye and bloody nose before the fireless hearth.

"Don't make any row, Pat," he said. "Rob Fenton was saying such scurvy things about dad that I just had to pitch in and lay him out. And I did it, too. He is looking a good deal worse than this," added Harold, with grim triumph, as he applied a fresh douche of hot water to his damaged eye.

"Saying mean things about Cousin Max," repeated Pat, firing up with sympathy, "when he is in all this trouble! O Harold, I don't wonder you fought! I would, too. I felt like fighting myself this morning. That horrid cook that your mother thought so much of was too impudent for anything. She said she must and would have her money; and when your mother went in her room and locked the door, she called out dreadful things to her and went off in a rage. And now there is no one to get dinner; and Gladys is crying with a headache, and your mother is in bed with another dreadful nervous spell and can't get up."

"My, but it's tough on poor dad!" said Harold. "He is breaking down fast, too. When Dr. Wayne was here last night to see mother, I heard him tell dad that he ought to get off somewhere right away, if he had to camp out. And dad said it was rather cold weather for that just yet. I have the camping ground," added Harold. "Father bought it from some of your folks when I was a baby, and made

it over to me. It's all we have left."

"O Harold, where is it?" asked Pat, eagerly.

"I don't exactly know: near your place somewhere. A rough, rocky mountain ridge fit only for hunting. Dad just bought it to help your father out with a little ready cash. It's no use to anybody on earth, he says; but it's all we have left now. Nobody can claim it because it's mine. Big—Big something they call it."

"Big Black!" exclaimed Pat. "Big Black is no good at all. It's just full of bears and wild-cats. You never can go there,—never. But, O Harold—" a sudden light leaped into Pat's eyes, a joyous ring filled her voice,—“why can't we all go back to Pocomoke?"

"My!" said Harold, startled. "It would be a way out of this mess, sure enough. But mother, Gladys—you couldn't take in the whole crying, fretting bunch, Pat."

"Oh, yes, we can, we can," said Pat, delightedly. "There's room for all, for everybody; and turkeys and chickens and eggs and cream. The horrid milkman sent word this morning that he wouldn't leave another drop until he got his money. It's just money, money, money here all the time. O Harold, let us beg your father to go to dear old Pocomoke, where there is no money at all!"

But, alas! there was no need to beg father. An hour later Cousin Max was brought to his ruined home dumb and helpless with the "stroke" that the doctor had feared. For long hours of suspense it seemed that all would soon be over, and that the stricken man, whose dull eyes stared hopelessly into some horror of darkness, would never speak again.

Cousin Marcia was in prolonged hysterics; Gladys clung in terror to her mother's side; but Harold and Pat stood by bravely; tenderly running errands, breaking ice, heating water, helping the doctor and the hastily summoned strange nurse as best they could. It was Pat who, while lovingly chafing his hands, caught

the first hoarse whisper that broke the awful death silence:

"Pat," came the faint soul-cry through the livid lips,—“little Pat, I—I want Father John!"

Spring was tiptoeing over the slopes of old Pocomoke. It was a very light tiptoe as yet; for she was not quite sure that Jack Frost might not whisk back, like the roguish sprite he is, and nip her blossoms; but shyly, silently, surely Spring had come. There was a faint mist of green in the treetops, the white banners of the dogwood were waving on the South Ridge, and the cherry trees were in bloom. Bonnibelle, who had murmured low lullabies all winter, had burst into full, rapturous song.

"Sprouts" and "poke" were shooting up generously in the brown stretches of Mam's kitchen garden; the hens were stealing nests in the hayrick and cabbage patch; and this morning Ginger's own last year's nestling, Speckleneck, had broken all records by clucking triumphantly out of a furze bush, followed by a chirping brood of downy chickens.

"Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve!" counted Ginger, with a due remembrance of former mathematics. "Ten, eleven, twelve!" Seated on a moss-grown stump, Ginger incredulously surveyed her new possessions. "When me and Miss Pat kep dat ar pullet outer Mam's frying-pan last summer, we didn't know she was gwine to do anything like this. I wisht Miss Pat could see dem twelve chickens, I do for suah," and Ginger drew the long queer little breath that always fluttered up to her lips at the sound of Miss Pat's name. Perhaps it was because there was no one to race and run after now, that Miss Patricia's little maid had grown so long and thin; because there were no lessons to study, that her eyes were so big and listless and dull. Speckleneck had brought more light into their dusky depths than had shone there for weeks.

"I's gwine to riz dem chickens myself; I's gwine to feed dem chickens myself; an' when Miss Pat comes home, I's gwine to *kill* dem myself and let her eat dem ebberyone. You hear dat, you Speckle-neck? You'd been fried wif mush cakes long ago if it hadn't been for Miss Pat and me. Now you look arter dem chickens for her right."

And, quite roused by the thought of her new possessions, Ginger started up with something of the life of old, and went upon her way through the springtime woods to the old elm, that held the mail-box where every Saturday morning the rural delivery dropped the "Trumpet of Zion" for Uncle Scip, a complimentary tribute to his powerful leading in the camp-meeting of the past.

The "Trumpet of Zion" usually held sole possession of the Peyton mail-box, but to-day there was a letter besides,—a letter which Ginger took up in doubt that grew into amazement as she read the superscription. Writing had not been included in Ginger's education; but this was writing she could read; for printed in large characters upon the creamy-tinted envelope was the address.

"M-i-s-s V-i-r-g-i-n-i-a," spelled Ginger laboriously, — "Miss Virginia J-o-h-n-s-o-n, — Johnson. Why, why," — sudden revelation burst upon the reader, — "dat—dat ar is me. Virginia dat is chrissen for Ginger, — Miss Virginia Johnson. Dat is suah for me."

And the "Trumpet of Zion" dropped unnoticed to the ground, as, with the letter held triumphantly over her head, Ginger went leaping back to the kitchen door, shouting breathlessly:

"Mam, Mam, a letter! Mam, a letter for me,—*for me!*"

"Who ses so?" asked Mam, dropping her flatiron. "What you jumpin' all de brea'f outen you like dat, gal?—Who ses dat letter ar fur you?"

"It's got writ on it," panted Ginger, — "it's writ on it, 'Miss Virginia Johnson.' Ain't dat my chrissen name, Mam?

Ain't 'Miss Virginia Johnson' me, Mam? Dat letter is from Miss Pat for suah!" And Ginger's voice trembled excitedly.

"Bust it open, gal," said Mam, breathlessly. "Bust it open quick and see!"

But Ginger's fingers only closed tremulously with her treasure.

"Oh, I'm skeered, — skeered of spilin' it. It's such a grand letter, Mam!"

"Here, gib dat letter to me," said Mam, taking the law as usual into her own hands, and promptly slitting open the envelope with a big brass pin from her head-kerchief. "Now, stop dat shakin' and read dat ar letter out. Kin you read it?" asked Mam, surveying the open sheet doubtfully.

"Yes'm, I kin, — I kin!" answered Ginger, in breathless surprise at her own powers; for the big printed characters that stared at her from the paper were plainly designed for Miss Pat's pupil. "It reads, Mam, — it reads plain, 'My dear Ginger.' Dat's me for suah, Mam, — dat ar is me!"

"Keep on, gal,—keep on!" said Mam, with fierce impatience. "What's de good ob all dat learnin' Miss Pat give you winter nights ef you can't read no faster dan dat? Keep on quick!"

"My dear Ginger," kept on the reader slowly, "'tell Mam to air the best rooms' (O Mam, you hear dat? I's readin' good and sure), — 'air the best rooms, make fires to warm the h-o-u-s-e.'"

"Yes, chile, dat's Miss Pat talkin' right now," put in Mam, as Ginger paused over the last word. "Git along quick!"

"Have lots of eggs and cream and buttermilk and c-h-i-c"—(dis hyar is a hard word for suah), — 'c-h-i-c-k—chick—chicken!" read Ginger triumphantly. "'Cousin Max is sick, and the doctor says he must have mountain air. We are coming home.' Mam," fairly shouted Ginger, as the full force of this revelation burst upon her, — "you hear dat, Mam? I's readin' it plain and true. Miss Pat is comin' home, — Miss Pat is comin' home!"

Miss Pat was coming home,—why, wherefore, nobody knew or questioned; but the blossoming heights of old Pocomoke were soon athrill with the joyous news. Uncle Scip came hobbling from the barn and Link bounding from the stable; Fritz caught the general excitement, and began to leap and bark in wild delight; while Mam stood on the kitchen steps and issued her orders.

“Ole man, stir round on dem ole laigs ob yourn and open de big house windows. Let in de air and de sunshine into ebbery room. You, Ginger, stop dat ar shakin’ and kite long to Mickell’s for coffee and sugar and tea,—no Nigger stuff now, but de best dey got. Tell Ann Caroline she got to come home quick ez she can. I’s got use for her. Link, bring in firewood into de big rooms, and luk dat dar ain’t no swallows in de chimneys. Bress de Lord, I fattened dem dozen chickens last week; and Betty is gibbin’ her three fresh gallons a day, and we got more aigs dan I kin count. You, Ginger, ain’t you a-gwine to Mickell’s? What for you tetering roun’ like a spinnin’-top sted ob mindin’ what I say?”

“Oh, I’s a dancin’, Mam,—I’s dancin’!” said Ginger. “I’s got to dance, I’s so a jumpin’ wif joy. I’s gwine to dance off to Mickell’s right now and bring dat ar coffee and de tea and de sugar and all de white folks eatin’s; for we ain’t Niggers no more at Peyton Hall. Our own gran’ young Miss is comin’ home agin,—Miss Pat’s a-comin’ home! Come long, Fritz! I’ll tie de basket roun’ you neck and you kin tote home some ob de fixin’s too. You know Miss Pat’s a-comin’ home, Fritz? No, you don’t, ’cause you’s just a dog; but you’ll know it to-morrow,—you’ll know it when you sees your own little miss wif dem pretty curls a-bobbin’ and dem bright eyes a-shinin’ and dat red mouf a-laughin’,—you’ll know it den, for suah. And you’ll bark and you’ll jump till your heart nearly busts out ob you, too. And de dogwood’s all out and de pink laurel is a-buddin’ and ole Missus’

laylock bushes ready to bloom from top to toe. Dey know Miss Pat’s a-comin’ home; and just hear dat mockin’-bird!” Ginger paused for a moment as the clear, sweet notes trilled from the budding bough above her. “He’s a-singin’ it plain. How you know, bird, dat Miss Pat’s a-comin’ home? You didn’t git no letter dis mawnin’; what for you singin’, ‘Miss Pat, Miss Pat’s comin’ home?’”

And, dancing on through the budding trees, the dusky little herald scattered the glad tidings to breeze and blossom; to Bonnbelle, who seemed to burst into fuller music at the joyous words; to Col. Dick Clayton, ambling along on his one-eyed roan; to Judge Waters, watching his spring planting; to Billy Mickell and dad and Molly, until all old Pocomoke was athrill with the happy news—Miss Pat, little Pat, dear little Pat Peyton was coming home!

And next evening, when the sunset fires were burning low in the gap and the western sky was a glory of violet and gold and rose, Dick Watson’s old coach rumbled slowly and carefully up the slopes of old Pocomoke, with Harold and Father John in the front seat, and Cousin Max on the back, comfortably supported by pillows and cushions, and covered with blanket robes. He was looking very pale and wan; for the journey had been an exhausting one; and he had been very close to the gates of Death, but there was a peace in his changed face that in the days of his pride and strength it had never known. Cousin Marcia and Gladys, unwilling to brave the wild mountains, of which they had heard such discouraging stories, had been left in the care of the good old tobacconist uncle and his wife, who, generously forgetful of past slights, had come forward in this time of trouble, and taken niece and grandniece to the little cottage they had lately bought in a pretty suburb of the busy town.

It was our Pat who held a daughter’s place at her guardian’s side, and with her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, seemed

the very spirit of life and love as they all climbed the shining heights to her home.

"Oh, I know you are tired, Cousin Max, but we shall soon be there! There's the big elm where the Indians used to powwow in great-great-grandpap's time; and the old quarters, and—oh, Link has white-washed the spring house and the barn, and the cherry trees are in bloom. Oh, I'll just fill your room with blossoms to-morrow. Harold, listen! That is Bonni-belle you hear tumbling over the rocks. And; oh, here come Mam and Link and Ginger running down the road to meet us! O 'Cousin Max, Cousin Max, we're home at last, — we are home, — *safe, safe home!*"

(Conclusion next week.)

The Star Mother.

Far away in the South Sea Islands, when the Month of Mary comes around, and Our Lady's altars are white and pink with the fragrant blossoms of May, mothers take their little ones out into the still air of evening; and, as they rock them to and fro under the starry skies, they tell the legend of the beautiful Queen of Night, the guardian of children.

Long, long ago the Sun was King of the world, and rode about at will over the blue heavens, attended by the myriad stars, and accompanied by the mother of stars, the Moon. There was never darkness nor shadow at that time; for all was bright and peaceful and happy, and a smile beamed upon the face of every child of the sky. But one day a falling star whispered to the King that a new child had been born in heaven, — a child fairer and stronger and nobler than the monarch himself; and that whisper was a seed of jealousy sown in the King's heart. It took root and grew; and the King became sullen and silent, for he was planning in his heart to put to death all the children of heaven.

One day as the Queen and her little

ones were playing on the bright floor of heaven, she saw the King come up through the Eastern gates, his face aflame with anger. She read in his heart the wicked deed he had planned; and, gathering together her many little ones, she stole softly away to the West, pursued by the angry monarch, now grown white in his rage.

For ages and ages the King has not ceased to pursue this beautiful Queen; but she has been faithful and true to her little ones, and has protected them from his terrible wrath. And each evening, when her children twinkle and play in the sky, she stations her fairest child, the Evening Star, to watch for the first approach of the angry King. As soon as the signal is given, she calls together the children and all steal away to the westward. And sometimes the Lady Moon is pale and wan from her constant travelling through the pathless sky; but she loves the little ones, and suffers everything with a smile.

And the Moon is no other than Mary, our Queen and our Mother; and the stars are the children of men and her children; and the white Sun is the enemy-of men arrayed as an angel of light. But he has no power over any one except the fallen stars that have not been true to their Mother.

A King's Choice.

The King of Jerusalem, Godfrey of Bouillon, about to be visited by some distinguished rulers, seated himself on the ground on a sack of straw placed there. They naturally expressed surprise, but he said to them: "May not the earth, out of which we came, and which is to be our dwelling after death, serve us for a seat during life?" "It is a long time," says Mr. John Ruskin, who tells this story, "since such a throne has been set in the reception chambers of Christendom, or such an answer heard from the lips of a king."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"St. Augustine of Hippo"—is a new (the fourth) volume of the Notre Dame Series of Lives of the Saints.

—On the cover of a little pamphlet of 18 pages we find "Togher"; and, in the place where the name of the publisher usually appears, "Kingwith." Who wrote it, and where it was published, are questions.

—From the publishing house of Bray, Paris, we have received a brochure of 185 pages—"Petit Mois de Marie à l'Usage des Enfants." The little work is honored with an introductory letter from the Bishop of Nevers, and admirably carries out the idea of its sub-title, "A Flower, Every Evening, for Mary."

—From Benziger Brothers come two more booklets dealing with frequent and daily Communion: "Spoiling the Divine Feast: Lost Communions after the First," by the Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S. J.; and "For Frequent Communicants," with a preface by the Rev. W. Roche, S. J. The first is an exhortation to all in charge of children; the second, a compilation of prayers and other aids to devotion.

—"Via Franciscana; or, Guide to the Celestial Jerusalem" (Pustet & Co.), would seem to have been intended for such German clients of St. Francis as possess some knowledge of Latin. The preface, covering over forty pages, presents a summary of the precepts contained in the Rule of St. Francis, together with indulgences, prerogatives, etc. The rest of the book has three divisions and an appendix. The first contains prayers for ordinary use; the second part, entitled *Rituale*, is an extract from the Roman Ritual; in the third part we have a collection of formulas used in the blessing of various objects. The appendix is made up of Offices,—the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, of the Guardian Angel, of St. Joseph, etc. Certain of the prayers are in Latin and German; but the Way of the Cross, for some reason or other, is in German only.

—For the non-critical reader with a taste for gossip, "Intimacies of Court and Society: An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days," by the widow of an American Diplomat (Dodd, Mead & Co.), may serve to while away an idle hour. But the book will probably not deprive any one of a siesta, much less of a night's rest. The author has spent many years abroad, visited numerous interesting places, and come in contact with not a few celebrities; however, she has not much to tell that is either of great interest or high importance. Not

being a Catholic, she is to be excused for some things which she has written. The touches of human nature visible under royal mantles, jewelled crowns, and the iron restraints of Court etiquette, constitute the chief interest of this work, the attraction of which is in the illustrations rather than in the text.

—The Dolphin Press has just published, in handsome pamphlet form, "The Rule of St. Clare and Its Observance in the Light of Early Documents," by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. This timely contribution to the seventh centenary of the Saint's call is of unusual interest. The work is adorned with several excellent illustrations, which greatly enhance its value as well as its attractiveness.

—Mark Twain's "rabid Protestant" friend in "A Tramp Abroad" complained that the glaciers were dirty in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, "whereas you never see a speck of dirt on a Protestant glacier." In sober earnest, the author of "Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow" outstrips the satirist. Aggrieved at the cooking of some eggs served to him in an Evangelical missionary establishment, "I consoled myself," he says, "by reflecting that such fare was likely to prejudice all who partook of it, once for all, against this most unlovely and unethical system of faith and morals." Another recent writer, no less serious-minded, wishing to illustrate the importance of teaching children correct habits of thought, tells of a little English girl who went to India, and on her first birthday away from home wrote to her mother: "It's awful hot here now, and I perspire a lot; but it will make you happy to hear that I'm still a member of the Church of England."

—Sympathetic stories of Lourdes by believers in other creeds than that of the Church, or in no creed, are not so numerous as to justify Catholic indifference to "The Unbeliever: A Romance of Lourdes," by a non-Catholic. (R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) The author, "A. K.," states that the story has been written with the sole aim of "giving an honest account of the impression Lourdes and its miracles can make—even on an unbeliever." It is a thoroughly realistic and fascinating narrative, calculated to enchain the interest of the most jaded of novel-readers; and, though avowedly fictitious, contains no marvels more strange than many of the Lourdes prodigies that have attained the certainty of historic facts. Very few pages of the book show evidence of

an un-Catholic mind, though the case for the honest unbeliever is put with fully as much force as it is capable of sustaining. While there is naturally some repetition of a story with which all Catholics are familiar, it is surprising how few even of these historic or descriptive passages the reader feels inclined to pass over. Eight excellent illustrations adorn the book,—a good one to recommend to friends, Catholic, Protestant, or agnostic.

—“In most of the controversial books that I have read a good deal of time is spent in refuting arguments that no High Churchman would use, and in attacking positions that they do not hold.” Thus, the Rev. B. W. Maturin in the preface to his “The Price of Unity.” (Longmans, Green & Co.) So far as the present controversial book is concerned, the author declares that he has considered the whole question from one point of view only—“that which I held myself when I was in the Church of England; the difficulties which presented themselves to my mind, as well as many of the attractions which held me where I was, and the reasons which finally led me to act as I did.” Readers unfamiliar with Father Maturin’s history will like to know that he is a former Anglican minister converted at the age of fifty, and ordained priest a year later, in 1898. We have found his book eminently readable; but we deplore the lack of an index and even of a descriptive table of contents.

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 published abroad. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

“The Price of Unity.” Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$1.50, net.

“Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography.” Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.

“The Rule of St. Clare.” Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. 15 cts.

“Via Franciscana.” 90 cts.

“Organ Score.” Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.

“The Coward.” Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.

“The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope.” Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.

“Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism.” Hubert Gruender, S. J. \$1.

“Sacred Dramas.” Augusta Theodosia Drane. 90 cts.

“Told in the Twilight.” Mother Salome. 85 cts.

“The Divine Trinity.” Rev. Joseph Pohle, D. D. \$1.50.

“Faith Brandon.” Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.30.

“De Vita Regulari.” P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. 65 cts.

“In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects.” Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.

“Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown.” André Prévot, D. D. 85 cts., net.

“The Little Apostle on Crutches.” H. E. Delamare. 45 cts.

“Lincoln’s Selections.” Andrew S. Draper, LL. D. 35 cts.

“Annus Liturgicus.” Michael Gatterer, S. J. \$1.

“Back to the World.” (Champol’s “Les Révé- nantes.”) L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.

“Outlines of Bible Knowledge.” Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.

“Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries.” Vol. II. Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.75.

“The Elements of Social Science.” Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Maguire, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Peter O’Dowd, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. H. Pigge, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. C. John Baptist Garnier, O. S. B.

Sister Mary James, of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. James J. Hewitt, Mrs. Agnes Goodrow, Mr. Morgan McLaughlin, Mr. John Reynolds, Mr. Charles Adams, Mrs. Margaret O’Brien, Mr. Frederick Lammers, Mr. James Carroll, Mr. Philip Mayers, Mr. John Heeney, Mr. John Jolly, Mr. Joseph O’Brien, Mr. James Lyman, Mr. Arthur Mullen, Mr. C. W. Lutz, Miss Caroline Bradley, Mr. Terence Lynch, Mr. Maurice Cummings, Mr. Robert Ling, Mrs. Julia Kelly, Mr. William Larriau, Mr. Thomas Kane, Mr. John Kane, Mr. E. B. Ofsinowski, Miss Kathryn Fleming, Emily Allen, Mr. Michael Reidy, Miss H. M. Elkan, Mrs. Patrick Duggan, Judge James Roche, Mrs. Ursula Champion, Miss M. M. Jones, Mrs. Mary Higgins, and Mr. B. T. Cella.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days’ indul.)



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

VOL. LXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 18, 1912.

NO. 20

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

"The Foolishness of God."

BY O. S. B.

GRANT me to pass the bounds of common-sense;
 Grant me a folly that is all divine,—
 The folly (dare I say it?) that was Thine
 When—veiled in weakness Thine omnipotence,—
 Turned all to guilt Thy spotless innocence *—
 Thou didst assume a nature like to mine,
 To share my burdens and my griefs incline,
 And pay the bitter debt of mine offence.

Grant me to sit, Lord Jesu, in Thy school,
 And there to learn that shame, reproach and loss,
 The taking and the sharing of Thy Cross,
 Are better than the pride of earthly rule;
 And, counting all things else as utter dross,
 Be glad, like Thee, to be esteemed a fool.

The Blessed Virgin in the Prophecies.

BY THE REV. E. F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.



THE personality of the Messiah colors the whole story of the ancient Law, as the unrisen sun gives the whole world its waking color and beauty. And where Jesus is so wonderfully foreshadowed, we should confidently look to see also some promise of Mary; for these two—no lover of them both can ever weary of hearing or repeating it,—these two are more wonderfully and singularly linked together than any other persons, save the Blessed Trinity.

There can be no better prelude to our subject than to dwell a while upon the bonds between Jesus and Mary; for we are to see these very bonds wonderfully foreshadowed in the Oracles of God.

To begin with, the tie between mother and son is the closest of all natural ties. Yet no other mother ever was to her son what Mary was to Jesus; for she was to Him, if one may say so, both father and mother,—other human parent He had not. This Mother was His sole parent on earth, even as His Father was in heaven, and so He owed to her, alone among all earthly beings, the full and sole love of His filial heart. But closer far than this natural bond was the spiritual parenthood between Jesus and Mary; though there, indeed, it is Jesus who is parent, and Mary, in the realms of grace, is His first-born and immaculate child, the offspring of His pre-redemption. And finally, although the gulf between created and uncreated holiness forever lies between them, even across that abyss Jesus and Mary are linked together in a wonderful kinship of consummate sanctity. Each was the very perfect flower in the flesh of God's eternal wish, the full realization of God's ideal.

And as they are so singularly united in this threefold kinship, so also are they singularly apart from the rest of mankind. The saints are glorious for their struggles toward the perfect ideal: these two alone have encompassed it. No wonder, then, that they are forever together, in our thoughts, upon our lips. No wonder that Mary's name runs like a sweet echo

* "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin."

of Jesus through the sacred liturgies. No wonder, too, that we should look to see them joined together, even through the dim mists of prophecy; and should strain our eyes to discern by the side of the Messiah, in the prophetic visions, ages before her Immaculate Conception, the figure of His Virgin Mother. And we do so descry that pure and lovely presence, even in the remotest years—decades of centuries before her name was on the lips of men,—joined to her Son even in that obscure and hoary eld,—joined to Him in the speech of His prophets, as she surely was in the awful thoughts of God.

It would be interesting, indeed, to trace out in detail all the outlines of her perfect character as they were prefigured in the heroic and saintly women of the ancient Law. That they are delineated there goes without question; for as all manly virtues—holiness, piety and courage—point directly to Jesus as their fountain and exemplar, so do all womanly beauty, strength and tenderness point to Jesus, too,—but by way of Mary. In these two are gathered up all human dignity and glory. For it is the splendid prerogative of these two ideals made real that all human goodness suggests their names. Just as the intellectual ideal gathers to itself all real perfection, so, in some sort, does all human praise and honor gather about the name of Jesus, and, for Jesus' sake, of Mary.

Little marvel, then, if all Catholic peoples have easily understood the purpose of the Most High to give us in the holy Jewish women foreshadowings of the Mother of God. For should the comeliness of Sarah, the gentle kindness of Rebecca, the prayerfulness of Anna, Ruth's lowly serviceableness, the chastity of Susanna, Judith's courage, Esther's obedience, the piety of the Machabee, and all the rest, be wanting in that blessed Woman who was to gather to herself all the glory of her sex, and bring forth into the world the boast of Israel? In type and figure, then, the Elect of ages shines forth most

brightly from the inspired Word. But every lover of Mary would urge one question more: What place has Mary in the prophecies? What explicit tidings of her came from the lips of those speakers—forth of futurity, when knowledge was given from the mind of God.

There are four places in Holy Writ which distinctly refer to Mary. The first is in Genesis—the Proto-Evangelion (Gen., iii, 15); the second, in Isaias, in those chapters called the Book of Emmanuel (Isa., vii, ix, xi). Then follow a passage in Jeremias, and another in Micheas. But these last are each only a single phrase,—a mere allusion, it may be, to Isaias' splendid prophecy. Let us dwell a bit upon each of these inspired passages, and see what they have to reveal of the prerogatives and gifts of Mary. And first for the prophecy in Genesis.

It was at that sad moment when Adam and Eve, who had yielded to the serpent's tempting, and felt for the first time the stings of guilt and of concupiscence, were called trembling from their hiding-place, to hear the sentence of their offended God. No need to rehearse all the melancholy passage. Let us begin with verse the twelfth:—“And Adam said: The woman whom Thou gavest me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat. (13) And the Lord God said to the woman: Why hast thou done this? And she answered: The serpent deceived me, and I did eat. (14) And the Lord God said to the serpent: Because thou hast done this thing, thou art cursed among all cattle, and beasts of the earth: upon thy breast thou shalt go, and earth shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. (15) I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.”

It is this fifteenth verse, brief in words, but inexpressibly precious in its meaning, which contains the first promise of a coming Saviour,—that Proto-Evangelion, over which all future generations were to

linger, first in weary yearning, then in exultant gratefulness for the Redeemer promised and then given to ease men of Adam's sin. And what part, in God's glad message, has Mary? In the brief compass of this paper, we shall not, as we said before, delay over the long wrangles of exegesis, which have raged about the text of this evangel. Enough to give the winnowed grain of an interpretation in accord with sound and Catholic doctrine.

In these words, then, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed," we must see very clearly, at least in the light of the prophecy's fulfilment, a foretelling of the Immaculate Conception. For, in the first place, to quote authority, Pope Pius IX., in his Bull *Immortalis Deus* defining the doctrine, gives us plainly to understand that in this text the Fathers and Doctors of the Church have seen, clearly and openly expressed, the promise of the world's Redeemer and the foretelling of His Holy Mother, and at the same time, most clearly set forth, the utter enmity of either with the devil. "And so," the Bull continues, "just as Christ (*sicut Christus*) the Mediator between God and man, when He had taken human nature, blotting out the handwriting of the decree which was against us, fixed it, a conqueror, to the cross, so the Most Holy Virgin joined to Him by a most close and indissoluble bond, with Him and through Him cherishing an everlasting enmity against the venomous serpent, has gained over it the fullest triumph, and crushed its head with her immaculate foot."

And when, in the light of tradition, we consider the text itself, the matter is plain enough. For, by God's promise, there was to be enmity between Satan and the woman—but what woman? Not Eve; for she had just made a sad, irrevocable alliance with the power of evil, by eating the forbidden fruit. Not to any of her common daughters; for they were involved in the common doom. There is only one

woman in history to whom that perfect enmity could be foretold,—an enmity which should be betwixt her and the serpent, as between her seed and the serpent's seed. Hence when this promise was given, it must have been Mary who was in the mind of God. And, to borrow a phrase from the New Testament, the Angel Gabriel's salutation, "Hail, full of grace!" has sounded to many ears like the echo of that Proto-Evangel; for so did Mary fulfil the olden promise: by being full of grace at her conception, and full of grace all her days, at perfect enmity with the ancient serpent from the first moment when she began to be until she stood at Heaven's door.

Did Adam and Eve comprehend the scope and meaning of this glorious prophecy? Probably, as they heard it, their minds perturbed and dazed, their whole being atremble with remorse and fear, they caught only the literal purport of the promise—that their evil-doing was to be atoned for, that of their progeny a Saviour was to be born who would crush the head of their malignant and insidious foe. It was reserved for us, in the light of after days, to see with exultation how the words in their full and perfect meaning prophesied, indeed, that there should arise in time a glorious woman, free from the stain of Adam's sin, who was to bring forth the Saviour of the world.

As time passed on, God vouchsafed, with greater and greater clearness, to foretell by the prophets the advent of the Saviour. He was to be of the race of Abraham, of the family of Jacob, of the tribe of Juda, of the seed of David. And in all these prophecies do we find no word of Mary? Indeed, whether the prophets knew it or no, they all brought tidings of her no less than of Him. For her race and tribe and family were the very same as His; she was to be His only bond with His own tribe, as with the great human family,—the sole parent of the heavenly Child.

It is this truth—the sole-parenthood of Mary, or the virginal birth of Our Lord—

which first shines out to human vision in the mighty prophecy of Isaias, son of Ainos. This part of Isaias' writings, which is called the Book of Emmanuel, is so pre-eminent among the Marian prophecies that we may take time to consider it, in its context and its historical setting. It was during the early days of the reign of Achaz, son of Joatham, about the year before Christ 735. The little kingdom of Juda, after its long day of prosperity and peace under Oziah and Joatham, has grown in opulence and outward show until Jerusalem is a great capital. But, alas! this prosperity is only a gilded rottenness. The people of Israel have gone apart from the way of God. Soothsayers and enchanters, the abominations of idolatry, the rank evils of luxury and excess, are as a stench in the nation. To scourge these abuses, God raises up the Prophet Isaias, appears to him in the majesty of His heavenly splendor, sends to him a seraph to cleanse his lips with a burning coal, and bids him go forth and cry to a people who will not hear.

And while the prophet is crying out to the hardened people of Jerusalem, of the judgments of God which are to come, against the venality and oppression of her rulers, against the pride of her princes, against the rapacity of her rich men, the luxury and vanity of her women,— behold, there gathers over against the proud and wicked city the darkening shadow of a cloud of war. It is Rasin, King of Syria, and Phacee, usurper of the sceptre of Israel, who, fearful of the growing power of Teglatphalasar of Assyria, are closing upon Juda, to force the weak and timorous Achaz into a coalition against their common fear. And when Achaz heard of the oncoming of these near-by enemies, "his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the woods are moved with the wind."

If a man of God had sat upon the throne of David—some pious-hearted monarch, like his father Joatham or his son Ezechias,— there would have been scant

cause for fear. But Achaz was one of those dark-hearted kings of Juda, cowards toward men but rashly brave toward God, who, with foolish daring, did evil in the very shadow of Jahve's rod. And so, idolater that he was, in this crisis he had in mind to seek refuge in the armies of the King of Assyria rather than in the power of the Lord of Hosts. "And the Lord said to Isaias: Go forth to meet Achaz, thou and Jasub thy son that is left, to the conduit of the upper pool in the way of the fuller's field. And thou shalt say to him: See thou be quiet; fear not, and let not thy heart be afraid of the two tails of these firebrands, smoking with the wrath of the fury of Rasin, King of Syria, and of the son of Romelia."

The situation is one dramatic in the extreme. Achaz has come forth to the conduit of the upper pool, doubtless to see to the water supply of Jerusalem, his mind a prey to anxious fears, and full of the hoped-for alliance with Teglatphalasar. Over against the craven monarch comes Isaias, "the Salvation of the Lord." "Fear not," he says, "these burnt-out firebrands of kings that come against you. Jahve himself has said: Their counsel shall not stand. But if you will not believe in Jahve's word, you shall not continue in your prosperous ways."

Small heed would Achaz pay to such a promise and warning. The Assyrian armies for him! He would manage his own affairs without Jahve's or the prophet's aid. One can see the dark and impassioned eye of Isaias kindle as he looked upon the sullen brow of this degenerate son of David, this craven king, who personified the idolatrous wickedness, the rebellious luxury and pride of Israel. But God spoke yet again by His Prophet's lips. "And the Lord spoke again to Achaz, saying: Ask thee a sign of the Lord thy God, either unto the depth of hell or unto the height above. And Achaz said: I will not ask, and I will not tempt the Lord."

This cold and hypocritical response, which cloaked a sullen resolution to have

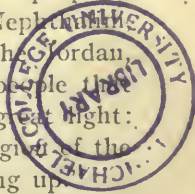
none of the Prophet's interference in the counsels of Juda, was a last touch, that flung wide the floodgates of Isaias' holy anger, and made way for one of the grandest and most stirring denunciations ever spoken by the lips of man. Yet, mingled with the roarings of the lion-wrath of Jahve, the pity of the Infinite Father mingled a strain of unspeakably consoling promise. From the wickedness of Achaz and his people, God turned to speak of a worthy king of a worthy Juda,—just as of old He had made to dawn the sweet and glorious promise of a Saviour, from the very midnight of Adam's primal sin. "*Felix culpa!*" From the setting of Achaz's evil star comes the portent of the rise of the blessed Emmanuel! So the Spirit of God seized on the soul of the seer, and he burst forth into impassioned prophecy. "And he said: Hear ye therefore O house of David: Is it a small thing for you to be grievous to men, that you are grievous to my God also? Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel. He shall eat butter and honey, that He may know to refuse the evil and to choose the good. For before the child know to refuse the evil and to choose the good, the land which thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of the face of her two kings."

But not for Achaz is this to be a sign of gladness—before this Child is born the land of Juda shall be desolate. The Assyrian, whom Achaz has dared to trust before his God, shall be the razor of God to shave the land of Juda until that fair country is all a wilderness. Then—for this sign of Emmanuel is too far off to serve for the people of Juda—God gives the present generation another and a visible sign. The prophet writes in great letters a warning of Israel's approaching doom. "And the Lord said to me: Take thee a great book, and write in it with a man's pen. Take away the spoils with speed, quickly take the prey." And

by this name "Maher Shalal Hash Baz" he calls his newborn son, whom his spouse, the prophetess, has borne him. And now follows in the Book of Isaias a long, passionate outpouring of warning and of consolation. It is a mingled strain of wrath against the evil-doers of Israel, of hope and promise for the remnant who shall be saved. And ever and anon, in blue and sunny rifts amid the storm, gleam the bright figures of the Virgin and the Child, the hope and expectation who are to come and save the people from their sins.

Such is the Book of Emmanuel, the beginning of that amazing flood of prophecy concerning the Messiah, which raises the son of Amos above all his inspired peers, and makes St. Jerome exclaim of him that his prophecy is indeed a fifth evangel, he a prophet-evangelist. And here, though ours is in no way a controversial paper, we must pause a moment to answer two questions round which have waged a long war of controversy. Is Emmanuel the Messiah? and, Is there here predicted a virgin birth? We Catholics can give only one answer to these questions—the true one: "Yes," and "Yes."

To begin with, St. Matthew, in his opening verses, settles the first of them for us out of hand. For, after he has told us of the Angel's witness to Joseph that Mary's Son is of the Holy Ghost, the Evangelist assures us (verses xxii, xxiii): "Now, all this was done that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the Prophet, saying: Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and bring forth a Son and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." And again, when Christ left Nazareth to dwell in Capharnaum, He bids us consider that this was "that it might be fulfilled which was said by Isaias the prophet: Land of Zabulon and land of Nephthali, the way of the sea beyond the Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles. The people that sat in darkness hath seen a great light: and to them that sat in the region of the shadow of death, light is sprung up



These words are from Isaias (ix, 1, 2). And if we follow up the Prophet's allusions to Emmanuel, the same truth becomes undeniably clear. For we read in chapter viii. of the King of Assyria: "And the stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Emmanuel!" What child unborn could be thus hailed as the Lord of Juda save only Him that was to come? And again (ix, 6, 7): "For a Child is born to us, and a son is given to us; and the government is upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace; He shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom; to establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and forever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this." And in chapter xi. comes the glorious prophecy which makes Him of the seed of David: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him: the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of godliness."

As to the second question—Is there here predicted a virgin birth?—the text itself is not so perfectly clear, though it gives solid ground enough to any unbiased reader. *Almah*, the Hebrew word which St. Jerome has rendered *virgo*, means a virtuous young woman, not yet wedded; it is much the same term as *Jungfrau* in German, *doncella* in Spanish, *zitella* in Italian, *pucelle* in French, or our English word "maid" or "damsel." Now, this term *almah* is never used of a married woman. The Septuagint translates it ἡ παρθένος; the Peschito or Syrian text has *bethultha* (virgin); the Vulgate, *virgo*. And if we look to the testimony of antiquity, *almah* in this text was never thought to mean aught but virgin even

by the Jews, until Christian apologists began to insist upon the prophecy, and its fulfilment in Christ, as a telling argument. Until about a hundred years ago, the Protestants themselves defended this meaning; and for the Catholic, the unanimous voice of the Fathers, Doctors, and theologians, interpreting the text as a prophecy of the virgin birth, removes all doubt that we should see herein a forecast of Mary's virgin motherhood.

And to what purpose would the Prophet have called up the figure of this Maiden out of the dim, far future, and laid such stress upon her maidenhood, if there was nothing to distinguish the manner of her giving birth from the lot of all the mothers of Juda? From the literal rendering of the Hebrew text, this argument grows still more clear. "Behold, a Virgin with child, bringing forth a Son, and she calls his name God-with-us." All this is surely quite enough of argument for him who has eyes to see.

And now, after this breathless run over the field of exegetics, what grain have we garnered of Marian prophecy from Isaias' words? Clearly this, that the Mother of the Messiah is to be a virgin,—a virgin who, by the power of God, shall bring forth her son and still remain a virgin. And here we have the second of those great and singular bonds which link together Jesus and Mary: He is to be all her own, hers and God's alone, with no earthly father to divide her claim upon the Heaven-sent Child. And the other two passages in Micheas and Jeremias add but little to our store of prophecy. Micheas tells us, indeed, the very birthplace of our Saviour: "And thou Bethlehem, Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel: and His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity." Then he repeats the prediction of the Messiah's birth.* And Jeremias

* "Even till the time wherein she that travaileth shall bring forth." (Micheas, v, 3.)

seems to St. Jerome to foretell once again the virgin birth. But, after Isaias' splendid voice, these echoes sound faint and far away.

Such, then, is the clear and unmistakable part which Mary has in the sublime and marvellous prophecy which through the weary ages consoled the faithful hearts in Israel with promises of Him who was to be. Those mighty mountain peaks, the seers of Jahve, shouldering up into the rare atmosphere of inspiration, caught these gleams of Mary—her Immaculate Conception, her fulness of grace, the virgin birth—which flashed gloriously from the East together with the rays of the Orient from on high, and flamed on their astonished brows with enigmatic splendor.

For how could they comprehend, in that elder day, when woman was held to be so slight a thing—not counted in the genealogies of Israel,—why this Woman should be the sole parent of Him who was to be? How could they understand why her bringing forth her Child was to be the most singular of miracles, and why her name should open the lips of the fiery son of Amos, and be the first word of his long outpouring of prophetic vision, wherein was so clearly spoken the glory and the power of her yearned-for Son? But to us, turning back into the gloom of old, the full light of a perfect revelation, nothing could be more fit, nothing more admirably in accord with the office and the dignity of Mary than that she should be the daystar of Emmanuel in the inspired writings, even as she was in the world of prophecy come true.

In conclusion, one may observe an admirable concordance between these sayings of Isaias and the words of those angelic messengers who were sent to Mary and to Joseph to announce to them the coming of the Child. Of the angel's message to Joseph we have already spoken. So clear is the parallel between the prophecy and its accomplishment that St. Matthew quotes in his text the words of Isaias,

and bids us mark how they are now fulfilled. But the words of Gabriel to Mary, as we have them in St. Luke's Gospel, afford us an even more striking parallel. "Behold," had said the Prophet, "a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and she shall call His name Emmanuel." "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son," says the Angel Gabriel to Mary, "and thou shalt call His name Jesus." Then, summarizing the sixth and seventh verses of the ninth chapter of Isaias, the Angel continues: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto 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."

Surely Mary must have recognized the source of the Angel's greeting; but perhaps the Holy Virgin was not quite assured in her mind that the Messiah's was to be a virgin birth. For she asks, in those words dear and familiar to us all: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" Then Gabriel, taking unto himself the rôle of prophet, adds a new clearness to Isaias' splendid prophecy: "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." The consummation was at hand. The fulness of God's designs was plain at last to that chosen Woman, promised to Adam so many weary centuries before. It remained for that same perfect and admirable Woman only to speak those words of lowly concord with the Heavenly Will,—the most momentous words that ever came from lips of woman: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done to me according to thy word." Then was the burning word of Isaias the prophet accomplished. Then the long series of Messianic promise and foretelling was fulfilled at last by the loving will of Heaven; for the Word had become Flesh and dwelt among us.

The Friendship of Benedetto.

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.

BENEDETTO sat in his shop smoking the inevitable cigarette, reading the inevitable *Giornale*. It was a little, low-browed shop on the *fondamenta*, which ran by the Grand Canal for a few hundred yards, near the Rialto, whose marble span and fretted arches gleamed against a blue sky, where gulls wheeled and fluttered. The water danced and sparkled, green in its shadows and reflections; and Benedetto looked on the scene with a smile of approval, as he had done every morning for the past thirty years.

"The good God inspired men to build many cities, but Venice is the flower of them all." Thus thought Benedetto, who had scarcely, if ever, been even on the mainland. He looked around him.

On low-hanging shelves in the window, on shelves set into the wall behind him, stood his stock of Venetian glass—gleaming, rainbow-tinted as bubbles in sunlight,—flawed, it is true, for he sold only what had been rejected by the factories as not being absolutely perfect; but very beautiful for all that.

One perfect piece was there, throned on the centre shelf, on a square of pink-veined marble. It was a crystal chalice, with stem and handles of twisted gold. It was not for sale—no! Benedetto put so fabulous a price upon it that the English and American customers laughed and shrugged their shoulders as they went away. He did not wish to sell it.

"I must have one perfect thing in my shop," he used to say, "though few would know the others were imperfect. I am an artist, a poet, though I can not express myself like painting and singing *signori*. I keep an open mind, too. *Già*, it does not take long for an idea to enter it! That is the philosophy of life, my young friend. Keep thy mind open, and offer hospitality to all new ideas."

This piece of advice was addressed to Nicolo Dalzio, a youth from the *fabbrica*, who now entered, carrying under his arm a basketful of small gaily-colored liquor glasses.

"But if they betray thy hospitality?" submitted Nicolo, a dark, slender boy with burning eyes.

"Then they are traitors and must be turned out instantly," answered Benedetto, taking the basket from him, and placing the liquor glasses carefully in the window.

Benedetto was a mountain of a man, with fat hands and two double chins; but he had a deftness of touch which a woman might have envied.

Nicolo pushed aside a great soft pile of dried seaweed, which Benedetto used for packing his delicate wares, and swung himself onto the counter. He rolled and lit a cigarette with nervous, trembling fingers.

"What if they will not go?" he asked, half under his breath.

"Ah, that is where the true wisdom of life comes in! Thou must be stronger than the ideas. Me! I am a strong man. No idea could master me."

"Who can master a thought? It creeps in unawares and stings thee like a serpent before thou knowest it hath come."

"*Zitto! zitto!* This is wild talk. What thought has mastered thee, *amico?*"

"The thought of murder," whispered Nicolo between his teeth. He looked with furtive eyes round the little shop, as if the words had forced themselves out against his will, and he sought escape—heedless of cigarette between his fingers until it burned them. "*Maladetto!* It burns like that!" he cried.

Benedetto, the philosopher, lifted his great bulk from the straw chair in which he sat, and laid a compelling hand on the boy's shoulder.

"What burns, *Nicolo mio?* Tell me all."

Nicolo turned and fixed his eyes on the older man's face, pouring forth a torrent of passionate, incoherent words.

"It is *Giulietta*. I love her with a love

that consumes me to the heart; that burns my nights and eats my days. If I do not get her I shall soon die. I know it. Look! I am wasting. I can not eat, I can not drink. My limbs tremble. The beating of my heart suffocates me when I see her. I am consumed as with a flame." He paused for breath.

"And she?"

He threw out his arms with a despairing gesture.

"She? Why, she is a child, and, like all children, knows no better than to play with fire. The smallest spark may light a flame that many waters can not quench. I do not understand women. Sometimes I think she despises me; sometimes I think she is not altogether indifferent. She laughs at me and mocks me; and then, when she thinks I am not looking, she glances out of the corner of her eye to see how I take it."

"What, then, of this foolish talk? Thou wouldst not murder her for that?"

"*Murder Giulietta?* I could kill thee, Benedetto, for the word. No; it is old Matteo who has cast eyes of longing at her, and whom her evil mother wishes her to marry."

"But why?"

"He has money," said Nicolo, gloomily. "And Monna Rosa would sell her grandmother to the devil for a *soldo*."

"Softly, softly, *amico!* She is not so bad as that. Thou art young, and so is Giulietta. Wait a little. Thou dost not even know if Giulietta loves thee. Find that out first, and then I would advise thee to talk to Matteo. Reason with him calmly. Counsel him to take a maturer bride, and leave Giulietta to thee."

Nicolo's face cleared.

"Philosophy is of some use, after all, though it be cold as marble. I will take thine advice, and tell thee the result. Thou hast a good heart, my philosopher!"

He leaped off the counter and went to the door, but stopped on the threshold and turned back.

"Of a truth, I had almost forgotten.

These are the designs I promised thee."

He took a roll of paper from his pocket and spread it out upon the counter.

Benedetto bent forward eagerly.

"Ah, the designs for Mariana's angel!" he said, a tender inflection creeping into his voice.

This was Benedetto's great ambition—to erect over the grave of his wife a wonderful marble tomb, crowned with a triumphing angel. For this he had saved and scraped; for this he had earned the reputation of having a closed hand with his *soldi*. But he did not care. He had neither child nor relative; and when the time came for him to join his Mariana, he would lie beside her under the marble monument, and the angel should watch over them both until the day of Judgment.

The touch of twenty-five years had healed his wound; Mariana was to him now but a sweet and tender memory, yet the hope of saving for what he always called "Mariana's angel" gave added zest and meaning to his life.

Nicolo, with an artist's pride, pointed out the beauties of each design. One angel had arms outstretched; another, hands uplifted; but the one Benedetto preferred was blowing a challenging trumpet toward the sky. He hung over it, entranced.

"This—this is Mariana's angel. This and no other. See thou, my little Nicolo, how much would this one cost?"

Nicolo considered.

"If it were of white Carrara it could be done for—say four or five hundred *lire*."

Benedetto's face fell.

"That is a sum," he returned gravely,—"*ma che*, a sum! How is one to make it out of glass, a *soldo* here and a *soldo* there?" Then the lines in his face relaxed, and he laughed. "*Per bacco*, 'tis a droll idea! An angel of glass! My Mariana's angel to be made out of glass!" His fat sides shook. "I am a man of humor—no?"

"Thou art a mountain of philosophy," said Nicolo, restored to temporary sanity, and folding up his paper.

"No, no! Leave it there, and let me feast my eyes upon my angel of glass. There is a new idea for thee, which flew at once into my open mind."

Nicolo turned again to go.

"I will reason with that withered leaf. I will not shake him from his tree of life. *Già*, thou seest I am a man of humor and ideas, as well as another."

"The conceit of youth!" murmured Benedetto as he went. "Where is the modesty that *we* were taught to practise?"

He put the drawings carefully away; and, taking a cloth, began to dust the crystal chalice, which, in some subtle, undefinable way, he always associated with the dead Mariana. Perhaps it was an intangible linking of his one perfect possession with what had been for five happy years the chief joy of his life, the very breath of his nostrils. He had never thought of filling her place; to honor her memory with a tomb that should be the envy and admiration of all Venice, was ambition enough to pack his life with interest. No banks for him. He added *soldo* to *soldo* until he had enough to make one *lira*; *lira* to *lira* until they were transmutable to gold; gold piece to gold piece until the hoard, which he kept in one of Mariana's gaily striped stockings, now reached the respectable sum of nearly four hundred *lire*.

He burst into melodious song as he replaced the chalice on its pedestal, and dusted the green and ruby gold-splashed liquor glasses. A shadow at the door made him look up.

"Aha! it is thou, pretty one! Come in and give an account of thyself."

"What shall I say?" asked Giulietta, entering.

She was a pretty girl, of the Venetian type, with quantities of dark hair piled high on her head and fastened with coral pins. Coral earrings hung from her ears, and a string of coral beads was twined round her neck. On her arm she carried a basket filled with spicy carnations—pink, scarlet, and sulphur-yellow.

"That thy dark eyes shoot arrows which wound desperately," suggested Benedetto, who had a liking for the girl, because something about the turn of her head and the curve of her soft cheek reminded him of Mariana. "But thou hast no heart!"

The girl laughed saucily, and tossed her head.

"I have a heart, of a certainty, but it is a cabbage heart. I give a leaf to this one and a leaf to that one, but I keep the core for myself."

"And what of poor Nicolo?"

"I have no time to waste. I must hasten to the Piazza to sell my flowers to the *forestieri*."

She ran off laughing; but Benedetto noticed that she blushed at his words.

The little shop was filled with the warm scent of the carnations. The gay awnings on the other side of the canal threw bright reflections upon the waters, across which gondolas skimmed, and set them quivering; fussy little steamers puffed from pier to pier. A rustle of silk, and two English ladies entered the shop. The day's work had begun.

In the evening Benedetto took his straw chair and sat outside his door. The fires of sunset were fading in the sky, where a star or two now twinkled. In the green east hung a slender crescent moon. The water was still, except where the passing gondolas furrowed it into long glassy ripples. Bats fluttered, and from a distance came the sound of a bell striking the hour.

Benedetto felt soothed and happy. He would go presently to his favorite wine-shop for a glass of sour wine and a game of dominoes. Meanwhile it was pleasant to sit there and hear the homely noises of the *fondamenta*, the tinkle and frizzle and clatter of his neighbors' suppers, the shrill laughter of the children, and the high humming of a mandoline.

Suddenly down the *fondamenta* came the sound of hurried steps, heralding Nicolo.

‘*Ohimè*, this love!’ sighed Benedetto, when he saw the boy’s white face and burning eyes. “What fortune, *amico*?”

“The worst of fortune,” Nicolo cried, dashing his hat frantically upon the ground. “I went to that old serpent. I reasoned with him. I was as mild as a babe new-born. Oh, curse him, — curse him! May the flesh wither on his bones! May—”

“*Zitto! zitto!* Dost want the police to arrest thee as a brawler?”

Nicolo shook off his detaining hand.

“Of a certainty—”

Benedetto shrugged his fat shoulders and rose with a resigned air. He led the way to a tiny room behind the shop, where he slept and ate his frugal meals.

“Now tell me all. Be calm,—be calm!”

“I did not begin by calling him names, but I ended that way. He knows now what one Venetian thinks of him, saints be praised! First I was soft as butter. I reasoned with him as gently as even thou couldst have done, Benedetto. I told him it was an iniquity to think that an ancient like himself, who ought to be making his soul safe, should contemplate marriage; that he committed sin by so doing; that *Giulietta*’s mother was even worse than he, to think of such a thing; and that they were no better than the slave-dealers of Constantinople. Oh, I was calm and mild as an angel, I promise thee; though rage burned in my heart, and my fingers trembled to be at his throat.”

“Was he moved by thy gentle arguments, my Nicolo?”

“He laughed at me. He said his marriage was his own concern,—curses light upon him like a flock of foul birds! Then I went in a madness. I know not what I did or said, save that I told him what I thought of him—till I found myself outside his house with the door locked behind me. He has a strength, the old devil! It is all over, Benedetto. Either the canal for me, or a knife for him.”

Benedetto looked at the boy. Verily, for the moment, the light of reason seemed

to have fled from his eyes. It was useless to argue with him.

“Tell me this. Thou earnest a fair wage? Thou couldst keep a wife?”

“As well as another,” said Nicolo, sullenly.

The fires of rage seemed to have suddenly burned themselves out, leaving behind a smouldering despair.

“Then I will go to *Giulietta*’s mother and see what I can do.” He looked for a brightening of the dark face, but none came. “Thou knowest, *amico*, that I am very persuasive. In all modesty, I say that few can withstand me when I choose.”

“An angel out of heaven could not change her now,” said Nicolo, gloomily. “*Matteo* is to give her two hundred *lire* on the wedding day,—not that there will be a wedding day for him.”

“Softly, softly! he must be rich as the Jews.”

“It is easy for the old to save,” flashed Nicolo. “They have neither cat nor child. I spent my nest-egg on corals for *Giulietta* for the *fiesta*.”

“The more fool thou!” grunted Benedetto. “Go thy ways, *amico*. I will see *Rosa Marioni*. I am in the vein to-night. I feel that I could argue five feet on a cat. Go home and sleep. The sun will shine again to-morrow.”

“The moments go with leaden stockings,” said Nicolo. “Sleep has forsaken me these many nights. I will walk till I am wearied out.”

“That would be well. Leave me now, *amico*. I must prepare my—arguments.” A wry smile twisted his lips, but it was too dark for Nicolo to notice.

Half an hour later Benedetto, with his cloak slung over his shoulder, knocked at the door of the room where *Giulietta* and her mother lived. It was in a high house in the *Calle Agnese*, close and stuffy to-night beyond common. He entered to a hurried *Avanti* from within. *Rosa Marioni* had once been beautiful, but her face was now lined and avaricious.

“What brings thee, Benedetto?” she

asked, after a greeting. "There are two Sundays in a week when thou comest hither."

Benedetto still panted from the ascent.

"A man of weight like me can not mount the stairs often, Monna Rosa. I should say it is for the pleasure of thy conversation I came here, but I am no courtier. The saints know I am a modest man, and realize my limitations. I will not linger by the doorstep, but go straight to the well. I came to speak to thee of the marriage of thy daughter Giulietta with—"

"With Matteo Abranti."

"Not so: with Nicolo Dalzio."

Monna Rosa shook her head and smiled. "The clever Benedetto has been misinformed," she said. "There is no mention of that foolish young Nicolo. Giulietta is betrothed to a man of riper years—"

"And longer purse," put in Benedetto, slyly.

"That may well be," said Monna Rosa, casting a shrewd glance at him.

"The girl's heart is not in it. I think she loves Nicolo."

"A fig for love! What has that to do with it? In a year's time it is the same to a girl what husband she has. Why not one as well as another?"

"Why not, indeed, if the one be Nicolo?"

"Or the other Matteo?"

The lamp smoked. Monna Rosa bent over to turn it down. All at once the room became intolerable to Benedetto; he longed to end the affair and be gone.

"Youth should go to youth," he said; "to maturity, the mature."

Monna Rosa shot a sly look at him.

"Art thou come wooing on thy own behalf, Benedetto?"

He rose alarmed, and moved backward. Not even to save Giulietta from bondage and Nicolo from the double sin of murder and suicide could he do this thing.

"I had no thought of myself, I assure thee," he said hastily. "It is for two children who love and would wed that I plead."

"Thou carriest water to the sea, then," answered Rosa, firmly. "Nothing can change my mind."

"*Nothing?*" he queried softly.

She looked at him, hesitated, opened her lips as if to speak, and closed them again. His soul sickened at the flame of greed which lit up her dark eyes.

"Matteo used a golden argument to persuade thee—no?"

Monna Rosa looked down at the fringe of her shawl, and played with it.

"Times are hard and I am poor. Three hundred *lire* is three hundred *lire*."

"Thou liest. I know of a truth that Matteo only offered two hundred."

"And canst thou better it?" she cried, looking up eagerly and unashamed.

"I will give thee three hundred *lire* on the day Nicolo marries Giulietta."

She shook her head.

"That will not do. I must have it now. How do I know what would happen?"

"Can I trust thee?"

"I will swear on the crucifix. I will sign a paper. I will give thee what guarantee thou desirest." She guessed that he must have brought the money with him, and she would have promised anything rather than it should escape her grasp.

Benedetto produced a paper which he had prepared. With trembling hands the old woman brought forth a battered ink-bottle and a rusty pen and signed a laborious "*Rosa Marioni*." Then from beneath his cloak Benedetto drew a gaily striped stocking filled to bulging, and gravely counted out the sum he had promised. Only the little foot of the stocking was full when he had finished. He tied a knot in it, and returning it to his pocket, took his departure.

The cool night air was sweet as a caress, but his heart was heavy. The cherished dream of his life had vanished. Mariana's angel had faded as mist before the sun. He felt twenty years older.

He touched the stocking in his pocket and patted it.

"It is as thou wouldst have wished, beloved! But, *ohimè*, it was hard to barter thine angel to that daughter of Judas!" he murmured. "I will keep some for Masses for my soul, and give the rest to these children to buy pots and pans with."

He came to his shop. In all the agitation of the evening he had forgotten to put up the shutters, and the rays of the lamp outside fell full upon the crystal chalice, touching its twisted gold handles to a pale radiance. There was a subdued gleam and shimmer from the shelves, where the glass goblets and vases caught the light.

He unlocked the door and entered. A sudden thought struck him. With reverent touch he took the chalice down and placed it upon the counter; then from a rush-covered flagon of Chianti he poured a brimming measure into it. The lamplight struck ruby sparkles from the wine as he held the cup aloft.

"It is well to be a philosopher. See, my hand does not tremble!" he said to himself, the slow tears of age flowing unheeded down his cheeks. "I drink to thee, Mariana *mia!* I drink to the only monument I can give thee. Better a little warm human happiness than the most magnificent tomb of cold marble."

He drained the chalice and shattered it against the counter. Then, with a touch of prose, he swept the gold and crystalline fragments into the *Giornale* which he had been reading that morning, and went with them to the water's edge.

He paused for a moment. It was very still. No sound but the lapping of water at his feet; no stir but the gliding of gondolas, whose lamps gleamed like fire-flies through the velvet dusk. He shook the shivered remnants into the canal, in a little sparkling shower.

A curious neighbor passing, tapped him upon the shoulder and asked him what he did.

"I am burying an angel, *amico*," Benedetto returned, with an odd little laugh,—
"an angel of glass!"

The Voyageur.

BY DAVID DORLEY.

MOONLIGHT upon the river
Guiding my bark to the sea,
But gleams 'cross the shore-waves quiver,
And Pleasure beckons to me,—
Beckons me back from the sea.

Moonlight upon the river,
How garish those pleasure-lights be!
But I shade my eyes from their glitter,
And keel for the silvery sea,—
For the sea—and eternity.

The Home of a Great Catholic Poet.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

THE month in which the centenary of the birth of the great Protestant poet, Robert Browning, is celebrated, commemorates also the birth and death of a still greater—namely, the Catholic poet, Alexander Pope, who was born in May and died also in May. Some give the 21st as the date of his birth, and others the 22d; but all agree that he died on the evening of the 30th of May, 1744, at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. The last thirty years of his life were passed at Twickenham on the Thames, in the famous villa that has just been put up for sale, and in which lived the late M. Henry Labouchere, M. P.

Pope's translation of the *Iliad* was published by subscription, with such satisfactory results that he was not only able to purchase the villa out of the profits, but to spend as well a considerable sum upon its improvement and adornment. The building was reconstructed after his death, but without altering its original character, which was a combination of Elizabethan and Stuart architecture, with some added Dutch, Italian, and Chinese features. The celebrated "Grotto," constructed by Pope, has never been touched; and, except that the fossil bodies, gems,

and spars with which the poet lined its walls, have been carried off by tourists, it is exactly as it was in his day. Pope called it his "Grotto"; but it is simply an underground passage running from the river to the highroad. It also served him as a study. Indeed, most of his books were written here; and among them his "Essay on Man," in the form of four epistles addressed to Viscount Bolingbroke, — a work that, in the opinion of Warton, placed Pope "next to Milton and just above Dryden."

Pope was a great admirer of Dryden, another Catholic poet, whose death took place on May 1, 1701, a few days before Pope completed his twelfth year. Little Alexander persuaded some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden was in the habit of frequenting, so that he might be able at least to look upon his hero; and when, at the mature age of twelve, he announced his intention of becoming a poet himself, he selected Dryden's versification as his model.

Spenser must have also influenced his boyhood. "There is something in Spenser," he wrote in after years, "that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the "Faërie Queene" when I was about twelve with a vast deal of delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over again about a year ago."

Alexander Pope was the child of Catholic parents, but his father was a convert and the son of a Protestant clergyman. Dryden, to whose genius Pope admitted that he owed much, was himself a convert, who, in his poem "The Hind and the Panther," thus alludes to his change of faith:

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain
desires;

My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse
was gone,

My Pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done.
What more could fright my faith than Three in
One?

The above lines have always reminded me somewhat of Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light,"—the prayer that, winged with humility, pierced the heavens and brought down the gift of Faith.

Alexander Pope was a very delicate child, with so sweet and musical a voice that he was known as "the little nightingale." He is also said to have been remarkable not only for extreme gentleness, but even for personal beauty. But as he advanced in life his temper soured, owing probably, in a great measure, to his ill health, which increased with years; just as, owing to the same cause, joined to over-study, he lost his early good looks and was stunted in his growth, and, indeed, became so misshapen that some who saw him compared him to a cupid's bow, others to a mark of interrogation. Sir J. Reynolds has left us the following pen-picture of him:

"He was about four feet six inches high, very humpbacked and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. He had a very large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons, and the muscles which run across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords."

He was very sensitive to cold, and wore a kind of fur doublet next his skin. One side of his body was contracted, and his legs were so slender that he wore three pair of stockings to conceal their slimness. He grew more and more fretful and hard to manage. Accustomed to be humored because of his delicate health, he ended by expecting everyone and everything to

give way to him. If he wanted to sleep, he made no scruple of nodding in company; and on one occasion he fell fast asleep at his own table while the Prince of Wales, who was his guest, was talking of poetry, of which, however, he is said to have known nothing.

When Pope was not writing in his "Grotto," he was entertaining his friends there, and endeavoring to persuade himself and them that care and trouble were excluded from its quiet walls. But if they were, they must have lain in wait for him at the entrance, such was the spitefulness of his tongue and pen when the fit seized him. Speaking of Pope, Addison said to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu for whom, just then, Pope expressed great admiration: "Leave him as soon as you can, he will certainly play you some devilish trick else; he has an appetite for satire." The wisdom of this warning was soon evident; for Pope turned against Lady Mary, and overwhelmed her with such abuse that she christened him "The wicked wasp of Twickenham."

Nor did Addison himself escape the poet's satire. Indeed, it was this very satire upon Addison that led to a break in the friendship that had hitherto existed between Dean Swift and Pope. Alluding to Pope's writings, the Dean once said: "I could never get the blockhead to study his grammar." Nor was Byron, notwithstanding his admiration for Pope, blind to the grammatical slips that occur here and there in his works; but he tells us, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," that he would sooner "err with Pope than shine with Pye."

Pope's first teacher, after his aunt had taught him to read, was a Catholic priest, Father Taverner, with whom, at the age of eight, he learned the rudiments of Latin and Greek together. He made astonishing progress, and was soon translating Sandys' Ovid,—a work to which, he tells us in his notes to the Iliad, English poetry owes much of its beauty. The success of the Iliad led to the translation of the Odyssey;

of which, however, only the twelve first books were done by Pope, the remainder being the work of his brother poets, Fenton and Broome. The Odyssey was also published by subscription and, together with the profits of the Iliad, relieved Pope from the pecuniary difficulties with which, in spite of his fame, he had till then struggled.

Soon after the publication of the Odyssey, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, when, while crossing a river, it was overturned and fell into the water. The poet was unable to open either door or windows, and was saved from drowning only by the presence of mind of the postilion, who broke the glass and succeeded in pulling him out, but not before two of his fingers were so cut by the broken glass that he lost the use of them.

Voltaire, who, was then in England, wrote condoling with Pope on the accident. It may be presumed that the Englishman did not set much value on the Frenchman's letter; for he disliked Voltaire, whom he regarded as a court spy and unworthy of confidence. He also probably could not forget that Voltaire, while a guest at his table, had expressed himself so coarsely that Mrs. Pope was obliged to leave the room.

To Pope's retreat at Twickenham came members of the royal family as well as Thomson, Mallet, Gay, Hooke, Glover, Chesterfield, Lyttleton, and other celebrities of the day. But now, according to the caretaker, its chief visitors are American tourists.

His wretched health shut him off from most of the pleasures of life, and, as if by way of compensation, he clung, unpoetically enough, to those of the table. His death is said to have been caused by eating of potted lampreys heated in a silver saucepan. Bolingbroke visited him frequently during his last illness, and was told by Spence, also a frequent visitor, that in his lucid moments (for the dying poet was often delirious) Pope was always

saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding. "It is so," answered Bolingbroke. "I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends or more general friendship for mankind." From which it would seem that the sting of "the wicked wasp of Twickenham" was not so venomous, after all.

Pope died as he had lived, a son of the Church of which, in a letter to Racine, he expressed himself a fervent follower. In his will he left instructions that his body was to be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men in the parish of Twickenham, each of whom was presented with a suit of coarse grey cloth. He was buried beside his father and mother in the parish church of Twickenham, and the following inscription was placed at the base of his monument:

POETE LOQUITOR.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Heroes and kings, your distance keep.
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you,
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

After the poet's death his villa passed into the hands of Sir William Savile, and then into those of the Right Honorable Welborn Ellis and Lady Howe. It was at Twickenham that Horace Walpole had his Gothic home where he set up a printing press on which several of his works were printed. Sir Godfrey Kneller, Admiral Ogle, Nicholas Amhurst, author of "The Craftsman"; Admirals John Byron and Sir John Pococke, Mrs. Clive, the actress, and Edward Ironside, the historian, were all interred at Twickenham. Here, also, the first weeping willow introduced into England was planted. It was brought from the Euphrates by a merchant named Vernon in 1748; that is to say, about four years after the death of Pope.

Both his father and mother lived to see their gifted son at the height of his

fame, and to share in his prosperity; and, in conclusion, let it be stated that he was an affectionate and dutiful child to them. It has been justly said of him that, "whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle." So it is well that they who were so united in life, should not be divided in death, but sleep their last sleep side by side at Twickenham, where weeping willows droop in mourning.

A Village Tragedy.

BY GERARD A. REYNOLDS.

IT was a poor little church, with room for at most a hundred worshippers. The grey sandstone walls outside were weather-worn, and inside the plaster that covered them was damp-stained and sadly in need of a fresh coat of paint. There was an aisle on one side divided from the nave by three round arches. On the altar were some artificial flowers. There was a side altar with a statue of Our Lady. Close to it, set in the wall, was a small marble tablet, below which hung a faded laurel wreath.

When I entered the church I knelt for a while, and it was not till I walked up the aisle to take a closer look at the monument that I found I was not alone in the village sanctuary. I then saw that beside the nearest pillar to the altar a very old woman was seated on a chair, leaning forward, with her head on her hands. She was poorly dressed. I could not see her face, but I noticed the grey locks that escaped from under the black scarf that was drawn over her head.

She did not move as I passed her. I stopped before the altar and read the brief inscription on the tablet. Translated into English it would run thus:

Erected by his compatriots of the village of Serpigny-aux-Bois, to the memory of Pierre Gondal, who died for France, Nov. 17, 1870, in the Army of the Loire. R. I. P.

I felt a touch on my arm; I turned. The old woman stood beside me, bending over a stick with which she supported herself.

"Read it for me, if you please, Monsieur," she said.

I read the inscription aloud. She looked up at me, and I saw that her eyes, half hidden by the drooping eyelids, were glittering, shining out of the wrinkled face from under the silver-grey eyebrows.

"Yes," she said; "that is so. You read it rightly. I know it by heart, but I like to hear it. He was my son, Monsieur,—my only son. Come out into the sunlight and let me tell you about my Pierre."

She turned, and began hobbling toward the door, pausing for a moment to bend low toward the red lamp before the altar. I followed, walking slowly, so as not to hurry her. Outside in the porch of the church there was a stone bench; the western sun shone warmly upon it, and as I sat down beside her there, I found that from this spot one could just see the white tablet shining brightly amid the gloom of the aisle.

"Your son was one of the heroes of the great war?" I said.

"Yes, Monsieur. He was killed in the campaign of the Loire. He died bravely. They all said no one could be braver. He was *always* brave, almost reckless. When he went away, I knew he would get himself killed. Pierre was not one of those who would hide when bullets were flying: he was a fighter. When he was even a little fellow here, no boy in the village could stand up against him."

"That is the kind of boy that makes a soldier."

"Precisely, Monsieur. He loved adventures,—dangers; so when the call came for volunteers he went among the first. I was a widow and he was my only one. He might have stayed if he wished; but he said all who could, should fight."

She fumbled in a pocket and drew out a little frame with a photograph in it.

"There is his portrait. Look at it. My

eyes are failing, and soon I shall not be able to see it."

I took it in my hand. It was a portrait of a very young soldier—not twenty years of age. The *képi* was set sideways on his head, to give the wearer a swagger look; a slight mustache showed over the heavy lips; the face looked rather dull; but there was a twinkle in the small eyes that might have meant fun or cunning, or both. It was not a heroic expression.

"He sent it to me from the army," she said. "It was done when they were at Orleans. He was in the great victory when they took the city. It was after that he was killed,—not in a great battle, but every day men lost their lives at the outposts. Monsieur le Curé broke the news to me. Not the curé who is here now, for it was many years ago, Monsieur, and there have been great changes. I thought I should have died of grief."

"Yes. It must have been terrible. But it was a glorious death, and would have been a good end to any life."

"You are right, Monsieur. Still, it was heart-breaking; I thought I should die. But I live on, and all I knew — nearly all — are gone. The neighbors have been good to me. Monsieur le Baron at the château over there said I should not feel my boy's loss, so far as any need of mine went. He pays me my pension. It is enough for me; and the neighbors were good. They put up his monument in the church. And Monsieur le Curé told me my boy was safe; for he made his confession the night before he was killed,—a good fortune that soldiers do not always have. And I was glad; for here at home it was often not easy to persuade him to confess. Boys will be wild. But there, where there was danger of death every day, no doubt he was more serious, and when the chance came he went to some good priest. So he was prepared for death. But still I come every day to think of him and pray for him. You will pray for him, Monsieur. He was wild, but he was a good son to me, and we shall meet again."

She took back the little photograph, kissed it and placed it in her pocket.

"I am glad to have met you and heard your story," I said.

"Yes. It is kind of you to be so sympathetic. I like to tell people of him. And now, sir, I go back to finish my Rosary; so adieu, and God bless you!"

I watched her making her way slowly back to her post beside the memorial of her soldier son. I would have wished to do her some kindness, but I had hesitated to offer her anything. It occurred to me that I might see the curé, find out if she needed help, and leave him a few francs to buy her some small comforts.

Looking across the rows of green mounds with their blackening wreaths of immortelles, I saw beyond the churchyard wall a whitewashed cottage, only differing from the other houses of the village by an air of neatness in its tiny flower garden, and with a wooden cross above its porch. This must be the presbytery. I walked toward it; and as I approached the door it was opened, and there was the curé, a man of middle age, with grey hair on his temples, a round, smiling face, and a sadly patched soutane. He asked me to come in.

The curé seemed pleased to have a visitor, and I was soon seated in his parlor,—a small room looking out upon the narrow garden in front of the cottage. At the window was a table covered with books and papers. One wall was fitted with bookshelves; some cheap religious prints hung on the others. On an oak table in the middle of the room a cloth was spread, and a *cafetière* stood on a tray with a spirit lamp alight under it. The room was evidently study, parlor and dining-room all in one,—a room of all work. The priest produced a second cup from a cupboard and invited me to share his coffee, accepting a cigar from my case. We then began our talk.

He told me something of the place. The unpretentious church had a history,

and there were some treasures of art in its sacristy, which he promised to show me. Then I spoke of my talk with old Madame Gondal, my interest in her story, and my desire to give him the means of helping her if she needed it. He remarked that, thanks to the generosity of the late Baron de Servigny, she was not badly off; but still any trifle I entrusted to him could be used to provide some extra comforts.

"Hers is a sad story," I said.

"Yes, Monsieur,—even sadder than she imagines," replied the curé.

Then, in response to my look of inquiry, he went on to tell me more, prefacing the story with a request that I would not say a word of it to any one in the place. He told me he had never spoken of it before to any one. He told it to me only because I was a stranger from a far country. It is out of respect for his confidence that I have changed the names here.

I shall not attempt to tell it in his own words. It will be enough to give the pith of it. He had learned it from his predecessor and from the late Baron, who was interested in Madame Gondal's case. She had married, as a young girl, one of the foresters employed on the estate, and he had died while their only son, the future soldier of the Loire, was still a child. The family at the château had taken care of her, found her work, and assisted her out of charity.

She was quite right in saying that Pierre had always been fond of adventure. At the village school he was continually in trouble for playing truant; for he liked bird-nesting and rabbit-snaring better than learning the Three R's. She would excuse his absence from school by saying he was not well and needed the open air, though he was really a young Hercules. He always had his own way at home, and among his comrades he used his strength and agility to play the tyrant. He was self-willed, and had a fierce temper when he met with the slightest opposition from others.

"I don't mean that there was anything really very wrong in him," said the curé. "If he had been properly taken in hand, he might have developed into a fine fellow. But he was allowed too much of his own way at the beginning."

"The Baron," he went on, "used to live at the château then, and look after his estate; his son wastes his time in Paris. When Pierre left school, Monsieur le Baron was busy with a great project for working the woods here on scientific principles. He had a manager from a school of forestry in Belgium, and he was erecting sawmills. He told Pierre he would give him a trade, and the young fellow was put on the list of the men at the new mill. For a while he worked steadily enough. Then he began to be absent from work, as he had played truant from school, or he would come late; and if the foreman "pulled him up" for it, he would reply with a volley of rough language, throw down his tools and disappear for the day. Then it was found that he was sometimes away from his mother's cottage night after night. She tried to keep this from the neighbors; but they found it out, and said he must be after some mischief or other. One morning he came home with his head tied up with blood-stained rags. He told his mother he had been attacked by footpads. 'They got the worst of it,' he said. 'I am all right, but I can't go to the mill to-day.'

"He was not 'all right.' There was a nasty wound under the bandage, and soon he could hardly stand. The doctor was called in. Then it came out that there had been a fight the night before between the Baron's gamekeepers and a gang of poachers. This explained Pierre's night adventures. He might have been sent to prison, but the Baron said he would give him another chance, and when he recovered he went back to work. Things dragged on much the same as before for a few months. Then came the war, the defeats on the frontier, the

call for volunteers for the new armies of the Republic.

"The Baron was raising a company. Pierre wanted to join it, but was told that it was his duty to stay at home and work for his mother. All could not go. The only sons of widows were specially exempted from the first call for recruits. He seemed disappointed, and the day the local volunteers marched off he was in very bad humor. He knocked down one young fellow who told him he had done fighting enough already, and had distinguished himself in the poacher's battle; so that he ought to have had a decoration and free lodgings for a year in a State establishment.

"Next day he was gone. He had started off in the night, leaving a letter for his mother. She could not read it, so she brought it to the curé. It was a wretched scrawl, in which he told her that he would be disgraced if he did not go like the rest, and he would tramp to the next town and join a regiment there. He would send her half his pay and come back an officer and make her happy ever after.

"She was inconsolable, until three weeks after another letter came. There was a twenty-franc note in it, and he told how he had joined a regiment of mobiles, and was with D'Aurelles' army on the Loire learning his drill. He would soon be fighting and would distinguish himself. There would be good news. It so happened that the curé had a cousin who was an officer in Pierre's regiment. He wrote and asked him to look after his parishioner.

"Then there was another letter, this time from Orleans. Pierre (no doubt you have seen his portrait) had been under fire at the victory of Coulmiers. He had not minded it a bit, and had laughed at seeing his comrades duck their heads when the bullets whistled by. War was fine sport, better than rabbit-shooting.

"A fortnight after the curé had a sad task to perform. There came a letter from his cousin. Pierre was dead. She has told you about it; how he died bravely,

and there is his monument, '*mort pour la France*,' in our little church."

"Yes, I have seen it," I said. "After all, it was a good end. It might have been worse, anyhow. He might have been killed in that affray with the gamekeepers."

"You know only part of the story," said the curé,—“what everyone here knows; for we have kept the secret, for his mother's sake. The curé of that day told me how, when he read the letter, he thought for a long time what could be done. Was he justified in telling only part of the truth? Then he saw a way, and the word he used is on the monument. Poor Pierre *died for France*, but it was a sad kind of death."

"He was shot, I suppose, in some wretched little affair at the outpost,—killed treacherously, perhaps."

"No. Yet, sad as it all was, there was a bright side to it. As you said just now, it might have been worse. I told you how from his boyhood he was self-willed, quick to anger, ready with a hard blow in answer to a sharp word. He was undisciplined, to use a formal expression. Perhaps if he had a year or two of barrack life he might have learned discipline; but he had only three months as a soldier, and scant time to learn his new trade.

"One night, in some small town over there on the Loire, he came back late to the lines of his regiment, with some comrades who had spent the evening at a *café*, where the good citizens were foolishly hospitable. He had taken a little too much, though he was not exactly drunk. The sergeant of the guard, an old veteran, gave him a bit of his mind in rough soldier phrase, and Pierre answered him back. 'Arrest that scamp!' said the sergeant.—'Scamp yourself, don't dare to touch me!' was Pierre's retort. If the sergeant had been a wiser man, he would have let him pass and simply reported him; but the old soldier sergeant thought the volunteers must be kept in their place. He strode toward Pierre to disarm and arrest him, and in a moment

he was lying on his back; for Pierre's clenched fist had caught him between the eyes, and he went down with blood on his face. He was up in a moment, and roared to his men to arrest Pierre; but the volunteer had put his back against a wall and drawn his bayonet, and swore he would run through any man that came within his reach. But they were too many for him. While some came on with fixed bayonets and attracted his attention in front, another slipped in at the side, shot out his clubbed rifle and knocked Pierre down with the butt. At first they thought he was dead; but he had a hard head, and he soon came to. Then his case was hopeless. He was handed over to the military *gendarmérie*, and told he would be tried next day.

"There could be only one end to such a trial. Military law was sternly executed in the army of the Loire, and for his crime—armed resistance to arrest and violence to a superior officer—there was only one possible sentence. He was tried next morning. He faced the firing party at sunrise on the following day. His comrades, formed in three sides of a hollow square, looked on. There were none from anywhere near here to tell of the tragedy. Only his lieutenant knew his story; and he brought a priest to him, and poor Pierre made a good end. Who knows but that it was a better death than he would have died if he had lived longer.

"He wrote to his mother a letter full of regrets and protestations of affection; but he wrote in it that he was condemned to die. So the curé burned it, and only told her that he had sent her a message of devoted affection before he died. He could add truly that he died bravely; for Pierre faced the levelled rifles unflinchingly. And he could say, too, that he died for France; for the example of that military execution helped to rivet the bonds of discipline. If the poor woman had known all the truth, it would have broken her heart.

"Monsieur le Baron gave her a pension.

Our good villagers, naturally knowing nothing of the facts, worked up a legend. Pierre Gondal, they said, had fallen bravely, fighting against a host of Prussians on the outpost line. They insisted on putting up the monument in the church. The Baron de Servigny modified the inscription they proposed, so as to keep within the bounds of truth. Old Mère Gondal comes there day after day. She is past work now, and she dreams and prays beside the little altar, waiting till her day comes, and she will see her son again; for we may hope it is well with him."

The curé rose and invited me to come with him and see the treasures of his sacristy, some church plate centuries old, saved by pious hands from the pillage of the Revolution. As we left the sacristy, Madame Gondal rose from her place and followed us to the porch of the church.

The curé greeted her kindly. She looked up at him, smiling with pleasure.

"Monsieur," she said, with a nod toward me, "has been talking to me of my brave son. No doubt he has gone to you, Monsieur le Curé, to learn more details, and you have told him more than I can tell of that brave death. I can not tell it all as you would."

"Yes," said the curé; "we have been talking about him, and our visitor here has left me a little present for you."

"Ah, he is kind, and I thank him from my heart!" said the old woman. "He will remember my Pierre, and of me also. I am old and poor; but, after all, it is something that I am the mother of a son who died for France."

I took her hand as I wished her good-bye. The curé stayed a moment to give her the ten-franc piece I had handed him in the sacristy; then he followed me. Looking back, I saw Madame Gondal bent over her stick, hobbling back to her post in the village church. The level rays of the sun shone into the wide arch of the doorway, and from where I stood I had just a glimpse of the tablet on the wall, glistening in the sunset light.

The Rule of the Road.

THERE are certain arbitrary rules which it is well for pedestrians to know before taking a walking trip in foreign lands. In America, people turn to the right when walking as well as when driving, but on the Continent of Europe they turn to the left. In the Tyrol, a peasant recently met an American who did not know this, and, turning to the left, met the traveller face to face. He danced to the right, only to find the traveller doing the same thing; and this was repeated until the peasant was enraged, thinking the foreigner was mocking him. Shaking his fist at the bewildered American, he cried, "Thou art a fool!" And the American, who did not at all understand what the trouble was, replied meekly: "An American, *mein Herr*." And the indignant Tyrolean went on his way, mumbling that the two were much the same thing.

Turning to the left was in Continental Europe merely a relic of the days of chivalry, when every gallant walked on the right of a lady, to have his sword arm free to defend her from any danger, to be able to give her the wall and push into the gutter any dastard who might dare to offend the fair demoiselle by word or look.

In Great Britain and Ireland, carriages turn to the left and foot passengers to the right; and there are some lines of doggerel, familiar to young and old, which tell the rule:

The Rule of the Road is a paradox quite:

For in driving your carriage along,
If you bear to the left you are sure to go right,
If you turn to the right you go wrong.

But in walking the streets 'tis a different case:

To the right it is proper to fare,
On the left there should always be plenty of space
For the people who wish to walk there.

GET the heart right, and the intellect will soon rectify itself.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Deep-Rooted Love.

Notes and Remarks.

THE love of a Catholic for the Blessed Virgin is so deep-rooted that, as a rule, it is almost the last thing of which Satan is able to deprive him. It is in the supernatural order what a mother's love is in the natural order—the first thing a child learns, the very last that he forgets. Bishop Grimes, of New Zealand, in a recent pastoral, quotes Luther's astounding commentary on Mary's prophecy,—a commentary which is, perhaps, its most striking fulfilment:

The Blessed Virgin meant to proclaim that her worship should last from generation to generation. There should never be a time which should not resound her praises. This is what she declares by the words, "Behold, from henceforth all generations" — that is, from this moment is to begin that course of uninterrupted praise which shall last for all ages. As to the word "blessed," it is worthy of remark that the Greek *makaria* has a wider signification than "call blessed"; for it means "make blessed" or "beautify." So that we should honor Mary not only with the lips and voice, by genuflections, salutations, the erecting of statues, temples, and edifices; but we must honor her really and truly, with our whole heart and from the very depths of our soul.

After that of Luther, the names of Huss and Wyckliffe are most familiar to Protestant ears; but it would doubtless be a great surprise to many of our separated brethren to learn—the fact is vouched for by the Calvinist historian, La Roque,—that John Huss to his dying day was a firm and unflinching advocate of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. As for Wyckliffe, his writings leave no room for doubt that he believed in the invocation of saints, honored their images, and venerated Christ's Mother as their Queen and the advocate of sinners.

It is a curious fact that, while doing their utmost to undermine Christian dogmas, apostates often cling with firmness to devotion to Mary; and that when this devotion is utterly lost, the moral law is openly derided and defied.

Much as there is in the character of the German Emperor to command the admiration of the non-Teutonic world, neither that world nor, we believe, the great majority of the Germans themselves will applaud his decision that an officer who will not fight a duel when insulted can no longer retain his rank in the army. The common-sense of the civilized world at large condemns duelling as an indefensible private usurpation of a function which only publicly constituted authority is competent to discharge. "Thou shalt not kill" is a divine law, affecting the duellist equally with the public lyncher and the private assassin; and no earthly potentate, be he emperor, king, president or czar, can abrogate that ordinance of the Lawgiver Supreme. The German Catholic officer who recently incurred official disgrace rather than violate God's commandment has shown far higher courage than he would have manifested by accepting the challenge to shoot and be shot at.

We are pleased to learn that preparations for the second meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., are now under way. The meetings are biennial, the first one having been held in September, 1910. That assembly developed extraordinary enthusiasm. Approximately, four hundred delegates attended it; but a much larger number is expected this year, since the work of the Conference is better known, and its possibilities are more clearly understood. The Conference is to open on Sunday, September 22, with Mass and a sermon. It will close on Wednesday, September 25.

The topics for the general sessions of the Conference are as follows: The Church in Charity, the Government in Charity, the Individual in Charity, the Relations

of City Conditions and City Administration to the Poor, Co-operation among Catholic Charities, Non-Catholic and Catholic Charities. It is proposed also to have a thorough study made of what may be done in the field of charity by the parochial school. In addition to these general sessions, which will be shared in by all the delegates to the Conference, there will be a series of section meetings conducted by committees,—one on Needy Families, one on Dependent Children, a third on Delinquent Children, and a fourth on the Dependent Sick.



One of the contributors to the *Common Cause*, Mr. H. Bedford-Jones, is admittedly a Socialist, but he is evidently a much more rational one than most of his confrères. He says:

Is the Socialist press free? Years ago I helped found a Socialist paper, and was offered the editorship. I accepted on condition that I could run all the news all the time, uncolored by the crimson haze; that I could make a paper unbiased and unchained, ready to support a worthy Roman Catholic appeal or kill an unworthy Anarchist appeal. The condition was refused. No Roman Catholic appeal could be "worthy"; no Anarchist appeal could be "unworthy." There was a crying need for just such a paper as I proposed, and its Socialist owners would have prospered mightily; but the usual narrow-minded and intolerant sheet was the only result.

Not merely narrow-minded and intolerant, but, so far as samples that have come to our notice are concerned, grossly calumnious, abusive, irreverent, and not rarely blasphemous as well.



In view of the fact that the Methodist Episcopalians, assembled in general conference at Minneapolis, have resolved to declare war against Catholics and tobacco, we can not help thinking that the Rev. L. G. Broughton, of Atlanta, Ga., now engaged in promoting the social side of church organization in South London, should hurry back to this country. He is known as a powerful exhorter and an

energetic organizer, and the Methodist campaign offers inexhaustible opportunities for the exercise of his unusual gifts. If he is addicted to the use of tobacco in any form, and considers opposition to Catholics "too big a contract," as he would say, let him try to reclaim those abandoned Christian churches—there are fourteen of them—in the Jewish quarter of New York, or undertake a series of revivals beginning in West Virginia and Kentucky, in some districts of which, if we may credit the testimony of Protestant divines, ungodliness of all sorts runs riot—where murders and lynchings are frequent, and profane fiddling and tobacco chewing are unrestrained.

We hope Brother Broughton has read with deserved attention the report of the Minneapolis Conference, in which the powers that be of the Methodist body declare: "We still face the patent fact that our distinctive doctrines are not being emphasized as they once were; or, where preached, are discredited for the time by a gainsaying world, drunk with vain philosophies and sated with glutinous indulgences." The open door for which Brother Broughton was looking when he went to London has been found right here in the United States.



Writing to the *Catholic Citizen* concerning the course "The Relation of Man to Nature," offered by the department of philosophy in the University of Wisconsin, the Rev. H. C. Hengell says:

In giving this course, the instructor may easily over-emphasize his own views and sympathies. His methods may easily place the University in the ridiculous position of affecting to offer a correct and complete answer to the highest problems regarding God, man, and nature. Such methods would surely misrepresent the University. Moreover, the undergraduate student, not possessing the necessary preliminary training for such a course, is likely to regard the over-emphasized views of agnostics and materialists as the final and legitimate conclusions of science. For him these mere "views" begin to assume the character of scientific dogmas. Several Catholic students and a few

non-Catholics assure me that the course is presented in the manner suggested. If this is true, I wish to protest against it in the name of over half a million Catholics in Wisconsin. I feel that there are many non-Catholics ready to endorse this protest against (what may be) sectarian (materialistic) preaching at the University. As well label a course of study "The Relation of Man to the Hereafter" and present it according to Presbyterian views, as to label a course "The Relation of Man to Nature" and present chiefly the views and theories of agnostic and materialistic philosophers. If the department of philosophy wishes to present the views of materialistic philosophers as part of a course of study on the history of philosophy, it must give it an honest label in the catalogue; for instance, "The Materialistic Conception of the Relation of Man to Nature," and not merely "The Relation of Man to Nature."

We notice in the *Pilot* a communication in which attention is called to the prominent part taken by Catholic students in this same University of Wisconsin. We trust our young co-religionists will see to it that any anti-Catholic or pro-agnostic teaching in their institution, supported as it is by Catholic as well as non-Catholic taxpayers, gets the benefit of a free advertisement, and possibly a deserved condemnation.

The leader of the Belgian Socialists has been contributing to the *Avanti*, the organ of Italian Socialism, a number of pleasant prophecies concerning his party's prospects. The editor of *Rome* does not agree with M. Vandervelde, the leader in question, and in the course of a discussion on the matter makes this interesting statement:

Just now the dominant issue between the Government and the combined opposition of Liberals and Socialists is the Scholastic Question. The Catholics of Belgium, even in this twentieth century, hold that the parents should be allowed to choose the kind of schools they want for their children; there should be neutral schools without religious instruction for parents who want their children to grow up without religious training, and there should be schools with religious instruction for parents who think that inculcation of the principles of religion and morality is of great importance for the future of their children and of their country;

and both kinds of schools should be on a basis of perfect equality so far as State support is concerned. The Catholic statesmen go even further: they claim that, no matter how Belgians may vote at election time, the fact remains that the immense majority of them prefer to have their children frequent schools in which religion is taught.

Down in Australia, too, there has been some interesting action in school matters. The question whether the Catholic denominational schools in New South Wales should participate in the advantages afforded by the Bursaries Endowment Bill aroused considerable agitation. Archbishop Kelly set forth the Catholic claims in this virile fashion:

We are taxpayers, and we demand a share in the application of the taxes. We do not thank the Government for doing us justice. We shall mark every man who denies this principle, and shall know in what category to put him. We as Catholics, every man of us, shall take a tally, so to speak, see what the ideas of the public representatives are, and then decide whether they be in the category of tyranny and bigotry—amongst those who deny to Catholic parents the right of selecting a school for their children.

Australian statesmen may not be thoroughly impartial as to religious matters, but they are practical politicians—and Catholics are to have a share of the public funds provided for bursaries.

The announcement that St. Margaret's Daughters are to hold their twenty-third annual convention in New Orleans next month offers an occasion for saying a word about a society to which Leo XIII., in 1894, granted the same indulgences as those enjoyed by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The objects of the association known as St. Margaret's Daughters, organized in 1889, are: "The planning, undertaking, financing and executing of good works, whether charitable, eleemosynary, educational, benevolent or others of a like character, which anywhere are performed under the guidance of the Church in behalf of humanity, as well as those which the betterment of social,

civic and religious conditions may demand." Among the potent reasons for joining the St. Margaret's Daughters, for affiliating already existing organizations of Catholic lay women with them, and for urging competent Catholic women in all parts of the country to form Circles to take up various charitable activities, we note the following:

The St. Margaret's Daughters is the most generously indulged lay women's organization in the world. It gives individual associations the uplift of being part of a well-planned and thoroughly established body of women. Its trend is the strengthening and developing of a truly Catholic union and spirit among Catholic lay women. The cost of affiliation is nominal. Catholic women, who are about to take up work or have taken up special work of any kind, can have in the St. Margaret's Daughters independence in methods of work combined with the strength of affiliation with a large organization approved by the highest Catholic authorities and blessed and indulged by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. and his Holiness Pope Pius X.

As an incentive to parish priests to encourage the establishment or the propagation of St. Margaret's Daughters, we are told that pastors "have found union of their women's organizations with the St. Margaret's Daughters to increase zeal, systematize the charity and other works of their parishes, and generally to be a bond of union between otherwise conflicting interests and cliques."

From our English exchanges we learn that the Rev. Father Byles, who perished in the *Titanic* disaster after rendering all the spiritual and corporal assistance in his power to the unfortunate passengers, was the son of a Congregational minister. At the time of his conversion to the Church he had received the B. A. degree at Oxford and was studying for the Anglican ministry. On returning from Rome, where he completed his studies for the priesthood, he became a professor at St. Edmund's College, Ware. Subsequently he was pastor of Kleveland, and later on of Ongar, where at the time of

his tragic death he had labored for eight years, endearing himself to his flock by his devotedness, and edifying them by the example of his Christian and priestly virtues. He has a sister in China who is a religious.

The Lithuanian priest, Father Mantvila, who shared in the good offices of Father Byles and Father Peruschitz, O. S. B., and perished with them, was on his way to take charge of a congregation of his countrymen at Worcester, Mass. For receiving into the Church and attending at his death a man formerly a member of the Orthodox Church, Father Mantvila had been prohibited from exercising the ministry in his native country, and gladly accepted exile on learning of the need of Lithuanian priests in the United States. A cousin of his, by whom he was greatly esteemed and beloved, is pastor of a church in London.

The morals of our Methodist brethren, judging from reports read at their general conference at Minneapolis, are not improving. And we regret to say that their manners also seem to have undergone no change for the better. Methodist persons — many of them — still persist in calling Catholics Papists and Romanists, — names as little consonant with propriety as with the spirit of Christian charity. It is to be feared that the complaint of the neglect of Methodist literature by Methodists themselves is only too well grounded. The ministers have been giving too much attention to anti-Catholic literature; and the brethren, departing from the tradition of the ancients, have also been indulging overmuch in fiction. From "Portraiture of Methodism," which used to be a standard work among strict-observance Methodists, present-day disciples of John Wesley might have learned that "the odious names Papist and Romanist are no longer applied to the Roman Catholic Church by any scholar or gentleman."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Children and the Angels.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

WHEN little children wake at morn
To greet once more the day newborn,
The angels take each tiny hand
And lead them forth from Slumberland.
When little children laugh and play
'Mid snares and perils of the day,
The guardian angels stand between
Each lure and pitfall dark, unseen.
When little children sink to sleep,
Above them white-winged angels keep
A loving watch from dark to light,
All through the terrors of the night.
And when in dreams they softly smile
With hearts and lips that know not guile,
Their souls forsake the haunts of men
And wander back to heaven again.

The Secret of Pocomoke.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XX.—HAROLD'S FIND.

THREE weeks had passed since Miss Patricia's home-coming. Spring was reigning royally at old Pocomoke, and making the most of her brief queen-dom; for summer would soon claim her throne. Already the June roses were in bud; the starry blossoms of the jasmine filled the air with fragrance; the warm breezes swept at will through the wide-open windows, as Cousin Max rested in grandpap's big easy-chair on the southern porch. He was still very white and weak; even the bracing air and the glad sunshine of old Pocomoke seemed unable to quicken the tide of life in his chilled and sluggish veins.

"It looks as if winter had set in with me for good and all," he said, with a wan smile, to Father John, who, under the pretext that he needed rest, was lingering at Pocomoke in kindly care for the stricken man,—the "friend of his friend," who had called out to him by that claim in his sorest need. Cousin Max had turned back to the Faith of his fathers, had made his peace with God while he still lay in the valley of the Shadow, and now he was accepting humbly what he felt to be the just punishment of his past infidelity and neglect.

"Winter set in! Tut! tut!" was the hearty answer. "No man under three-score should talk like that. Winter! Why, you'll wake up out of this and find you are just in your September prime!"

But, in spite of this cheery influence, in spite of Mam's broths and jellies and panadas, in spite of fresh eggs and cream, and buttermilk—such as all his past millions could not buy,—in spite of grandpap's chair, that could be turned into a cushioned chariot at will and wheeled by Harold or Pat around garden and lawn, Cousin Max still lay back among his cushions pale and feeble. It looked as if winter had set in for him indeed.

Little Pat, happy in her guardian's escape from all the danger that had seemed to threaten him, delighted to have him safe in her loving care, jubilant at her return to all that she loved, saw nothing dreadful in the situation; but Harold understood. With the new manliness that had come to him in these last trying weeks, he longed in some way to lift the burden under which his father lay crushed and helpless, and with his strong young arms to raise dear old dad into hope and life again. But he was only a boy, as yet untrained, untaught. It would be long years before he could

be of any great use. And there were his mother and Gladys and dad, all helpless alike, needing home and care and service and all that money would bring. And there was a heavy mortgage on Peyton Hall, as he knew, and the little money that Pat had in her guardian's hands, had been invested, as Cousin Max had thought most advantageously, in the stocks whose tumble had been so disastrous.

Harold had heard his father's remark to Father John this morning, and strolled off with his hands in his pockets, feeling very gloomy indeed. Pat and Ginger were out in the strawberry patch behind the barn, but he was in no mood for berry-picking to-day. He wandered away down to the Creek, and stood looking at the rough, frowning heights beyond and above it. This was all he had in the world,—this big black mountain, full of bears and wild-cats. It was just like him—"no good." But this morning he felt inclined to take a look at it; so, crossing over the stepping-stones around which the Creek now rippled gently as if it had never known storm or frost, Harold proceeded to climb these threatening heights, and explore his unpromising possessions, keeping a watchful eye and cautious ear for their dangerous tenants.

But there was no sign of bear or wild-cat to-day. No longer fierce with hunger and cold, they were dozing amiably in den and cave, and had left the rugged steeps to gentler occupants—warbling birds, leaping squirrels, and bright-eyed chipmunks. Mosses and lichens veiled the sharp, rude rocks; the softer slopes were gay with mountain pinks and columbine; the air sweet with the breath of wild grape and honeysuckle.

Harold climbed on, feeling that Big Black was not so bad as it had been painted, when suddenly his foot slipped from under him and he felt himself sliding down—down—down—down, out of the light, the sunshine, the air, into great black depths, where he could neither see nor hear.

Despite his cheery words this morning, Father John, too, felt troubled. Cousin Max, with all the responsibilities of a helpless, impoverished family upon him, with little Pat's future in his hands, seemed broken down indeed beyond hope of recovery. It was just, it was right; for the sick man, in the days of his pride and strength, had forgotten his God; but now! He was humbled and penitent now.

"Ah, well, it is time to pray!" said Father John, as he took his way, as was the wont of other holy men of old, to the mountain-top for an "hour with God," grieving as even holy men will for the misfortunes and mistakes they can not avert.

"I suppose I'll live to see Peyton Hall pass into the hands of strangers; and Pat—Dick's little Pat,—God only knows how she will be educated now. Of course the good Sisters of Ste. Croix would take her in; but Dick Peyton's girl a dependent, almost a beggar, is a hard thought. Dick, poor, dear Dick, he had visions of a fortune until the last: a railroad through the Gap, and great-grandfather's mine discovered,—the mine that the cranky old gentleman was offered any amount of Northern capital to work. The days we boys spent scurrying the mountain for that mine that old granddad had filled up 'to keep a mob of Yankee miners out of old Pocomoke.' Poor, dear, dreamy Dick!"

And, absorbed in his tender remembrances of the past, Father John kept on his way; Fritz, who always claimed the right to accompany him, trotting quietly at his side, as if conscious there were thoughts no dog, however privileged, should interrupt. Together they crossed the Creek, and kept on up the rugged side of Big Black of whose frowning heights Father John had no fear; they brought back memories that were very dear to Uncle Scip's "wustest boy" that used to scour their wild summits in the long ago.

But even Big Black seemed to wear a

springtime smile to-day. The pinks and columbines starting into shy bloom among the rocks, the fragrance of rich new growth in the air, the sunshine that trembled like a benediction into the dark shadows, recalled to Father John that Easter Day not long ago when he had closed the mission in the great city, and felt the sin-stained depths around him wakening to God's light and love.

Still climbing upward, he reached his favorite solitude — a ridge where Pocomoke vanished behind barriers of rock and pines, and Big Black shelved down westward in slopes that opened visions of the distant river, where the smoke of the little railroad of Treseott rose faintly against the azure sky. And again Father John's troubled thoughts turned to the hopes and dreams of his dead friend.

"Poor Dick! If Pocomoke had not been shut in so hopelessly, it might be worth something still. It's only a short cut of ten miles to the river here; but with Big Black's trackless heights to cross — halloo, Fritz! What is it, old boy?"

For Fritz, who had been sedately keeping pace at his friend's side, suddenly started forward, with pricked ears; and then, plunging into a clump of furze bushes, began to bark wildly.

"Fritz! Fritz!" called Father John anxiously, fearing that some fierce freeholder of these rocks would respond to this daring challenge. "Don't you know better than to rouse wild-cats, Fritz? Come away,—come away!"

But Fritz only tore wildly at dead leaves and furze, barking the louder.

"Fritz! Fritz!"

Father John, bending over to grasp the dog's collar and drag him from the unequal combat, caught another sound that was no awakening wild-cat's growl. It came faint and muffled from the depths below:

"Hi there,—hi, hi, Fritz! Call 'em, Fritz! Call 'em, Fritz!"

"What — where in God's name — *who*

is that calling?" cried Father John excitedly, as Fritz bared a great fissure yawning black and deep in the rock.

"It's I—Harold Granville!" came the answer from below. "I slipped down here two hours ago and can't—can't climb out."

"Harold, Harold my poor boy! Are you hurt?"

"Father John! Hooray! hooray!" rose in feeble triumph from the depths. "No, I'm not hurt much. Turned my ankle a little, and am knee-deep in water. But I thought I was gone for sure. Get some men and a rope to haul me out, Father; for this hole stretches every sort of way, and I dare not move, or I'll get lost in the blackness. It's a cave or a mine, I don't know which."

"The mine,—the lost mine!" cried Father John, as the truth of Harold's find burst in dazzling radiance upon him,—great-grandfather Peyton's hidden mine, that he had grimly closed lest its workings should disturb the peaceful plenty of Pocomoke, bring in a horde of poor whites to break its aristocratic calm, unsettle the two hundred dusky laborers working happily on its fields and ridges; great-grandfather Peyton's mine, for which Marse Jack and Marse Dick had scoured the heights long ago, for which Cousin Max and Pat's father had vainly explored in latter days, for which Link's "purspectors" had been searching last year! It was indeed the lost mine to which pitying angels had led Harold unaware.

He was drawn out, wet to his knees, with a sprained ankle and a bruised arm, shaken and white and smudgy, but with strange new fortune for his ruined family in his boyish grasp; for his wild heritage was ribbed and veined with wealth untold.

The news of his find was soon thrilling electric wires far and near. Prospectors, investors, speculators, thronged the heights of Big Black; while the sheltered slopes of Pocomoke, guarded from rude approach by the rocky battlements beyond the

Creek, woke to life again. Cousin Max, roused into hope and strength, felt all his old powers quicken, and took command of the situation.

It was a wonderful summer at Pocomoke. Never since the days "befoe' de war" had the great house been so full of hope and cheer, of wide, glad outlook for the young lives that were to be guided henceforth in nobler ways than Cousin Max had ever planned in the past. Cousin Marcia's shattered health and nerves still required old Aunt Martha's loving care, so she remained in her uncle's cottage within reach of specialists and nurses; but Gladys, lured by Harold's stories of the joys of mountain life, came down, with Lois and Alice Moran, for a vacation at Pocomoke. Kind old Madame Lorraine was coaxed from her convent apartment for a summer visit to Betty Trevor's old home. Father John came at brief intervals, between his missions and retreats, to discuss and advise. The wide slopes of Peyton Hall were to be smoothed into their ancient beauty, the old house to be repaired. Pat was to go to the convent school of her godfather's choice.

"And I's gwine too," proclaimed Ginger, rapturously, one summer evening, as she burst into the kitchen where Mam was frying a pair of Speckleneck's chickens for supper. "Father John he say I kin go for suah."

"Go 'way, gal!" retorted Mam. "What you talking 'bout? You reckon dey's gwine to take a little Nigger inter de white folks' school, with gran' young ladies like Miss Pat?"

"Yes'm, yes'm, dey will,—dey will; not for de gran' white school, but ter wait on de table and wash de dishes and clean de knives and forks and scrub de ilecloth, and git de book learning and de church learning and de hebbin learning in twix times. Dey'll take dis little Nigger for dat, Mam,—dey'll take me for dat, ef you say I kin go."

"I ain't a-hindering you," answered Mam, making a gruff effort to hide her

delight. "You'd be no good left here a-pining and a-peaking arter Miss Pat was gone. But, mind! Doan't you come back hyar wif no free Nigger airs. Ef you does—" Mam paused to turn Speckleneck's offspring in the sizzling pan,— "ef you does, wall—'ll take 'em out ob you for suah."

But, heedless of this dire threat, Ginger had already darted away to help Miss Lois and Miss Pat, who were out on the porch stripping grandma's climbing rose vines to fill the altar vases for to-morrow, when Father John was to say Mass in the big drawing-room. High above the white pillars Link was perched, cutting down the thorny bloom the girls could not reach; while above the laughter and the chatter on the porch, where Cousin Max and Father John sat smoking among the young people, came the pant and throb of new engines on the unseen heights beyond the Creek.

"Big Black's woke up!" chuckled Link, as Uncle Scip, raking away the scattered leaves from the gravel below, raised his grizzly head to listen. "He is woke up to work suah!"

"Das so, chile,—das so! Nebba thought I'd lib to see dat cuss place a-casting out its debbils and a-passing under de yoke like dis. It's de hand ob de Lord, chile,—de hand ob de Lord!"

Pat had started up from her roses to listen, too. All around her the green slopes of her own mountain home lay in sunlit calm. The birds were singing in the oaks. Dear Madame Lorraine was saying her evening Rosary over grandma's grave. The fierce pulse of the new life would never shake the sweet peace of old Pocomoke.

"O Cousin Max," said Pat, dropping down on a stool at his feet, "do you remember that dreadful night when it nearly broke my heart to give up the Secret of Pocomoke? And there was no secret, after all!" she added, with a happy little laugh.

"I am not so sure of that," answered

Cousin Max softly, as he laid his hand on Pat's curls. "I think there was, Pat."

"Where?" asked Pat. "There's not a pinch of coal in this place, as everyone says."

"Perhaps not, but there are better things than coal, Pat. You showed me the depths of a warm, tender little heart, willing to give all that it held dearest on earth to save and help. And how it saved and helped me — ah, well, that must be the Secret of Pocomoke still! Only Father John knows, and he will never tell."

(The End.)

Eddie's Dog.

Fido was a large dog of the shepherd breed, — a common enough looking dog, with thin, waving hair, and a tail that seemed too long for his lank body. His eyes always looked as though he had taken no sleep the night before; and whenever I petted him he would utter a low growl, which seemed to say, "Lookout, or I'll bite you!"

When I came to live with Mrs. Goodmeadow I wondered that she could tolerate such a dog around the house, not to speak of feeding him regularly, and giving him a mat to sleep upon. I had several times teased Fido, and had determined to continue the practice, hoping in this way to rid the house of his presence. But one day the landlady reproached me, as though I had committed a crime, and began to pet Fido, as if he were a prince of pugs instead of the ill-natured brute I considered him.

Some weeks after this I tried to make amends by inviting Mrs. Goodmeadow to a dog show that was to be held in our city; but she declined, saying that she really disliked dogs. I looked at her in astonishment, and asked mentally: "If you hate dogs, what ever could have induced you to adopt that tramp dog, Fido?" — "You see, it was this way,"

she explained. "Eddie was my only boy, a bright little fellow of eight years, with large brown eyes, and a face that beamed with good-nature. Last summer he was suddenly taken ill with typhoid fever; and, though I stayed by him day and night to nurse him, though the best doctors were consulted, it was no use. His young life burned out like a candle after a short two weeks of sickness. The house has never been the same since he left; he was its sunshine and its life."

And she lifted her apron to her eyes to wipe away the tears that had now begun to fall.

"I said I disliked dogs," she continued presently; "and I do. But Fido was Eddie's dog, and they were inseparable companions. I am sure that poor animal would have given his life to save or protect his little master, whose death grieved him so much that for several days after I could not prevail upon him to eat; and he has always refused to make new friends. Eddie loved Fido; and the dog knew this and returned his affection. I can not help liking him because Eddie liked him. He may be a mongrel and a cur, or whatever else you wish to call him; but he was Eddie's dog, and that makes the difference."

The Mayflower.

The trailing arbutus is known in New England as the Mayflower, owing to the season of its blooming. This beautiful blossom is very particular as to its home, refusing to grow anywhere save in a wood upon a hillside, and absolutely declining to become a resident of gardens. It has flowers that shade from white to deep pink, leaves that can not quite make up their minds whether they will be green or bronze, and the sweetest perfume that ever was. The arbutus is one of the first flowers of spring, its thick mat of leathery leaves bearing the pink blossoms often hidden under the snow.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The new edition of Newman's "Verses on Various Occasions". (Longmans, Green & Co.) includes "The Dream of Gerontius." Though in large and readable type, the book is very handy as well as attractive.

—A fine side of the character of the late W. T. Stead, who perished in the *Titanic* disaster, is noted by the *Athenæum*—his fearless advocacy of what he believed. "From early years he had insisted on not writing against his convictions. He was much liked by his friends, and ever ready at his busiest time to help others."

—From a recent novel (for good and sufficient reasons it is not named) the London *Tablet* quotes the following passage, which, in the sense intended by the writer, is both a tribute and a compliment:

Rome may have her faults, but there is something tremendous and sublime about her—a wisdom that rides with such steadiness over the troubled seas of life, a doctrine made for all time, a faith which discriminates so infallibly between essentials and nonessentials. And, say what you will, her priests are nearly always men of the world.

—Another welcome book by Fr. Matthew Russell, S. J., has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co.—"The Three Sisters of Lord Russell of Killowen and their Convent Life." The volume is largely made up of the nuns' letters to one another, all three being Sisters of Mercy; but several chapters are devoted to the private life and character of their brother, the Chief Justice, who figures frequently in their correspondence.

—It will gratify admirers of Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman's juvenile stories—they are legion, judging by the popularity of "The Secret of Pocomoke," which is concluded in the present number of THE AVE MARIA—to know that "Billy-Boy" will be ready in book form next week. This is unquestionably one of the brightest and best children's stories in the language. It would be hard to name a more desirable book for a Catholic boy or girl. Feeling sure of its being in general demand as a gift, we have taken pains to make the externals of "Billy-Boy" as attractive as possible.

—Responding to the toast, "The Immortal Memory of William Shakespeare," at a dinner given by the Shakespeare Society of Manchester, England, last month, Bishop Casartelli, the guest of honor, said that when one thought of Dante one could not help thinking of Shakespeare, and one could not think of Shakespeare without also thinking of Dante. If one came to compare the two greatest poets in the world's

history, one saw how extremely different in every way were not only their careers but even their works. Yet it was impossible to find two poets more alike. For, after all, in spite of the varieties of the literary form used by them, we find in the works of each a complete and entire philosophy of life and of the things of this world and of the world to come.

—In "Poverina," Evelyn Mary Buckenham has written an edifying little story for juveniles. The "milk of human kindness" is its theme; and how a simple act of Christian charity led on to others which were the means of righting a great wrong and bringing cheer to many worthy hearts will make profitable, if not exhilarating, reading for the children. The story forms a new volume of Benzigers' Library of Moral Entertainment for the Young.

—A book of spiritual reading which should have a wide sale among Catholics of every class—a volume which we should be glad to see replace many others of its kind—is "Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales," compiled by J. H. A.; published by the English Catholic Truth Society, and for sale in this country by B. Herder. Those who are familiar with the Saint's writings will know what to expect in this work—wisdom, unction, charm. The readings have been carefully selected and are arranged for every day of the year. Many of them now appear in English for the first time. A most welcome publication, for which we sincerely hope there will be a long-continued demand wherever our language is spoken. Future editions should be supplied with a marker.

—Lord Tennyson's obituary poem, "J. S.," was written on the morning of Sir John Simeon's funeral. Sir John, a convert to the Church in 1851, shared with Arthur Hallam and Henry Lushington the intimate friendship which England's poet laureate commemorated in these touching lines:

Nightingales warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee:
Shadows of three dead men
Walked in the walks with me,—
Shadows of three dead men, and thou
Wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods:
The Master was far away:
Nightingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasts but a day;
Still, in the house, in his coffin, the Prince
Of Courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee:

Two dead men have I loved
 With a love that ever will be;
 Three dead men have I loved, and thou
 Art last of the three.

Some interesting reminiscences of Sir John—we have quoted from them—will be found in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for April.

—There should be a large sale in America as well as Great Britain for Mr. Percy Cross Standing's new book, "Guerilla Leaders of the World," for the simple reason that the author includes in his story sketches of Generals Forrest, Morgan, and Moseby, as well as of the tragic episode of General Custer's defeat by Sitting Bull and his braves. South America is not forgotten, as there is a section devoted to Simon Bolivar and his coadjutors in the War of Independence; while Mexico figures in a chapter treating of the work of Juarez and Diaz in the Sixties. The volume is freely illustrated with battle pictures and plans of battlefields, these last being the work of our contributor, Mr. J. Hilliard Atteridge. It is brought up to date so as to include the guerilla fighting of Generals De Wet and Delarey in South Africa. The Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, General Sir Reginald Wingate, assisted Mr. Standing with the chapter dealing with the notorious Osman Digna. Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales." J. H. A. \$1.
 "Poverina." Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cts.
 "The Price of Unity." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$1.50, net.
 "Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography." Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.
 "The Rule of St. Clare." Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. 15 cts.
 "Via Franciscana." 90 cts.
 "Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.
 "The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.

- "The Coward." Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.
 "Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism." Hubert Gruender, S. J. \$1.
 "Sacred Dramas." Augusta Theodosia Drane. 90 cts.
 "Told in the Twilight." Mother Salome. 85 cts.
 "The Divine Trinity." Rev. Joseph Pohle, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Faith Brandon." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.30.
 "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. 65 cts.
 "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.
 "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown." André Prévot, D. D. 85 cts., net.
 "The Little Apostle on Crutches." H. E. Delamare. 45 cts.
 "Lincoln's Selections." Andrew S. Draper. L.L. D. 35 cts.
 "Annus Liturgicus." Michael Gatterer, S. J. \$1.
 "Back to the World." (Champol's "Les Révérentes.") L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.
 "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
 "Cases of Conscience for English-Speaking Countries." Vol. II. Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Elements of Social Science." Dr. Lorenzo Dardano. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Lawrence Bax, of the diocese of Louisville; Rev. John J. Ryan, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. David Smith, diocese of Middlesborough; and Rev. Robert Ryan, S. J.

Brother Eugene, of the Xaverian Brothers.

Mother M. Serapia, of the Sisters of St. Mary; Sister M. Philomena, Sisters of St. Benedict; Sister M. Clare, Society of the Holy Child; and Mother M. Léonie, Little Sisters of the Holy Family.

Mr. David G. Smyth, Mr. Luke Krespach, Mr. Joseph Condon, Mr. William Dehner, Mr. John Menahan, Mrs. Mary Bittner, Mrs. James Flattery, Mr. John Schrufer, Miss Matilda Callaghan, Mr. Joseph Beisel, Miss Eleanor McDonough, Mr. W. H. Bradley, Mrs. Mary Tully, Miss Annie Cox, Mr. Andrew Coyne, Miss Mary Behan, Miss Anna Hackstie, Mr. Thomas Mooney, Mr. Andrew Nicol, Mrs. Anne McClean, Mr. Thomas Craden, Mrs. Julia Devine, Mr. Adam Osten, and Mr. Edward Rittenhouse.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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The Counsellor.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

EARLY with the morning,
 Late again at night,
 Calmly stands a counsellor
 Clear before my sight,
 Weighing wrong and right.

Early in the morning
 This he says to me:
 "Up and hold the battlement,
 Where, what passions be,
 Keep a standard free."

Ah! but with the noonday
 Languid I forget,
 And the watchful enemy
 Watchlessly I let
 Mount the parapet.

Chiding then the nighttime
 Smites my traitor ear:
 "Wounds you wear of cowardice,
 God alone it's clear
 Kept the standard here."

Give me yet a morrow
 So I'll bear the fight:
 Pray me, faithful counsellor,
 Death that brings the night
 Find my standard bright.

A Gift of the Holy Ghost.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

PIETY is a thing much talked of, but often very little understood. We often hear it said: "Oh, So-and-so" (generally a "she," sometimes a "he") "is very pious!" And not unfrequently the speaker adds: "I am not pious. It is not in my line." Yet the persons who talk thus are people who wish to be good and certainly hope to save their souls. It happens sometimes that there is not absent from their tone a suspicion of mild contempt when they speak of piety and pious people. If one were to ask them straight out, "Do you not think piety a most desirable thing and altogether to be praised!" they would undoubtedly say "Yes,"—they must say "Yes"; but again they would add, "It is not in my line. I shall be quite satisfied if I can do enough to save my soul. I leave all that 'piety' to others."

These good folk would be much upset, probably, if one were to tell them that this is a dangerous line to take, or were to suggest that they can not have any *security* of salvation without piety; that they *must* be pious if their hope of heaven is not to be suspiciously akin to presumption. Why is it that, although they admit the desirableness of piety, people speak of it in this way?

In the case of some people the reason undoubtedly is that they do not understand in what true and genuine piety or

As the earth can not bring forth fruit or flower without wind, though it has rain and dew, so it is impossible for the Christian to bring forth fruit, though he receive the dew and rain of sound doctrine, unless he receive the breathing of the Holy Spirit.—*St. Chrysostom.*

devotion (for "piety" and "devotion" are two names for the same thing) really consists. Hence they think it is something out of their reach, or at least it has not been presented to their minds as a practical matter claiming their attention and within the purview of their daily lives. Others, again, have sufficient wit to perceive that there are various kinds of false piety or devotion. They could not, perhaps, explain wherein this false piety fails, but they see that there is something wrong about it. In the conduct of professedly pious persons, and of persons who have established a reputation for piety, they observe things which do not commend themselves to them (it would be surprising if they did), and are the reverse of attractive. Not knowing enough about piety to distinguish those elements which make the difference between the genuine article and its spurious imitations or adulterations, they disregard piety in general.

What, then, is true and genuine piety and devotion? It is a question well worth considering. I might begin by describing several kinds of false piety—imitations and adulterations—on the principle that by learning what a thing is *not* we go a long way toward learning what it *is*. But I prefer to leave for another occasion the consideration of spurious forms of piety, false imitations of devotion; treating now of the positive side of the subject and endeavoring to explain in what true and genuine piety consists.

It is Father Faber, I think, who recommends us, when we wish to learn anything about spiritual matters, to consult those authors whose names begin with an S,—in other words, the canonized saints. I will take you to two eminent saints and Doctors of the Church for a description of true piety; they shall be St. Francis of Sales and that very great authority in the Church of God, St. Thomas Aquinas, who was at once a most profound theologian and an illuminated master of the spiritual life. St. Francis of Sales gives us, in that wonderful book of his, the "Introduction

to the Devout Life," in which the ancient and perennially true spiritual doctrine of the Gospels and the Church is so practically applied to the conditions of modern life in the world, a description of piety or devotion which will surprise many by its brevity. "Devotion, or piety," he says, "is nothing else than a certain spiritual agility and liveliness by means of which charity does its actions in us, and we act by charity, promptly and with affection." This description may at first sight appear a little obscure or complicated. It is in reality very clear and simple, as I hope to show. We will compare it with a still shorter description given us by St. Thomas Aquinas. He says that piety is "the will to give ourselves up readily to those things that belong to serving God."*

I will ask the reader to notice certain things about these two descriptions of genuine piety. And, first, we may see, for our consolation, that piety is not a matter in which we are left to ourselves: it is God's work in us, as well as our work, by our own efforts and co-operation, in conjunction with the Holy Spirit. St. Francis declares that piety is something by means of which "charity does its work in us;" and we act through charity. Now, charity is the gift of God, and the work of charity in the soul is the work of the Holy Ghost dwelling in us. Secondly, we should note that, according to St. Thomas, piety is a matter *not of the feelings, but of the will*. "It is," he says, "the will to give ourselves up readily to all that pertains to God's service."

Here I will make a slight digression—on the error, common enough and difficult to get rid of, which confuses devotional *feelings*, sweetness and consolation in prayer and spiritual exercises, with piety or true and genuine devotion. "I have no devotion," people say, when they mean that they have no devotional feelings. The error is somewhat serious, because it

* Summa, 2, 2, q. 82, art. 1, corp.

is so discouraging. It does harm especially when it goes so far that people imagine that they have not made a good Communion when such feelings have been absent. Far be it from any one—and it is far from the intentions of the present writer—to make little of or to despise devotional feelings, sweetness and consolation in prayer or at Holy Communion. These are often a gift from God, and a glad refreshment indeed in the weary way of life. But they are not devotion or piety itself, and true piety can and does exist without them. Sometimes such pious feelings are a matter of temperament. Even then they may be turned to good and made to help; but in this case they are to be made use of with special caution and not made much of.

Finally, after this slight digression we will note what is omitted from the description of piety given us by our two saints. There is not a word about various prayers, different devotions and practices of piety; of wearing medals and scapulars, of penances, fasting and mortification; not even of frequent confessions and Communions. Is this because the saints thought little of such matters? Assuredly not. We know from their lives that all the saints made much—very much indeed—of all these things. But these things, again, are *not devotion itself*,—they are not the *essence* of piety. They are, if used in the way God means them to be used, great and, in the case of some of them, entirely necessary aids to piety; they feed and nourish piety; piety lives upon them; some of them, notably prayer and the sacraments of confession and Communion, are the very life's breath of true piety, and without them it would certainly die. But, to repeat it, they are not piety itself, any more than the food we eat is identical with the blood that courses through our veins. Food, if properly assimilated, produces and nourishes pure blood; and sacraments and practices of devotion, if used aright, will produce and nourish true piety.

The mistake of thinking ourselves pious *simply* because we make many confessions and Communions, or invoke special saints, or wear medals and scapulars, is precisely what leads to some of the spurious kinds of piety of which I hope to treat in another paper, and which are so dangerous to those who permit themselves to be deceived. Whether we have or have not, true, genuine piety depends upon the *spirit* in which we carry out our religious practices,—from the necessary practices of confession and Holy Communion and hearing Holy Mass down to optional matters like wearing a scapular or cultivating one of the many excellent particular devotions approved of or recommended to us by the Church. And the great test of their right use is: "Are they accompanied by, and do they lead to, a faithful endeavor to reform our hearts and lives?"

The moral of all this is, not that we should give up prayers or confessions or Communions; not that we should neglect such devotional practices as we find—after prayer and thought and experience, and avoiding mere sentimentality and fancifulness in the choice of them—are calculated to foster true piety and devotion, but that we should take care to infuse, by God's help and grace, the right *spirit* into these things.

From the descriptions given by St. Thomas and St. Francis of Sales it is plain to see that piety, or devotion, presupposes the accomplishment or attainment of certain things the absence of which would do away with all claim to the possession of true piety at all. The first of the things thus presupposed is divine charity or the love of God. Nothing will supply the place of this,—no practices of devotion, no penances, no mortifications, not even the virtue of faith. Hear St. Paul's strong words on the paramount necessity of divine charity:

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling

cymbal; and if I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; and if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." And since piety, according to St. Francis of Sales, is something through which and by which divine charity acts in us, something by which we exercise charity and do the works of charity, it is evident that charity is a prerequisite for piety.*

Now, through the mercy of God, this divine charity or love of God is easily within the reach of all of us who will to have it. God does not ask impossibilities: He first gives to us what He demands of us; and charity, together with sanctifying grace, is poured out in our souls by the Holy Spirit, through the sacraments or by an act of true contrition. Everyone who is in the state of grace has divine charity as a supernatural gift and virtue in the soul. Thus, then, St. Francis, in demanding charity as a prerequisite for true piety, is demanding the *state of grace*.

Here I will quote from the same holy writer an assertion which should give much consolation to those who, trying earnestly to serve God, are yet only too conscious sometimes of the weakness of human nature and the strength of human passions. The saint says, in effect, that an occasional fall into mortal sin (though to be shunned like the plague) does not destroy the habit of piety nor make a person cease all at once to be a pious person, provided that a man rises quickly from sin, and provided that sin is not his habitual state. But piety certainly presupposes and requires that the state

of grace shall be the usual and habitual state of the soul.

We will pass now to the second prerequisite for true and genuine piety. It consists in the faithful effort to carry out the holy will of God, and to do Him service. This is shown by the description of piety given to us by St. Thomas: "The will to give ourselves . . . to those things that *belong to God's service*." Now, God's holy will is made known to us chiefly and ordinarily in three ways: by the Commandments of God, the Commandments of the Church, and the requirements of those duties which belong to each one's state of life. The Commandments of God and the Church bind all in common (with certain exceptions,—*e. g.*, as to the law of fasting and abstinence, in regard to the Commandments of the Church); while the duties of each one's state of life vary, of course, with individuals. Thus the prerequisites for true piety under this head will be greater, for instance, in the case of a priest than a layman, of a nun than of a married woman, of a grown-up person than a child, and so on.

But whatever each one's particular duties may involve, it is perfectly clear that any kind of piety which does not include the faithful effort to carry out well, for God's sake, the duties of one's state, the daily, and often humdrum tasks that God has set us to perform, is a mere sham. I have said "the faithful effort" to carry out these duties well; for I am not forgetful, nor is our Father in heaven forgetful, that human weakness causes even the best, unless they be living saints, sometimes to fail. But there must be the intention and endeavor to do our duty, and to battle against all that hinders us therefrom; and practices of religion, whatever they are, must be made use of to aid us in carrying out this elementary requisite of the Christian life.

The state of grace, and the keeping of God's Commandments do not of themselves constitute piety. What, then, is

* The "works of charity" are all good works that are done in a state of grace when charity is in the soul. They are theologically called "salutary" works, as meriting salvation by virtue of the grace and charity which are their principle and with which they are imbued.

piety? The very essence of true piety and devotion is that "spiritual agility and liveliness," that "promptness and affection" spoken of by St. Francis of Sales, that "readiness" mentioned by St. Thomas. This is what devotion, or piety, adds to the ordinary Christian life. By "affection" St. Francis of Sales does not mean emotional feelings, much less sentimentality. Emotional religious feelings may or may not be present, they may be a great help or they may be abused. What the saint means is a certain robust and active propensity to virtue and good for God's sake, which is a matter of exercising the *will*, with God's help, in doing what is right.

This, then, is actual piety and real devotion, — a certain promptness, activity, readiness, and *industriousness* in good works. These things, as I have already hinted, are partly from God, partly from our willing co-operation. Without God, we can do nothing toward the acquisition of true piety; without our co-operation, God's gifts are wasted. He gives us grace, charity, supernatural virtues, good desires and inclinations: our part lies in the willing and ready *exercise* and *use* of these gifts of God.

Nor does piety content itself with this. After making sure of the Commandments, it will, following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, even do more than is absolutely commanded: it will go on, according to the measure of grace and the call of God given to each, to seek new ways of pleasing the Divine Majesty. But this is a matter for each individual soul, and I will not dwell further upon it, as my object is rather to present piety under those aspects which are common to all who can be termed pious people.

The reader will say, perhaps, at this point, that I am talking not merely of piety but of perfection and high sanctity. No, this is not high sanctity; for high sanctity depends upon a high degree of charity and grace; it is piety upon a high level. Piety may and does lead to high

sanctity in those who give themselves up with great fervor, unremittingly and whole-heartedly, to its practice. I would agree, if the reader likes, that piety *is* perfection. It is a certain degree of perfection, not the highest. It is a degree of perfection within the reach of all, — nay, more, demanded of all by our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, when He says to every one of us, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy *whole* heart and with thy *whole* soul and with *all* thy strength and with *all* thy mind."

How are we to reconcile with these words of Jesus Christ the half-hearted service of those who say, "Piety is not in my line. I will be content if I manage to save my soul"? Let us, if you will, admit that piety *is* perfection, — perfection in a certain degree. It is the perfection which God justly expects when He expects that His wonderful gifts of grace and charity and supernatural virtues shall not be idle by reason of our sloth, and that the fire of divine love that He has lit up within us shall not smoulder but burst forth in flame and heat. Surely any Christian teacher or writer is bound to recommend piety to all without exception. He should do this chiefly for two reasons, apart from others that might be given. These reasons are that piety is *due to God* and necessary for us. Let us take the second reason first.

If only for our own interests, we ought to undertake and practise piety. We can not afford to neglect it. The issues of the struggle we must carry on against the enemies of our souls are so tremendous, — salvation or damnation. These are not matters in which we can safely take risks; and without a sincere endeavor to be truly pious there is great risk; there is the risk that we shall fall below the standard of keeping the Commandments and performing faithfully the duties of our state of life. St. Paul says to us: "With fear and trembling work out your salvation" (Phil., ii, 12); and St. Peter bids us "labor . . . that by good works"

we may make our calling and election sure.

It is due to God that we should strive after piety; it is due to Him that we should exhibit in His service that willingness, activity, promptness, readiness, and industry in which piety consists. "The son honoreth the father, and the servant the master; if, then, I be a father, where is my honor? If I be a master, where is my fear? saith the Lord of Hosts." (Malachias, i, 6.) We are bound to serve God as our Master; we are privileged to serve Him as His dear sons and children. The service of children is a service and obedience of love; and love is prompt, eager, active in its service to the loved one. And this is the essence, as we have seen, of true and genuine piety; so that piety is the truly loving service of our most good and loving Father.

Shall we let God ask of us, and so greatly honor us by asking this loving service of true piety, and refuse Him? Surely no, a thousand times no! Least of all ought Catholics to refuse. Being raised, in God's kingdom of grace, the Holy Catholic Church, to the high and unspeakably noble estate of sonship—raised thereto, moreover, by the unstinted love and the unsparing sufferings of Jesus,—surely in very honor we are bound and must for very gratitude make every effort to serve Him as cherished children should,—with true piety, true devotion, which is the very least return we ought to make for His great, undying love.

ALREADY I had learned from Thee that nothing ought to seem true because it is well expressed, nor false because the word-symbols are inelegant; yet, again, that nothing is true because rudely delivered, nor false because the diction is brilliant; but that wisdom and folly are like meats that are wholesome or unwholesome, and that either kind of meat can be served up in silver or in delf,—that is to say, in courtly or in homely phrase.—*St. Augustine.*

A Soldier's Sacrifice.

BY MARY CROSS.

WELL, I can't 'enthuse' about that sort of man. Good soldier, shared hardships with his men, and all that; but I think he was selfish.

Probably I can't take a quite impartial view of a rival, dead though he be. May he rest in peace, poor fellow!"

Harry Lathom, tall, slender, sunny-eyed, raised his hat at the aspiration uttered as he and Clare Holcombe walked lingeringly homeward from Ormskirk, as became a betrothed pair. Dark against the clear sky rose the pointed spire and massive embattled tower of the old church from which the town takes its name; the hush of a summer afternoon pervaded the streets.

"Poor Vincent!" said Clare, with a faint sigh. "He was always kind to me, Harry."

"If it is kind to induce a girl almost young enough to be one's daughter to promise to marry one."

"That is an unkind way of putting it. Vincent had been like a wise, grave, elder brother to me until the day he told me that he loved me and asked me to be his wife. I had just heard from mother that but for him we should have been cast penniless on the world, and our dear old home given into the hands of strangers; he had helped father through a financial difficulty; and, though the money had been repaid, in part, the debt of gratitude would remain forever. With that in my mind, I accepted Vincent, though I told him I did not know what love was."

"And wasn't that selfishness? Knowing that you didn't love him, that in years and experience you were a child compared with him, he would, nevertheless, have allowed you to sacrifice yourself and marry him!"

"But I did not know then what love is:

I hadn't met you," she said, blushing and smiling; "so there was not much sacrifice involved. Vincent was very, very fond of me, and we might have been happy enough together, only—"

"Providence intervened," finished Harry.

"Well, as you know, immediately after we had become engaged, he had to go to India on active service, and the day came when we read in the *Gazette* that Colonel Vincent Brighthouse, V. C., had been killed whilst bravely defending the Gwarka Pass. That was three years ago. Now poor father is gone, too."

"Let us look forward, not backward," said Harry, seeing the glitter of tears on the girl's long lashes. "We shall be married before the year is out, Clare; there will be no tragical termination to your second engagement."

By this time they had reached Holcombe House, the home which Vincent's generosity had secured for Clare and her mother,—a quaint, old, white building, with crossbeams of black oak and latticed windows, its gardens a revel of York-and-Lancaster roses, pansies, pinks, and mignonette; behind the house were fields red with sorrel and clover that shook with the brown bee's weight.

Harry held the gate open for Clare to enter; and Mrs. Holcombe, who evidently had been on the watch for their return, came hurriedly down the avenue, her pale, distressed face preparing them for startling news.

"Mother, what is the matter?" cried Clare.

"O my dear child, Vincent has come back!"

The girl gave a faint cry; Harry looked incredulous and resentful all at once.

"He will tell you everything himself," went on Mrs. Holcombe, nervously. "He is in the house, waiting to see you. I said that I would come and prepare you. What is to be done? I haven't told him about—Harry."

"What is to be done?" echoed that young man, impatiently, as Clare stood

silent. "Receive him as a dear friend, of course, nothing more. He can not expect to find everything just as he left it, nor that Clare would be bound by a memory."

"I think you had better not come in just now," said Mrs. Holcombe, quietly.

"I haven't the slightest desire to intrude," he returned. "I suppose, Clare, that you will tell Colonel Brighthouse of your engagement to me? He can't hold you to your former promise, surely."

"I do not know what I shall do. I have not had time to reflect," she replied, rather piteously. "Meet me in the plantation to-morrow about noon, and—"

"Can't you make your choice between us now?" he asked, with heat; then, as swiftly repenting: "I didn't mean that, dearest! I can trust you; I believe in your love and fidelity. So, until to-morrow, remember me!"

Clare walked silently beside her mother to the house, and entered a long, dim room, with engravings in old leather frames, worm-eaten cabinets, mighty punch-bowls filled with dried rose leaves, and dark oak panels. Out of its shadows emerged a thin, sinewy figure, with a worn, bronzed face, eager, tender eyes, and outstretched hands. The girl recoiled with a cry. It was as though the dead had arisen to claim her, to rouse her from her dreams of living joy.

"Have I frightened you?" asked Vincent; the hands she laid in his were cold as ice. "Perhaps it was wrong of me to return without warning, but I could not bear to delay another moment; I could not even wait to send a letter explaining all, so have I longed to see your face, to hear your voice once more, my own little Clare!"

"We had believed you dead," she faltered.

"I know. I was sorely wounded, and left helpless among my dead and dying comrades, whilst the enemy pursued the living; then I was carried off a prisoner, and kept a prisoner, far from home and all I loved. But, as you see, I could not

die away from you. I recovered, I escaped, and I am here. My kind old friend, your father, is gone; but I find you, Clare, and that compensates for all."

Pain, peril, and privation had written their autographs in deep lines on his face and in silver threads in his hair; but through all his love for Clare had not changed: it remained, the happiness of a lonely life, the hope of a reserved, profoundly sensitive nature. She had not the courage to tell him the truth.

Morning came, a day as cloudless and fair as its predecessor; but Clare saw not the glory of sunshine, heard not the liquid melodies the larks were raining down from the living blue above. "Out of the day and night a joy had taken flight that should return no more." Wan and sad, she stood at the trysting-place with her young lover, he, haggard from hours of sleepless jealousy; angry, wounded, bitter, because of her decision.

"I must keep my promise to Vincent," she said. "How can I tell him, after all that he has suffered, that he has come back to me in vain? I am bound in honor to him."

"And I, who love you as dearly, am to be flung aside? Clare, you are not sane! But I will not allow you to spoil your life and mine through quixotry and mistaken sentiment. I will appeal to Colonel Brighouse myself—"

"You must not: that would be cruel," she interrupted. "Put yourself in his place, Harry. Put yourself in mine: bound to him by a solemn promise, by a debt of gratitude—"

It was Harry's turn to interrupt, which he did rather fiercely.

"I can't stand any more of that, and I will not!" he declared passionately; and, turning on his heel, he strode away, his handsome, boyish face white with suffering.

Clare was his first love, at once his idol and his ideal, and that she could calmly speak of giving him up for the sake of a man whom she had never loved

almost maddened him. He did not discern that her calmness was the dead-calm of anguish. He felt on the verge of hating Colonel Brighouse, and clutched the little cross glittering at his watch chain to remind himself why the King of Glory had worn a crown of thorns.

It so happened that the Colonel had gone forth into the sunshine, too. He had read the morning papers, written to the War Office and to an old comrade, talked over bygone days with Mrs. Holcombe until household duties claimed her attention, and then had strolled into the garden in search of Clare. Every nook, every path reminded him of the past, had its own particular connection with her. Here was the flower-bed given her in childhood as her "very own," and still marked off from the rest by a circle of scallop shells he had gathered for her; there was "Our Lady's Garden," with *Ave Maria* in small blue flowers at the feet of the tall white lilies of the Annunciation. He remembered how Clare had designed it in the "Mary Month" so long ago.

He wandered to the plantation which lay beyond the brimming meadows and the orchard, where apples were ripening; and here again were memories. He had planted that tree with Clare on her birthday; on that grey-seamed trunk he had carved her initials; by that swaying sycamore he—the waves of romantic remembrance suddenly shivered on the hard rocks of present reality. Clare's voice, her lover's remonstrance and reproach, fell upon his ear and went into his heart with the sharpness of a sword-thrust. As one in an evil dream, he heard Harry's departing steps, and then the sound of a girl's pitiful sobbing. In the ensuing moments, when knowledge and understanding of the truth came upon him, he fought his hardest battle and gained his greatest victory.

"Clare has a bad headache," Mrs. Holcombe told him when he returned to the house. "I have made her lie

down for an hour or so. She will be all right then."

But a pallid, ghostly Clare she was when she did appear. Vincent was waiting for her in the old, sunshiny hall; he believed that delays are dangerous, therefore had resolved that the sun should not go down upon her sorrow again.

"What a white face!" he said reproachfully. "Have you not yet recovered from the shock of seeing the living-dead?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she answered hurriedly. "I am thankful that your life was spared, Vincent; that you did not die in miserable captivity."

"So am I, and all the more if I may help you, Clare. For it seems to me that you are not happy: that you have some grief, some trouble. Can't I help you, my own little Clare?" he asked, of set purpose repeating the fond phrase he had used the previous night. "Surely you can trust your big brother!"

A startled flush came into her face; her eyes held his with unconscious, involuntary questioning.

"There is something more than a headache the matter," he persisted. "Have you had a lover's quarrel? There must be a lover, I am sure; and if he isn't good and young and handsome and a staunch Catholic, I shall refuse my fraternal blessing. If it is he who has been making you cry so dreadfully, I am afraid I shall begin his acquaintance by being angry with him."

How more than happy he had made her! The weight of sadness fell from her like a mantle, color crept back to her cheeks, light and laughter to her eyes. The cloud in her sky had been only a passing one, charged with tempest though it had seemed.

Later, Vincent walked alone through quiet lanes, past peaceful scenes, familiar to him from childhood, though once he had thought to see them no more. How in the dreary prison they had haunted him, those white homesteads and fair green pastures, those hedges rich with

honeysuckle! He saw St. Anne's uplifting a shining cross above the graveyard, where shrubs and flowers trembled in the light wind. He entered the church, so cool, quiet, and restful; and, kneeling before the altar where many times he had knelt to receive the Bread of Life, he offered to the Crucified the sacrifice of his withered hopes, his broken heart. Something of the peace which passeth all understanding entered his spirit as thus he communed with the Divine Consoler, and it was never lost to him.

The Cry of the Heart.

BY C. R. ROLL.

THIS lonesome here and home so far away,—
 Here on the plains with only memories
 Of golden days, when like a bird of prey
 I flew about the hills and caught the breeze.
 Young was I then, and Sorrow had not doled
 Her legacy of sighs and heartaches too.
 I had a father: he was brave and bold,
 Yet gentle as your sister is to you.
 I had a mother: she was young and tall,
 With large, dark eyes. Together we would play
 Above the daisies; she would sing, and call
 Each passing bird by name; then she would say
 Some words about the flowers that come and go
 In Ireland, but never seem to grow
 In far-away Wyoming.

Have you sat silent at the close of day
 And looked across the wide plains all forlorn?
 Ah! if you have, there is no need to say.
 All my wild longings when my heart is torn.
 My father died a-sudden in the field
 One harvest day: they said 'twas heart disease,
 As if the knowledge would some comfort yield
 To her whose widowed heart no tear might ease!
 A little, and she followed him to God
 Like some fair flower that droops in summer's
 sun.

And now together 'neath the dark brown sod
 Of Irish earth they sleep, in death still one;
 While I, the houseless one, from year to year
 Follow the free herds of the plains out here
 In far-away Wyoming!

Have you felt yearning for a father's care?

Have you felt thirsting for a mother's tears?

Then you must know, and surely you will share

My yearning and my thirsting down the years,

Alone out here, where God seems far away,

Where the sweet prayers you know are seldom

said,

Where Sunday seems like any other day,

Where the same endless round of life is led.

I miss the prayerful greeting when men come,

I miss their prayerful parting when they go;

I hear no Angelus at set of sun

Calling the heart to prayer with chiming low.

Sometimes I say: "Dear God, O let me die

Here where my every breath is like a sigh,

In far-away Wyoming!"

I've lain upon the ground a summer night,

When every star was leaping in the sky,

When the moon softened all the land with
light,

And dreamed myself at home again. Each sigh

Of wind brought back a golden memory

From long-lost vistas of my boyhood days.

I dreamed the daisies shone in front of me,

The shamrocks grew beside untrodden ways,

Forever faithful and forever green,—

The symbol of the race. Then I awoke:

The shamrocks and the daisies were unseen,

And all the splendor of the vision broke!

A thousand dreams have stood before my view,

To vanish, vanish—never to come true,

In far-away Wyoming.

"Some day!" my heart pants in its feverish beat;

"Some day!" my eyes say, filled with hopeful
tears.

"Some day will turn the exile's wandering feet!"

Says Memory, looking back across the years.

The wheat will all be yellow on the land,

The shamrocks will lie close beneath the grass,

The tide that scatters seaweed on the strand

Will sing "a thousand welcomes" when I pass.

Dear God, to see the green hills of the child,

The man prays here upon the houseless wild,

In far-away Wyoming!



THE deepest thoughts are always tranquillizing, the greatest minds are always full of calm, the richest lives have always an unshaken repose.—*H. W. Mabie.*

An Apostle of America.

BY CECIL UNDERWOOD.

AN exquisite lyric, written by Father
Pise many years ago, called attention to the first American saint enrolled on the sacred calendar:

First flow'ret of the desert wild,

Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,

We greet thee, Lima's sainted child,—

Rose of America, all hail!

The story of Saint Rose of Lima should be familiar to all American Catholics. It is a beautiful story of consecration to God from the very cradle,—a story of early vows and heroic obedience to a religious calling, blended with the tenderest devotion to father and mother,—a thrilling story of triumphant virtue and overmastering grace; yet, withal, as sweet as the melody of that bird at her window during the final years, when the little songster of the wood came regularly at her wish, and for many a blessed hour sang alternately with the saint, the wonderful goodness and mercy of God.

But the student of American history loves to think that there are numerous uncanonized saints who have lived and died on American soil; and, while paying the highest honor to the memory of Saint Rose, we delight in looking forward to the joyful day when, through the favor of Rome, all those rare spirits who have hallowed the New World and whose companionship she now enjoys in heaven, will unite their names with her own, and form for all the years to come a brilliant American constellation. It is certain that we have an immaculate Rose in the Southland, but many a rare flower of heavenly hue bloomed in the Northern wilderness. Observe one whose lily-white petals exhaled the sweetness of divine grace; whose heart, like the stainless heart of Rose, was an overflowing chalice of divine love.

"O France," exclaimed Lacordaire, upon

reading the life of St. Louis, "thy sons are truly noble when possessed of religion! They are heroes, they are saints after God's own Heart." How much America owes to the nobility and heroism of the French nation! The very life of our Republic once depended upon the chivalry of France. In our secular history, there is no character more heroic than the noble-hearted Lafayette. And our ecclesiastical records bear similar testimony: La Salle, Marquette, Jogues, Guyard, Mance, Garnier, Ravoux, Cretin, Brébeuf, Sorin, Goupil, Bourgeois, Lacombe, Devost, Loras, Flaget, — the eye meets with a French name on almost every page of our earlier Catholic annals. These religious pioneers of France, some of them from the highest walks of life, were all of heroic mold. They entered the wilds of North America and brought the light of Faith to those untutored victims of sin and savagery who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. They gave up everything that man holds most dear,—home, country, kindred, friends, property, social and political preferment, luxury, often even life itself. They made this tremendous sacrifice for the greater glory of God, and made it willingly, generously, heroically. It is unreasonable, therefore, to cavil about their rank in heaven or about the spiritual honors to which they are entitled upon earth.

Now, I do not claim for Bishop Loras the highest place among American saints and martyrs. I have not singled him out of the blessed company of French priests and pioneers because he shines in our spiritual firmament as a star of the first magnitude. As an apostle of the wilderness, he is not so renowned as Marquette; he was not called upon to endure the frightful tortures and the cruel death of Jogues, though doubtless he would have done so if Providence thus willed; he did not work any miracles so surprising as those attributed to Saint Rose of Lima. In the missionary annals of our country, De Smet, Badin, and Lacombe are more

splendid and enduring names; while the American hierarchy includes numerous bishops who have far surpassed him in natural endowment, in scholarship and eloquence, and in the successful administration of the flocks committed to their care.

But, after all these concessions are made, Bishop Loras still remains a bright, particular star in the galaxy of American saints. We may claim this exalted rank for him in virtue of his stainless character and self-sacrificing example. It may be claimed for him because of the quenchless zeal and burning enthusiasm with which he plunged into the wilderness in order to rescue souls most dear to the Heart of Jesus Christ. The basis of a saintly life is self-sacrifice. It is the keynote of Christian conduct supplied by the cross. It is the great fundamental lesson taught by the Saviour of mankind. If the Lives of the Saints lay stress upon any particular virtue, it is surely that one which shines so brilliantly in the career of Bishop Loras.

Exile — voluntary, lifelong exile — was the first proof of self-sacrifice. So terrible is this privation that, as Cardinal Newman writes, many distinguished Romans in pagan times preferred suicide to banishment on the shores of the terrible Euxine. Not less gloomy was the prospect of our missionary exile as he waved farewell to parents and kindred and sailed away from the shores of sunny France. Before him for a thousand leagues spread the dark broad sea; and, beyond, the darker depths of the unexplored wilderness in which Death coiled and lurked and cast his fatal snare in a hundred ways. The moist meadows of the Phasis and the wave-beaten cliffs upon which Iphigenia sacrificed the shipwrecked stranger were mild and endurable in comparison with the dismal swamps and tangled thickets of America, where famine and fever prowled with the wild beast, and the blood-curdling war-whoop struck terror to the heart.

Tears glistened on the cheeks of Madame Loras as she bade her son farewell; but, with a fortitude worthy of the mother of the Maccabees, she brushed them aside and uttered these memorable words: "Son, remember that your father died for the Catholic Faith. So walk before God and men that Jesus Christ, whom you represent, will be honored and His name glorified by your life. You take to the New World not only the blessing of the priesthood, but the blessing of the blood of a Christian martyr."

It was, in fine, the spirit of complete self-immolation which impelled Bishop Loras to a voluntary and lifelong exile. It was that ineffable love of the human soul which was shared by his fellow-missionaries and by all the saints of God, and which receives its fullest expression in the bleeding Figure on the Cross. How often the thought of his luxurious home in Lyons and of his beloved France must have crossed the mind of this illustrious exile as he waded through the Southern morass or slept in the rude wigwam on the banks of the Mississippi! He who had been brought up in every luxury that wealth could obtain had now a stone for a pillow and acorns and wild herbs for subsistence. He who had private tutors in his youth and had long been accustomed to the elegant and refined society of Lyons now sought the companionship of the degraded Negro or roamed the plains with the wild, illiterate savage. Flesh and blood alone could not endure so tremendous a sacrifice, nor can we account for his act upon any natural grounds whatever. So we turn for an adequate explanation to divine grace, the mysterious power which transforms a man into a saint.

A characteristic often remarked in the lives of saints is their constant use of the power of prayer. Saint Rose of Lima often prayed for hours, not for self but for others. It is a peculiar fact that she made a specialty of praying for her enemies. How few of us are inclined to

specialize along the same line! If, indeed, we think of an enemy, it is seldom in the light of a soul for which Christ suffered and died. Now, it is a matter of record that Bishop Loras often prayed *all night* before the Blessed Sacrament for the conversion of a single erring soul. And God frequently answered his prayer. The conversion of non-Catholics became with him a passion, and he anticipated the great Paulist movement by nearly a quarter of a century. As early as 1840 he began to issue small tracts and pamphlets from a primitive press in Dubuque,—pamphlets intended for the enlightenment of Protestant neighbors. But a weapon which he always considered far more powerful than the press was prayer.

What sublime charity—to pray *all night*, through the long, dark, silent hours, till the star dials pointed to morn, beseeching the Saviour in the Sacrament of His Love to grant the inestimable blessing of the true Faith to some one of the erring thousands that surrounded him! It was reserved for this holy man to teach us by heroic example the priceless value of the human soul, and the use of the strongest weapon which God has placed in our hands for the conversion of America. Time and again Bishop Loras wrought conversions which seem to be nothing short of miraculous, so surprisingly did Heaven respond to his incessant prayers and petitions.

In reply to a query as to the best means of ascertaining a man's real character, a celebrated lawyer once replied: "Go down among his neighbors and get their opinion." The "saintly Loras" is the traditional title by which this holy Bishop is known in every city and hamlet and parish where he lived. Wherever his missionary zeal led him, he left a reputation for personal sanctity. The symbolism of art has instinctively placed a halo round the head of the saint; for there is unquestionably a halo round his life as he walks among his fellowmen. It is not

only seen, but *felt* by all who come into contact with him. And the local tradition, however vitiated by the lapse of memory and of years, however colored at times by a responsive human esteem, ever prone to exaggeration, will have, nevertheless, undeniable evidence for its basis and support. For such traditions ripen only upon fruitful soil; they come not from thorns nor thistles.

The friends and neighbors of Bishop Loras discovered his many extraordinary virtues—his profound humility, his ardent charity, his constant forgetfulness of self, his constant remembrance of others. They saw his kindness to the poor, the best beloved of God's kingdom. They saw the privations and labors which he endured while building up the Church in the midst of the wilderness. They saw the love and veneration that his own clergy bore toward him, recalling the affection of Timothy for Saint Paul. Above all, they saw his thirst for souls, which reminded them so forcibly of the Divine Master. And, seeing him thus, an exemplar and perfect pattern to the flock—so pure and holy and devout, so great in all his high offices, so richly endowed with the gifts of the spiritual life,—they did but naturally conclude that he was a saint. For they held that a missionary who would voluntarily undergo such hardship and mortification, whose very presence breathed the airs of the supernatural, loving poverty as a bride and loving the heathen as his own soul, must belong to the blessed company of Saint Philip Neri and Saint Francis of Assisi.

Now, the judgment of immediate friends and neighbors is confirmed in the wider circle of his influence; for he sent as many as five apostles—Cretin, Ravoux, Galtier, Mazzuchelli, Pelamourges—to outlying districts, with the hope of converting the wild tribes of Indians who roamed over the vast region lying between Canada and the Gulf, between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains. These apostles were inspired with his own zeal and

enthusiasm. They learned from him the lessons of self-sacrifice and self-denial, bearing witness that a saint may infuse his own virtues into his spiritual children. For years they had been his dear disciples before they ventured out alone in quest of souls. Each one of them bore the impress of the saintly model; and, after performing an apostle's part among colonists and Indians, passed on to enjoy an apostle's reward.

The letters of Bishop Loras to these disciples, when he could no longer be with them in person, constantly remind us of the letters of Saint Paul. As a keen critic of human nature has declared, a large part of the real life of a man is found in his letters. It was so in the case of Saint Paul; not less is it true in the case of the saintly Bishop Loras. He wrote numerous letters which breathe the same ardent spirit as that revealed in the great Apostle of the Gentiles. And it is a matter of regret that only a few excerpts can be quoted here in confirmation of what has already been observed respecting his zeal and holiness.

To Father Ravoux he writes: "You report of having mastered three Indian dialects spoken in Minnesota and the Dakotas. We counsel you not to stop until you have mastered *all* the dialects spoken in the Northwest. We must bring *all the tribes* into the Fold of Christ. Remember that the loving Saviour suffered and died for all." To Father Galtier, who was stationed at Fort Snelling, and who seemed to be proceeding rather slowly with his work in the vicinity of Saint Paul, Bishop Loras wrote as follows: "Industry is always an essential virtue in a clergyman. The best lesson taught us by our Protestant brethren is industry. See those sturdy New-Englanders how they come to our Western cities and build up mills and factories and workshops. They put us to shame. The penance we shall impose upon you is to *work incessantly* for the people. Remember, the reapers are few and the harvest is great.

May the loving Master watch over you from His eternal abode!"

In his pastoral letters to his clergy, he continually urged the holy virtue of temperance, employing this language to his priests: "We request this example of temperance from you, Father, for the best interests of our holy religion and for the temporal and eternal welfare of our Catholics, for whom you shall have to answer at the bar of the tribunal of God." In the interests of Catholic education, he writes to Bishop Cretin, of Saint Paul: "Thank God, there are now seven religious communities teaching the Catholic youth of my diocese! We hope to make the number a dozen. Before God, we are convinced that if the Church is to flourish in America, our youth must be taught and trained by the holy men and women who have consecrated their lives to the task."

Writing to the editor of the *Boston Pilot* in 1855, he has this to say about Catholic colonization: "By all means use your powerful influence with the Irish people to persuade them to leave the overcrowded cities of the East and come out to the rich farm lands of the Mississippi valley. Already there are several colonies of Germans in my diocese, and they are immensely prosperous. The Western lands should be filled with Catholic farmers. Instead of being slavish hewers of wood and drawers of water in the city, where there are so many temptations, they rapidly and easily become independent on the land. Their families have happy homes, and their children grow up in the practice of our holy religion. It seems to us that we can do nothing better for God and Holy Church than to promote Catholic colonization in the West."

It would be an injustice not to quote at least one letter in full. Accordingly, I select one in which the reader may see the writer's kinship with Saint Paul. It is a pastoral letter dated from Paris, 1850, and addressed to his flock in Dubuque:

"DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST:—As the father yearns to see his beloved children again, so our desire is to return among you, whom we love so tenderly; for although we be absent in the body, in spirit we are with you. We have found the months to pass heavily; and if we had not spent them entirely for the sacred interests of our holy mission we could not have remained away from you so long. In answer chiefly to your fervent prayers for us, the Lord has blessed our pious undertakings. Colonies of Catholic emigrants will come from Ireland, Germany, and France. Christian Brothers also have promised, and Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary; some of the latter will go to my old missions among the Creoles of Alabama.

"We could now, beloved friends, relate to you many edifying things that we have witnessed in Europe; but we hope speedily to be with you and to speak face to face. We would lose no time in being soon among you in that faithful field entrusted to our care by the Divine Husbandman. We request our reverend and truly dear clergy to say at Mass the prayer *pro peregrinantibus* every day until our return. And for the rest, beloved brethren, may the peace and love and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the charity of God come and dwell in all your hearts! Amen."

Ab uno disce omnes. The letters alone of Bishop Loras, without any other testimony, would be amply sufficient to prove his saintliness of character, as they unquestionably reveal his nobleness of soul.

God buries His workmen but He carries on their work. The zeal and energy displayed by Bishop Loras did not die at his death. His heroic and vitalizing example still animates the great churchmen whom Divine Providence has sent as guardians of the flock throughout the spacious valley of the Mississippi. Like the tree beside the waters of which the Psalmist loves to sing, Christianity struck its roots deep into American soil,

and the fair form of Catholicism rose up and grew and prospered, till her branches now cover the land and present leaves of healing to all our generations. The events which make the history of the American Republic extend through many years of the past, and will, we are convinced, reach far into the future; but no event of our splendid and ever-unfolding national drama will have deeper significance for the Catholic mind than the magnificent picture of this gray-haired veteran of the Cross as he stands upon the banks of the "Father of Waters," surrounded by an illimitable forest, and, with the mitre and crosier of an apostle, sanctifies the heart of a mighty continent; laying firmly the foundations of our Catholic Faith in the New World, and invoking upon his adopted country the same blessing that Saint Paul brought to the Tiber, and Saint Boniface to the Rhine. It is a picture worthy of a place near the great Apostle of the Gentiles,—a sublime picture of moral and religious heroism, which, from generation to generation, must ever revive the courage and renew the hope of the chosen people of God.

DOES it seem strange that in his long episcopate, and with his tremendous influence, Cardinal Manning should not have built, or at least begun, a cathedral worthy of his great archdiocese? Such a one was projected as early as 1865. Cardinal Manning, then archbishop-elect, expressed his willingness to forward the work; but first he must build schools for the many thousands of poor Catholic children in London, who were running wild in the streets. Like a great American bishop, he evidently believed that if schools were not built for the children of this generation, there would be little need of churches for the adults of the next. To the God of the universe, what was the Temple of Jerusalem, what is St. Peter's, beside the soul of some little ragamuffin in the slums of London or New York?

—*Katherine E. Conway.*

The Peabody Conscience.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

FROM the time when Henry Colby was old enough to understand what his elders were discussing, he had determined to go "out West" as soon as he was a little larger and could scrape together money enough for the venture. Once in a while some one came back from the golden land, and, anxious for the admiration of his friends, scattered silver judiciously among their children. Henry never spent his as the other youngsters did, but put each coin away in a safe place and bided his time. He had no intention of tilling the rich prairie soil, but had higher ambition. Once on a never-to-be-forgotten visit to the city he had seen a druggist's window, and it had fascinated him so much that he had spent the hours of a long day admiring the different colors in the glass jars while his father attended to the business that had taken him from home. The account Henry gave of his journey was not satisfactory to his young brothers, who had vague ideas of camels, or at least merry-go-rounds.

In time Opportunity knocked at Henry's door. A man, a former neighbor, called back to New Hampshire by his mother's death, was relating the story of his success. He had, he said, made a "tidy sum" in the drug business, but it was hard to get proper help. Boys were trifling and made mistakes, and educated pharmacists valued their services at a price that ate up the profits. Henry went with him to the gate.

"I've studied chemistry," he said, "and I want to go West. I can learn."

"Yes," answered Mr. Brown; "and it will be pleasant to have a Hilltop boy to speak to. I start Monday. Can you be ready?"

Could he! He had waited years for this hour, and every contingency was provided for. A little mending by his mother and a few purchases in the village were

all he needed. Mr. Brown was to pay his railway fare. Henry did not mention his savings. Sunday night he went to say good-bye to Hannah Peabody, whose father's hill farm joined that of the Colbys.

"When I get ahead," he told her, "I shall come back for you."

"It seemed the most natural thing in the world. Hannah had never known another young man, and to marry Henry and go to the golden and unknown West looked to her like profound happiness.

"You may find some one else," she suggested shyly. And of course he answered her after the manner of lovers of all time. "And you're such a good manager," he added, "you'll help me along."

This pleased her. They were thrifty folk in that region, and she resolved to deserve his praise. And from him it was high approbation. Like the man in the old verse, "he had a frugal mind." In fact, the miserly instinct was already well-developed in him; but his friends were not analytical. "Henry's awful *near*," was as close as they came to the truth.

He and Hannah parted with but little display of sentiment. His thoughts were largely engrossed with his coming journey; hers, with plans for perfecting herself in the art of managing a household. She had heard of a cake that could be made without eggs or butter, and she would, she resolved, try one the next day.

As soon as the young couple were separated they began to idealize each other. Hannah thought affectionately of the one who had gone valiantly out to seek his fortune and her own; and Henry, being somewhat homesick, compared the shy New England maid with the lively Western girls, to their disadvantage, and became, he thought, fonder of Hannah as the years rolled by. And they rolled swiftly! When five of them had passed there came a decisive note from the voluntary exile. "I will go for you in April," it said; and he added that Mr. Brown was going to make him a partner, but that they would have to be very

saving for some years in order to buy a piece of land he had in view.

Hannah wished that he would sometimes forget to talk or write about money and give utterance to a bit of sentiment, like the young men in novels. But she began her wedding preparations. And then a tree that he was cutting down fell upon her father, and the little hoard of wealth had to go for doctors instead of gowns, and the wedding was postponed.

When the poor man died, Hannah found herself with a helpless family upon her hands,—the mother sickly and nearly blind, the children too young to work, and again she wrote to Henry that she could not leave home. "You speak of Miss Brown," she remarked in a post-script. "Perhaps you had better take her and not wait for me,"—not meaning it in the least; and he answered that he wanted a wife who would not waste all he could make. So matters went on for two or more years, when Hannah's mother died and the children found homes elsewhere,—the boys going to learn trades, and the younger daughter being sought for to look after the delicate child of a prosperous cousin. Then Hannah bleached her yellowing store of bridal linen and pulled out a few gray hairs and waited for the frugal Henry.

But before the roses had thought of budding, a fresh calamity overtook the long-suffering girl. Her Aunt Patty, her mother's only sister, living alone, was found in a sad state, having had a paralytic seizure. She recovered speedily, but her memory was impaired and Hannah took her home. She could not bear to have her patient niece out of her sight, and when some one told her of the prospective wedding her distress was pitiable.

"I shall take you with me. I promise you that," Hannah assured her; and Aunt Patty was comforted by the prospect of "riding on the cars," and set about selecting from her slender stock of clothing such garments as, in her simple estimation, would befit her new life.

There ensued an embarrassing state of affairs. Aunt Patty had been considered well-to-do for the region; but, in regard to her financial condition, her mind was now a blank, and no questioning could elicit from her the place of her hoarding. Some time before her stroke, she, alarmed by vague rumors, had withdrawn her money from the savings bank in Concord, as its receipts testified; and money had, before that, been paid to her from time to time when she had parted with a bit of property. But when Hannah would say, "Aunt Patty, try to think. Where did you keep your money?" she would only reply, "In a tin box." When gently urged to try to remember where the tin box was kept, "Two steps to the east and three to the south," was her only and invariable answer.

After several failures of this sort Hannah tried no more. Aunt Patty, she thought, was welcome to such a home as she could give her; and if she never remembered, it would not matter. Hannah, though so good a manager, was not "near." She wrote in some haste to Henry, who answered: "We'll take your aunt back with us to Indiana. Of course she'll pay a good price for her board and fix up her will in your favor." This reply did not set Hannah's mind more at ease. She would have told Henry the state of affairs, but there was no time: he had already started East.

It was late in May when Hannah, resplendent in one of her new gowns, went to the front gate to meet the traveller. When people have not seen each other for eight years it is difficult to know what to say, and their conversation began with the merest commonplaces.

"Ready to go West?" was his brilliant question, and Hannah told him that he had a grease spot on his coat. "Same old housekeeper!" he remarked. He thought her grown older in appearance; but, to her partial eyes, he was unchanged, even improved.

They walked up the path together,

between the flower-beds that had as yet no flowers. The spring had been a late one.

"How gray your hair is! said the frank Henry.

"I've had considerable trouble," replied Hannah, feeling very much to blame.

"Well, you won't have any more," remarked the young man. "The store's laying up money right along."

"My trouble had little to do with money," she answered. (Oh, why would he harp on that theme!) "But it's been hard to see people suffer."

"Folks better think of their own sufferings," was all the comfort she received.

Aunt Patty came in, wearing, in honor of the occasion, an apron for which she had knit wonderful lace, and shook hands with the visitor. Hannah was somewhat anxious. One never knew what her aunt was going to say.

"You've grown so fat I wouldn't have known you," Aunt Patty observed gaily; "and you're getting bald."

It was surely an afternoon of plain-speaking. Henry winced perceptibly, and Hannah dispatched her relative to a neighbor's on some suddenly-thought-of errand.

"She means well," said Hannah; but Henry, whose girth and approaching baldness were dark spectres, did not seem appeased.

"If she comes forward with any such remarks when she gets West," he returned, "she'll hurt the business. But, then," he went on, brightening up, "she isn't likely to live a great while, and she'll naturally leave you her money."

"Henry," began Hannah, not knowing how she was going to tell him, "there's something you don't know."

"Hope there isn't any other fellow?" he interrupted jocosely.

It was no time to joke, Hannah thought, ignoring his brilliant sally.

"Henry," she continued, "we can't find Aunt Patty's money high or low. She had it in the Concord savings bank, and some foolish people scared her, and she took it out and hid it, and she doesn't

know where. Her memory's never been right since she had the stroke."

"How much was there?" asked Henry.

"We don't know exactly,—maybe about three thousand dollars. And all her papers are missing. She had considerable loaned out."

"Why didn't you hunt?"

"Hunt? We had folks searching for days, but 'twas no use. I feel awful sorry for her. She is so proud-spirited and afraid of being dependent."

"You better feel sorry for yourself. You seem all wrapped up in your aunt. What if the people that live in her house find her money?"

"No one lives there. I've kept it just as it was. She likes to go there once in a while."

"The rent would help pay for what she eats," said the frugal Henry.

"She's welcome to what she eats," answered Hannah, stoutly. (Being the bride of a druggist in the golden West had begun to lose some of its charm.) "And she's real useful around the house."

"Hannah," said Henry, a red blush coming into his fat cheeks, "do you think I'm going to have that old lady around unless she pays her board?"

"You'll have to have her around if you have me. I promised her she should stay where I was."

"And you promised me to forsake all others and follow me," said Henry, thinking he was quoting Scripture.

"Did I?" asked Hannah, with a smile. "I don't remember saying any such thing. I said I'd marry you and go West; and I will, but I can't leave Aunt Patty behind in her bewildered state. She's been like a mother to me, and has no one else."

"Put her in the poorhouse. That's what poorhouses are for—what's that noise?"

"The cat, I guess; she's always knocking something over.—No, Henry. I see that you and I don't look at things the same way. If you had half a dozen poor old aunts that needed you, I'd take them and do the best I could for them,—not

because I'm so good, but because I wouldn't have a mite of comfort doing any other way."

"I have more respect for you," retorted the virtuous Henry, "than to ask you to set up an old ladies' home to please me. Come, Hannah, be sensible. I've rented a house and spoken to the minister, and in a week we'll be on the cars headed for Indiana. For eight years I've worked for you. Many a night I've sat up till eleven o'clock putting up prescriptions and never minded it; thinking what a lady you were in spite of your plain clothes, and how those Western girls would admire you, and how you'd help lay up money. And I could have married Mabel Brown,—I know I could; and I expect her father would have given her an automobile for a wedding present, though it does cost awfully to keep a machine in order. Now, Hannah, do be reasonable! It seems to me I deserve different treatment. Just say you'll put your aunt out at the poor-farm. They'll be real good to her, and you can send her money for a new dress whenever she needs one."

"Henry," said Hannah, "I know it's terrible for you to come East on such an errand after all these years, and then go back alone; and I know I'm pretty contrary, and" (here her lip trembled) "I've thought so much of you; but when you talk of sending Aunt Patty to the poor-farm, somehow it kills all the liking in my heart, and I'm sure there could be no happiness now in marrying you. Go back to Miss Brown and the automobile."

"By George, I will!" answered Henry, putting on his hat. "And if I go to ruin, you'll be to blame."

"You won't go to ruin," said Hannah, sadly. "You'll be a rich man and looked up to."

Here Henry's vanity got the better of him again.

"There's talk of running me for mayor," he said.

"Well, I hope you'll be elected, and—we, might as well say good-bye now.

Waiting won't make it any easier. I'll have to look after Aunt Patty. I don't see why she doesn't come back." And Hannah held out her hand, a cold and trembling one, which he hardly touched.

"Good-bye!" he said crustily. "You've brought me here on a fool's errand. I hope you're satisfied."

He was gone, slashing the tardy flowerbeds with his cane as he walked away.

Hannah shut the door and expected to feel very miserable, but she could not. She went to the window. "You dear old hills," she said. "I'll not have to leave you!" And she knew not how much they were to her.

Then she heard a voice,—Aunt Patty's. "Hannah," it called, "I've remembered! I know where the money is. When that fat Colby boy talked about sending me to the poorhouse, something snapped in my head. Don't stop me! I'm going over to my house."

Hannah could hardly keep up with her as, spade in hand, she ran down the road. Excitement had given her new strength.

"Two steps to the east and three to the south," she said, with a laugh that deepened the wrinkles. She did not go to her front gate, but slipped through a break in the fence and crossed to the little family graveyard. There were a dozen graves within it, a stone wall surrounding them.

"It's by your Uncle Hiram's grave," she said, marking off her steps in the long grass, according to her oft-repeated formula.

"It's a green box. I hid it in a basket of geraniums, so if a tramp saw me he'd think I was setting them out. I thought a burying ground was a safe place." And she began to dig.

"Let *me* do it," said Hannah. "You might have another stroke."

"No, I won't," answered the older woman. "It ain't buried deep. I believe I hit it just now. Yes, here it is!" And she uncovered with her triumphant spade a bright green tin box, only slightly the worse for its stay underground.

"What'll we do with it?" asked Hannah.

"Anything you like," replied Aunt Patty, in her oldtime, masterful way. "But the contents of it are going back to the bank, if I live to see to-morrow."

Henry Colby, coming from the post-office the next day, met Joel Currier, who greeted him with—

"I suppose you've heard the news?"

"News?" said Henry. "What news?"

"Why, about Hannah Peabody's Aunt Patty. She's found her money, and there's upward of five thousand dollars of it. She had hid it in the graveyard."

"Are you sure?" asked the stupefied Henry.

"Well, tolerable sure, seeing as I went with Hannah this morning to see it safe in the bank. And she told me coming home that you two weren't going to get married,—said you'd broke off the match."

Henry swelled with gratified pride. It was truly noble in Hannah to say that it was he who was tired of the bargain. And maybe he had made a mistake in declining to take Aunt Patty. It might not be too late to correct it. He left Joel hurriedly, and started up the hill road, down which he had come the day before with anger in his breast. Aunt Patty was in the yard.

"There's no use in going into the house," she said. "Hannah ain't there. She's gone to see about having me a new dress made. It's going to be silk with a lace collar. We're going to the beach for a whole week as soon as the summer folks come that have rented her house."

"I'm sure I'm very glad you're going to have a new gown," said Henry. (The best people in Indiana called it "gown.") He raised his hat. Aunt Patty was now, in his estimation, a person of distinction.

"And you're going to hear the truth for once," she went on. "I may never have another chance to tell it. I suppose you come here to try and get Hannah to change her mind, now that I've found my money and you think I'll be able to pay my board. Well, in the first place,

she won't change it a mite. She's found you out! She knows what I've known ever since you was knee-high to a grass-hopper—that you don't think of anything in this created world but money. You're 'near' and she's set; she's got the Peabody conscience and stubbornness, though she's the best girl in the world otherwise. She's took care of all her relations, and most starved herself, and worn poor clothes, and kept her promise to you till you thought the poorhouse would be a nice, pleasant place for me. Then she saw you in your true light, and my advice to you as a friend and old neighbor is to hurry back to Injianny."

"But matters have changed since yesterday—"

"No, they haven't," she interrupted. "I ain't a bit more able to pay board and make a will than I was then; for I've given her every speck of my money, and the lawyer's going to make my farm over to her. I can't trust myself. I might have another stroke. And if you're so sweet and polite to me on account of my money, you're fooling away your time. I haven't a dollar to my name, and don't want one."

Another transformation! The lady of distinction had become again a poor, dependent little old woman. As to Hannah, he knew that he might as well try to move Mount Kearsarge as to endeavor to induce her to alter her opinion.

He went back to "Injianny" that night, and Hilltop and Hannah knew him no more. But there was healing in the ministrations of the roses and courage in the shadows made by the green hills; so, the "Peabody conscience" being at rest, Hannah is happy.

To Mary.

BY HERBERT C. NIGHTWINE.

ALL trials are light, all labors sweet,
 However long they be,
 If they but cause a weary heart
 To look from earth to thee.

A Beautiful Custom.

THE custom of decorating graves with flowers is not confined to our own country: it is of ancient origin, Greek tombs having been wreathed with garlands, as is shown by the story of the making of the first Corinthian columns.

An artist, desolate at the loss of his beloved, wandered through a "street of tombs." He found her grave, and wreathed it in vines; then the garland appealed to his sense of the beautiful, and the fire of his genius was touched. He sought his atelier, and wrought in purest marble a column for the tomb, ornamenting it with the vine and leaf. Thus he perpetuated the name of his betrothed; for wherever the graceful Corinthian column is wrought for temple or church, men know the story, and remember the artist of old Corinth and his tribute to his beloved dead.

The Romans burned their dead, but erected lofty tombs for their ashes and laid roses and violets upon their sepulchres. The early Christians of Rome, persecuted and impoverished as they were, and unable to carve stately marble sepulchres to honor the mangled remains of those they loved, laid them in the bosom of kind Mother Earth and piled sweet flowers there.

We have the same gracious custom. Especially upon anniversary days do we find the graves of our city cemeteries decorated with flowers. The Spanish and French decorate the resting-places of their friends on All Souls' Day; in Wales this is done on Palm Sunday, and in our own land we pay this tribute to the dead on Decoration Day.

The Indians decorated the graves of warriors not only with leaves and vines, but with grain and food as well; and the Chinese provide little offerings of rice, that their dead may not feel themselves forgotten by their descendants. An American once asked a Chinaman: "Why do you do this, John? Do you think your

ancestor can eat?" To which the urbane Chinaman replied: "Melican man put allee samee flowers on his fliend's grave. Think Melican dead man smell posy?"

The Japanese custom is to deck the tomb with flowers, and renew them upon each succeeding anniversary of the turn of the seasons. Cherry blooms, plum blossoms, iris, lotus, chrysanthemum, maple leaves, bamboo and pine, — all follow in succession with the month which gives them birth; the memory of the dead being always with the gentle little people, from whom Christian nations might copy the virtues of respect and affection.

A beautiful Japanese legend is called "Flowers of Remembrance." Two brothers, the story tells us, were called upon to perform the last sad rites for their father, and they buried him in a beautiful tomb without the city. Flowers were laid upon it, — lotus lilies, scarlet and sun-kissed azaleas, and tender iris. Each day the brothers came and laid upon the grave "flowers of remembrance"; and all who saw them whispered, "See these good sons! So will their children remember them!" But the older brother wearied of his daily journey. The cares and pleasures of the world werè his, and he said to himself: "I can no longer spare the time from my affairs to go to the grave of my father. My brother has not so much to do. He will go. And I will plant upon the grave flowers which shall bloom, and thus my blossoms shall mingle with his." So he planted the aster and the live-forever, and he no longer sought his father's grave.

The younger son lived a simple life. He was not high in the affairs of the Empire, as was his brother. He toiled for a living, and often was he wearied; but he never forgot to visit his father's grave and lay some simple flower upon it. And his thoughts mingled with the thoughts of his father, and he prayed oft for him; and the spirit of his father seemed to bless him, for all that he did prospered. One

day as he went to pray at the dear grave, bearing fresh flowers, the figure of his father stood before him. And his father smiled upon him as he had done in life, and said: "My son, thy brother planted the aster flower of remembrance, yet are his blooms as withered flowers; for his memory and his prayers went not with them. Thou hast brought me the true flowers of remembrance,—the prayers of a faithful heart; and thy prayers live always as fragrant blossoms. Ever let go hand in hand your flowers and your prayers."

In Answer to a Faint-Hearted Friend who Fears the Guardians of Liberty.

THAT any injury whatever to the Catholic cause will result from the campaign of misrepresentation and vilification inaugurated by the Guardians of Liberty, is incredible. We are firmly persuaded that the effect will be the very opposite of what is intended. Protestantism is on its last legs, so to speak, and it is natural that the efforts of its upholders should be desperate and defiant. The methods, so unscrupulously bitter and uncompromisingly unfair, to which so many of them are now disposed to resort, already condemn them in the eyes of the sincere and the enlightened; and it will not be long before all but the most hopelessly perverse and prejudiced will realize that the teaching and practice of the Church have been outrageously misrepresented. As the Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin, one of America's most vigorous writers and most profound Protestant theologians, says (in a passage to which the attention of Catholic readers was called several years ago in these pages by the learned Father Ganss):

Of all styles of upholding Protestantism, we may say that is absolutely the worst which can see no sense or truth whatever in Catholicism, but holds itself bound to make it at every point as bad as possible, and to fight with tooth and nail every word that may be spoken

in its praise. Such wholesale and extreme pugnacity may be very convenient, as it calls for no discrimination; it requires neither learning nor thought, but can be played off under all circumstances by almost any polemic with about the same effect. Its strength consists mainly in calling nicknames, in repeating outrageous charges without regard to any contradiction from the other side; in thrumming over threadbare commonplaces received by tradition from the easy credulity of times past; in huge exaggerations, vast distortions, and bold, insulting insinuations thrown out at random in any and every direction.

But, however convenient all this may be, requiring little learning and less thought, and no politeness or charity whatever, it is high time to see that it is a system of tactics which needs, in truth, only a slight change of circumstances at any time to work just the opposite way from that it is meant to work. The vanity and impotency of it must become apparent in proportion precisely as men are brought to look at things with their own eyes; and then the result is that sensible and well-bred people—not only those who go by the text-book of a sect, but such as move in a wider range of thought and have some better knowledge of the world: political and literary men,—seeing how they have been imposed upon by the current slang, are very apt to be taken with a sort of quiet disgust toward the whole interest which they find so badly defended; and thus to look favorably in the same measure on the other side, as being, at so many points, plainly an injured and persecuted cause.

The correspondent whose views of the *Guardians of Liberty* we are combating tells us that the newspaper published in the town where he resides is rather fair than otherwise toward the Church; and that its editor, though an agnostic, never refuses space in his columns to protests against injustice or calumny made by Catholic readers. Our correspondent would do well to call his attention to the extract quoted above, and in a communication to the paper to quote other declarations of non-Catholic writers discountenancing the attitude of ultra-Protestants against the Catholic Church. For instance, the saying of Emerson, "Should I go out of church whenever I hear a false statement, I should not stay five minutes." Or these words of the late Dr. Whitaker, Regius Professor in the University of

Cambridge: "Forgery! I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write it. It seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed. I look in vain for one of those accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." Or that stern rebuke which the Rev. Dr. Nightingale, a light of the Methodist Church, once administered to his own coreligionists: "From diligent inquiry it has been ascertained that party spirit and prejudice have thrown the most undeserved obloquy upon the religion and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. In scarcely a single instance has a case concerning them been fairly stated,—the channels of history, not grossly, not to say wickedly, corrupted." Any number of such declarations have been set forth in these pages.

Our faint-hearted friend need entertain no fears for the well-being of the Church in this country while the majority of its members obey and exemplify its teaching. It is not to be expected that, in the warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil, all will be victors. Scandals must come and defections are inevitable. But shining examples of Christian profession and practice will never be wanting. Let the bigots rage. There is nothing to be feared from them. Concluding one of the greatest of his discourses, Newman said, referring to an outbreak of fanaticism in England: "No, I fear not, my brethren, this momentary clamor of our foe. . . . One thing alone I fear. I fear the presence of sin in the midst of us. The success of the Church lies not with pope or bishops or priests or monks: it rests with yourselves. If the present mercies of God come to naught, it will be because sin has undone them. The drunkard, the blasphemer, the unjust dealer, the profligate liver,—these will be our ruin; the open scandal, the secret sin known only to God,—these form the devil's real host. We can conquer every foe but these. Corruption, hollowness, neglect of mercies, deadness of heart, worldliness,—these will be too much for us."

Notes and Remarks.

Advocating the organization of Confraternities of Christian Doctrine wherever immigrants are in evidence in this country, Father Kenny, S. J., says, writing in *America*: "The Italian immigration last year was 183,000; and the fugitives to our shores from Poland, added to this one item, will make 300,000 souls in whom the light of Faith was once enkindled by the Spirit of God in baptism." In the course of his article the discriminating Jesuit pays a well-merited tribute to each of the classes mentioned:

If the children of Poland are sometimes found in rags and meet the obloquy of the world around us, this should but encourage our efforts; for they became so in a heroic warfare, for the Faith. If they are found intellectually rude and ragged, the greater was their sacrifice. If we find the Italian among us low in the social scale, he has been at the top and will be again. Even now both these peoples cover a range of spiritual width, and intellectual, too, such as has been almost unknown hitherto in America. The yellow journals will keep the whole land informed of the demons among them, but go to the people and you will find many more angels. They are angels despite our apathy; demous often by our neglect.

It will not do for the lay Catholic to disown any accountability in the matter. By all rules of Christian charity, not to say Catholic justice, he *is* in a very intelligible sense his "brother's keeper"; and he can not disregard that brother's spiritual need and still call himself a faithful son of Mother Church.

The late Mr. Labouchere's views on religious education, cited in the *Cornhill Magazine*, are worth noting. Like Mr. Stead, he had the courage of his convictions, which were always expressed in vigorous words:

As for the Education Bill, I do not love bishops, but I hate far more the Nonconformist popes. Either you must have pure secularism in public schools, or teach religion of some sort; and, although I personally am an agnostic, I don't see how Christianity is to be taught free

from all dogma, and entirely creedless, by teachers who do not believe in it. This is the play of Hamlet without Hamlet, and acted by persons of his philosophic doubt.

A rather notable instance of the pew's paying its respects to the pulpit is the open letter which "Junius," in the *Eye-Witness*, addresses to the Dean of St. Paul's, London. In his Easter sermon the Dean declared: "Our present industrial trouble is not the bare claim for justice preferred by the downtrodden poor. It is an earnest of revolutionary war, waged for the sake of the spoil. Men in masses are nearly always guided by selfish interests. Moral considerations do not touch them." "Junius" evidently thinks that, in view of the character or social standing of the speaker's auditors, some other moral than this might have been pointed. He writes:

First of all, let us ask, what is your title to interfere in the matter at all? You will answer, I suppose, that you interfere by virtue of your office as a Christian ecclesiastic; for, though as a citizen you are entitled to your private opinion, you are not entitled to express that opinion authoritatively and without the possibility of contradiction or debate from the pulpit of a church, save as an exponent of fixed and immutable Christian doctrine. Very well. What is your duty as an exponent of that known doctrine discoverable only in dogma in the pronouncement of Councils and on the tradition of Christian mankind? Clearly to enforce upon your congregation—which certainly does not consist of miners, but may possibly include some shareholders in mines—the principles of Christian morals. If either party is violating Christian morals, it is your duty to rebuke them. If, for example, a number of miners combined to assassinate their employer, it would be clearly your duty to tell them that such a course would be *murder*, and, as such, condemned by the Christian conscience. Similarly, if any of the mine-owners should be found guilty of playing hankey-pankey with "allowances" in the mines, and of cheating men out of a verbal contract—that is, "defrauding laborers of their wages,"—it would be for you to warn them solemnly that this is one of the sins crying to Heaven for vengeance.

Briefly, the Dean's critic appears to think that he emphasized the point that

did not practically concern his hearers and was silent on the point that did.

Press reports of the annual dinner of the Union Seminary Alumni Club in New York last week make no mention of intoxicating beverages; and the only reason one could have for thinking that any such drinkables may have been served is that affectionate remembrance of absent friends is seldom lacking on festive occasions of this kind. If a certain oft-quoted and generally approved admonition of St. Paul to St. Timothy was not disregarded by the diners, we are inclined to think that the Rev. Albert Park Fitch, D. D., president of Andover Theological Seminary, must have taken a sip. In a speech on Recruiting the Ministry, which deserved to be reported in full, he declared that more of the right kind of men will go into the ministry if ministers themselves exalt their profession. He thought there was a little too much semi-materialization, semi-secularization, a lack of training and fitness. He would make the ministry difficult to join, open only to selected men who would be fundamentally spiritual.

In vino veritas. Truer words were never spoken at a banquet of the Union Seminary Alumni Club; and we like to believe that they were enthusiastically, though decorously, applauded by every preacher present.

In a very practical as well as interesting contribution to the *London Universe*, the Catholic prelate who is known to the reading world as John Ayscough gives some pointed advice to Catholics in the matter of supporting their press. We quote a passage:

The voice that speaks from the Seven Hills beside the yellow river has sent its sound into all lands, insisting on the apostolate of the press; and every Catholic ear is listening. But the message can not, in the nature of things, be the Christian press alone: it implies the correspondence of the Christian public. A duty is never, like the leaning Tower of Pisa, all on one side. Political nostrums change and

fail, but the law of demand and supply will work in spite of us. Forced feeding is not possible outside of prisons, and readers are at large. The apostolate of the Catholic press depends not on the Catholic press alone, but on the reasonable co-operation of the Catholic public. And that is precisely what the Catholic public does not seem alert to comprehend. A press, however solidly good, can not maintain itself in vogue by its own weight. Writers presuppose readers. That the Catholic writers are there, we believe is proved. Let the Catholic readers keep them going. The Pope's wise and solemn reminder of an imperious duty is to the public upon which every press must depend, as it is to those by whom the Catholic press must be provided.

Let it be added that the Pope's special representative his mouthpiece, in every parish, would seem to be peculiarly bound to further the Pontiff's desires, and should accordingly advise, encourage, and exhort his flock to subscribe to Catholic papers and magazines.

Mgr. Giovanni Bonzano, the new Apostolic Delegate to the United States, spent seven years as a missionary in China, and feels a deep interest in the world's newest republic, of which he has a thorough knowledge. In an interview granted to a reporter of the *New York Sun* he related a touching incident of his missionary life,—an incident, he declared, "that always makes me cry when I tell it":

I had been to see a very sick Chinaman. He was what we call a catechumen. You see, when a pagan embraces the Christian faith he is not immediately baptized, but is kept a series of years as a catechumen, to show the reality of his conversion, and to be sufficiently instructed and grounded in his faith, that he may "walk in the same all the days of his life." Well, this catechumen of three and a half years' standing was very ill. I had a long talk with him, intending to prepare him for baptism; had said "good-bye" for the time and had turned to go out. All of a sudden I felt my robe being tugged and pulled. I stopped and waited for the man to ask some question, for I supposed that was the reason for his act. Not so. He had heard how the sick woman in the Scriptures had been made whole by touching the robe of our Blessed Lord, and he had heard how illness had been cured when penitent patients had touched the robe of St. Peter; so he thought—poor, loving

fellow — that this miraculous grace might be conferred by touching the robe of one of God's priests. I cried all the way to my home, touched to the heart by this exhibition of faith, and wishing that I might be so pure and good that the desired healing grace might be given me.

"During the recital of this episode," says the reporter, "it became very clear why so young a man as Mgr. Bonzano should have received such preferment in his Church. He creates an immediate impression of confidence. One feels at once that he is thoroughly good, and a man whose life has been spent in living close to his faith. While for several years, as teacher of dogmatic theology, he must have closely considered St. Thomas Aquinas, for many years also he must have closely considered St. Thomas à Kempis."

We quoted some weeks ago a notable tribute paid by Mr. Birrell to Catholic Ireland. Mr. Birrell's speech reminds the New Zealand *Tablet* of a strikingly similar utterance of Lord Macaulay. In his speech on the Church of Ireland, made in the House of Commons in 1845, he said:

Two hundred and eighty-five years has this church [the Irish Established] been at work. What could have been done for it in the way of authority, privilege, endowments, which has not been done? . . . And what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth? On the great, solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are as they were ages ago—ten to one against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. (I speak to you, the zealous Protestants on the other side of the House.) Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic, I could easily account for the phenomenon. If I were a Roman Catholic, I should content myself with saying that the mighty Hand and the outstretched Arm had been put forth, according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable Church; that He who, in the old time, turned into blessing the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts and the powers of heretic statesmen.

Macaulay is more enjoyable nowadays as a rhetorician than as a historian or

House of Lords debater; but there is no denying that in the foregoing extract he gave the foes of disestablishment a nut to crack, and made plain to them the difficulty of the task.

We are glad to see that in the new statutes for the diocese of Kansas City, Bishop Lillis condemns a practice against which we have frequently protested in these columns, — that of extravagance in Catholic funerals. We quote:

Both clergy and laity are urged to discourage by every means in their power the extravagance, vain display, and worldly spirit so common at funerals. Any funeral that costs more than twenty per cent of the annual revenue of the family may fairly be called extravagant. An excess of floral tributes partakes of vain display. A failure to provide spiritual solace for the dead gives evidence of a worldly spirit. Mortuary cards of condolence, containing promises of prayers and Masses, sent to the home and laid on the casket, might profitably and appropriately take the place of superfluous flowers and be of real benefit to both the living and the dead.

The plain black coffin, such as held the remains of their grandfathers and grandmothers, is quite as congruous for the majority of our Catholic people as the expensive "casket" is incongruous; and the "spiritual bouquet" of proffered Masses or prayers is incomparably better than the most elaborate creations of the artistic florist. Very much of the funeral pomp so prevalent nowadays connotes vanity in the living rather than reverence for the dead.

We have quoted of late months several non-Catholic tributes to the celibacy enjoined by our Church on her clergy. The *Month* reproduces another such tribute, from the distinguished non-Catholic professor, Dr. Förster, of Zurich. He says:

All institutions, even the best, are liable to abuse as soon as they take substance in human life. Indeed, it is those ideas and institutions which are most elevated in their character that are the most liable of all to abuse, and this just because they are set so high above the mode of living practised by the average man. . . .

But heroic examples are a necessity for us, and Schopenhauer himself has said that the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy was a grave fault of Protestantism. . . . The people ask that the realization of the ideal should be shown to them to be possible. The great sacrifice which celibacy involves gives to the Catholic priest a social authority and a kind of religious consecration, whilst his consequent enfranchisement from the ties and solitudes of domestic life allows him to concentrate his activities to the welfare of souls.

Dr. Förster not only defends the theory of celibacy, but pays tribute to its practical exemplification. He is candid enough to declare that impartial Protestants have always felt bound to acknowledge that the Catholic clergy, as a whole, practise celibacy with dignity; whilst the number of scandals is small, if we bear in mind the vast number of ecclesiastics and the vigilance which detects the least deflection from the standard.

The illustrations in *Collier's* used to be better than the text, now the text is better than the illustrations. This isn't very high praise; it would be, however, if the pictures were as good as they used to be, and all the reading matter as good as some of the editorial is now. We quote a paragraph on "Love and Justice," which is notable both for the thoughts expressed and the manner of expression:

Justice is love with its eyes open. Sometimes love is truly blind; then it administers what it thinks is mercy, but more often is destruction handed out with a blessing. When love sees clearly, it deals in justice; for there is nothing else so good for men or communities or nations. The soft side is not the best. It is comfortable to have one's errors and evil deeds covered with a sigh, a tear, an "Oh, well!" It is easier at the time to escape the measure of a man's deeds, but it is good neither for the man nor for society. The best that can happen to any man — the only thing that will make a man — is full pay for all he does and full pay for all he gets. He must face the consequences, live with himself as he is, not as charitable friends try to make him seem. It is better to put the iron of courage into a man's soul than the tears of gratitude into his eyes. Forgiveness, mercy, have their place. They are good for the heart that has them; they are comforting to the one who

receives them; but they should be given as an accompaniment of justice, not as a substitute. Law is immutable. One can not escape the consequences nor evade. We must face good and bad, and take the measure of justice, whether it be reward or punishment. Either is better than gifts and leniency.

"Toronto" does not connote, in the average American mind, admiration of Catholic beliefs or practices. The following excerpt from the *Globe* of that city is accordingly worth quoting:

The Roman Catholics of Toronto and of the Province are to be congratulated on the remarkable growth of the Holy Name Society. It is a most significant evidence of the revolt against blasphemy and obscenity that over ten thousand Catholics of this city are pledged not to take the name of God in vain, and to use their influence against public profanity. . . . It is well to find an organization of the laity of one of the great churches devoted to the work of stamping out impious and impure speech, and spreading the sense of reverence for the names of the Trinity that should be universal in a country professedly Christian.

It may well happen that the unobtrusive and reverent example of members of Toronto's Holy Name Society will be quietly effective in dissipating much of the religious prejudice and bigotry still existent in the Cisatlantic stronghold of Orangeism.

The editor of *Catholic Book Notes* has called attention to a ludicrous sentence in the address presented by the Corporation of Ripon to the new bishop of that Anglican diocese:

May your Lordship and Mrs. Drury be long spared to exercise a beneficent and wise control over this diocese, to the glory of God and your own satisfaction and happiness!

The Anglican who furnished this gem writes: "The bishop really brought it on himself by issuing a letter to his diocese, in which there was a great deal about 'Mrs. Drury' and all that 'Mrs. Drury and I hope to accomplish.'" And this is by no means the first time that ardent Anglicans have "poked fun" at their matrimonial bishops.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

I Wonder.

BY T. E. B.

I WONDER if each little star
That simmers in the blue
Holds captive in its burning heart
A crystal drop of dew.
For in each tiny dewdrop clear
I've seen a prisoned star,
That makes me feel earth touches heaven
And God can not be far.

Our Lady's Lighthouse.



YEARS ago, on a lonely island in the Mediterranean Sea, lived Angelo and Stella with their parents. The island was inhabited by wreckers—people who live on the spoils that drift ashore from wrecked vessels. It was not wrong to take these spoils, which could never again be claimed by their owners; but the work had a terrible effect upon the wreckers. They learned to be glad when ships were lost, and they had often refused help to vessels sinking near the island, lest the owners of the cargo should be saved.

Dreadful fights often took place among the wreckers over the division of spoils. In short, their good luck depended upon the ill luck of others; and so all kindness died out of their hearts, and their wicked deeds were handed down from parents to children, until little boys and girls played at stripping vessels, and screamed with joy over fancied shipwrecks. The priest who came among them from time to time had proposed to have a beacon light placed upon the rocks; but they rejected with anger a plan that would deprive them of their livelihood; and some of the most

hardened among them even threatened to take his life if he should ever attempt to carry it out.

The father of Angelo and Stella was like the other islanders, but their mother came of a different race. She had been cast ashore as a child and reared among them; but the blood that coursed in her veins, and a memory of early lessons in humanity, made her hate the evil life that people lived upon the island, and she tried with all her might to teach charity to her children.

One day the little ones were having a charming play on the beach. Angelo sailed their boat upon a big puddle left by the receding tide; and Stella looked on, and found names for the shells and bits of wood that served for passengers and cargo. There were on board two or three princes, who were bringing hoards of diamonds and rubies home from far countries. A violent tempest, made by shaking sticks in the water, swamped the ship and sent untold fortunes ashore to the merry little wreckers.

Suddenly a hand was laid gently on Stella's shoulder, and her mother said to the children:

"Come! Your father wants you."

"Oh, why, why, mamma? Has he found anything?" asked both children with one voice.

"Yes," she said sadly. "A box has floated ashore, and he will break it on the beach, and let you take the things to the house."

"Is there a ship? Oh, where is it?" they cried, as they trotted gleefully over the hot sand with their hard little brown feet.

"It is just off Snake's Head, your father thinks. No one else has seen it, and he means to go this afternoon and board the ship all by himself."

"Oh, can't we go, too?" cried Angelo. "Can't we go to help father?"

"No, indeed!" replied the mother, with a shiver. "I wish I could prevent *him* from going. There is a black cloud yonder, and I hope it will breed a hurricane, and sink the poor ship before any one can leave this shore to get near her."

At that moment the children caught sight of their father, and rushed toward him. The mother followed slowly, and reached them just as the lid of the trunk was wrenched off, and her husband was lifting out the piles of neatly-packed clothes that filled it. They were children's clothes, and even she was pleased to see that many of them would fit her own little ones. She tenderly raised a pair of tiny, half-worn shoes that had fallen to the ground, buttoned the straps, and put them into her pocket with a sigh.

"What's the matter, mamma?" asked the little girl.

"They belonged to somebody's darling," she said. "Where is he now, the poor little fellow?"

"Now, Teresina dear," said her husband, "don't loiter there, making poetry and going into spasms. Stir yourself! Bring out my tools and put them into the boat; put in, too, a bottle of wine and some bread. If I go now I shall reach Snake's Head before dark. If the wreck is firm enough, I'll spend the night there, and move the cargo at my leisure in the morning."

"For the Madonna's sake, don't stay, Ridolfo! There are black clouds gathering, and, oh, I have such a dread in my heart! Do come back to-night!"

"Nonsense with your clouds and your horrors!" said Ridolfo; and he proceeded to stow away in the *Mermaid* the tools and provisions and to unfasten her from the moorings. "Good-bye, wife! Good-bye, little ones!" he cried; and, throwing a red jacket over his left shoulder, he sprang into the boat and pushed off from the shore.

Teresina put away the contents of the

trunk, and then went out with the children on the beach, carrying with her the lace-work she had been making.

"Now, Angelo, do you pick up wood for a fire. Stella, bring out the wine and bread and salt; and, while your brother gets supper ready, I will give you your first lesson in making lace. Father Pietro says that the nuns on Great Island will dispose of all the lace we can make."

"Where's the use?" asked Stella. "The wrecks come very often in the rough weather, and I heard old Jacopo say the other day that the rocks are getting worse and worse."

"God forbid!" answered her mother, smoothing back the girl's fair hair. "I wish there might never be another wreck."

"O mamma, how can you say so? Everybody else begs the good God to send us wrecks. We should starve without them."

"Not at all. We should cultivate our vines and grain and our olive trees, which we neglect shamefully, living like brigands on dead men's wealth. I never see a wreck without hearing my poor mother's scream the night the waves tore me from her arms. It rings in my ears for days afterward. There!—the sun is almost gone! I must ring the Angelus."

Near their house stood the tumble-down church, where now and then Mass was celebrated by Father Pietro. At sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, Teresina used to mount the belfry and ring the bell for the Angelus, calling the poor ignorant wreckers for an instant from their work to prayer.

The bell rang out upon the breeze. Every man, woman, and child within hearing, on sea or on land, knelt down. Ridolfo heard the peal, and, kneeling, asked a blessing on his odious expedition—God forgive him! Angelo laid down the load of fuel, and, taking off his little red cap, dropped on his knees, and reverently uttered the holy words his mother had taught him. But Teresina, in her belfry, poured into her prayer an agony of longing

for better days. "Never another wreck, dear Lord!" she prayed,—“never another wreck!”

That night there came an awful storm, and at earliest dawn Teresina walked out upon the rocks as far as the boiling waves had left a foothold. Only when she reached the farthest point did she venture to turn her eyes toward Snake's Head. Then, with a bitter cry, she sank down. The wreck was gone; the surf was raging over the ledge. For the *Mermaid* there was not the vestige of hope in such a sea. At last she rose from her knees and dragged herself back to the hut, where the children still lay asleep.

Toward evening fragments of the wreck came drifting onto the beach, and, lashed to a plank, there drifted among them the body of Ridolfo. Like a mad woman, Teresina threw herself upon the form, so noble and beautiful even in death. Suddenly she rose to her feet, and, raising her right hand solemnly to heaven, she cried out:

"I swear before the living God that from this night until the night of my death a light shall burn in the belfry, to warn lone ships from these awful shores!"

A murmur of suppressed anger ran through the crowd. She looked around upon them calmly.

"If I had spoken to him," she said, looking down upon the corpse at her feet,—“if I had spoken to him as I speak to you, he would not lie there now a victim of your sins, and, O my Ridolfo!” she added, kneeling down beside the body of her husband, “a victim also of my cowardice. Come with me, all of you; we will light the lamp together.”

Gladly would the thoughtless wreckers have resisted her power, for the proposal appeared to them the ruin of their fortunes; but to their excited fancy Teresina seemed like a heavenly apparition. Her yellow hair had fallen down and hung, rippling, almost to the ground. All emotion had passed from her face, leaving it deadly pale; and she walked on before

them with a stern solemnity, holding in each hand the hand of a sobbing child. She paused at the door of her own hut, to get the lamp and fill it with fresh oil. Then, followed by them all, she passed up the stairs of the church into the belfry, set the lamp in a window, and, kneeling down, began the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Almost against their will, the wreckers made the responses. Then, casting one long glance out upon the troubled sea, she turned away and went down to her own desolate house, letting no one but her children follow her.

And so it came about that, passing among those terrible islands the sailors learned to look out on clear nights for a spark of light in the belfry, which they called Our Lady's Lighthouse.

Years rolled on. Ridolfo's widow died, and his children carried on the blessed work. After a fog, wrecks were still driven in; but the islanders ceased to rely upon them, and devoted themselves to their fields and vineyards for support. In the course of time they themselves begged the Government to place a lighthouse on their island. And so through her own great grief for her husband Teresina's prayer was finally granted.

Bell Lore.

To this day the choristers of Durham Cathedral sing the *Te Deum* upon the tower on the eve of Corpus Christi. This is to commemorate the marvellous extinguishing of a fire on that night in the year 1420. The monks had arisen at midnight to pray, when the belfry was set on fire by lightning. The flames raged all night and until the following noon; but the tower was only slightly injured, and the bells were not damaged in the least.

Somewhere beneath the soil of Sussex there lies a peal of bells, while in the church near by a solitary bell calls to prayer. In the Middle Ages, it is said, a

certain valiant knight wished to present to the church a peal of bells that should be of use and perpetuate his memory as well; but the vessel that brought them careened on approaching the harbor, and the bells fell out and sank into the mud. Thereupon the donor declared: "Never shall the church have a chime until that peal I gave it be dragged from the sea by a team of four milk-white oxen." The oxen seem to have been difficult to obtain; at any rate, the fact remains that to this day the edifice to which the pious knight made his benefaction has never possessed more than a single bell.

A spot in Northumberland used to be pointed out by very old people as a place where a great treasure was buried. Finally, some curious persons set to digging, and exhumed the remains of a bell, which was identified as that formerly belonging to the ruined priory near by. The story of its burial is this. A pack of Scotch thieves were searching for the priory, but it was so situated that it was concealed from the gaze of the marauders by the highlands about it. They were exceeding wroth and marched away in disgust; and the monks, to celebrate their deliverance from the enemy, rang their beloved bell. Unfortunately, they were too hasty. The bandits heard the sound, retraced their steps, and sacked and burned the priory. It is supposed that during the conflagration the bell fell to the ground; and the homeless monks, finding the pieces, reverently buried them.

Henry VIII. looked upon bells simply as a means of adding to his income, and encouraged the destruction of them; but ill fortune ever attended those who abetted him. One nobleman, from whom he is said to have won a peal of church bells by throwing dice, was shortly after hanged on Tower Hill; and a certain Bishop of Bangor, who, having sold King Henry the beautiful bells of his cathedral, went to see them shipped, was stricken with blindness.

About Tomatoes and Potatoes.

When the grandparents of our young people were children, the tomato was considered a poisonous curiosity, and was placed upon the mantelpiece or elsewhere as an ornament. Now this useful fruit or vegetable enters so largely into the resources of the cook that its absence from the garden or market basket would be deplored.

The potato is another and even more common article of food that was unknown until within a comparatively short period. The method of its introduction into France is interesting. All endeavors to induce the people to eat the harmless tuber had failed, when some one said: "As soon as you tell the people they can not have this vegetable, they will immediately insist on having some."

So a field was planted with potatoes, and around it was built a high fence. At the time of ripening, there was affixed to the gate a large sign which read, "People are forbidden to dig the potatoes in this field"; and at once everyone became curious to taste the new food. Watching their chance, they stole the potatoes, which was exactly what was desired; and from that day to this potatoes have been almost as common an article as bread upon the table of Frenchmen.

A May Blossom.

In England, the flower of the hawthorn is known as the "May," and the custom of gathering it for the adornment of houses during the month of May is called "bringing in the May." For weeks English boys and girls scour the woods for the beautiful blossoms. Repeated attempts have been made to cultivate the hawthorn bush or tree in this country, but our climate is so severe that they have not succeeded.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An admirable appreciation of Lionel Johnson by Miss Guiney, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* soon after the poet's death, forms the Introduction to a new selection of his poems.

—The De La Salle Institute, Martinez, California, issues an interesting booklet, "Association in the Work of St. John Baptist de la Salle." It treats of the general work of the Christian Brothers, and of the particular activities, success, and needs of the Californian members of that admirable teaching Order.

—A story teeming with life and bristling with adventure, one that will captivate the real boy or girl, and prove intensely interesting to grown-up folk as well, is Mary T. Waggaman's latest book, "Billy-Boy." While this author's stories are all capital, and are so interwoven with strong Catholic principles that the young reader unconsciously derives benefit from them, the present book is, perhaps, the very best she has given us. Its make-up is as bright and attractive as its contents, and the frontispiece is a portrait of the original Billy-Boy.

—"The Reason Why," by Bernard J. Otten, S. J., is described by himself as "a common-sense contribution to Christian and Catholic apologetics." The substance of the book appeared in a series of pamphlets, and the interest shown in these brochures induced the writer to publish the present volume. The division of subjects is: Religion in General, Supernatural Religion, Divinity of Christ, and Religion of Christ. It is safe to say that many will find here helpful information presented in a happy way on topics that are never old and that to-day are of special significance. We can not have too many books of this kind.

—"Religion in New Netherland," by the Rev. Frederick J. Zwierlein, LL. D. (John P. Smith Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.), affords a history of the religious conditions in the Province of New Netherland, 1623-1664. A dissertation presented to the University of Louvain to obtain the degree of Doctor of Moral and Historical Sciences, the work is scholarly, well documented, accurate, and adequate. Father Zwierlein distinguishes three periods in the history of the province: that from Hudson's discovery of the country to the beginning of organized colonization by the West India Company (1609-1624); that from the practical establishment of the Dutch Reformed Church down to the rise of organized dissent in 1854; and, finally, the decade—1654-1664—

characterized by the promulgation and execution of oppressive colonial religious legislation. In 1664 New Netherland became New York, whose history has been written more often and more fully than that of the province discussed in this admirable volume.

—The picture of Newman in "Four Notable Men" (Cromwell, Alexander of Macedon, Erasmus, and Newman), by the Rev. James Gosset-Tanner, is simply an examination into the question "why he went astray." Phrases such as "the narrow-minded, conceited Athenian democrats," remarks a critic of this work in the *Athenæum*, sufficiently illustrate the quality of the author's writing and discernment.

—There would seem to be anticipation of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" in the following lines, translated from the early Irish (A. D. 837-903), by Alfred Perceval Graves:

Shall I loose my dusky little coracle
On the glorious deep, wide-bosomed ocean?
Shall I face, O Heaven's bright King and Oracle,
Of my own free will, the salt commotion?

Whether narrow in Thy sight or wide it be,
Served by few or by a host in number,
O my God, wilt Thou Thyself beside it be,
When my struggling bark the billows cumber?

—In noticing the new edition (the fourth) of Mgr. Duchesne's important work on "Christian Worship," "a study of the Latin liturgy up to the time of Charlemagne" (S. P. C. K.), the editor of *Catholic Book Notes* does well to inform his readers that this is not to be confused with another book by the same learned author lately placed on the Index. The translation has been revised in accordance with the new French edition, to which several fresh notes have been added. This handsome volume should be in every library, public or private, as the standard work on the origin and evolution of Christian worship.

—"These My Little Ones" is the suggestive title of a goodly octavo of 267 pages, edited by the Rev. N. Waugh, and published by Sands & Co. It deals with the origin, progress and development of the incorporated society of the Crusade of Rescue and Homes for Destitute Catholic Children in England. The body of the work, consisting of forty-three short chapters, is by an anonymous author; the Introduction, a lengthy and extremely interesting historical study, is from the pen of the editor; and among the writers of the five appendices are Cardinals Vaughan and Bourne, and Father Bans, administrator of the Crusade of Rescue. The opening

sentence of Father Waugh's Introduction gives one an idea of the scope of both his own contribution to the volume and that of some of the book's earlier chapters. "Strange as it may seem," he writes, "it is beyond doubt that between the work of the Crusade of Rescue in England to-day, and the social and commercial history of Ireland during the seventeenth and two following centuries, there is the intimate connection that must ever exist between the river and its source, between the ultimate effect and its remote cause." A volume of exceptional sociological interest that may be unreservedly commended to both clergy and laity.

—At last we have an edition of the Psalter that is handy and that can be read without the use of a magnifying-glass. F. Pustet & Co. have put this book upon the market, and they need have no fear as to its popularity, once its merits become known. Even the unfortunate priest who has been inveigled into buying a copy of one of those editions printed with microscopic type will not begrudge an additional outlay of 85 cents to get a readable book. Type, paper, binding, and two convenient and durable markers, show that it was wise and worth while to wait for the Pustet edition of the Psalter. Some others that we have seen should be consigned to the flames.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Billy-Boy." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts
 "The Reason Why." Bernard J. Otten, S. J. \$1.25.
 "These My Little Ones." Rev. N. Waugh. \$1.75.
 "Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales." J. H. A. \$1.
 "Poverina." Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cts.
 "The Price of Unity." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$1.50, net.
 "Via Franciscana." 90 cts.
 "Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography." Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.

- "The Rule of St. Clare." Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. 15 cts.
 "Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.
 "The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.
 "The Coward." Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.
 "Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism." Hubert Gruender, S. J. \$1.
 "Sacred Dramas." Augusta Theodosia Drane. 90 cts.
 "Told in the Twilight." Mother Salome. 85 cts.
 "The Divine Trinity." Rev. Joseph Pohle, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Faith Brandon." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.30.
 "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. 65 cts.
 "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.
 "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown." André Prévot, D. D. 85 cts., net.
 "The Little Apostle on Crutches." H. E. Delamare. 45 cts.
 "Lincoln's Selections." Andrew S. Draper. LL. D. 35 cts.
 "Back to the World." (Champol's "Les Reve-nantes.") L. M. Leggat. \$1.35, net.
 "Outlines of Bible Knowledge." Edited by the Most Rev. Sebastian Messmer. \$1.80.
 "Fair Noreen." Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. F. J. Coyle, diocese of Pittsburgh; and Rev. R. L. Carne, diocese of Richmond.

Brother John, C. M.

Mr. George Jambois, Mrs. Anna Cox, Mr. Alexander Finneran, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mrs. Agnes Manix, Mrs. Elizabeth Kraus, Mr. John C. O'Conner, Miss Susan Ruddy, Mr. Paul Buren, Mrs. M. C. Leahy, Mr. Arthur Gaukler, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Ryan, Mr. Edward Taylor, Miss Catherine McGrath, Mr. William Riddell, Mr. John Kelly, Mrs. Mary Clark, Mrs. Margaret Lawless, Mr. F. J. Gonder, Mrs. Maria Montes de Flores, Mrs. Johanna O'Rafferty, Mr. William Wittenberg, Mr. Peter Small, Mr. Herman Hartmann, Dr. Patrick J. Byrnes, Mr. James Byrnes, Mrs. Margaret Rankin, Mrs. Clarita Dalcour, Mrs. Isabella McLaughlin, Mr. Charles Moser, Mr. John Greish, and Mr. William Philbin.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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

Meditation.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

WHO am fellow with the clod
 Am made, so God
 Some pleasure of His sovereign mind
 In me may find.

The flesh is but a little clay;
 Yet, many a day,
 When measure of the days is gone,
 I shall live on.

In heaven or in hell to be!
 Sweet Trinity,
 Hold in Thy pardoning bosom fast
 Me, at the last!

The Heart in Religious Symbolism.

BY G. M. HORT.

HHE heart, being the primary organ of the blood's motion, is regarded as the seat of the will, affections, and passions. Hence it is a symbol of Our Lord's humanity and love. The more conventionally it is treated, of course the more spiritual its teaching becomes.

Although the cult of the Sacred Heart dates, strictly speaking, from the seventeenth century, the idea of chivalrous devotion to Our Lord's human Heart is a very old one. The French nun Marguerite (1647-1690) was only, in her visions of the Saviour, pointing to His pierced Heart, and asking that honor should be paid to

it, embodying what she must have learned in childhood from early church carvings and devotional books.

The flaming Heart, as a symbol of love and devotion, occurs in the Catacombs, and is frequently found in illuminated MSS. It is the emblem of St. Augustine, one of the eight great Doctors of the Church; and refers to the burning zeal and love displayed in his writings in the cause of the Christian faith, also to the deep earnestness of his conversion.

The Christian knights who went to fight

With rage incessant
 Against the Moorish crescent

brought home with them a curious wealth of Eastern imagery, which tended to increase the sentimental importance of the heart. It was in Crusading days that the pathetic mania arose for giving the heart, after death, a specially sacred burial-place, — as, for example, when possible, the Holy Land. The story of Earl Douglas setting out for Jerusalem with the heart of Bruce in a golden casket, and turning aside into Spain to fall in obscure fight against the Saracens, is familiar to everyone. As in his last ardor Douglas had flung the casket before him into the fray, shouting to the heart of Bruce to lead him on to victory, it seems surprising that the relic was ever heard of again. But we know that Sir Simon of Lee, one of Douglas' companions, and presumably a more discreet and cautious Scot, rescued it, and bore it — not indeed to Jerusalem, but to Melrose Abbey, where it found rest.

Edward I., too, was visited by the same

longing as his great foe, coupling the bequest of his heart to the Holy Land with the sum of £2000 for its escort, and a fearful curse—"May eternal damnation lyie on them!"—on those who should expend the money otherwise. He was even less fortunate than Bruce, however. The heart did not so much as set out on its journey; and the £2000 was squandered by the new sovereign.

John Baliol's widow kept his heart in an iron and silver box, her constant companion till her own death, when it was buried with her in the abbey she had founded in Galloway,—better known to us as "Dolce Cor" or "Sweetheart" Abbey, and displaying thereafter a heart on its armorial shield.

The heart of Isabel, wife of Richard, King of the Romans, was bequeathed to her brother, the Abbot of Tewkesbury, who was asked to bury it before the high altar of his abbey church. It mattered less what became of the body if only the heart could be where the treasure was, in the smoke, as it were, of the cleansing Sacrifice.

We do not hear that the heart of Charles I. was taken from his body, but cordate lockets were distributed to his friends to wear over their own hearts. Sepulchral brasses of the Middle Ages are often heart-shaped,—sometimes to mark where a heart has been buried, but sometimes as a strong, simple expression of the dead man's faith in God. Especially would this latter alternative be true where the grave was that of a priest, the typical "man of faith." Indeed, the chalice and the heart seem to have been employed indifferently in crude early art as emblems of the priestly class. In ancient playing-cards, cups once figured instead of hearts; and the change plainly followed the lines of popular feeling, as the importance of the heart as a religious emblem grew. In either case, the priesthood was indicated. It is significant also that the heraldic shield was cordate, or at least roughly so. It figured the true and honorable

heart of the knight who bore it in battle.

Not only did the Carthusians of the sixteenth century advise their penitents to provide themselves with a figure of the Sacred Heart, and to say their prayers before it, but these monks openly owned that they were reviving an ancient devotion, perhaps five hundred years old even then. The popular name for the Franciscans—"Cordeliers," or "Heart-Bearers" points to the zeal with which they preached this doctrine, which their seraphic founder had demonstrated in his own flesh.

So mediæval heraldry was pressed into divine service to provide Christ with His coat-armor—a heart-shaped shield bearing five wound-prints. But the Sacred Heart soon came to be figured alone and pre-eminent, as in the tiles of Malvern Priory and Worcester Cathedral.

The heart of the Blessed Virgin is sometimes found as well, distinguished by bearing a lily or four-petalled flower; and in an early fresco of the "Last Judgment" Our Lady is represented pointing to her heart, as a silent prayer that her Son may temper justice with mercy.

Heart bequests lingered on after the Reformation. The heart of the unfortunate Montrose (executed by the Puritan party in 1650) was sent to his niece, Lady Napier. Later, the Napiers carried the relic with them to India, where, oddly enough, it was stolen by a Moham-medan of high rank, who wore it for some time as an amulet.

In 1775 occurred the last known case of heart-burial in England. It took the form of a foolish and irreverent jest. Paul Whitehead, a member of the notorious Medmenham Club (founded to burlesque the Franciscan friars), left instructions to his like-minded friend, Lord De La Spenser, to bury his heart with military honors. This was carried out to the letter at his Lordship's own mausoleum, in High Wycombe. The heart, in a marble urn, and raised on a bier borne by six soldiers, formed the centre of a long mock-

procession, which included grenadiers with reversed arms, and a military band with muffled drums.

It is probable that Whitehead thought this final gibe at the Cordeliers would reduce all heart-bequests to an absurdity, and put an end to them. Recent years have, however, as we know, proved him wrong. The heart of a wealthy and devout Catholic Peer has been carried in our own day, by his heir, to the Holy Land; and rests, in accordance with his wish, in the Garden of Gethsemane, under its hallowed olive trees.

“Haystacks.”

BY L. M. LEGGATT.

I.

A CLASS-ROOM of girls in their last term at a convent school is not usually a forcing-ground for the more subtle forms of wit; and when the name of “Haystacks” had been evolved in a storm of suppressed giggling (for the fair-haired Stacey Hayward, whose mountain of blonde plaits, squeezed and tightened into decorous limits, resembled nothing so much as a rick of August hay), it was felt that St. Gertrude’s had scored a success. In vain did little Sister Marie Thérèse, whose own name had long since become unrecognizable as Sister M’ree Trays, hold forth against such unladylike habits as giving nicknames and discussing personal appearance: Stacey retained her appellation; and, after a year at home, still signed herself “Stacks” to the friends of her heart, in the backward-sloping handwriting which was the “Finishing Class” idea of originality. All the girls at “St. G.’s” broke out during their last term into upright handwriting and J pens; and it was with one of these redoubtable implements that Stacey Hayward was ending a letter one winter afternoon, just after her seventeenth birthday.

“Mother has been simply perfect,”

she wrote, “and is going to leave me a free hand. If I am too unhappy” (here an ominous splash disturbed the neat script), “I am to go back to ‘St. G.’s” during Baby’s first term, and ask the nuns to get me a place as children’s governess or companion. Of course Dr. Colonsay is charming. *These sort of people always are.*” (Stacks paused and remembered that “*these sort*” is not grammar, and italics rather vulgar.) “So you mustn’t be surprised to hear very little of me for the present. It is a *tremendously* difficult position. (What would Sister M’ree Trays say to all these italics?) But, whatever happens, I am ever and always, etc., etc.”

The writer stooped over her paper, forgetting the carefully acquired attitudes of the past five years, and gave an unmistakable sob. Mrs. Hayward had given her daughter a little sitting-room of her own; and the girl, who until twelve months ago had eaten, drunk, slept, worked, played and prayed with never less than twenty witnesses, still felt a thrill of shyness when she found herself, as now, in the grip of any emotion. A neat, fair head, repeating Stacey’s coloring, peeped round the door, and Mrs. Hayward came in, one hand and half her skirt tightly gripped in the hand of a fat, sturdy girl of seven.

A woman who could be described in a schoolgirl correspondence as “simply perfect” knows better than to notice surreptitious sniffs that she is not meant to hear, and hasty dabbings of red eyes and wet cheeks that she is not meant to notice. She sat down with her little daughter, and busied herself with the tea tray, which was always brought to Stacey’s room when mother was free. But even the tragic reflections of seventeen sometimes yield to mundane comforts; and, after a few soothing moments, Stacey and Baby half forgot the tragic realities of the last few days. When one sat blissfully consuming muffins, which, after all, had become a daily attainable luxury only within the last twelve months, with

mother in her usual place, and no one more disturbing than Baby in the line of vision, life still seemed to hold possibilities.

Was it really only yesterday that the storm had burst? Could it be true that mother was going to be married again, and that Stacey's heart was broken? Even Baby had howled responsively over the prostrate body of an expensive French doll presented by the bridegroom-elect, before his unspeakable pretensions were really known. Since then the younger girl had hardly let go of either her mother's hand or dress, and Mrs. Hayward smiled ruefully into the fire at the recollection of her children's divergent attitudes of revolt. One proposed leaving her home, and the other could not bear her mother to be out of her sight; but the feelings of seven are less complex and more easily dealt with than those of seventeen. The home atmosphere was heavily charged with electricity; and, in spite of mother's adroit allusions to blue velvet dresses trimmed with fur, the conversation languished. The mention of Dr. Colonsay's new Limousin car called up sickly smiles; and Baby nearly repeated the tear storm of the day before, at Stacey's surly suggestion: "I suppose we shall go about killing dogs now!" The latter form of amusement was advanced as the only alternative to catching infectious complaints; and Mrs. Hayward's remark that doctors did not take even their stepdaughters to infectious houses was received in glacial silence.

No woman ever proposed giving her children a stepfather without having to contemplate a more or less serious family crisis, but in this case Mrs. Hayward had before her an unusually delicate task. Left a young widow with small means, a girl of eleven and a year-old baby on her hands, Amy Hayward had sincerely mourned her dead husband with that fierce and illogical regret which some women lavish on a man who has brought little but sorrow into their lives. Stacey had grown up in the tradition that the

handsome, irresponsible father (always an ideal playmate, whose faults so little affected the perceptions of childhood that she thought him a saint as well) was an imperishable and sacred memory to his widow. Now her little world had tumbled about her ears, and she was face to face with one of the first trials of girlhood—the sudden incursion of the real and the obvious into the world of vague contemplation. Girls of seventeen are not much interested in abstract problems, and Stacey had never reflected on second marriages and their ethical possibilities: Sister M'ree Trays had had no philosophy on the subject to impart. But now a real concrete pain, present at every moment, was to be felt in the thought that Dr. Colonsay, a stranger from the outer world, was to come between her mother and herself. No alternative to such estrangement was possible to Stacey's imagination at this stage of her mental development.

As for the prospective bridegroom, he belonged to the type of man who looks upon the emotions of three human beings of the female sex, ranging in age from seven to forty, as much on the same level. He had vague ideas of consoling Stacey with new dresses, Baby with new dolls, and their mother with the prospect of a comfortable life, free from money worries, and from those keener emotional anxieties which her first husband had kept in active being. For the rest, Dr. Colonsay was a most estimable member of society, rising in his profession, fairly well off, and just at the stage when a man who has never scaled any heights or sounded any depths is beginning to wish to see a kind-faced woman at his breakfast table when he goes out, and beside his hearth-fire when he comes home. Mrs. Hayward was warmly approved by all her relatives and friends. A wise second marriage is looked upon, under some circumstances, as a kind of personal achievement, wiping out all youthful indiscretions in the way of romantic poverty and

shabbiness. Stacey was the one jarring element in the scheme, the rock which bid fair to wreck the prosperous ship just within sight of the harbor.

Baby, otherwise Elizabeth Ursula Anne, looked upon her stepfather-elect as a kind of embodiment of nightmare. Had he not hitherto been associated only with miserable days in bed, and extraordinary nights when one woke up and thought it was morning, only to see nurse sewing by the high brass nursery fire-guard as if she had never been to bed? Had he not on one tragic occasion actually taken her himself to the dentist, to spare mother the lamentable screaming which always accompanied such visits? It was, of course, absurd to think, when they all went to live in the great house facing the Park, where pale children were brought in rapid succession from eleven to one every morning, that life could be anything but a series of alternations between measles and dental surgery. When these forebodings loomed large upon Baby's horizon, there was no possible comfort left but clutching mother's dress or hand, and following her from room to room. Haystacks was valueless as a consoler. She could not be made to share theories of physical hardships. Her only talk was of ridiculous things, such as mother not being the same to her children and not having time to go about with them, which Baby, with the vague optimism of seven, disregarded as absurd. She had but to hang on to mother all day; and there was an end of any idea of being separated, at any rate.

Several weeks passed, and Mrs. Hayward felt herself drifting into an impossible attitude toward her children. Stacey multiplied letters in the approved handwriting, and entrenched herself in her sitting-room. Baby fretted, and hung about her mother like a disconsolate lapdog; while Dr. Colonsay's periodical visits to his future wife were planned with such studied avoidance of witnesses that they began to look like the stolen

interviews of an unrecognized love affair. In all family complications nothing but prompt action will save the situation.

Edmund Colonsay, whose great and growing reputation was built on his special success with child patients, felt himself confronted with the alternative of passing the rest of his days as the wicked stepfather of fiction, or giving up the new and attractive possibility of a home with the one woman who seemed to offer him peace and happiness as a background for his work. Poor Stacey was unknowingly supplying just the last touch which had hitherto been wanting in the calm, middle-aged, reciprocal attachment of her elders—an obstacle. The Doctor's dreary bachelorhood, its days punctuated by just the right amount of hygienic and athletic amusements, with a due margin of lonely travelling when the stress of work abated and the harassed practitioner could get away, took on an unspeakably grey aspect, and the practical man in him revolted at the idea of this sentimental golden-haired Baby cutting the threads of his destiny with her irresponsible hands.

In the few weeks since the announcement of his engagement, Amy Hayward, as the possibly unattainable woman, took on a glamour of attraction only wanting to rivet finally the tie which was to bind her to her second husband. She herself felt no fluctuations of feeling. True to her type, she knew that only a man's hand could smooth life for her and round it to completeness. The brooding mother-love which had made her so essential to her children, and which, in a sense, filled her life, in no way prevented the longing for protection and the craving to hand over all responsibility to a man, which such women feel as an intrinsic part of their nature.

(To be continued.)

AN honest man is one of the few great works that can be seen for nothing.

—Charles Dickens,

June.

BY M. K.

LAUGHING June looks in my window,
 Flings her fragrance full at me;
 Teasing, tosses me a challenge,—
 Smell of roses, hum of bee.
 Saucy Miss, I frown upon her;
 She but laughs—ah, sweet the day!—
 Summer plays about my doorstep:
 June and I must haste away.

Hand in hand, we go together
 Down the heated, scented lane;
 Daisies wink at one another,—
 "See! she has him fast again!"
 Color mad with wind and weather,
 Sense of kinship pulsing strong;
 Youthtime, lovetime—oh, the rapture!
 Life is sweet when June's along.

Meadows filled with little children,
 Brook and river wide awake;
 Heaven, nearer, smiling, smiling,—
 All one does is reach and take.
 Burdened o'er with love and blossom,
 Smell of roses, hum of bee—
 Laughing June shares all her treasures,—
 Happy June and happy me!

How I Became a Catholic.

BY OLGA MARIA DAVIN.

I WAS born in St. Petersburg, of German Lutheran parents, and the religious devotion of the Russians made a deep impression on my childish mind. It seemed to me their way of worshipping God and praying to Him was most commendable; that kneeling devoutly, with the greatest reverence, was the proper attitude in which man should approach his Creator. Also their signing themselves with the Sign of the Cross appealed to me greatly, Christ having died for us upon the Cross. His followers are an assemblage of Crusaders, I reasoned, of which the Cross is the sign and token. I was still a very small child when I learned a great deal

of Russian Catholicity from a Russian servant-maid, who told me many interesting and beautiful things about it. But when I spoke on the subject to my parents, they said that, although those people believed in the true God, they combined a great deal of superstition with their religion. "Superstition?" thought I. "What is that?" It was something beyond my youthful understanding.

When I was twelve years old we removed to Germany; and at the age of fifteen I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church, without having any settled ideas of faith. At the age of nineteen I formed a friendship with a very pious young teacher, a year older than myself, who was a great student of the Bible. She told me that all the treasures of religious lore could be found in the Sacred Book, which was God's legacy to mankind, and that every pious Christian must constantly read therein. I was glad to have found the road to happiness, which I was earnestly seeking, and I began to read the Bible with deep interest. I read four chapters daily,—two in the Old Testament and two in the New. Reading thus, one may go through the Bible in a year. For four years I continued the practice, besides reading the Psalms and several parts of the New Testament seven or eight times. I also read a large number of religious books and pamphlets, and had gathered a small library of such literature.

I can say now that I kept Sunday almost painfully holy. I went to church several times, occupying the remainder of the day in pious works, visiting the sick, and reading religious books. For me there was no visiting or amusements, such as young people delight in on that day. I wrapped myself in my mantle of egotism, and considered it sinful either to journey in train or carriage.

My friend and I, who lived in the same house, often discussed religious questions in the evening, and it was especially a source of uneasiness to me that there were so many different religious beliefs. My

friend, who had an explanation for everything, had no solution for this. I finally consoled myself with the thought that nothing on earth was perfect, and that no religious body here below possessed the full and entire truth. Notwithstanding, I sought further enlightenment. I read the different catechisms and commentaries, the famous Heidelberg Catechism, the Augsburg Confession, Luther's Large Catechism, and attended the services of the Methodists, Irvingites, and other sects. In my opinion, they were all lacking in one point or another.

Once I heard a sermon by a Catholic priest; it was Lent, and the subject was Easter Communion. It pleased me exceedingly; but, alas! I reflected, though the unity of the Catholic Church is beautiful and the fervor of her members most admirable, she has forsaken the foundation of the Holy Scriptures. This falsehood is taught by Protestantism to its adherents from their earliest childhood, and it is only by God's grace that any one is ever disillusioned of such errors. If one wishes to know the truth about the Catholic Church, one must seek it from Catholics themselves.

Through our love of the Holy Scriptures, my friend and I formed a Bible class of earnest and thoughtful young women. Every Monday evening we met together for prayer and an explanation of a chapter of Holy Scripture, which we read and analyzed verse by verse. After each one had read and digested its meaning, we would consult the works of well-known Bible commentators — Gerlach, Dachselt, and others—for our further enlightenment. This Bible class continued over thirty years, and was disbanded only after I had entered the Church. While it lasted we read the Bible and many other religious books through several times.

In the year 1877 I married. I had met my husband in the Sunday-school. He was a widower, and the fact that he had a child to educate and train was a great incentive to my becoming his wife. It

was with the greatest enthusiasm that I undertook my new duties,—a work which was sanctified by the blessing of God; for all our children were pious, upright, and intelligent. I lived with my husband twenty-three years in the greatest happiness. Of my own three children, two went to heaven at the ages of three and six years. Only one son remains to me.

Our life was deeply religious. My husband conducted family prayer. Sunday was devoted to devotional exercises. Morning and evening we asked the blessing of God before sitting down to table. I attended the Bible class with great fidelity, and my friend and I discussed religious questions as before. From one of these conferences we convinced ourselves that, from the words of the Gospel, we ought to believe in a place of purification after death; that this doctrine was positive and could not be contradicted. "Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." (I Cor., iii, 13-15.)

We found this doctrine very consoling as an evidence of the mercy of God, in that He would not condemn man to perdition for every fault or sin, while at the same time it manifested His justice. Otherwise, only those whose souls were entirely sinless could be admitted to heaven, into which "nothing defiled" can enter. In this respect, we decided that the Catholic doctrine was right. I secretly believed, moreover, that in other particulars Catholic teaching might also be correct. But in the Babel of this world I should have remained in ignorance of the true Church of Jesus Christ if, through the providence of God, the light I had always so earnestly sought had not been vouchsafed me.

In the spring of 1890 I became very ill from a sore throat. As I did not improve, our physician suggested that I go to Ems to take the cure. As soon as I was able I did so, resolving to spend my four weeks there in the service of God and in conscientious efforts for my recovery. I established myself in a small *pension*, and on the day of my arrival went to the Park, at the end of which I found a Catholic church built in Gothic style. "I hope it is open," I said to myself. It was open: the door yielded to my touch, and I entered the beautiful house of God. And then I experienced the feeling that always came over me when I was in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. An overmastering realization of the holiness of the place took possession of me, and brought me to my knees, while an indescribable something that emanated from the high altar enwrapped me with its mysterious power.

There was no one in the church; therefore I examined it to my heart's content, after which I knelt once more and prayed long and earnestly. Then I went out again into the street. I thought, "Thou dear, hospitable church, that opens thy door so willingly to the weary stranger! Here in Ems thou shalt be my friend; I will visit thee daily; in thy holy, peaceful atmosphere I will seek rest and meditation." And so I went day after day—sometimes twice—to that lovely house of God to pray; I had all my time at my own disposal. Occasionally there would be another worshipper, but often I knelt and prayed alone.

On the third or fourth visit, as I was kneeling and reflecting, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I turned and found myself gazing into a pair of earnest, dark eyes, belonging to a distinguished-looking and handsome woman, and a low, hushed voice inquired: "Do you speak English?" I replied that I did. "Do you know whether the priest of this church speaks English?" This question appeared to me so singular that I thought the lady was

in search of the English Protestant church, and I answered: "This is a Roman Catholic church. You probably are looking for the English church."—"Oh, no!" said the lady. "I am a Catholic. Are you not one also?"—"No," I rejoined: "I am a Lutheran."—"And you are praying in this church, though not a Catholic?" Then I answered: "Catholic and Protestant alike believe in the Triune God and the Redemption. I prefer those points in which the churches agree to those in which they differ."—"Come with me," whispered the stranger. "We must not speak here, but I have something to say to you."

We went outside, and the stranger and foreigner enlightened me for the first time on the grandeur of the Catholic Church. She spoke practically as follows:

"There is but one true Church on earth, which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, founded, and the Apostles preached. She alone possesses the treasure of the true faith as revealed by Almighty God. She alone has a Visible Head as a guarantee of her unity with God. She alone is the burning lamp, the City on the Mountain. Come to see me at my hotel. I am staying at an English boarding-house with my husband. We are Californians, stopping here for a while in Ems. I will give you a book to read. Come, I beg you, to-morrow at two."

The next day I sought the American lady, and made many inquiries of her concerning the Holy Eucharist and prayer to the saints, all of which she cheerfully answered. Then she gave me the promised book,—the first Catholic book I had ever seen. I received it with joy and gratitude. It was entitled "Catholic Belief." The lady said: "Read it slowly, with prayer for enlightenment; make a note of what you do not understand or find it difficult to believe, and we will discuss it together. At six o'clock let us meet again in the church."

From that time we saw each other daily—either in the church or, by her

invitation, at the hotel,—conversing exclusively on religion. I read the book and was wonderfully impressed by its contents. Where were the insurmountable difficulties and obstacles? Where the barrier that kept me, a Protestant; from the ancient, original Church? I had always believed most of her teachings; there was nothing in the book that seemed to me difficult of acceptance. Some things were, of course, new to me; but I said to myself, "If the Catholic Church is the only true religious institution upon earth, everything that she teaches must come from God, and all must recognize that there can be no flaw in her construction as evinced by the wonderful harmony in all she presents to human understanding."

It had always been my opinion that the spirit of faith must conform itself without questioning to many mysterious things; as, for instance, how can the human mind understand the mystery of three Divine Persons in one? The Communion of Saints was a revelation to me, but not an unwelcome one; it touched my sympathies, and I rejoiced to know that through the intercession of Mary, the Mother of God, and the saints, we might be helped in our trials and difficulties. What, perhaps, my unworthy prayers might not be able to accomplish, be they ever so fervent and constant, it pleased me to think the blessed in Heaven could obtain; and I was overjoyed to feel I could believe in the Communion of Saints.

Moreover, I could not help reflecting how strange it was that, having lived all my life long in error, I still had believed the doctrines of the Catholic Church which Lutheranism had never taught me. I reasoned that if she was now the true Church of God, she must always have been so. And the Reformation was not, as I had always been led to believe, a purification and release from arbitrary, human ordinances; but a rejection of the priceless treasures bequeathed to us by the Apostles and the Fathers, revealed and ordained by Our Lord Himself as

necessary to our eternal salvation. And thus, through weighing and considering, I felt the ground trembling beneath my feet,—as though the edifice in which I had dwelt so long was crumbling and falling to pieces, burying me beneath the ruins; for it is only by tremendous agitation and upheaval of mind and soul that such changes are effected.

I can never cease to praise and thank the goodness of God that spared me inward stress and strife, and gave me the grace and strength, through the revelations of that little book, to see the truths it contained; and, when found, resolve, cost what it might, to heed and follow their guidance. It filled me with joy to know that I had at last found the whole truth of Christianity; all the teachings of our Divine Saviour, all the Sacraments, all the means of grace which Christ had ordained through the merits of His Redemption,—in a word, that I now possessed the priceless pearl to be sought and found only in the Gospel of Christ.

During the four weeks of my stay in Ems my friendship with the American lady continued without interruption. Later she gave me other books to read,—some written for inquiring Protestants, some for Catholics. The earnestness and zeal with which I welcomed their teachings filled her with joy; but at the same time she warned me not to travel too quickly on my newly-found path. When I declared that I would immediately ally myself to the True Church, she replied in her usual calm manner:

"But do not be in too great haste. Think of your husband and children, and what they will say. Also I would advise you to become more thoroughly instructed. I beg of you to do nothing precipitate. Wait for a time, and prove that you are in earnest."

"I can promise nothing," I answered. "I place myself entirely under the protection of Almighty God. If He wishes to try me, be the delay short or long, all I ask is that I do not resist His grace, and

that I wait patiently His own good time."

My period of probation lasted *eleven years!* I was well aware that, on account of his real fervor and piety, my husband would disapprove of my intention, and I dared not take so important a step against his will. At the same time I knew it was my duty to make known my change of belief and to open my heart to the partner of my life. I had a constant fear either that I should die before I had achieved my purpose, or that I might lose my faith or lapse into lukewarmness and indifference. Through the mercy of God, no such thing happened. On the contrary, the longer I concealed my sentiments, the more did I learn to love the Church of Christ: it was to me the source of an indescribable happiness to have found this priceless jewel. And as time progressed, this happiness increased. But a feeling of sorrow that I was deprived of the Sacraments often predominated.

As a substitute for them I got into the habit of going to church on Saturday afternoons, when confessions were being heard, hoping by my regret and remorse to settle the week's reckoning with Almighty God. By means of Spiritual Communion I sought to make amends for my failure to participate in the real Sacrament, and to nourish my soul by spiritual reading. During that time I read again and again a large number of well-known religious works, went daily to Mass, and used a Catholic prayer-book. Finally I resolved to visit the priest. With many misgivings I sought the pastoral residence. The first words I heard from his lips were those of consolation. "Do not be troubled," said he. "You are a Catholic from the fact that you have so declared yourself before a representative of the Church; your formal profession is but a matter of time. I will give you instructions. You will be all the better for further preparation. Have patience and await the outcome, which will take place in God's good time."

And so it proved. I studied the Cate-

chism and Church History for about a year, when God released my good husband from a long period of illness by a pious and well-prepared death. When later, by reason of this change in the household, we held a family council, it speedily became known that I had investigated Catholicism and was about to become a member of the Catholic Church. At once I was deluged by a flood of expostulations, remonstrances, warnings, reproaches, and accusations, which well-nigh overwhelmed me. Our pastor and other interested friends came to visit me. One of them said: "Believe in as many sacraments as you please, but do not forsake your own church." I replied: "Only in seven,—no more, no less, since Christ has instituted that number." Another remarked: "You are well versed in Holy Scripture; read, then, in the Epistle to the Romans, how St. Paul, in direct opposition to the teaching of the Catholic Church, declares that 'the just man liveth by faith.'" — "I know that passage very well," I answered. "Those words do not comprise the whole text, in which it is also stated that faith alone is not sufficient; while in St. James we read: 'Do you see that by works a man is justified, not by faith only?'" So I believe that to be just before God faith and good works are both necessary." To this came the rejoinder: "It is evident that you have been taught in a Jesuitical school."

Again another friend said to me: "If you believe all the Catholic Church teaches, you can no longer have any individual freedom." Naturally curious as to what this might mean, I was reminded of "the Papistical doctrine" of infallibility. "Ah," said I, "if that is all, that very doctrine is to me the easiest of belief! When the Son of God Himself prayed for Peter and the other Apostles that their faith fail not, He plainly said that Peter was the foundation of His Church, the Rock upon which it was built; therefore what He declared must be true." Another observed: "I have heard that

you are suffering from great doubts concerning religion, and I have come to offer my assistance." I answered: "Many thanks for your interest in my welfare! But you have been misinformed: I am not suffering from any inward struggles. On the contrary, I have received the gift of an enlightening faith and my heart is entirely at peace."

"Have you forgotten," said another, "that your forefathers gave their lives and labors for the Evangelical Faith?" I replied: "The ancestors to whom you refer date back only three or four hundred years. I have gone back through centuries of Christianity to the time of Christ and His Apostles." Again: "How can you believe in the doctrine of Purgatory?" This was my reply: "I have always believed in a place of purification after death. The Scriptures are very clear on that point. Does not St. Paul say to the Corinthians: 'Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire?' And what does St. Matthew also show us?"

"How can you attend the Romish Mass?" asked a solicitous acquaintance. To which I rejoined: "If I desire to increase my knowledge and wish to learn the truth about the oldest Christian religion in the world, I ought to familiarize myself with its services."

(Conclusion next week.)

"THE river of God," which is the Holy Ghost, "makes glad the city of God," which is the Church of those who have their citizenship in heaven; yea, all the rational creation, from angelic creatures down to human souls, is in this "city of God" made glad by the river of the flood of the Holy Spirit.—*St. Basil.*

"Home-Keeping Hearts are Happiest."

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

MARY MORRISON stood alone at one of the windows of her sitting-room in the Hobart House. Below her, the snow-covered street was thronged with the usual hurrying, pushing, laughing, thoughtless crowds "of loud mortality; forgetting death." Two little girls skipped by, hand in hand; several sturdy boys passed, pushing and jostling one another, a number of men, came and went, alone or with their smiling and contented wives; and now and then a pair of lovers sauntered past, blissfully unconscious of all the world except themselves. Standing alone at her window, Miss Morrison watched them,—watched them with envy. And in her mind there echoed a passage which she had seen quoted some days before in reference to the majority of famous women,—they who

sit still

On winter nights by solitary fires

And hear the nations praising them far off.

The room behind her was full of flowers. Several dozen of roses—the first to come—had been crowded into the only available vases; others lay in half-open boxes on the tables, the writing-desk, and even on the seats of two or three of the chairs. At her elbow were stacked a number of visiting cards and a goodly array of invitations to luncheons and dinners,—all clamoring for immediate replies. Still she stood there idle, sometimes watching the passers-by, sometimes thinking of the concert of the preceding night.

It—the concert—had been a marvellous success. Miss Morrison knew that never before had she sung so well. And how long and how eagerly she had looked forward to it, her first appearance in her native city! Ever since she left home to study vocal music in Berlin, this concert

had been one of her dreams,—a dream fulfilled after ten years of hard work and of waiting and of wearisome delays. The day had come at last. She had received such an ovation as D—— had never before given to any one; and why was she not content?

True, the applause of the world and the money which follows in its train had failed to satisfy her; but she had told herself that to sing among the people whom she knew and loved—ah, that would be different! But it had not proved the joy she expected. The years had made many changes, as years with their inexorable cruelty always do. Home was home no longer. Her father and mother were gone; her friends were scattered or had forgotten. In all the vast audience which had welcomed her, her straining, homesick eyes had discovered but one old friend; and he, the best remembered of all, had slipped away before the end,—had sent no card, no note, no flowers.

Miss Morrison had gone to D——, intending to remain there for several weeks; but already the place had become odious to her,—odious because so lonely; and lonely because there, at least, she had thought to find some who cared for her apart from her fame. But it was not so. The invitations showered upon her came from people whose names she had once held in awe, and who in the old days would have snubbed her and looked down upon her plain, hard-working father and her quaint, old-fashioned mother.

Miss Morrison made an effort to drive these bitter thoughts from her mind. She was trying to arouse within herself some interest in her surroundings when a loud knock at the door startled her. A bell boy entered with another box of flowers.

"The tenth," he announced, with a grin.

"Yes?" Miss Morrison said; and she glanced at the card with no show of interest. "Can you tell me what this building is,—the one nearly opposite to the hotel?"

"That big red brick one? Why, that's a children's hospital. Some Sisters run it."

"So many people seem to be coming and going," she added half to herself.

"It's because this is visitors' day over there," the boy volunteered. "I go over sometimes and play with the little fellows who are nearly well. My, but they're thin and white! It isn't much fun to play with them. They can't do much of anything except sit still. The Sisters are real good to them, but they wear mighty queer clothes."

"They would not seem queer to you if you were accustomed to seeing them," Miss Morrison said, with an amused smile; and then she turned back to the window and the boy left the room.

A woman with a small bouquet of flowers in her hand came down the street and passed into the hospital; and, seeing her, Miss Morrison had an inspiration. Without a moment's hesitation, she put on her wraps, pinned a large bunch of violets on her jacket, and, selecting as many pink and white roses as she could well carry, left the room, calling to her maid that she would be gone for an hour.

"May I see some of the children, Sister?" she asked when, entering the hospital some five minutes later, she found herself face to face with the smiling portress.

"Yes, certainly. Go to the second floor and Sister Eulalia will show you through. The elevator is out of order—the men are working on it now, —but the stairs are to your right, at the end of the hall. But wait a moment and I'll take you myself. I see Sister Josephine coming to replace me at the door."

Chatting pleasantly, they ascended the stairs and walked almost the length of the long, bare, sunlit corridor before the nun stopped at the door of a small ward. Miss Morrison paused on the threshold for an instant and looked about her. The room was large, bright, and scrupulously clean. Twelve or fourteen iron beds flanked the walls, each filled by a child,

thin and pale and pain-racked. At the sound of their footsteps, one little girl looked up quickly with an expectant smile on her face.

"It is not your uncle this time, Mary," the Sister said. "It is too early for him; but he will come, never fear."

"Yes, I know he will come," the child answered, with a half-suppressed sigh.

Miss Morrison went to her and gave her half of her roses.

"He will come soon,—I am sure he will," she said, touched by the child's brave efforts to hide her disappointment.

"Oh, thank you!" the little one cried, seizing the flowers with both hands and smiling up at her confidently. "Sister, I'll give them all to uncle. You won't care, will you?" she hastened to add somewhat timidly, looking again at Miss Morrison.

"Indeed no!"

"Her father and mother both died before she was two weeks old, and her uncle has taken their place," Sister explained, smoothing the child's rumpled curls with a tender hand.

"I'll sit here and talk to her for a few minutes, if I may, Sister," Miss Morrison said. And, as the nun slipped away, she drew close to the bedside a low chair which stood near by.

Somewhat fearfully, the child followed the Sister with her eyes. She felt shy and ill at ease on being left alone with a stranger; but, prompted by a well-bred instinct which no timidity could stifle, she opened the conversation.

"It— it snowed last night, didn't it? Early this morning I thought that I could see something white on the window-sill."

"Yes, it snowed nearly all night; but the sun is warm to-day and has melted it enough to make it just right for snowballs. The boys are having a merry time in the street."

The little girl smiled wistfully.

"It must be lots of fun. I never made a snowball, but I've heard a great deal about them. The girl in the next bed— why, she has made them often!" There

was a trace of sadness in her voice.

Miss Morrison hastened to change the subject; and, trying to remember what she had thought and felt at five years of age, she chatted gayly until her small companion forgot her shyness and pain.

Once there was a momentary pause. Miss Morrison glanced down at the child to find her looking up at her in a half-embarrassed way, as if she longed to say something but dared not.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"I was just wondering if you would— if you would mind trading with me. I'd give you all these roses for the violets on your dress. Do you care? You see, my uncle likes roses much more than all other flowers put together. I like roses better myself. I think that they're a great deal prettier; and these are lovely ones. But my uncle— why, he says that violets say sweeter things to him. Do flowers ever talk to any one? He told me once that they remind him of some one. Do they remind you of any one?"

Sudden tears sprang into Miss Morrison's eyes, and she toyed with her violets to hide them from the observant child.

"Yes, yes," she answered softly. The simple question had vividly recalled a certain afternoon only a day or two before she had left home to prepare abroad for her career on the concert stage. She saw again a field, fresh and sweet with the tender green of April and begemmed with countless violets. She saw herself, a young girl, loving, ardent, ambitious. She saw her companion, young too, but graver, truer, wiser.

The silence at last became oppressive to the child. She determined to break it.

"You don't know my name, do you?" she asked, as if it could not but be a matter of prime importance to her new-found friend.

Miss Morrison roused herself, and with an effort smiled responsively into the small, wan face upturned to hers.

"No, I confess that I don't. But won't you tell me what it is?"

"Sister says that it's a very long name for a tiny bit of a girl like me. Uncle picked it out for me himself. He says that it is the prettiest name in the world; so it must be, for he knows *everything*. It's Mary Morrison Delaney."

For an instant a great wonder shone in Miss Morrison's face; then she flushed crimson, and, stooping down, kissed the child, and hurried away with some muttered explanation about wanting to visit the children in the adjoining ward.

Uncomprehending, little Mary Delaney looked after her, feeling much hurt, until a moment later her uncle's arrival made her forget all else but her joy in having him near her. When she had answered all his questions and had heard what he had to tell of himself, Mary gave him the violets.

"Aren't they lovely!" she exclaimed. "A lady gave them to me a little while ago. Such a pretty lady, with big eyes and beautiful clothes! She looks like the queen in my fairy book, only she hasn't any crown. Perhaps she is one at home. Do you think so?"

"I imagine not, little one," her uncle replied gently. Not for the world would he have allowed her to see his amusement.

"First she gave me some roses and kept the violets; but I told her that you like violets better and we traded."

Her uncle murmured something perfunctory about the lady being very kind, and changed the subject; but Mary's quick ear had caught a low exclamation uttered in a singularly sweet voice.

"There she is now, the lovely lady!" she cried, as Miss Morrison, once more escorted by the Sister, appeared at the far end of the room.

Her uncle looked that way to see framed in the doorway a tall, beautiful woman, simply but elegantly gowned. One glance, and he turned back to his niece.

Meanwhile Miss Morrison was talking to the Sister in an undertone.

"Must we pass through this room? One of the little girls has a visitor, I see."

"There is no other way. We shall not disturb them."

Miss Morrison walked down the ward so swiftly that it was with difficulty the Sister kept pace with her; and finally, she caught her by the sleeve to detain her for an instant.

"You must say good-bye to little Mary Delaney," she urged. "We are passing her by."

Miss Morrison had been looking intently at the beds on the opposite side of the room. At the nun's suggestion, she reluctantly crossed over to Mary's bedside and lightly kissed the child's cheek.

"And this is Mary's uncle," the Sister said by way of introducing the tall, scholarly-looking man who had risen at their approach.

"I knew Mr. Delaney years ago, but I fancy that he has forgotten me," Miss Morrison said nonchalantly.

He bowed and said something perfunctory about remembering her very well and pleasantly.

"I told her why you like violets so much," the child said, smiling up into her uncle's grave face; "and she says that she likes them just the same way."

Mr. Delaney glanced at Miss Morrison's crimson face, and instantly his own reflected its glow. Somehow, too, it seemed to give him courage.

"As Mary says, I have loved them for years; in fact, ever since one spring day when I gathered them with the one I so well remember."

Miss Morrison's eyes met his for a moment before she smiled down at Mary, saying softly:

"And I—I, too, once gathered them with some one—I love."

MEN who split hairs with their conscience, who mislead others by deft, shrewd phrasing which may be true in letter yet lying in spirit, and designedly uttered to produce a false impression, are untruthful in the most cowardly way.

—William G. Jordan.

At the Little Gray Church.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

WEARING loose chamois gloves, for his hands were as tender as a woman's, Father Ambrose was digging in his garden. He had tucked up his well-worn cassock; and, with an old straw hat on the back of his head, knelt, busily repotting the plants which had been blooming vigorously all winter in his little sitting-room. Next to his children of the parish, Father Ambrose loved these children of the garden. They were almost the only recreation of his monotonous, albeit strenuous, life.

From where he knelt working, he could see any one who entered or left the church, although he himself was not visible through the luxuriant vines which were already well in bloom. The screen over which they climbed, flinging themselves into the branches of the sycamore close by, concealed a bench at the farthest side, nearest the rectory. Here Father Ambrose was wont to read his Breviary; and here his more intimate parishioners usually found him in spring and summertime, when he was not busy at his desk or visiting the poor and infirm of the congregation.

As he stepped aside for a trowel, he saw the door of the church open. A handsome, well-dressed woman of about fifty years of age came out and stood for a moment in the covered porch of the old gray church,—squatty, unarchitectural, ill-proportioned, but which had been erected thirty years before, under the supervision of Father Ambrose, when, as a newly-ordained priest, he had come to Stulton. It had been his first and only charge. He loved every stone of the building; for each had been placed there by the hands of the faithful quarrymen, who had dug them from the bank and shaped them as they stood.

The woman standing in the church porch began to peer through the vines which

concealed the little garden. Father Ambrose smilingly rose and went to meet her.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Reardon!" he said. "I can not shake hands with you like this, but you are welcome. When did you return?"

"The day before yesterday, Father," she replied.

"And you had a splendid trip?"

"I did and I didn't, Father," rejoined the visitor. "Norry—she'd be vexed if she heard me call her that,—well, Norine is that keen for enjoyment she wants to be always on the go, for fear she'd miss something. We didn't stop long enough in any one place to see it or know it or get the good of it. And I hate those hotels, Father. All in all, I'm very glad to be back."

"I understand Norine—Mrs. Saunders—is going to build on her lot yonder," said the priest.

"I only wish she was, Father," was the answer. "That's what I hoped for. 'Tis a pretty spot, and the old green trees that are on it would almost make a garden in themselves. But she's changed her mind, and that's what I want to talk to you about this morning. Some of those light-headed friends of hers have persuaded her 'tis too unfashionable in this part of town. And she's being led by them, Father, in spite of all I could object."

"Unfashionable!" repeated the priest, while a smile which, if he were capable of such a thing, might be called slightly sarcastic, passed over his countenance. He could not help recalling the time—it was not so long ago—when little Norry, now a wealthy young widow, used to run to and fro from the garden to the house, while her mother "did up" the altar linen in his summer-kitchen.

"And, Father," Mrs. Reardon went on, "she's bought the old Upham house on Grantham Street, and *that's* where we're to live in future!"

"A beautiful place and a fine situation," said the priest. "But it will take money to keep it up, Mrs. Reardon."

"It will that, Father; but she might as well be spending the money one way as another. And they tell her 'twill be a fine business property in twenty years or so."

The priest smiled again.

"I did not give her credit for being so long-headed," he said.

"Long-headed! Norry!" rejoined the widow, with a sigh. "'Twas well Saunders left things as he did, or she'd make ducks and drakes of it all before she had a gray hair in her head. Oh, she's a silly girl, Father! My heart's broke with her."

"She's fond of her mother, though; you can't deny that, Mrs. Reardon," smilingly rejoined Father Ambrose. "And she well ought to be."

"True for you, Father, she is," replied the widow; "and never ashamed of me, with her grand friends and all."

"She has no reason to be that," said the priest, glancing approvingly at his visitor. She was a comely woman, with good features, fine eyes, and an erect carriage,—all of which her daughter inherited.

"I know, but some aren't like her. One can never tell these days what children will do. However, Father, I haven't told the worst of it yet."

"What next?" asked the priest. "I think I know what's coming."

"Well, then, 'twould be like you. You've a great head, Father. Poor Jim always said it."

"Shall I guess?" asked the priest, with a mischievous smile.

"No, Father: I'll tell it to you. Norry thinks 'twill be too far to come to St. Andrew's now, and she says we'll have to go to the new church—St. Lawrence O'Toole's. I wonder they do be giving such a fashionable church that Irish name!"

"Is it fashionable?" said the priest, with a quizzical expression. He enjoyed drawing out his simple, sincere parishioner.

"To be sure it is! Don't you know it yourself, Father? Aren't all those rich Catholics settled about it? Didn't they

lay out that track on purpose to have a select congregation?"

"Who says so?" asked the priest, still smiling.

"Everybody says so. And what harm to them that want it and can afford it? Father, it tears the very heart out of me to be leaving the old gray church, where I was married and Norry was christened and made her First Communion, and where poor Jim—God rest his soul!—lay in front of the sanctuary at his funeral Mass. If only she'd build on the lots yonder! I can't bring myself to be satisfied nor contented with the change, Father."

"Naturally enough," said the priest. "But, since Mrs. Saunders has decided otherwise, you must needs attend the church that is most convenient. It would be entirely too far for you to come over here, Mrs. Reardon. We are three miles at least from St. Lawrence O'Toole's, and everyone should attend his own parish church whenever possible. You can drop in upon us now and then, to High Mass or Vespers, on pleasant Sundays, you know. It is all right,—all right, my good friend!"

"God bless you, Father Ambrose! But you were always a comfort and knew how to give an advice and do the thing in the right place, as poor Jim said many and many a time. And not a word out of you now but kindness, and we turning our backs on the old gray church that's been the House of God to us all these long years! God bless and reward you a hundred thousand times, Father! And my own poor blessing and good wishes to you, Father!"

And thus, truly regretful, wiping a furtive tear as she went, the widow departed.

II.

The glory of summer had faded, and autumn was wearing the golden crown of a plentiful harvest. Father Ambrose sat on the rustic bench under the vine-covered screen, reading his Breviary. To him, through the long arbor covered with purple grapes, slowly came Mrs. Reardon, in her hands a huge bunch of chrysan-

themuns, in her eyes a contented smile.

"Well, I'm really glad to see you, Mary Reardon!" exclaimed the priest, heartily shaking her hand. "Now that you're no longer my parishioner, I seldom lay eyes upon you. But you're looking well,—very well. And these flowers are for me? They are beautiful, and just in time for the Forty Hours', which begins to-morrow. But, living at the other end of town as you do, perhaps you didn't know we were to have the Adoration."

"I didn't know it, Father; but I'm glad to hear it now. My heart is aching for a good old-fashioned Mass and Benediction. And I've some news for you, Father. We're coming back. Norry's going to build on the lots—the other place was too big entirely,—and she has a chance to sell to advantage. We've taken rooms at Mrs. Stenbow's till the house is built—maybe for six months or so."

"Very good news, indeed!" said the priest. "Every fine dwelling and every good Catholic family is an addition and improvement to the parish. I hear a new trolley line is projected. Oh, we're coming on at the Quarries, Mrs. Reardon! But how do you like leaving St. Lawrence O'Toole's?"

"St. Lawrence O'Toole's!" cried the widow, lifting up her hands. "God forgive me if I'm telling a word of a lie, Father, but is it a *Catholic* church at all?"

Father Ambrose laughed merrily.

"What is it that you're saying, Mary?" he asked. "I heard some one the other day call it 'the little cathedral.'"

"And 'twas well said, Father," rejoined Mrs. Reardon, dryly. "*Swell* it is, and that's the word. Of all the queer doings, they have the queerest at St. Lawrence's. And what can you expect with that boy at the head of it?"

"Father O'Moriarty is a Doctor of Divinity, Mary, and you call him a boy! I wish he could hear you!" said Father Ambrose, with whatever gravity he could assume.

"Doctor of anything or everything, he's only a boy. Some say it's because of the great lot of money his father left to the church he was made a D. D., Father."

"Tut, tut, Mary!" answered the priest, the smile gone from his face. "You must not say that, nor allow any one to say it in your hearing. He is a wonderfully clever young priest, and a very good one."

"I'm not saying a word against his goodness, Father," replied the widow. "He's busy all the time, and as pleasant and kind to the poorest of his congregation as to those that are rolling in gold. But he has queer notions about the singing. I don't know, Father, if it lies within himself or if it's the crooked little English organist that has him under his thumb. I'm told that same man was a graduate of some grand school in Germany or maybe 'twas Cincinnati."

Under feint of a slight cough, Father Ambrose put his hand to his lips to conceal a smile.

"I do not imagine, Mrs. Reardon," he said, "that Father O'Moriarty would remain a long time under any man's thumb. He is too independent."

"You may be right, Father. And I've been thinking that the public school was at the bottom of it."

"The public school? At the bottom of what?" inquired the priest.

"The singing, Father. You know 'tis very hard to get over early teachings; and 'tis well known that old O'Moriarty, after he married the second wife, sent all the children, boys and girls, to the public school. They've a Protestant way of singing at St. Lawrence's that reminds me for all the world of the time we lived over on Crosby Street, facing the school, and the sound of the screeching came in to me through the window. Sure, Father, there doesn't be anything like we're used to over here."

"We are very plain and old-fashioned at the Quarries," said Father Ambrose.

"And thanks be to God for that! But weren't you one of the first to folly

the Pope's command about the Gregory Chant, as they calls it, Father? And is there any grander singing in the whole wide world? If there wasn't a spark of devotion in your soul, that same singing would put it into it."

"We could not have it, Mrs. Reardon, if the Benedictines were not so near us. Our poor little choir could never compass it without their assistance."

"Well, that may be, Father; but your poor little choir, as you call it, has the devotion and the good old Masses and the Vespers. And sure we always had them, Father,—always!"

"The Vespers? Yes, of course. But don't they have Vespers at St. Lawrence O'Toole's?"

"Never, Father, except once on Easter and then 'twas more like jigs they were singing,—every Psalm different from the other, and none of them reverent or pious-sounding, Father."

"What do they have, then?"

"Rosary first—no, Father: a couple of the hymns I was telling you about, and the congregation told to stand up and sing; and some screeching and some mumbling, and some, like myself, not opening their mouths, for fear they'd spoil what was bad enough already; and the curate standing at the rail beating time, like a windmill, and crying out to them, 'Sing! Sing.'"

"And after the singing they have the Rosary, do they?"

"Yes; and after that the priest standing waiting while the congregation strives with another queer-sounding strain—in English."

"Yes. And then?"

"The priest comes out for the sermon; but before he begins he must kneel and wait a spell till they perform an altogether different tune."

"I'm afraid you exaggerate, Mrs. Reardon. Not so many hymns, surely?" said Father Ambrose.

"Just that many, Father. And after the sermon still another; and then the

Benediction; and then, to finish up, *another!* And as true as I live, Father Ambrose, I've never heard the *Laudate* sung either before or after Benediction since I've been at St. Lawrence O'Toole's—no, Father: only one more screeching Protestant hymn to finish up with. 'Tis the Doxology, they tells me; and I've seen the very same in Dicky Jackson's Methodist hymn-book."

"Do you mean to say that they have nothing but congregational singing, Mary?" asked the priest.

"Oh, no, Father! The choir joins in, as a matter of course. And at High Mass it's almost as bad, when the people *don't* join in. They have little programs printed on great days, and 'twould puzzle you to know why they choose such a medley. Never a single Mass sung through by itself, but a *Kyrie* by Haydn, and a *Gloria* by Merkydanty, and a *Credo* by Goon-od and a *Sanctus* by Conconey, and an *Agnus Dei* as long as Lent by some one else."

"I'm afraid we're behind the times at the little gray church," said Father Ambrose, thoughtfully. "We still cling pretty much to the old ways."

"Thank Heaven again for that!" exclaimed the widow. "There's piety and charity and real devotion within those four blessed walls, Father; and we'll stick to the plain old ways, please God."

"I hear they're making some improvements up there at St. Lawrence's," Father Ambrose remarked, after a pause.

"Well, that's what they call them," was the rejoinder. "And what do you think they're doing?"

"I can't say."

"They're bringing the choir down from the loft entirely, and putting it up near the altar. And they're building what they call a 'rude screen' to hide them from the gaze of the congregation. Did you ever hear of the like?"

"They will need two organs in that case?"

"No, Father. The organist will stay

up above, and the choir director and the singers screech from below."

Father Ambrose laughed.

"I fear you have been misinformed, Mrs. Reardon. If not, I predict some grand mix-ups at St. Lawrence O'Toole's 'on state occasions.'"

"It's very uncharitable you're thinking me, Father, I'm afraid," observed Mrs. Reardon, as the priest rose and looked at his watch. "I can see it in your eyes, Father; and I'm keeping you beyond all reason. But I had to unburden my heart. I'll be making no more complaints. It's too glad I am to be getting back to St. Andrew's. Sure, I'd rather stand in the porch of the little gray church in sack-cloth and ashes—like the Emperor Theodoshy you told us about long ago—than sit in the front pew of Father O'Moriarty's, with his velvet cushions and his Wilton aisle-carpets, and his rude screen and his re-re-dos,—for they're talking of having in one of them, too, whatever they are. Some new kind of music, I imagine."

Father Ambrose put out his hand.

"Don't be too hard on poor Father O'Moriarty, Mary," he said. "He is a splendid young man, who has abandoned wealth and the pleasures of the world to become a hard-working priest of God; for every good priest must be hard-working and self-sacrificing, whether he step on velvet carpet or earthen floor, whether his pillow be of down or of straw."

"True for you, Father," rejoined Mrs. Reardon, humbly.

"But you are welcome back to St. Andrew's,—there is no need for me to say it. And so is Norry. For you and yours, whether here or there, must always be part and parcel of the little gray church," said Father Ambrose.

WE all rely on a long life, which is not in our power, and we trouble ourselves very little about living a good life, which is in the power of everyone.

—*St. Leonard of Port Maurice.*

The Two Pilgrims of Vairé.

BY RENÉ BAZIN.*

HERE are tales which no tongue relates, — legends which have died and are to be found only in books; others there are which live, and of such is the story of the two pilgrims of Vairé. It is known throughout La Vendée, and makes an annual festival for the people. How would it be possible not to know this legend? The little town has no other distinction. White houses which are young, and gray houses which are old, a slender spire, an extended pier,—that is all there is to Vairé. Many other villages have the same. But Vairé has in its precincts two stone crosses, not far removed one from the other, on the route to Mothe-Achard. The more remote is the Ass' Cross; the Pilgrims' Cross is nearer, and at its foot two broken tombstones lie level with the turf. There ended the story.

Its beginning was toward the close of the thirteenth century, an epoch in which men built so much for God. Seventeen hundred churches, we are assured, rose then on the territory known to-day as La Vendée. Did the inhabitants of Vairé have one that was too old and which threatened ruin? Or had they none? What is certain is that they wished to have a new church. They built it with love, and they made it as beautiful as the means of laborers, mechanics, housekeepers and wool-spinners permitted. The central nave being finished, they erected the steeple, and a courageous workman climbed to the very tiptop to set up the cross.

But in order to have the church consecrated it was necessary that it should possess the relics of a saint. Where could they be found? Assuredly there were plenty in Rome. If the Pope knew the needs of Vairé, he would not refuse to give some of the precious remains of the martyrs. But Rome was so far away!

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. B. Churchill.

Who was brave enough to undertake such a journey? The laborers and mechanics put the question one to another, shook their heads, and went away, each to his home. One said: "I am too old." Said another: "I am too young." Those who were neither old nor young said: "I am too poor." For in those days the roads were not safe. Bands of robbers infested the country. There was danger of being attacked in crossing all of France and half of Italy; and even if one escaped this danger, with no adventure on the highway, there were the hotel-keepers, redoubtable folk, who must be reckoned with in another way. A prince's purse would hardly suffice.

This was what was thought at Vairé. Nevertheless, one day two young men began to talk as no one else had ever done before them. They appeared one Sunday morning in the market-place, hand in hand, and they said: "We will go." At first no one believed them. They were just two ordinary men, very unpretending, and in no way distinguished from the crowd. The neighbors said: "You are crazy!" They replied: "We will go to Rome, and we shall see the Pope, and ask him for relics for our church at Vairé."

When it was seen how determined they were, a Mass for the Dead was celebrated, doubtless as a forecast of the sad fate that surely would soon be theirs. So they set off, with no other resources than their great faith, their extreme youth, and their staff. Soon they were out of sight.

What the journey was like who can tell? It can only be guessed. They proceeded by short stages, begging their bread, sleeping on the ground, making a detour only when in search of a bridge. Others would have forgotten the object of their pilgrimage. They would have been captivated by the charms of a strange land; they might even have got married in the country of Arles or Avignon, and never thought again of the white church. But these men went straight ahead, slowly, though untiringly, in heat and cold, in

the dust and through the mud and snow, having but one purpose at heart. Very often they lost their way or were misdirected. Again and again and yet again they made circuitous journeys, sometimes finding themselves where they were long months before. They reached Rome at long last on the eve of the great Jubilee of 1300; and were received by Pope Boniface VIII., who gave them many relics, and also a little donkey to carry them.

They set off again, happy-hearted but much older than they were when they came. What had happened? Had they stopped to make pilgrimages in all the churches of the Eternal City? Did they mistake the road? Were they delayed by thieves, by illness, by the warmth of the sun in the land of olives? I know not. One must not accuse them. What is certain is that many years passed before they returned.

At Vairé, everyone considered them to be dead. The companions of their youth had disappeared, or at least they were all grandparents. Those who had been present as little children in their mother's arms at the departure of the pilgrims, were reckoned now among the elders of the village. They frequently cited the fatal imprudence of those men to calm the venturesome spirit of the young.

Nevertheless, all unknown, the pilgrims, stage by stage, were approaching La Vendée. They saluted already in their hearts the church which had not been consecrated for want of relics. And the mornings succeeded each other, and the evenings, and yet more mornings dawned.

No one suspected that a great joy was so near. Only the bells in the steeples—the bells that look over the tree-tops—saw them coming, and they began to ring. It was a day in April, and they rang as loud as they could, saying, "Come all! Leave your barns and oxen and your fields, and make haste! They have arrived,—the two good pilgrims of Vairé. They are bringing the relics."

And they were understood. All the

laborers and artisans and housekeepers and wool-spinners rushed instantly to the bridge. The bells kept on ringing; and there at the foot of the hill they found two old men kneeling beside a donkey which had fallen dead from fatigue.

Most reverently and with great care they lifted the reliquary and supported the pilgrims from Rome, who could no longer speak, so exhausted were they by the long journey and the joy of being once more at home. All proceeded to the church, and when the relics had been brought before the high altar the two pilgrims fell down dead. But they had fulfilled their mission, they had done a life's work.

A Non-Catholic's Defence of the Church.

IF we were what a young Filipino friend calls a "millionary person," one of our first acts would be to order a copy of a recent pamphlet by Mr. C. A. Windle, editor of the *Iconoclast*, to be sent in a sealed envelope to every Protestant minister, of all denominations, in the United States, beginning with the Baptists. The pamphlet is entitled "Is the Catholic Church the Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization?" Considering that, in the eyes of all intelligent men, the teaching of the Church is in reality the surest guarantee of our liberties, and that our civilization has in her its chief safeguard; considering furthermore that the world is now in the second decade of the twentieth century, old enough to know good from evil, and to be free from the last traces of bigotry, it is matter of amazement that there should be need of such a production as the one to which we call attention. There is need, however. That a great many of our fellow-citizens would answer in the affirmative the question asked by Mr. Windle, there can be no doubt. Sad as the fact is, it would be as useless to deny it as it would be senseless to blink it. The present year has wit-

nessed a vigorous revival of the anti-Catholic spirit, which was supposed to have been forever laid to rest with the defunct A. P. A.

Since it is possible that such a question as the one quoted should be seriously proposed, it is well that it should be answered by a non-Catholic, — one so frank, fearless and well-informed as Mr. Windle. He says of himself: "I am neither a Protestant nor a Catholic, and I am not an infidel. I have my own personal belief. My right to differ with all other men is based upon their right to disagree with me. I fight for my own faith by defending the rights of others. For this reason I could not stand idly by and permit Watson's assaults upon Catholicism to pass unchallenged."

The gentleman referred to (Mr. Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, formerly a member of Congress, at present editor of *Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine*) is the writer of a series of articles against the Church and its members, to which the pamphlet under consideration is an adequate reply. His strictures and calumnies are dealt with in six chapters, in every one of which Mr. Windle makes telling points against his opponent. Catholic readers will not agree with all that he has to say; however, when most at variance with him, they will admire his sincerity of opinion and vigor of expression; while even the most prejudiced Protestants will be forced to admit that there must be some truth in what he says. Let us quote a few passages at random, to illustrate the scope of the pamphlet and Mr. Windle's manner of combating the gentleman from Georgia:

When they get ready to fleece lambs in Wall Street, they never inquire whether their victims are Methodists, Baptists or Catholics. All lambs with long fleece look alike to them. In politics they ask just two questions: "Is he with us?" "What will he cost?"

These men have exalted to high office a great number of truckling Protestants as well as Catholics. They have made a number of Protestants President, but not a single Catholic.

Not that minions of monopoly care about the religion of any man who is willing to serve them, but they recognize that an unreasoning prejudice exists against electing a Catholic President of the United States. When Catholics continually vote for Protestant Presidents without a murmur, why should Protestants hesitate to vote for a Catholic? Can it be that Catholics are more liberal than Protestants? This fact alone shows the absurdity of Watson's contention.

When it becomes dangerous to elect a Catholic to the Presidency of the United States, it will not be safe to elect a Protestant. American Catholics have always voted to place Protestants in the highest office in the gift of the people. Why can not Protestants be equally liberal and generous? It is un-American to demand a right which you are unwilling to accord to another. The very fact that no Catholic has ever been elected President of the United States proves that as a nation we have failed fully to exemplify the spirit of our free institutions. We have professed more than we have practised....

Everybody knows how hard it is to reclaim a lost woman,—almost impossible. The attitude of women in general bars her way once she has fallen. On this account the world should appreciate the work done by the women of the Order of the Good Shepherd. Opposition to their mission is an evidence of total depravity. To slander them is the sum of all villainy. While there is breath in my body and warm blood in my heart, these brave women shall have one non-Catholic friend and defender. What they believe does not concern me. What they are doing for the lost, helpless, and hopeless derelicts of humanity ought to excite the admiration of men and gods.

It is utterly useless for Catholics themselves to do anything but pray for the class of persons for whose enlightenment Mr. Windle writes. Having eyes, they will not see anything good in the Church that one of its own members may point out; having ears, they will not hear a word in defence or explanation of its teaching and practice uttered by a Catholic. But, coming from an outsider who professes to be neither a Protestant nor an infidel, the pamphlet before us will command attention, and, if widely distributed, do much toward dispelling the clouds which threaten in the near future another storm of persecution against the Church in the United States.

Notes and Remarks.

A priest, who was summoned at the eleventh hour to prepare a renegade member of his congregation for death, was dismayed to find him so much under the influence of opiates, administered by a non-Catholic physician to relieve pain, that it was impossible for him either to make his confession or to repeat an act of contrition. Indeed, the priest was left in doubt as to whether the dying man had any realization of his condition, or fully recognized his visitor. Cases of this kind are more common than is generally supposed. The attendance of a physician is continued until no hope of recovery remains, and only then is the priest sent for,—too late for more than conditional absolution and a hurried administration of Extreme Unction. The death of those who have neglected the practice of their religion during life, even though they may have the attendance of a priest, is often without consolation to survivors who are aware of the circumstances.

The use of opiates is not, of course, to be condemned; but in case of serious illness they should be administered in extremely small doses until the duties of religion have all been performed. In these days, when so many physicians think only of affording relief to patients whom they can not cure, it is well to recall the example of that pious Irishman, a disciple of Father Mathew, who refused to prolong his life by the aid of stimulants, declaring that he wished his last breath to be a sober one; or the no less edifying example of Queen Maria Teresa, whom Carlyle praises for declining a dose of opium in her last painful hours, with the memorable words: "I want to meet my God awake."

The London *Tablet* refers to the French Anticlerical as "a curious person"; we should be inclined to call him, more robustly, a cynical hypocrite. "He

spends his time railing at religion and persecuting its professors; but when it is a question of the education of his children or of his own nursing in time of sickness, he generally shows a preference for the methods and care of those whom as a politician he has denounced, despoiled, and sent adrift. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, it will be remembered, was nursed in his last illness by a religious. And now M. Clemenceau, in his time of need, instead of seeking the congenial shelter of a secularized hospital for the operation which he underwent a few days ago, entered a nursing home in the Rue Bizet, kept by the Sœurs du Saint-Sauveur. Not unnaturally, his friends expressed surprise and dissatisfaction at what he had done, but his answer was that he 'wanted to be well cared for.'" It is easy to imagine the cynical smirk with which these words were uttered.

In these days of frequent and daily Communion, it is interesting to recall an address delivered at one of the first of the great German Catholic Congresses. The speaker was a Father Schmitz, later Coadjutor-Bishop of Cologne; and he mentioned a visit he had recently paid to Dublin. He had been anxious to know by what means the Irish people had preserved, with such singular fidelity and amid such cruel suffering, the priceless heritage of the Faith. He thought he might find an explanation in the popular press, so unmistakably Catholic; he was eager to visit the public libraries to see what the people read, also those places where the great O'Connell was habitually acclaimed.

Going into St. Andrew's Church on the morning after his arrival in the Irish capital, he saw a spectacle which made it needless to consult either books or newspapers, or to inquire into the influence exercised by the memory of O'Connell. "Here," he said to himself, "is the solution of the problem, how it is that Ireland, in spite of the most ruthless persecution,

has remained the Catholic land *par excellence*. Thirteen hundred men, on a Monday morning, making the monthly Communion of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart!"

"Gentlemen," said Father Schmitz, in concluding his address at the Congress, "if you wish to count the number of those who fight the good Catholic fight, you have but to reckon the men at the Holy Table. Where men do not communicate, the fight is but languidly carried on, and it is not long sustained."


Readers who have not outgrown their fondness for figurative language will enjoy this simile from a recent address by Father Ketchum, of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith of Indian Children:

The Catholic laity throughout the world is somewhat like a huge, sleeping giant, having within its tremendous proportions practically unlimited possibilities and power to rule the world. This great, listless giant occasionally raises a hand to brush aside a too troublesome gnat, or moves a foot to crush a venomous insect, and then relapses into quiescence; and meanwhile small men and puny organizations, banded together to hamper the Church of God, busy themselves in weaving a network of fetters around the limbs of the giant, so that he moves with difficulty or can scarcely move at all.

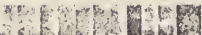
Sleep on a little longer, O giant! and nothing less than the direct intervention of an offended God can liberate you. One has but to look across the Atlantic and to the nations south of us to realize the truth of this statement. Nay, one has only to look about him here to see, in this government of majorities, organizations numerically insignificant ruling whole communities, whole States, and exercising control even in matters national.


Discussing, in the *Catholic World*, the bearing of "Darwinism" (so-called) on morality and morals, Dr. Windle successfully proves that it is impossible to deduce a moral code from a purely materialistic philosophy of life. Concluding his treatment of the point, he writes:

We do not propose to discuss *hic et nunc* the question of what the world would do without a system of morality. But what we are ad-

vancing here is the theory that no such thing as a scheme of morality, which would be recognizable as such by ordinary decent-minded people, can be deduced from external nature; and that the scheme of life, morally and socially, which would follow upon a close copy of nature (of nature "red in tooth and claw," as we see it around us), would be one which could not be contemplated without horror even by the most thoughtless and debauched human being. The choice, then, is placed before us: a materialistic world with no moral sanction, or a world on principles taught by Christianity; and we may ask ourselves which picture commends itself to all that is best in our natures? 

* * *

Notwithstanding the publication, a year or two ago, of a book called "At the Death-Bed of Darwinism," there is reason for Dr. Windle's saying: 

Let us once more impress on our readers that "Darwinism," falsely so-called by many of its prophets of to-day, and Darwinism as propounded by Darwin, are two wholly different things; that Darwin never proposed to explain the origin of things or to establish a rule of life; and that, whatever may be said of the truth of his theories—and it must be admitted that many of them crumble away more or less under criticism,—they in no way warrant many of the conclusions which his followers have drawn from them. It may seem like vain repetition once more to enunciate this opinion, but it can scarcely be urged too often; at least, so one has to conclude from the ignorance still shown on the point by so many writers and readers. 

Mr. Robert W. Williamson, a traveller in British New Guinea and the author of a recent work dealing with the Mafulu Mountain tribes, among whom the Fathers of the Sacred Heart have been laboring for some years, pays a glowing tribute of gratitude and admiration to these devoted missionaries, whose services to science as well as religion deserve recognition. Mr. Williamson writes:

In New Guinea I had the never-failing hospitality and kindness of my good friend, Mgr. de Boismenu (the Bishop of the Mission of the Sacred Heart), and the Fathers and the Brothers of the Mission. Among the latter I would especially mention Father Egedi and Father Clauser. Father Egedi (whose name is already familiar to students of New Guinea ethnology)

was my friend and travelling companion during a portion of my journeyings through the Mekeo and Kuni districts, and his Mekeo explanations proved invaluable to me when I reached my Mafulu destination. And dear, good Father Clauser was a pillar of help in Mafulu. He placed at my disposal all his existing knowledge concerning the people, and was my intermediary and interpreter throughout all my inquiries. And, finally, when, having at some risk prolonged my stay in Mafulu until those inquiries were completed, I was at last compelled by the serious state of my health to beat a retreat and be carried down to the coast, he undertook to do the whole of my photographing and physical measurements; and the care and skill with which he did so are evidenced by the results as disclosed in this book. My remembrance of his Lordship the Bishop and of the Reverend Fathers and Brothers of the Mission will ever be one of affectionate personal regard, and of admiration of the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice which impels them to submit cheerfully to the grave and constant hardships and dangers to which their labor of love necessarily exposes them.

—♦♦—

"Have we any settled ideal in this country toward which we direct our education?" asks Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, writing in the *Chicago Dial*. His answer to this question, though too long to be quoted entire, is too good not to be quoted in part. He says:

The Greeks wanted to produce a race of athletes and artists—to attain to harmonious perfection of body and mind. They did attain to that: they made humanity statuesque and reached a hegemony in some of the arts which they still hold. The Romans educated for war and domination. The churchmen, into whose hands education fell in the Middle Ages, educated for the other world. They produced a race of spiritual enthusiasts, who swayed the world with their visions, and who brought something of heaven down to earth in their architecture, painting, music, and sculpture. The French have educated mainly for manners, for social charm; the Spanish, for the cultivation of a stately personal pride. Bismarck's jest that, as England owned the sea and Russia owned the land, there was nothing left for the Germans but the sky, is borne out by Germany's greatest achievements—metaphysics and music. England is perhaps the only country which has educated for literature. I do not mean by this that it has not educated for other things—war, domination, science,—but that through its whole

educational system, and through the common thought of its people, runs a feeling, an acknowledgment, that literature is the best work that men can do. . . . Is there any single thing that American education has aimed at? Faith, I can not think of any, unless it is Big Business.

Probably there is no better test of the results of a nation's education than the way in which successful people of all kinds rank in public estimation—the off-hand precedence which is accorded them. In America to-day the men who are most and first in the public mind, who are the objects of general envy and emulation, are the wielders of vast wealth, the masters of finance. . . .

Probably the spirit of a nation dictates its system of education, and to tell it to change that system, is equivalent to telling it to be born again. But we must make some change in our ideas and ideals if we want to cut the figure in the world which we have a right to do. We might take a hint from the Catholic Church, which is perhaps the wisest organization ever known, and, in a way, the most democratic. It has never evinced an overwhelming desire for a general intellectual education. It has preferred to train the great mass of its people in manners and morals, and to reserve its treasures of culture for the most promising pupils. We fight against the idea, in America, that there is any inequality in natural gifts, and we try to give everybody an even chance. This is praiseworthy of course, but it is impossible. The texture of men's minds differs more than the grain of wood in the forests. As a corollary to our democratic endeavors in this way, we come to the conclusion that one kind of gift, one kind of success, one kind of achievement, is as good as any other. But it is not. There are hierarchies of talents: there are some kinds of genius so rare that they outvalue all the rest. We must recognize this, or our education will be a muddle. We must recognize, too, that there are limitations to physical and material endeavor,—that we can not all be rich, or even comparatively well off; and that we had best try to lay up treasures of emotion, intellect, and spirit, which will endure and console.

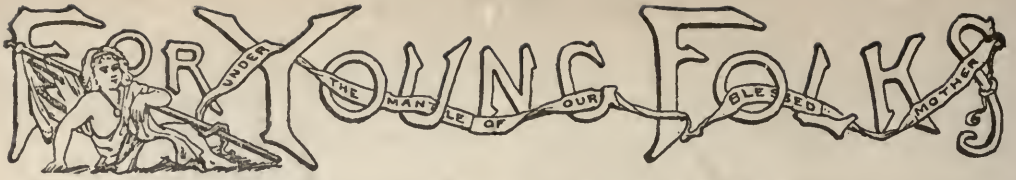
A proposal to appoint a censor of moving-picture shows having come before the city council of Sydney, Nova Scotia, a local paper expressed its opinion as to some difficulties likely to be encountered in the practical application of censorship. Says the *Casket* in reply:

We do not agree with the *Record* that in such censorships there is any danger of

“questions of mere taste” getting mixed up with questions of morals—unless it is intended to select for censor an undoubted fool. Take the ordinary, hard-headed father of a family of boys and girls,—a man who goes home and meets his children, and notices that they are growing, and that their powers of understanding are expanding; who is conscious that things that are seen and heard by boys and girls are as matches to powder in many cases, and that any cases may be such cases; who knows the world, and is resolved to protect his young; who is clean-living himself, and wishes well to virtue in general. Make such a man a censor, and don't worry about matters of taste. He will not be likely to mistake a matter of mere bad taste for a suggestion which he would not wish his own little girl to hear.

The foregoing view will impress the ordinary reader as being quite judicious. Practical understanding, ordinary common-sense, the faculty designated by that expressive colloquialism *gumption*,—these are by far the best qualifications for the man whose duty it is to approve or condemn the elevating or degrading moving-picture shows.

The remarkable woman—linguist, artist, poet, writer, musician and composer of more than ordinary ability—the story of whose conversion to the Church, told in her own simple words, is presented to our readers this week, although a Catholic for only ten years, has been instrumental in as many as seventy conversions. In every case she acted as instructor, and we are informed that she is even now preparing a Jewess for baptism. It is no wonder that the American lady, herself a convert from the Baptist sect, who was the first to reveal the truth and beauty of Catholic doctrine to Frau Davin, should rejoice over her conversion, or that she herself should rejoice in being instrumental in leading so many others into the True Fold. It is not given to every Catholic to exert such great influence as hers; however, it is well to remember that good example and fervent prayer are never without effect upon the witnesses and subjects of them, though such effect may never appear.



The Legend of the Rose Thorns.

(We translate this beautiful legend of the childhood of our Blessed Saviour from an old Latin hymn by an unknown author.)

ONCE the Christ-Child had a garden
Full of roses blushing red,
And He planned to make a garland
For His sacred head.

When the roses all were blooming
Came the Jewish children there,
Plucking each a flaming rosebud
Till each bush was bare.

"How, then, will you make a garland?
Not a rose your path adorns."
"You forget," the Christ-Child answered,
"You have left the thorns."

Of the thorns He made a garland,
Placed it on His sacred head;
And where roses should have blossomed,
Blood-drops bloomed instead.

Peppo.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

I.

PEPPO! Peppo!"
It was a child's voice which resounded through the attics; and presently the owner of the voice arrived at the top of the stairs,—a little girl in a white pinafore, who looked very hot and very cross.

Her repeated cries had at last attracted the much-called Peppo, who now emerged from a lumber room, where, judging from his abstracted air, he must have been engaged in some absorbing amusement. He was a dark-eyed, olive-skinned, dreamy-looking little boy, who, in his old velveteen jacket and loose-necked shirt, looked as if he had stepped out of

a Murillo canvas and found himself by some mistake in a London attic. He presented a striking contrast to the girl, who was a blue-eyed, red-cheeked blonde, and whose orthodox white pinafore over her otherwise grimy person, and fair hair tortured into some attempt at fashion, made her look even more vulgar than was necessary.

"I'm coming," answered the boy, absently.

"Yes, coming are you, when I've been calling you for half an hour? You think I've nothing to do but to call you all day long."

"I did not hear you, Fanny," he replied meekly enough.

Their voices were as dissimilar as their faces, his rich, mellow tones contrasting rather strangely with the girl's shrill cockney. Evidently some unusual fortune had made them brother and sister.

"No, of course you didn't hear! There, you've been at it again, I'll bet! I see the marks on your clothes. Why can't you leave that wretched smearing, and help us to work or to have some fun?"

"I find colors fun, at least sometimes, Fanny," he answered. There was no use in trying to disguise his guilt, for he still held a piece of chalk between his slender brown fingers.

"O you stupid!" said Fanny, with a superior air. "What have you been messing at now? Let's have a look."

"But you won't touch it?" he retorted, catching hold of his sister's arm, and keeping her fast till he exacted the required promise.

Then they went together into the lumber room. It was filled with packing-cases, old washtubs, broken furniture, and débris of every description; but the room was lighted from a skylight in the middle, and under this some one had

effected a clearing. Here, too, several packing-cases had been dexterously piled together to form a sort of stand or easel; and on the lid of one of them, fixed upright, was pinned a sheet of paper, and on the paper was a picture glowing with color and design.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the girl, standing open-mouthed before it. "Wherever did you see that? Real angels! Well, I'm blessed! Wings and all, and the lady in the middle with the twelve stars on her head! It's a fairy queen, isn't it?"

"No: it's the Queen of Heaven," replied the boy, his eyes glowing.

"Heaven? Fiddlesticks! You've never been there, and you must have seen the lady," remarked the practical Fanny.

"I've never seen her," Peppo answered, somewhat abashed; "but I've heard of her in church, and I've dreamed of her. That's like my dream."

"What queer things you dream! And you must hear queer things in that stupid little church where you go with daddy. I'd rather have our church, where the folks are dressed so fine. That's why we can't go always — only when we've got new frocks."

"But how do you like the picture? Isn't my lady finer than those you see?" asked Peppo, disappointedly.

"She's rather pretty, certainly; but why can't you leave off that smearing and be like the rest of us?"

"I don't want to be like Anthony," said Peppo, a red flush mounting to his face.

"Anthony's a lot cleverer than you. He'll make money when he's big. But come along quick! Ma will be mad with us. She says you have to bring back a washing before twelve."

They scrambled down the stairs together, stopping on the second landing before a door, over which was a dirty printed card bearing the inscription, "Mrs. Catulli, laundress." The card explained somewhat the ill-assorted brother and sister. With an Italian father and an

English mother, Peppo had apparently absorbed the whole Italian element into his small person; while Fanny was a pure cockney, and his other brothers and sisters were all more or less English.

As the children opened the door, the smell of scorched linen came to their nostrils with a sense of comfort after the damp, close air of the stairs. A red-faced woman stood at the table ironing.

"There you are at last!" she exclaimed, as the children came in. "There's the basket ready for the last half hour and no one to carry it! What have you been doing, Pep? You are a good-for-nothing little boy. Here, hurry; and keep the bill safe. None of your dreaming and nonsense on the road now!"

"Shall I go with him?" asked Fanny, with an air of superior wisdom.

"No: you stay here and help. He's strong enough to wheel the cart, and his eyes are big enough to find the way if he'd only use them. He must learn to go about by himself."

Meanwhile Peppo had made his way into another corner of the room, where a man was working at a small table, — working in a bad light at some delicate inlaying of wood. His appearance betrayed his kinship to Peppo, if not to the rest of the family. He had the same dark eyes and fine features, which stamped him at once as something different from the ordinary workman. His presence seemed to be ignored by the rest of the family; but Peppo was interested in his father's work, which he examined critically. The design did not altogether please him; and with the scattered pieces on the table he was working out another, when the shrill voice of his mother recalled him to unpleasant realities!

"Of course always helping the father! It's not much that his work brings us. If you hadn't your mother to toil for you, it's often enough you'd go with an empty stomach."

"Father's work *does* bring in money," answered the boy, a flush of indignation

spreading over his face; "and if it does not bring more, it's because people are stupid and don't know what's pretty. If we were in our own country, daddy would be able to sell his work."

"Getting rich on that sort of stuff!" remarked a girl who had been sitting silently by the fire gauffering frills. "And who told you that this isn't our country?"

She was a plump and comely young lady; but the dark eyes which she inherited from her father contrasted pleasantly with her light hair, and redeemed her otherwise commonplace good looks. That she was the beauty of the family was evident. Her better clothes, the elaborate dressing of her fair locks, her indolent attitude,—all indicated that Miss Louisa was the privileged member of the little household.

"I suppose you'd like to remain an Italian?" she went on. "Perhaps you want an organ and white mice, so as to play the fool all round. I am sure you look silly enough as it is."

"I would like to be like father and to do his work," the boy answered proudly, but he had to hide his face on his father's shoulder to conceal the tears which had risen to his eyes.

"There's no time for talking," broke in Mrs. Catulli. "Be off with the basket, and be sure you bring the money back right."

At this moment, however, another distraction occurred in the person of a tiny mite in a scarlet frock, who crawled out from under the table, where she had been fast asleep in a clothes basket.

"Nina! Nina!" cried Peppo, running to pick her up.

She was curly-headed, bright-eyed, rosy from her sleep,—altogether a delightful little bundle.

"May I take her in the cart, please?" asked Peppo. "There's plenty of room for her beside the basket."

"Take her if you like, but it will be worse for you if anything happens the child."

With Fanny's assistance, Peppo hoisted the clothes basket and the baby into the little handcart, and started gaily on his errand.

Nina, for whom the jaunt was high holiday, clapped her chubby hands and cried lustily; while Peppo, to amuse her, played hide-and-seek with his head behind the basket, or sang quaint snatches of Italian nursery rhymes.

It was a warm October day. The sun was struggling through a golden mist; and even the dull streets offered bright patches of color, which delighted Peppo, and set him thinking. But Nina promptly roused him from his reveries, claiming all his attention for herself.

All went merrily till they arrived at the door of their destination. Then, with a start, Peppo remembered the bill. It was safe in his pocket; but he had to demand the six and sixpence, and to convey it safely home. He made a mental note of the amount for the twentieth time, for fear he might make any mistake. Poor Peppo was not good at arithmetic. Figures and money appeared to him a dark spot on the surface of life, and had often meant to him scoldings and whippings.

He rang the bell, delivered his basket to the servant, and, summoning up all his courage, politely demanded the six and sixpence.

"Mistress has no time to attend to you now," answered the servant, almost shutting the door in his face.

But Peppo held his ground.

"Please, mother said I must bring the money back," he persisted, the tears rising to his eyes.

"You'll be beat if you don't bring it back, is that it?" asked the maid, softening somewhat.

A lady chanced to cross the hall and heard something of the conversation. She looked at the boy, and was evidently impressed by his appearance; for she crossed over and spoke to him.

"You want your money?"

"Yes, please, ma'am." And Peppo's dark eyes pleaded his cause.

"Well, you must have it," she replied, with a smile, counting out the money. "And here's a sixpence for yourself."

Peppo stammered his thanks. Money, as connected with bills and commissions, might be horrid; but money as his own possession, and a possible means of procuring colors, assumed a very different aspect.

"What will you buy with it?" asked the lady. "Cakes, I suppose."

"No, ma'am," replied Peppo, solemnly. "I'll buy colors!"

"Colors? What for?" asked the lady, astonished.

"Colors to make pictures."

"So you want colors to make pictures—to be an artist?" said the lady, laughing. "You look rather like one," she added, as she passed up the stairs.

Peppo wrapped the money in the bill and stowed it away in his trousers pocket, along with his own precious sixpence. Then he started home with Nina. Half dreaming, he trundled the little cart along, so absorbed in the thought of the sixpence, and the prospect of colors which it unfolded to his vivid imagination, that he almost forgot his little pet Nina, who had fallen asleep, after having vainly striven to attract his attention.

Suddenly Peppo saw something which brought him to a standstill, and caused him to forget both Nina and the cart, which he left unguarded by the curbstone. What had attracted his attention were some pavement pictures, the first he had ever seen. The pictures did not please him; he knew he could do much better himself; but it seemed to him a wonderful idea. He saw that the artists received money from the passers-by, and Peppo thought he might earn money in the same way, and then Louisa and Fanny would not dare to laugh again at his "smearing," as they called it. He began dreaming of the pictures he would make, and how he would become famous, forgetting in

the meantime all about his little sister.

Presently he heard a scream; and, turning, he saw a crowd collecting round where he had left the cart. Horrified at his forgetfulness, he dived under the arms of the people to get quickly to Nina. Then he saw that the little cart had been overturned, and Nina, white as snow, and bleeding from the head, was being lifted from under it by a rough-looking man.

"Who owns the child? Who left her in that confounded cart?" cried the man, settling the poor mite on his arm, and wiping away the blood with a soiled handkerchief.

Peppo was half paralyzed with fright and pain; for Nina was his pet and plaything, the whole brightness of his otherwise lonely life; and now perhaps she was dead. His knees began to shake under him, and the street seemed to swim before his eyes. Nevertheless, he pushed his way to the man and said:

"She's mine, sir. She's my little sister. I forgot her in the cart."

"You young rascal!" exclaimed the man. "It's yourself that ought to be run over."

Nina had meanwhile opened her eyes, and, with a weary little sigh, she lay back in the man's arms.

"She isn't so bad, after all," remarked the latter. "Perhaps it's no hospital case. Better take her home and let the family look after her. Where do you live?" he added, turning to Peppo.

The boy offered to show the way.

"Come along, then, with your old cart! Why did you bring a thing like that into the crowded streets?"

Peppo walked on without answering; he was too utterly miserable to offer any explanation. He was glad to have by his side this man, who, though rough, seemed good-natured; and it would have been so dreadful to go home alone with Nina perhaps dead in the cart. The poor boy thought far more of his sister than of what was awaiting him on his return home.

But when he actually arrived home, his courage failed. He showed the man where they lived, and then fled, — fled up to the old musty garret, where he crawled into a corner behind some empty cases, and, throwing himself on the ground, cried until his little heart was ready to break. There he remained till the last glimmer of daylight had faded from the dirty skylight; and then, worn out with crying, he fell asleep, a huddled-up bundle of misery.

So Fanny found him next morning when she entered the garret.

"Is that where you are? Mother is awful mad. Why did you hide yourself last night? You'd better come down as quick as you can and tell everything. Have you got the money safe?"

Peppo sat up suddenly and rubbed his swollen eyes.

"Money? What money? And where's Nina? Is she dead?" he added, in a terrified whisper.

"No, she is not dead, but she's bad enough. They have taken her to the hospital. You'll never hear the end of it. But have you got the wash money?" repeated Fanny.

Then Peppo remembered. He dived into his trousers pocket, and there found the money rolled up in the dirty bill, together with the sixpence that the lady had given him.

"What's that?" asked Fanny, catching sight of it.

"The lady gave it to me to buy some colors."

"Of course those silly colors! To spend sixpence on colors when one might spend it on tarts!"

"You may have it if you like, Fanny. I don't want no colors any more," he added, with a sob. "I'll never make pictures again as long as I live."

(To be continued.)

HAGIO KOSTANDI was the ancient name for Constantinople — the Holy City of Constantine.

Humming-Birds.

Our continent has a monopoly of humming-birds, the gems of the feathered creation. Of these there are said to be as many as four hundred species, most of which confine themselves to the tropical regions. Only eighteen varieties live farther north than Mexico. It is generally thought that humming-birds live upon honey. This, however, is a mistake. They do secure and devour some honey, it is true; but most of their food consists of the small insects which inhabit certain flowers. The little bird is, therefore, useful as well as beautiful, and has been called a flower to which God has granted wings.

Humming-birds are so small that when they are captured for commercial purposes it is impossible to use even the smallest shot for fear of injuring their skins. They are, therefore, stunned with a drop of water from a blowgun or syringe, and fall into a net, when they are quickly poisoned. Humming-birds vary in size from those half as large as a sparrow to those about the size of a bee. Their flight is so swift that they can be well seen only when poised above a flower. The little creatures bid fair to be exterminated on account of the senseless and cruel fashion of using them as trimming for women's hats.

Infantry.

The word "infantry" is derived from the Spanish. The story is told that a Spanish king was defeated by the Moors, taken captive, all his knights overpowered, their horses captured, and they themselves put to the sword by the victorious infidels. Then the daughter of the King gathered about her an army of soldiers on foot, armed as best might be, followed the enemy, routed them and rescued her father. In honor of this valorous woman, the Infanta Maria, foot soldiers were afterward called "infantry."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The complete correspondence of Verdi, who was a prolific letter-writer, will shortly be published.

—A new translation of Vasari's "Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," in ten volumes, to be published regularly at the rate of not less than four volumes *per annum*, and ultimately supplemented by a complete critical commentary of uniform size, is announced by the Macmillan Co.

—"Health Habits and How to Train Them," with an Introduction by "a leading physician" (Cassell), will serve as a useful guide on such subjects as fatigue, over-exertion, etc. This handy manual gives sound advice as to conserving the bodily activities, avoiding mechanical routine in taking exercise, and the like.

—Making the point that Catholic parents and teachers need no longer be at a loss to find suitable Catholic books for prizes, a reviewer in the *Universe and Catholic Weekly* of London aptly remarks:

We have heard perfectly appalling stories of Catholic colleges—yes, and of convents—whose authorities, caught (we suppose) by brilliant bindings and low prices, have rewarded their best scholars with travel-books and science-books containing tirades against the Pope or pilgrimages or the Inquisition or Genesis, and so on. Now, that was deplorable. Let us begin to realize that we have admirable Catholic writers among us, and let us do our duty by their books.

—A thousand times better for circulation among extreme anti-Catholics than anything from a Catholic pen, however clever or kindly, is the pamphlet by Mr. C. A. Windle noticed in another page of the present number of THE AVE MARIA. It should be widely distributed wherever bigotry is rife or crass ignorance prevails. The pamphlet is entitled "Is the Catholic Church the Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization?" Price, 10 cts.,—much lower by the hundred or thousand. Copies might be mailed in sealed envelopes from the office of the Iconoclast Publishing Co., 603 Hearst Bldg., Chicago. (*Verb. sap.*)

—"The Catholic Church Hymnal," by A. Edmonds Tozer (J. Fischer & Bro.), contains a goodly number of beautiful hymns in English. We say in English because of the two hundred and forty numbers only eleven are in Latin. Many are metrical translations of well-known Latin hymns. Their variety and their freshness must appeal strongly to the mind of the faithful; and, being arranged to follow the cycle of the ecclesiastical year, they breathe a thor-

oughly Catholic spirit. The music is of a character to assist piety instead of destroying it. The general hymns, too, are carefully selected. The publishers have done their part in approved style. Four different editions of the book, varying in price from one dollar to twenty cents, are available.

—Those who take up "The Life and Labors of John Baptist de la Salle," by Francis Thompson, on the guarantee of the author's name, will lay it by finally, thinking less of the writer's power than of the high excellence of his subject. Yet that, too, is, obliquely, but a tribute to the author. The strong personal element which characterizes all Francis Thompson's writing is here held in check, to the advantage of our information on his subject. The chronological order is followed; De la Salle is drawn without a flourish; the whole biographical and historical portions presented with unrelieved forthrightness. Baldness is evaded only by the turn phrases must take in the hands of so skilled a workman. The personal element is reserved for the last chapter, in which we have the ardent Thompson of the essay on Shelley, only here his theme is the glorious work of these founders of Free Education; his theme is the Church and Liberty seen with the optimism of the poet's eye, which is, too, the eye of faith. This little book, by such a hand and with such a subject, can not have too wide a public. Published by Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers.

—We doubt if anything more precious or characteristic will be found in the large collection of unpublished letters, etc., written by President Lincoln, lately acquired by Mr. George D. Smith, of New York, than the following letter which our greatest President addressed to a ne'er-do-well brother. It is undated, but would seem to have been written when Lincoln was serving his only term in Congress:

DEAR JOHNSON:—Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, "We can get along very well now"; but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now, this can happen only by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not lazy and still you are an idler. I don't know whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it.

This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; and it is vastly important for you, and still more so for your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in it. You

are now in need of some ready money, and what I propose is that you should go to work, tooth and nail, for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of things at home,—prepare for a crop and make the crop,—and you go to work for the best money or in discharge of any debt you owe to labor. I promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May, get for your labor either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will give you another dollar....

Now, if you will do this you will soon be out of debt; and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you would be in just as deep as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap; for I am sure you can get the \$70 or \$80 in four or five months with the offer I make. You say if I will furnish you the money, you will deed me the land; and if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't live with the land, how will you live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth eighty times eighty dollars to you.

Affectionately your brother,

A. LINCOLN.

The statement that this letter was never published until it came into the possession of Mr. Smith is a mistake. To most persons it will doubtless be quite new, but it was published many years ago in Western newspapers, and must be preserved in numerous oldtime scrap-books as a characteristic production of a great man.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Billy-Boy." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 "The Reason Why." Bernard J. Otten, S. J. \$1.25.
 "These My Little Ones." Rev. N. Waugh. \$1.75.
 "Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales." J. H. A. \$1.
 "Poverina." Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cts.
 "The Price of Unity." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$1.50, net.
 "Via Franciscana." 90 cts.
 "Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography." Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.
 "The Rule of St. Clare." Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. 15 cts.

- "Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.
 "The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.
 "The Coward." Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.
 "Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism." Hubert Gruender, S. J. \$1.
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 "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Anthony Messmann, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. John Dunne, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. John Maguire, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Febronia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Presentation, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Henry Cornet, Mr. Joseph V. Carden, Mrs. M. A. Hogan, Mr. E. S. Belden, Mrs. Mary Belden, Mr. Martin Brennan, Mr. George R. Smith, Mrs. Catherine Kilpatrick, Mr. F. J. Bergs, Mr. Eugene Donzelot, Mr. Leo Cantoni, Mr. Patrick McAuliffe, Miss Etta Kearney, Mr. Raymond Brinker, Mrs. John Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowe, Mr. Albert Bitza, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, Mr. Albert Ulrich, Jr., Mrs. Timothy Donahue, Mr. Henry Tomlinson, Anna Whelan, Mr. Joseph Schlueter, Mr. James McGreery, Mr. Theodore Ruhr, Mr. P. C. Riordan, Mrs. Eugene Smith, Mrs. Mary McCormick, Mrs. Adelia Potts, Peter and Ellen Roe, Mr. George Kamp, Miss Mary Reilly, Mr. Timothy Bradley, Mr. John Fleming, Mrs. Margaret McBarron, Mr. Conrad Krause, Mrs. Mary Dillon, Mr. Clarence Brown, Mrs. C. J. Cronin, Mrs. Margaret Maiberger, Mrs. Bridget Yeager, Mr. William Bryson, Mrs. Mary Kane, Mr. Thomas Taylor, and Mr. John Talbot.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."
 For the famine sufferers in China:
 M., \$20; T. B., \$100.



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

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Ave Maria.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

HOWEVER sweet the song, a dulness weighs
Upon the pilgrim tones that fain would rise
Unmarred to thee, whose spirit glorifies
The splendor of His love, His wondrous ways,
At times, full rare, some rapt musician plays
One perfect bar—and, lo! its promise dies
A glory unachieved; forever lies
A dream within lost dreams of perfect praise.
Still, Mary, thine to know what depths are stirred,
What joys provoked, or sorrow hushed to rest—
The barren bough with peeping buds grown dim.
Let not thy least of singers pass unheard:
His love-song fold within thy tender breast,
And for some secret strain remember him.

The Daily Communion of Children.

A FAMILIAR TALK WITH PARENTS.

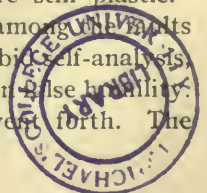
BY CLAUDE T. PERNIN, S. J.

WHEN the Sovereign Pontiff Pius X. gave his first message to the Church, he announced that the purpose of his pontificate was "to renew all things in Christ." Then followed, on December 20, 1905, the famous Decree which made known to the world the means by which this great object was to be secured—the daily reception of Christ in Holy Communion. All the obstacles which had gradually been raised against this holy practice were swept away

by the voice of supreme authority and the will of Christ made known by His Vicar on earth. All who were free from mortal sin and had the intention of pleasing God were invited—nay, urged—to receive every morning this daily Bread. It was declared to be "the desire of Jesus Christ and of the Church that *all* the faithful should *every day* approach the Sacred Banquet." Surely language could not be clearer than this.

Yet while many heeded the invitation, many more, through vain fears or an exaggerated sense of reverence, remained away. Like those in the Gospel whom the king invited to the wedding feast, "they all at once began to make excuse." Some were stubborn in their old prejudices; others dwelt too much on their unworthiness; all relied too little on the grace of God, and, like the invited guests of the parable, "they neglected and went their ways."

Then, on the 8th of August, 1910, there went forth from the Vatican a second invitation,—this time to the children throughout the world. The Vicar of Christ remembered the words of his Master: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Perhaps he realized that those who would reform mankind "must begin, not with the adults whose habits and ideals are set, but with children who are still plastic." Perhaps he reflected that among the faults of children there is no morbid self-analysis, no pride that cloaks itself in false humility. At any rate, the word went forth. The



little children beginning at the very dawn of reason were invited to receive daily the Lover of pure souls.

And the children heeded the call. In every land, at the first word of invitation, like those other children on the hillside of Judea, they came in thousands and in hundreds of thousands to the arms of Christ. With childish eagerness and simplicity, thoughtless it may be of His awful dignity, they ran straight to those outstretched arms; conscious only of this—that He loved them and He bade them come. What wonder, then, that some of the elders rebuked them, as did the disciples of old, raising their hands in consternation because—forsooth!—they drew not near with bowed heads and downcast eyes and hearts filled with fear and awe? For children are children the world over; though we, on our part, are ready all too soon to forget those days of innocence and fearlessness. But Christ said: "Forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Let me ask you, Catholic fathers and mothers, are you bringing your little ones daily to the arms of Christ? Are you urging them to receive every morning this daily Bread for which you have taught them to pray? Or are you holding them back from the embrace of Him who yearns to be with the children of men? For an experience of a little more than two years has shown that the little ones are far more willing than their elders to satisfy the desires of the Sacred Heart? If these desires are unfulfilled by your own children, ask yourselves whether the fault is not due to your negligence rather than to their unwillingness. Perhaps you do not realize the serious obligation imposed on Catholic parents. Here are the words of the Vicar of Christ: "Those who have the care of children should use *all diligence*, so that after First Communion the children shall often approach the Holy Table, as Jesus Christ and Mother Church desire."

Cardinal Gennari, who understands the mind of his Holiness perhaps better than

any one else, thus comments upon these words: "There is a sin, therefore, for those parents who neglect to lead their children to frequent and, if possible, daily Communion." It is to be observed that the Cardinal condemns as sinful mere negligence in this duty. It is surely a graver fault for parents not only to neglect their obligation, but, setting their own wills in opposition to the desires of Jesus Christ and of Mother Church, to hinder or forbid their little ones from receiving daily or at least frequent Communion. And by "frequent Communion" is not meant monthly or even weekly reception, but "frequently within the week."

The plain truth is that many parents are still ruled by the old prejudices against daily Communion, and are unwilling to lay them aside even in the face of a positive declaration of the Church. It can not be stated too clearly that no more perfect dispositions are required for daily than for weekly or monthly Communion, that these dispositions are freedom from mortal sin and a desire to please God by approaching the Holy Table; and that any doctrine we have learned which differs from this is to be rejected as wrong in theory and practice.

It should be sufficient for Catholic parents to know that the Vicar of Christ has laid upon them this obligation of urging their children to frequent and daily Communion. Hence conscientious scruples and old prejudices should give way to a spirit of obedience and faith. It has been wisely observed, however, that there is scarcely an objection which can be raised against the early and frequent Communion of children which the Holy Father has not already anticipated and answered in the Decree itself. The arguments advanced by parents in excuse for not urging upon their children the practice of daily Communion are, for the most part, remains of the old Jansenistic heresy which the present Pontiff proposes to expel forever. We may briefly consider and reply to those most commonly urged.

"My children," says one parent, "are too young to realize what they are doing. I shall wait, therefore, until they are more mature before allowing them to receive Holy Communion daily." Such a statement proceeds from ignorance of one of the first principles of Catholic theology—namely, that the sacraments produce grace in the soul entirely through their own power. As well argue, "My child does not realize how the food it takes passes into flesh and blood; therefore I shall not feed it at all, or feed it but rarely, until it understands this process." You think the comparison farfetched. It is not: it is remarkably accurate; for as food builds up the body, strengthens and refreshes the corporal life quite apart from our understanding of the process, so does the grace of the Eucharist act of itself on the soul and the spiritual life. So far does the comparison go that, as the dead alone are beyond the help of bodily food, so is the flesh and blood of Christ of no avail to the soul dead by mortal sin. Christ Himself instituted the Eucharist as food; He said to His Apostles: "Take ye and eat." He taught us all to pray for this "daily Bread."

And the spiritual effects, we repeat, follow the simple reception of the Eucharist whether we realize them or not. More than this: it is the sober truth that *no realization whatever* is required to receive the graces of this greatest of the sacraments. The newly-baptized infant may receive the Eucharist and all its essential graces. In fact, infants did so receive. It for centuries in the early Church, and do so to-day among the Greeks. And although the present discipline is somewhat stricter, the rule laid down by the Holy Father is liberal and clear: "For Holy Communion that age is required which can distinguish the Eucharistic Bread from the common, . . . even though the child should have but a confused idea of what it is doing."

Another parent says: "My child is not worthy to receive Communion every day.

He is thoughtless, disobedient, wilful, quick-tempered, and even dishonest and untruthful." Surely this is a fairly complete catalogue of childish faults. Perhaps few children will possess them all. They are serious, too; for they threaten grave consequences in after life. Therefore—and mark the conclusion well!—such a child has far greater need than another of the graces of daily Communion. The very fact urged in excuse is the strongest argument for the practice. His virtue is slight, but the Eucharist is not a reward of virtue; his faults are many, and this Sacrament is precisely a divine remedy for daily faults. "Those who are well," says Christ, "need not a physician, but those who are sick."

But do these faults render the child unworthy of daily Communion? No,—a thousand times no! That alone which renders the soul unworthy of Holy Communion, alike daily, weekly or yearly, is unrepented and unconfessed mortal sin. The faults mentioned above will not once in a hundred cases possess the gravity of mortal sin. And even where mortal sin is actually committed, this in a child is rather to be laid down to frailty than malice. In such a case contrition and confession should precede Holy Communion, but the Communion itself is not therefore to be foregone.

But the case given above is admittedly exaggerated. Few parents will acknowledge it a just description of their own children. The faults of childhood are, as a rule, more aggravating to their elders than malicious in the sight of God. The claim that our children are unworthy to receive daily Communion is, on our part, an unconscious piece of foolish vanity. Are we, after all, so vain in our own conceit as to imagine ourselves more worthy than these little ones to receive this Sacrament? Christ was wiser than this, and in His infinite wisdom made more of childish love and simplicity than of what we mistakenly believe to be greater understanding and higher virtue. In

humility, then, or rather in simple honesty, let us reverse this false estimate, and imitate the qualities in their lives which the Saviour chiefly loved. We are not their models; Christ Himself has made them ours. For He embraced a little child and set him in the midst of His disciples, saying: "Amen, I say unto you, unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Again we hear it said: "I am afraid to tire my child in early years with too much piety, lest afterward he abandon the practices altogether." The utter unreasonableness of this common objection is well shown by Father de Zulueta in "The Spoiling of the Divine Feast," a little pamphlet which many parents would do well to read. We give his answer in effect. "By what new processes of reasoning do you argue that the formation of any habit in early life will lead to its abandonment? You may as well argue: 'I shall not train my child in habits of obedience, lest he grow disobedient; I shall not teach him a love of truth, lest he grow weary of it and take to falsehood and deceit; I shall not form him to habits of courtesy and politeness, lest he abandon these and become an uncouth barbarian.' Is not your whole purpose in the training of your child to instil into its soul those habits which are to endure in after life? And daily Communion is not merely a habit, nor is the reception of the Holy Eucharist a mere external of piety. It is the coming of the Giver of all grace and the Lover of souls into the hearts of your little ones. Can we possibly boast of our realization of the meaning of this Sacrament and not leave to Christ the souls of our children and the guarding of their after years?"

Finally, we hear it said: "Children are too brief and careless in their preparation and thanksgiving. Daily familiarity with this great Sacrament almost seems to

breed something like contempt." Now, this very difficulty was proposed at Rome on September 15, 1906, and very gravely considered. It was finally decided that long thanksgiving "should not be too much urged" on children. "Our Lord," said the Congregation, quoting a learned and holy writer, "does not require from them more than they are capable of giving Him; and He understands that thoughtlessness which alarms us. . . . For communicating well, it is enough to receive the Saviour with a good will."

This wise and authoritative answer should put all our own doubts at rest. The principal point is that children should receive this Sacrament, and we may leave the rest to Christ. Innocence and love are surely more in the sight of God than prolonged acts of thanksgiving. The original Decree prescribes that Holy Communion should be followed by a suitable thanksgiving, only "according to each one's strength, circumstances, and duties." Besides, Cardinal Gennari has made clear the mind of the Holy Father on this very point: "A few prayers will suffice for preparation and thanksgiving; and, in any event, their innocence will make amends even where these are lacking." Moreover, it has been wisely said that the best preparation for to-morrow's Communion is to-day's; the best thanksgiving for to-day's is to-morrow's."

In your little children, dear Catholic parents, lies the hope of the future for the Church and the nation. But the path which leads them on to manhood and to womanhood is beset with dangers, from which all your loving care will not suffice to save. Across that path the dangers of the world, the allurements of the flesh, and the powers of hell stand, eager to destroy their souls. But there stands One, too, who is strong to save; One whose love and power are greater than your own; One who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. On your souls the solemn duty rests of guiding your little ones safely to the protection of those strong and gentle

arms. Turn their loving hearts to Him whose Heart is burning with love for them. Teach them to receive every morning into their pure souls the flesh and blood of the pure and innocent Christ. Let Him protect from the world and the ravages of sin these souls He has died to save. So will the blessing of God rest upon your declining years, and your later days be gladdened in your children with that sight of which the prophet spoke in joy. "Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory. For the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known both with God and man."

◆◆◆

"Haystacks."

BY L. M. LEGGATT.

II.

HÉ December rain dripped heavily upon the sodden grass; and through the high, wide windows of Dr. Colonsay's consulting room the bare, black boughs of the trees in the park outside showed their stark outlines through a heavy, grey haze of damp air. He was feeling rather stale and fagged. The room had not been empty since eleven that morning; and, although in the eyes of two children who knew him well the force of circumstances had made him a bugbear, he was so tender-hearted, and so torn between professional interest and human pity that his usual morning routine of seeing child-patients generally left him thoroughly exhausted. It was this side of his profession that had wakened in him such a longing for the peace and calm of a real home, and the companionship of a woman of the old-fashioned, soothing type of Amy Hayward.

When the last footsteps had passed his door, and the last mother had wrapped up her baby with trembling hands and a gasp of relief (for there had been no tragedies to-day), Edmund Colonsay gave a mighty yawn, stretched out his arms

as if he would shake off all the troubles of the world, and lit the beloved pipe that could never appear until the house was empty. He walked to the window; the dull winter light falling on his spare figure in its conventional medical morning dress of grey trousers and black frock-coat, on his crisp, vigorous white hair, and on the clear-cut features which still preserved a light veil of last summer's tan. He was a wholesome-looking, typical Englishman, and carried his forty years in that gallant way which we are accustomed to see nowadays in conjunction with the regulation white hair that used not to adorn our fathers and grandfathers until such decoloration really marked a stage in physical decay. He had the surgeon's beautiful, supple hand, with its ominous deftness of movement, its strong, reliant grasp, and the temperate coolness of skin which tells of physical and mental health. His hand always seemed, to his future wife, a bodily symbol of the support and help that was to lift her out of her own atmosphere, now fast becoming electric and rather unwholesome.

A large tortoise-shell cat, Amy's only rival, who appeared with the pipe as a double signal that the first half of the day's work was over, leapt lightly onto the Doctor's knee, purring in an ascending guttural scale, and spreading out her golden paws in an ecstasy of content. Man and beast sat peacefully for a few moments, blue rings of smoke hanging in the air, and gradually assimilating themselves with the mist covering the windows outside, until the electric hall-bell roused Dr. Colonsay from the half-doze into which he had fallen. He heard Stacey's voice, and realized that his last chance of the much-recommended nap between work and lunch had fled for that morning, at any rate. He was learning to dread his future stepdaughter's voice in a way that boded ill for their chances of peaceful companionship in the time to come.

"Halloo, Stacks! Why did you bother to

come out on such a morning? You know you can always ring me up after one."

Stacey sat down, aggressively spreading her mud-speckled serge skirt on an immaculate green leather armchair, and extending two rather down-at-heel brown leather shoes to the blaze of the fire. Her great club of fair hair was fastened under the wide black silk bow which holds back every modern girl's locks, in what is vulgarly known as the "flapper" stage; and the pretty little face looked pathetically out from under a large felt hat to which time and weather had done their worst.

An insane impulse crossed Edmund Colonsay's mind to put her in the corner until she promised "to be good"; but, as his only chance of any future peace was to treat her as a world-worn woman with an incurable sorrow, he composed his face and knocked out the ashes of his pipe. "Princess," the cat, who had received her name from a grateful patient aged six, revelling for the first time in Grimm's "Fairy Tales," fled incontinently, with her tail at that peculiar angle which offended felines and angry turkey cocks affect.

"Dr. Colonsay," said Stacks at last, feeling that the impressive silence had lasted long enough, "I have come to ask if you think this sort of life can really go on? Mother promised that I needn't stay at home after" (the next two words were lost in an inarticulate mumble, perilously near a sob). "And I may as well tell you that I am going to leave home now."

Dr. Colonsay's practised eye told him that the girl had really worked herself up into a condition of mind and body requiring careful handling; an injudicious word might bring results that would certainly not advance his matrimonial projects.

"What does Amy—I mean what does your mother say?" he asked.

Renewed murmurs and unintelligible sounds.

"Look here, child! This is really not kind. I don't see what your mother can do."

"You don't see what she can do!" the girl half rose in her chair, her face flushing. "It seems to me very simple. She could have let things go on as they always were. It was impossible for any one to be happier than we were."

"So that is what you call a simple solution?" returned Colonsay. "Has it ever occurred to you that your mother is a young, attractive woman?"

Stacey's lip curled; her adoration of "mother" left no image in her mind but an incarnation of spoiling and petting that required no aids from external beauty. It is quite conceivable that she had never given a thought to her mother in any other capacity.

"Do you seriously think," he went on, "that she must put away any idea of happiness for herself because—"

He stopped abruptly. It was not possible to discuss the ethics of widowhood with a girl of seventeen, whose dead father had been her idol. But before his mind passed memories of the elder Stacey Hayward, who had left his name to his daughter after begging her of nearly everything else, and he framed another sentence.

"You surely don't grudge your mother making a life for herself? A pretty girl like you" (Stacey felt Spartan as she repressed a tear-drenched smile) "will soon be marrying; and as for Baby,—surely Baby won't hold out against me forever!"

He smiled. The kind look that had reassured so many glances of frightened appeal met Stacey's angry young eyes, but without softening them. There is nothing so hard as youth in the clutches of false sentiment. She sat looking into the fire with sullen obstinacy; her pretty, weak mouth drawn in with a pathetic attempt at determination; and as Edmund Colonsay watched her he remembered that there was another strain in her besides the likeness to her mother. His gentle little Amy, a survival of a fast-disappearing type, seemed to him younger,

tenderer, and a thousand times more desirable than this youthful embodiment of crudity and sentimentalism. The doctor in him reflected that, luckily, other hands than his would probably have the final guiding of this girl, and he wished the next few years were over.

"Well, we aren't doing much good, are we?" he said after a little more verbal fencing. "It is rather preposterous that we should be having such a discussion at all. I suppose you don't imply that your resolution to leave home is to be the alternative to my giving up the happiness of becoming your mother's husband. If you were a little older" (Stacey turned white to the lips; the buttons were off the foils at last), "I should remind you that it is wrong, for every reason, that we should be talking like this at all. I love your mother, and you must see that we can not approach this subject again."

By this time Stacey had allowed her combined feelings to get the better of her, and was sobbing unrestrainedly. Dr. Colonsay deliberated as to whether the final insult of a glass of sal volatile might be offered, and risked it; he knew the exact point where words failed and ammonia would succeed.

When, a few minutes later, he sat down to his chop, with Princess gazing at it, her whole soul in her aquamarine eyes, it was certainly with a feeling of relief that no feminine element as yet pervaded his domestic atmosphere. And the "little cat" that he mentioned under his breath with emphasis was not intended to describe that magnificent quadruped who sat contentedly, washing down her meat with deep draughts of milk from her master's silver jug. It needed an evening with Amy, more than usually soothing and attractive in a pretty Paris gown provided by an indulgent dressmaker in view of approaching trousseau orders, while Baby was peacefully sleeping in the nursery, and Stacey

for once blessedly off guard, to restore his equanimity.

As I have said before, Mrs. Hayward was a very complete survival of her type. Her softness and very feminine temperament were quite compatible with a determination—that in any other woman would have been grim, but which in her was only serenely obstinate—to carry her point when it involved no irremediable harm to any one. Dr. Colonsay had been near regretting his engagement more than once, as he kept getting glimpses of possible domestic complications in the future; but Amy never. She adored her children, and, as Stacey had said more truly than she knew, was a "perfect" mother for and to them; but she had not the slightest intention of allowing them to wreck her life. To Colonsay's amusement, he discovered that she was watching Stacey's mental evolutions with the same tender, motherly care with which she had watched her daughter's childish ailments, and with the same equable confidence that her daughter would recover in due time.

"I shouldn't have given her sal volatile, dear," she said, during the course of the evening. "I've never let either of them taste it. When she has crying spells, I generally get her old tonic made up."

Dr. Colonsay laughed at this till Stacey heard him upstairs in her sitting-room; and as he kissed the pretty little widow's hand, he reflected that certainly he was not going to be troubled by a sentimental wife. It was agreed that Stacks was to "have her head," and retire majestically to St. Gertrude's until she came to her senses; and that Baby should go with her as a kind of *raison d'être*, and also to begin her own education. When this arrangement was completed, and Stacks, with mingled feelings, found herself back within the dear old walls, there was no reason why the marriage should not take place, and so put matters beyond the reach of discussion.

The Irish June.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

SEE the daisies shining in fields all over,
 Hear the young thrush singing!
 From the meadow near by catch the smell o'
 the clover
 That the wind is bringing.

Back in the west hear the deep, full river,
 The heart in him beating.
 The reeds by the side of him toss and quiver,
 The breezes greeting.

The wheat so tall in the ridges growing
 Will soon be earing;
 And look at the stalks since the April sowing,
 With their blossoms peering!

Now thanks be to God for the blue sky bending
 So bright above us!
 We know from the promising days He's sending
 He continues to love us.

How I Became a Catholic.

BY OLGA MARIA DAVIN.

(CONCLUSION.)

MANY long hours was I forced to endure importunate visitors and correspondents; and it was well that I had read and studied and received thorough instruction, in order to be able to confront them. Besides visits and letters, I received many books against the Church. A relative, a Lutheran clergyman, sent me the following communication:

"I have received some intelligence concerning you which has deeply alarmed my wife and myself, and whereby I am prompted to write to you. You intend to join the Catholic Church! What will you there seek and find? Peace with God, forgiveness of sins, life and happiness? You already have all these through faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and there is no other salvation, no other way by which man can attain happiness. Will you, then, forsake this belief, and

take the Romish priest, a sinful man, as your intercessor before God? There is only one mediator between God and man—our Lord Jesus Christ, yesterday, to-day and forever.

"I can understand how a person brought up in the Catholic Church from childhood, though not permitted to think for himself or to read the Bible, can remain in that Church, because he knows no better. But how an Evangelical Christian, who knows the Bible and Church History, with the love of the Saviour in her heart, can forsake her church and her Redeemer, I can not understand. The Saviour has said, 'He that denies Me before men, him also shall I deny before My Father who is in heaven'; and this is what one does who seeks another Gospel from that which the Apostles preached. You have always been a woman (at least I have so considered you) who has imitated the Saviour in word and deed. And will you seek another refuge and other joy? You will gain nothing and lose everything. Turn to Galatians (i, 8), and ponder with prayerful heart upon the words therein contained. How will you be able to answer before the throne of God for what you are about to do? I can not and will not allow myself to contemplate the prospect of this dreadful step, but shall pray God to deliver you from this unhappy purpose, that you may remain in the faith which you once held and professed."

To this epistle I replied as follows:

"With regard to your letter of June 18, 1901, and the question you ask me—whether I hope to find in the Catholic Church pardon for sins, life, and happiness,—I will say, 'Yes.' And I assure you, moreover, that I *have* obtained this faith in Jesus Christ, through long years of prayerful study, by which I have been brought to the full knowledge of my Saviour, and the grace to believe all that He has taught, especially forgiveness of sin through the Sacrament of Penance. I beg that you will reread the Gospel of St. John.

"That there is no other mediator, no other means through which we shall be saved, than through Jesus Christ, I as a Catholic Christian hold as an unalterable truth. How, then, could I resolve to forsake my Redeemer as you infer, and substitute a 'Romish priest' as my mediator before Almighty God? There is no priest to be found in the whole world who would or could claim that prerogative. I also believe, with the whole Catholic Church, that there is but one *mediator* between God and man—Jesus Christ, yesterday, to-day, and for all eternity. This the Apostles taught and preached as commanded by our Lord Himself: 'He that heareth you, heareth Me.' (St. Luke, x, 16.)"

"You write further: 'I can understand how a person brought up in the Catholic Church from childhood, though not permitted to think for himself or read the Bible. . . .' For my part, I can not comprehend how you arrive at such a conclusion. I have found that the Catholic Church is very particular to have her children instructed in the Catechism, and, in so far as is proper, in the Holy Scriptures also. I am convinced, too, that the Catholic remains in that Church, where he is happy and content and entirely at peace, because he *knows* her to be a true mother, in whose care he may live a pious life and die a holy death. You ask how a Christian 'who knows the Bible and Church History, with the love of the Saviour in her heart, can renounce her God and her church.' To this I reply that I declare before God I have never forsaken Him or His Church, because His Church is the Holy, Catholic Church, fast grounded on His Gospel. Had I lived at the time of the so-called Reformation, I hope that I should never have renounced the treasures of faith and salvation contained within the Church of Christ. But I was born disinherited, so to speak, and so would have continued had not the greatest opportunity of my life been granted me.

"What mean 'sacrifice' and 'priesthood'? We find both in the Old Testament, even when the Jews were in exile. 'Without sacrifice, without altar, without sanctuary,' complains the Prophet. Where shall we find the 'clean oblation' which everywhere, 'from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same,' shall be offered? (Malachias, i, 11.) Where the Sacraments that Christ Himself instituted for the consolation of His followers and their perseverance in grace? Where Confirmation, so clearly explained by the Apostle Peter to the early Christians? (Acts, viii, 14-17.) Where Extreme Unction, made equally clear and plain by St. James (v, 14)? Where the Sacrament of Penance mentioned by St. John (xx, 21-23), who declares that the penitent must confess and that the priest has the fullest authority to bind and to loose? Where are the generations by whom the Virgin Mother of God is called 'blessed?' . . .

"Turn now to Galatians (i, 8): 'Though we, or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you beside that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema.' The passage does not apply to me. I will believe no other gospel: therefore I am not included in the anathema of St. Paul. Furthermore, the Apostle was my guide and my exemplar when, for five years, I dwelt in silence and retirement, a prisoner at the sick-bed of my well-beloved husband.

"Still further you say: 'You gain nothing and lose all.' I am of the contrary opinion: I believe that I gain all and lose nothing. All the truths I formerly held—faith in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of the world, the belief that God rewards the good and punishes the wicked—I still hold and maintain. And, besides, I recover all that was rejected and lost in the sixteenth century.

"I have answered your letter with all sincerity, and thank you for your good intentions and regard for the welfare of my soul. Let us continue to be friends.

There is already too much hatred and intolerance in the world."

My husband died on the 8th of April, 1901. When the first weeks of mourning were past, I began to feel a great yearning to become in reality, as I was in belief, a member of God's true Church. On the 29th of May I went to my revered instructor, Father P——, and begged him to admit me to the Fold as soon as possible. He replied: "There is no longer any obstacle in your way. You are sufficiently instructed. By the 16th of June the Bishop will be here to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. If you wish to receive the Sacrament, I will admit you. If you are willing to be publicly confirmed here where you have so many friends and are so well known, I can arrange it for the day mentioned." This caused me sore misgivings. Above all things, I dreaded to be confirmed in the large church, among a host of strangers. And yet it seemed to me intolerable that I should delay any longer, and, through human respect, defer the reception of the Sacrament. Disturbed and bewildered, I turned again to my spiritual director. "Reflect upon it," he said; "there is no hurry." Evidently he wished me to do everything cheerfully and with entire willingness.

Sadly I returned home, meditated, prayed, reflected still further, but could arrive at no decision. The following day it was the same. Though I had debated the matter in my own mind very thoroughly, human respect was predominant in my thoughts. This was further increased by the circumstance that I had lived the last years in deep retirement. "No," I said to myself, "you will not be able to confront the gaze of such a number of people. An old woman like you will look very strange receiving Confirmation among so many children. Later you can go to Fulda to be confirmed. There you are entirely unknown." This alternative made me feel more calm and content; and I resolved, before finally making up my mind, to go away from home, where

I was constantly besieged by visitors.

On the following morning, at nine o'clock, I set out for Wilhelinshöhe. It was beautiful weather. The freshness and loveliness of nature were restful to my tired and jaded nerves. I sat down upon a green bank, folded my hands, and prayed for the protection and guidance of Almighty God. Thus passed several hours. Midday came, and I sought a garden restaurant where I might obtain some food. I soon found a pavilion, where there were already a good many persons. Scarcely had I seated myself at a table when a little group entered — an old couple and two other persons. It was Friday. For many years I had abstained from meat on that day. There was no fish to be had. I ordered an omelet. The old lady and gentleman also took eggs, while the others ate meat. When the meal was finished, the old lady inquired of the others the way to Lowenberg and the Castle; but they also were strangers in the place, and could not give the desired information. I thought it not amiss to say, "I am going in that direction, and shall be glad to show you the way."

We therefore started together, and had scarcely left the garden when the old lady said to me: "You were eating eggs, like ourselves; perhaps you are a Catholic." For one moment I hesitated what to reply; then, thinking it best to tell the entire truth, I answered: "I am not in the strictest sense of the word, but I am soon to become one."

"Ah, hear that, my dear!" she said to her husband, with the greatest interest. "This lady is about to become a Catholic."

"It pleases me very much to hear it," he replied. "There is nothing so great or consoling on God's earth as the Catholic Church. My wife became a Catholic a year ago. I beg that you will tell us something of the cause that led you to this step."

I complied with the request, and my two companions listened with such evident pleasure to my narrative that my heart went out to them.

"And now," said the gentleman, when I had finished (he was a medical doctor from Prague), "why do you postpone your great happiness?"

Then I explained my difficulties, saying that I had come alone to Wilhelmshöhe to decide as to what I should do. I shall never in all my life forget what Doctor R—— said to me. He stood still and answered with emphasis:

"Eleven years you have waited and suffered and striven to become a true child of the one Church of Jesus Christ, and now you wish to delay still longer? You fear some persons may observe you? The more who know of your change of religion, the better. And, on the other hand, the more people there are in the church, the less attention will be paid to individuals. Moreover, I consider it a most extraordinary privilege that you are declared worthy to be admitted to your profession,—to the reception of the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Communion and Confirmation. You are, indeed, a specially favored child."

The tears fell from my eyes in showers. I felt that this man was right, and it was clear to me that God had allowed me to fall in the way of this fervent Catholic to strengthen my weak heart. It was the answer to my prayer. I would no longer struggle against the grace of God. With a joyful heart I said to my adviser: "You are right. I thank you for your help! Your advice has come at the right time. To-morrow morning I shall act upon it."

The day passed quickly in the society of my newly-found friends. A mutual bond united us—the love of God's Holy Church. I returned home with them to Wilhelmshöhe, and went in the evening to the parish church, where the May services were being held. Then I accompanied them to the station, and we took leave of each other.

The next morning I attended Mass, as was my daily custom. When it was over I sought the priest and said to him:

"Father, I wish to be received into the Church as soon as possible, and at the proper time I am ready to be publicly confirmed." His countenance beamed with satisfaction as he replied: "That is right. It pleases me very much that you have so decided. Your reception will take place next Wednesday, June 5, feast of St. Boniface, at half-past nine in the morning. You will also make your confession, and on Thursday, the solemnity of Corpus Christi, you will approach the Holy Table. It will be quite fortunate, because on that beautiful feast the candles in the church are all lighted and the *Te Deum* is sung."

At last my heart was at peace! The following day I began to prepare most assiduously, and I was filled with such joy that I could hardly wait for the time to come. Singularly enough, all human respect had vanished; and the anxiety about a general confession, which had so often affrighted me, had entirely disappeared.

The 5th of June arrived. Busy hands were engaged the whole day in decorating the parish church with garlands of flowers for the great feast of the morrow. At eight o'clock that evening I entered the beautifully bedecked edifice. I was penetrated with gladness that the end so long hoped for had come at last, and my heart went up in thanksgiving to Almighty God. At half-past nine two gentlemen and two ladies of the congregation appeared as witnesses, also a few other acquaintances. Next came the pastor with two acolytes. I knelt in front of the altar. In a moment the priest began a short discourse, which touched my inmost heart, announcing that I wished to become a child of the Catholic Church, and that my faith in its holy teachings had long been put to the proof. He wished me all the graces and blessings that God could shower upon me, besought me to approach the Sacraments frequently, and gave me the Mother of God for my especial patroness. Then I was given in my left hand a lighted candle, the symbol of a living faith, while

I placed the right hand solemnly upon the New Testament and read the three acts, Faith, Hope and Charity. Then came the absolution and reception into the Church.

Presently I left the high altar, and humbly sought the confessional to make my general confession. That also was much easier than I had anticipated. After I had signed the register I returned home. It was then ten o'clock. I spent half the night in preparation for my first Holy Communion. Then I lay down for a short rest, although the joy and agitation of the eventful day just passed prevented me from sleeping. However, when morning dawned, on the Solemnity of the Blessed Sacrament, I felt refreshed and happy, and I eagerly repaired to the church. It was the first time I had assisted at the celebration of this great feast, and the adoration and procession made a deep impression upon me. With rapture of soul I received my first Holy Communion. When Christ entered my heart I recalled the Blessed Imelda, who felt as though she could no longer bear to live after that holy repast, and longed in that wonderful hour to yield her soul to God. As one in a dream, I returned home. Although I had fasted until noon, I thought nothing of it. Overwhelmed with joy, I wrote these lines in my journal:

BACK TO MY MOTHER.

Church of Christ, majestic, holy,
 Stretch thy sheltering arms to me;
 For thy child that long has wandered
 Seeks her Father's house and thee!

Once my soul was plunged in sadness,
 Robbed of peace and joy and rest;
 Long, long years she starved and suffered,
 Banished from thy loving breast.

Now to God she is returning,
 In the Blood of Jesus laved,
 Clothed in purity's white garment,
 By His mercy called and saved.

Church of Christ, O mother holy,
 Ope thy loving arms to me;
 For thy child that long has wandered
 Seeks her Father's house and thee!

I looked forward to the 16th of June (the date of the Bishop's visit) as to a

coming festival, and prepared myself joyfully to receive Confirmation. I went to the church at an early hour that morning. Having never before attended the pontifical ceremony, it was to me very beautiful and interesting. It began with a sermon by the Bishop, on the power and efficacy of prayer, after which he administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation. When my turn came I praised God with my whole heart for His goodness to me. I paid no attention to the crowd of people in the church, giving them not a single thought until afterward, when I realized that all my false shyness and human respect had departed. And I have never experienced them since.

Now I was firmly planted in God's garden; now I was happy and free. A joy the world knows not of dwelt in my innermost heart. It made no difference to me later that people said I was blinded. I did not mind in the least when former acquaintances passed me without recognition. On the contrary, the more surely to burn my bridges behind me, I went boldly and withdrew my certificate of membership in the Lutheran Church. In a month everything had fallen into regular order, and I had the feeling that, so far as I myself was concerned, I had not a single ungratified wish on earth.

But wishes and longings must animate the heart of man as long as he lives. If he is happy himself, he may suffer concern and anxiety for those whom he loves. To him who has found the treasure mentioned in the Gospel, the Catholic faith, he can not be satisfied until he has made those whom he loves as happy as himself. And thus I fain would share my treasure with my children, my friends and acquaintances. I would that all who read these lines might acknowledge the true Church of Christ, of which He is the Head. It possesses the truth and shows us the way to that truth; it gives us a God, a faith, a baptism.

One day Jesus prayed with a sorrowful heart: "That they all may be one, as

Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us." Oh, I could weep tears of blood when I think of the dissension and division of Christians outside of the Catholic Church! Without helm or compass, exposed to the waves and the storm, they drift through a disordered world. In this uncertainty our century finds many sincere and God-fearing, but timid, Christians, whose ancestors were true followers of Christ, leading holy lives, and dying in the plenitude of faith and the hope of eternal salvation.

May God bless and bring them to the knowledge of His truth, that they may follow His counsels and find a refuge and a home in the only safe harbor under heaven! Praised be Jesus Christ! Praised be His holy Name!

The Fourteenth.

BY ALICE DEASE.

IT was the height of the season at Vichy les Bains, and the hotels and villas were filled with the usual motley crowd of visitors in search of health or of amusement, as the case might be. It was health and not inclination that had brought Maurice de Brelles to Vichy; and he was as much alone in the midst of all the coming and going as if he had never left the dusty law chambers in Paris, where weeks of over-study had resulted in a breakdown, after which the doctor had sent him to the gay watering place to recruit.

On the evening of his arrival he had made casual acquaintance with his immediate neighbors at the *table d'hôte*. But they were men who already had a number of friends, and when he met them next day at the great rendezvous where all Vichy met to drink the waters they barely returned his morning greeting. This scant politeness did not lie heavy on Maurice; for he had come to Vichy for rest and not for society; and for the time being he

was quite satisfied to bask in the sunshine, and watch the gay pageant that was going on around him.

Nevertheless, one of his acquaintances had seen him as he passed by, only he was too much occupied in discussion with his friends to heed a newcomer just then. The man was a successful journalist, and he was arranging with half a dozen of his confrères the details of a dinner party they were giving that evening to a member of the French Academy, who was leaving Vichy on the following day. Fourteen guests had been invited, but now at the last moment one of them had been prevented from coming.

"That will leave only thirteen," said one of the men. "Impossible! We can not sit down thirteen to table. Is there no one we can ask to take Léon Tomere's place?"

There was a pause, and at that moment Maurice de Brelles reappeared at the end of the path on which the journalists had met to hold their discussion.

"Why not ask that cadaverous-looking young man to whom you were talking at the *table d'hôte* last night?" suggested another to Maurice's acquaintance.

"De Brelles? Yes, I might ask him," said the journalist. "He is quite presentable, — a law student, and by no means a stupid one, so far as I can judge."

"Very well. Now is your chance," rejoined the first speaker quickly. "For look—there he is!"

Maurice was surprised at being greeted eagerly by the man who seemed hardly to have recognized him a few minutes before; but when it was explained that they had been deeply engrossed in trying to evade the old superstition that forbade a dinner of thirteen guests, to heed anything else, and when he was introduced to the group of men who, more or less impatiently, were awaiting the answer he would give to the invitation, he was glad to avail himself of the opportunity of spending a pleasant evening, and, perhaps, of finding friends who would help

to make his stay at Vichy less dull than at present it promised to be; and, late as it was, he agreed with alacrity to fill the fourteenth place.

The big dining-room of the Grand Hotel looked very bright and gay as, a few hours later, he made his way toward the table which was pointed out to him as being reserved for the journalists' party. He was welcomed at once by the men who in the morning had given him his invitation; and one of them pointed out the other members of the party, introducing him to several of them. First of all, there was the guest of the evening, talking to a secretary of the embassy to the Court of Morocco at Tangiers; then there was a sub-prefect, as self-important as though his little town was one of the foremost cities of the Republic; there was a doctor, who was known as a rising man in his profession in Paris; an officer of cuirassiers, and two civil servants, who were people of the greatest consequence, at least in their own eyes.

Besides being a stranger, the law student found himself the youngest of the party; and he was glad to find that he was not expected to take any part in the brilliant conversation that began to flow around him as soon as they were seated at table, and to which he listened with the most lively interest. He occupied a fourteenth chair, and in so doing it seemed that he fulfilled his whole duty toward his hosts. There is an axiom, generally accepted in polite society but not generally carried out, that politics and religion are not to be discussed when those present hold different views; and during the first courses the guests at the journalists' table did not transgress this unwritten rule.

The dinner, needless to say, was perfect of its kind; and its kind was the most luxurious and lavish; for the hosts were no mere scribblers, but masters of their art. And, so far as cleverness and versatility went, the conversation was on a level with the excellence of the dinner.

Maurice de Brelles was not surprised at the turn that the brilliant conversation took, for he knew that this was to be expected; but he was disgusted, nevertheless, at some of the things that he heard, and by the time the dessert was laid upon the table he realized that his hopes of acquaintances whose friendship he might wish to cultivate were not destined to be fulfilled. He would not care to claim as friend any man who took part and pleasure in such conversation as was going on about him.

Presently, forgetful of his presence or careless of his opinion, the talk veered round to religion, or rather to irreligion. First, one man made an assertion that any Christian endowed with ordinary common-sense must have known was untrue; yet, to Maurice's indignation, no one contradicted it. On the contrary, it was taken up and enlarged upon; and soon thirteen out of the fourteen men seated at the table were deep in a discussion on a subject most sacred, yet that was treated, first flippantly and unjustly, then impiously and blasphemously. Was there no one — *no one* — to say a word in defence of religion and truth?

At the best of times, Maurice was not endowed with an imposing personality. He was small and slightly built, and now his recent illness made him look even smaller and more insignificant than usual; but in choosing his career he had been influenced by the fact that he had an unusual command of language, and promised to be a fluent and even, in time, a powerful speaker; and although he was now too nervous to think of this, unconsciously it did come to his aid. He would have given all he possessed in the world if at that moment some one else had stood up in his place and spoken in defence of God and of the truth; but it seemed that, with the exception of himself, every one of the party was an enemy of the right. He was a guest at another's table, and for a moment he hesitated, thinking that perhaps the laws of hospitality might

dispense him from raising his voice in protest. But no, no! He would not have sat silent if it had been his father or one of his best friends of whom they spoke thus; must he not protest when the venom of their tongues was being turned against God?

There was a hush of surprise when this young man, who had sat so silently throughout the dinner, sprang to his feet; and surely his words must have brought a pang of shame to the hearts of some of his listeners; but, outwardly, all were unmoved, and he was greeted merely with cold, supercilious politeness. There was a moment's silence when the last words of his indignant protest died away, and the faces of several wore a blush of shame. Then one of the hosts spoke with well-feigned indifference, but with unconsciously lowered head.

"So Monsieur does not agree with what has been said? Ah, well! Everyone is entitled to hold his own opinions, even if science and progress have proved such opinions to be hopelessly old-fashioned—"

"And yet still true,—true in the past, true in the present, and in the future true—"

Maurice's retort was apparently lost in the movement of rising from table; for the hosts of the evening had chosen the easiest way to put an end to a discussion that threatened to mar the pleasantness of their party.

Maurice had made his protest seemingly without avail; but courage is a quality that appeals even to those whose sense of right and truth is blunted, and the moral courage shown by the young stranger could not fail to rouse some spark of unwilling admiration. His part was done. He had filled the fourteenth chair, and so spared the feelings of these men who considered themselves too advanced to have faith and yet clung to superstition; and now he was free to join the others in the smoking-room, or to slip away from them unnoticed. He chose the latter course.

Having gained the quiet of his own room,

Maurice found that he was exhausted both mentally and physically. It had required a huge effort of mind and will to stand up and speak as he had done; and now, too, the horror of what had been said came crowding back to his memory.

"O God!" he cried, burying his face in the coverlet of his bed,—“O God, Thy enemies are so numerous and Thy friends so few! What can I do to make up to Thee for the ingratitude of those who owe their very existence to Thy bounty?”

So he prayed and prayed, and later in the night he voiced the answer that seemed to come to him.

“Take my life, O Lord! I offer it to Thee in reparation for insults that I can not prevent. If Thou wilt accept my offering, and give me the needful grace, I will be Thy priest and Thy defender.”

So it was that the law student whom we have called Maurice de Brelles found his true vocation; the grace of which, and the light to see it, had come to him through the public act of devotion that he had made as the fourteenth and most undistinguished guest at that memorable dinner. His life—for he is still living—has not been known so much for its preaching, or at least for its sermons in words. His work has been the training of others,—the training of ecclesiastical students. And those who, almost in hundreds, have passed through his hands and whose spiritual life has been influenced by him, are doing, in France and elsewhere through the world, the work to which he devoted himself that night at Vichy. They, too, are defenders of God and of truth.

WHAT gain is it to acquire what we can not carry away with us? Far different are prudence, justice, temperance, fortitude, understanding, charity, love of the poor, faith toward Christ, gentleness, hospitality. Obtain we these, and we shall find them there before us, making ready a dwelling for us in the country of the meek.—*St. Antony.*

A Catholic Landmark in Wales.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

IT was on a lovely morning in summer that we took the train from Llandudno to visit Penrhyn Hall, near Colwyn Bay. A drive through the hills, that afforded charming vistas of the Welsh Mountains on the right, and the Irish Sea on our left, finally brought us to a sharp turn in the road, near an old Roman bridge. An elderly Welsh countrywoman, who spoke English, directed us to cross the bridge and take a path up a steep hill to our left; so presently we were walking briskly along a road that led up by a gradual ascent to the summit, where a glorious view of the distant island of Anglesey was unfolded to our delighted gaze.

We lingered for some time, loath to leave this enchanting scene, and then began the steep descent to the road below. I was ready to take a few moments' rest when we reached the old gateway of Penrhyn Hall, where we paused once more for another look at the lovely country surrounding us. A moment later we were in an old park, in which grew a wilderness of vines, brambles, and noble old trees. The carriage road, rough and uneven, led around a steep hill. Following this path, our feet at times sank into a soft spongy bog. Everything was wild and beautiful, impregnated with the sweet odor of fir trees and damp wet earth. I was full of the history and mystery of the place; for through the hills on our right I knew there was a secret passage leading from the old church to the promontory of the Little Orme, which runs out into the Irish Sea. Here, in the time of Elizabeth, many a priest made his escape after saying Mass in the manor chapel.

Now we had left the hill behind, and a broad green paddock stretched before us; another moment and we were in sight of the fine old manor house of the ancient Welsh Catholic family of Pugh. The his-

torian Lelande says that the oldest part of the house, on the left, was built in 1422, later additions being made in 1590. In 1561 Robert Pugh was high sheriff of Carnarvonshire, and the Catholicity of the family is attested by a stone shield over the doorway, which shows its coat of arms. In the centre of this shield is a cross, and underneath the date 1590. Up to the time of the Reformation, when persecution finally drove them from their ancestral home to Cotymor Llandegai, the Pughs had been the most powerful Catholic family in North Wales, giving many sons and daughters to the Church and to the defence of their country.

After they were driven away, the old hall became the residence of the Protestant Archbishop Williams, of York, Keeper of the Great Seal of King James I. During the civil wars the home was garrisoned by Mytton's forces, and shared in the strife that eventually led to the fall of Conway Castle, a few miles distant. The house is now kept open as a show-place, and to the original furnishings have been added many treasures and relics gathered from different parts of Wales; besides many things brought from over the seas, which seemed to us rather out of place,—such, for instance, as an enormous umbrella that belonged to Tippoo-Tib, and which his Majesty carried on state occasions.

Advancing toward the house through tall shrubbery, we were immediately captivated by its Old-World aspect. The narrow, iron-studded door was open; and in the doorway a little Welsh maid, dressed in the national costume, was spinning. She arose, and, receiving us with courtesy, proceeded to do the honors of the house and grounds. On each side of the main entrance to the house is a rocky wall, pierced by latticed windows; and flanking the doorway are the Penrhyn Imp and Devil,—curious figures carved out of stone and about as large as a four-year-old child. Lying about on the grass are various ancient stone corbels and gargoyles; while

hanging on the walls of the house are dreadful implements of torture, made of iron. A man trap, spring gun, knee-breaker, and mask were shown us by the little maid. They had been used in attempting to wring from the devoted Catholics some knowledge of the secret hiding-place of the priests they were known to shelter.

Behind the poplars in the fruit garden we found the little chapel. Built by grant of Pope Nicholas in the time of King Henry VI., only the walls of rough grey stone are standing. It is about twenty-five feet wide by forty or fifty feet long, and has a single narrow window above where the altar stood. The floor is bare earth, and cleverly concealed in the stone wall is the narrow door that leads to the passage through the hills to the cave called "Twyllyn Y Craig," situated on the Little Orme's Head, where escape from Wales could be made by boat. There was nothing to see in this little chapel, so my companion did not linger there; but to me, a Catholic, the very walls re-echoed the past, and I breathed a prayer for those who had served and those who had worshipped there. My feelings were further stirred when in the garden I was shown the mounting block topstone, as it is called, and was told that the local Antiquarian Society had found it to be the altar stone from the chapel.

Beyond the garden is a paddock, where Welsh ponies and goats were peacefully grazing; and farther away is a pound for straying cattle. But the real beauty of the grounds consists of the old flower-garden. Here is a pear tree over three hundred years old, an ancient sundial, some old flowerpots of the time of Queen Elizabeth, a sedan chair, and a garden chest. In summer, tea is served by little maids, in Welsh costume. A short flight of steps leads down to a cobble-paved courtyard that opens off the great baronial hall. The scent of the old-fashioned flowers, so inexpressibly sweet, tempted us to linger; but presently we were crossing the

lawn again, passed the Satanic-looking Imp and Devil, and standing on the broad doorsill beyond which one steps into the wide, square hall of the manor. The floor is of stone, worn uneven by the throngs that for nearly five hundred years have passed over it.

Back of the hall is a wall of solid rock,—a natural formation that was utilized in building the house. In front of it is a noble armory, containing an old Spanish chest of iron, painted with flowers, full of Roman coins that have been found in the caves near the sea. To the right of this wall, four stone steps lead up to the old dining kitchen, where centres the chief interest of the house; for its wide fireplace and immense chimney, which runs nearly the length of one side of the room, give access by means of a chain, and niches in the wall, to a hole at the top of the house, where, in times of sudden alarm, a priest might be safely hid until his escape to the passage leading from the church to the cave "Twyllyn Y Craig" could be effected.

Above the mantelpiece is a stone shield, with the date 1590, a cross, and the letters I. H. S. carved in the stone. The magnificent beams that arch the ceiling are hand-carved, and at one end of the room is a deep latticed window looking out toward the valley and mountains. To the left of the fireplace is a recess cupboard, with an old Welsh inscription. The room is full of old Welsh curios—cooking utensils of shining brass and copper ware, decorated blue and white pottery, and antique furniture.

Beyond this room is the drawing-room, which is more modern, having been built in the time of the Tudors. The old wainscoting is richly carved, with a chimney to correspond; on the walls are hung samples of quaint needlework, old painted glass, pictures, and a few family portraits done in oil. But our interest centred in the older portions of the house, and presently we were in the great baronial hall, a noble room with heavy-beamed

ceiling, exquisitely carved; stone floor, and walls built of wattles and mud. It furnishes an apt illustration of the severity of domestic accommodations in the Middle Ages. Used as the general dining-room of the Squire and his family, it also served as a council chamber and the assembly room of the men-at-arms. Here were enacted many stirring and historical events. The massive oak door, iron-studded, with immense wrought hinges and lock, made a safe defence against sudden attack; and so did the quaint carved staircase that led up to the "haunted chamber,"—for Penrhyn Hall has its ghost, that is still supposed to walk the house. The great chimney-piece, with its triangular and roughly hewn stone shaft, tapers toward the top. If one is not too tall, it is possible to step under its massive carved over-beam right into the chimney itself; and, glancing upward, the blue sky is plainly visible.

The furnishings of this hall are crude, and include a monk's table bench, and an old Welsh food-storing coffer—or "bread ark," as it was called,—where the bread was kept. On the walls there is the head of a stag shot by King Charles II., and numerous firearms; while the great chimney holds an interesting and curious collection of old cooking utensils, such as a pot crane, spit winder, and an ancient basket grate. Scattered around the room are nearly fifty iron candlesticks, with sharp points for holding rushlights.

Space forbids us to dwell upon the rock-hewn dungeon into which we cautiously peeped, and the immense cheese press, which stands just where it was placed in the eighteenth century. At this time the house was occupied by a family, whose prodigal son, returning after years of absence, claimed the estate, substantiating his claim by directing his opponents to search for a harrow tooth which in his younger days he had driven into a certain beam. The tooth was found where he said it would be, but the prodigal himself mysteriously disappeared. Years after a

skeleton, supposed to be his, was found in an old limekiln in the rear of the house; and it is his ghost that is said to haunt the ancient hall that should have been his inheritance.

The rooms on the second floor of the house, which is reached by a fine old stairway, include a Jacobean bed-chamber, in which is a massive oak bed with carved bedposts and canopy, and other exquisitely carved furniture of the same wood. The walls are panelled, and hung with rare old prints. The satin bed-spread, heavy with embroidery, is also very old; tradition has it that this room was occupied by Prince Charles Stewart, the young Pretender. A larger bedroom, with a heavy-beamed ceiling and stone mullioned and lead latticed windows, and with groove-carved over-beams above the fireplaces, contains some interesting frescoes that were discovered in 1910; they are mostly portraits of the Elizabethan period. The furnishings of this room are of crude early oak, and include a refectory table, a spinet and "tridarn." An opening in the plaster near one of the doors is framed to exhibit the "wattle-and-daub" method, now long obsolete. In the hall is a deep mullioned window that was discovered in 1910 in the thickest part of the wall. Why it was walled up is not known; but, as it is near the chimney giving access to the priest's hiding-place in the attic, it may have been walled up by the Pughs in Elizabeth's time.

The "Museum," as it is called, would have been more interesting if it were devoted entirely to Welsh relics. As it is, I was amused to read on a card hung above an ancient font that "this was the font over which John Wesley preached" (though why he "preached" over a font no one knows), and that the spectacles and chair were also used by him. The Museum includes also the bones of a prehistoric woman, and a sacred elephant dating from the time of the Mogul kings of India. An old English dulcimer, with keys of lettered glass, was interesting;

but the real treasures of the Museum are the Welsh curiosities, including over one hundred articles of early Cambrian domestic life and husbandry, such as a dog yoke and strange implements for tilling the ground. The old bardic spirit of Wales is recalled by a harp, once the property of Ellis Wynn, and another one peculiar to Wales, made of only three strings.

Leaving this room, we climbed one more flight to the attic, where, at the head of the stairs, was the priest's hole,—a tiny recess in the wall, so cleverly built that when the low door was shut it was, to all appearances, impossible of discovery. Reverently I gazed at it, again breathing a prayer for the brave men who, counting all things lost if they might win souls for Christ, had dared so much in coming hither in times of persecution. Slowly we descended the stairs, and, bidding good-bye to the friendly little Welsh maid, passed out of the house again.

Our way homeward led to the top of the hills behind the manor, and then by a private road to the Rocking Stone, beyond which a magnificent view of the surrounding country met our eye. Llandudno, Colwyn Bay, Rhos, Rhyl, Abergele, Llandulas, and Conway, lay before us, with a background of hills stretching from the estuary of the Dee along the Snowdonian range, to the island of Anglesey, set in the broad sweep of the Irish Sea. The rugged promontories of the Great and Little Orme were bathed in the warm midday sun. Westward, beyond the billowing clouds, the horizon deepened to purple, and the sea took on a darker tint. Conway's ancient castle was silhouetted against the sky, its rich brown tints contrasting with the fleecy clouds that float above its summit. All around it lay undulating pastures of vivid green, mysterious leafy woods, and typical Welsh farmhouses nestling in the hollows of the rocks. Everywhere was the exquisite silence of Nature, broken only by the bleating of sheep, the lullaby of birds, and the glad song of a lark rising from the bracken.

I walked homeward along the cliffs by the sea, musing on all I had seen, and thinking of the future of the Church in Wales, which, under the wise guardianship of Dr. Mostyn, Bishop of Minevia, is making rapid progress. The Welsh, Celtic in their origin like the Irish and Scotch, are, like them, pre-eminently religious. Sturdy and brave, with great tenacity of purpose, in the time of Elizabeth they were almost wholly cut off from Catholic ministrations and influence. Hunted into exile, without true pastors, they became a prey to the sects; but to this imaginative and poetic people the Protestant religion is no more suited than it is to the Highland Scots, and one must cherish the hope that the day may not be far distant when the Church in Wales may once more claim her own.

Flag Day.

BY M. F. N. R.

IN the United States it has become the custom of late to celebrate, in the month of June, a special day for the honor of the flag; and this seems an excellent manner in which to instil patriotism into the hearts of the young. In the matter of reverence, we are rather behind other civilized nations; for the greatest feeling for their flag is shown by European nations, and Orientals revere it with a deep-seated loyalty.

Our newspapers recently stated that a noted Socialist was punished, for presumably disloyal utterances, by having an American flag thrust down his throat, which was certainly doubtful patriotism upon the part of his punishers. True patriots would regard this as an indignity to the flag rather than as a suitable punishment for the offender.

Many interesting things may be recounted as to the origin of the flags of different nations. The Chinese flag of the Empire bore a dragon about to devour a scarlet sun, and this arose from an inter-

esting bit of Chinese history. In mediæval days the Chinese were at war with Japan. Urging his soldiers to follow the flag, the Chinese general had emblazoned upon it a great red disc, saying to his men: "Behold the red sun of Japan! The Chinese dragon is about to devour it. So shall we engulf the soldiers of Nippon!" The Celestials fought with fury, but so did the little soldiers of Japan, fearing to lose their banner; and, to the dismay of the boasting general, the Rising Sun of Japan refused to be devoured by the Chinese dragon, but the red disc remains still upon the Chinese flag, emblematic of what the Chinese had attempted.

Into the composition of the flags of Christian nations the religious element entered largely. The original flag of France was the banner of the Abbey of St. Denis, changed later for the white standard with the *fleur-de-lis*; which, in turn, gave place to the Tricolor of the Revolution.

The banner of William the Conqueror was sent him by the Holy Father, and under it the Normans conquered England. Later in the island's history the flag wore the Cross of St. George, of St. Andrew, and of St. Patrick, for the patron saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The English banner which floated over the Colonies was white with the red cross of St. George; but Governor Endicott, of Puritan fame, objected to this. He declined to use the "Popish emblem," and cut the cross from the flag, stating that "ye Romanist emblem is a relic of ye Antichrist." Thereafter various attempts were made to find appropriate flags for the American Colonies, but nothing definite was decided until 1777, when the "Stars and Stripes" was adopted by Congress. There were thirteen stripes for the thirteen original Colonies; and the stars, in a blue field, represented as many States as there were in the Union.

To honor the flag is gradually being inculcated into the American breast. The Army and Navy are instructed to salute the flag wherever displayed, and a step

is taken in the right direction now that it is ordered displayed upon all public buildings, schools, and so forth. It has been observed by foreigners that there does not seem to be the exaggerated feeling of loyalty for the flag in our country, shown by the people of other nations.

At the beginning of our war with Spain, a Spaniard was nearly mobbed in one of our large cities because a small American flag was found in the gutter in front of the house where he was staying. A child had been "playing soldier" with it, and, tiring of his game, had thrown it aside. Commenting upon the incident, the Spaniard said: "In my country such a thing could not have happened. No child would throw away our flag. And the men who hurled curses at me did not even pick up theirs!"

The cosmopolitan appearance of our great cities has often been commented upon. Nearly any day we can see a procession of some kind flaunting banners of a foreign nation. German, Scandinavian, Greek or Italian societies march through the streets bearing their national emblems. Upon the vegetable vender's wagon we see the blue flag of Greece; the Italian banana man bears the red, white, and green of Italy upon his little cart. Earning their living under the kindly folds of Old Glory, these people still remember their own flag, because taught in their youth to honor it and show it loyalty.

In no country, perhaps, is reverence for the flag carried to such an extent as in Spain. From time immemorial the banner of Castile and Leon has appealed to the ardent Spaniard, and his war-cry has ever been "For God, King, and Country!" The religious element lends a beautiful solemnity to many ceremonies in this Catholic country, and Flag Day in Madrid begins with Solemn High Mass. Celebrated in the public square, in the presence of the King and Queen and court notables, as well as numerous regiments of the army, the scene is impressive and beautiful.

It is the day — early in March — when

new recruits are sworn into the army; and each new soldier must "pass under the flag," vowing loyalty to the scarlet and gold banner floating above his head; which means to him the trifold alliance of King, country, and Church, since the royal banner was first carried by King St. Ferdinand when he saved his country from the infidel Moors.

An altar is erected in the Plaza, at Madrid, under a magnificent canopy, upon which is blazoned St. Ferdinand's banner. Lines of soldiery, making a flaming archway of flaunting regimental banners, form an avenue leading to the altar; and a pavilion, with the royal arms, for the King, Queen, and the *infantes*, faces the altar. Mass is celebrated by the chaplains of the army; and as the Sacred Host is raised heavenward, thousands of soldiers bow the knee in reverence. Then, the "holy ceremony" ended, the recruits advance to take the oath and pass under the flag. The Bishop of Zion, chaplain-general of the army, stands beside the military governor; and beside him a soldier carries the flag of Spain. The solemn oath of allegiance is read to the recruits; the bands fill the Plaza with the stirring strains of the *Marcha Real*; while, bareheaded, in single file, the new soldiers pass beneath the archway formed by the swords of the majors and the regimental flags, crossed; kissing as they pass the folds of the floating banners. Past the royal box all then march—bands, infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers, hospital corps; and as each regimental flag passes the royal pavilion, the King salutes, while the Queen rises and courtesies low to the colors.

It is a beautiful ceremony, enacted not only in the capital but in the provincial cities, with equal devotion, if less ceremony. Always is there the blending of religious feeling with the ceremonials of the State,—the appeal to the highest blending of loyalty and religion.

Of the Splendor and Orderly Composure of the Church.

By Thomas Vane (1648).

LOOK upon the Roman Catholique Church, and you shall see a thing so complete and perfect in all her dimensions as if it had been (as indeed it was) moulded on a heavenly frame, many members built up into one body, and that body united under one head, maintaining most sweet and admirable correspondence; having in it selfe all fit means for the spirituall conservation both of the *individuum* and *species* of the particular body, and of the kind: For birth here is Baptisme; Confirmation for strength and advancement in the state of grace; the sacred Eucharist for our daily stock of spirituall improvement and encrease. And so our spirituall sicknesses and wounds, which we receive in our Christian warfare, here are Physitians with the balme of Gilead; the good Samaritanes with wine and oyle to powre into our wounds; the Priests after the order Melchisedeck with the Sacrament of Penance to cure all our ills. And the receipts for these cures contriv'd with wondrous art; for as bodily evils are cured either with things of the same quality or the contrary, so here.

For wounds given by the world, here is a cure by giving the world away in almes. For wounds received from the flesh, a cure by mortifying the flesh with fasting and other austerities. A cure for the fiery darts of the devill, by the darts of prayers shot up to heaven. And when we depart this life (for this warfare must not alwaies last) here is precious oyle to embalme our soules with grace; which, like the oyle to the antient Roman wrastlers, makes us nimble and agile in our latest wrastlings with the devill, that we may slip out of his hands, and be presented, rendering a sweet smelling savour unto God.

And that this holy Church may continue in succession untill her royall Bridegroom call her up to his own throne, here is

THE saints are the sinners who kept on trying.—Anon.

Holy Sacramentall Matrimony, both to represent that union, and by grace to increase it. And that this multitude may not beget confusion, here are holy Orders, by vertue whereof, they that are ordained do govern this society, as spirituall Magistrates, and conduct it, as spirituall Captaines, through the wilderness of this world, to the land of Canaan, the heavenly Jerusalem, which is above. Here is the true Communion of Saints both of those in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, by the participations of each other's Prayers, Merits, and Satisfactiones.

An Irrefutable Argument.

CONFRONTED with the proofs of the sudden and complete cure of organic maladies at Lourdes, or after personally witnessing such wonders, atheistical members of the medical profession are wont to say: "The explanation of those extraordinary cures is this. We admit that we do not know how they are effected, but there are hidden forces in nature which may come to light some day or other." So speak all who refuse to admit the possibility of the miraculous. The Abbé Bertrin, whose learned work on Lourdes has so often been referred to in these pages, refutes this contention by a brief argument, as follows. According to all men of science, it is beyond the power of nature to operate a sudden cure in an organic disease, for this reason: the tissues of the organ can not be repaired in a short space of time. It is just as impossible for an organ to be thus restored as it is for a boy suddenly to become a man. This is an indisputable fact, admitted by all scientists. You admit that at Lourdes certain organic maladies are suddenly cured. What is the logical conclusion? That these cures must be attributed to a power above nature—to God.

In a recent lecture on the miracles at Lourdes, an extract from which has already been presented to our readers,

the Abbé Bertrin regaled his audience with a little anecdote. He was present one day at a grand dinner, to which a number of distinguished persons had been invited, among them an eminent doctor. Only a short time before the Abbé had published his work on Lourdes, in which the above-quoted argument is set forth; and, knowing that the physician had read it, he was curious to learn what opinion so distinguished a medical scientist had formed on the subject of the marvels at Lourdes. "Well, doctor," he said, "what do you think of my book? I don't want you to compliment me: I just wish to know if by chance I have said anything in contradiction with any scientific truth." The doctor replied: "There is not a single mistake in the book: what you say is undeniable." A short while afterward, as they were going to the smoking room, the doctor tapped the Abbé on the shoulder. "By the way," said he, "you remember that argument you gave proving that a sudden organic cure was beyond the power of nature?"—"Yes."—"Well, stick to that; you are pulling the right end of the rope. It is an irrefutable argument."

The Abbé's illustration is as happy as his argument is strong. There are strange things in nature, but it is not in the nature of things that a boy should suddenly become a man.

Amen Corner.

The origin of the name "Amen Corner" is interesting, and throws a pleasant light on English Catholicity of the days before the apostasy of Henry VIII. Each year, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, the faithful went in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral. Mustering at Cheapside, the procession moved toward the cathedral, the clergy chanting the "Our Father" as they passed along the street still called Paternoster Row, reaching the "Amen" as they turned the corner known for years as Amen Corner.

Notes and Remarks.

Several of our Catholic exchanges repeat the story of a wealthy man who died recently in St. Louis, leaving \$120,000 to Catholic churches and charities. A few weeks before his death he told a priest of his acquaintance that he had not attended Mass for thirty years, because the last time he was present he was stopped at the door of the church and made to pay ten cents. "It looked too much like a theatre," he said. We do not question the truth of this story, or its usefulness in pointing a moral that has been pointed times without number. But it strikes us that the gentleman in question was too ready to take scandal. Now that the abuse of stationing money-changers at the doors of churches has been done away with, everyone is free to condemn it; but this should be done in measured terms, though we fail to see what good can result from the doing. The evil was by no means as great as it seemed, bad as it was. It began as a convenient method of collecting money for the church, and was not objected to, any more than people object to raffles and lotteries.

One should be cautious in placing blame. A person seeing a destructive fire started, and having it in his power to put it out and failing to do so, may be quite as blameworthy as the one who set it, or the one disposed to add fuel to it. That church fire had been in progress a long time, and there was smoke enough from it to attract the attention of those who should have been most concerned about extinguishment. Let us charitably suppose that they were nearsighted rather than neglectful, and let us not blow the ashes into their eyes, the natural effect of which would be to prevent them from seeing as well as they do now.

At the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church held last month at Bristol, Tenn., the "Committee on Roman-

ism" urged the inauguration of a movement among the "Evangelical Churches of Christ in the United States and Canada," "to throw down the gauntlet to the Roman Catholic Church in America, to undertake a comprehensive plan of evangelizing the Romanists, and to establish a foundation for the support of converts from among the priests, monks, and nuns, until they are fully instructed and enabled to learn gainful occupations."

"Did you ever!" as children say when their astonishment is beyond the power of expression. Our advice is invariably lost on the Presbyterians, or we should recommend them, instead of undertaking such a foundation as the "Committee on Romanism" suggests, to save their money, to pay off their own debts, or to assist the Methodists of the South, who are in sore straits in some places. A newspaper which we have just laid aside reports that a fine property (a college) at San Angelo, Texas, recently passed out of their possession,—"a fine building, fifty-six acres of land, and one hundred lots adjoining the campus." The purchasers were the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, who propose to convert the property into an academy for the education of young girls.

The sayings and doings of our Presbyterian brethren are always of interest to us. At a meeting of some sort down in New Zealand a few months ago, they resolved to encourage the study of the Reformation period. If Presbyterians everywhere were to do this, and do it with an open mind, in the light of modern research, their regard for John Calvin and respect for his teaching would be forever ended, and their notions of Catholicity revolutionized.

The twenty-second annual report (1911-12) of the Christ-Child Society must be very encouraging as well as gratifying to all its members, and should result in a large increase of their number. The spread of this association, and the

success of its efforts in behalf of poor and neglected children, are remarkable. Though organized only twenty years ago (in Washington, D. C.), it is now established in twelve other cities; and, beginning with the clothing of a single child of poverty on Christmas Day in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem, its benefactions have been extended to thousands of others, and its scope widened so as to embrace all the needs of child-life. The requirements of membership in this admirable Society are so simple that no Catholic lady need be prevented from joining it. Service of some sort is provided for all, "contributing" and "sewing" members co-operating with those who are free to devote themselves to settlement work.

The spirit of the Christ-Child Society is identical with that of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The need of such organizations almost everywhere is greater than most persons have any idea of, and the extension of them would be of inestimable benefit to the Church in this country.

Now that the turmoil created among sectarians of all sorts and conditions by the Papal decree regarding mixed marriages has somewhat subsided, we deem it a duty to quote what was said on the subject by the Anglican bishop of Adelaide, in his annual address to the presbyters of his diocese. Dr. Thomas has the distinction of being one of the very few Protestant leaders who had anything at all to say about the decree that might, better than not, have been left unsaid. We quote his words in full, commending them to the careful consideration of other Anglican dignitaries:

The attitude of our church on divorce leads me to refer to the outcry that has been raised about the *Ne Temere* decree. We may not unreasonably regret the decree and the slur which it casts on marriages of Roman with Anglican Catholics, if not solemnized by a Roman Catholic priest; but we hold, as the Church of Rome holds, that, while a marriage is

valid in the eyes of the State, it may be invalid in the eyes of a church; and it appears competent for any religious body to lay down what marriage regulations it pleases for its own members. The Roman Church appears, therefore, to be within her rights in promulgating this decree for her own people. As regards non-Roman Catholics, and to secure any issue of the marriage for the Roman Church, however, the controversy will not be without profit if it awakens our people to the undesirableness of mixed marriages in general. Such are to be urgently deprecated in the interests of domestic peace and the spiritual life of husband and wife; for whenever religious convictions are divergent, there is danger either that religion will be buried, and the home become irreligious, or that some unsatisfactory compromise will be effected, or that they, both husband and wife, adhering loyally to their respective tenets—the boys perhaps being brought up in the father's faith, and the girls in the mother's—there will be a permanent cleavage in the family on the most vital of all subjects. The struggle is hard when inclination and religion clash; and, while we may gladly meet and mix in many other ways with our brethren of other churches, I most earnestly, in the interests of all, deprecate mixed marriages.

The publishers of *Liberty*, the organ of the Religious Liberty Association, made a bad mistake in sending specimen copies of their anti-Catholic magazine to the Hon. Dudley G. Wooten, of Seattle, Washington. Some other present and past Members of Congress like such publications: Mr. Wooten does not; and in two forceful and admirably written letters, printed in the *Catholic Northwest Progress*, he tells the reason why. In the first, after declaring that he finds the utterances of the magazine "plainly contradictory of the liberty and tolerance it professes to advocate," he remarks:

I am not myself a member of the Catholic communion, but I do recognize—what every impartial observer realizes—that the Catholic Church is to-day the only form of organized Christianity that is vital enough to merit consideration, and faithful enough to command respect. It is perfectly natural, then, that the allied forces of infidelity, indifference, and a decadent Protestantism should combine in an unholy crusade against it. To do so, however, in the name of religious liberty and toleration,

is so manifestly insincere and disgusting that I must decline to read the literature of such a syndicate of hypocrisy and malice.

This manly communication from a gentleman of Mr. Wooten's standing created consternation in the "Religious Liberty Department" of the Religious Liberty Association; and in a long letter, explaining and defending the object of its magazine, he was requested to withdraw his censure or incur the reproach of being opposed to the American system of civil government. The effrontery of this provoked Mr. Wooten's second letter, a much longer and more scathing one, from which we quote the following:

If you had said that there is a well-formed, concerted, and malicious movement extant in this country among certain Protestant ecclesiastics to secure governmental and legislative action hostile to the Church of Rome, for the purpose of discrediting the influence and crippling the growth of the Catholic faith, you would have stated a fact whose existence and significance are known to every discerning and impartial observer of the current tendencies. This movement is led by one very numerous and noisy denomination, whose fanaticism and bigotry seem to increase in proportion to its dwindling influence over sensible and liberal-minded men, and whose rancorous hatred of Catholicism extends even to the invasion of Rome itself.

The Catholics, now and always in this country, have sought governmental recognition and action only for their own protection and to secure equal rights and privileges under the laws and institutions of the Republic, and you can show no authentic case to the contrary....

Every intelligent man in the United States who is enlightened enough to be capable of discernment, and not so prejudiced as to deny the truth, realizes that amid the disintegrating and disorderly elements of our civilization the Catholic Church stands as the defender and conservator of all that is most vital and valuable in the constitution and institutions of civilized society. She takes an active and intelligent interest in politics and legislation to that extent and for that purpose only—to preserve the sanctity of the home, the authority of organized government, the safeguards of virtue and piety in public and private life, and the equal recognition and protection of every religious creed that is not in itself a denial of lawful authority.

It is the deliberate judgment of all thoughtful men, both in the Church and out of it, that she is destined to achieve her highest triumphs

of usefulness to mankind in this Republic, and that no amount of narrow intolerance and ignorant prejudice can prevent it. Under the liberal and enlightened conditions here existing, emancipated from the political and secular entanglements due to her historic career in the Old World, and left free to extend her influence solely by the intrinsic power of her own divine mission on earth, the Catholic Church in America occupies a position whose possibilities of growth and benevolence are immense and inevitable. The great mass of our citizens of all creeds and conditions recognize and welcome these possibilities. It is only the ignorant, the intolerant, and the envious who dispute the facts and seek to prevent their consequences. Of course the turbulent and Godless agitators, who defy the obligations of human laws and deny the authority of divine government, are bitterly hostile to the Church, as they have been and will continue to be always and everywhere. And so blind and unreasoning is the religious hatred of some Protestant leaders toward the Church, that they are willing to join the forces of lawlessness and infidelity in the war upon her rights and liberties.

It is too bad not to reproduce Mr. Wooten's second letter entire, it is so able and pointed and timely; however, we shall have occasion to refer to it again. He is to be congratulated on having dealt a blow to the band of benighted bigots in Washington calculated at least, to teach them caution in approaching men of intelligence who have the courage of their convictions.

Some interesting details as to the conversion of Father Roussel Byles, who died so heroically at the post of priestly duty in the wreck of the *Titanic*, are supplied by his brother, Mr. W. E. Byles, of New York, in a communication to the *London Tablet*. Their father was a Congregational minister, and their mother the daughter of one. It was during his college days that Father Byles first began to break away from Nonconformity, influenced both by the weakness of its historical position and also by the Nonconformists' neglect and practical denial of the Sacraments. He developed even in these early years a remarkable devotion to the Eucharist. At Oxford he showed a strong

tendency to asceticism, making daily meditations, and going periodically to confession to an Anglican clergyman. Though very fond of ritual, he never seemed to realize the necessity of obedience to authority. A younger brother, whom he had led away from Nonconformity, became a Catholic in December, 1892. This finally opened his eyes to the importance of the Sacraments and showed him the oneness of the Church. To continue in the words of Mr. Byles:

Roussel had led his brother to the threshold of the Church, but, of all the relatives, he was the most displeased at his crossing it. The first intimation this brother had that Roussel had leanings toward Rome was a letter received on February 24, 1894. It began with birthday and other more or less trivial matters, but it ended with a short paragraph. "Do you know I have had some trouble lately? The fact is, I find myself unable to recognize the Anglican position. I do not, however, feel myself any more satisfied with the Roman position. I have given up going to Anglican communion, and have postponed my ordination as a deacon." Of course there was a long correspondence, and the tide ebbed and flowed. Now he seemed about to utter his *Credo*, and then he seemed to have turned back. Probably no one on earth knows all he went through—all the prayers he offered, all the works of mortification which he practised, or even all the controversial books that he read. About Trinity Sunday came a letter which seemed to breathe a note of despair that he was ever going to get the grace he was looking for; but on Corpus Christi the last letter arrived. Two days before, whilst making his meditation, the fog had cleared away. There had been a short visit to the Jesuits at St. Aloysius', and he was to be received into Holy Mother Church and to make his First Communion on the feast of Corpus Christi,—surely an appropriate festival for one who had been led perhaps more by his devotion to the Eucharist than by anything else to the altar where alone the Eucharist has its dwelling.

An illustration of the power of union is afforded by the municipality of Vienna. A few years ago this great European centre was under the complete domination of anti-Catholics—until that fearless leader and self-sacrificing patriot, Lueger, undertook the task of organizing the Catholic

forces. How admirably this was accomplished our readers have been made aware. It is true that after his death the enemy got the upper hand again, and their victories were neither few nor unimportant. The last occurred just a year ago. Meantime, however, the Christian Social Party, as the Catholics are called, has been reorganized, and in the recent elections it won a splendid triumph—the election of nearly all its candidates. The municipality of Vienna, as we learn from *Rome*, is now composed of 126 Social Christians, 20 Liberals, 10 Socialists, and 2 Independent Catholics.

Most persons, perhaps, regard the Church of Russia (which glories in being under the domination of the so-called Holy Synod rather than subject to the authority of the Vicar of Christ) as a compact body, far more closely united than the Church of England. The fact is, however, that no fewer than 25,000,000 Russians are in schism from the Established Church. "There is no country in the world," declares a recent traveller in Russia, "where sects have played so large a part. Their number has been endless, from the Dietoubitoi, who considered it their duty to kill newborn babes in order that their innocent souls might go straight to heaven, to the Radstockists, a sect formed after Radstock had held a religious revival in St. Petersburg."

Amongst the prizes proposed by the Paris Academy of Sciences for 1913 may be noticed the Pierre Guzman Prize, amounting to 100,000 francs, which is offered for the discovery of a means of communicating with a star other than the planet Mars. As if communication with Mars was so easy that it may be virtually looked upon as a *fait accompli*! The London *Athenæum* thinks that the Academy of Sciences must have had its tongue in its cheek when it put forth such a proposal as this.



The Blind Girl.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

"MOTHER, I can not see the sun:
Then can the sun see me?
I love to feel its gentle rays,
How kind the sun must be!

"Mother, I can not see the flow'rs:
Then can the flow'rs see me?
I love to touch their faces fair,—
How lovely they must be!

"Mother, I can not see the stars:
Then can the stars see me?
Thousands and thousands in the sky,—
How bright God's lamps must be!

"Mother, though I can not see God,
I know He watches me
And all the world, by night and day,—
How loving He must be!"

Peppo.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

II.

SINCE the tragedy of yesterday, poor little Peppo's world had crumbled to pieces,—that world of pictures and all those things which, as he himself expressed it, he saw at the back of his head. Since the accident to little Nina, he had begun to think that pictures and colors must really be wrong. They always brought him into trouble. It was through thinking of them that he had let Nina be almost killed, and so he was going to be a good boy and never think of pictures any more. But this resolution cost Peppo such an effort that sobs often rose in his throat.

"Don't take on so!" said Fanny. "You can have threepence for yourself; and if

you get a whipping to-day, it'll be over to-morrow, and Nina will get all right."

This last piece of consolation was what Peppo needed. If only Nina got well, he might be happy again; he might find some new world without colors, where he and Nina could live and amuse themselves. Thinking of this, he summoned up courage to follow Fanny downstairs, where the rest of the family were awaiting him.

"So there you are at last!" exclaimed his mother, giving him a box on the ear.

"He's been punished enough," said his father, rising from his corner. "Come, sonny, tell us all about it."

This encouraged the boy to tell his tale, and he bravely confessed all his guilt with regard to the pavement pictures.

"Those horrid pictures!" muttered Louisa, who was sitting sullenly at the table, making a pretence of sewing. "The child has colors on the brain. It's colored himself with a good thrashing he ought to be, always bringing us into trouble."

"Where's Nina?" whispered Peppo into his father's ear.

"Get your cap, boy, and we'll go to see her." And his father, taking Peppo by the hand, led him out of the room; adding when they were safely out: "But you must be hungry."

Peppo acknowledged that he felt a queer pain inside, so his father took him into a restaurant, where his hunger was soon satisfied with a pint of milk, and some slices of bread, which seemed to Peppo the most delicious food he had ever tasted. After that they went to the hospital.

When Peppo saw Nina in her little white cot, the roses blooming once more in her cheeks and a smile dimpling her bonnie round face, he forgot all his own woes and nearly cried for joy. He would have taken her bodily out of her bed

had not a white-capped nurse interfered.

"No, do not touch her. She must remain quiet, and then she will be well in a few days."

"And will she come back to us?" asked Peppo. "I will take such care of her! I will never let anything happen to her again."

The nurse reassured him, and after a little while he and his father returned home.

When Nina was well, life once more assumed a normal aspect to Peppo, and he began to dream again of colors and pictures. He thought of his Blue Lady with the twelve stars,—that daring effort which still remained pinned to the packing-case lid in the garret. His resolution began to weaken; and he wondered if Fanny had spent the whole sixpence on tarts, or whether she would give him threepence, according to promise; and once more his heart began to swell with vague ambitions.

He went upstairs to look at his wonderful lady; but he fancied she did not smile at him. He was dissatisfied with his attempt, and his conscience was troubled as to the wrongness of pictures. Poor Peppo! He was face to face with his life's problem.

III.

The winter had passed, and even in dreary London the voice of Spring was making itself heard. A green veil of tiny buds had spread itself over the trees in the parks; and wild excitement prevailed in Sparrow Kingdom, where ceaseless twitterings and chirpings announced the advent of the fledglings which the season was to bring.

There was hardly less excitement in Peppo's heart where the voice of Spring was making itself very audibly heard as he stood by the park railings, in his old sailor suit, with his greasy cap pushed back upon his dusky curls. There was a smile upon his red lips and a glow in his olive cheeks, while his big brown eyes expressed supreme satisfaction with himself and with the rest of the world. The fact was, Peppo had attained the goal

of his desires, and at that moment felt himself master of life and of fate; for Peppo was, for the first time, a pavement artist.

A thrush in a neighboring bush gave a faint warble. To the child of the South it suggested the coming of summer and of life, and sent his blood tingling. He forgot all past hardship and present difficulty, and was conscious only of the possibilities which the future might bring.

A gentleman passing took a long look at the boy. Peppo's shapely little person and Southern beauty had often attracted attention,—a fact which sometimes troubled him; but on this occasion he returned the stranger's look sweetly enough, feeling, as he did, at peace with himself and with the world.

"What are you doing, youngster?" asked the gentleman.

"Keeping guard on my pictures."

"Your pictures, you little monkey!" And the man took his eyes off Peppo's face and fixed them on the pictures on the pavement. "Who did this thing?" he asked, pointing to one attempt.

"I done it," the boy replied, forgetting his grammar in the excitement of the moment.

"Are you telling the truth, youngster?"

"He done it, right enough, governor," affirmed one of his brother artists. "He's got a real knack,—the little chap has."

"You did it all by yourself?" the gentleman asked again.

"Yes, sir," answered Peppo, this time timidly; for he thought the gentleman was going to scold him for the defects in his pictures. "Is it wrong, sir? Must I give colors up?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"Mother always says, 'Them colors'll be the ruin of us.' And Louisa, that's my big sister, says I'll be hanged some day through those horrid colors."

The gentleman laughed. The child was evidently as simple as he was clever.

"There's a sixpence for your trouble. Make me another picture on Monday—

the best you can do, — and I'll come along and look at it."

When Peppo went home that day, Fanny at once suspected a mystery. As it was Saturday, there was no school, and no washing to be taken home before evening, so the children had some freedom.

After dinner Peppo disappeared. But Fanny soon found him on the top step of the stairs near the attics. There he sat, his elbows on his knees, his curly head buried in his hands, apparently absorbed in meditation.

"What are you doing here all alone?" asked Fanny, sitting down beside him.

"I am thinking. Please let me alone!"

"What's the matter?" persisted Fanny, in a wheedling tone. "I'm sure you have a secret."

"I can't tell you," replied Peppo, with determination.

"Do now, there's a darling!" said Fanny, coaxingly.

"I can't tell you to-day. Perhaps I'll tell you to-morrow," said Peppo.

"Can't you tell me to-day? I won't say a word to anybody."

"Oh, yes you would!" answered Peppo, with the conviction of bitter experience.

"You're really mean, Pep! I don't like you a bit. I'll go and play with Mary Ann." And Fanny went off in a "huff."

Mary Ann was a large, leather-bodied doll, with a wax face from which every atom of color was rubbed away. In her best days she had been no beauty, and with the wear and tear of years she had become a most hideous object. Nevertheless, some sentiment of fidelity made the children cherish her as a member of the family; and on Saturday afternoons, when school books were put away, Mary Ann was taken out of her corner, solemnly dressed, and put in a place of honor.

After a short time Peppo's meditations were again disturbed. The irrepressible Fanny appeared once more on the stairs, this time holding Mary Ann by the arm.

"Won't you paint Mary Ann's face? Do please, Peppo! She's such a fright. I'll

sew her up and dress her if you will give her a new face," said Fanny, sitting down on the stair, and laying Mary Ann across her knee.

"I'll paint her face if you like, but I can't make her nice, and I hate ugly things." (Peppo glanced at Mary Ann and shuddered.) "She's just hideous!" he remarked with disgust.

"She won't be so bad with a new face and a clean frock. You know we can not throw her away."

The idea of throwing Mary Ann away seemed sacrilegious, no less to the artistic Peppo than to the practical Fanny. So in the end Peppo painted Mary Ann's face, and succeeded in making her quite beautiful in the eyes of Fanny, and superlatively lovely in those of little Nina, who spent the whole afternoon contemplating Mary Ann's transformation, while Peppo was left in peace to his meditations.

The subject of them was, of course, the picture which he was to make on Monday. With regard to the subject, his thoughts ran riot. Everything he had ever seen floated through his imagination—through the back of his head, as he called it,—but nothing would remain fixed there. At last in despair he went down to play with Nina.

He soon forgot his trouble in a romp, but at night it returned. Unable to sleep, he tossed and turned in his little bed, trying all the time to decide on a subject for his picture. More than once he crept to the window to look out at the moon, which was making its way through black and silvery clouds; but even his beloved moon did not bring him inspiration. At last he fell asleep; but dawn found him again at the window, his nose flattened against the pane, his eyes fixed on the glowing sky, where the dark clouds were turning to pink and primrose.

With the sunrise he found the inspiration he needed; and, without waiting to dress, pattered off barefoot to the garret, where he set to work at once. He looked a comical little figure, standing

before his improvised easel in his short flannel nightshirt; but Peppo, regardless of cold and of appearances, was soon busy drawing and rubbing out, coloring and effacing, until he succeeded to his satisfaction in conveying his idea to paper. When his picture was finished, he sat down on an old box and studied it; then a smile of content lit up his face. It would be the best he had ever done,—that was certain. But would the gentleman like it?

Buoyed up by wild hopes, he escaped unnoticed down the stairs; and, making a hasty toilet, appeared in the kitchen just in time to get the last plateful of porridge. He made heroic efforts to dispose of the porridge, but the task proved too much for him.

"I can't eat, mother: I'm full up inside," he pleaded, laying down his spoon.

"He's full up with some secret this morning," peached the disloyal Fanny.

Peppo looked at her with a glance of reproof, mentally resolving not to tell her one word of his adventure. Fortunately, her remark passed unobserved by the rest of the family, and he was able to steal out unnoticed.

(Conclusion next week.)

What a Spanish Lady Brought to England.

When the unfortunate Katharine of Aragon first came to England, she brought with her from Spain an article which was quite unfamiliar to English eyes. This small but necessary article had been manufactured in France, and was sent from that country to Spain as a part of the elegant trousseau prepared for the bride of the King. Walking down one of our busy streets, you might pick up a hundred perhaps, and not a few on any country road. But in the days when Henry VIII. ruled England it was an expensive luxury. And what do you suppose it was? Only a pin!

Previous to that time, the fastenings

in general use consisted of clasps, ribbons, strings, loopholes; skewers of bone, silver, gold, brass, or wood, and crudely formed hooks and eyes. But the simple pin, with its solid head and sharp point, was unknown. France claims that all new ideas come into the world through her, however well they may afterward be developed and perfected by other nations. In the evolution of the pin, France deserves the credit. She made the best pins long before they could be made in other countries; and it was a Frenchman, Fournier by name, who went to Nuremberg and taught the wire drawers and makers of that city how to improve their machines and thus draw the wire finer for the manufacture of pins with solid heads. This improvement was a much-needed one; for an act had been passed in England prohibiting the sale of pins unless they had solid or double heads which did not come off. For a long time, then, pins in England belonged to the list of imported articles; but in 1626 a manufactory was started in Gloucestershire by a man named John Tilsby, who operated so successfully that he employed as many as fifteen hundred persons.

Pin-making was for a long period a tedious labor, and sixteen individuals were employed in the eighteen processes of the manufacture of a pin. Now machinery has made the operation so simple and so rapid that pins can be bought for a trifle. They are manufactured only in small quantities in France, Germany, and Austria—formerly the great seats of pin factories; while England and America have all the large pin manufactories of the world, and furnish annually hundreds of tons of them to civilized nations.

A KING of ancient times having been badly defeated in a long and fierce battle, his royal adversary jeered and taunted him on his failure. "And is your shadow any taller for vanquishing me?" was the prompt rejoinder. The victor was silent thereafter.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A Chronicle of the Popes, from St. Peter to Pius X.," is the title of a new book, presumably by a non-Catholic author, just published by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.

—"Essentials of Health," by J. C. Willis, A. M., Ph. D., M. D. (American Book Co.), is yet another text-book designed for intermediate grades in schools, which, we are inclined to believe, have altogether too many text-books at present. Given the expediency of such treatises, however, the present one appears well adapted for its specific purpose; and the boys' and girls' parents, if not the young people themselves, will find much of interest and instruction within its covers.

—"Margaret's Travels," by Anthony York (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), contains the letters of Margaret Lee, of New York, addressed to her friend, Florence Jackson, of Chicago. The writer describes her trip abroad and gives her impressions of various cities and shrines of the Old World. Queenstown, she holds, is most famous for the many people who have left it! In the course of Margaret's journeyings various things happen, not the least important being her engagement to a young man who accompanied her on the greater part of her travels, and who is probably responsible for anything in the account of them which critical readers would willingly forego.

—Professor Singenberger's "Cantate" (F. Pustet & Co.) contains a collection of English and Latin hymns, six Gregorian Masses, including the Requiem; the Responses at High Mass, Benediction service, and *Te Deum*. It is well put together, and the hymns follow the cycle of the ecclesiastical year. There are various hymns to the Blessed Virgin and some particular saints. The music is arranged for two-part singing, but the hymns may also be sung in unison. Besides the *imprimatur* of the Ordinary of Ratisbon, this new hymn-book has the recommendation of the Archbishop of Milwaukee. Its handy size and low price (\$3.25 per doz.) are calculated to render it a favorite.

—Among recent penny pamphlets of the London Catholic Truth Society we note: "Talks with Nonconformists (I. Worship. II. Priestism)," and "Talks about St. Peter," by the Rev. G. Bampfield, B. A.; "Christianity and 'Women's Rights'" and "Some Problems of Temperance Reform," by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S. J.; "The Moral Training of Children," by the Bishop of Newport; "English Economics and Catholic

Ethics," by the Rev. M. Maher, S. J.; "The Decree 'Ne Temere,'" by the Rev. P. Timlay, S. J.; "The Social Sense: Its Decay and Its Revival," by Alexander P. Mooney, M. D.; "Richard Wynn (White)," by the Rev. C. W. Barraud, S. J.; "Masses for Money," by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J.; "The Marriage of Mary Hungate," by Felicia Curtis; and "Father Lockhart, of the Institute of Charity," by an unnamed writer.

—"Confession Made Easy," published by the Society of the Divine Word, Techy, Illinois, is about as comprehensive a manual of instructions and devotions relative to the Sacrament of Penance as has ever come to our notice. The body of the work treats, in the first part, of the knowledge of sin; and, in the second, of reconciliation with God. An appendix of 150 pages is made up of prayers and devotions. The volume is a translation, by the Rev. L. A. Reudter, from the German of the Rev. F. Hockenmaier, O. F. M.

—Volumes V. and VI. of the "New Series of Homilies for the Whole Year," translated from the Italian of Bishop Bonomelli by Bishop Byrne, of Nashville (Benziger Brothers), constitute Volumes I. and II. of "Homilies of the Common of Saints." There are in both volumes thirty-three discourses: fifteen on One and Many Martyrs, four on a Confessor-Bishop, two on Doctors, four on a Confessor not a Bishop, two on Abbots, two on a Virgin and Martyr, and one each on a Virgin not a Martyr, Virgins, Widows, and the Dedication of a Church. The homilies have for their subject-matter the Epistles and Gospels of the Masses for these various categories, and, as is always the case with Bishop Bonomelli's instructions, are clear, practical, and persuasive. Not the least valuable portion of the work is the lengthy preface, a decidedly outspoken and timely homily on that species of pulpit utterance styled "Conference." The author's animadversions thereon are applicable, says his translator, to much of the pulpit oratory of this country, and they are assuredly worth pondering by all who are entrusted with the sublime function of preaching the Word of God.

—Reviewing at length the new edition of the "Opera Inedita" of Roger Bacon, which Mr. Robert Steele is producing in conjunction with the Clarendon Press, the *Athenæum* observes:

Had this mediæval friar been a German or a Frenchman, we should long ago have had on our shelves a critical edition

of all his works; and it is a disgrace to English scholarship, and particularly to the learned members of the University of Oxford, of which Roger Bacon was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished sons, that at this time of day there should be any "Opera Inedita." J. S. Brewer, in his luminous preface to the volume of Bacon's works published more than fifty years ago in the Rolls series of "Chronicles and Memorials," pointed out the position that Bacon held in the learned world of the thirteenth century. It is hardly too much to say that, for his age and opportunities, this friar was one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived. The works he composed on the various branches of learning, which he communicated to Pope Clement IV., by his order, about the year 1262, were known as the "Opus Minus" (the Introduction), the "Opus Majus" (the "principal work"), and the "Opus Tertium," written "for the clearer understanding of the two former," as Bacon tells us himself. Besides these, and probably after the death of the Pope who had charged him with the task of setting down in order the results of his forty years of study and experiment, Bacon began a great encyclopædic work on the sciences. At the present time, before all of the many fragments of his books and tracts are in print, it is somewhat difficult to speak with certainty as to this great work which the philosopher contemplated, and in part at least put into shape. It would naturally have comprised much that he had previously written in the "Opus Minus," "Opus Majus," and "Opus Tertium"; and the similarity of certain passages appears to have misled many writers into supposing that the extant fragments of this projected encyclopædia were portions of Bacon's earlier books.

"One of the most extraordinary men who ever lived." Think of the most scholarly journal in the English language thus describing a friar of the Middle Ages.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Margaret's Travels." Anthony York. \$1.38.
 "My Lady Poverty. A Drama in Five Acts."
 Francis de Sales Gliebe, O. F. M. 35 cts.
 "Homilies of the Common of Saints." 2 vols.
 Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. \$2.50,
 net.
 "Billy-Boy." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 "The Reason Why." Bernard J. Otten, S. J.
 \$1.25.
 "These My Little Ones." Rev. N. Waugh. \$1.75.
 "Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales."
 J. H. A. \$1.
 "The Price of Unity." Rev. B. W. Maturin.
 \$1.50, net.

- "Poverina." Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cts.
 "Via Franciscana." 90 cts.
 "Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography."
 Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.
 "The Rule of St. Clare." Fr. Paschal Robinson,
 O. F. M. 15 cts.
 "Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.
 "The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope."
 Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.
 "The Coward." Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.
 "Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism."
 Hubert Gruender, S. J. \$1.
 "Sacred Dramas." Augusta Theodosia Drane.
 90 cts.
 "Told in the Twilight." Mother Salome. 85 cts.
 "The Divine Trinity." Rev. Joseph Pohle, D. D.
 \$1.50.
 "Faith Brandon." Henrietta Dana Skinner.
 \$1.30.
 "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock,
 O. S. B. 65 cts.
 "In a New Way: Sermon Essays on Well-Worn
 Subjects." Rev. Edward Hearn. \$1.25.
 "Fresh Flowers for Our Heavenly Crown."
 André Prévôt, D. D. 85 cts., net.
 "Annus Liturgicus." Michaele Gatterer, S. J. \$1

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Ryder, of the archdiocese of Birmingham; Rev. Joseph Kraemer, diocese of Detroit; and Rev. Aloysius Kurtz, O. F. M. Brother Christian, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Mother M. Laurentia, Sister M. Patrick, and Sister M. Camillus, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Wulstan, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Robert Culshaw, Mr. Ambrose Mutshler, Mr. F. H. Loy, Mr. W. J. Purcell, Mrs. Jane Coolley, Capt. Edmund English, Miss Katherine Moynihan, Mr. William Ball, Miss Elizabeth Burns, Mr. Charles Boyce, Mr. James Keenan, Mrs. Mary Nicholson, Mr. Michael Kennedy, Mr. Andrew Wombacher, Miss Anna F. White, Mrs. Mary A. Donohue, Mrs. James P. Dowling, Mr. Paul N. Warren, Mr. Patrick C. Riordan, Mrs. Maria Blanchard, Mr. Thomas McKeon, Mrs. Mary Charles, Mr. Richard Molloy, Mr. P. N. Banville, Mr. Harry Offer, Mr. Joseph Walthew, Mr. William O'Meara, Mr. Edmond P. Stanton, Mr. William Santen, and Mr. Jacob Neumann.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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NO. 24

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The Riddle Solved.

BY JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

WHEN Joseph led the Mother and her Child
To Pharaoh's realm, a shelter there to gain,
Wayworn, he reached at eve a burning plain,
Where stared the Sphinx across the trackless wild.
He watched upon the sands in ridges piled,
While Mary and her Babe, foespent with pain,
Between the monster's paws to rest had lain,
And 'neath its stony frown the Infant smiled.

O wondrous smile! The Sphinx can fright no more
With dark enigmas our humanity;
Life's riddle now is solved with heavenly lore.
That Infant's hand enclasps the magic key
Which wide unlocks each gloom-enshrouded door:
The key of time and of eternity.

Some Saints of the Sacred Heart.

BY M. NESBITT.

SAIN**T** BONAVENTURE, the Seraphic Doctor, in his "Dart of Love," invites the whole world to enter and dwell within the wounded Heart of Jesus. "I will take my rest," he cries, "in the Sacred Heart of my Saviour! There will I watch, read, pray, and treat of all my affairs. . . . There will I speak to His heart; by so doing I shall obtain from Him whatever I please." Then the saint goes on to assure us that union with the tender Heart of our dear Redeemer will enable us to enjoy a holy sweetness and joy beyond compare; that

we shall find therein benefits and blessings above all that we can hope or desire; and that we may enter confidently that sacred shelter, since the Beloved Spouse of our souls has opened His side in order to give us His whole Heart.*

St. Francis of Assisi, that torch burning with divine love, yet never consuming, "wished to be buried in the Sacred Heart of Jesus," says the great interpreter of Holy Writ, Cornelius à Lapide; and we know that the Seraphic Order which he founded has always practised and taught this beautiful devotion. It was on this account that St. Francis was given by Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary as her special patron. It is interesting to note further that, in the year 1695, a "Confraternity of the Heart of Jesus, and of the perpetual love of the same Lord Jesus Christ," was erected in the church of the Friars Minor at Versailles; whilst the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart was founded at Rome by the great Franciscan missionary, St. Leonard of Port Maurice.

But the saints whose feasts we celebrate during this month of June are sufficient of themselves to form a glorious guard of honor round that Sacred Heart, whose love they now enjoy to the full in their heavenly home. They were men and women like ourselves, with, perchance, the same faults to overcome, the same irritating failings to combat in themselves or to bear with patience in others. They, too, had disagreeable duties to perform, difficult characters to mould and modify,

* "Stimulus Amoris," c. i.

uninteresting and often weary work to do. They, like us, shivered beneath the chill shadow of sorrow or care, and knew even better than we the bitterness and the pain of "finite hearts that yearn." Amongst so many glorious names it is difficult to make a choice; we will, however, select a few, taking them according to the order in which they are found in the calendar.

June 4 we find dedicated to St. Francis Caracciolo, commonly called the Preacher of Divine Love. This saint, who even in childhood loved to visit the Blessed Sacrament, and who in later years would pass hours of each night in adoration before the tabernacle, was born in the Kingdom of Naples, of the princely family of Caracciolo. When studying for the priesthood, he spent his leisure time in the prisons, or in visiting the Blessed Sacrament in unfrequented churches. Perhaps it was this pious custom which led him, at the early age of twenty-five, to found an Order of Clerks Regular, one of whose chief obligations consisted in perpetual adoration before the Most Holy Sacrament.

On June 6 we celebrate the feast of St. Norbert, the founder of the Canons Regular, or Premonstratensians, whose aim was to unite the active work of a parish priest with the restrictions and obligations of the monastic life. We can picture the saint—a man of noble birth and rare mental gifts—living in the wild vale of Prémontré, with a few trained disciples, to whom he had given the Rule of St. Austin and a white habit, symbolical of that stainless purity which should ever be the special mark of those whom God has called to the dignity of the priesthood or to the heroic virtues of the religious state. We can picture him going forth, with the Pope's sanction, to quicken the faith of the people, drive out heresy, and preach penance to listening crowds in France and the Netherlands. And when we remember his singular reverence for the Blessed Sacrament, and that the end and object of his life-work of reform was

reparation for the injuries offered to It, we can not but feel that the name of St. Norbert is in truth, worthy to be associated with a fervent devotion to that Sacred Heart which, though concealed from mortal eyes beneath the Eucharistic veil, ever lives and beats upon our altars.

St. Barnabas, Apostle (June 11), is well described in Holy Scripture in these beautifully significant words, "the son of consolation, a Levite." We are told also that "he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." The sacred writer adds, furthermore, that "he, having land, sold it, and brought the price and laid it at the feet of the Apostles." Rich, yet poor in spirit, he gladly, when the call came, renounced all for Christ's sake. For a while he was the companion of St. Paul, with whom he preached to the Gentiles. But after the Council of Jerusalem, taking with him John, "whose surname was Mark," St. Barnabas repaired to Cyprus, where later on he gained his martyr's crown. We may well believe that this saint, himself so full of sympathy and charity, will not fail to recommend us to the Sacred Heart which has loved us so well, and drawn us with the cords of a pity deeper and stronger than even the tenderest saint can ever know.

We now pass on to the name of one whose apostolic zeal and intense personal charm were equalled only by his extraordinary humility and eminent sanctity,—a sanctity so remarkable that he was canonized less than a year after his death, by Pope Gregory IX., in 1231. The life of St. Antony of Padua, the eldest son of St. Francis, is too well known to need repetition here. His singular holiness from childhood to youth, from youth to early manhood (he died when scarcely thirty-six); his calm self-effacement; his eloquence, learning, and culture; his eagerness to pray and labor unseen; his marvellous love of souls,—all this is familiar and dear to us as an oft-told tale. Rich, well-born, and dowered with every gift of mind and person, young Ferdinand

de Bulloens, as he was called in the world, when still in the first freshness of life's morning, left his beloved Portuguese home to devote himself to prayer and study amongst the Canons Regular. But an existence of more or less leisure was not to be his ultimate lot. Stirred by the glorious example of the first five Franciscan martyrs to put on the habit of their founder, he became the humblest and most fervent of the friars, taking upon himself the lowliest offices of his community, and desirous only to hide his rare gifts and graces even from his brethren in religion.

Can we wonder, then, that Almighty God showered upon him extraordinary favors? Not the least amongst these was that divine vision which occurred on a certain night in Padua, when Fra Antonio entered into his chamber, and, having shut the door, "prayed to his Father in secret"; and that "Father, who seeth in secret," deigned to reward His faithful servant in such a striking manner. Rays of marvellous brilliancy were seen streaming from beneath the door of the saint's room; and a watcher, approaching softly, beheld Antony clasping to his stainless breast a Child of indescribable beauty, who, standing upon an open book, caressed the friar, and was in turn by him caressed. The Lord, whom Fra Antonio had served in utter self-effacement and obscurity, appeared, we can not but believe, in this tender and most appealing form, in order to make known to men the sanctity that had so ingeniously hidden itself.

World-weary we may be, tinged with the coldness and scepticism of the age in which we live, yet our hearts still thrill at the remembrance of such bliss; and we feel, with Pope Leo XIII., of happy memory, that it is not enough to love St. Antony: we must endeavor to make him loved. Love of the hidden life, an ardent and singularly large-hearted zeal for the salvation of souls, — such were, perhaps, the most strongly marked characteristics of the saint, — characteristics

which, we may well suppose, rendered him specially and peculiarly dear to the Sacred Heart, whose divine humility and tenderness he so earnestly strove to imitate.

On June 14 is celebrated the feast of St. Basil. Space forbids any detailed account of the life and work of this great Doctor of the Church, whose mother and sister, together with two of his brothers, are honored as saints. Having studied with unprecedented success at Athens, where he formed that beautiful and lasting friendship with St. Gregory Nazianzen — which, perhaps more than anything else, serves to bridge over the centuries and draw our hearts to him in warmest sympathy, — St. Basil, dreading the honors and fascination of the world, gave up all and became the father of monasticism in the East. Not long, however, was he left in retirement. Ten Arian heretics, supported by the Court, were at that time harassing the Church; and the saint, ever obedient to the voice of authority, came forth from his peaceful retreat, that home of silence and prayer, to battle with the powers of darkness and the "spirit of wickedness in the high places."

His energy, zeal, and commanding character, combined with his many intellectual gifts, his extraordinary humility, and excessive personal austerity, rendered him a fitting example to others; and, on the death of Eusebius, he was chosen Bishop of Cæsarea. But, despite dignity, learning, and the serene joy of a good conscience, his whole life was one of intense suffering, both mental and physical. Jealousy, misunderstanding, cruel disappointment, and even apparent failure, assailed him on every side. His lot was always to sow a harvest for other hands to reap; whilst his refined and acutely sensitive temperament was perpetually bruised by misjudgment and suspicion; his loving heart wounded by injustice and the added bitterness of having to stand alone. "When I look round," he pathetically exclaims, "I seem to have no one on my side."

Nevertheless, his isolation does not daunt him, nor the fear of death hold him back. "I know the present persecutors of us all seek my life," he continues, with unflinching courage. "Yet that shall not diminish aught of the zeal I owe to the churches of God."

Required to admit the Arians to communion, he firmly and definitely refused. "Never," said the prefect, "has any one dared to withstand me thus."—"Perhaps," returned the saint, calmly, "you have never before tried conclusions with a Christian bishop." On hearing this undaunted reply, we are told that "the Emperor desisted from his commands." And it is unquestionable that, despite the unceasing trials and opposition amongst which his life was passed, St. Basil was God's instrument in repulsing the Arians and other heretics in the East, and restoring, as has been truly said, "the spirit of discipline and fervor in the Church." Christian heroism was the keynote of his character; and as our thoughts follow him to that fair land "where the songs of all the sinless sweep across the crystal sea," we rejoice because we know that his strong, suffering, and devoted heart is enjoying unending happiness in the Heart of his Lord.

Not forgetting St. Aloysius, whose angelic purity entitles him to a prominent place in our guard of honor, we pass on to June 24, the feast of St. John the Baptist, who even before he was born into the world began to live for the Incarnate God. The chosen Precursor of his Divine Master, the "voice of one crying in the wilderness"; a "prophet,—yea, and more than a prophet," St. John stands out as the most perfect embodiment of self-forgetfulness which the human mind can conceive. Crowds hung upon his words, confessed their sins, and received at his hands the baptism of penance; yet his humility suffered no shadow of diminution. Later on, he saw his own disciples leave him to follow Jesus, but no breath of wounded feeling arose to disturb his soul.

"He must increase, but I must decrease!" he cried aloud, in a burst of generous enthusiasm. "I told you that I am not the Christ. The friend of the Bridegroom rejoiceth because of the Bridegroom's voice. This my joy, therefore, is fulfilled." St. John's work was done, and the Eternal Truth pronounced his panegyric in these memorable words: "Amen, I say to you, there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist." Surely it would be hard to find a more faithful imitator of Him who was "meek and humble of heart" than this lowly-minded saint, who lived and breathed for his Lord alone.

Lastly, we turn to the two great Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul. The former, so full of fire and fervor, so impulsive and loving, so quick to repent, is a fitting model for all earnest followers of the Sacred Heart. To him our Divine Redeemer gave "the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven"; to him He entrusted His sheep and His lambs. "Where Peter is, there is the Church," observes the great St. Ambrose; and "the reality of our devotion to him is," in the words of a modern writer, "the surest test of the purity of our faith."

St. Paul, with his wonderful intellect, his zeal, courage, and marvellous conversion, draws us to him by the strenuous force of his personality, and convinces our reason as surely as he touches our hearts. By virtue of his Epistles, "he lives," according to St. Chrysostom, "in all men's mouths throughout the world"; and stands forth pre-eminently as one who has died forever to himself, and risen again in Jesus Christ. Where can we find a grander character, a more noble soul? Where look for one nearer to the Sacred Heart? No suffering, however great, could damp his courage nor chill the tenderness of his all-embracing charity. Reflecting upon his life and work, we can but re-echo the wonderful words of the Roman Breviary, "O holy Paul, . . . intercede for us with God, who chose thee"; and pray

that we, too, may learn "to walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath delivered Himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God for an odor of sweetness."

We have briefly considered the chief characteristics and virtues of the different saints forming our guard of honor. But, after all, we must remember that these virtues and these characteristics were only the outward signs of a great inward motive power; the effects springing from a deep, underlying principle, more profound in its source than even the conception of right. "What is that energy in ourselves," asks a well-known modern philosopher, "which makes actual all that is noblest, most self-sacrificing, most tender, yet most energetic and unflinching? What is that which attracts the will toward all that is most beautiful in nature and in art, all that is most admirable in character and conduct? It is that which is expressed by the sweetest yet sublimest of all words, — the word which denotes energy in its highest and purest form conceivable by us — namely, *love*."

Yes, all the wonderful thoughts and deeds of the saints had their root in love. It was the "reason why," the ultimate motive of their holiness. And it is the Love whence proceeds all love, theirs as well as ours, — the Love "which is at once the source as it is the only fitting object of a love without limits on the part of man," that we find centred in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose boundless tenderness is not only human but divine.

THOU speakest well and truly — God hath promised pardon on thy amendment; but tell me, I pray thee, where He has promised thee a to-morrow. Nor dost thou know how long thou hast to live. Therefore, reform thyself at once, and so be always ready. Do not put off till to-morrow what is best to be done to-day. To do so is madness a thousand times multiplied. — *St. Augustine*.

"Haystacks."

BY L. M. LEGGATT.

III.

ST. GERTRUDE'S CONVENT stands in the middle of a pretty Surrey village, and its high red-brick walls enclose some of the loveliest grounds in which it was ever the good luck of a child to play. Hockey fields, bicycle tracks, tennis courts, lake, croquet ground and flower gardens, are all kept in exquisite order by eight or ten stalwart lay-Sisters, whose working costume, of blue linen veil and apron over their black habit, strikes a pretty, mediæval note among their modern surroundings. It is the mother-house of the Order, and flocks of white-veiled novices are to be seen in their special portion of the grounds, and in their own particular seats in the lovely little Gothic chapel. But the chief inhabitants of the place are crowds of girls, from six or seven to eighteen, in charge of the professed nuns, their schoolmistresses.

Stacks found none of her old contemporaries, and was regarded with some awe even by the elder girls, as she now enjoyed a sleeping cubicle to herself, and various privileges, such as wearing "world clothes" instead of uniform, and solemnly drinking a glass of wine at collation. This last prescription was in support of the theory that any growing girl who cried nearly every day must be in weak health.

Stacks had taken her own beloved Sister M'ree Trays for long walks in the grounds, doing her best to impress upon the little nun the real reason for her tears. But, somehow, it didn't sound nearly so heroic away from home; and Baby's honest outbursts of roaring for mother were attended to with much more affection and interest. Indeed, the nuns, who have their own divine inspirations in dealing with children, petted the little girl to that degree that she soon took to trotting after one or another in turn all over the

convent, and was broken of her old habit of clutching a dress or hand only by the fact that the rough black habits were not so easily held as the folds of mother's soft old gowns.

Stacey's dignified letters, with "kind regards to Dr. Colonsay," followed the newly married couple to most stopping-places on their wedding trip. But when at last it was considered safe to mention mother to Baby, the little girl enclosed a few lines, in a heavy black round hand, to the effect that "Sister Mary of the Holy Innocents is making me a *troosow* of dolls' clothes, and I am your affectionate daughter, Elizabeth Ursula Anne Colonsay." This confusion of expression was afterward corrected; but, as the writer refused to undertake a second letter, the corrected copy was finally sent.

Reverend Mother herself sent several times for the elder girl; and, being a very practical woman, suggested that, as Stacey was so adverse to taking benefits from her stepfather, the sooner she began to learn something by which she could support herself the better. But it is one thing to enjoy a fine, fat thriving grievance and another to take somewhat unpleasant steps toward putting an end to it. Stacey's education had been much the same as that of hundreds of other girls of her class and bringing up,—that is to say, at seventeen she was quite valueless as anything more than a nursery governess. The nuns would willingly have arranged to send her up for the thorough technical training which nowadays almost every professed nun in a teaching Order receives, to fit her for meeting the advance in modern requirements; but as soon as any definite plan of this sort was mentioned to Stacey, the months of deliciously free home-life which had passed since she left school returned to her memory and added an unbearable pang to the thought of becoming a governess.

She "mooned" about the convent, envying the girls who had something to fill up every half hour of their time, and

harassing the nun who was generally told off to be her companion at times when Sister M'ree Trays was not free, until the poor little woman, a somewhat homesick French girl of three and twenty, privately begged to be relieved of her charge, and cheerfully undertook instead the care of a deaf child who was exempted from ordinary school routine.

The lady boarders varying in age from sixty to eighty, who occupied a wing of the convent to themselves, with the desperate privilege of coming and going at will, did not hold out any attraction for a girl chafing under a private grievance. Their old joys and sorrows were buried decently out of sight; and the little company of soberly-clad, bent old figures was calmly wearing out the remnant of time still remaining to be lived upon earth. Stacey, on an unusually idle day, volunteered to read to dear old Madame de Vignole; but when she had galloped through two chapters of "Spiritual Conferences," and was stopping to take breath, she looked up to behold the old lady wrapped in a profound and peaceful slumber.

Matters went on in this unsatisfactory fashion till the spring, when the Colonsays settled down in London for good. Baby was getting into words of two syllables, had safely passed through the ordeal of seeing mother again, and had parted from her with only one day of unconsolable grief—and still Stacey had come to no conclusion. The nuns were beginning to think they had acquired an incubus of the kind that few convents are without; and Mrs. Colonsay had received more than one letter gently and discreetly hinting that even conventual patience has its limits.

Mrs. Colonsay came down to see her daughter, and at first the girl forgot everything and clung round her mother's neck. But a few minutes after, Stacey's face assumed its most mulish expression; and by the time "Edmund" and his movements had been mentioned a few times in every sentence (for Amy was but

human and a three-months wife), the conversation turned to icy generalities. Stacks felt an unreasonable pang at her heart as she watched her mother walk down the drive, her neat figure looking its best in such a "tailor-made" as had been quite unattainable in Hayward days, and wearing a perfect black hat at just the right angle on her smooth waves of fair hair. What made it worse was that just such another suit and hat, in the most adorable dove grey, with certain indefinable touches about it marking the due difference of age, lay waiting to be unpacked in Stacey's cubicle, as a propitiatory offering from the hated Edmund.

Mrs. Colonsay, on her return, described the interview to her husband, with the beginning of misgivings under her calm exterior; but he refused to be made uneasy. Manlike, he was revelling in present freedom from domestic complications; and as long as Stacey remained safely at St. Gertrude's, her attitude was a matter of supreme indifference to him. He would have liked to broach to his wife the theory so dear to the medical heart, that only real sorrow can drive out morbid selfishness, but he dared not; and Mrs. Colonsay wisely concluded that time would put everything right.

Stacey, having supplied the lacking zest of opposition to her mother's second marriage, was now slowly but surely deepening the elder woman's sense of dependence upon her second husband, and incidentally pointing the contrast between his calm reliable nature and the character of the elder Stacey, which his daughter was reproducing in its least amiable straits. Old forgotten memories of her first marriage recurred to Amy Colonsay's mind at the sight of her daughter's pale face, set in that obstinacy which is the refuge of the weak; and the frightened glance the mother threw back at her own past years was that of the traveller who has crossed a rickety bridge and stands safe upon dry land.

But I have described Mrs. Colonsay to

very little purpose if I have not conveyed that she belonged to a very definite type, now fast disappearing—whether permanently or no, remains to be seen; and among her other well-defined characteristics was a perfectly unconquerable optimism. As it was a moral impossibility to her to imagine any complete life of happiness that did not include a male element, so it was equally impossible to her to imagine any complication which a male influence could not counteract or overcome.

It was almost inevitable that Stacey, by the time her mother's second marriage was becoming a part of the established scheme of things, should begin to wonder whether she had a vocation. Most girls bred in the happy convent atmosphere, where regular work and discipline give to simple pleasures a zest which is almost unknown outside, go through a phase, either during their years of education or just after they have begun to live in the world, in which they mistake discontent and satiety for that divine homesickness for the cloister which is the privilege of some chosen souls. But as it is only in Protestant controversial fiction, or in morbid romances with a purpose, that a state of mind such as Stacey's is considered indicative of a vocation, Reverend Mother and Sister M'ree Trays received her solemn announcement with scant enthusiasm and something approaching dismay.

It is not the least among a modern nun's trials that from time to time she has to disentangle the bewildering network of motives and the extraordinarily baffling complications presented by the mind of a girl who has been through a shock or disappointment, and who, as I have pointed out before, mistakes wounded feelings of self-love for spiritual aspirations. Such hygiene of the soul requires the tenderest service and an amount of tact and wisdom, of which people in the world can form but little idea. The impulse to turn to Almighty God in trouble, even if that trouble be more or less of our

own making, is a tendency which must never be rebuffed, and shows that the heart is sound at the core, even if overlaid with mistaken notions and exasperating sentimentality. The nun who has gently but firmly to make a girl understand that feelings of despair at the complications of daily life are not enough to offer God, when we choose His service instead of the natural consolations of human ties, has no easy task before her.

Poor Haystacks developed more rapidly in the few weeks that elapsed between her interview with Reverend Mother and the date fixed for her to write to Mrs. Colonsay, than she had done in as many years. Nothing besides the natural pang of a parting between mother and daughter was to be feared from home; and the Doctor, though his spiritual side was rather atrophied by the struggles of a busy man whose interests are bound up in physical and intensely material results, had not worked in hospitals with nun-nurses for nothing; he had the chivalrous and wondering admiration for women who could give up all the joys of love and maternity, which such men feel perhaps more than any others. Therefore Stacey's morbid tendency to self pity would not be fed by opposition or by any ill-judged severity. The battle lay entirely in her own soul; and the nuns who were in the secret of her struggles, as they watched her daily life, were in little doubt as to how the deliberation would end.

The experience, however, was doing its work. No one can pray honestly, with a full and fair examination of motives, without being the better for it; and day by day the girl grew more real, and freer from all the trammels of sentimentality. Gradually her long talks with Sister M'ree Trays became less of lamenting monologues, and she drank in more and more of the little nun's wisdom. Every professed nun, be it said, who has passed through every degree of cloister training, even if her final occupation be nothing more than teaching babies the alphabet,

has treasures of spiritual insight and wisdom to offer, on her own special ground, which no other woman can give.

It belongs to the class of mind to which I have already alluded, to imagine that nuns speak to schoolgirls, as such, of the mysteries of vocation. It is only in cases like Stacey's, where it is always possible that God may have really spoken, that a nun will open the gates of her soul's sanctuary. Stacey was abashed at the glimpse of the nun's inner self. In it a white fire of purity and sacrifice burned with a clear flame, in whose light her own trivial grievances seemed to shrivel up. By a contradiction familiar to all who have studied the human heart, where all is contradiction, the girl felt herself grow more real and more steadfast in solid principle as she gradually discovered that the high and exceptional grace of vocation was not really hers. She was learning the hard lesson that we do not choose our own paths of sanctity; and that, if we did, we should generally choose wrong.

The nuns were very tender to Stacey during this transition stage; and, though she never got even so far as putting on the postulant's white cap, in order, as nuns say, "to know and be known," she learned a great deal more of human and divine wisdom than falls to the lot of the ordinary girl of her age living an average life in the world. Among other valuable truths, she discovered that a temperament which magnifies every intentional or accidental slight, and refers every event to self, is not suited for a life of humility and obedience; and that a nature which craves for demonstrations of affection is not likely to avoid that bane of convents, "particular attachments." The grace which transforms natural propensities, and makes the will of God the rule of the smallest action, is the test of vocations; and poor Haystacks was only an ordinary young girl, fretful and angry that life at eighteen was not unrolling itself before her without a flaw or contradiction on its white page.

Three Rivers and Its Adjacent Shrine.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IT is little wonder that Trifluvians are proud of their city, both as regards its exceptionally beautiful situation and those historical memories, romantic and picturesque, which are its legacy from the past. Three Rivers, the third of those ancient colonies which the bravery, the hardihood, and the endurance of the Gallic pioneers planted in the midst of the wilderness, was frequently the theatre of vivid and stirring scenes. It stands, as the name suggests, at the junction of three streams; while verdure-clad hills, deep, placid lakes, forests of pine and fir, noble maples, oaks, and elms, broad and fertile fields, lend to the environs all the charm and variety of the most beautiful of Canadian scenery.

It is now a flourishing city, and, on account of its splendid water-power, is a manufacturing centre. But it is interesting to note that even in the dim past it gained commercial celebrity through its famous "Forges of St. Maurice," which were sufficiently important to be named in the instructions given by George III. to General Amherst, warning him that those forges should be kept active. They owed their origin to the enterprise of one man, Maurice Poulin, who had obtained a fief along the river which was afterward known by his name, the St. Maurice. He there discovered the presence of minerals, and began those forges, his proprietary interest being afterward sold to the French King. From that spot went forth all the household utensils and farming appliances in metal that were used in the Colonies; as also bullets and cannon and other implements of war. And so what is called by the chroniclers a veritable "little republic" grew up upon those banks where the River St. Maurice is diversified by cascades. There arose, as by enchantment, about one

hundred and fifty dwellings, to contain the eight hundred workmen there employed. Many of these laborers had been brought from France, where they had been trained in the Swedish methods introduced years before by the great Colbert. The order and neatness of their dwellings, as well as their attention to their personal appearance, passed into a local proverb.

What a glow and color did those forges give to that landscape! The varied work carried on there was directed from "the great house" above on the heights, built of rough stone, with its Norman chimneys,—a house which still stands as a relic of the past; while the spiritual life of the workers was nourished in the small chapel of logs that had its place in that Republic of Labor! Surely that was a romance of commerce; and that busy hive, which was inspected by every visitor of those times to Canada, saw its decadence only in 1830.

Of its valiant and distinguished governors, Plessis Bochart was treacherously killed in a brave, if ineffectual, sortie against the Iroquois, that inveterate foe, inordinately fierce and cruel, that hung like a dark cloud over the early French settlements, perpetually menacing their existence. In 1652, Pierre Boucher, with only forty-six men, saved the town against the onslaught of five hundred Iroquois. Then there were De Ramezay, whose name figures so often in early Colonial annals, a descendant of one of the famous Scots Guard in France, immortalized by Scott; the Marquis de Galifet, a brave soldier; the Marquis de Crisasy, Lord of Messina, an Italian noble, exiled for political reasons from his country, and engaged in the service of France; the indomitable François Hertel, noblest of a thrice noble line; and, finally, Pierre Le Moyne, the last French governor, who came of that fighting race whose several sons immortalized the history of Canada.

Martyrdom likewise cast its sacred halo over the locality. For it was from the

mission of Three Rivers that the saintly Father Anne de Noué, S. J., answering the call of the tribes, went forth into the icebound forests and there met his death, being found in an attitude of prayer, hard frozen; and thence, too, went that other athlete of the Cross, Father Jacques Buteux, S. J., to fall a victim to the Iroquois at a short distance from the city. The evening before setting out, he uttered the prophetic words: "My heart tells me that the time of my happiness is near."

Three Rivers had its various alarms from English invasions, and trembled like the rest of Canada when the powerful fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker, sailing up the Lower St. Lawrence to what was considered certain victory, met with disaster on the Isle-aux-Œufs. Again the town was infested by the Americans—or Bostonians, as they were called by the French chroniclers,—and saw Generals Thomas and Wooster in passage through its streets. It received from the brave and ill-fated Richard Montgomery a letter full of courtesy and humanity, in answer to a demand from its inhabitants for protection. During that same stirring period it quartered for a whole winter the Hessian troops under General Riedesel. Finally, it was in the parlor of the Récollets that the chief inhabitants—such, at least, as were not at the war or had not perished—took the oath of allegiance to the British Crown at the instance of the first English governor, Colonel Ralph Burton. This latter made a sufficiently good impression, and left a fair record behind him, though the times were intolerant. And it is no surprise to find that the parochial church was opened to Anglican worship; and that the Récollets, who had served the parish for eighty-nine years, though left presently undisturbed, were notified that they must receive no more novices.

Three Rivers had its earthquake, no less terrifying and no less forceful in its effects on the minds of the people than those of Quebec. The subterranean fires so exhausted the moisture of the earth

and so dried up vegetation that a disastrous fire spread over hundreds of miles of forest land, and threatened not only the dwellings but the crops. Public prayers and a procession brought the needed rains and saved the crops, which yielded an unusually abundant harvest.

The ecclesiastical affairs of the place were always in thriving condition; for, besides its Franciscan pastors, the Jesuits had a residence there, and made it a centre of great spiritual activity, coming and going thither from the Iroquois or other Indian settlements to the Northward. It has had in the course of years its fine cathedral, and has given some illustrious prelates to the Canadian Church. It was early blessed, like Quebec, with a community of Ursulines, who performed the twofold duty of teaching the young and caring for the sick. Their school was no less famous than their hospital, both of which left a record of heroism and of sanctity that lingers like the smoke of incense around those venerable walls. The nuns were at first installed in a house exquisitely situated, that had belonged to the Governor de Ramezay, who was their friend and patron under the ægis of Mgr. de Saint Vallier, second Bishop of Quebec. They came thither in the Governor's barge, being greeted with salvos of artillery, the ringing of bells, the waving of banners, and the general joy of the inhabitants.

Three Rivers was a great meeting-place of the tribes — Iroquois, Hurons, Algonquins, Abenakis, Montagnais, and many others. The tales of their exploits, either as enemies or as allies, their conversion, their reception of neophytes, their quaint customs and superstitions, give color and animation to the early annals. There are accounts, highly interesting, of the fervor and piety of those children of the woods, and even of those who, as yet "unbaptized and uninstructed," remarks a missionary, "mingled their fables with our mysteries." A quaint anecdote, illustrative of this peculiarity, may be here cited.

An Algonquin woman, whose Christian name was Cecile, came to the point of death in the forest. Unable to receive the Sacraments, she believed that if she sent a beaver skin to the church at Three Rivers, it might supply, to some extent, the place of the confession which she could not make. Her relatives, at her behest, went thither with her offering as speedily as possible, lest their sister might be suffering in the other world. They addressed the missionary as follows: "Blackgown, listen to the voice of the dead and not that of the living,—it is not we who speak to you but a dead woman. Before dying, she wrapped up her voice in this parcel; she charged it to tell you all her sins, since she could not do so by her own mouth. By writing, you can speak to the absent. She believed that she can do with these skins what you do with your papers. She is fifteen days dead. Alas, if she should have suffered on the way to paradise! Do everything, then, to make her soul be well treated in all the wigwams that she passes before getting to heaven; also that she may not have to wait at the door, but may be received like one who has lived in the faith and died wishing for heaven."

In 1639, eight hundred Algonquins came to Three Rivers to be instructed in the Catholic religion; and the same tribe, fleeing from its traditionary foes, the Iroquois, flocked thither in 1640. It was a young warrior of that tribe, Kiseb, only eighteen years of age, who put to rout and slew "Chaudière Noire" (Black Kettle), the deadly enemy of the whites and their Christian allies,—a renowned warrior, who for five years had terrorized the settlement.

From this highly picturesque and historic locality we turn to the main purpose of this sketch—some notes upon a shrine to Mary Most Holy, which has stood almost from time immemorial on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, about four miles east of the city. The early chronicles make occasional mention of

Cap-de-la-Madeleine (Cape Magdalen), which derives its name from a pious and exemplary gentleman, Monsieur de la Madeleine who, with a view to promote the conversion of the aborigines, built there a fort for the protection of the Christianized Indians. And, in fact, to this colony—which was somewhat similar to that of Sillery, near Quebec—many of the tribesmen came. It is likened by the author of the "Relations" to a "monastery where were practised all sorts of exercises of piety, and where the savages could be instructed at leisure;"—its fort being "an academy of virtue." The "Relations" further tell us that "all the Christian savages who died that year, either at Quebec or at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, showed how deeply the faith was rooted in their heart. The Fathers who, with incredible fatigue, went to assist at their death in the forests, came back infinitely consoled at having seen in them such sublime Christian sentiments. Some catechumens, whose baptism had been deferred, earnestly desired it; and Mgr. de Laval, always their protector, had a Solemn Mass of Requiem offered for their souls."

Now, Christianity had flourished thus in that locality, and the brown-robed sons of St. Francis had ministered there, as early as the end of the sixteenth century; while, in 1698, the Jesuits founded there a parish, constructed a gristmill, which is still in operation; and built a residence, known to-day as "the old Manor." After the Jesuits went away, the parochial work was done for well-nigh half a century by a secular priest, Messire Pierre Vachon, who erected a rough stone church in 1714. The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary was established there in 1697; and it is touching to read, after all the vicissitudes of time, of an ancient parchment hanging to the right of the altar,—a certificate of affiliation with that society, signed by the Father General of the Dominicans.

For lack of priests, however, the parish fell to decay for nearly a century and a half; while mighty events were taking

place, and the colony was passing—providentially, as it seemed—from one great power to another. The Trifluvian town was no more enlivened by missionaries, soldiers, and Indians, but had become a highly civilized, commercial city. Presently its little adjunct of other times, that centre of humble but vigorous Christian life, was to awaken from its long sleep, when the Rev. Luke Desilets, in 1879, undertook the building of a church. It was then that occurred the signal intervention of the Queen of Heaven which has ever since turned the devotion of the faithful toward that spot.

The stone for the church had all been quarried, but it was upon the opposite side of the river, and there seemed no possible means of transporting it across; for, at that point, the current ran swift and deep and treacherous, so that the ice which covered the remainder of the stream did not form there. The first three months of winter passed, and there was not the slightest sign of ice, or any hope that the building of the church could be begun. But the pious and zealous pastor thought of a way. He invited the whole parish to unite in prayer to the Queen of Heaven, promising that if she heard their prayer, and gave them a bridge of ice, he would consecrate to Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary that ancient sanctuary which had been built so long ago, and which had witnessed the faith and fervor of the catechumens. It was already the middle of March, and the broad river swept upon its way, unencumbered by even an ice floe. To human eyes, a bridge of solid ice was at that time of year impossible. But on the afternoon of the 14th, as we learn from the Annals of the place, a strong southwest wind blew up with such violence that by night enormous blocks of ice were carried down the stream and into a bay just below the Cape. Next morning the river was covered with snow and masses of ice.

The people still prayed, and the Rosary was recited with more fervor than ever.

And then a wonderful thing happened. The curate of the parish, Father Duguay, with fifteen of the most stalwart men, managed, with immense labor and difficulty, to get across the river, splashing as they went quantities of water on the way that they had marked out. The very next day, and for eight succeeding days, was seen the wondrous sight of huge sleighs, to the number of one hundred and fifty, carrying three thousand pounds weight of stone across the broad expanse of river. Nor was the prodigy minimized by the fact that on either side of that road ran a swift current,—so swift that it instantly carried away some dogs that had fallen while following the loads. Now, all who are familiar with the ordinary course of events in Canada are aware that, no matter how solid the ice may be at the beginning of the winter, it becomes uncertain, and by no means to be trusted with heavy loads, by the month of March. The wonder, gratitude, and awe of the parishioners, and others who gathered upon the banks, may, then, be easily understood; nor was their admiration lessened by the immediate disappearance of that bridge of ice, which melted and floated down the stream as soon as the last load of stone had been transported.

But that "Bridge of the Rosary," as it is piously called, is still fresh in the minds of many of the parishioners who frequent the handsome church that has been erected there, or who witness the concourse of pilgrims that come, especially in summer, not only from all parts of Canada but from the United States, to visit that ancient sanctuary. There Our Lady of the Rosary holds, as it were, a solemn court, and her statue, which in 1904 was solemnly crowned with all the pomp of religious rite, is justly regarded as miraculous; for numberless instances are recorded of signal cures that have been effected and other favors granted to those who visit the shrine.

The zealous pastor in whose favor that first miracle was wrought has passed

away; and since 1902 the parish has been in charge of a religious Order, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who have been for so many years the intrepid apostles, the all-enduring missionaries of various parts of the vast Dominion. Fitting it is that these sons of the Blessed Virgin, whose chief devotion is the Holy Rosary, should be the guardians of that hallowed place. They have made many improvements in the immediate vicinity of the shrine, which they have enlarged by an annex; they have placed, at intervals, outside, bronze groups representing the various mysteries of the Rosary; they have repaired the parish church and built a handsome residence for the clergy.

So the sanctuary of Cap-de-la-Madeleine bids fair to attract each summer more and more numerous pilgrimages, and to become the scene of more and more numerous favors, which are recorded in the *Annals of the Holy Rosary*. It is one of those favorite spots chosen by Divine Providence as the scene of unusual manifestations of His power and mercy, and which are so frequently and so circumstantially mentioned both in the Old and the New Testament. For thither Our Lady of the Rosary would clearly draw her faithful children, and exercise over them her benign protection, which of old she accorded to the faith and fervor of the simple Indian neophytes. To quote from the *Annals*: "The Blessed Virgin visibly desires that it should become a place of national pilgrimage. If she has not yet deigned to reveal herself with as much prodigality as at Lourdes and elsewhere; the countless graces and privileges conferred since the solemn crowning of the miraculous statue in 1904 show that she has a special predilection for that venerable shrine on the shores of the St. Lawrence; and there is no doubt that, in a few years, the entire nation will express its faith and devotion toward Our Lady of the Rosary in pious and numerous pilgrimages to the antique shrine of the Cap-de-la-Madeleine."

White Narcissi.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

"I AM a cosmopolitan, Louise."
 "Yes, I know; but what has your having been born in Ceylon and having been a globe-trotter to do with your marrying a Chinese interpreter, Clarrie?"

"Everything, my stupid cousin! Listen! You and Eric have been living a humdrum life in Maryville for some years. Eric has punctually gone to his business, punctually grumbled if his chop has not been done to a turn and if his morning rasher has been too salt, and (let me do him justice) punctually been Father Ephraim's right-hand in all his undertakings. You, on your part, have ably rewarded him: you have been a good wife, a good Catholic. But you've been mosses — I won't say fossils, — and Mary's Town has been your tree. You've never cared to go about and see the world; and, until I came to live with you, I'd never spent a year in the same place. Now I'm tired. I'd like to see life under novel conditions, — to be in the hub of the Flowery Land, which I can be as Li-Hung's wife; and, besides, I like him."

"Yes. But, Clarrie, he is a pagan; and, though not one of the faithful, you *are* a Christian. Drop this thing, for God's sake and for mine! Tell me, where will the ceremony take place?"

Clarissa's pretty face flushed.

"Well, as Li is a disciple of Confucius, and I'm nothing in particular, we shall go to a registrar office. We shan't have any bridesmaids or fuss or honeymoon, but shall go right off to Pekin. Rather different to the usual trip, isn't it? But I can't see why you should make all this 'to-do,' — you and Eric. Li isn't like a Chinese laundryman. He looks all right in English dress, and speaks our tongue, and is quite, quite chivalrous."

I scarcely knew what to do. Clarissa

Searle had come to us, as a paying guest, on the death of her father, who had lived much abroad; and, though she was flighty, I had grown very fond of the girl. She had met Li when on a visit to London, and now, being her own mistress, was about to wed him.

I made a point of seeing the Chinaman, and begged him to leave Clarrie alone,—to choose one of his own for a wife; but I found him as unimpressionable as marble. Miss Clarissa was her own mistress, and had already learned to eat with chopsticks; their union need not be for life: if the lady disagreed with him, she could take ship home, and so on.

The end of it all was this: Clarissa, looking like a Dresden China shepherdess, married Mr. Li, and then she set sail for the Flowery Land. She had desired novelty, and had it in very truth. Even her trousseau was different from that of other girls. Instead of pretty frocks and hats, she had the ugly Celestial dress made. One thing I felt I must do. My little Lulu was a year old, so I put her discarded baby things into the big trunk, in readiness for any small Li-Hungs who might make their appearance. Clarrie paled when she saw them.

"O Louise, how strange, how unusual, to put a 'layette' with my trousseau! And Li has made me promise that any children we may have shall be brought up in the Chinese way."

"Goodness! What a—" I was going to say "tyrant," but turned it into "despot"; for, after all, she had married the man. Then I began to cry, for I couldn't help it. "Clarrie, for old-time's sake, keep the things and use them if ever they are needed; and tie this round the baby's neck, underneath its robe."

"This" was a tiny silver medal of Our Lady that my own child had worn; and Clarissa, smiling at my childishness, as she thought it, whispered:

"I'll do it for your sake."

Then she went downstairs; and Li-Hung, with an inscrutable look in his dark

eyes, bore her away to his own land and people. And I, with a heart full of pity and sorrow, walked up our street, passed Carlslake Hospital, to the church.

It was May, and the good prior had been presented with a famous Black Madonna from some foreign shrine for the love and veneration of his flock. It stood in a bower of lilacs, with waxen tapers and vases of white narcissi round it; and it could with truth be said:

Thou art black with the smoke of ages,
And yet, O Queen, thou art fair,—
As fair as the wreath of roses
Thy clients have given to wear!
The golden lilies are tarnished
On thy mantle of faded blue,
Cold fingers that once embroidered,
Still hearts once faithful and true.

I poured out my soul at the shrine; told how I feared for Clarrie; in the words of the Saint of Avila, asked Mary's Son to have pity upon those who did not heed, to open to those who did not knock.

Paradoxical as it seems, one of the few things certain is the thing unforeseen. Clarissa wrote to me soon after she reached Peking, then came silence; and I murmured to myself: "Dead." But said Eric: "You know how volatile the poor girl was. She'd be all right if she met us; but we're back numbers, and as such put on the shelf." I would not concur with him; and when I accompanied him to China, whither his firm had sent him as their agent, I thought: "Now I'll find Clarrie!"

Eric and I were passing slowly along the street of Perpetual Repose in Peking,—and surely a name was never a greater misnomer, for it was one of the noisiest thoroughfares in a noisy city. It was a strange and picturesque scene, vastly different from Maryville, with its gabled houses and Gothic churches. Brightly tinted paper lamps hung over the shops; there were travelling blacksmiths, and itinerant tradesmen of all sorts, from the fish-seller with his live fish, to the cook with his portable kitchen. Long strings of blind men and camels had right of way.

We were looking at a shoemaker's sign, on which was inscribed, "Look here for shoe-mending, not for credit," when a voice said "Hist!" in my ear, and a hand was placed on my arm. I turned round hastily. Behind me stood a woman clad in the formless Chinese dress. All I could see of the face was two blue eyes, deeply sunken, and dimmed with much weeping. Where had I seen eyes like unto those before? Ah, I remembered! They had smiled on me many a time in the quiet squares of the old city.

"Clarrie," I gasped,— "Clarrie, where have you been? I have looked everywhere for you. Come back with us."

"Hush!" she whispered, in a terrified voice. "Do not betray me, and read this." (She pushed an ivory tablet into my hand.) "I may not come with you, but I love you."

I laid hold of her.

"Come!" I persisted. "You are not happy. The English Ambassador—"

"My baby! I have a little yellow lily," she whispered; then wrenched herself away, and was lost in the crowd.

I went up to Eric and entreated him to find Clarissa; but our quest in the crowded streets was vain; and as soon as we were alone I read the message on the tablet:

"For mercy's sake, leave China at once, if you can! I dare not say any more. White Narcissi."

"Let us go—go now!" I exclaimed. "I can pack at once."

Eric turned on me rather sternly.

"Louise," he declared, "Clarissa never weighed her words. At any rate, her warning is useless. I have to go into the interior to Samoy on business; and if I don't go, it's good-bye to a future partnership. No, I'll go alone, leaving you at a treaty port. Boxers? Well, I'm not afraid; they'll show heels at sight of an armed foreign devil."

"I shall not let you go alone," I said firmly; and I accompanied him into the interior, where everyone was dressed *à la*

Chinoise, and pagodas were as plentiful as rice fields.

"China for the Chinese!" These were the hour's words, both in the Vermilion City and at Samoy; and at the latter place we were continually hearing of a popular leader called "Li of the Hundred Eyes," who was fond of waylaying Europeans, carrying them to a joss-house, and torturing them to death.

Eric, as usual, pooh-poohed "Li." "Not going to be afraid of that beggar!" he said, contemptuously; and, true to his creed, he went boldly on his way with myself and Lulu, accompanied by two coolies only.

It was a lovely day when we left the station,—the first of Mary's Month. The sun shone on the wide river, with its flower-decorated junks. When we came in view of it, we saw a long procession,—a motley crowd of men and women, carrying drums, and banners on which blazed the Red Dragon.

"The Boxers!" muttered Eric. "Let us give a greeting and pass on."

He put us behind him and walked on, with head erect. I said a "Hail Mary" and felt myself turn cold. We were in a terrible fix. Words are powerless to describe it.

"Stop there, you foreign devils!" thundered a voice in English.

Rude hands tore my dress, joss-sticks burned; we were jeered at and taunted. At last an unsexed Amazon tried to wrest Lulu from me, and at that I screamed aloud.

"My child,—our little Lu! Eric! Eric! They want to steal her!"

That scream was our salvation. From a bamboo-thatched hut some distance away came a woman with a babe, in long, white cambric baby clothes.

"Clarrie, Clarrie!" I cried. "Help me!" And the woman came on till she stood by my side.

"Give me Lulu!" she panted. "Take Yellow Lily!"

And I quickly made the exchange,—

not, as it proved, a minute too soon; for we were all going to be hustled off immediately to the joss-house. The leader came up to me.

"Hey," said he, — "hey, we meet again in my own land, among my own people! That London, with its fogs and plots, is far away now. I hated it, — I hated all England."

"Yet," said I, "you loved an English-woman, and took her away from every friend she had."

"That is different. Once in a lifetime all men are fools."

He broke off suddenly; one of his followers had aimed a rusty spear at my husband's breast, and Clarissa had thrown herself as a shield before him. It had transfixed the poor, foolish, loving heart, and she lay dying on the ground.

Li-Hung knelt down beside her. His beady eyes were dim. He raised the poor head on his arm, and laid it upon his breast.

"What is it, White Narcissi?" he asked, as he bent down and kissed her.

"This," she said brokenly. "Let them go free, and let my little babe go with them."

And so it came to pass. We took Lulu and the Yellow Lily to Canton with us; and when I found myself in a friendly merchant's house, I undressed the half-Chinese child and put it into a cot next my own; and, lo! round its neck was a blue ribbon from which was suspended the small silver medal I had given to Clarrie; and a mission priest baptized her as Marie Providence.

THE Patriarch of Uz said of himself: "I was a father to the poor," — not a patron or a neighbor or a helper, but a father; in this way, because by the great attentiveness of his charity he converted the purpose of mercy into the affection of nature, that he should look on those as children by love whom he was the head of as a father by protecting. — *St. Gregory the Great.*

False Notions as to the Importance of Reading and the Value of Books.

THE habit of reading is now so general that its absence is regarded as a note of intellectual inferiority. It is asserted that if St. Paul were to return to earth he would be the strongest advocate of the press. The need of books is insisted upon in season and out of season. The support of newspapers, magazines — periodicals of all sorts — published in the interests of religion, is urged as a solemn obligation. Well-stocked libraries are everywhere considered a necessity. A man's intelligence is estimated by the number of books he has read, or that he has in his possession. Persons who have not formed the reading habit are pitied or despised. Everyone is exhorted to read almost as if his salvation depended upon it. Provide them with literature is the first thought for all classes of unfortunates and delinquents, — the poor, the sick, the sorrowful, and the sinful.

There is a great amount of exaggeration and absurdity in all this; though, of course, the value of books is not to be underrated, nor the reading habit to be discouraged. That the most religious and the most enlightened are those who have read most, is a false notion, though a very general one. A man may be a great reader and yet remain deplorably ignorant and vicious. Books and periodicals are no more indispensable as aids to virtue than as deterrents to vice. Culture and crime often go hand in hand. To cultivate a liking for literature is not to control a tendency to evil.

Those who pray best and think most are the really virtuous and enlightened. The taste for books is not to be confounded with learning, nor its absence with ignorance. To despise others for lack of literary culture is no less unjust than unreasonable; and it is equally false to assert that the multiplication of libraries and the circulation of books lessens the number of criminals. M. René

Bazin has some thoughts on this subject well worth quoting. He shows that the art of the alphabet and morality are two quite different things; emphasizes the importance of knowing how to read, combats the error that well-written books are never harmful, etc. Above all, he insists upon the attentive study of Christian doctrine, — for believers, in order that they may be able to defend themselves; for unbelievers, in order that they may understand things which without such study will be forever hidden from them. But let us reproduce the distinguished French writer's words in full.

We should remember that the greater portion of a country's inhabitants are separated from all literary culture by the nature of their occupations. This is so by necessity; and, whatever may be said to the contrary, there will never be a whole nation of lettered men. That would mean a sort of death, and one of the saddest.

To be learned in one's vocation is another thing. Those who do rude work read little. The peasant reads a trifle less, time and often the taste being lacking. His eyes are needed for something else. His life is full of movement. His anxieties, joys, successes, failures, passions spring from other sources than those of written thought. They are based on experience, that great teacher who speaks to the heart softly and unceasingly. How unwise to despise as ignorant those who do not have the same amount of book-learning as ourselves; or who, if they had it, would find it crowded out of their minds by the requirements of their lives of toil!

The person who reads little or none at all fills a beneficent rôle in human affairs. He may be skilled in his trade even to the point of being an artist; in any case, he is an intelligent force, worthy of respect, aid, and affection. Those very faculties developed by his occupation, not by his reading, are the ones that inspire us with confidence. For instance, when we enter an automobile we are pleased

when we are told that the chauffeur understands his machine. We should have a slight shiver, which would not be pure admiration, if we were to know that he was meditating on the "Divine Comedy" in the original text. The farmer, with his well-tilled acres, is a man of high personal value, even though lacking in literary culture. He has the superiority of specialized knowledge, which always excludes, in a greater or less degree, the general information acquired by reading.

Neither is he the richest in ideas who has read the most: rather he who has thought the most. Who has not heard words of profound wisdom come from the lips of a man resembling a gnarled, twisted old apple-tree, who is destitute of the least refinement of manner! The treasure of common-sense, which is not sufficiently sought after, often lies hidden in the minds of unlettered humanity.

I have known many good men and women who have always been closely acquainted with poverty, but who, nevertheless, spoke with the wisdom of Solomon. They expressed themselves blunderingly, it is true, but they reasoned marvellously. Their judgment extended far beyond their calling; and their words of wisdom spread far and wide, like winged seeds. They were sowers, all unknown to themselves.

On one occasion I was going over a vast estate in England, in company with the owner. As we approached a lodge in the park, the gentleman said to me: "I want to introduce you to my superintendent, who lives in that house. He is the friend of us all. He began as a gamekeeper in the forests. He rose from one position of trust to another, and for years now he has had entire control of my estate. He can barely read or write, but he knows—all the rest. I consult him regarding everything I do, and Lady X does the same. I should not know what to do without him."

So much for laborers. But how about artists? I am aware that it is not customary to class them with the under-

educated; nevertheless, many painters, sculptors, and engravers have had only the learning which comes from the clashing of the soul with things. And yet what lessons they teach us in their immortal works!

This wisdom of the unlettered reaches still further. All that is most delicate in tenderness, most noble in devotion, has been understood and practised by the less cultured of our brothers from time immemorial. And they have this in their favor: they have not despised the light when they could see it; instead, they have followed it with enduring faith,—which can not be said of many a learned man.

As for myself, I judge the loftiness of souls by their degree of sensibility to the Divine, whether or not they are able to give it a name. The Samaritan woman of the Scripture was not learned, doubtless. She was in moral darkness, living without the pale of the law, in complete ignorance of any higher form of thought. Her happiness would perhaps have been complete if the well had been closer to the city, or if the water could have been drawn with less effort. She might have passed her whole life in that abject state if Christ had not come that way. From His words she divined that He was more than man; and when He spoke His forgiveness, the light fell upon her and her desire for sin left her. Henceforth she was to be an earnest apostle, teaching the doctrine of Love eternal. Ah, how I cherish simple souls, not because they know so little, but because they rise so swiftly when once they see the way!

Again, we should not confound the art of the alphabet with morality. This false notion, I am happy to say, has lost many of its supporters. It is the notion formulated by Victor Hugo when he wrote: "To open a school is to close a prison." Since the utterance of this doctrine, many, many schools have been opened, but I do not believe a single prison has been closed. Furthermore, carefully collected statistics disclose the fact that many

criminals are educated men. They show conclusively that there is no close relationship between education and criminality. One is forced to wonder why so evident a fact has required so many years to become official.

Knowing how to read enables one to learn the harmful and debasing as well as the good and elevating. It is the choice in the direction of reading, the power of the will and the training that shall decide the moral profit of this ability, indifferent in itself, termed the art of the alphabet. An English philosopher—Herbert Spencer, I believe,—stated that there is no more relation between knowing how to put together letters of the alphabet and morality than between morality and the habit of taking a bath every morning.

Another error, still more commonly accepted, consists in believing that a book can work no harm, providing it is well written. I hear this stated on every side, exceptions being made in favor of young girls. It may be admitted that persons of mature experience may read some objectionable works with impunity, but not all. Think of the formidable collection of nonsense and immoral sentiments embodied in the literature of any nation, taking into account writers of genius only! How can any one believe for a moment that all this deluge of systems, affirmations, insinuations, appeals to sensuality, and contradictions, can pass through his mind without leaving harmful traces! The more artistically an offensive book is written, the more deleterious is its effect.

I have seen the finest intellects disturbed and distempered by wretched sophisms accepted too easily. Many delightful natures have been completely transformed without their knowledge by their reading of books wrongly termed light, but which proved to be the heaviest possible in their effect. I feel certain that the most honorable men and women lose something of their fineness by reading unworthy books. To affirm that no book

can work injury to a mature mind is to assume one of two things: either that man is impeccable, or else that, one of the chief methods of gaining knowledge has no formative power.

In reading, there is a choice to be made and a progression to be followed. Therein lies the difficulty. It is puerile, nearly always, to class books as good and bad. Some are absolutely bad. But many good books are only relatively good. The choice should be personal, individual; for what will not injure one person may be harmful to another. If I were to lay down a formula to be followed it would be this: one should always be superior to the book he reads. To be more explicit, one should feel that he possesses sufficient moral vigor to permit him to profit by the good portions of the work and not be harmed by the bad.

But although there should be a limit to our reading, imposed by our self-respect, there is no limit to the variety. This should be of the sort to make us well informed in many directions. A person may read almost incessantly and continue lamentably ignorant. Most women especially read for idle pleasure, or study along certain narrow lines. This method does not bring culture.

In the matter of the education of young women, it would seem that the first care of the professor is to "divert" them, to use an old-fashioned term. Appeal is made to their imagination, their sensibility, but their reasoning powers are seldom called into play. It is feared their mental strength will not carry them through syllogisms. This is wrong. Women should be instructed in the principal questions of philosophy which they hear discussed around them. I would advocate this, that they may not only have an instinctive horror of false doctrine, but that they may be able, by a word, without discussion or without pedantry, to show that they have noted the error and comprehended it, and that they are not the dupes of a *phraseur* or a sophist.

Women are well adapted to receive such instruction, whether it comes from a professor or a book. They have a marvellous sureness of comprehension in the world of ideas as well as in that of sentiment. Furthermore, they quickly learn to use the arms with which they are furnished. Nothing ruins a balloon quicker than a hat-pin.

Above all, they should make an attentive study of Catholic doctrine. Believers should do this in order to be able to defend themselves; non-believers, that they may understand. To these latter I would say: "You, too, should study religion,—not in those books which distort it in order to disprove it, but in those works which expose it. The meaning of life and one's view-point of the world depend entirely upon one's knowledge of religion. By neglecting this, one commits an error the importance of which can not be overestimated, even with regard to simple human consequences. For those who, in studying the faith, do not accept it, at least will find the immense benefit of understanding it and of being able to speak of it in exact terms. They will surely be ennobled by such a study and also become more just."

I am not unmindful of the fact that the phraseology used in discourse or electoral composition permits men who are entirely ignorant of these problems to set themselves up as advanced and independent thinkers. But the reality is entirely different. All my life I have noted the difference between men and women who are versed in religious matters and those who are not, and I have had it forced upon me that religious ignorance is the cause of a certain intellectual inferiority.

There exists a world into which certain men and women are never able to enter, and that world is immense. In it are millions of people,—their brothers, whom they do not know, and whose language is incomprehensible to them. Without an idea of religion, accepted or at least under-

stood, history is partially unintelligible, and the grandest efforts in architecture, music, painting, and sculpture deliver no message to the soul. The most beautiful words that were ever spoken concerning fraternity, morality, and immortality, lose their value and seriousness.

What a cause for regret! I have met many a man who would be magnificent if, instead of being satisfied with the glimmer of a lamp, he would walk forth in the bright light of day. Such know all things excepting the essential ones. They are like great ships whose sails hang useless because of lack of rigging, while smaller craft, with canvas spread, race out to sea. They are blind to the harmony of a system in which nothing is omitted, in which nature is ennobled and aggrandized, as well as to the wonderful communion of souls through the ages,—all the barriers of time and space swept away.

A Letter from China.

THE following letter, in which, we feel sure, our readers will be deeply interested, is from a Sister of Charity in Shanghai. It was written in acknowledgment of the first offering entrusted to us for the Chinese famine sufferers. Several others have since been forwarded, and no doubt additional ones will result from this letter. It is not surprising that the writer should feel it was an inspiration to appeal to the readers of THE AVE MARIA, on being assured that further help might be expected from them:

So far THE AVE MARIA'S has been the only help received from America by the Kiu-kiang district. So many other districts have also been visited by famine and floods, perhaps the help has been sent to them. Kiu-kiang is a long, low strip of the Province of Kiangse that lies to the north of the Yangtsekiang. Whenever this river overflows, which it has done now for three years in succession, the crops for a very large extent of country are ruined. A few years ago there were no Christians there; but in 1900, after a great flood, when many poor homeless families begged for admittance to the

catechumenate and were baptized, a beginning was made. Father Fatiguet began a chapel, and about five years ago a statue of Our Lady Immaculate was given to him. It is similar to the one in our mother house, Rue de Bac, Paris, where our Sister Catherine Labouré was favored with the vision of Our Lady, directing that the miraculous medal be made and distributed. On that occasion the Sister saw the Blessed Virgin first offering the globe, and interceding with the Almighty; and then the globe seemed to disappear, and she saw the hands extended and full of rays, showering graces on the world. The last attitude was chosen for the miraculous medal; but in our chapel there are the two statues, in the positions where the Sister saw them. The one with the globe is entitled *Virgo Potens*.

It was a statue made after this model that was presented to Father Fatiguet for the little chapel he was building in this new district. He spoke much to the people about this "Holy Mother Most Powerful," as they call her in Chinese, and tried to work up their faith and devotion in order that it might be a place of pilgrimage if possible, and a source of benediction for the neighborhood. When rain or fine weather was wanted, public prayers were announced to ask the "Holy Mother Most Powerful" to obtain it, and they were answered on several occasions. Last year all the dykes in the vicinity gave way, and the country was flooded. The one nearest the chapel, however, held out, and thus many fields were saved. Unfortunately, the chapel was constructed to hold only six hundred people, and now six thousand come in crowds on feast-days, trying to obtain admission. They have to be divided into bands. Some attend one Mass, some another; some hear a sermon, others are present at Benediction. About six services are held before all have been admitted to the chapel. It is the intention to build a church capable of holding two thousand or more, but the floods have reduced the poor people to starvation and misery. This is the third year the crops have failed.

When Father Fatiguet was made Vicar Apostolic last year, he named Father Rossignol to succeed him in this district, with a young Chinese priest to help; as the congregation was getting very large. If they had been able to support the schools—it means paying a catechist, and feeding the scholars while they are studying religion,—they would have had fully ten thousand baptisms this year. They have, however, been able to teach and baptize about twelve hundred poor people. Last year the numbers were far larger, as more help was given. This year, owing to the civil war,

although they had even more applicants, and equal poverty, they had less money to count on, and could not risk running into debt.

The poor people were starving; had absolutely nothing left, and no prospects of getting anything to grow till May. They came on their knees begging to be received as catechumens, and brought their household gods to make into a bonfire before the priest's door, if he would adopt them and teach them. Many were men who in ordinary seasons would be well-to-do.

For this year, the urgent need of food is over. The crops are beginning to grow. Men are working in the fields. But the chapel of Our Lady seems all the smaller, since there are twelve hundred more who would wish to worship there. If only Our Lady would finish her good work by finding a generous benefactor who would build a church large enough to contain the would-be worshippers, and help to cancel the debts incurred for rice last winter!

That the first answer for help should come from THE AVE MARIA has raised our hopes that the "Virgin Most Powerful" will soon find some one to help to finish the work she has begun so well,—make her a sanctuary capable of holding at least a large proportion of the congregation,—the place of pilgrimage and centre of attraction to the True Faith which it seems to promise to become, if only it could be given a fair start.

Any contributions will be thankfully received and forwarded to their destination, either by myself or the Rev. Father Bouvier, C. M., Procure des Lazaristes, Rue Chapsal 5, Shanghai. All bank checks must be changed here in Shanghai; and the cash is forwarded, when occasion offers, up country. It should be stated whether the donation is for rice or the building of the church.

May the "Virgin Most Powerful" inspire many blessed with the goods of this world to come forward and help to finish her work, and to succor her clients in their distress!

In view of such urgent missionary needs as are set forth in this letter—the writer of which, by the way, is the sister of an English nobleman,—how can any Catholic person, above all any ecclesiastic, whether of high or low degree, whose conscience is not slumbering, reconcile it with a luxurious life and a habit of hoarding money? The missions of all China could be supported by one-fourth of what holy people spend in pleasure-seeking, health-guarding, sight-seeing, or even in having pictures of themselves taken.

Notes and Remarks.

Criminal proceedings having been instituted against the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, for sending libellous and scurrilous anti-Catholic literature through the mails, he is not wanted at the Democratic Convention in Baltimore. His political associates would rather see him in jail, though he used to be one of the most prominent members of the party. Besides, he has been a Member of Congress, and a candidate (Populist) for the Presidency; is the honored "Father of Rural Delivery," and a leading author and journalist of the South. All this, however, counts for nothing against his anti-Catholicism, at least with the wiseacres of the Democratic Party. As one of them remarked a few years ago: 'The time has come for every mother's son of us to let up on the Catholic Church. It's bad politics. There are too many Catholics now; and, besides, some Protestants won't stand for not giving them a fair show. If you want to commit political suicide, all you have to do is to hitch onto some society that has taken the contract to put down the Catholics. I've been sizing things up lately, and I think I ought to know.'

Who shall say that the politician is not wise in his generation? He feels that the psychological moment has arrived when opposition to the Church and oppression of her members has ceased to be a political asset.

Mothers, even of large families, if they were to read a new book by Dr. Roger H. Dennett entitled "The Healthy Baby," would be astonished, we think, to learn how much they don't know about children in arms. We haven't read it all ourselves, but we were surprised by what we did read,—what the learned author has to say about children's crying. He contends that "a certain amount of crying is good for a baby. It exercises his lungs and muscles. . . . However, one or two hours

of crying a day is sufficient. When there is more than that the cause should be investigated." One would think so, also that screaming might be quite as beneficial as crying. Dr. Dennett discusses with impressive erudition a number of reasons for this exercise of the lungs and muscles by children. "There is the fretful cry of the baby who is discontented with his lot; there is the outburst of disappointment when he finds that this world is not the pleasant place he thought it to be; there is the cry of pain"; also, we suppose, the wail of the infant who is in despair over the political outlook, and the protest of indignation when he hears lullabies sung by an untrained voice, or is forced to listen to a discordant rattle. The ear of the small child is exceedingly delicate, you know, and is offended by the inharmonious.

Dr. Dennett's book is provided with a full index, and with a special memorandum section, printed on bond paper suitable for writing. In this is found a table for the recording of the weight of the child for each week of the first year; also pages on which are to be entered the records of changes of food, of the first notable sayings of the infant, his health record and his teething record. To paraphrase a familiar saying of President Lincoln, for mothers who need this sort of book, it is just the sort of book they need.

It is very gratifying to record that at the recent conference of Methodists in Minneapolis three delegates protested against the vituperative language indulged in by some of the speakers when referring to Catholics and the Catholic Church. At one of the sessions of the Free Religious Association in Boston also, the Rev. Dr. Lloyd Jones was moved to say to the attendants: "So long as the Catholic Church meets the immigrants as they enter Castle Island, I do not worry about the future of those new citizens to come. Try to appreciate the great work done

by this old Church; and remember the saying that any fool can like those he likes, but it takes an educated man to like those he doesn't like."

It is said that "Dr. Jones' remarks came as a surprise," and "created a stir among the audience." Only that. No angry protests were made, and no brother left the hall in a spasm of indignation, as happened in Minneapolis. Dr. Jones hails from Chicago; however, he must have felt assured that anything savoring of barbarous dissonance, or indicative of ill-breeding, or suggestive of inferior mental character, would be promptly discountenanced by an audience in Boston.

We fully agree with "Sacerdos Clevelandensis," writing in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for June, that there are too many catechisms and children's prayer-books. Not a few of these productions are worse than useless. More than once we have had occasion to condemn catechisms as being not merely confusing but positively repellent to the child mind. As for prayer-books, the examination of conscience in some of them, not to speak of anything else, should be enough to condemn them in the eyes of any sane man or woman. But for the moment let us consider what the *Review* writer has to say about the multiplication of catechisms, so many of which are as useless to teachers as they are unsuitable for children. The compilers seem to have the notion that teachers hold strictly to the questions and answers, never making use of an illustration or example, and that there is a crying need of catechisms to assist them in their work. The notion is a mistaken one, and no such need really exists. As S. C. remarks: "It is absurd to suppose that even one in a thousand teachers rests content with stating simply, for instance, that 'Our Lord is the Good Shepherd.' Without any suggestion from the textbook or conscious application of psychological principles, they will, as a matter of instinct, develop the idea by many

simple questions and illustrations: 'Do you know what a shepherd is? Have you ever seen one? Will a shepherd go after lost sheep? etc.'"

Some of the catechisms for First Communicants that have come under our notice would be amusing if they were not calculated to do harm. On receiving one of them for his approval, the Holy Father is reported to have said: "Oral instruction is far better for young children. All such publications as this may be dispensed with."

Indications are not wanting that the persecution of the Church in France is beginning to relent. Some gains were made by the Catholic party in the recent municipal elections, and fresh efforts are being made on all sides to win religious freedom and justice. Even the most bitter Anticlericals acknowledge that their cause is suffering; and the change in public sentiment regarding the Church has been sufficiently marked to attract the attention of the Liberals of other countries. A leading organ of the party in Italy, for instance, admits that "the Anticlerical fever in France has gone down several degrees of late. The Republic has neither triumphed over nor in any way demoralized the enemy."

In a scholarly and eminently appropriate address to the graduating class of Newcomb College, New Orleans, by the Rabbi Max Heller, reported in the *Times-Democrat* of that city, we find the following reference to the Middle Ages, which ignorant Protestant ministers, in baccalaureate sermons, constantly represent as an epoch of superstition and stagnation. An address on any subject by a Jewish rabbi offers an occasion for the average Protestant preacher to stretch his mind. It is to be hoped that the discourse from which we quote may have a wide reading:

When the Middle Ages were in their flower of perfection, with trades and guilds organized,

with arts and crafts at their noblest and best, a uniform religion held the central seat of empire, and a vast power, spiritual, social, educational and benevolent, was wielded everywhere by those abbeys and monasteries that were shorn of their wealth and prerogatives by the first onslaughts of the Reformation. It sometimes seems as if the higher aspirations of our age were steadily concentrating resources, too, in vast foundations and huge estates that are to serve the destitute on the one hand, and the cause of learning on the other. A time may come when our universities and colleges, co-operating along systematized schemes of education, leagued on the one hand with research endowments, libraries and museums; on the other hand, with hospitals and other benevolent institutions in the service of humanity, may rise to some similar position of power, when they may become to modern society not only the guardians of knowledge and the teachers of goodness, but when they may exercise a spiritual tutorship, as it were, over civilization that may have attained to some such essential unity of aim and method as did the culture of the Middle Ages.

In commenting upon a little incident recorded in the *London Daily News*—the case of three tramps accused of the crime of sleeping in the deer-pens in Bushey Park, and also of "being without visible means of subsistence,"—we wish the *Eye-Witness* had viewed the matter as seriously as possible, dwelling upon the abominable injustice and cruelty so often shown in the administration of the law, especially when the poor, or the friendless, are in its clutches, as oftenest happens. However, as will be seen from our quotation, it was not altogether in its lighter aspect that our much-esteemed contemporary regarded the case:

Two of the men, who seemed to understand the magisterial mind better than we do, produced, each, one penny in order to rebut the second and more atrocious charge. Upon this a magistrate made the exquisitely witty comment: "Why, these two men were comparatively wealthy,"—an observation followed by the laughter which was its due meed. Park Sergeant Smith, however, in graver vein, said that 'a penny was not considered sufficient; it might procure a little food, but it would not pay for a lodging.' The humorous magistrate, sobered by this cogent reasoning, sentenced

the men to pay the sum of two and sixpence each or to go to jail for four days....

The men had slept in the deer-pens. They had only a penny each. A penny will not obtain a night's lodging. Therefore, one would imagine a sane man would say there was the more excuse for their sleeping in the deer-pens. Not so the magistrate and the park sergeant. *Their* reasoning appears to be: *therefore* there was the *less* excuse for their sleeping in the deer-pens. Had they been able to afford the price of a lodging, their sleeping in the open would be comparatively venial; but as they could not pay for a lodging, it was quite inexcusable for them not to take one! The farce ends with the infliction of a fine of five shillings on two men on the express ground that they have got only two pennies in the world. Of course there is an alternative: imprisonment. That is, the man is punished first for not having twopence by being told to pay half a crown, and then punished for not having half a crown by being sent to jail. It is, however, comforting to know that there are limits to the law's just sternness, and that a citizen may without offence sleep in a public place, if he can satisfy a magistrate that he needn't unless he likes.

It is reported that committees representing the Bench, the Bar, and the Legislature of Georgia are working might and main to bring the law of that State nearer to a civilized standard,—to secure legislation which will promote the progress that the Supreme Court has already been showing. In the term of that court which began March, 1911, twenty-four murder cases were affirmed and only two were reversed. In the following term, twenty-nine were affirmed and only one reversed. The Supreme Court declined to reverse murder convictions on quibbles and absurd technicalities. The Governor has done his part, and some of the newspapers have given effectual support.

Until recent years, a common accusation against the Church was that she opposed republics. In former times she was declared to be the enemy of monarchies. Anything to discredit her. In a recent catalogue of books chiefly relating to the Tudor and Stuart periods in England, we notice a volume published in London in 1673, entitled: "Popery abso-

lutely destructive to Monarchy. Prov'd by several Examples, but more especially on the Kings of this Nation."

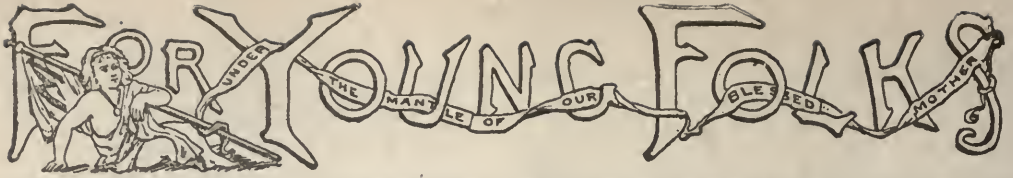
The election of a Protestant clergyman to the Quebec Legislature in Shefford County, Quebec, is notable for two reasons. His opponent is a French-Canadian, and the majority of the voters of the county are also French-Canadians and Catholics. The incident has been ignored by the press of this country; but if in any county of Ontario, where non-Catholic voters are most numerous, a priest were to be elected—something very unlikely to occur,—we should hear much about religious tolerance, and the spirit born of the Reformation, which the preachers are wont to term fair play.

An editor who publishes anything against Socialism is sure to be the recipient of voluminous letters from some Socialist among his readers, the burden of such communications being that the principles of Socialism are misrepresented. The editor of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* makes a general reply to this class of correspondents, which, though brief, is entirely adequate. He says:

Every few days we get an indignant letter from some Socialist who complains that we do not understand Socialism. We do. And it is the truth that Socialism can not afford to be understood. Its strength lies in concealment of its true nature and motives behind a fog of generalities and an appeal to the emotions.

Where is the evidence that science has ever regenerated one soul, or that culture has redeemed one libertine, or taken envy, malice, pride, jealousy, or greed out of any heart?

The *New York Freeman's Journal* quotes this passage from the "episcopal address" delivered at the Methodist conference in Minneapolis last month, and appositely remarks: "What better argument for religion in our schools? Only by religion can souls be regenerated and the vices mentioned taken out of the human heart."



Old Mussen Touchit.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

WHEN I go visit Auntie Jane
I'm always doing something wrong;
And when I see a thing I like
Old Mussen Touchit comes along.
I hate the very sound of him!
I never see a book or vase
Just on the table out of reach,
But, "Mussen Touchit!" Auntie says.
And if I stroke the parrot's fur,
Or go to lift the kitty dear,
"O Mussen Touchit!" says my aunt,
And that is all I ever hear.
When I'm at home I'm very sure
No Mussen Touchit lurks about;
But all the time at Auntie Jane's
He always follows me about.
Sometimes I love my Auntie Jane,
When she is nice and lets me play;
I wish old Mussen Touchit, then,
Would find some other place to stay!

Peppo.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

III.

ONE afternoon, a few days later, unusual disorder reigned in the apartments of the Catulli. The mother was ironing, surrounded by the usual debris of wash-baskets, ironing-boards, and damp linen. Louisa was curling her hair in a corner before a piece of broken glass. Fanny had removed her "pinny" to mend it, thus exposing a very soiled frock; and Peppo was lying full-length on the floor, with little Nina astride his chest, the latter holding him fast by the collar band, and

shouting with all her might as she belabored him with a toy whip.

Through the noise a knock at the door was heard, and some one called: "Come in!" But no one even looked up as the door opened. Anthony, who was working at some school task, was the only one to move as a stranger entered unannounced. The others were all embarrassed and ill at ease. Anthony, who was five years older than Peppo, was a bright, practical lad; and in the present instance was the only one to show any deference to the gentleman who had come into the room.

"Mrs. Catulli, I presume?" said the stranger, taking a chair and making himself quite at home. "There you are, youngster!" he added, looking at Peppo, who was vainly striving to remove Nina from his chest and to get onto his feet. At last he succeeded, and stood facing the gentleman. Much to Peppo's dismay, he recognized the benefactor of his pavement pictures. Fearing that his secret was about to be betrayed, the boy would have fled had not the stranger smiled reassuringly and laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"There's nothing wrong," said the gentleman, kindly, noticing the terrified expression on the boy's face; "but you may run away now and play with your little sister. I shall see you afterward. Meanwhile I want to talk with your mother."

Glad to escape, Peppo bolted through the door, dragging Nina after him.

"I have come to speak about the boy," said the stranger, as soon as the door was closed.

"About Peppo? Why, what mischief has he been up to now?" asked his mother, anxiously.

"No mischief at all, but I am interested

in the child. If I'm not mistaken, he is a genius."

Louisa laughed outright.

"If you're meaning by that, sir," said the mother, "that the boy is clever, you are altogether mistaken: he's that stupid I can hardly trust him to bring back the washing. And as for lessons, when he ought to be learning, he's messing at those dirty colors that'll never do him nor any one else any good."

"I am not certain of that," said the gentleman, smiling. "I have seen some rather remarkable performances which he did with those same 'dirty colors.' Any way, I am willing to take the boy and to bring him up as an artist."

"You don't know what you're saying, sir. If you are so kind as to educate one of my children, look at Anthony there. He's a bright, clever boy, and would be a credit to any trade. But as for Peppo, he's a poor, stupid child."

"Give him an organ and a monkey. That's about all he's good for," whispered Louisa.

Anthony was biting his lips with vexation. It seemed almost too hard that Peppo, whom he had always despised, should come in for such a piece of luck. He had the good grace, however, to keep his anger to himself.

As for Fanny, she was staring open-mouthed. The secret so carefully kept was out at last.

"It's not a matter of charity," said the gentleman, impatiently. "As I told you, I think the boy has exceptional talent, and it is my wish to cultivate it. I am willing to adopt him and to educate him; but of course it is necessary to have your consent for this."

"It would be a mouth less to feed," remarked Mrs. Catulli, meditatively; "and he's not much good at carrying the washing."

The artist could hardly restrain a smile at this remark.

"I think we can spare him," said Mrs. Catulli, after a pause, "if you're that kind

as to take him; but we must ask father."

"A jolly good riddance for us!" put in Anthony, unable to quite conceal his jealousy any longer.

"Call the youngster now, if you please," said the visitor. "Let us see what he has to say for himself."

Peppo came in, followed by Nina.

"Look here, little man!" said the artist, kindly. "Would you like to come with me and learn to make pictures?"

Peppo opened his eyes wide in astonishment; such a prospect was beyond his wildest dreams.

"And have colors always?" was all that he could say.

"Yes, as many colors as you like."

"O sir, I'd love to come! I'll always be good if only I may have colors and make pictures."

"Bebbi go 'way?" asked little Nina, who had understood something of the conversation. "Den me go, too; me no play widout Bebbi."

"Yes, you'll come some day," said the gentleman, fearing she might begin to cry. "You'll let me know your answer," he added, rising to leave and laying his card on the ironing table.

If the Catulli family had known anything of the great world, they would have known that the name on the card was that of a celebrated artist.

When Peppo's father heard of the stranger's proposal, he found it hard to give his consent, — not that he doubted the boy's talent, or that he failed to see the advantage of cultivating it; but it was painful to part with the boy. Peppo was his favorite, and the only one of his children who seemed a link with the past and with circumstances very different from those into which the elder Catulli had fallen later. Weak and inclined to drift as the father undoubtedly was, Peppo had always found in him a champion and defender. He had always taken the boy's part; had even insisted upon bringing him up in his own religion,—a fact which may have fostered the child's talent for

art; for very often Peppo, instead of saying his prayers, had employed his time in studying the pictures of saints and angels which adorned the walls of the little church where he and his father worshipped. Religion, interpreted in his own childish fashion, had come to Peppo as something exceedingly beautiful, and had softened his heart as effectually as it had developed his artistic tendencies. His gentle disposition had made him his father's idol; but, however much the latter might feel the pain of separation, he could not hesitate to accept the artist's proposal, which held out so brilliant a prospect for his son.

From the window of a loggia in Florence a boy looked out upon the cloudless Italian sky, upon the spires of churches and the façades of palaces, upon the distant hills fading away in an azure mist, and down upon the peasant women in their gaily colored dresses, who chatted in the square beneath. It was all a feast of color, and would have pleased the eyes of any child, even though he were not an artist.

He was little changed, though dressed in a rather fantastic style, which certainly suited his olive complexion and graceful limbs. He looked more dreamy than ever; but the time which had elapsed since he left London had afforded sufficient matter for dreams. It had been a wonderful time for Peppo, transported from the vulgar poverty of his own home to the ease and refinement of a rich and beautiful dwelling; carried away from the smoke of London to the perpetual sunshine of the South, and from the atmosphere of sordid care to that of culture and art. Indeed, it all seemed like a dream to Peppo.

The fascination of the journey was still upon him. He could not forget those delightful days when he was whirled along through fairyland. The green country which he had never seen before; the wonder of the sea; the woods and vine-

yards of sunny France; the wild beauty of Switzerland, with its snowy peaks and deep gorges, and the little emerald lakes hidden away among the mountains,—how the beauty of it all had seized upon Peppo's heart and mind. He had come to Florence sated and bewildered with pleasure; and in his new surroundings he found every day fresh cause for joy and wonder and gratitude.

In the morning he was sent to school. He had always loved his father's language, and Italian came to him as naturally as English; but lessons were dull work to Peppo, and he spent much of his time in dreaming instead of learning. His real life began when he returned to his master's studio. There he felt himself perfectly at home, and made himself useful in various ways, — posing as a model, running errands, and mixing colors. The studio was well known and much frequented by other artists, who petted Peppo and would have spoiled him had not his gentleness of disposition made it impossible. It only seemed strange to him, after all the ill-usage to which he had been accustomed. He learned also to draw and paint; and, when not at school or otherwise employed, he was allowed to dabble freely in colors, and soon astonished his master by the progress which he made. He roamed at will through the galleries and churches, and he spent many hours wandering from picture to picture, dreaming, admiring, feasting his eyes with the joy of seeing till sometimes the very colors swam before them.

But he was a good and gentle child, and in the churches he now learned to meditate and to pray. At times he would steal off alone to the altar of the Madonna and lay all his aspirations at her feet. Although his father had brought him up in his own religion, the child was a Catholic more by nature than by education; he loved his faith—loved all the rich symbolism and beauty of its outward worship. Religion in his mind was linked

with art, and became the dearest treasure of his life. To him the Madonna appeared the type of all beauty both human and angelic, and to her he vowed eternal fidelity.

Peppo was very happy in Florence,—happier than he had ever been before; but he could not forget those he had left behind. His eyes often filled with tears when he thought of his father condemned to such uncongenial surroundings; and then he longed for the company of children,—longed to romp with little Nina and to have a talk with Fanny,—Fanny, who in the old days had so often provoked him by her dulness and want of sympathy! But in reality he had not much time to be lonely: his studies, his drawing lessons, his work in the studio, kept him fully occupied; and when time hung heavily on his hands, he made his way to the kitchen, where he chatted with Barbara, the old cook and housekeeper,—a good-hearted soul, who took kindly to the boy; or, if Barbara was busy, he would go into the court and play with Carlo, the old white spaniel, who was glad to have Peppo's company, and made heroic efforts to frisk and gambol in order to please him.

So the long summer months passed peacefully by, and when the autumn came it brought a great event into Peppo's life. One morning, as he was coming downstairs, in his usual dreamy fashion, he met a little girl. She was smaller than himself, and wore a gauzy white frock. She had delicate features and fair hair, which lay flat to her head, and then bunched out in a golden mass under her ears. Peppo thought her exactly like an angel he had seen in a picture by some one called Botticelli; perhaps she was Mr. Botticelli's little girl.

"You are the boy!" she said, eyeing him from head to toe. "I rather like you," she added after a pause. "Daddy said you were a nice boy."

"Who is your daddy?" asked Peppo, in surprise.

"Why, my daddy is my *daddy!* How strange of you to come with him all the way from England, and to live with him for so long, and not to know him!"

"I am sorry," rejoined Peppo. "I know my master, but I could not know he was your father."

Inwardly, he was rather disappointed that she was not Mr. Botticelli's little girl; for he liked Botticelli's pictures better than those of his master. And at first he thought the little girl might be a real angel.

"Barbara told me," he said aloud, "that the Signorina was coming. I thought you were grown up."

"Only Barbara calls me 'the Signorina.' I'm just Alice. You'll call me Alice, won't you?"

"Yes, if I may and if you wish. But where did you come from?"

"We came from the seaside—mother and I. We came last night."

"Are you going to stay?" asked Peppo, anxiously.

"Yes, of course. We live here. Sometimes we go to the sea and sometimes we go to London; but this is our home. Isn't it nice?"

"Yes, lovely!" answered Peppo, with conviction.

"What do you do all day long?" asked Alice, as she sat down on the stairs beside him; but Peppo remained standing.

"Do sit down and have a chat!" said the little girl, coaxingly. "We have lots of time before breakfast, and I want to know what you do."

"Oh, lots of things!" replied Peppo, sitting down beside her. "I go to school and I learn to paint and I help in the studio, and sometimes I play with Carlo; and, then, I often go to the big churches."

"I don't like the churches; they are dark, and I feel I must be so good there. But the Madonna is sweet,—just like mamma. Do you believe the Madonna is really up in heaven?"

"I do," said Peppo; "and I know

that she loves us and listens to us when we pray to her."

"I don't know how to pray. How do you do it?"

"I just talk to her and tell her that I love her, and that I shall paint her some day when I have learned more," he added, blushing.

"That seems a nice way of praying. I'll try to talk to her myself the very next time I am in church. Do you like making pictures?"

"Yes, better than anything. When I'm big I'm going to be an artist like your father."

"Daddy's going to paint me some day: he said he would. Do you think I'll make a nice picture?"

"I do," said Peppo, fervently, taking in all the details of Alice's exquisite little person.

"We'll be friends now, won't we?" asked Alice.

"Yes, Signorina, we shall be friends if your mother allows it." And Peppo solemnly raised the little girl's hand to his lips.

She laughed and tried to draw it away.

"Why do you do that? You've learned it from Barbara. You're a real Italian. But if you call me Signorina, I won't like you. I'm just plain Alice, and you are Peppo. Now good-bye!" she said. "I must go to mamma."

Peppo stood watching dreamily as the little girl's white skirt fluttered down the corridor.

From that hour the cup of Peppo's happiness was full. He had found a playmate and companion, — one to whom he could confide all his dreams and longings, all his hopes and pains, — a companion, too, from whom he was never more to be separated; for when Peppo became famous — as he did in time — it was Alice who shared his fame and his fortune; Alice, who had brought so much brightness into his childish hours, still remained in later years the sunshine of his life, — the best of little wives and of friends.

When he grew up, Peppo made a home in Florence for his father and little Nina. The father lived to share his son's fame and happiness, and Nina became more than a sister to Alice. Peppo before his marriage learned from his father that his name was not Catulli; that he was really the descendant of a noble house. The father, reduced to poverty, had married quite beneath him; and, to sever all links with the past, had changed his name. Through misfortune, he had fallen into the state of poverty and depression in which we found him at the beginning of Peppo's career. It was Peppo's glad task to change his father's sorrow into joy, and his poverty into abundance, and thus not only to succeed in his art but also to make his loved ones happy.

(The End.)

The Legend of Stavoren.

Three hundred years ago Stavoren was one of the busiest and richest towns on the Zuyder Zee: to-day it is known as one of the "dead cities" of Holland. And this is how this mighty change has been wrought. The haven is barred by a bank called the "Lady's Sandbank"; and thereby, according to a local tradition, hangs the tale of the ruin of Stavoren.

In the height of its greatest prosperity, a haughty, purse-proud woman, wife of one of the wealthiest merchants of the place, bade the captain of one of her husband's ships bring her one of the "most precious things in the world." The honest sailor brought the dame a cargo of wheat from Dantzic—what he considered, and rightly too, the most precious thing in the world. Angry at his "stupidity," as she thought it, the vain lady ordered the wheat to be thrown overboard at the harbor's mouth; whereupon the grain took root, and laid the foundation of the vast grass bank that in course of time destroyed the flourishing trade of Stavoren and made it a dead city.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The "Life" of John Hungerford Pollen, by his daughter, will shortly be published. He was one of the foremost decorative artists of his day, and took a leading part in the artistic revival of the nineteenth century. Though closely associated with Newman in the Tractarian Movement, Mr. Pollen was one of the last to "go over."

—In an able pamphlet of some fifty pages, Father Poland, S. J., discusses "The Matrimonial State." He treats of the contract, the union one and lasting, the domestic commonwealth, and civil paternalism. Since ignorance or disregard of the real nature of the marriage tie is at the bottom of the age's crowning iniquity, facile divorce, all such publications as this are timely, and one hopes that they may fall into the hands of those most in need of them. B. Herder, publisher.

—Mr. C. C. Cotterill, the author of "A Living Wage, a National Necessity: How Best to Get It," writes in his preface:

Can it be made possible in this country to-day for all willing and capable workers to receive in return for their work what will be sufficient to enable them and those dependent on them to live healthy, vigorous, full human lives? This question is the first in order and the most vital in importance that we can at the present moment put to ourselves as members of a nation.

Mr. Cotterill's book is written with the object of showing how best this end may be attained.

—"The A. P. A. Movement: A Sketch," by Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, is a bound volume of 102 pages, containing a readable, interesting, and informative account of the anti-Catholic movement which succeeded the Know-Nothing Party and preceded the contemporary Guardians of Liberty. The volume is typographically as well as historically interesting. Of a page-surface of forty-eight square inches, the text occupies less than ten and a quarter,—a marginal generosity not often exceeded. The New Century Press, Washington, D. C.

—From the office of the Apostleship of Prayer, New York, we have received "Our Daily Bread," by the Rev. Walter Dwight, S. J. A well-printed and attractively bound little volume of 182 pages, it contains seventeen "Talks on Frequent Communion," with an occasional good illustration. The literature on this subject has been multiplying so rapidly during the past five or six years that originality as to matter is scarcely to be hoped for; but Father Dwight has succeeded in giving a practically new setting to old truths; and the setting is as

good as it is new. These papers, for which the term "talks" is perhaps too depreciative a title, appeared originally in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, although some of them have been recast.

—"The Story of Cotton," a title that appears on the cover of a volume of 368 pages, issued by Rand, McNally & Co., might suggest a fictitious narrative of adventure and romance were it not that, on opening the book, one finds the addition to the title, "And the Development of the Cotton States." The book is intended as a supplementary reader for the Seventh Grade; and its author, E. C. Brooks, has made it a fairly complete history of the Southern plant and its manufacture. Copious illustrations and a number of maps increase both the interest and the usefulness of the volume.

—Some six or seven months ago we noticed in these columns a volume of sermons by the Very Rev. Heinrich von Hurter, adapted and edited by the Rev. Edward Jones, under the title "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." We have received from B. Herder Volume II. of these excellent discourses. Among the outstanding titles of the thirty-five sermons contained in this volume we note The Sin of Infrequent Communion and the Punishments that Attend It, The Desecration of Holy Mass, and no fewer than four separate addresses to First-Communicants. The worth of the original discourses and the merits of the English translation, or adaptation, praised by Archbishop Ireland in his Introduction to the first volume, are equally noticeable in this one.

—Among recent publications of the Société St. Augustin (Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., Bruges) we note (1) "The Sacred Heart of Jesus According to St. Alphonsus," translated from the French by G. W. Ward. It consists of meditations for the Month of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Hour, the First Friday, and for a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Prayers for various occasions and some litanies are also appended. An excellent and convenient prayer-book. (2) "Where is the Church of Christ?" by M. Van der Hagen, S. J., translated from the Dutch by the Rev. Alphonsus Canon Van de Rydt. It answers admirably the questions, Where is the truth—the whole truth—which Christ brought upon earth? In which of the so-called Christian communities is it to be found? (3) "The Way of the Cross," a very short form, with delicately colored pictures of the Stations. This booklet would seem to be

intended for the use of those who are prevented from performing the devotion in a church or chapel where the Stations are erected. (4) "A Picture Prayer-Book for the Young" is a dainty manual for the use of children, who will be attracted by its pictures and ornamental border. (5) "The Sacred Heart Calendar," which presents a good thought for every day of the year. These are printed on a pad of convenient size, to be affixed to an ornamental card, with an artistic representation of the Sacred Heart. The publications of the Society of St. Augustine are noted for excellence of matter and elegance of form.

—If not the most important, "Mon Filleul au 'Jardin d'Enfants'" (Armand Colin, Paris) is the most charming of all the Abbé Klein's books. It sets forth his views—formed during a period of enforced rest from more laborious literary occupations—on the best methods of conducting Kindergarten schools, and is replete with wise reflections regarding the education of children at the period when their minds are most susceptible of impressions. Kindergarten teachers will be all the more interested in the Abbé's views on learning that the "filleul" of his book is a real live boy, like thousands of others to whom might be extended the advantages enjoyed by little "Felix." That everything related of him actually took place lends additional interest and value to the volume, the attraction of which for general readers is in the novelty of the subject and the charm of the author's style.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Matrimonial State." Rev. William Poland, S. J. 10 cts., net.

"The A. P. A. Movement: A Sketch." Humphrey J. Desmond. \$1, net.

"Our Daily Bread." Rev. Walter Dwight, S. J. 50 cts., net.

"The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Von Hurter-Jones. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.

"Margaret's Travels." Anthony York. \$1.38.

"My Lady Poverty. A Drama in Five Acts." Francis de Sales Gliebe, O. F. M. 35 cts.

"Homilies of the Common of Saints." 2 vols. Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. \$2.50, net.

"Billy-Boy." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.

"The Reason Why." Bernard J. Otten, S. J. \$1.25.

"These My Little Ones." Rev. N. Waugh. \$1.75.

"Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales." J. H. A. \$1.

"The Price of Unity." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$1.50, net.

"Poverina." Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cts.

"Via Franciscana." 90 cts.

"Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography." Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.

"The Rule of St. Clare." Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. 15 cts.

"Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.

"The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.

"The Coward." Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Robert Kenna, S. J.

Sister M. Germanus and Sister M. Cyprian, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Dositheus and Sister M. Geraldine, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sisters M. Paul, M. Patrick, and M. Joachim, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. John S. Underwood, Mrs. Angela Winterbotham, Miss Maria Gorman, Mr. John Rockith, Mr. Patrick Fleming, Miss Mary Wilcox, Mr. Thomas Purcell, Miss Jane Furze, Mrs. Gertrude Winters, Mr. Daniel Barrett, Mr. P. M. Barrett, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Philip J. Reilly, Mr. Henry Suess, Mr. Charles Clayton, Mrs. John E. Kenney, Mr. Otto Graf, Mr. James Finn, Mr. George Hilgar, Mr. John Hart, Mr. Andrew Morton, Mrs. Catherine Hanlon, Mr. Peter Wilhelm, Mr. Denis Mooney, Mr. James Clarke, Mr. Antony Clarke, Mr. Philip J. Kelly, Mr. James Yost, and Mr. John Timpe.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the famine sufferers in China:

In honor of St. Anthony, \$20.



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

VOL. LXXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 22, 1912.

NO. 25

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The Portent.

BY HENRY COYLE.

BENEATH the fragrant rose-vine at her door
 Our Blessed Lady, weary, sat to rest,
 The little Infant Jesus at her breast,
 And silver moonbeams mottled o'er the floor.

The cool night zephyr, with a soft caress,
 Lulled her to peaceful slumber; close at hand
 The angels, with their white wings, gently
 fanned

The Holy Babe with loving tenderness.

The Infant Jesus, waking from His sleep,
 Plucked from the swaying vine a dew-gemmed
 rose;

The Mother, fearful, started from repose
 When her frail Babe in pain began to weep.

Our Lady, with maternal love benign,
 The wailing Infant soothed. Ah, this event
 To her now saddened heart was a portent
 Of Calvary—a prophet's mystic sign!

Truth's Way, and One who Followed It.

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT.

WHEN a man is ignorant of a matter on which he desires knowledge, he must first of all recognize and acknowledge his ignorance, and he must then put himself in the position of a learner. He must assume toward his teacher the right attitude of mind. It is not possible for him to learn anything under any other condition. The boy at school who thinks that he knows, or who regards with

contempt the teacher or his subject, will never learn anything. It is not his failing to hear, but his mental attitude toward that which is heard or toward him who declares it, which shuts the knowledge out from his mind. His mental qualities may be excellent, but they avail him little if there be no sense of his ignorance and no desire to learn by the method by which alone information can come.

It is precisely so, and in an infinitely higher and truer degree, in spiritual matters. And it seems strange that any one should fail to see that it is bound to be so. A Revelation, we admit, has been given. It has been given by God to creatures, who could not in any other way obtain the information for which they crave. It discloses the things of the spiritual order, of which man could not naturally have any knowledge, and respecting which he could not therefore be the judge or the critic. The only thing that he could do concerning it would be to ascertain what its essential contents are, and the actual truths which it discloses. But to understand these truths aright, to embrace and assimilate them, calls for an attitude of mind and of heart. It demands the tacit acknowledgment of ignorance and the desire to learn the truth on the condition on which it can be imparted. Any other mental attitude of necessity excludes the truth from the mind; and if it be sought for in any other way, it is bound to be misconceived, so that the mind must inevitably fall into error. We are here face to face with the respective

principles of the Protestant and the Catholic methods of thought; and it seems to me that these principles must be for evermore irreconcilable.

The non-Catholic attitude of thought, beyond doubt, is that of pride; it is the attitude of the judge and the critic. All Protestant theology, it seems to me, bears witness to this. Truths, manifestly declared by Christ and firmly held and proclaimed by generations of men, are subjected to intellectual scrutiny and analysis. They are squared, so far as that is possible, with what are asserted to be the claims of reason. Where this can not be readily accomplished, they are whittled down and deprived of their original meaning. And when seemingly insurmountable difficulties respecting them are presented they are denied altogether. The process of such thought thus becomes increasingly a destructive one, and the mind of necessity falls back into those errors and misconceptions from which the divine disclosure came to set it free.

It seems to me that it is only by a recognition of this fact that all the vagaries and contradictions, and the hopeless muddle of non-Catholic theologies, become intelligible. Their field of operations resembles the floor of a slaughter-house with numerous fragments of an animal body lying about, but without any man knowing precisely what the animal looked like to which they originally belonged. This mental and moral attitude may be an unconscious one, due in many instances to early training and to a misdirection of the mind from the beginning; it may be dictated by a sense of conscientiousness and sincerity. But it is a false and mistaken attitude, nevertheless, and it can never lead the mind to an apprehension of the real truth and to certainty.

Now, what was the attitude of mind which Christ our Lord demanded of His hearers in order to secure acceptance of the truths which He declared? It was surely the exactly opposite of the attitude described. Indeed, He incessantly and

on every occasion warned against it. He insisted upon simplicity of mind and humility. "Unless ye become as little children," "Unless ye repent," "Blessed are the meek." The Apostles, too, emphasized this principle, and made it the very essence of their teaching and preaching.

To the philosophers and thinkers of the first Christian age, and to the arrogant letter-bound leaders of the Jews, it was all folly and foolishness. They utterly failed to see how this contemptible attitude of mind and the extraordinarily humiliating teaching could be believed by reasonable men and be of any use to the world. To those in whom more accurate thinking and self-knowledge, or the sufferings and troubles of life, had created humility and a readiness to learn spiritual things, it proved "the power of God unto salvation."

We have here, then, come down to the true root of the whole matter, and all is really quite simple and clear. We can understand and rightly interpret what is going on in the world to-day. And we can see why Rome and Lutheranism must for evermore part company. We can see clearly why those men who have grasped these root principles are justified in believing that Rome must ultimately be the haven of refuge to all sincere and distressed souls, and must triumph in the end. For it is on this simple principle that the entire system of the Church works, and by means of which it accomplishes its gigantic work in the world.

The Protestant theologian begins his work of research and inquiry with an open mind. He approaches the examination of Revealed Truth with proud confidence in the conclusions of his intellect, and he is determined to accept those conclusions whatever they may be. He may thus, at the end of his inquiry, see reason for accepting a primitive truth or for rejecting it; all depends upon the line of research he has pursued, and upon individual preferences and inclinations.

He may become an orthodox or a liberal believer; he may believe Christ to be divine or not.

The Catholic theologian, on the other hand, starts his inquiry with certain revealed truths firmly fixed in his mind and in his heart. They have come to him, not by reason of intellectual conclusion, but by reason of acceptance of an authoritative, divinely-guided Teacher. He has assented to them by faith—an attitude of soul conditioned by humility and teachableness, and a clear recognition that the things of the spiritual order and the mysteries of God can never depend for their acceptance upon purely intellectual conclusions. For him nothing that he is likely to discover in the course of his studies can possibly affect or modify these truths, so long as he continues humble and preserves a sense of the right proportion of things. His researches may give him a deeper insight and understanding of these truths, even further modes and ways of conceiving them: they can not possibly affect the truths themselves, since they were clearly recognized before the inquiry began and on wholly different grounds.

And all the Catholic laity are carefully instructed thus to regard the divine truth and the method of conceiving it. They are taught to practise the virtue of humility, without which divine truth can neither be received nor persevered in. They are continually warned, and rightly so, against the perils of the Protestant principle. And no exception is made in regard to social status, to learning and intellectual achievement, to distinctions gained in other spheres of human thought and learning.

The Cabinet Minister, the Indian Viceroy and the distinguished university professor, the practical lawyer and medical man,—all without exception have to walk along the same road and approach Catholic truth by the same path. It is identical with that of the poor clerk, the unlettered domestic servant, the man who brushes

our clothes and cleans our boots. It is by virtue of humility and of teachableness, and by the grace and faith given in consequence of this attitude of heart and mind, that they all come to know and understand divine things.

It is because I am profoundly convinced that the non-Catholic method of religious thought is a false one and is the attitude of pride, and that the Catholic method or principle is the true one, and the one which Christ our Lord most certainly disclosed and never ceased to insist upon, that I believe in the ultimate triumph of the Church and in her power of finally drawing the disillusioned souls of men to herself. They will have nowhere else to go when other attempts to find the truth have proved blind alleys.

There is an incident in my life which goes to illustrate what I have said here, and I feel that I must tell it to my readers. A few years after my submission to the Church I found myself in Rome. I was anxious to confer with one of her learned men respecting a subject in which we were both equally and intensely interested. And, of course, I wanted to see the Pope—pay my respects to him. I entertained a profound admiration for the great Leo. But his Holiness was still an invalid after an operation, and no audiences were being given. He had merely conversed with a few intimates on pressing matters. Friends, anxious to see the fulfilment of my wishes, advised me to abandon my quest. Pope Leo was very old and very feeble, but I wanted to see him. And so I lingered in Rome, had my return ticket prolonged week after week, and persevered with the *Memorare*.

Twenty-four hours before my intended departure, Cardinal Vaughan arrived in Rome, and letters—one from the Vatican, another from myself—were handed to him on the same night. He was extremely fatigued, and had not intended seeing the Holy Father so soon. But, with that exquisite courtesy and kindness of heart which so strikingly distinguished him,

he had at once communicated with the Vatican, and an audience had been arranged for the following morning. When I arrived at the English College early the next day, I saw his carriage in the courtyard, and soon afterward his Eminence hurriedly appeared, pale and tired-looking, but kindly and simple as ever. He invited me to drive with him to the Vatican. The Cardinal's heart was weak, and at the Vatican he made use of a lift recently constructed. There stepped into it also a gentleman, in Windsor uniform, and a lady. I found them to be the late Lord Brampton (then just received into the Church) and his wife. He, too, had been communicated with, and, with his wife, was to see the Pope.

We traversed the many stately and well-known apartments of the Papal palace, the soldiers saluting the Cardinal as we passed. In a room adjoining the Pope's cabinet we were told to wait, while the Cardinal went in to pay his respects. It proved to be a somewhat lengthy interview; and Lord Brampton, in the most simple and unreserved manner, spoke to me of his recent conversion and of his present joy and happiness. I was naturally anxious to know by what processes the great lawyer and judge had reached his conclusions. I put to him a few cautious and tactful questions, to which he replied fully and readily; and what he told me was, briefly, this.

"I had long," he said, "been dissatisfied with myself and my religious position. I always felt that I would have to face the matter some day, but my arduous duties on the Bench caused me to shelve it year after year. In the end I thought that I would wait until my retirement, which was close at hand. I had, however, here and there, read a good deal on both sides of the controversy.

"When I was free at last, I went to see Cardinal Vaughan, whom I had often met at certain gatherings, and for whom I entertained profound respect. I talked matters over with him, and, at the close

of my interview, I asked him to recommend to me some books which I might read with profit and which might help me. He thought for a little while and then said: 'Well, Lord Brampton, you remember what our Divine Lord said, "Unless you become as little children," etc.,—you know the rest. I can not, I think, do better than give you the Penny Catechism. It contains in essence all that we teach. Read it carefully and pray much.' I considered that answer a very good one," concluded Lord Brampton; "and I took the little volume home and studied it with care. I thought it an excellent and logical exposition of dogmatic teaching, admirably summarizing and explaining all that the Scriptures contain. Prayer and the grace of God accomplished the rest. And for that which was accomplished I thank God every day of my life."

A moment later the Cardinal beckoned to us, and we went in to see the Pope. When Lord and Lady Brampton left the cabinet, they left it with streaming eyes.

I have been wondering how the superintendent of one of the Protestant State churches would have dealt with a man of similar standing and under similar conditions. It was clearly by the true Catholic path—the path of simplicity and humility—that this illustrious English Judge entered the Church of Jesus Christ.

There is another interesting story told me by Lord Brampton, which I may, I think, tell my readers. It may be remembered that he was over eighty years of age when he retired from the Bench and joined the Church. He saw very clearly what would happen if he did not announce these events in their proper order. His retirement, therefore, was made known first of all. The newspapers, especially *The Times*, eulogized him, spoke of his brilliant achievements, and his great intellectual powers, preserved clear and intact right into extreme old age. When all this had been emphatically stated, there came the

second announcement of his conversion to Rome. It caused great astonishment, and a number of causes were assigned. "But they could not very well," slyly remarked Lord Brampton, "attribute it to failing intellectual power and senility."

During my stay in Rome I found myself, on Good Friday morning, at the foot of the Santa Scala—the staircase down which the Redeemer is believed to have come on the way to His death. Numerous pilgrims were devoutly ascending it on their knees,—some of them very old and infirm. My Good Angel urged me to imitate their example and to perform this act of humiliation. Another voice was urging the contrary, reminding me that there could not possibly be any certainty that it was the genuine staircase. Besides this, what good could there be in so silly and humiliating an act? What would my scientific friends say to it?

A young priest standing near, whom I had never seen before in my life, seemed, by some sort of intuition, to discern the conflict going on within me. He came over to me and said very quietly: "You better go up. It will do you good on a day like this. It will humble your pride. And what matters it whether the staircase be the genuine one or not? God sees your heart and your intentions, and the merit of the act remains the same."

I do not know to this day what made that young priest so suddenly clairvoyant. But I ascended that staircase on my knees. I came down it a humbler and, I think, a better man; and ever since I have been sincerely glad for performing that act of devotion.

HE who is born with a rugged and difficult nature, and by dint of courage succeeds in softening it, is often, in after-life, capable of great and laborious undertakings for God's service; for this very rigidity, or natural inflexibility, being employed in a good cause, is not subject to weakness or discouragement.

—*St. Ignatius de Loyola.*

Her Husband's Mistake.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

SURGEON-MAJOR MAURICE O'CONNOR was intensely proud of his pretty and aristocratic-looking young wife. Well he might be, too; for in the whole of his regiment there was none, whether officer or man, who could lay claim to the possession of half so sweet and attractive a bride as his own charming little Madge. Why, her mere profile, with its clear, exquisitely-cut features, her heavy-lidded, dark-blue eyes, her finely-shaped head, with its cloud of fair silken tresses, were each things in themselves to dream about.

And he liked his pretty English wife none the less because of that shy, reserved little air of hers, which some of his Irish friends were inclined to set down as coldness and mere "side"; but which, as he who knew her best realized fully, meant only a certain timidity and sensitiveness, behind which lay all the time the warmest of hearts.

Her shyness was perhaps only natural and to be expected, for the whole of her young life hitherto had been spent in loneliness and solitude. The only child of an army doctor like himself, both her parents had been lost to her while yet in her infancy. Her father, in the same year that she was born, had died on active service in an outbreak on the Indian frontier; and her mother did not long survive the shock of his death. And from that time the little orphan Margaret was taken charge of by her Aunt Emily, her mother's only sister, who lived in a great old manor-house in the English midlands, and who henceforth entirely devoted her life to the loving, and at the same time very strict and watchful, care of the little one entrusted to her charge.

Save for those few years which her aunt thought it fit that the young girl should spend at a finishing school abroad, Madge Vaughan had hardly ever been

a day or an hour away from her aunt's side. Even when she grew up; though trained and accomplished in every way, and supplied with frocks and frills of the latest and most expensive fashion—for Aunt Emily could afford to be generous,—the old woman still felt it her duty to keep tight watch and rein on all her pretty niece's comings and goings.

Poor Madge never went to a theatre and seldom to a concert; even a dance was a thing to be tabooed save in very special cases. And it was at one of the very few—a Christmas party for young folks given by Aunt Emily's dearest friend, Mrs. Stokes of the Priory, a colonel's widow (and to which, as a consequence, the officers from the neighboring garrison town had been invited),—that Madge first met and made the acquaintance of the young army surgeon who was to be her future husband.

It was a case of love at first sight; if not on both sides, at least certainly on the side of the man, who, with true Irish impetuosity, set himself at once to the winning of Madge for his bride. Perhaps the fact that there were so many impediments in the way but added fuel to the flame; for the very seclusion in which the girl was kept seemed but an added incentive to the winning of her.

Then, Surgeon-Major Maurice O'Connor, though a distinguished and honored, and perhaps the most entirely popular member of his regiment, was of no particular family, and had little else save his pay; whereas the object of his affections came of aristocratic lineage, and, as the niece and presumptive heiress of old Miss Duncan, of Parkland's Manor, would be more than fairly well off in this world's goods in the days to come.

Madge had been irresistibly attracted to the handsome young Irishman from the first moment they had met; and, with so ardent a wooer as he soon proved himself to be, it was almost inevitable that she should return his affection. Still, it looked for a time as if the course of

their true-love was to run with proverbial lack of smoothness; for Madge's aunt desired a more distinguished husband for her charge, and was anything but satisfied with Maurice O'Connor's family credentials, to say nothing of his lack of fortune.

The two young lovers, however, had a very strong champion in Aunt Emily's friend, Sophia Stokes, who "dearly loved a soldier," and never grew tired of urging Maurice's cause. It is doubtful, nevertheless, if even all her arts and persuasions would have had the desired effect had not poor Aunt Emily about this time received the first warnings of the deadly inward ailment which was to bring her life to a close only a few months later. And since Madge must henceforth be entirely alone in the world, and since she really loved this young man, against whom, after all, there was no moral or personal objection, the dying woman at last gave a half-reluctant consent to their marriage taking place almost at once.

After Aunt Emily's death, since Madge was now a soldier's wife and must follow her husband's fortunes, the old manor-house was let to a stranger, and the young bride moved near to the garrison town in which Maurice's regiment was stationed, in order to be with her husband.

The first year of her married life was ideally happy; for Maurice proved himself the most loving and devoted of husbands. Madge was very proud and fond of him; for was he not the most popular and jovial as well as the most handsome and debonair man of his company? And, with his tall, well-set-up figure, his fine, good-natured face, and dark curly head in contrast to the fairness of her own, everyone said they were an ideally matched pair.

But as that initial year of happiness and love drew at length to a close, Madge and her Maurice met with their first real trouble. Their little son, the child to whose advent they had looked forward with such wistful, tender longing, came to them at last, prematurely born and

already dead before ever he had seen the light.

To Maurice it was a great grief and sorrow; while the shock and disappointment to Madge were even greater still, and threatened for a while to work havoc on her general health and constitution. It was a long time indeed before she even began to regain her strength, and Maurice as well as the doctors in charge of her often had occasion to look anxious. But at last she began to rally; and just about the time when the chill fogs and mists of winter were beginning to give way to bright spring sunshine, Maurice's regiment was suddenly ordered to Ireland.

Whether or not it was partly due to the brighter weather, Madge's health and spirits speedily improved at the prospect of the change; for she had often expressed a wish to see her husband's native country. Yet Maurice himself showed, to her mind, a strange lack of interest and pleasure at the thought of a visit to his own land. He had never spoken much of his relations there; and Madge knew only that his father had died while Maurice was still a boy, and that he had only one or two relatives left, including his mother.

He wrote, however, to the latter with dutiful frequency, and, as Madge had reason to think, sent her occasionally remittances of money as well. Once also; in the first months after her marriage, he had crossed over to Ireland for a couple of days; but when she had expressed a wish to accompany him, he had urged in excuse for his not wishing her to do so that she would find the journey long and tiresome, and that for the few days he would be away it would not be worth her while to go with him.

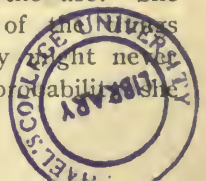
At last she would have a chance of meeting Maurice's relatives and country folk. She had a very warm feeling in her heart toward all Irish people, who seemed to her so universally friendly and warm-hearted and kind; and now, with Maurice's relatives so near her, she need no longer

have that feeling of isolation and loneliness which she so often felt, despite all her husband's care and love for her. To be sure, as she had to acknowledge, the wives of his fellow-officers were all most amiable and attentive, especially since her health had given cause for anxiety; and perhaps, though most of them were a bit frivolous and worldly and shallow-hearted, it was only Madge's own queer, shy, distant little ways that had kept her from making really close friends with any one of them.

Now, however, everything would be so different; it would be the easiest thing in the world to know and love Maurice's dear people, whom she already loved in her heart. But in this again she was disappointed; for although they had come to Dublin, and were likely to remain there for a considerable time, she seemed still as far away as ever from Maurice's people or any chance of meeting them.

He did not allow her much cause for complaint as to loneliness, however; for he took the most evident pride and delight in introducing her to his Irish friends and taking her into society. The Dublin people she found the most social and friendly in the world, and yet—perhaps again it was because of those reserved English ways of hers—she felt herself still without a really close or intimate friend. Her natural shyness and nervousness seemed only to have increased; and, with the near prospect of becoming a mother again, she was filled with a hundred mingled hopes and fears and anxieties, which for the present, at all events, gave her a rooted dislike to seeing much of society.

She shrank more and more within herself, grew listless and pale and heavy-eyed, not caring even for the preparation of those deliciously soft and tiny garments whose making had kept her so restful and content during her last period of waiting. For what, after all, was the use? She already had made most of the things she needed; and perhaps they might never be wanted, since in all probability she



would only have another disappointment as before. She had made a bad beginning, alas! and it was only too true that these things generally repeat themselves, as a careless nurse had one day let drop in her hearing. What a failure she was likely to be! What a disappointment to dear Maurice and herself!

Her health and spirits were at this low ebb when one day Maurice came home to her with a very serious face. All through dinner he hardly spoke at all, or else did so with a certain air of would-be, half-abstracted cheeriness that was obviously forced. Truth to tell, in her present critical condition he did not know how to set about telling her his news; but at last he broke it to her very gently. It was that a portion of his regiment was being sent to West Africa on an expedition against some dusky potentate, who had sinned against international laws, and that he had been commissioned to accompany it as medical attendant.

Madge's pale face grew whiter than before when at last he had told her.

"But surely, Maurice, you will not think of going till I am better, dear?" she asked in dismay.

Shadows of care and worry chased themselves across his ordinarily cheery face.

"What can I do, my dearest?" he urged. "It would never do to ask to be excused: it might be set down to cowardice or softness, or some other equally objectionable cause. A soldier is a soldier, Madge, and must be ready to do his duty at all times and at a moment's call. After all, I won't be so long away,—a few months, perhaps. And meanwhile I should ask the colonel's wife and some of the other women-folk to look after you. You know, my darling, you stay indoors a great deal more than is good for you, and keep far too much to yourself. And you must promise me, if I do go—which seems at this moment inevitable,—you will promise, darling, not to be lonely."

"But I *shall* be lonely! How can I help it?" cried poor Madge, breaking

suddenly into tears. "If only I could go with you! Do take me, Maurice!"

"Impossible! My dear child, can't you see for yourself that such a course would be utterly out of the question, even if you were in your ordinary health? Cheer up, my darling, and we won't feel the next few months passing over till I am safe back to you again. After all, you have plenty of women friends, and you have two good servants, who are heart and soul devoted to you; and if you're nervous of staying here by and by, perhaps you might take Jane with you and go into a nursing home until all the trouble is over."

But Madge was still disconsolate: she could not see light anywhere.

"If only dear Aunt Emily were near me, or if I had a mother or sister or any one of my own; or if your mother were only at hand—"

"My darling, do be sensible and don't distress yourself like this at such a time! I wish to God I had not to leave you!"

Maurice finished with a worried, half-distracted air. But he said nothing of his mother; and a certain look of perplexity and displeasure which passed over his face, as sometimes before, at mention of her name, warned Madge that it was not wise to urge that point any further.

So the sorrowful day of his departure came and went, and Madge was left alone and disconsolate. The first night after his departure she cried herself to sleep, and then only after many wakeful hours of trouble and foreboding.

(Conclusion next week.)

Iris.

BY MARION MUIR.

PLACED in the mourner's silent room,
 Free of its sheath, a plume of snow,
 The Iris shook her lovely bloom,—
 God's message, letting mortals know
 That life is growth, and beauty springs
 Above the clasp of carnal things.

Robert Browning.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THIS year will be chronicled in English literary annals as the "Browning Year." The centenary of the author of "The Ring and the Book" and "Pippa Passes" has evoked a chorus of praises of the poet. His poems, however, like those of Burns, had not to wait for the sterile tribute of posthumous renown. Though he was not "the poet of all classes," like Moore; though the circle of his admirers was a narrow and exclusive one, he had attained the distinction of having, during his lifetime, societies formed for the special purpose of studying him. His style was not one that appealed to the multitude, who love the musical, rhythmical cadence of sonorous verse and "easy things to understand." His metre and the language in which he strove to express himself were too often rather involved, and the man in the street found it difficult to understand him. His verse did not linger in the ear of the reader like a strain of sweet music. This acquired for him the reputation of being deep and philosophical; though, when one looks closely and critically into his writings, there is not any extraordinary depth or philosophy in them.

Self-centred and self-conscious, he had a high conception of the poet's function, feeling that he was called thereto,—as it were a vocation to deliver to mankind a message in words of wisdom. In one of his numerous letters to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess who became his wife,* he writes: "The poem you propose to make, for the times; the fearless, fresh, living work you describe, is the *only* poem to be undertaken by you, or any one that *is* a poet at all,—the only

reality, only effective piece of service to be rendered to God and man. It is what I have been all my life intending to do."

Though he met with appreciation and tasted the *joie de vivre*, he had his taste also of the *aliquid amari* which invariably embitters life's cup. Alluding to the unexpected receipt of £14 from a New York bookseller, who published his poems at his own risk—representing ten per cent profit on the sales,—he says sarcastically: "You see, one's poetry has a real 'commercial value' if you do but take it far enough from the 'civilization of Europe.' When you get near the backwoods and the red Indians, it turns out to be nearly as good for some of us as cabbages, after all!" There is a note of Bohemianism in this: "So for my own future way in the world I have always refused to care. Any one who can live for a couple of years or more on bread and potatoes, as I did once on a time, and who prefers a blouse and a blue shirt (such as I write in now) to all manner of dress and gentlemanly appointment,—such a one need not very much concern himself beyond considering the lilies how they grow." More than one of the reviews and newspapers that laughed his "Parcelsus" to scorn, in the same column published laudatory notices of an elementary French book on a new plan, which he "did" for his old French master, but which did not bear the poet's name on the title-page.

Undiscouraged by captious critics or the undiscerning approval of admirers who admired at the wrong places—a thing, he says, "enough to make an apostle swear,"—he wrote on until he wrote himself into fame. In a letter written in 1846 he says: "I want to be a poet,—to read books which make wise in their various ways, to see just as much of nature and the ways of men as seems necessary; and, having done this already in some degree, I can easily and cheerfully afford to go without any or all of it for the future, if called upon; and so live on

* In one of his letters to her before his marriage he says: "Our names will go together, be read together. In itself, this is nothing to you, dear poet; but the unexpectedness, unintended significance of it has pleased me very much."

and use up my past acquisitions, such as they are; fully, as I always have done; my whole pride—if that is the proper name—in being able to work with the least possible materials.”

Of a religious bent of mind, he had faith enough to resist the current of unbelief which drew so many minds into its moral maelstrom. As an English writer puts it, “he refused to be an atheist.” But, nurtured in Nonconformity—that low-toned phase of Protestantism which the Anglican Church, growing ashamed of its threadbare doctrines, is throwing off like an old garment,—he was not superior to his environment. Anti-Catholic prejudices disfigure and distort some of his work: the slimy trail of the serpent is over not a few of his poetic flowers.

It is impossible to estimate how much the intellectual world has lost by the warp which Protestantism has given to the human mind and by the decadence of faith. Had poets like Browning and Tennyson possessed the Christian faith in its plenitude, had they drunk deep at the fount of truth in the one Church which has preserved it throughout the ages untainted, without error, they might have left us masterpieces that would rank in literature with the *Divina Commedia*. Browning, like others, had occasional glimpses of something more soul-satisfying than the thinly-veiled Rationalism which lurks beneath Protestantism; but did not, as Newman did, follow whither the “Kindly light” would have led him. In “Cristina” he says:

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows! but
not quite so sunk that moments—
Sure, though seldom—are denied us, when the
spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones, and apprise
it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way, to its
triumph or undoing.

There are flashes struck from midnights, there
are fire flames noondays kindle,
Where piled-up honors perish, whereby swollen
ambitions dwindle;
While this or that poor in pulse, which for once
had flag unstified,

Seems the sole work of a lifetime that away the
rest have trifled.

... Never fear but there's provision
Of the devil's to quench knowledge, lest we walk
the earth enraptured,
Making those who catch God's secret, just so
much more prize their capture!

It is our loss and his that Browning did
not catch the secret of the creeds.

In his somewhat mystical poem, “Gold Hair, a Story of Pornic,” there is a grave underlying moral. The “beautiful girl who lived at Pornic down by the sea” is a type of a soul that would fain serve two masters—God and Mammon; who would unite the love of what is of the earth, earthy, with the heavenly:

Too white (for the flower of life is red),
Her flesh was the soft seraphic screen
Of a soul that is meant, her parents said,
To just see earth, and hardly be seen,
And blossom in heaven instead.

Her last request was that “the yellow wealth” of “her great gold hair,” which she cherished, might be buried with her. This bespoke that she was, like the rest of the world, frail and mortal; that “she knew her gold hair's worth.” In after years, when the pavement of the church needed repair, they dug down to her coffin and found “the girl's skull wedged amid heaps of yellow golden coins”:

... Too true it was
Gold! She hoarded and hugged it first;
Longed for it, leaned o'er it, loved it, alas!
Till the humor grew to a head, and burst,
And she cried at the final pass:

“Talk not of God, my heart is stone!
Nor lover nor friend—be gold for both!
Gold I lack; and, my all, my own,
It shall hide in my hair. I scarce die loath
If they let my hair alone.”

Said the priest:

“Why I deliver this horrible verse?
As the text of a sermon which now I preach.
Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart; but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.”

In “Pictor Ignotus,” he makes an Italian artist of the Cinquecento soliloquize on the vanity of human wishes. Dreaming of fame enjoyed to the full

during one's life, his pictures "making new hearts beat and bosoms swell," or "prized by some great State" or "glad aspiring burgh"; so that he foresees his paintings linked "with love about and praise till life shall end," until a warning voice forever dispels his dream, and he chooses as his portion to be one of those great unknown,—those artists who, "when art was still religion," painted for eternity:

... If at whiles

My heart sinks, as, monotonous, I paint
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe and saint;
With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,—
At least no merchant traffics in my heart:
The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand
apart:

Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine,
While, blackening the daily candle-smoke,
They moulder in the damp wall's travertine,
'Mid echoes the light footstep never yoke.
So die my pictures! Surely, gently die!
O youth men praise so—holds their praise its
worth?
Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
Tastes sweet the water with such specks of
earth?

Another variation on the same theme is "Abt Vogler." A musical enthusiast has been straining all the resources of his art to get the ultimate expression of his innermost thought out of an instrument of his invention; but what is visioned to his inner sight always vanishes, and, with a heart unsatisfied, he exclaims or soliloquizes:

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the
ineffable Name?
Builder and Maker, Thou, of the houses not
made with hands!
What have fear of change from Thee who art
ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that
Thy power expands?

Browning and his wife went three times to Fano to see Guercino's picture of the Guardian Angels and "drink his beauty to their souls' content." This put into his mind the thought that if the angel would only, after it had fulfilled its special ministry, take him under the shelter of

its wings, "pressing with its healing hands the brain which too much thought expands" soothingly—

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After, thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty;
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

This was Browning's simple creed in a couplet or two—the love of the beautiful in nature and art. His religious thought seldom penetrated further than this superficial æstheticism; but when it soared higher, it fell back baffled and unsatisfied, because it was not upborne upon the wings of supernatural faith.

A visit to the old morgue at Paris, previous to its demolition, and a glance at the corpses on their slabs through the glass screen, prompts this reflection:

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched:
That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched.
That which began best, can't end worst;
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

There is sound philosophy in the following lines in "The Grammarian's Funeral," which hinges upon the epoch immediately succeeding the revival of learning in Europe:

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses a unit.
That has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him;
This throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,
Seeking, shall find Him.

Incomparably Browning's finest poem is "Saul," in which the incident narrated in I. Samuel, xvi, is grandly imagined and described. It is in a lofty strain, pitched in a high key; Biblical elevation of thought

and style being well sustained throughout. After returning from the deposed King's tent, David tells how he had exorcised by his playing on the harp the evil spirit that God had sent to trouble Saul; how he had said to the obsessed monarch who had transgressed the commandment of the Lord, after the evil spirit had departed: Thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring

From the mere mortal life held in common with man and the brute;

In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit,

The submission of man's nothing to God's all-complete in "obeisance of spirit."

Then David adds musingly:

I believe it! 'Tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive.

In the first is the last, in Thy will is the power to believe

All's one gift; Thou canst grant it, moreover, as prompt to my prayer

As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air.

It may be, as Sir Henry Jones avers, that Browning's steadily optimistic conception of the world infused new vigor into English ethical thought: but the *Athenæum* claims altogether too much for him when it says that he was not only a religious poet, but the greatest poetic apologist of Christianity that the age has known.

THE government by the people is in very truth the strongest government in the world. Discarding the implements of terror, it dares to rule by moral force and has its citadel in the heart. . . . There may be those who scoff at the suggestion that the decision of the whole is to be preferred to the judgment of the enlightened few. They say in their hearts that the masses are ignorant; that farmers know nothing of legislation; that mechanics should not quit their workshops to join in forming public opinion. But true political science maintains not, as has been perversely asserted, that "the people can make right," but that the people can discern right.—*George Bancroft.*

A Moment of Aberration.

BY BEN HURST.

JOHN TRACEY was hard-working and kind-hearted. These qualities often go together, but do not exclude a fair share of self-conceit. He was overseer in a great timber-yard, and had, besides, interests in various commercial undertakings, which brought him into contact with all kinds and classes of men. His word carried weight, and he was altogether to be reckoned as one of the leading citizens of North Forks. If John had been oblivious of his own virtues, his wife, Mary, would not have allowed him to remain so. She considered him the most capable and upright man in their town, and was constantly reminding him of it. She herself was thrifty and intelligent, making the most of John's salary, and educating their children on approved lines.

Mrs. Tracey was scathing in her denunciation of women who meddled in politics. She had the right to vote, but never meant to exercise it. Her husband thought, on the whole, that she was right; but felt less strongly on the subject than she did herself. He had much enjoyed, at the time when the women of their State were agitating for the suffrage, the fierce discussions between Mary and her best friend, Alice Cregan, a spinster of opposite views and greater eloquence. He even affected to agree with Alice, at times, out of regard for Mary, whose opinion, he would say, was always worth having; and she would then assure Alice, defiantly, that if wives voted, it would be at the bidding of their husbands.

"Individuality? Liberty of opinion?" Mary would say scornfully. "I belong to John Tracey, and I am proud of it."

The harmony of the Tracey couple was so perfect that the shadow of a secret did not come between them, until the tenth year of their married life, when John came home one evening, preoccupied and

strangely taciturn. Mary did not try to force his confidence, but waited patiently until he found it necessary to unburden his mind to her. Several days passed, however, before he told her—what she knew—that he had serious projects in mind.

"Great tracts of land are about being purchased down here," he explained. "There will be tremendous clearance work in the wooded parts, and I am to be the organizer of the shifting side of the business. It means trading North and South, floating whole trees on the river, or sending blocks by trucks. A big thing, that ought to double our present income."

Mary could only gasp at the suddenness of their good fortune. The children's future was assured, and John's old age would be restful. These were the first thoughts that flashed through her brain.

"Is it settled?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course not. I'm cautious, and so is the Syndicate. There's a man who can help me, and he wants to do it. Besides, he knows he can make a mine of this place, and I am about the safest person he could deal with to get a footing in North Forks. He has ambition; and, moreover, he has money, and means to spend it. If we get a branch railway from the junction, there is no knowing where this town will stop. He is working for it already."

"How did he hear about you? Did he take a fancy to you at once?"

John laughed.

"That's not the way men do things. It's give and take. He'll get me the post under the Syndicate, and I'll put him into Congress."

"My word!" exclaimed Mary. "You're great!"

She sat back in her chair and admired him. John was complacent.

"I have to be pretty sharp," he said, "not to miss anything that's going, while I have five children to provide for. I can hold my own in a modest way, though I am no genius, like Robert Chalmers."

"Chalmers? Not Maggie Chalmers' husband?"

"The very man! Yes, it's a pity they couldn't pull. Here is an account of some of his doings: 'College triumphs, business capability, master of finance, power of combination, restorer of the wooden-chair industry, genius for agricultural exploitation,'—all that is accurate. The man surprises me by his grasp of things. He'll make North Forks hum."

Mrs. Tracey listened attentively. John was always right, but there was an uncomfortable feeling in her heart.

"It's enterprise the place wants," John continued, "and an inventive head like Chalmers'. He's clever,—I always said he was clever."

"John, it will be terribly hard on Maggie to have him come back here in any capacity, after the way he left her; and to stand for Congress makes it worse. Why couldn't he fix on some other place?"

"Worse luck for us if he did. He wouldn't be put off a profitable venture for private considerations. No business man would."

"Ah, he didn't behave well! You know he did not."

"That's another question. He didn't take her money, and she kept the two children. She's well provided for. After all, we have no right to criticise other people. They did not get on together, and so he went away. 'Tis done every day in the year, and such things are no concern of ours. Let every man sweep before his own door. We can't bring Maggie's case into politics."

"I suppose not," said Mary, thoughtfully. All her elation was extinct. "Would the Chalmers make it up, do you think?" was her next question.

"It's simply impossible!"

"Why? Maggie is as good as gold. She'd forgive, I know, though she never mentions him. They are not the first pair to quarrel and make up."

John rose and betrayed irritation by kicking his chair backward.

"Don't let us make fools of ourselves by interfering in any way," he said. "Chalmers would not stand it, and it would spoil my chances. You can't impose your own views on everybody you have dealings with. When you buy a pound of tea at the grocer's, you don't ask if he has paid his children's school-bill; nor when you call at the butcher's, are you concerned whether he has taken his mother for her outing—eh?"

"That's very true," assented Mary. "But—I'm sorry for Maggie."

She was glad that John's plans and hopes were unknown to anybody but their own selves. She would have no difficulty in keeping the secret, she assured him; but she had an unpleasant sensation when she thought of him in connection with Chalmers. And she went about her usual household duties with a strangely heavy heart. It was a relief to have the diversion of a visit from Alice Cregan the very next day. But her heart made a great jump at Alice's first words.

"I know you dislike public matters," she began, "but I can't run John to earth, so you must convey a message to him. We, the meddling women" (and she smiled), "want to have a talk with him, to tell him of a danger menacing this city. He's always so engrossed in his business that he can become blind to what's going on around him. What will he say when he hears that Chalmers has the impudence to dream of representing North Forks at Washington, and that he'll begin canvassing in a couple of days if we don't stop him?"

"He'll never be elected," murmured Mary.

"But he shouldn't even try. The population of this district is mostly Catholic, and we won't be represented by a man of loose morals, however talented he may be. It's a disgrace to pick out legislators who serve themselves as a warning against bad principles. They say he'll build railroads and open up new trade, and I don't know what else; but think of the

evil example his life gives to the youth of the place! Don't you admit I am right this time, Mary? Will you promise to tell John we expect active help from him, and that he must come forward for the honor of the city and find another Republican candidate? Otherwise the Democrats may get in. Warn him, Mary!"

"You know I have nothing to say on these things, Alice; but I'll give John your message. He'll do what he thinks fit. He'd never let the town go to the Democrats if he could help it; so it is hard on him to oppose Chalmers. I wish the man would do his duty by his wife and make up for the past. That would settle everything. My heart bleeds for Maggie."

"Well, Mary Tracey, it is comfortable to live out of the world as you do. Don't you know Chalmers is driving about here with another Mrs. Chalmers?"

"What? No, I did not know that."

"Downright impudence, I call it. Fancy John's ignoring all this! You are so wrapt in your own virtue that you don't heed what is passing outside your door. It's lucky there are a few free women about North Forks to give the alarm in case of fire. Well, I'm off, and don't you forget to warn John."

It was a moody and downcast wife that John Tracey found awaiting him that evening. Mary lingered upstairs putting the children to bed, and came reluctantly to her usual half hour's chat with her husband, as he sat restfully smoking after the day's toil.

"Why are you so serious?" he asked.

"I'm thinking of Maggie Chalmers."

"Maggie Cartwright, you mean."

"Oh, I suppose I'd be Mary Dillon again to-morrow if you went to one of the 'divorce States,' and went through a form of marriage with another woman!"

John took his pipe out of his mouth and stared. This was novel indeed. Taunt and opposition from Mary! He could not at once find words.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," he answered at last, in the tone of

rebuke he employed to the children when they were disobedient. "I suppose Maggie has been here, complaining and abusing her husband?"

"Whose husband? You said a minute ago she was nothing to him."

"That's another question. Who is to blame if she couldn't keep him?"

"She's not to blame," said Mary, indignantly. "The law of the land is to blame that let him run away from her, and never punished him."

"Aha! That sounds like Alice Cregan. Confess she's been here."

"Why should I deny it? Alice is a right-minded woman, as you often told me. But you are mistaken if you think I have no mind of my own. I was unhappy ever since you told me about Robert Chalmers coming here. But I didn't know he was brazen enough to bring the other woman with him."

"She's his legal wife," said John, curtly.

"And what is Maggie, then?" Mary's tears began to flow.

"Now, look here, Mary! Don't distress yourself about other people's worries. You can't change the world and make everybody follow the Pope of Rome. Different creeds and different codes must be tolerated. I'm sorry for Maggie as well as you; but the Chalmers' private affairs have nothing to do with public business and great public interests."

"What's private and what's public?" asked Mary. "'Tis public enough that Chalmers deserted his wife and children, and now that he wants to stand for Congress in this very city. But we won't let him,—we women I mean."

"Don't be foolish. As if you could do anything!"

It was then that the momentous word fell.

"I have a vote," said Mary.

John Tracey was horrified, outraged as if she had struck him. He rose slowly to his feet; for he wanted every advantage he could seize to assert his supremacy. But his voice betrayed no anger.

"Is it you, Mary Tracey," he asked sorrowfully, "who defy me in my own house, likening yourself to the worst of the mad women that are rising up against their own flesh and blood everywhere, trying to meddle in the affairs of the nation? Is that what it has come to between us?"

"I don't want to meddle in anything!" sobbed Mary. "What do I know or care about the affairs of the nation? But I'll stand to Maggie."

"So you won't be guided by your husband any more? You think you know best which way to vote in a political crisis? John Tracey is a fool, eh?"

"I never went against you before, and may God forgive me if I am doing wrong! But, after all, John Tracey won't be with me at the Judgment Seat, and I'll have to answer for myself. Each of us is responsible for his own soul, and I tell you my conscience won't let me rest about the Chalmers."

"This is the curse of the age," said John, gravely. "Women have left their proper sphere and don't know where to stop. Common-sense they never had, and they look at everything sideways. I ask you again, woman, in the name of reason, what has Chalmers' matrimonial squabbles to do with the building of the railroad that will bring prosperity to this place? And won't Maggie profit as well as the rest of us? I, for one, would make it a point to get her boys the best of what's going. Chalmers himself is good-natured, and he will be the friend of every man here if he goes to Washington."

"A man without a clean record shouldn't represent our district. We want morals more than talents in Congress."

"That's Alice Cregan! I can hear her! These raging spinsters that go about disturbing happy homes ought to be locked up. She couldn't rest until she made mischief between us,—all because she has not a home of her own."

"How can you say that, John? Between her crippled mother and her two young

brothers, she has, at all events, the cares of a home. I don't forget how she helped to nurse our Lilly through the measles; and if she is full of all that goes on in the world, isn't it for the sake of the two boys she wants to save from turning bad like their older brother, poor Dick? You know you said often that she supplied the place of their father, directing and teaching them. I've quarrelled many a time with Alice; but this time I know she's right, and that we ought to have nothing to do with Robert Chalmers."

John had been gradually growing irritated. He tried vainly to assert his authority by unqualified denunciation of the "mischief-maker."

"I'll forbid her the house!" he thundered. "She has no right to fill your head with ideas opposed to mine, and stir you up against me."

Mary looked at him steadily, and the more he stormed the more self-collected she grew. Once before, the mantle of perfection had fallen from John. He, the sober, industrious, model *paterfamilias*, had been led away by convivial companions, and returned home the worse for liquor. He had been very disgusted at the lapse, which Mary condoned, thinking none the less of him, and her love and caution succeeded in keeping the secret confined to their two selves. She remembered it now, and compared it to his present aberration. The mood would pass, and John could never be for long anything but her own true John. The saints themselves make mistakes, and God is with us all, thought Mary.

Next morning each went about the usual work, and there was not the faintest allusion to politics. John accompanied the children to school, as he often did when not hurried to business. He waited with little Mary at a corner while Tom raced to the church to "light a candle for mother's intention," and warned the boy to call for his sister on their way home. All this was part of their daily domestic life, and had nothing to do with

what went on at his office, he reminded himself. Why would people be fools and mix up the two? It was every father's duty to try to make good provision for his children. Helping Chalmers into Congress meant enlarged competence for the Tracey family, and Mary had not once alluded to that side of the question. What harm could it do to anybody if it were Chalmers rather than some other man, less clever and mayhap less honest, that represented North Forks?

The answer was given unexpectedly by the appearance of Maggie Chalmers, between two small boys, whose hands she held, hurrying toward the school.

"Wait for me one moment, Mr. Tracey!" she begged.

And he turned to walk slowly after her till she was free to join him. She was the last person he wanted to see, but he could not avoid her, now that she accosted him so boldly. He was glad of his non-committal attitude in his private talks with Chalmers, who was still in doubt about the support or opposition of John Tracey. This caution, inspired by the wish to make a clever deal, made it easier for him to face Maggie with a comparatively free conscience. She came hurrying now toward him.

"O. Mr. Tracey, what is to become of me if the report is true of Robert settling down here?"

"But he has only been prospecting. Nothing has been settled as yet. In any case, it would not materially affect you."

"But I have taught the children to respect their father, and his picture hangs in the old place, and they think he is away somewhere. Now if they meet him driving about here, and hear people say, 'There go Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers!' think—think, Mr. Tracey, what it means to them!"

"Yes, yes, I understand. I had not thought of that. I wonder Janet Brig could be so brazen. I'll make it plain to them she must keep away from here. Believe me, I'm very sorry for you, Mrs. Chalmers."

Maggie Chalmers gave a short laugh, but her eyes were moist.

"It's astonishing," she said, "that I'm the person best informed of all concerning Robert Chalmers, — perhaps because I'm the most interested. It isn't Janet that Robert is married to, — not now at least. Janet wrote to me when he left her, months ago."

John stopped short, frowning heavily.

"Why, the fellow is but a loose-living scoundrel!" he cried.

"Aye, but his pockets are full of money, and he comes here to get more, and honors into the bargain. He's married again, though; and I daresay she never heard of me or of my children. So I can't blame *her*. But I do hope you'll be able to persuade him to give up all plans connected with this place, Mr. Tracey. Otherwise I'll have to go I don't know where."

"You shan't stir," said John, indignantly. "We'll show the fellow that he can't play fast and loose with honest folks. I did confer with him on the branch railway business, for he represents the Syndicate; but, as for his political pretensions, he got no encouragement from me."

"Of course he did not. He could not expect it from you, Mr. Tracey. But I wonder will he have any success in canvassing?"

"Not if I work against him," said John, confidently. "I don't believe he'll even try. Look here, Mrs. Chalmers, I'm very glad I met you. I might not have acted so quickly. A man has so much to attend to, the day isn't long enough for all he has to do. I'll send him a telegram this morning, telling him not to dream of mixing up politics with the railway question — if ever he had the notion." (Here John's conscience gave him a prick.) "He's wise enough to follow the hint. Good-bye!"

The message John sent was not exactly what he would have wished Maggie to see. It consisted of three words only: "All off, definitely." Life was full of problems,

and it was hard to see one's way. He wanted to do the best for his family, in every sense, and these dilemmas kept cropping up. He was vexed that his view of morality was revealed to himself as one of degree; for he had been revolted by Robert Chalmers' third matrimonial venture, as Mary had been with his second. She was right, after all. Women had that instinct. It was the need of preserving their self-respect, and their rightful position in society. Maggie's fatherless boys appealed to him as not one of Mary's arguments had done. There was no salvation but in fidelity to hard and fast principles. He would see that his children did not miss a single instruction of the mission, which he counted on to hammer the right notions into them. After all, the old Church was logical. If you tolerate two living wives, why not three or four?"

John was rather grumpy with his subordinates that morning, and they saw him turn his steps homeward with a feeling of relief. He was later than usual, and walked slowly, so absorbed in reflections on himself and things in general that he noticed nothing till he found the drawing-room full of people, who rose as he entered. Mary came forward, smiling in answer to his look of perplexity.

"Here's the model man!" she said mockingly. "Late for dinner, and keeping all his friends waiting! John, they've found the right candidate for this city, and they've come to tell you about it."

"Oh, all right!" said John. "I suppose he's the ladies' choice, judging by how many of them are interested." His eyes wandered round the room, and he added sarcastically: "I'm delighted to hear your suggestions — or your behests, rather. But — are you sure his hair curls?"

A shout of laughter greeted this sally.

"You're mistaken. He's not a bit of a ladies' man," said Alice Cregan; "and it is not for his looks he'll be chosen, either."

"And why not, pray?" demanded Mary.

Whereupon there was more merriment.

"Come, John Tracey, stand forward,"

said Tom Brooke, "and give us a touch of what you'll say about railroads when we send you to Congress!"

But John backed to the wall and stared before him with a white face. Somebody made a speech which did not pierce his inner brain; and he remained in a state of semi-coma till Mary's eyes, fixed on him with pride and tenderness, brought him back to realities.

"I'm incompetent and unworthy," he declared, in a voice of such sincerity that his hearers became more sympathetic than before.

"You're the best man among us,—the surest and the cleverest. Don't we all know John Tracey? What do we want with outsiders when we have a man of our own? No refusal! Into Congress you go!"

Then John saw that Maggie Chalmers was applauding might and main. And he felt ashamed of standing there under false pretences.

"I can't accept," he reiterated. "Mary, you know I can't."

"I know nothing of the sort," declared Mary, indignantly. "I wonder nobody thought of it before. Of course you are the man for North Forks."

"This is all your doing, Alice Cregan," said John, gradually gaining courage. "I always knew you were a dangerous woman. Tell me now what you expect from me, and I'll see if I can manage it."

A cry from the next room sent Mary flying, to return with a sleepy boy huddled in her arms. Nothing, thought Alice, could have been more opportune.

"That's what you stand for, John Tracey," she said, indicating the mother and child. "Homes come before ships, and the land is more in need of them. It's quite true that every creed should be respected, but all the same a Mormon can't represent North Forks. Let him go to Utah!" (Applause.) "All of us here assembled—Catholics and Episcopalians, or whatever we are—have some common principles that we would be great fools

to let go out of friendly consideration for other people's creeds. For I suppose polygamy can be a kind of creed, now-adays. We want clean-living men and men of common-sense to represent us; and, please God, none other shall ever come to the top in this district."

In the hum of comment that followed, John kept saying to himself:

"It's lucky for me if being a natural husband and father means being a distinguished citizen; for that's what it amounts to, all said and done."

When the Traceys were left alone John turned to his wife.

"God bless you!" he said. "Only *you* know how mean I feel this minute."

"Not a word more!" cried Mary. "I knew you'd be sound in spite of all you said, and I wasn't a bit surprised when Maggie told me of the telegram. I know you better than ever you knew yourself, John Tracey."

About Finger Rings.

THE wearing of rings upon the fingers is of very early origin, and was a common practice among the Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. Whether or not this custom had the same significance for every race is doubtful. It is related in the Bible that Pharaoh took a ring from his finger and placed it upon that of Joseph, as a sign of authority.

The wedding ring first came into vogue among the early Christians. Some say it was a symbol of the authority over his household with which the husband invested his wife; others, that it signified the husband's authority over his spouse. It was always made of gold, which the ancients regarded as a pure metal, symbol of love; and the ring was placed upon the third finger of the left hand, as it was supposed that from there an artery ran to the heart. More practical people think this finger was chosen because it was less used, and hence the ring was less liable

to injury than if placed upon the more active ones. The wedding ring of olden times was always a family ring, descended to the oldest son, and often used for the betrothal as well as the marriage ring. The French wedding ring was formed of two rings, separate yet joined, the one dependent from the other. This was symbolic of the marriage state.

The earliest marriage rings were made with the signet of the husband, and the origin of these signets is interesting. In very early times it was the custom to seal letters and communications of all kinds with wax; and the lord of the family had his especial seal, to which all his dependents were forced to pay absolute attention. These seals were first cut from stone; and later, as luxury entered into the life of man, from gems; and, to be sure of having it always at hand, the owner passed a string, or cord, through a tiny hole drilled in the signet, and tied it about his finger. But the cord was fragile and had to be constantly replaced; hence it grew to be the custom to attach the seal with gold or silver wire. From this it was but a short and natural step to fashion the wire more permanently; and thus we have the evolution of the signet ring, which afterward became the wedding ring.

It seems strange that the wearing of the ring—a symbol of freedom amongst the ancient peoples, since only a freeman born was permitted to wear it—should in later times have been considered as a sign of bondage. The Doge of Venice threw a ring into the Adriatic at the annual marriage of the State with the Sea; as a sign that the waves were under bond to favor the Republic; and modern brides regard the wedding ring, oftentimes, as a sign that they are bought and sold into the slavery of matrimony.

Many curious rings have been used by lovers through the ages. Sometimes they were made of simple bits of rushes, and the saying was, "'Tis a good world when simplicity is used, and a ring of rush ties

as much love together as a gimmon of gold." The "gimmon of gold" refers to the ancient jimmal rings, much in vogue in mediæval days. They were double, but hinged so that it was possible to separate them. The name is said by some to be derived from the hinges, as *jimmer*, in the north of England, means a hinge. By others it was thought to come from *gemelli* (twins). When a betrothed pair was to be separated for a time, it was the custom for each to wear one of the hinged rings, and keep it on until they met again.

Other curious betrothal rings formed words by means of gems, the first letter of which would spell something betokening affection. These were much in vogue in the days of our grandmothers—or great-grandmothers,—and many of us recall the quaint "regard rings," fashioned with a ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby or diamond.

Rings are used in the coronation ceremonies of royalty, symbolizing that the king is wedded to the State; and the investiture of a bishop also has the ring in the service. The bishop's ring, which Catholics are accustomed to kiss, signifies his spiritual authority over the faithful. Some Orders of nuns wear rings of gold or silver, to symbolize their mystic espousals to their Heavenly Bridegroom.

The ring of the Holy Father, which used to be presented to each succeeding Pontiff by the city of Rome, is destroyed at his death. The Papal ring is engraved with the picture of St. Peter in a boat, and bears the name of the reigning Pontiff for whom it was made. With this ring, often called the Ring of the Fisherman, all Papal briefs and documents are sealed.

WE should treat our minds—that is, ourselves—as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are; and be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the Times. Read the Eternities.

—Thorcau.

The Mission of Catholic Motherhood.

ONE of the most disastrous effects of modern conditions of life has been the disappearance of the home, properly so called, and the consequent deviation of the mother from her true place, which is the centre of the family and the pivot of her children's lives. The standard of civilization is everywhere judged by the home, and the nucleus of the home in every race and clime is indisputably the mother. The trend of Socialism is to separate the child from the mother and hand him over to the State; and reason must have reached a very low ebb with the women of to-day when they listen unmoved to theories that would, if realized, rob them of their highest prerogatives. But the vocation of motherhood was already on the decrease. Materialism now pushes it hard. A more alarming symptom than the declining birth-rate is the assumption of the name of mother by women who have merely brought a child into the world.

Can she be titled mother who does not devote even one-fourth of her day to the care and upbringing of her offspring? What are her claims to reverence and obedience whose life is filled with a thousand occupations in which her children have no part? Can irresponsible, frivolous butterflies of fashion, whose main ambition is to look as young as their grown-up daughters, command allegiance and affection? With the introduction of a hundred labor-saving machines, hands formerly busy in household work were made idle; and swifter, easier methods of locomotion draw apart the inmates of the home. But wherever the mother faithfully fulfils her responsibilities, there need be no disruption of the family circle. Unfortunately, very many women seem to have lost their footing, and are striving by new departures in all directions to fill up the gap in their lives occasioned by superfluous leisure.

It should be remembered that the greatest leaders and profoundest thinkers were formed in the quiet sanctity of the perfect home. When life was not frittered between travel and the theatre; when, instead of a host of acquaintances, one had a few friends, interests fostered and shared were more intense. There were time and capacity for enjoyment of the purer, deeper springs of thought, and home was indeed a haven of love and rest. To-day there is every inducement to abandon serious work or thought. The charm of the superficial attracts from every side; meaningless and corrupt vaporings, under the name of literature, confront us at every turn. This is the moment when mothers should reassert their dignity,—come forward and check the advance of materialism that is demoralizing their sons, and profit of every weapon within their reach to banish the demon of Anarchy who is scheming for their degradation. No mother worthy of the name can remain indifferent while a return to barbarism is threatened by the Socialistic doctrines preached with impunity on all sides.

With every barrier removed that guards the home, the position of woman and child reverts to what it was before Christianity elevated it in the holy Sacrament of Matrimony—the only safeguard of the family. With Socialism's appalling menace so close and so persistent, there is no excuse for any mother, but more particularly for the Catholic mother, to live in apathy or indifference. Hers is the greatest responsibility; for every means is within her reach to cope successfully with the enemy. Certainty of doctrine, glorious example, enlightened instruction on all subjects of public morality, belong to her by right as a member of the mightiest institution the world has ever seen, a divinely-inspired Church. What a sorry mental calibre must be that of the woman who directs her energies to anything but the formation of young souls, to carry on the sublime ideals taught by this won-

derful agency in every zone of the earth! Those who realize what Catholic motherhood means will rejoice in their power and opportunities, spurn all lesser goals of worldly ambition, and combine all their talents in one aim: the guidance of the children confided to them by God.

The spirit of charity permeates the Catholic mother's acts. Her motherhood extends beyond her immediate own, not only to the motherless lads in her neighborhood, but wherever the missionary flag attracts her attention. Her views are large, bounded by neither ocean nor continent; her goals are high; for she is part of a whole, a unit of one vast aggregation held together by supernatural ties. Whatever she imparts is authoritative: it has the sanction of a living, active direction; she can not easily go astray. Thus entrenched, her position is impregnable, her opinion carries weight; she is entitled to all honor and respect. As her children grow, her zeal for good increases: she enters into all phases of their lives; her own education is completed by the interchange of sentiments and experiences. Her spiritual development will be richer as her little ones are trained in devotion and loyalty to the grandest cause the world can boast. Their fighting instincts can be turned against the degraders of humanity; their sweetness and gentleness can be fostered to enhance virtue and spread comradeship.

Here is the mission for the Catholic mother, and it demands all the time and intelligence she can give it. She will soon learn that there is no greater joy than that found in the moulding of hearts and minds to fit the best that life can offer. Be it hers to point out the evil checked, the good achieved, in the constant struggle renewed each day between the world and the Church of Christ. Her motherhood can never become obsolete while she is the rallying centre for children and grandchildren,—the guardian of an eternal relationship which death is unable to overthrow. Her convictions can be so

effectively communicated that relaxation of morals or commercial dishonesty is an impossibility to those around her. It is the sure voice of the mother in the home that carries the day, and the virtue of her sons is the corollary of the truths she holds. Imperfect or distorted vision is spared to the child nurtured on Catholic doctrine. If mothers of the near past had done their duty, they would have escaped the humiliation of seeing spinsters foremost in the work of recuperating the moral standard. Infidelity has grown as mothers have deserted their posts, and the loathsome plague of divorce is an outcome of their apathy. Familiarity with legalized vice has so debased us that the maintenance of obligations, rarely transgressed half a century ago, is now commonly held to be inconsistent with the "natural law."

When mothers are superficial, society will be vile. She who leaves immortal life outside her combinations for her son's prosperity, is slack in love and undermines her own pedestal. With the acknowledgment of her incompetency to deal with anything affecting his future destiny, she deliberately abandons him to worldly influence and atheistic propaganda. Should the college to which she so often consigns him be non-religious (which means being virtually pagan), she has sacrificed his soul and betrayed her motherhood.

A Pagan Fashion.

The fashion of keeping little dogs as objects of luxury is not at all modern. Both Greek and Roman women used to have small pet dogs, over which they made as much fuss as does a fashionable lady of to-day over her poodle. Even men, usually foreigners, were not ashamed to stroll about the Roman streets carrying dogs in their arms. It is said that Julius Cæsar, once seeing some men thus occupied, sarcastically inquired of them if the women of their country had no children.

Notes and Remarks.

Catholic voters in general would do well to take to heart the advice given by Bishop Gunn in a sermon delivered at the opening of the tenth annual convention of the Louisiana Federation of Catholic Societies. "I need not tell you," he said, "that our Federation is a Catholic, not a political, organization; but I do need to tell you that the American citizen who does not use his rights as an American voter deserves exile or disfranchisement. We are all grumbling and talking about 'dirty politics'; but if we got out a little more and mixed with the men in the street, and voted according to our conscience on all issues—municipal, State, and national,—politics would be cleaner, and our grievance committee would not be so overburdened. Federation is not a monopoly, nor is it destructive of local, diocesan or parish organizations, any more than the army is the ruin of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, or the various regiments which make it up. Federation is to local societies what the Federal Government is to the independent sovereign States which compose it... Show the world that we American Catholics have at heart but two great purposes—the liberty and exaltation of the Church, without favor or without privilege; and the continued prosperity, religious and material, of the American people."

The enormity of the "patent medicine" evil may be judged from the fact that those charged with its suppression encounter their strongest opposition from the newspaper publishers, so many of whom seem to care nothing about the public health, provided their space is taken and well paid for. Even religious papers insert advertisements of positively injurious or utterly worthless nostrums. The fact that such advertisements are the source of a gigantic revenue for the

newspapers, accounts for their valiant defence of the patent medicine manufacturers whenever these worthies are threatened with legal proceedings. In an article entitled "A Huge Revenue Threatened," dealing with the appointment by the government of a select committee to inquire into the question of the sale of patent and proprietary medicines, and of other medical preparations and appliances, as well as of the advertisements relating thereto, a leading British journal has stated the case of its clientele with brutal frankness. In behalf of the newspapers it asks: "Which shall we support, the people who have advertised, are advertising, and will keep on doing so, or the people who don't advertise, and don't believe in it, and who, if they did, haven't the money to spend on it?"

"Business is business." Even the Scripture says, "All things obey money." It was not in connection with advertising space, however, that we were lately reminded of this text.

In strange contrast to the handful of affrighted Indians on the shores of the New World as the *Santa Maria* approached, was the recent gathering of forty thousand enthusiastic Knights of Columbus at Washington, D. C., to do honor to the great Catholic explorer, fittingly called the Ambassador of God, who well deserved and so little needed a monument. Not un seldom have men penetrated trackless wilds and sailed unknown seas, impelled by the spirit of adventure or conquest, the greed of gold, or the love of liberty; but, for so vast an enterprise as that of Columbus, the only sustaining motive could have been the glory of God. For His honor and in His name it was entered upon. A Catholic Queen pawned her jewels that the hazardous voyage might be made; it was with a heart strong in the faith of Christ and filled with devotion to His Virgin Mother that Columbus undertook it. Of the obstacles encountered, the dangers

braved, the perils escaped, we can have but a faint idea; and of the importance of what was accomplished, only a partial realization.

Never did the service rendered to humanity by Columbus seem so great as when, after nearly five hundred years, a multitude of fifty thousand Catholic men gathered in the capital of our country to do honor to him who threw open to religion and liberty the portals of the New World. "It is fitting," said Judge Dowling, of the New York Supreme Court, in the opening address on the occasion, "that, after centuries, recognition — sincere, if tardy — should be given of Columbus' great services to humanity; and given much more cheerfully because he was in every way worthy of the portion of undying fame which is his. It is the appreciation of his nobility of character which is leading to the spreading movement to make Columbus Day a holiday, in which twenty-three States have now joined, and to whose ranks it is to be hoped the nation itself will soon be added."

Prof. Gilbert Murray, since his return to England, has been deploring the decay of classical study in this country, which is due in no small degree, he thinks, to the policy pursued at Harvard by President Elliot, who abolished compulsory Greek and left his students free to make their own choice of subjects of study. Prof. Murray, however, credits us with educating a vast democracy with splendid public spirit and success. "The general effectiveness of education and the public zeal for it impressed me deeply. I can see quite well that circumstances demanded that a quick, cheap, businesslike education should be given to meet the needs of the immediate moment. It seemed a waste of time to go to the marketplace by way of Athens. But I think the time has come which demands a deeper and more solid—and, therefore, a slower—education. Great insurgent forces are at work in the United States, and citizenship

will require in the future finer training and vision than in the past."

In view of the spread of Socialism and the menace of false leadership, the learned Englishman's opinion seems well worthy of consideration. Perhaps he would not have praised us so highly as he did for what is called "vocational education" had he known that three members of the graduating class at our Naval Academy this year were refused diplomas because they could not swim continuously for five minutes, or use even two recognized strokes.

The attempt to revive race-track gambling in Louisiana, "killed" four years ago through the influence of Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, and the circulation of a report that meantime he had changed his views upon the subject, and was in favor of a Bill introduced in the State Legislature guaranteeing "clean racing," have elicited a fresh denunciation of the evil by his Grace, who declares that "it is as inconsistent to talk about clean racing as to talk about clean brothels." He announces that, far from favoring the new Bill, he would oppose it with every honest force at his command. Some of the leading newspapers of Louisiana, it is gratifying to notice, enthusiastically endorse the Archbishop's stand. Says the *Eastern Chronicle* (in part):

All honor to the great Archbishop of New Orleans! We have heard much of late of the interference of the Catholic Church in matters of State. Being a secular journal, we have not paid any attention to these rumors, knowing their utter falsity; nor to the ravings of a few benighted idiots and bigots, who imagine they see in every movement of a priest or bishop an attempt to subvert our American institutions. But if interference of Church with State means such splendid results as those achieved by the Archbishop of New Orleans; if interference of Church and State means the elevation of our young manhood and womanhood to truest heights of citizenship, then we say with all our hearts, All hail to it; and the more we have of such noble interference, the better! The more the Catholic Church occupies itself with the abolition of demoralizing and obnoxious

influences, and the passage of laws which tend to the betterment of moral conditions, whether in State or nation; the more it seeks to elevate our young men and women, and save them from the filth that reeks of hell, the more do we want of it, the more do we welcome it and its great leaders, such as Archbishop Blenk, into the very heart and life of the nation's work; for we know that they are carrying out the thought of the founders of this great Republic—that we should be above all a nation founded upon God and the right; that we should be an honest people.

It is an entirely safe assertion that during the lifetime of Archbishop Blenk race-track gambling will not be revived in the State of Louisiana.

“A Rural Survey in Indiana, Made by the Department of Church and Country Life of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.,” is decidedly dreary reading, and we have resolved to tackle no more of its kind until the snow begins to fly again. It is a pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages, and all that we could find of special interest in it was an occasional reference to Catholic priests and Catholic churches in Hoosierdom. All such references, however, were gratifying to us, whatever they may have been to the Rev. Warren H. Wilson, Ph. D., superintendent of the Board above-mentioned. Bogard Township, Daviess Co., possesses a beautiful Catholic church, in the centre of a well-defined parish of three hundred members. The Report presents a picture of it, with this admonition to the Presbyterian reader: “Contrast with it the nine Protestant church buildings in the township, three of them abandoned, and only two with growing congregations.” Of the 116 Protestant churches in Daviess Co., by the way, one-half have a membership of “56 or less.” Referring to various [social agencies in operation at Cannelburg, in the same county, the Report has this to say:

A Catholic priest has become a community leader through his interest in the social and economic life of his people. An abandoned Protestant church has been bought and turned

into a Catholic Hall, to be used for socials, bazaars, and home-talent plays. Frequent socials have had much to do with keeping up the interest of the young people in church work. The social life afforded by the church has broken down the selfishness and individualism so prevalent in that part of the country, and has united the people in working for their common interests. . . . Although there has been much drinking here, this priest has succeeded in getting two-thirds of his men to sign the temperance pledge.

The references to the Protestant clergy (Presbyterian ministers not excluded) are not always so complimentary. Concluding a section on church organizations, the Report says:

The impression received from this study was that in these counties there were no un-churched communities, but many over-churched districts; that these unnecessary churches were built never at the request of the community, seldom on the initiative of the members, but nearly always because of the enthusiasm of some minister or evangelist who was thinking of the good of his denomination rather than of the community; or, more often still, because this minister desired to make a “record” for the notice of his superior officer and thus gain promotion.

A very grave accusation this last. The superintendent of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. should admonish all ministers laboring under its direction to eschew worldly ambition, and leave record-making to athletes.

The birth-rate of Germany as well as France is on the decline, that of the latter country for the past year being the lowest on record. Investigation has shown that births are least numerous in Germany where Socialism has made most progress, and in France where Catholicity has ceased to be an active factor in the life of the people. Public-spirited men of both nations have given so much attention to the matter of late that governmental action, with a view to correcting the evil, is now looked for. It is safe to predict that the development of the religious spirit will not be thought of as a remedy,

though how national decadence is otherwise to be prevented it is hard to see. To assert that there is no connection between Socialism or Anticlericalism and a low birth-rate is to talk nonsense. The root of the evil is a moral one, and any sort of legislation from which the notion of religion is eliminated will prove as useless as the application of court-plaster to a broken leg.

A new book on the dangers of Socialism, that will commend itself to many readers for whom much that has already been published on the subject (for reasons more than once stated by us) has no attraction, is "What is Socialism?" by James Boyle (The Shakespeare Press). The author, a well-known publicist, has given us other books of great merit, but none of higher importance than the present one, the aim of which is "to present a popular and impartial exposition of the different schools and phases of Socialism, according to the recognized authorities." The editor of the *Common Cause*, no mean authority, refers to "What is Socialism?" as "one of the books which no opponent of Socialism can afford to neglect"; and quotes the following passages (to be found in the concluding chapter), in which Mr. Boyle expresses his individual opinion, based upon facts that have already been logically evolved out of Socialist theories and practices, as to the worth of Socialism as a panacea for present evils:

Ethically, the establishment of Socialism would be the greatest misfortune which could overtake the human race. It would entirely extinguish all those qualities which have distinguished the most progressive and civilized nations: individuality, personal responsibility and independence, the spirit of self-help and self-reliance, thrift, industry, initiative, enterprise, persistence, ambition, hope, patriotism, courage. It would make of the people a horde of lazy, hopeless, and dissatisfied paupers, as already is the tendency manifesting itself under the operations of the dole-giving poor-law and non-contributory pension system now in full blast in England. There the working class become inoculated with the wretched and character-destroying poison that the State is

the universal provider. A nation which adopts this as its ideal must inevitably perish from the face of the earth, and deservedly so. It would likely starve to death, or its people would become the understrappers or even slaves of some strong race which had retained the attributes of real, virile manhood; or it would find its fate in a cataclysm of civil war and anarchy, ending in a military absolutism.

All this is on the assumption that the effects of Socialism would be merely economic. But let the Collective Commonwealth be such as that contemplated by Marx and his disciples, then religion would be banished from the earth; then the fear and love of God would be no more felt; gone would be the hope of immortality; and not even the sweet relationship of man and wife and parent and children, as now understood, would be left. . . . As a universal condition of society, as a panacea for present evils, as the hope of the proletariat, Socialism, in its complete conception is an absolute and a hideous impossibility.

It is no less refreshing than gratifying to hear of a novel, by a non-Catholic, intended for the general public, in which the author's views on such subjects as marriage, motherhood, the home, etc., fully coincide with those held by Catholics. Mrs. Margaretta Tuttle's new book, "His Worldly Goods," whatever may be its literary merit, is frankly on the side of God. In an interview with a gentleman connected with the publishing company that has brought out her novel, she said:

I regard marriage as a sacrament divinely instituted; and Christ Himself has laid emphasis on its indissolubility. Through motherhood and fatherhood, men and women come to know what the Fatherhood of God may mean,—and the Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin, who was chosen from among all creatures to become the Mother of the world's Redeemer. Have you ever thought how Protestant women are restricted in their prayers, with no Mother to pray to? A great need of women and children—yes, and of men also—is met in the Catholic Church's beautiful doctrine of the Blessed Virgin. I believe that it is to the reverence and devotion and sacredness given by the Catholic Church to the Blessed Virgin Mary from the earliest Christian era, that women to-day owe all the kinder, sweeter consideration that men give them,—all the reverence for them as mothers, all the careful treatment of women who may become mothers.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Dirty Face.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

WHEN I rise in the cold morning,
Ere my shoes I start to lace,
Mother calls: "Now, Willie darling,
Don't forget to wash your face!"
And I trudge out to the bath-room,
Wondering how it can be
That so early in the morning
Folks start in to worry me.

When the dinner bell has sounded
And each one is in his place,
Auntie whispers to my mother:
"Look at Willie's dirty face!"
Mamma taps me on the shoulder,
Starts me toward the nearest door;
And I know I must wait dinner
Just to wash that face some more.

And as true as supper's ready
Papa says I'm a disgrace,
And he sends me from the table
Out to wash that same old face.
I am washing, washing, washing
Every minute of the day!
Funny folks don't never worry
That I'll wash my face away!

But there comes a rest at nighttime
When I slowly climb the stairs,
And I kneel down at my bedside
To recite my evening prayers.
For if I've been good since morning,
God, who keeps the stars in place,
Seems to smile and doesn't bother
If I have a dirty face.

Nothing by Halves.

BY MARY PALMER BLANCHET.

TO Jimmy, the photograph of his mother often brought another picture. He remembered, or thought he remembered, being at her side in a great, high place, where a man, with a wonderful face all lit up, leaned from somewhere almost as high as the clouds, and spoke words that were big and had a beautiful sound like music. He had a vision of the man's arms spreading out like wings, and of spreading his own arms out too, to see if he could fly up there; and of his mother taking his hands down gently, and holding them in hers, with the smiling, kindly look of the picture. But never afterward had he seen or heard of the great place, nor set his eyes on the man with the shining face, so that sometimes he fancied it might have been a dream.

The photograph and a little string of black beads, with rusty wire, were the only things Jimmy had of his mother's. Sadie said the string of beads was called a "Rosary," and that his mother used to say her prayers on it; but she smiled when she said that, as if it were a strange thing to say prayers on beads. Jimmy didn't like the smile; so he wrapped the beads in a piece of paper and hid them in the back part of his own little drawer.

The only prayer of any kind that Jimmy knew was the "Now I lay me," that Sadie had taught him when he was very young. He loved the little prayer dearly then; but he couldn't explain how it soothed and comforted him, until he saw a boy he knew kiss his mother good-night. He never remembered kissing his own mother good-night, but he understood

HOMING pigeons, in calm weather, can travel at a speed of 1200 yards a minute; and, with a brisk wind blowing in the direction of its flight, one has been known to achieve as high as 1900 yards a minute.

after that—just as if he'd been the boy himself—what a good-night kiss to your mother is. That was the way the prayer made him feel, — as if everything in the world was all right and comfortable.

But when Jimmy grew older, the prayer, with the fairy stories that he had loved to hear, came under the dreadful suspicion of being "babyish," and so lost its charm. The word "babyish" was enough. And, with such a cloud upon a prayer as that, why should he keep on saying it? And why did he never once hear big people saying prayers? Money was the thing people always talked about and wanted.

Yet, even after the first recognition of its importance, money seemed to him, like the giant in the fairy stories, cruel and mean; keeping people—particularly girls like Sadie, who loved pretty things—from having what they wanted. Not until later, when Jimmy had been going to school for some time, did he laugh at that idea. He worked for money after school hours. Nothing was too hard to do if it brought him a "quarter."

"Did you ever see such a boy, Sadie?" said his aunt. "A strange youngster!" his father used to say. "He isn't going to do anything by halves: he's going to give his whole self to whatever he does. He'll be good or bad, instead of just 'wishy-washy,' like the rest of us."

"Wishy-washy!" cried Sadie. "Uncle may have been wishy-washy, but I don't see wings on Jimmy yet."

Jimmy meant to be rich some day. His resolution grew as he grew. While he was at school, and even after he had taken a regular job in an automobile shop, he absorbed all that he heard on the subject of money-making, though some of the things were not exactly to his taste. "Skinning," for instance.

But a day came when Jimmy needed a quarter; he wanted it as badly, it seemed to him, as it is possible for any one to want anything in the world. He wasn't starving; he had eaten seven pancakes and swallowed two big

cups of coffee; and still the sum of twenty-five cents was so urgent a need that he asked his aunt for it then and there, standing back to bear the counter-shock.

"A quarter indeed! To pay Buck Tanner. And who, if you please, is Buck Tanner? A quarter! When Sadie needs a hat, and had to buy cheap cotton stuff for the dress she is to wear to the fireman's ball!"

Too late Jimmy repented of his useless request. Still, something had to be done; and in the other room he repeated it to Sadie, promising to pay her back. But she, too, refused. He tried to make her understand what it meant to break his word to the head of the gang.

"He won't kill you, will he?" Sadie laughed. "How silly to care for what that young rowdy says!"

"He'll put me out," Jimmy urged. "The fellows'll think I'm no good."

"I haven't got the wealth," said Sadie, lightly. "You see I have to pay a quarter on my feather, and that's all there's to it."

The lightness of her decision, contrasted with his trouble, filled him with bitterness. How could a feather compare with his need? Now Buck would surely put him out; or, if not, he would never let him do anything. And a quarter would save him!

Outside in the hall Jimmy stopped a moment to think. Maisie Smith's door was open. Maisie was his aunt's boarder, a stenographer, whose room was always a delight to him. He could see the little silver things shining on her bureau; he could hear his aunt walking heavily into the dining-room and talking back to Sadie in the kitchen.

These things distracted him as he tried to think up a plan. Johnson said he'd have extra work in the garage to-night. Maybe—no! The old man would as soon die as lend him a quarter to-day. No: there was nothing to do. He must avoid Buck and take the consequences.

"Who's that Buck Tanner, anyway?" he heard his aunt snap indignantly. He stopped to listen for the answer. Though

he was opposite Maisie's door now, he could hear the words plainly. "We don't know who he's going with. If I'd a-known it was going to be like this to bring up a boy, I wouldn't have taken him. No, not even for Dick's sake. It's all different from what I thought it was at first. He *was* such a cute little fellow, but I don't know what's got into him since he quit school. And how am I going to stop him I'd like to know, if he's taken notions into his head I know nothing about?"

"Oh, I suppose all boys get notions sometimes!" said Sadie. "Jimmy's just like the rest of them: he isn't *bad*."

"That's just it: he isn't like the rest of them; he'll be as his father said,—all good or all bad; and it's easy to see which way he's turning now. Anybody can see it: he's going just as straight as he can go to the bad."

"To the bad!" That settled Jimmy's hesitation at once. Into the stenographer's room and out again he flew. Maisie's watch was in his pocket, and he was tearing up the street, while his aunt still moaned about the load that had been thrust upon her.

"Goodness knows, I've done my best!" she went on, in a crying tone. "Mended his clothes, given him enough to eat, sent him to school, too, as long as I could. If Dick came back, he couldn't blame me for a single thing. What time have I to look after a boy of his age, I'd like to know? How am I to send him to church, and all that? I never have been much of a hand to go to church, anyway."

"I wonder how Uncle saw that in him?" said Sadie. "Very good or very bad! Why, it's enough to frighten any one. I never thought of it before; but, when you come to think of it, Jimmy *is* that kind of a boy. Don't you remember how he surprised them all in school last year? And how he mended the sewing-machine the other day?"

"Oh, he's smart enough!" agreed her mother. "That's just it!"

"But this year," Sadie went on, "he's all mischief. My, I wish I had lent him that quarter, and let the feather go!"

She rose abruptly and went back to her dusting, as her mother, with a protest against such nonsense, and at the same time announcing that she washed her hands of all responsibility about Jimmy, moved into the kitchen. But Sadie could not so easily wash her hands of Jimmy.

"Is it enough," she asked, "to mend his clothes and give him food in exchange for his wages? Where does he spend his time? Should he not be encouraged to go to church as his mother did? What if it is true that he is beginning to go wrong? Have we ever done anything to make him go right?"

"Sadie, haven't you finished that dusting yet?"

The girl didn't catch the words. She went into Jimmy's room to see whether he had taken his best coat. She put some of his things in order and made his bed, but consciously avoided a glance at the portrait above the little cot. When she did look up at last, she stood gazing into the softly smiling eyes. "What do you want me to do?" she found herself asking. "Oh, I wonder what *you* would have done, if you felt as I do now!"

And the next minute Sadie knew what the little mother would have done. She flew to Jimmy's bureau drawer. Out came the little rusty chain of beads, and down went Sadie on her knees. How the Rosary should be said didn't seem to trouble her. She let it slip through her hands as she had seen a neighbor do, and simply begged for help.

"Save the poor boy!" she prayed. "Keep him from harm. For his dead mother's sake, save him! Make him go right."

Yet, straight as an arrow, Jimmy's legs were speeding in the opposite direction. He had changed the watch for a ticket and four dollars in silver; he had paid Buck Tanner, and was on his way, with two delighted companions, to the conveniently near State that can be

reached in ten minutes' ride from New York. It was fine to be a leader and to have the fellows ready to do anything he said. As for his aunt, she didn't want to bother with him; neither did Sadie. He would show them that he could do without them. Mean? No, he didn't feel a bit mean, he told himself. The girl didn't need her watch, or she wouldn't have left it on her bureau. He was free, and his pockets were full of money. He'd send for his mother's picture and—and the little beads; or—or maybe he'd sneak back and get them sometime.

"Look, captain! We're in Hoboken!" cried Sloggerty.

"Hoboken?" repeated Tom. "Why, I've got a cousin here—Red Pete! Ever hear of him—the prize-fighting fellow? We'll get him to show us the sights."

"All right!" agreed Jimmy, promptly. "But let's get on top of the ground first. How do you get out of here?"

"This way, I guess," said Sloggerty, following the crowd to a flight of stairs.

"Gee, fellers! This ain't Hoboken at all!" laughed Sloggerty, who was the first up. "It's the Lackawanna station. We ought to have gone the other way."

Jimmy and Sloggerty turned.

"What about Newark?" Jimmy said. "There's moving pictures there."

Sloggerty was ready for anything; but the Red-Pete suggestion appealed to Tom too strongly to listen to anything else.

"Ah, Newark ain't no good!" he protested. "There ain't nobody there to show us nothin'!"

"Say, wait a minute!" cried Jimmy. "Did you ever see such an engine? Let's just have a look at it."

Half running, half walking, Jimmy was moving down toward the engine.

"Oh, well," said Tom, shrugging his shoulders, "if you don't want to go to my cousin's, just say so!"

Jimmy stood before the engine, admiring with the eye that takes in details.

"Wouldn't I like to be an engineer!" he exclaimed.

"My cousin was an engineer once,—fireman, I mean," observed Tom. "Come on! He'll give us a great time."

But as Jimmy stood enchanted by the beauty of the Newark-bound engine, he was saying to himself: "Hoboken or Newark—which shall it be?"

(In the little apartment, Sadie was holding desperately to the rusty old beads. "Save him,—oh, *save him*, Blessed Mother!" she was repeating; and every bead that she touched became a prayer.)

"Ah, come o-on!" cried Tom. "He'll be gone!"

The engine puffed on, then blew its whistle. The boys started back; but Jimmy, partly annoyed, partly to tease the tormenting Tom and to show his new authority, jumped onto the platform of a slowly-moving car.

"Good-bye!" he waved, with sudden decision. "I'm going to Newark. You can come, if you want to hurry!"

So Tom, grumbling, and Sloggerty, finding humor in the grumbling, jumped aboard, and Hoboken and Red Pete were soon left far behind.

"Here's your Jaytown!" derided Tom, as they drew into the station.

But as they tumbled out of the waiting-room, the boys stopped to wonder, not to criticise. Men were talking excitedly in groups. After a few moments two of them started to run; and even as they stared, the groups broke. In a flash, the boys found themselves racing with a fleeing population, urged on by clanging bells and engines.

"Golly, what luck!" exclaimed Sloggerty. "It's a fire!"

"The box factory!" a voice shouted.

Then came exclamations, shouts, sobs, from an ever-increasing crowd, until the doomed building, wrapped in flames, burst upon them.

At one of the windows was a girl, who held out her arms, at the same time crouching away from the flame that leaped out beside her. Jimmy put his hands before his face as he saw her throw herself

forward,—flying, it seemed, toward him.

"Won't you be quiet?" A woman was shaking him. "You mustn't scream so!"

Scream? Why, he *was* screaming! He found it out, when he tried to stop. He did stop though, holding his mouth shut tight, and standing quite still, without daring to raise his eyes.

"Come back, Fathers!" he heard a man at his elbow shout. "Sure ye can't help them now, and there's death for ye beyond."

Jimmy, looking up, saw three men slipping under the cord and a policeman helping them through. One of the men he had seen before,—not in a dream (he knew it now), but in a real past that was his own. It was the shining face of the speaker that he and his mother had looked up to in the great, high place. It was a glad face now—very curiously glad,—and its owner was rushing into the burning building. Why? "To help people," the man said. But he couldn't help them, the same man had added. Yet for the hope of helping them he was taking the chance.

Jimmy couldn't explain why he stooped just then under the cord and ran so fast, dodging between the policemen; he only felt it was necessary to follow the priest.

The Father, bending over a pitiful mass of crushed humanity, did not see the boy who thumped on his knees at his side. He heard a motion near him, and put back his hand as a signal to keep away. Jimmy, still on his knees, slunk back; but he kept his eyes, smarting as they were with the smoke, fastened on the priest. Once he put his hand up to ease the smarting, and in that second the Father had risen and walked away. He was standing on a board now, beckoning—to whom was he beckoning? Jimmy jumped up, his heart bounding, but slowing down heavily when he saw that it was the big policeman at his side, not he, who was wanted. How *could* they want him—*him*—a—a thief? How could he dare

help beside men like that? With envy and shame, he stared at the policeman, who had gone off to the Father's direction.

"Here, you! Boy!"

"M-m-e-ee?" Jimmy's voice shook like a broken whistle.

"Yes, you! Stop crying and get to work. Do you see that board by the door? Move it carefully. There's some one under it."

He scrambled across the débris, saying:

"I—I'm a thief."

"Hush!" said the priest, gently pushing the boy to his knees. "Speak softly!"

In a moment, the confession over, Jimmy was following the Father in what was an excited run to the boards near the door; and in a moment more was making such strenuous use of his vaunted muscles that the priest had to call attention to the faint moan beneath and urge caution.

Later, the Father gave a reason to Jimmy's aunt for the condition of Jimmy's hands and clothing. The reason was ample enough, but, to his surprise, the lady was not moved so much by her nephew's heroic actions as by a sudden wondering realization of the gift of prophecy that she now, with regret at her tardiness, conceded to her departed brother.

"Nothing by halves!" she repeated. "Poor John! Who'd ever have thought it of him? To think of his seeing what was going to happen!"

But it was Jimmy, who, after repenting of his adventure and reclaiming the watch, taught Sadie to say his mother's Rosary.

"Lagniappe."

It is the custom in New Orleans for shopkeepers to present their customers with a gratuity in the shape of a handful of confectionery or other trifling delicacy. This is termed "lagniappe" (*lan-yap*). "You've forgotten the lagniappe," one often hears a boy or girl say to shopkeepers when buying family supplies.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Chatto & Windus have issued a new edition of "Marotz," with a specially written preface by the author, Mr. John Ayscough.

—A new historical work by Abbot Gasquet is announced by Sands & Co.—"Abbot Wallingford: An Examination of the Relations of St. Albans with Cardinal Morton."

—"St. Lydwine of Schiedam," a remarkable and little-known biography, written by Thomas à Kempis, and translated into English by Dom Scully, has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—A durable as well as attractive edition of "The Interior Castle; or, The Mansions," by St. Teresa of Jesus, is just to hand from the press of Mr. Thomas Baker. The Benedictines of Stanbrook are responsible for the translation, which is from the original manuscript, while the Introduction and notes are furnished by the Very Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D. The work itself is too well known to call for comment; the edition is a worthy one.

—In its "Current Poetry" department, the *Literary Digest* says of the contents of a new volume of poems:

These verses seem little more than faulty exercises, and do not hold a tittle of the charm of Mr. Untermeyer's best work. Incidentally, the riming is sometimes atrocious. Here are a few rimes at random: dumbly, comely; wars, stars; heroes, tea-rose; breathless, faithless; tongues, songs; inherits, spirits; warms, arms; alone, gone; love, move; was, pause; bitter, zither. The resources of our tongue are so great that we are entitled to hold every poet down to the full measure of law.

Quite so; but no law of English orthoëpy or prosody justifies one's calling "dumbly-comely" atrocious, or even faulty, rhymes. As a matter of fact, the words rhyme perfectly. Would the *Digest* consider "comely-homely" good rhymes? If so, it needs reminding that rhyme is altogether a matter of sound, and not at all one of spelling. "Dumbly-comely-Cholmondeley" are really excellent rhymes.

—From the American Book Co. comes a new "History of American Literature," by R. P. Halleck, M. A. A companion volume to the same author's "History of English Literature," it is an illustrated 12mo of 432 pages. Several features of the work are especially commendable,—the division of our writers into the New York group, the New England group, the Southern and Western authors; the summary appended to each chapter; the historical and literary references, with the lists of suggested readings; and the supplementary list of authors

and their chief works. From a purely Catholic standpoint, the book appears to be less guilty of sins of omission and commission than the majority of similar text-books by Protestant authors.

—The title, "Épitome e Graduali Romano," given to a new edition of the Gregorian Chant, published by F. Pustet & Co., is somewhat misleading, as the work is not, strictly speaking, an abridgment of the regular edition. It contains the chants of all the Masses sung on Sundays and holydays of obligation, and that are likely to be used in parish churches. Only those chants sung in conventual Masses or on rare and special occasions are omitted. The work is not smaller in size than the complete edition, the paper used for it being thicker, and the type of larger size.

—In Mary Gertrude Williams' not too lengthy novel, "Alias Kitty Casey" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), we have an interesting narrative, in which the most prominent personage is, not Miss Katherine Carew, alias Kitty Casey, but "Dearie," a charming little blind girl just emerging from babyhood. The scene of the story is a big summer hotel, in which the title-page heroine works under her alias, and incidentally learns a good deal concerning the trials and troubles, the temptations and struggles of the laboring girls whose lot is cast in such places. The tale is one of contemporary interest, and is likely to prove popular.

—In three well-printed and appropriately bound volumes of convenient size, Messrs. Thomas J. Flynn & Co. have published a collection of the "Sermons and Addresses of His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston." (We say 'appropriately bound,' though we are not quite sure as to the shade of the cloth.) A chronological order is followed in the arrangement of the contents, Vol. I. being "Early Years. Undated"; Vol. II., "1887-1906, St. Joseph's, Boston, and Bishop of Portland"; Vol. III., "The Archbishop." Subjects of great variety are dealt with, some of them so ably and thoroughly that we feel sure the clergy will welcome these handsome volumes, and be grateful to the most eminent author for consenting to their publication. As Coventry Patmore once said of his books, certain of the sermons and addresses will be found emphatically quotable—or words to the same effect. Mr. Patmore was nothing if not emphatic. The laity, too, will be glad to have so goodly a store of interesting and

inspiring information as is here afforded them. Not a few of the addresses will prove as enjoyable to the reader as they must have been to any one who listened to them. They read well because they were evidently planned and written with conscientious care. As much to our own liking as anything in the three volumes is the panegyric of St. Aloysius, from which we quote a specimen passage:

Scarcely was he twelve years of age when the Marquis, his father, by invitation of the king, placed him at court, to grow up with the royal offspring, and be present at the receptions, and accustom himself to the grandeur of court life, and thus fit himself for the position which naturally he would be obliged to fill in the great world. Far from being dazzled by the splendor of temporal dignities, he soon conceived a disgust and repulsion for all this glitter and show. The nearer he approached the splendor that surrounds royalty, the more clearly he saw how hollow, unstable, fickle, and unreal it all was. The more he mingled with the gay, thoughtless, frivolous throng that swarmed about the royal presence, the more he understood the uselessness, the folly of such a life. Here, in the very splendor of an earthly king, he longed to devote himself to the service of the King of kings alone. Here, amid the dissipations, the pageantry, and the gay life of court, he sighed for the lowly, retired, and obscure life of a begging friar. Here, in sight of the scandals and the unholy lives of many, he first made to his Heavenly Mother, Mary Immaculate, his vow of perpetual chastity, and his resolution to leave all—estates, titles, wealth, high position—in order to devote himself forever to the ministry of the Church.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Epitome e Graduali Romano." \$1.50.
 "Alias Kitty Casey." Mary Gertrude Williams. 85 cts.
 "Sermons and Addresses." 3 vols. Cardinal O'Connell. \$3.
 "The Matrimonial State." Rev. William Poland, S. J. 10 cts., net.
 "The A. P. A. Movement: A Sketch." Humphrey J. Desmond. \$1, net.
 "Our Daily Bread." Rev. Walter Dwight, S. J. 50 cts., net.
 "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Von Hurter-Jones. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.
 "Margaret's Travels." Anthony York. \$1.38.

- "My Lady Poverty. A Drama in Five Acts." Francis de Sales Gliebe, O. F. M. 35 cts.
 "Homilies of the Common of Saints." 2 vols. Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomielli, D. D. \$2.50, net.
 "Billy-Boy." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 "The Reason Why." Bernard J. Otten, S. J. \$1.25.
 "These My Little Ones." Rev. N. Waugh. \$1.75.
 "Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales." J. H. A. \$1.
 "The Price of Unity." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$1.50, net.
 "Poverina." Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cts.
 "Via Franciscana." 90 cts.
 "Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography." Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.
 "The Rule of St. Clare." Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. 15 cts.
 "Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.
 "The Duty of Happiness: Thoughts on Hope." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts.
 "The Coward." Monsignor Benson. \$1.50.
 "Psychology without a Soul: A Criticism." Hubert Gruender, S. J. \$1.
 "Sacred Dramas." Augusta Theodosia Drane. 90 cts.
 "Told in the Twilight." Mother Salome. 85 cts.
 "The Divine Trinity." Rev. Joseph Pohle, D. D. \$1.50.
 "Faith Brandon." Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.30.
 "De Vita Regulari." P. Bonaventura Rebstock, O. S. B. 65 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Albert Hork, of the archdiocese of Portland; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Milerick, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Charles Vandegriff, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Paschal Straub, O. M. Cap.

Mr. Samuel Canterbury, Mrs. John P. Douglas, Mr. Joseph Nowlan, Mrs. W. Pothier, Mrs. Margaret Foley, Mr. Theodore Waters, Mrs. Laura Tesson, Mr. Charles Flanagan, Mrs. Margaret Williams, Mr. Joseph Buse, Mr. Henry Buschmann, Mrs. Frances Kirwin, Mr. H. J. Humpert, Mr. James Dooley, Mr. David Blake, Mr. Cornelius Shea, Mr. Neil Shea, Mr. Henry Jansen, and Mr. Thomas Campbell.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



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

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

The Angelus.

BY RUTH L. SKEEN.

AVE MARIA,—the sun goes down
 Crimson and gold o'er the little town!
Gratia plena,—Mother dear,
 From heaven bend thy listening ear!
Dominus tecum,—may our rest
 With thoughts of thee be ever blest,
 And of thy Son!

Sancta Maria,—Mother sweet,
 What peace we find at thy dear feet!
Mater Dei,—who but thee
 Can plead for us so tenderly?
In hora mortis,—be thou near,
 To help and guard thy children dear,
 When life is done!

A Desert Saint.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.



ABOUT four years after the murder of Constans, by Mag-
 nentius in Spain, had made
 his brother Constantius sole
 Emperor, in A. D. 350, and probably in
 the year in which Gallus, elder brother of
 Julian, was put to death by the Emperor
 as a conspirator, a son, who received the
 name of Arsenius, was born to a noble
 Roman family. They were Christians, and
 the boy was brought up in the practice
 of piety; they were also able to give him
 a learned education, and he became a
 proficient scholar in the classics of Rome
 and Greece. When he reached manhood,

he entered the ecclesiastical state and was
 ordained deacon, after which he lived at
 home with his sister, their parents being
 apparently dead. Arsenius even then did
 not care for the amusements and distrac-
 tions of the great city, and the brother
 and sister led a retired life.

Arsenius was only a child of six when the
 Apostate Julian died, and the threatened
 revival of heathenism was averted. When
 Theodosius the Great became Emperor,
 he desired to find a wise and learned man
 of high character to whom he might
 entrust the education of his sons Arcadius
 and Honorius, who both became emperors;
 and he wrote to Gratian, Emperor of the
 West, begging that he would consult the
 Pope, St. Damasus, in reference to his
 wishes. The Pontiff recommended the
 Deacon Arsenius; and Gratian sent him
 to Constantinople, where Theodosius re-
 ceived him with the utmost deference and
 distinction. The imperial tutor was given
 senatorial rank, and the Emperor bade it
 be known that the man to whom he had
 entrusted his sons was to be honored as
 their father.

Thus highly placed in a splendid court,
 the Roman deacon became a great per-
 sonage, and lived in a manner correspond-
 ing to his dignity and the position he held
 in reference to the imperial princes. His
 lodgings were filled with costly furniture,
 and he had an immense household; so
 that his attendants numbered a thousand,
 and their fine raiment proclaimed the
 rank and wealth of their master. Never-
 theless, though Arsenius thus complied
 with what seemed the exigencies of his

elevated station, he still loved a simple life of retirement. The titles and honors heaped upon him were very burdensome, and in his personal behavior he was humble and unambitious.

Once it happened that while he was teaching his two pupils, their father came to see them: and the Emperor noted that the princes, wearing the insignia of their rank, sat at ease while their master stood to give his lesson. Theodosius at once made the lads rise, and warned them that they must show their deference to their teacher by standing in future; and bade Arsenius, the senator deacon, be seated instead. Whether Arsenius was grateful we do not know. Perhaps, like most lecturers, he found it easier to teach while walking to and fro in the room. But the Emperor made his sons understand that he considered the easy familiarity of sitting in their master's presence a breach of respect, and punished them by not allowing them for a time to wear the insignia of princely rank.

Meanwhile, though carefully fulfilling the important task assigned him, Arsenius was very eager to escape from court, and he found the care of great wealth a weary burden. Nevertheless, he would not fly from the world, and the work he was doing in it, till he felt sure that it was really the voice of God that called him, and not the mere natural leaning of his taste for solitude and quietness. He was in no hot-brained haste to fly from good to better, but waited on the Lord, dealt manfully, and gave himself more and more to prayer, hoping that God would show him plainly what He wanted of him.

At last the answer came. One day, when he had again reiterated his eager, patient cry for sure guidance, there came a clear Voice that said: "Arsenius, fly from men and thou shalt be saved." That was all he had waited for, and he would wait no longer. He had come to the court a young man of nine and twenty, and for eleven years he had done there what God had sent him thither to do. Now he was

forty; and, after so long an exile amid the golden splendor of an imperial palace he felt free to try to find himself in God only. Many men have turned from the lost favor of futile kings to seek, late, the gentle friendship of the King of kings: Arsenius fled at the height of his prosperity, when Fortune had nothing but smiles for him. There was a ship ready to sail for Alexandria, and the senator deacon made haste to get on board. But Arsenius had no mind to exchange one huge city for another; and from Alexandria he went on to the Desert of Scete, where certain communities of solitaries were living.

When Arsenius arrived among them, and explained his desire to become one of them, they would give him no certain answer, but referred him to their abbot, St. John the Dwarf. No doubt they had reported to their head the coming of the stranger, and perhaps the hermit abbot was not sure what sort of subject the courtier and senator would make. Those who have lived long in imperial palaces, with crowds of pampered attendants to flatter them, who themselves have held high place, and are used to wealth and luxury, do not easily learn obedience, hardness, and mortification, especially when they have reached middle age. At forty the generousities of youth are difficult to revive, and fixed habits are not commonly broken.

At eventide the monks met and ate together. The Abbot John also came in and took his seat among them, without giving any greeting to the pilgrim who had travelled so far over sea and land. All were seated except Arsenius, who stood alone, unwelcomed and unnoticed. None durst bid him take his place at the rude supper, since their Abbot did not speak. St. John the Dwarf sat still and ate, watching keenly the while to see if the roughly-treated courtier, the intimate of emperors, who had whipped imperial princes, would flush up resentfully. But Arsenius stood patiently waiting as the

monks ate. It seemed as though he were to wait so till they had finished. The meal was already half over and no one had spoken to him. Then, without any greeting or welcome, without making room at the table for his guest, the Abbot took a hunch of bread and tossed it onto the floor, saying carelessly: "Eat that, if thou hast a mind!" The monks marvelled that their distinguished visitor brooked without resentment so rude a treatment. But Arsenius smiled cheerfully; and, sitting down upon the ground, took the bread flung to him, and made his meal there quite contentedly. When all rose from the table, the Abbot said to his monks: "Go back now, with the blessing of Our Lord, to your cells, and pray for us. This person is fit for the life of religion."

Some may wonder whether in his heart Arsenius was really amused by the Abbot's queer test. To so great a man so small a matter must have seemed of little moment. It was not much to St. Celestine that, while in prison, he who had been Pope should not be given even the customary deference due to one who was still a bishop. Arsenius for years had sat at table with a great Emperor, and the Emperor himself had made his sons realize that their imperial rank did not make them equal to their master and preceptor. To him it might have seemed the merest trifle whether he sat to eat his crust of bread upon the floor or was given a seat between a couple of simple monks. But St. John the Dwarf knew what he was about. There have been kings who faced peril of life itself quite unmoved, who were stripped of everything, without food or shelter, and made nothing of it; but who, fugitives and starving, could not forgive some minute infraction of etiquette. Arsenius was a Roman of patrician birth; and Romans then and always made much of courtesy and of the careful observance of all forms of respect. Before Theodosius made him senator he was a Roman deacon, and for

centuries it was from among the deacons of the Roman Church that the Pope was, almost as a matter of course, chosen. For eleven years now he had been regarded as a member of the Emperor's family.

As Arsenius stood waiting in the middle of the floor for some sign of welcome, when the lump of bread was tossed to him, and he was told he might eat that if he had a mind, was it not likely that in his ear a whisper should softly be heard from him who can not only quote Scripture for his purpose, but can pretend to urge the whole spirit of the Gospel against us? "Who is this Abbot John," the voice would urge, "under whose teaching you think to place yourself? Can he teach who has not himself learned even kindness, which is but the little sister of Charity? When his Master and yours created bread in the wilderness, to feed them who had come out to hear Him, did He fling it to them roughly with rude gesture? Can he be humble himself who seeks to humiliate a guest? Must he not want to advertise a stranger of his own importance and authority?" Perhaps there was no temptation. If there was any, it could not trap Arsenius, and John the Dwarf read in him the stuff that makes religious men and saints.

It is rather quaint to read what were the small faults into which secular habits had brought the new monk. Arsenius, like most of us nowadays, had the trick of crossing one leg over the other when seated; and that trick was not approved among monks then, as it is not now. He had to be corrected; but the correction was contrived with elaborate caution, lest the elderly novice should be too much confounded. It was already perceived that he was full of humility and earnest fervor. Besides the Abbot John, there was another Abbot, St. Pastor, or Pæmen, and he took upon himself the fraternal admonition of Arsenius. With another monk he laid a little plot. The other monk was, in full assembly, to cross his legs; and this he did; whereupon Abbot Pæmen rebuked

him for his unbecoming posture. Arsenius promptly understood—as was not surprising in a man of his wit—and took the reproof to himself, after which he crossed his legs no more.

He was in a school of saints, and he learned his new lesson quickly. They gladly testified that from his first coming among them he excelled in the practice of perfection; and this he did by mounting on the steep and rugged ladder of penance. What the scoffing world has never perceived is that he who strives to mortify himself, even in little things, picks up other virtues besides that of mortification as he goes along. Choosing to assume that the Catholic mystic regards mortification as an end in itself, the sceptic critic judges it to be merely a savage stupidity; whereas he who is learning the saints' alphabet knows that all penance is only a means to an end; and meanwhile he does not fix himself on the perilous confines of Commandments, subject to frequent inroads of the foe, but dwells far within them.

Arsenius, placed high in an Emperor's household, had dressed according to his rank. It might be, he told himself, that he had, consciously or unconsciously, grown fond of fine and soft raiment; now therefore he clad himself more meanly than any of the monks, whose costume did not lean to luxury. As he sat, through the long blazing noon, at his simple task of weaving mats of palm leaves, his thoughts ran back to the hollow years in which, as it seemed to him now in this great silence, the noise, the constant chatter and idle gossip of the palace had drowned the whispered voice of God. To his fellow-courtiers he had seemed even then almost a recluse: to himself he appeared now to have been worldly. Often he would have to draw from his breast a handkerchief and dry the tears with which these old accusing memories overflowed his downcast eyes. Here in all the wide desert there seemed nothing but God. His silence lay like a benediction on the great waste of sand, billowed

by low mounds and hillocks. Where had God been in those bad days of worldly jostle, endless talk, and ceaseless rivalry of ambition? There also, in Constantinople, God had been; but had Arsenius sought for Him, and only Him? In his "fine-gentleman" days he had loved the delicate refinements of life, that had seemed but the fringe upon the robe of high civilization: now they looked rather like the broideries that hide patches of self-indulgence.

He had loved sweet odors, and his senatorial garments had been scented with them. The past was gone, and could not be called back for revision, as the cautious autobiographer revises his memories. He had only the present, and it must pay double. The hard, stiff palm leaves had to be soaked before they were pliant enough for weaving into mats and baskets, and in that hot climate the water steeping them soon grew foul and noisome. The monks noted that Arsenius did not throw the offensive water away and pour in fresh, but only added a little, as necessity required, to take the place of what had actually wasted or evaporated. One day a monk came and sat beside him to watch him at his work. "Why do you thus, Brother?" he asked gently. "Why not cast away this fetid water?"—"Because," Arsenius answered simply, "I used to indulge myself with the use of sweet perfumes, and now it is fit I should be punished by this ill smell."

In old days he had been rich and had liked his full purse: now he would have nothing. When he fell sick he had no money to buy even the frugal necessities of his state. He had to beg a little, and he only thanked God that he had to accept as alms that which he needed. It was a favor the Poor Man of Nazareth had shown to him. But his illness did not quickly pass, and one day the priest who said Mass for the monks of Scete came and found him. Moved with kindly pity, he had him carried to the church, and laid him in a little room, on a poor

bed of skins. Nay, and the sick monk must have a pillow to his head. The good priest saw to it.

Presently one of the monks came to visit the sick man, and took scandal to find one with such repute for austerity lying in so great comfort. "Is this Arsenius!" he wondered. Not all who have started on the steep path of perfection arrive there in a moment, and the priest was minded to teach this monk a little lesson.

"Brother," he asked, taking him aside, "before thou wast a monk what calling was thine in thy village whence thou camest hither?"

"A shepherd, and much pains had I to live," the anchoret answered honestly.

"Ay!" cried the priest. "And this Arsenius,—seest thou him lying contented on yon heap of stale skins? When *he* was in the world he was called Father of the Emperors; he had a thousand slaves, clad in silks, with golden bracelets to their wrists and golden zones about their waists. 'Twas on beds of soft and rich stuffs he lay. Eh! thou art easier now as a monk than when thou wast a shepherd."

(Good priest! Over thirteen centuries thy voice has fallen into the great silence, and still thine honest words of clear sense and charity ring down to us like a holy bell.)

"Nay, Father, I ask pardon, having sinned!" the monk begged, falling to his knees. "And Arsenius, well I wot, is in the true way of humility." And to his cell he hied him back, humbler and wiser than he came.

Like St. Teresa, more than a thousand years after him, Arsenius in his sickness was willing to accept the comfort of a linen garment. In the fierce heat of the blinding desert, the scraping of his thick woollen rags chafed the tender flesh, burned with fever, and impeded his recovery. But he had no money, and some one offered him a little to buy what he needed,—half diffident, it would seem, of daring to give a tiny alms to one who

had been so great and wealthy. It is so much harder for the noble to accept alms than to give them. Arsenius took what was given as gratefully as it was given kindly, and thanked not only the giver, but God too, saying: "O Lord, I give Thee thanks for Thy grace and mercy in letting me receive alms in Thy name!"

And all the time he might still have been rich, had he chosen; for a kinsman of his, a senator as he himself had been, died and made Arsenius his heir, and a fine officer undertook the long journey into the Desert of Scete to announce the succession and bring him the will itself. When Arsenius, whom we have seen humbly accepting trifling alms, understood the purport of the visit, he was about to tear the will into pieces, saying: "*I died before him!* I can not be his heir." When, however, the officer fell upon his knees and begged him not to destroy the document, lest he, the messenger, should be tried for his life as having made away with it, Arsenius gave it back to him; but he stuck to what he had said,—one who had died to the world could be no heir of the world's gear.

The Emperor, Theodosius the Great, had been by no means content to lose one of whom he consistently held the highest opinion; and when Arsenius fled from court, he was deeply grieved, and caused diligent search to be made for him by sea and land. Meanwhile the Emperor Gratian, colleague of Theodosius in the West, had been killed in 383, and succeeded by his young brother, Valentinian II., who, under the regency of the Empress Justina, his mother, ruled in Italy. Valentinian was only eleven years old at his accession, and he was only twenty when he was murdered by Arbogastes, who held the chief command in his army. This was in 392, and Theodosius went to Italy to avenge his brother-in-law's death. In 395 Theodosius himself died of dropsy at Milan; and Arcadius, his son, the elder of Arsenius' two pupils, became Emperor of the East.

Even into the desert the gossip of the great world finds its way, and there were many who knew that Arcadius had once been angry with Arsenius. Having fallen into a serious fault, Arsenius had whipped him; and the young prince had, it was said, taken this punishment in ill part, and had grown more stubborn. Would his resentment pursue Arsenius into the wilderness? Arcadius, indeed, had not forgotten his master; but his memory of him was full of deep respect. He knew now where Arsenius was, and he wrote to him. It was his earnest wish that his old teacher should come back to court, and help his former pupil with the wisdom of his faithful counsels. In his letter the young Emperor began by entreating Arsenius to pray for him, and he himself prayed forgiveness for his former fault; thus he tried to get his old friend to do what he wished by promising that all the tribute from Egypt should be at his disposal, wherewith he might, at his own discretion, make provision for all the monasteries there, and have alms to help the poor. But Arsenius had done with courts and with the world, and had no desire to handle wealth even on pretext of being a benefactor. All he wanted was freedom to serve God in holy solitude and peace. The world is always well supplied with men ready to undertake great trusts.

To Arsenius, the time left to him seemed all too short for learning the knowledge of God, weeping over his past sins, and getting his soul ready for its meeting with the great Judge. The imperfect always take it for granted that death itself will change them into fitness for eternal life; that the language of heaven, whose very alphabet they eschew and dislike, will rise unlearned to their lips so soon as the world's talk has ceased to sound in their ears. They who are clambering up the thorny path of perfection know that that which we call preparation for death is really only preparation for a new, un-earthly life, utterly different from this

mean porch of it; and they deem it no folly or waste to spend these few swift days in training for eternity. Arsenius wrote no letter back, but sent a brief message to Arcadius. "God pardon us all our sins!" he said. "As to the money and its distribution, I am capable of no such charge. To this world I am dead already."

Arsenius hid himself still deeper in the desert, finding out a cell so remote that even other monks could visit him very rarely. It was thirty miles from the church, and long were the hours it took him to walk thither for Mass and Holy Communion. One day he remained there in earnest prayer, hidden in an obscure corner behind a pillar; for a new trouble had come to him. People were making a saint of him, and vexatious rumors of his sanctity and austerity were noised about, so that sometimes people would take great pains and come from far to see him.

His fasts grew more and more rigorous, and his vigils became more and more continual. He would have a little store of corn sent him, which he made last the whole year, and gave much of it away when other monks sought him out. But of his fasts he said nothing, and they could only guess what they must be from the smallness of his supply. Sometimes those who came to seek his counsel would bring a little fresh fruit, and he would always taste it and give thanks to God, as if accepting the small indulgence gladly. Nevertheless, they saw that he did so only out of benevolence, and to avoid any show of singularity. Eating little, he needed little sleep; and most of the night he watched in prayer, — often till the broad beams of the rising sun smote upon his face. When he grew weary he would sleep, not lying down, but simply sitting on the ground.

Theophilus, Patriarch of Alexandria, had a deep veneration for him. Once he came all the way from Alexandria to visit him; and did not come alone, but brought with him a whole company, and among them

a certain great officer of State. Arsenius could not but receive the Patriarch, and Theophilus said they were come to hear him discourse for the profit of their souls. The monk asked if they would really follow his counsels, and the Patriarch answered, "Yes."—"Then," said the anchorite, "I entreat you if any should tell you where Arsenius abides, that you should leave him there to himself, and spare yourselves the trouble of coming after him." All the same, Theophilus wanted to come again, and sent to know if the door would be opened to him. "Yes, if you come by yourself," Arsenius sent back word; "but if you bring others, then must I fly again and seek out some more hidden place."

This horror of being sought out by strangers and gazed upon as a saint sometimes made Arsenius seem very stern. That holy woman Melania came all the way from Rome only to see him. Theophilus helped her, and, by means of some little plot of the Patriarch's, Melania contrived to come face to face with Arsenius as he was leaving his cell. She flung herself at his feet, but he said to her: "A woman ought not to leave her house. You have crossed these great seas to see me, and to tell others you have seen me, and so raise in them also a curiosity to come and see me, too." Melania did not dare to rise, or even to look up. Prostrate at his feet, she begged that he would always pray for her and remember her. "I pray," he answered, "that the remembrance of you may be blotted from my mind." (St. John the Dwarf could hardly have been more unaccommodating.) Melania went back to Alexandria much grieved by her reception. But the Patriarch soothed her, and declared that the saint meant only that he would pray to forget her person,—which was right, as she was a woman. "As for your soul, doubt not," Theophilus answered her, "but that he will pray for you."

The Patriarch to the end of his life was unwavering in his veneration of the

great solitary; and when he came to die he spoke to those about him of the saint's perpetual readiness for death, of his ever present remembrance of it. "Happy Arsenius," he sighed, "who has always had this moment before his eyes!"

Arsenius' preparation for death was to continue for thirty-seven years after that of Theophilus. He was forty when he first came to the desert; he was ninety-five before the signal came of liberation from the desert of this life. Forty of these fifty-years were spent in Scete itself. Not very long after his coming he had to leave it, owing to a raid of Libyan barbarians; but he soon returned when news came that the savage invaders had gone home. Thirty years after they made another inroad, and some of the hermits were massacred; whereupon Arsenius fled to the rock of Troë, near Memphis, where he stayed ten years; moving then to Canopus, only fifteen miles east of Alexandria. Canopus was a very ancient city, called, it was said, after the pilot of Menelaus, who settled and died there. It had been famous for a great shrine of Serapis, and had also an evil notoriety for the dissoluteness of its inhabitants. Alexandria was not much better; and, after three years of the neighborhood, Arsenius had had enough of it, and he went back to Troë.

During the forty years he had lived in Scete he had never sought human intercourse, seldom meeting the other monks except on occasions of spiritual conference. The Abbot Mark asked him once why he so much avoided meeting even his own brethren. "God knows how dearly I love you all," he answered simply. "But I find I can not be both with God and men at the same time; and I can not think of leaving Him for the sake of converse with them. I have always," he confessed frankly, "something to repent of after speech with men, but never been sorry when I have kept silence. . . . Arsenius, for what didst thou forsake the world?" he would ask himself. "For what purpose

didst thou come hither?" To find God and listen to Him; not to change one sort of men for another, and listen to them.

All the time he was very humble, and was ready to learn from those who, as others thought, should have learned of him. Among the monks was one quite ignorant and unlettered, but, as Arsenius divined, wise in heavenly wisdom. One day they asked him how it was that he, so highly lettered, cared to seek advice and teaching at the hands of a man who had none of his knowledge. He replied: "I know something, it is true, of the learning of Greeks and Romans, but the alphabet of the saints I have not yet learned; and this man, that may seem ignorant, is a master of it." This, it would seem, was the true explanation of the saint's extreme dislike to visits: those who came made it plain that they came to learn, and he would not trust himself to be a teacher. Had they come to teach him, they would not have met with such repulse.

He really was deeply versed in sacred science, but he did not think so; and when asked to instruct on any point of Scripture, he would try to be a listener while others expounded. But he could give shrewd answers, as when a man who, like himself, had been brilliant and distinguished for learning at Constantinople, and had left the world for the desert, asked him why it was that many, as he had observed, of great learning made but scanty progress in holiness; while many of the Egyptian monks—utterly ignorant men, who did not know even the letters of the alphabet—were given the grace of a high degree of contemplation. He who asked this was Evagrius of Pontus, once famous at Constantinople, who had left the Capital first for Jerusalem, then for the Desert of Nitria. "We," Arsenius replied, "dwell in outward learning and are puffed up by it, so we do not grow in holiness. But these unlettered Egyptians have a true sense of their own weakness. They feel themselves blind and good for

nothing; and so they are better qualified to work in the pursuit of holiness, and succeed better."

To God he would often cry out: "For-sake me not, O Lord! I have done nothing that can be acceptable to Thee; but out of Thine own infinite pity help me, and enable me to *begin to serve Thee faithfully.*" With all their differences of natural character, tastes, and peculiar vocations, there is a family likeness among the saints that breaks out touchingly. St. Francis, eight hundred years after Arsenius, used to say to his friars: "My brothers, let us begin to love Jesus Christ a little."

Hidden as was the life of Arsenius in the silent desert, the light of his holiness shone out like a beacon upon a hill—the hill upon whose summit stands the Cross of Christ,—so that other saints, by innate sympathy, were aware of it. St. John Climacus, a doctor among mystics, makes him the model for those who would lead the life of contemplation, and calls him a man equal to the angels; and St. Euthymius took him for pattern and exemplar. Especially is Arsenius praised for saying that it behoves not monks to meddle in temporal matters, nor to have open ears for the world's news.

As death came kindly near, he had but two favors to ask of his disciples. "One thing I beg of your charity," he said, "and it is this. When I am dead let me be remembered in the Holy Sacrifice. If in all my life there be indeed anything that God, in His mercy, has accepted, I shall find it now again." The Brothers were so downcast to hear him speak as though about soon to leave them that he said: "The hour is not yet come for me. I will warn you of it." Then another thing came into his mind. For over fifty years he had been troubled by people making a saint of him. "Look to it," he said, "that no one keeps anything of mine as a relic. You are to answer for it at the tribunal of Christ."

The same thought was in his mind when some of them spoke of his burial. They

were, he could see, eager for the solemnities of a funeral, and there were only two or three of them in the wilderness. "What shall we do by ourselves, Father?" they asked ingenuously. "For we know not how to bury the dead."—"Tie a cord to my feet," the saint replied grimly, "and drag my dead body to the top of the mountain, and leave it there." He, in truth, was not thinking of his body, and did not want to think of it. His soul was soon to stand naked before the Judge, and to Arsenius it seemed that almost all was yet to do. So little done, so much intended; so much given, so little rendered in return.

As the end drew on he wept bitterly, and the monks were amazed. "Father, why do you weep?" they asked. "Are you also afraid to die, like others?"—"Yes," he told them humbly. "I am seized with a great fear; nor has this fear ever forsaken me since I came hither into these deserts." Nevertheless, it ceased, like the last fretful gale on life's vexed ocean, and a great calm fell upon him. Full of sweet peace, lighted by serene faith, humble and diffident as ever about himself, but wholly confiding in the perfect love of God, the Abbot Arsenius closed his eyes on this world of twilight and opened them in everlasting light. It was in, or near, the year 449,—thirty years before the great Patriarch of Western monks, St. Benedict, was born. The Abbot Pastor, or St. Pœmen, saw him die; and, weeping himself, he told the monks that Arsenius was happy. Having shed all his tears here, there would be none for him to shed hereafter. 'Tis those who have no tears for time that must weep in eternity.

ONE of the things that keep us at a distance from perfection is, without doubt, the tongue. . . . And, since the worst way of speaking is to speak too much, speak little and well, little and gently, little and simply, little and charitably, little and amiably.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Her Husband's Mistake.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

(CONCLUSION.)

EVERYTHING was coming to an end for Madge, and she would never see Maurice again! When he came back she and her baby would both be lying in one grave; for now more than ever, with the knowledge of her previous experience, she felt that she would have neither the strength nor the heart to come safely through the ordeal before her. And indeed, if things went on as they were doing, with Maurice already on his way across the seas, and she eating her heart out alone in sorrow and fear and fretting, it is not unlikely that all her most dismal forebodings would have been fully justified.

Next day, however, her spirits were cheered a little; for with the cup of tea and toast which Jane brought to her bedside in the morning came a long and encouraging wire from her husband, together with some letters for him and for her. Amongst his mail was a letter bearing the postmark of a South of Ireland village, and marked "*Immediate.*" It had originally been addressed to the barracks, but probably because of its apparent urgency had been sent on by the authorities there to his private address.

Madge looked at it a second or two, in hesitation. She had never been in the habit of opening her husband's correspondence, but this was different. The letter might be of supreme importance. The writer might require an immediate answer, as was probable; and if she sent it to her husband, an answer could not possibly be received for many weeks, perhaps months. She must open the letter, she decided, if only for the purpose of finding out the writer's address and informing the person of his absence.

A second or two later the letter lay open before her; and this is what she

read, written in a weak, wavering, but educated woman's hand:

MY DARLING BOY:—The sudden news of your going so far away is a great shock to me, and to poor Eily also. I am grieved to the heart, too, that you can not find time to come down and say good-bye to us. But sure I know you can not help it, for you were always a good and loving son to me.

I have been thinking that, as you can not come down, perhaps I might go up to Dublin, if you think well of it, and see you before you go. My poor old bones are growing stiff, and it's not so easy for me to get about; but Eily and I would meet you at any place you name—that is, if you think well of it. For, of course, we should not like to put you to any great inconvenience, or to shame you before your wife. Write a line by return and tell me what is best, and whether I may hope to see you or not.

May God bless and keep you wherever you go, my darling son!

Your lonesome and loving mother,

KATHERINE O'CONNOR.

Madge read this appealing and heart-stirring epistle with feelings in which pity, love, annoyance and shame were strangely commingled. The poor, dear, lonely old mother, heartbroken at the thought of her son's absence, yet fearing to offend him or his wife by obtruding her presence on them! What had Maurice been thinking of? And it was all so unlike him, who had ever seemed to his wife the very incarnation of everything that was faithful and loving and kind. "To shame him before his wife." Yes, indeed, he had been shamed before her, though in a way the old woman was far from intending.

In a few minutes she was sitting before her writing table and penning a note, which, when finished to her entire satisfaction, read as follows:

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I opened your letter to Maurice, as he had already left for West Africa before it reached here.

So, as it is too late for you to come to see him, I write this to ask if I may come to see you instead. I am very, very lonely; and, as since my babyhood I have never had a mother of my own, I should dearly love to come to you for a bit. May I?

Your loving daughter,

MARGARET EVELYN O'CONNOR.

Quickly as the post could bring it came back an answer in return. Full of needless apologies and excuses though it was for the poverty and plainness of their "little place," as distinguished from her own surroundings, it told Madge all she wanted to know, and bade her "kindly welcome, with all the love of Maurice's mother's heart."

So as soon as ever she could make her arrangements, and pack up a few necessary belongings, Madge left behind her, and to the sole charge of the servants, the great town house, which now more than ever seemed so empty and cold and unhomelike, and set out, with a cheery face and a hopeful heart, for the little thatched farmhouse in that kindly southern county in which Maurice had spent his childhood and boyhood.

Arriving late in the evening, tired and excited and a little anxious, she needs must forget all else in the loving warmth and kindness of the welcome accorded her. Her sister-in-law Eily, a sweet-faced, gentle-looking girl, neatly attired in black, met her at the railway station with the little governess-cart, in which Madge was speedily seated, with all her belongings packed carefully about her.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, she found herself entering the dear little farmhouse, covered all over with clambering roses, at the door of which Maurice's mother—the sweetest and kindest old woman she had ever seen, with soft blue eyes, and a dear brown face framed in a white bordered cap, and with the softest and most coaxing and comforting of Munster "brogues,"—enfolded her in a tender, motherly embrace.

How good it was to be here, and how glad she was to have come away from the forlorn isolation of her life in town! And how pleased Maurice, too, must feel bye and bye, when he came to know, and should realize at last how needless and uncalled for had been all his precautions, all his fears and doubts as to how his wife might regard his own dear people and the sweet simplicity of their lives and surroundings!

Never had she found herself in such a homely, happy, affectionate environment as this. The farmhouse was such a dear old place, with its straw roof, and oaken beams and old-fashioned black mahogany furniture, its pewter dishes, and china and silver, all many hundreds of years old. Above everything else, there was such a warm, restful atmosphere about the whole place; and it was so comforting to have the old woman always near her, willing with ever-ready sympathy to understand all poor Madge's present fears and anxieties, and to give her the kind, helpful, reassuring advice born of long experience.

No, indeed, Madge must never think of going back to the city for a long while yet; but stay there and keep them company till her trouble was over and baby, please God, should be fine and strong. Sure old Dr. Finnegan was the cleverest and most knowledgeable man in Ireland, and who need go beyond him? And bye and bye, please God, when the baby was hardy, and herself strong, and well on her feet again, maybe Maurice would be back, and, before taking his wife and child away from them, would perhaps spend his furlough there, as he used to do in the good old days before he had seemed to drift so far away from them.

Madge looked grateful as she felt, yet sighed a little wistfully over the last few telltale words. Drifted away? Yes, perhaps he had drifted away, or seemed to, from these dear women, his own kind people who loved him so much. Well, in the future, she was

determined, she at least would never be a party in the least degree to this foolish, narrow-hearted policy of his.

Why, search all the wide width of England over and you could not find two other women so dear and kind and sweet as these; such ladies too,—“nature's ladies,” it may be, yet ladies of the best and truest kind. Already her lonely young heart had learned to lean with tender love and confident trust on the big, strong, motherly affections of the old woman; while Eily, with her gentle, helpful ways and innocent, happy confidence, already filled the place of a dear sister to her.

It was late in May again, and the big orchard that lay behind the O'Connors' long low cottage was a fairyland of delicate pink and white and rosy blossom when at last Maurice returned. It was under the apple boughs, in the slowly gathering dusk, that he found wife and child, mother and sister, all grouped happily together, laughing and chatting and sewing, or nursing King Baby in turns.

Madge stood up and ran forward with a glad, eager little cry at sight of him,—then hesitated, and, half-turned back as though to take the child. But no! It was his mother who must first give the little Maurice into his arms. Only for her, indeed, as Madge fully realized, poor baby might never have been there, chubby and rosy and bonnie as he was now.

Even in that moment of wonderful happiness, her husband, she thought, looked a little shamefaced and shy. But, remembering her Aunt Emily's haughty and aristocratic air, and the disapproving way she had looked upon Maurice's suit because of his lack of “family,” the young wife felt it in her heart to forgive him. Some of the other men's wives had been so dreadfully snobbish, too! And, after all, Maurice had all along, as the old woman abundantly testified, proved himself a loving and devoted son in everything save that one little matter concerning his wife.

Now, with her husband's arm about her, Madge led him triumphantly over to where his mother sat with the child sleeping peacefully in her lap.

"You see how happy we all are," she said, with a smile. "They have made me feel so much at home that I almost forgot to be lonely even for you, Maurice."

"I am glad you found each other out," Maurice said softly, looking tenderly down at the rosy, flushed face of the sleeping babe, one of whose tiny fingers was already closed in a tight, confident grip around his own.

"So am I," Madge replied joyfully; "and, with your permission, Maurice, baby and I are going to spend as much of our time here in future as possible,—that is, if mother and Eily will have us."

His mother's gentle, affectionate smile was sufficient answer.

"And Maurice will come too?" she asked wistfully.

A Visit to the Tre Fontane.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

THAT the gigantic pyramid which is close to the Ostian Gate, as one leaves Rome by the Porta San Paolo, has long since been proved to be not "the tomb of Romulus," as an imaginative people christened it in the centuries gone by, but simply the monument of a Roman named Caius Cestius, who died about thirty years before the coming of Our Lord, scarcely detracts from its interest when we think of all it has looked down upon since then. Built of red brick, and faced with huge blocks of marble, it has resisted the ravages of time, and is in almost as perfect a state of preservation to-day as it was when Peter and Paul passed thither on their way to martyrdom. Whether it be true or not that it was one of the two goals of Nero's Circus, between which Saint Peter was crucified, no visitor to the Eternal City can look upon it unmoved. Apart from its more antique associations,

it has a comparatively modern interest, too; for within its shadow lies the cemetery where the heart of Shelley is buried, and where sleeps one "whose name," the inscription above his grave tells us, "was writ in water"—the poet Keats.

It was along the Ostian Way that the two great Apostles were dragged to martyrdom. Most readers will recall the vivid picture that Cardinal Newman gives us, in "Callista," of the scene that took place then. "Filthy beggars, who fed on the offal of the pagan sacrifices," he writes; "the drivers and slaughterers of the beasts sacrificed, who frequented the Forum Boarium; tumblers and mountebanks, who amused the gaping market people; dancers, singers, pipers from the low taverns and drinking houses; infamous creatures, young and old; men and boys, half naked and not half sober; wild-beast keepers from the amphitheatres; troops of laborers from the fields,"—all followed in the wake of the first Vicar of Our Lord and his brother Apostle, even as some similar rabble must have followed in that of their Divine Master but a little while before. But now as then there were many faithful souls in that motley crowd; many sorrowing Christians, watching for a last look, a parting word, or farewell blessing, and eager to secure the bodies for honorable interment. The Christians had often no difficulty in obtaining permission thus to bury their martyred dead, and they do not seem to have experienced any in the case of the bodies of Peter and Paul. Moreover, the Roman law respected such places of sepulture, even when they enshrined the remains of martyred popes or bishops.

The grand old pyramid that, impassive as the Sphinx of Egypt, witnessed the degradation of Saint Peter and Saint Paul—or, rather, that witnessed what, in the eyes of a pagan world, would have been regarded as their degradation—looks down, impassive still, upon a very different scene now, when countless pilgrims wend their way to the stately basilica

where the great Apostle of the Gentiles lies, surrounded by the lamps that burn by night and day; or to the hallowed spot sanctified by the shedding of his blood. That spot, the Tre Fontane, is about two miles from "Saint-Paul's-outside-the-Walls," as the basilica is called, because, as its name implies, it is beyond the boundaries of the Eternal City. Halfway between Saint Paul's and the Ostian Way stands the little Chapel of the Parting, above the door of which a representation of that last touching farewell is sculptured. Beneath it we read: "In this place Saints Peter and Paul separated on their way to martyrdom. And Paul said to Peter: 'Peace be with thee, foundation of the Church, shepherd of the flock of Christ.' And Peter, in return, said to Paul: 'Go in peace, preacher of glad tidings, guide of the just to salvation.'"

The very poverty and simplicity of this tiny chapel are as much in keeping with the sad circumstances it commemorates, as the grandeur and magnificence of the splendid basilicas are fitting memorials of the triumphant progress of Christianity that followed on the ignominious deaths accorded to the Apostles, whose names it is their glory to bear, and whose tortured bodies it is their highest honor to enshrine.

An electric tram runs from the heart of Rome to the Basilica of Saint Paul, but goes no farther. Had it been a fine day, I should have liked to make my pilgrimage to the Tre Fontane on foot; but, as it happened to be pouring rain, I was obliged to take a cab. Whether I should not have performed the journey more quickly on foot, however, was a question that often occurred to me as we jogged along. The gallant steed, like the road he pressed with such reluctant hoofs, did not seem to be in particularly good condition, and was evidently entirely of his master's opinion, that there was no hurry. Indeed, I had not been long in Italy before learning that haste has no

synonym in the national language; so far, at all events, as the putting of that virtue into practice goes,—if virtue it be in the eyes of the Italians, and not, as I thought more likely, a deadly vice that could not be too carefully avoided. In the present instance, at least, I felt that both master and horse had some reason on their side; for the road was one of the worst it had ever been my lot to travel, even in Italy, and was full of ruts that were fairly running water. But the magnificent view of the surrounding country more than compensated for such disadvantages; as indeed it could scarcely fail to do in so Heaven-favored a land as Italy, and even in such weather.

In the distance, the Monte Testaccio, said to have been the Mount Calvary of the mediæval Passion Play, rose among the encircling hills which loomed through the mist that gemmed the waving beech trees and the tapering pines, till they seemed hung with diamonds that sparkled in the transient gleams of sunshine; while to the left a narrow, noisy river rushed, as if in haste to join the lordly Tiber; and on the undulating fields sleek cattle grazed, or lifted patient eyes as we went slowly by. From time to time we passed some figure almost hidden under an umbrella large enough to have protected the head of a giant; or a cart, with a crinoline-like hood and painted in the favorite colors, red and blue, rumbled past us: the horse—a spirited animal—decked out with ornamental collar, scarlet rosettes, and with a plume of feathers on his head.

The landscape must have altered much since Saint Paul wended his weary steps to the place appointed for his martyrdom; but the everlasting hills would have remained the same though all was change and decay around them. The eyes of the great Apostle must have wandered toward them as he walked amidst that scoffing crowd, filled with thoughts of the bright heaven to which their sunlit summits pointed, and whose golden gates were

opening wide to welcome him. In "Fabiola," Cardinal Wiseman speaks of the decapitation of Saint Agnes within the walls of Rome as an exceptional case, and adds that it was usual to behead the condemned outside the gate, and at some milestone—the second, third, or fourth, according to the pleasure of the judge. "We condemn Agnes," said the Prefect, "for contempt of the imperial edicts, to be punished by the sword."—"On what road and at what milestone shall the judgment be executed?" asked the headsmen. We may presume, therefore, that a milestone once marked the site of the martyrdom of Saint Paul; but the only monuments above that consecrated spot to-day are those that commemorate the miracle that accompanied his passage from time into eternity.

The road grew somewhat better as we neared the monastery; and it was between long rows of stately pine trees, that made the way seem like an endless avenue, that I at length reached the gate, round which a group of beggars huddled in the rain. But for the cross and the statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, above the gateway, the entrance might easily have been mistaken for that of some private residence, hidden among the eucalyptus trees, whose fragrant perfume filled the air all about me. The gate was opened just as another bell began to ring for Vespers; and, as I crossed the garden, dark-robed monks were hastening in the direction of the largest of the three churches that are grouped around the monastery and form part of the enclosure. Either because the monks were in a hurry or because it was, perhaps, some hour of solemn silence, inquiries as to my way were answered by gestures only; but, as Italian gestures are as eloquent as words, I had no difficulty in understanding.

This property—the Aqua Salvæ, or Tre Fontane—in which I now found myself, belonged originally to the Conti family, of which Gregory the Great was

a member. That Pope gave it to Saint Paul's Basilica, in order that its rents might be applied to furnishing lights to burn round the Apostle's tomb. When Pius IX. presented the ground to its present owners, the Trappists, in 1867, it was only a dreary swamp; but, under their fostering care, luxuriant crops, bending fruit trees, clustering vines, and beautiful flowers sprang from the malaria-ridden soil, whose only harvest hitherto had been disease and death.

Pope Eugenius III., disciple of Saint Bernard, was for a time abbot of the Tre Fontane; and the old cloister and the chapter room remain pretty much as they were in his day. When Saint Nilus, founder and first abbot of Grotta Ferrata, led the Antipope, John XVI., to repentance, he made him promise to retire to the Tre Fontane to do penance for his sins. It was to the Tre Fontane that Saint Philip Neri came to consult Padre Agostino Ghittini in regard to an ardent desire he felt to devote his life to the Indian mission. After three days of fervent prayer, the holy monk answered that Rome was to be Saint Philip's Indies.

The largest of the three churches at the Tre Fontane is dedicated to Saint Vincent, the Spanish deacon, who was martyred at Valencia in 304; and to Saint Anastasius, a Persian monk, who, in 628, also suffered for the Faith. Their feasts are celebrated on the same day (January 22), and the church is called SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio. While I listened to the chanting of invisible monks, I looked around and saw how simple and homely everything was. The walls were plain and whitewashed; the roof was of timber, and the windows of perforated marble. Among the treasures of the monastery is the miraculous picture of Saint Anastasius, preserved in this church, and before which (according to the Acts of the Seventh General Council, held in 680) "the demons trembled." Siric, Archbishop of Canterbury, visited SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio's in 990. Close to it is the

church of S. Paolo-alle-Tre-Fontane, enshrining the very spot where the Apostle was beheaded.

But I visited first the scene of Saint Paul's imprisonment, above which stands the church of S. Maria Scala Cæli, the smallest building of the three, and the most picturesque from point of view of situation. It is built upon a height, and is reached by a flight of rustic steps that wind in and out among the shrubs and flowers. The ground upon which it stands is holy; for, apart from its association with Saint Paul, it is constructed on the blessed site where thousands of martyrs, companions of Saint Zeno, were buried, and where a memorial chapel was erected in the fifth century. Saint Zeno's own body is, however, not here, but in the church of Saint Praxedes at Rome, where the chapel called *Orto del Paradiso*, or the Garden of Paradise (erected in 822 by Pope Paschal I.), covers his remains. It was in the church of S. Maria Scala Cæli that Saint Bernard had his vision of souls released from purgatory ascending to heaven by a stairs of light. A picture called "The Vision of the Scala Cæli" hangs above the high altar, and commemorates the apparition. As I entered the church, a monk was lighting a lamp in front of this picture; and I asked him to show me the entrance to the prison, which I could not make out in the gloom. He answered with the inevitable gesture, and then hurried off to Vespers—for which I could not help thinking he was late.

Following the direction indicated by this silent monk, I descended a flight of steps, and found myself in a dark and dreary hole—it could not be called a room,—on the stone wall of which is a bas-relief representing Nero and his court assisting at the execution of Saint Paul. It was an awesome feeling, truly, to kneel where Paul had knelt so many centuries before, and try to picture the scene as it was then. Outside were the Roman soldiers, armed to the teeth, and the howl-

ing mob; while here, on these very stones, knelt the glorious martyr, waiting for the palm that would wave wider than any earthly sceptre, and for the crown that would outshine the imperial diadem of Nero, and outlast the tawdry glory of all the Cæsars yet to come. How the heart that had so yearned "to be dissolved and to be with Christ" must have bounded when the clash of arms, the flourish of trumpets, and the frenzied shouts of the waiting crowd announced the arrival of the tyrant emperor! And must not that cowardly despot have quailed, in spite of himself, when he met, not, as he had expected, the cringing glance of a frightened criminal, but the frank and fearless gaze of a hero going to his death with the majesty of a conqueror!

It was only for some hours that Saint Paul was confined in what is now the crypt of the church of S. Maria Scala Cæli, and the distance from it to S.-Paolo-alle-Tre-Fontane is but a few yards. We are told that when the saint's head was severed from the body it made three leaps, and that a fountain of clear water gushed up immediately on each spot where it struck the ground. The three monuments of colored marble that commemorate this miracle give their name, the *Tre Fontane*, to the church as well as to the monastery. Close to the last of the fountains, to the right on entering, is a short marble column, to which Saint Paul is said to have been bound at the moment of his execution.

The Emperor Nero, who had come to gloat over the sufferings of Paul, and glut his tigerish lust for blood, must have witnessed the miracle of the three fountains; but there is no record that he was more moved by it than were the Jews who stood on Calvary's sacred hill when water mingled with the saving tide that flowed from the wounded Heart of Him in whose name the great Apostle suffered. Nero saw indeed, even as they had seen, but, like them too, "seeing, did not perceive; for his eyes he had shut."

The body of Saint Paul was wrapped in linen and spices and taken to the burying ground of Pompoia Grecina, near the Ostian Way. This pious Roman matron—better known, perhaps, as Lucina—was converted to Christianity in the year 58. The Pomponii family, to which she belonged, possessed extensive property, and it was in an open cemetery, in the midst of vineyards, which formed a portion of these estates, that she caused the Apostle's body to be "deposited in peace," as the Christians termed it; for the dead were never spoken of as being buried, but always as resting, or waiting for the Resurrection,—as any visitor to the Catacombs can see. The Pomponii cemetery was connected with the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus, near the present entrance to which are the remains of a pagan monument. They are just over the crypt of Lucina, and are supposed to be the ruins of a monument erected to some member of the Pomponii family.

Saint Paul's magnificent basilica stands on the very site of his grave in Lucina's vineyard. In striking contrast to the basilica, the church of S.-Paolo-alle-Tre-Fontane is almost devoid of ornament. In front of the three fountains, however, there is a railed space containing a very ancient floor that was found at Ostia, and the pattern on which represents the four seasons. It was given to the Tre Fontane by Pope Pius IX. But, as in the Chapel of the Parting, the comparative absence of any attempt at decoration leaves, on the mind and heart of the pilgrim to the Tre Fontane, an impression that ornamentation could only serve to weaken.

When I had finished my round of the churches, Vespers were over, and perhaps the hour of silence too. At all events, when I turned into a sort of religious shop, that just then opened, I found the good monk installed behind the counter as talkative as his brethren had been the reverse. Hearing that I had come up from Frascati, that most delightful of all Roman suburbs, he spoke—regretfully, I

thought—of the Villa Falconeri, which had once been Trappist property. The German novelist, Richard Voss, wrote his celebrated history of this Villa whilst living within its walls. And on the 2d of April, 1902—which was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the year in which he wrote his book—his admirers obtained the Trappists' permission for him to live there again. The event was celebrated with much rejoicing, the monks entertaining all comers with their traditional hospitality.

The Villa Falconeri has since been purchased by the German Government as an art school for students from the Fatherland. It was while I was staying at Frascati that the Crown Prince of Germany came to open the school; and, remembering the objections raised recently, in certain quarters, to the display of the Papal flag in public decorations, it is interesting to observe that the Papal keys figured on the greater number of the flags and banners that decked this Italian town during the Prince's visit; nor does the fact that the said keys are the arms of Frascati detract from the significance of the circumstance.

Having made a selection from the pious objects displayed in the little shop, and having got the good monk to bless them for me, and having received a promise of his prayers, I turned from the Tre Fontane with regret, as all pilgrims must. The ground was carpeted with eucalyptus buds scattered by the wind and rain; and as I passed through the garden on my way to the gate, I was allowed to gather as many as I wished and take them away as souvenirs.

In Mary's Arms.

BY C. U. W.

HE looked not to the hills of Galilee,
 The sparkling river or the placid skies:
 In Mary's arms He was content to be,—
 All things were mirrored in His Mother's eyes.

The Pastor's Last Journey.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

A FEW years ago I lived for a while in a quaint, oldtime village in the Austrian Tyrol, the memory of which, its simple homes and pious people, has never left my heart. One morning, shortly after my arrival, I was strolling in the cemetery, and paused before a headstone marking the grave of a former pastor, bearing a legend which I felt sure contained some pathetic story of self-sacrifice and devotion. While I stood wondering, the priest of the village approached, saluting me with that benevolent kindness so characteristic of Catholic lands. We were soon engaged in friendly conversation. I had not been wrong in my surmise: from his lips I learned the following pathetic incident in the life and death of one who had been a faithful shepherd and loyal servant of Almighty God.

The old pastor of Sommerland lay dying; after a holy and useful life of seventy-five years, fifty of which had been spent in the service of God and his devoted parishioners. The winter had been extremely cold even for that mountain region, an unusual quantity of snow having fallen. The roads were almost impassable. For days the tide of life had been slowly ebbing in the bosom of the good old man; and to-night, as his housekeeper, who had served him faithfully for many years, sat watching by his bedside, she feared that the priest who was expected from Vienna would not arrive in time.

Suddenly they heard a knocking. The sick man opened his eyes.

"It must be the Father," he said. "Go quickly, Babette, and open the door!"

When the housekeeper reached the lower floor, some one was already standing in the little hallway,—a mountaineer, with an alpenstock in his hand.

"O Babette," he said, "it is I—Toni

Gans! My mother is dying, and I have come for the priest. I have brought my strong horse, Perdie; we can ride together, though I think there will be some walking, too; it will be safer. Tell the Herr Pfarrer to hurry, please; and ask him to bring his stick along."

Babette faced him sternly.

"But don't you know, Toni Gans," she cried, in her shrill, cracked voice, "that what you ask is impossible? Don't you know that the pastor himself is dying,—has been slowly wearing away since the autumn? Where have you been that you are not aware of this? And how can you have the heart to summon a dying priest from his bed to plough through mountains of snow on such a night as this?"

"I did not know it," rejoined the man. "I have not been down since November, the weather has been so bad. I am sorry,—very sorry. But perhaps you will allow me to go up and get the blessing of our saint for my poor old mother."

"That you may do," said Babette, leading the way.

They ascended the stairs together, and entered the shabby little bedroom. The priest opened his eyes.

"Oh," he said feebly, but with a bright, welcoming glance, "it is Toni Gans! No bad news, I hope?"

"My mother is dying, your Reverence," replied Toni. "She has sent me to fetch you. Very sorry I am to see you in such poor health, Father!"

"I am nearing the end," answered the priest, with a wan smile. "But it grieves me only that I can not comply with the request of one of my oldest and best friends. Perhaps, Babette, if I were well wrapped up—"

He made an effort to rise, but the housekeeper pushed him gently, though firmly, back; covering his shoulders as she said, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice:

"It would be too bad, Father, if, after so many years of virtue, piety, and hard work, you should commit downright suicide at the last."

"I am not fit," murmured the priest. "To-morrow morning, I hope, a Father will arrive from the city. He will go to your mother, Toni. As for me, take my blessing and my prayers to that good woman, and tell her how it is."

He closed his eyes as if exhausted, and the man left the room.

At midnight a stamping of feet on the porch below aroused both nurse and patient.

"Surely this is the Father," said the old pastor. "Go down, Babette, and see."

Babette slowly descended the stairs. A man stood at the door.

"It is I—Heini Gans," he said. "I have brought the best horse in our stable. He never slips. I have also two heavy blankets. I will wrap the pastor up in them, and lash him behind me. My mother can not die till she has received the last Sacraments from his hands."

"She will live forever, then!" cried Babette, angrily. "She is raving, entirely out of her mind; and you are worse. Get you gone this moment! It may be that the pastor is already at his last hour. Get you gone!"

But the mountaineer, springing past her, climbed the narrow stairway, and presently stood at the bedside of the priest.

"I heard all, Heini," said the sick man. "How I long to go to your good mother! If now you would help me dress—"

But the housekeeper had entered the room, and, angrily pushing the visitor aside, she said:

"You are raving also, Father! Lie quiet! Do not lift your head. I will get rid of this murderer speedily."

The priest did not reply. The mountaineer tiptoed softly down the stairs; and Babette, after trimming the lamp, resumed her lonely vigil.

Three o'clock. She had given her master a draught, taken a strong cup of coffee herself, and was about to recite the Rosary when the outer door was

thrown open and more than one pair of feet began to ascend the stairs. Amazed, she stood up, and in a moment was confronted by Toni and his brother, bearing blankets, mufflers, and a large, soft woolen cap.

"What now?" she began.

But the elder brother advanced to the bed without replying, turned up the lamp and said:

"Dear Pastor Flick, are you awake?"

"Yes, my son, fully awake," replied the priest, in a low voice, but with wide-open eyes.

"Well, then, mother is crazy to see you. You must come. She can not go without the last Sacraments, and it is from your hand that she wants them. You know what a masterful woman she has been,—masterful still in her last hours. We are going to wrap you in these blankets, Heini and I, and carry you all the way. We shall take turns,—you are not heavy."

"Very well," answered the priest, calmly. "But first let me get the Holy Oils. I can not possibly go to the church for the Blessed Sacrament, much as I would like to do so."

Toni assisted him from the bed to the little oratory at the end of the room. Babette began to cry aloud, but the priest silenced her by a gesture.

"Murderers!" she cried. "Help him to dress."

And with these words she rushed from the room.

The toilsome journey through snow, sometimes waist-deep, was over. A cup of hot milk dashed with wine had been given to the priest. Warmed and fed, he was seated in a cushioned armchair close to the bedside of the dying woman whom he had come to shrive and make ready for her last long journey. The sight of him had consoled and revived her, and the priest, more comfortable than he had been for some time,—Babette, good woman, not being skilled in the

art of nursing, — rested a while before beginning his ministrations. These were soon over. The family returned to the room, and the good old man clasping the crucifix in the dying hand that could not hold it, said the prayers for the departing soul, the men and their wives kneeling around the bed, the voice of the priest growing ever more tremulous and indistinct. Absorbed in their own grief, thankful only to have the comfort of his presence in their hour of sorrow, they did not observe that each word grew fainter than the last. It was only when the cold hand of the mother fell lifeless on the coverlid that Toni, rising from his knees, saw that the hand of the good and faithful pastor, still touching the crucifix, was also that of the dead. The shepherd and his sheep had crossed the dark valley together.

Father Braun, the expected assistant, stood in a storm of blinding snow, knocking for admittance at the door of the presbytery. It was eight o'clock, and a dark, cold morning. Babette, tired and anxious, had overslept herself, and was now hastening to admit the newcomer. As he stood there, shivering, two men covered with snow approached, bearing between them the body of another man wrapped in blankets, motionless, heavy with the stillness of death.

"So it was that I saw him first, the good old saint," said his venerable successor. "And thus it was that I had carved upon his headstone that singularly appropriate inscription, 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

MIGHT I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him: Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is in that. Note what great men admire; they admire great things. Narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.—*Thackeray.*

Flowers of the Sea.

ONE bitter cold night long ago; when the flowers of earth were asleep in their winter graves, and snow covered all the land, a mother, who was far out at sea, held in her arms a dying babe. It was a lonely place for a little one to die, away from home and country, upon the great heaving bosom of the ocean. If she were at home, a little grave might be made for her, where friends could come to breathe a prayer; and when Summer crept over the land, with her scarlet roses and white lilies, she might lay her choicest where the little one was sleeping. But on the wild, lonely deep, her grave must be forever unknown and forgotten. No tears would fall upon it save the tears of frowning clouds; and through the long, long years no flower would ever rest above it.

As the mother looked upon the great, silent ocean and murmured a prayer to Mary the "Star of the Sea," the life of the little one went out like a candle; and there, in the stillness of night, she was laid to rest beneath the blue waves. But Our Lady did not forget the mother's prayer; for no sooner had the waters closed over the child than the Angel of the North breathed upon the deep, and out of the heaving waves there burst into bloom the whitest and loveliest flowers ever seen. Each wave, as it rose from the level of the sea, bore upon its crest one of these immaculate blossoms, until the whole ocean was one vast field of flowers.

And so from that time on the white flowers of the ocean have bloomed over the little one when all earth's sweetest blossoms were withering upon their stems. They are called by some "whitecaps," on account of their shape; but to others they are known by the sweeter name of "Mary's Flowers," or "Flowers of the Sea." The "Lilies of the Ocean," is yet another name for them.

The Importance of Obedience.

CHILDREN, and a certain class of their elders who are not always childlike, though constantly exhorted to be so, often fail to see the necessity of implicit obedience to commands which they do not understand; but nothing is of higher importance than to learn to obey, no matter whether the reason is plain or not. A story is told which well illustrates this point.

In the year 1680 M. de Louvois was Minister of War in France. It was a critical time in the nation's history. A great deal depended upon the news to be obtained from Germany, and it was of extreme importance that no one should know what news was received. Louvois sent one day for M. de Chamilly, a loyal friend of the Government.

"Monsieur," said the Minister, "you are devoted to La France. Upon the result of your mission much depends. I wish you to start this evening for Basel, Switzerland. The fourth day from this you will be in the town. At two o'clock go to the bridge which crosses the Rhine, stand there with a memorandum-book in your hand, also pen and ink. Everything that occurs note it well, and write an account of it in your book. Do not let the simplest thing escape you. Remain there for two hours. Then mount a post-chaise, which you must have in readiness, and travel day and night until you reach Paris, where you will immediately report to me with your notes. Go!"

"Monsieur," said De Chamilly promptly, "I go."

He obeyed, without the slightest deviation from the program laid out. Punctually at two o'clock he stood upon the bridge which crossed the Rhine at Basel. Nothing of the least importance appeared to happen. A cart full of cabbages rumbled by, drawn by an old donkey driven by a peasant; a poor woman passed, asking alms; a boy ran along with

a ball; a wise-looking old country doctor followed, with his saddlebag striking against his horse's sides. Three o'clock rang from the cathedral tower, and a cock in the belfry crew loudly and flapped his wings. The second hour passed as uneventfully as the first; yet, no matter how insignificant the happening, it was all carefully recorded in De Chamilly's notebook. Just at the stroke of four a young girl stepped up to the watcher and offered to sell him a nosegay of violets; and a man in yellow waistcoat and breeches sauntered to the middle of the bridge, looked idly over into the water, stepped back and hit the bridge lightly with his cane three times.

Every detail noted, De Chamilly sped back to Paris. Ashamed of such utterly unimportant trifles as his notebook showed, he said to his chief:

"Monsieur, I fear I have gone upon a fool's errand. I have brought you nothing you will care to see — nothing of the slightest importance."

"Let me be the judge of that, my friend," replied the Minister, and he took the notebook and eagerly scanned its contents.

The instant his eye caught the mention of the man with the yellow breeches, his face beamed with delight. Excusing himself for a while, he hastened to the King, spoke quickly with him, dispatched five messengers in five different directions, and in eight days Strassburg was taken by the French.

"Ah, my good friend," said De Louvois to De Chamilly, "see the value of perfect obedience! Had you failed to observe my command to note the least happening, however trifling it seemed to you, the fate of the nation might have been changed. The three taps of the cane upon the bridge before the hour of four were the appointed signal that I was expected at the gates of Strassburg; and upon my learning of this, in secret and at the proper time, depended the fate of La France. Behold the fruits of obedience!"

An Authoritative Warning.

Notes and Remarks.

IT was high time for some authoritative voice to be raised against the Eugenic craze—the unscientific exposition of the subject of Eugenics by authors and lecturers whose knowledge is, as a rule, shallow or wholly pretentious. In the science department of the current *Athenæum* there is an extended notice of a new work on “Heredity in Relation to Eugenics,” by Charles Benedict Davenport, who is regarded as one of the chief authorities on Mendelism in the United States; and the reviewer says in conclusion:

We have entered into a somewhat elaborate criticism of this book, chiefly to warn intending writers on this subject that the science on which Eugenics is based is at the present time in its infancy, and that it is useless to propound theories dealing with the reorganization of society until that science can give them some secure foothold. We feel sure that human progress can never be based on the materialistic views of marriage suggested by the Eugenist, and think that the laws regulating the progress of race-horses are not necessarily applicable to man.

Propos of the statement that “modern medicine is responsible for the loss of appreciation of the power of heredity: it has had its attention too exclusively focussed on germs and conditions of life,” the *Athenæum* remarks in the course of the same review: “The truth is that, before the days of Pasteur, our ignorance of certain diseases was so appalling that we flew to heredity as an explanation, and used it as a cloak to hide our mental nakedness.”

No one needs to be told that Pasteur was one of the greatest scientists of our time,—a Catholic who was no less distinguished for faith and piety than for scientific attainments. He died (Sept. 28, 1895) with the Rosary in his hands, after listening to a selection from the Lives of the Saints. He was wont to say, “The more I learn, the more nearly is my faith like that of the Breton peasant.”

Strange to say, some non-Catholics have a more thorough appreciation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, its aims and methods, than many Catholics themselves,—the class who are disposed to deride what is not “up to date.” ‘I had no idea the world was possessed of anything so great and good as this!’ exclaimed the late Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois (reputed an anarchist), after reading a notice of the Society sent to him by a Catholic friend. And Mr. William P. Fowler, chairman of the Overseers of the Poor in Boston, is reported to have said, in a recent address delivered in a Protestant church in the same city: “That Boston has not any great number of severe cases of destitution is due to the excellent work done by its many charitable organizations. One of the greatest works along this line is done by the Roman Catholic Church. While it is not known by many, and very seldom given any publicity by the press, it is, nevertheless, a fact that it carries out its work in a very systematic manner. Each of its parishes has a Society of St. Vincent de Paul, made up of the men of the parish; and through their personal efforts nearly every case is early discovered and promptly cared for. The Protestant churches, while they aid with money, could and would accomplish more if they conducted their efforts along the same lines.”

The platform-makers of the Socialist party, at their convention in Indianapolis, were careful to conceal its attitude toward religion, contenting themselves with the declaration that “religion is a private matter.” At the 1908 convention it was boldly asserted that atheists represented 99 per cent of the party membership. This change of policy is full of significance. “Presumably this ‘crawl to cover,’” says Mr. H. S. Randolph, writing in the *Common Cause*, “means that the leaders are begin-

ning to realize the danger they run in trying to fool the public on the religious issue. . . . If the party did not dare to tell the whole truth about its attitude toward religion, however, no such hesitancy was shown in laying out a campaign of education aimed at such American institutions as the courts, schools, army, navy, police departments, etc. . . . The convention voted to conduct an extensive propaganda in the army and navy, as well as among the police and State constabulary."

The menace of Socialism becomes all the greater in view of the efforts its leaders are making to spread its seditious doctrines among immigrants, and of the change in the character of these newcomers since the century began. As the writer just quoted points out:

Formerly the bulk of the immigrants came from Ireland, Germany, England and France,—countries in which civilization had progressed as far as in our own land. Within the last decade the immigration from these countries has decreased, and, instead, our prospective citizens have come from the southern and eastern parts of Europe,—countries in which oppression has prevailed for so long a time that violence and revolution can now be contemplated without a feeling of horror. Men of this mind are fertile soil for Socialism to cultivate. Once let such people become convinced that conditions here are little better than they were "at home," that wage-slavery is just as bad as the tyranny from which they have escaped, and, we shall have a company of made-to-order revolutionists who will not be easily controlled.

It is plain that there is no exaggeration of the menace of Socialism. Only those who are ignorant of its principles, or who are altogether unaware of the progress it is making, can fail to realize the importance of exerting counteracting influences.

An unnamed person took the trouble some time ago to write to the Navy Department, to inquire if the report was true that a Catholic altar had been installed on board the *Utah*. The reply he received is not without a savor of satire. He was informed that the com-

manding officer of the ship, having been interrogated on the subject, had reported to the Secretary that "an oaken stand with flat top has been provided for the chaplain of the *Utah*, who is a Catholic. This stand folds and is stowed in a canvas bag when not in use. Its cost was twelve dollars, and it was presented to the chaplain by the crew to replace one that had grown shabby from long service, the presentation remarks being made by a member of the Jewish faith."

During our Civil War a similar complaint was addressed to a commander of high rank, who happened to be on terms of close friendship with the Catholic chaplain, in whose presence he always managed to refrain from swearing. On the occasion referred to, however, he was free to express himself without reserve; and he did so, according to our informant, "as if he were never to get another chance."

"Throughout all its various forms, sanctity is still identical; nor do I see very much difference," remarks Father Dalgairns in his Introduction to "The Fathers of the Desert," "between St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar and the Curé d'Ars in his cramped confessional." It is a long call from St. Arsenius in the fourth century to Cardinal Newman; but a story illustrating the humility and simplicity of the desert saint, told in the charming sketch of him by John Ayscough, published in our present number, recalls an incident of Newman's last days, related by one of the Fathers of the Oratory:

"A poor, an indigent person, a stranger to him, had once left for him at the house door a silk handkerchief with a message of respect. This was very many years before he was Cardinal, and when he seemed, so to speak, much set aside; at a time, too, when he was himself very poor. Both present and message were received by him as they were meant, and with a solemn gravity which checked even a smile. He kept the handkerchief

as something he prized. When he went to bed expecting to die, he had it brought to him, and put it on; and, though the doctors said he might as well be without it, he died with it on. He had kept it quite thirty years, even more."

Many people—most people perhaps—would discredit the statement that Germany is politically, militarily, economically, administratively, and morally, on the down grade; however, there is a great deal going to show that such is really the case. Among the leaders of German thought, the fear of national disaster is said to prevail widely. The extraordinarily rapid growth of the Social Democratic party is pointed out as one unmistakable symptom of general unrest and antagonism to the Government. At the general elections in 1887—the year before William II. came to the throne—only 763,100 Social Democratic votes were polled: the number has increased to 4,250,919 in 1912. In 1887 there were eleven Social Democratic members in the Reichstag: now there are 110 members out of a total of 397. As proof that the moral status of Germany is lowering, a writer in the current *Nineteenth Century*, who claims to express the views of many patriotic Germans, says:

The characteristic of Bismarckian Germany was efficiency coupled with frugality. William I. hated pomp and ostentation. He refused, for instance, to have gas and electric light installed in his palaces. In front of his plain wooden bed in Babelsberg was a carpet which had been knitted by his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden; and a simple wooden chair which had been made by his son, Frederick III. His example was followed by the German people. William II. has preached frugality to his officers, but an era of luxury and waste has been introduced notwithstanding. The old Prussian virtues have disappeared. Riotous living prevails in Germany. Berlin has become the most immoral town in Europe. No less than 20 per cent of the children born in Berlin are illegitimate. Hundreds of shady restaurants and cafés, in which music and dancing take place, are permitted to remain open until four o'clock in the morning or all night long; and

most Berliners are proud of the night life of their town, which puts that of Paris into the shade. An unnamable vice, which the French call *le vice allemand*, has permeated the highest military and social circles, as was seen at the Eulenburg Trial. Vice is paraded openly and shamelessly. The German police, who are always ready to interfere vigorously with political meetings, make no attempt to interfere with the evil. The German Government sees apparently no reason for suppressing it. The old idealism of Germany has given way to a coarse materialism. Religious sentiment is disappearing.

It would be rash to conclude from the evidence furnished that Germany will continue declining. William II. is too wise to believe that the country can be re-created and rejuvenated by such means as the enlargement and improvement of his navy. He may share Bismarck's apprehension of a great European coalition against Germany; but, better than Bismarck, he realizes that the enemies most to be dreaded are within the Empire's own borders.

The poor of London have lost a devoted friend as well as a generous benefactor by the death, after a brief illness, at the age of fifty-six, of Lady Sykes, daughter of the late Rt. Hon. George Cavendish, M. P., and wife of Sir Tatton Sykes. The extent of her charitable work and the manner in which she conducted it caused her to be widely known. Not content with contributing large sums for the relief of the poor, she went among them, ministering to the needs of soul and body in any way possible. A warm friend to the friendless, a tender nurse to the sick, a kind consoler to the afflicted, she also encouraged the downhearted, rescued the tempted, and in a hundred ways taught her beneficiaries how to help themselves and improve their conditions. Says the *Yorkshire Post*: "Her view of charity knew no bounds. Of organized charity she had a contempt almost as profound as that with which she regarded vicarious charity. To her, charity meant not merely the giving of money, but of service; and of both she gave unsparingly,

though not without discrimination. She was eminently practical in all her good works, and would not hesitate to assist a poor sick woman to clean up her house; or, by way of example, show how a lazy woman might brighten her home and make it comfortable and attractive to the bread-winning husband."

Nor were Lady Sykes' energies confined to charitable undertakings. From the *London Tablet* we learn that "she edited two newspapers, took an active interest in the drama, was a keen sportswoman, and did political work until quite recently, when she canvassed energetically in a London by-election. In 1899 she showed her talent as an organizer among a party of nurses for South Africa, where her son, Mr. Mark Sykes, was on active service." Truly a valiant woman. No wonder her loss is felt and deplored wherever she was known.

THE AVE MARIA for March 30 contains an open letter by a Catholic layman addressed to a professor of a State university acting as a promoter of the Young Men's Christian Association. The letter is one of the best things of its kind that we have ever had the pleasure of reading. It is kindly, charitable, yet strong and forceful, and presents the writer's reasons for not joining the Association. The incident recalls the troubles of Archbishop Harty of Manila with the same Association. In the Philippines the thin veil of non-sectarianism worn in the United States is thrown off completely, and the Association appears in its true character as a proselytizing institution, calumniating the Church and her ministers. We trust that the letter of the Catholic layman in THE AVE MARIA may have a broad circulation.

—The Good Work.

We are indeed sorry to say that the communication in question, notwithstanding its excellence, usefulness, and timeliness, has attracted the attention of less than half a dozen Catholic periodicals. But, then, one can never be quite certain as to what will appeal to the average Catholic editor. Things of special importance and general interest, like the letter referred to, and a more recent and not less serviceable one by the Hon. Dudley

G. Wooten, often escape altogether the notice of those who, it would seem, should be the very first to direct attention to them.

There is perennial timeliness, as well as pith and point, in the distinction recently made by Cardinal O'Connell between the apparent and the real enemy of religion within the fold. The real enemy, he said, is not the weak sinner. "It is not the man who, while his faith and allegiance are clear and strong, maybe falls very short of sanctity. It is not the man who may drink a drop too much for his own good, or who occasionally slips in virtue but who at heart, nevertheless, is a loyal and true Catholic. His faults are personal. God will deal with him in gentleness and mercy. But the pharisee who is too cold-hearted or too shrewd to make a slip, yet who, nevertheless, is never capable of a generous love for his Church, . . . that is the man who, because he is pulling out the stones at the foot of the foundation, will, unless he repents, see, not the Church, which is eternal, but his own Christian faith crumble like a ruin, and crush his soul in its fall."

This is no glorification of faith at the expense of morals, no palliation of sins of weakness: it is merely the plain statement of a truth which experience has repeatedly confirmed and is every day confirming.

Mr. A. H. Atteridge writes:

It is strange that, in connection with "heart burials," Mr. Hort, in his interesting article, "The Heart in Religious Symbolism" (THE AVE MARIA, No. 22, p. 673), has overlooked one of the most famous. Early in 1847, Daniel O'Connell, broken in health, set out for Rome. He could not get farther than Genoa, where he died on May 15, 1847. But he asked that, while his body was to lie in Irish earth, his heart should be sent to Rome, as a pledge of his devotion to the Church and to the Holy See. This was done, and the heart of the great leader reposes in the Eternal City, in the Church of St. Agatha.

A Notable Biography.

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman" has been welcomed for itself, on its own high merit, and for what it makes possible — namely, another and definitive Life of that great English son of the Church. For, granting that Mr. Ward has among his many high gifts the genius of biography, and that he has in the present work put it out to excellent purpose, it is our view, nevertheless, that Newman has yet to find his last biographer. It is our belief, too, that the present biography will be an indispensable source-book,—perhaps, with other matter that may come to light, a sufficient *fontis et origo* of the destined perfect work. Surely this is to put Mr. Ward's achievement on a high plane, quite above the power of vicissitude of time and place, status of learning or matter of politics to lessen or annul.

Mr. Ward's is a great Life, both in conception and in execution. Truth-telling is its aim, missed at times because truth is arrived at in all matters touching the quick of life by the uncharted way of instinct, intuition, or sympathetic insight, in which precisely lies the biographer's distinctive genius. Mr. Ward's power is of intellect, it is a power of analysis, a power of generalization. To it is denied a certain arrowy quality that reaches the very heart of life. Perhaps it would be a less masculine mind thus finally endowed—it was Boswell's, and that great biographer has always seemed to us rather an old mistress than an old master of his art,—but, unless we mistake not, it is *the* mind for biography.

The method Mr. Ward employs comes highly approved, by the word of his great subject no less than the example of other successful workers in the field. In a passage which he quotes (Vol. II., p. 314), Newman says: "My own notion of writing a Life is the notion of Hurrell Froude, — viz., to do it by letters, and to bring in as little letterpress of one's own as possible. Froude has so done his 'Becket.' It is far more real, and therefore interesting, than any other way. Stanley has so done in his 'Arnold.'" But the results of "reality" (truth-telling), "interest" to be desired, throw the brunt of the biographer's effort on the matter of selection, the fundamental endeavor in art. No critic of Mr. Ward's work can be so familiar with the material as the author himself; no one has had such an opportunity of getting at the "real" Newman. Yet, somehow, the real Newman does not live for us. Mr. Ward admits

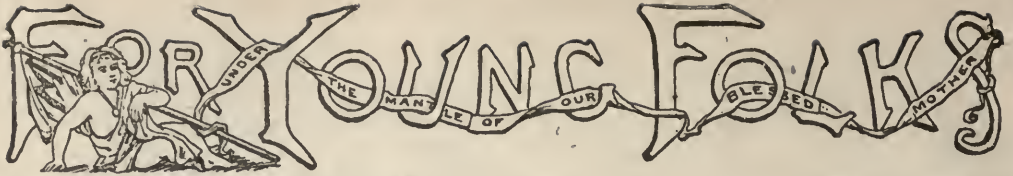
there was much material he passed over: we could wish he had refrained from some he has employed, replacing it with other of the rejected matter. Moreover, once selected, material does not leap into its place: it must be "worked up."

Here again Mr. Ward seems to have missed an opportunity. Newman, the great churchman, is drawn or sculptured for us, in all that constitutes intellectual greatness, with the thews that mark the conception and execution of an Angelo. But when we read in an out-of-the-way spot that Newman prayed in his early years that he might never receive an honor which would lessen his love of God, we recognize material for whose due presentation were required the spirit and the touch of an Angelico. For the intellectual, the reflecting, such matter, happened upon thus in its stark gold, has perhaps its full effect. But surely it was due to the Newman, so often and so greatly misprized — to the Newman here so frankly set forth in his intimate defects, — to give among the bold lines of his great merits, here otherwise so well done, the stroke, at once basic and finishing, of his insuperable simplicity and humility.

It was no easy matter to produce a portrait of a character like Newman, not so much many-sided as unified and consistent in his blend of qualities. We feel he is always Newman even when, in this action or in that writing, he is apparently not himself. Of him it is strictly true that he had the defects of his qualities. Mr. Ward, on the whole, allows the qualities to dominate, as they actually did in the man. A lesser biographer might have shown only that he had the qualities of his defects.

Mr. Ward is at his best when he treats of those great public events, movements or controversies, with which Newman was associated. The exception is where he treats of the Oxford Movement, where it seems too much is telescoped into short compass, even though it be matter with which those interested in Newman have long been familiar. But the biographer's handling of such issues as Newman's Roman days, the Catholic University of Ireland, Liberal Catholicism, the Vatican Council, and the Gladstone Controversy, is masterly. And in the chapters "Life at the Oratory," "Final Tasks," and "Last Years," we find something of that sympathetic insight and tenderness of touch which, if they had been exercised throughout, would have made, we can not help thinking, a truer and a greater biography.

Let us hope that a cheaper edition of this biography of Cardinal Newman may soon be put within the reach of a wider circle of readers. It is a work to do the world good.



"I."

BY E. BECK.

THE person nearly always right
And very seldom in the wrong
Is found 'neath leaden skies and bright,
And 'mid the weak and 'mid the strong.

Of either sex, rude or polite
The person is—all ranks belong—
The person nearly always right
And very seldom in the wrong.

"I" is the name so oft in sight,
Told near and far in prose and song,
Of one who in the dark or light,
Is always foremost in the throng:
The person nearly always right
And very seldom in the wrong.

The Story of a Violin.

OF all the musty little shops in the crooked Rue St. A——, old Hamel's was perhaps the most so; and yet it was before this shop that an open carriage suddenly stopped one summer morning, and the foreign-looking gentleman who alighted entered the dusty doorway. Inside the shop he paused before an odd jumble of curious things—cobwebby little marble statuettes, bits of quaint-shaped porcelain, queer old musical instruments, and here and there a gilt canary cage hanging above. From the mist of this medley the sound of a clear, sweet violin arose, and floated past the gentleman through the shop to the street. In fact, it was just that which had caused the gentleman to stop his carriage here.

"What would Monsieur be pleased to have?" inquired the old shopkeeper.

"I heard some one playing a violin in

here," replied the gentleman. "It seemed a sweet-toned instrument; and, seeing those others in your window there, I thought it might be for sale. Is it so?"

"Oh, certainly! There are some fine instruments here, and great bargains. This that you have done me the honor to admire is a genuine Stradivarius."

Monsieur cut him short.

"Ay, but just bring out whoever is playing back there, and let me hear a little more of it. My own ears are all the recommendation I care for."

Hamel bowed low.

"Tony, bring the violin in here.—"My grandson, Monsieur," he said, as the boy entered, "who loves better to try every violin that comes into the shop than to earn a day's wages at selling. No turn for business whatever; and that's bad for a boy—very bad, as I've told him,—however well he may play the violin."

But the boy, with his eyes bent dreamily upon the violin, scarcely seemed to hear. He was a slight, thin-featured lad, with a mass of jet-black hair curling like a girl's around his neck,—which, together with his sweeping black lashes, made him seem paler than he was.

The gentleman took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes.

"Your grandson?" he repeated, glancing from the boy to the old man. They certainly did not resemble each other.

"My daughter's child, Tony Marelli. As Monsieur sees, this violin is of the oldest. No such wood—"

"Nay, I care nothing for the age of the wood!" said Monsieur, waving the instrument back. "If it were made yesterday and sounded to suit me it would be all the same; for, even if my eyesight were better, I know nothing of a violin by its looks; I have never handled one. But my ear is true, and I know well

enough if it screeches or sings; and I thought of surprising my little daughter with this when I go back to Leipsic." (The boy flashed a pleased look at Monsieur.) "She is to begin practice this autumn, and I should like her to have an instrument of this tone. Be good enough to play something else, my lad!"

Hamel handed Tony the violin, and he obeyed. A soft, haunting strain sweetened the air of the little shop. The stranger put on his glasses, and stroked his beard, smiling.

"Ah, yes, I have heard that before! It is one of my brother's pieces, and it proves your violin a good one; for the tone is very like his, and that is excellent. The price, then, please?"

Hamel, with a shrewd glance at his would-be purchaser, named a goodly sum. Monsieur took out his check-book and paid it unhesitatingly, requesting that the violin be cased and taken to the carriage.

But where was the case? Among such a huddle of things it was possible to lose almost anything. Tony, with a regretful look at the violin, roused himself to search about.

"But it was here half an hour ago, grandfather!" he said, wonderingly.

"Ah, maybe so, maybe not! Who knows? You are dreaming most of the time, Tony. There! You will break something, poking about so. Keep quiet. I will find it."

"Oh," said the gentleman, good-naturedly, "no need to hurry! Just send it any time to-day,—Hotel R——, Room 20. I do not leave till night."

Hamel, rising from his hands and knees, dragged the missing case from behind a heap of miscellaneous merchandise by the counter.

"With many thanks, Monsieur, but here it is." And he put the violin he held inside of it.

Tony stood at the door, looking after the carriage as it was driven away.

"Leipsic!" he murmured. "Where *he*

is,—he that draws out a violin's soul at will! Oh, if I only had him to teach me, I too should some day play as he does!"

The carriage disappeared; and Tony, sighing, turned into the shop again. His grandfather came in after him, chuckling and rubbing his hands together in a highly-pleased manner.

"Ah, my dear Tony, that was business! You have no eye to that, my son. A great pity! You might succeed me here, and be worth something some day; but I'm afraid you'd never think of such a neat little arrangement as that now."

"But how, grandfather?" said the boy. "If one wished to buy something of me, I should tell him the price; and if we agreed it would be sold, as you sold the violin just now. It did not take much knowledge of business for that."

"Eh, but did it not?" returned his grandfather with a look that puzzled Tony. "To turn an ordinary, nice-toned little fiddle into a rare Cremona, and that at an instant's notice, requires *quite* a business knowledge, I think, my son!" And old Hamel laughed softly.

"Why—what do you mean?" faltered Tony, aghast. "You sold the gentleman the real Stradivarius; it was that I was playing!"

"Ay, he bought the real article,—there's no doubt about that. But it occurred to me—for I always keep an eye to business—that a man who knows no more of violins than whether they sing or screech could be just as happy with a nice little instrument that sings very prettily as with any other,—oh, quite as happy! For a violin made yesterday, if it sounded to suit him, would be all the same to him as if it were old as the hills and of the most beautiful workmanship. You heard him, my dear! Hence observe my management. By putting a nice-singing little fiddle, that lay close to hand, into the Cremona's case, I content Monsieur, and profit myself a clear fifty napoleons. A quick bargain, and both sides pleased. It takes a business head for that, Tony."

Tony leaned against the counter, stupefied.

"You did *that*, grandfather!" he gasped; and then, like a swift wave, there rushed over him the memory of his dead mother, and their life in Florence. She was a poor little widow ever since he could remember, but they had been very happy together; and her one thought had always been to teach him what was right so far as she knew, and help him to keep to it. Ever since he knew anything at all, he had heard her soft voice saying: "Do right, my Tony, and grow like thy father." And now his own grandfather—his mother's father!—what had he done?

"Oh, don't be alarmed, Tony!" the old man was saying, as he drew the real Cremona from behind the heap on the floor and placed it carefully in a box on the counter. "Don't be alarmed! Nobody will be the wiser. And if such a thing should happen as the gentleman's becoming so, he will come back here, when I will explain my little mistake and exchange the instruments. Tut! It is only that in searching for the case I laid down the Cremona, and in my hurry picked up the wrong violin. 'A million pardons, Monsieur! Here is your Stradivarius, which I had not noticed before.'" And he bowed mockingly.

Tony's eyes blazed like black coals. With a protesting gesture, he stepped forward; but his voice trembled so that he could scarcely speak.

"Grandfather, you should send the Signor his violin quick,—the one he paid for. I will take it to him. You can exchange it now. He must have it!"

Old Hamel turned away with a shrug and a smile.

"O Tony, Tony, you have much to learn, my son! You are really a greenhorn. Bah! What a milksop for business!"

The boy had grown very white when Hamel told what had been done, but now his face flushed crimson. Picking up his cap, he went to the richly colored Stradivarius, lifted it from its cushions,

and as if it were some living, lovable thing, hugged it to him, while he turned to the old man.

"Grandfather, I will go to rectify your mistake." And he moved toward the door.

"You will?" said Hamel, stepping after him, his face darkening with sudden passion. "Could I not take it from you, boy? But never mind. Go if you will. But *send* the fiddle back to me. Don't come yourself."

Tony trembled. What was to become of him? He had no money, no friends in France, if anywhere.

Clutching the violin, he sank back against the doorway; a shudder ran through him. For the first time in his life he knew the temptation to be dishonest. Opportunities had often come to him, but they had not tempted him. Even in the worst poverty at Florence, there had always been something to which he could look forward—his little earnings by street fiddling,—something which would put bread into the mouths of the dear little mother and himself; and *she* had always made a home for him, even if it were only a garret. But now he had no one except his grandfather; and nothing—not even the strength to labor. What but starvation and misfortune lay before him if he crossed the will of the old man?

Tony lifted his eyes, and saw Hamel's anger-distorted face and frowning brows bent upon him. "Do right, my Tony, and grow like thy father." His soul heard his mother's words as plainly as though they had only just been spoken; and the memory of that voice was like a delivering angel. He raised his head and suddenly grew pale again.

"I will go, grandfather."

And, clasping the violin, he passed into the street.

A gentle rap on the door of Room 20, Hotel R—.

"To see Monsieur," explained the

servant to the gentleman within, as he ushered in a boy.

"Eh?" said the gentleman, turning his glasses upon Tony. "The young violinist! Come in. And what brings you? With another violin too! Want to sell out your stock, eh?" And the gentleman smiled genially.

The boy flushed red, then pale.

"I am Tony Marelli, Signor. I have come to correct a mistake. The wrong violin was given you, Signor, in—in the hurry. I bring you the Stradivarius." And he held it out.

"What!" cried the gentleman. "How is this? A mistake? I have not the violin I paid for?"

"No, Signor. The violins got exchanged somehow. But I came as quick as I could with the right one. You will see the difference at once by comparing them. This is—oh, a violin for a king to play on, Signor!" (The boy's love of the instrument broke out in forgetful enthusiasm.) "My grandfather" (he winced) "does not know the true worth of such an instrument as this. He rates them only by what he can get for them. He has no ear for music. But think, Signor! If it speaks so softly for me, how heavenly sweet it could sound for one like Talmador Ovad!"

The gentleman started.

"Talmador Ovad. And what do you know of him?"

"I heard him play once, in Florence," said Tony, with luminous eyes; "and no one could forget that, for it was like the singing of angels. And after I tried each day to play over all that he played, I remembered it all,—I think every note of it. But to play it,—that was another thing. I could get the tune well enough; but that was like one voice, while his was as if all the angels were singing together in a whisper."

The gentleman, looking at Tony, did not speak. Perhaps the silence recalled the boy to himself.

"They said he was Hungarian, Signor, though he lives in Leipsic. Perhaps you

have had the happiness to hear him many times?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I have heard him many times."

"Ah! And you may even know him, Signor?"

"Well, yes," answered the gentleman, stroking his beard. "I have met him."

"Some day—" began Tony, animatedly, and stopped. With a sort of shiver he once more held out the violin. "Pardon, Signor! I was forgetting. Will you please examine this, and give me the other violin?"

Instead of taking it, the gentleman removed his glasses and gazed at Tony for a moment very steadily. Then he rose, and, going to a table upon which his violin case rested, he took out the violin within, and resumed his seat.

"Many persons," he said quietly, "would think this 'mistake' altogether a hoax, Tony Marelli, and would have both violins examined by a connoisseur, especially as I told your grandfather and you that I knew nothing of violins except by tone. But I do know that there are faces beyond lying, and I believe yours is one of them. Moreover, I trust you for other reasons. But it is only natural I should seek in some way to confirm my opinion. As I have said, my ear is not readily deceived; it is a family acuteness for tone. Let me hear you play this violin, then the other."

The boy, with a feverish desire for perfect fairness, did as he was bid.

When both instruments had been tried, the gentleman exclaimed with delight at the tone of the Cremona, then added:

"You play well, my young violinist!"

Tony prepared to go. But how was he to get his grandfather's violin back to him? He was forbidden to return himself.

"Signor," he said, in embarrassment, "I shall not return to the shop to-day—or soon. If you would be so good as to have this left there for me, it would be a great kindness. I do not know just when I could take it myself, nor with

whom I could leave it!" He paused, coloring.

"Certainly," said the gentleman. "But not going back? You have found a better place?"

"No, Signor."

"No? Off for a holiday?"

"No, Signor, I—that is, I don't know."

"Upon my word," said the gentleman, laughingly, "you're a funny fellow. But I see you are in trouble. Tell me about it. I am interested in you, Tony Marelli; and so I am curious to know why you are not to return to the shop. Tell me, have you displeased your grandfather?"

The boy could not resist the kindness of that voice.

"I—I am afraid, Signor," he faltered.

"And why? Tell me why."

For answer a flame of color swept the boy's cheeks and brow.

"Too much playing, is it?"

"No, Signor."

"Ah, well! You do not wish me to know," said the gentleman, as he rose hastily, and laid a hand kindly upon the boy's shoulder. "But I think I understand this matter, anyway. Do not go, Tony. I am your friend, child. Trust me. You do not return because you have brought me the Stradivarius?"

And then the pent-up tears gushed through Tony's fingers, that strove to hide his face.

"And you are not to go back at all? Answer me, my boy. Not at all?"

A low sob and an almost inaudible "No, Signor."

"Then I will tell you where you may go if you wish: with me to Leipsic, to learn to play of the violinist, Talmador Ovad, himself."

"Learn of the master, Signor? But how could I do that?" Tony forgot his tears, and looked up with eyes like sunbeams in spring showers.

"Well," said the gentleman, smiling, "enough of mystery! Talmador Ovad is my own dear brother, and he will teach you, I promise, when he hears you play

his cradle song as you played it in the shop this morning. As to the rest, I will see to it. All is settled. You will go with me to-night."

"Oh, Signor!" And then, being speechless, Tony poured out his gratitude in passionate kisses on Signor Ovad's hand. "But my grandfather, Signor? You will not let harm come to him? He is so old,—so very old! Graciously forgive him, Signor. He did not take the violin from me, as he might have done. And perhaps he has not long to live,—pardon, Signor, because he is so old!"

Melchior Ovad stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"So old a rogue!" he muttered, frowning; but, meeting the boy's entreating eyes, he smiled and made haste to answer: "As you will, Tony,—because he is so old!"

From the Sea.

Many years ago the frigate *Lutine* was wrecked off the Dutch coast. After a long while the bell of the vessel was recovered by divers, and now hangs in the underwriting room of Lloyds in London, where it is put to a strange use. Usually its tongue is silent; but when news of an overdue ship is received the old black bell is rung again, to inform underwriters that something has been heard of one of those vessels which by their protracted arrival are causing uneasiness. One can imagine with what joy the tones of the bell are heard, not only by the insurance agents but by those who have friends "in dire peril" on the ocean. It is sad to know that there never is a time when ships are not long overdue, and that there is a constant procession of unfortunate barks that are never heard of after they sail.

SMALL bells were at one time called tintinnabula, from their peculiar tinkling sound.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Charterhouse of London," by W. F. Taylor, with thirty-two reproductions of unique photographs, is among attractive new books issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons.

—An English translation of a work on Philip II. of Spain, written by a young Danish historian, Mr. Bratli, and based on several years' studies in the Spanish archives, will soon be published.

—The gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature has been presented to Mr. Thomas Hardy. In the remarks he offered in reply he referred to the appalling and daily increase "in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago," and pointed to the newspapers of to-day as largely responsible for it.

—The Cambridge University Press has just issued "The Works of John Caius, M. D., Second Founder of Gonville and Caius College, and Master of the College, 1559-73, with a Memoir of his Life by John Venn, edited by E. S. Roberts." Caius was among the most learned physicians and prolific authors of the Elizabethan period. He was one of the physicians to that infamous queen, but remained steadfast to the Church through all the changes of the Reformation, was never married, and devoted his fortune to refounding the college wherein he had received his nurture. He died at his house within the gates of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, in 1573; and was buried in a hollow place lined with brick, near that monument known to everyone who visits the chapel of Caius College, with the simple inscription "Fui Caius."

—"The Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism," by Franz Cumont (authorized translation), with an Introductory essay by Grant Showerman, has been brought out by the Open Court Publishing Co. It is characterized by that wealth of erudition and of wise comment of which the eminent Professor at Ghent gave abundant evidence in his monumental work on Mithraism, and to which the editor of the Catholic Truth Society's "History of Religions" acknowledges his indebtedness. The present volume discusses in eight chapters: Rome and the Orient, Why the Oriental Religions Spread, Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, Persia, Astrology and Magic, and the Transformation of Roman Paganism. Seventy-five of the book's three hundred pages are devoted to notes explanatory of the text, and a good table of contents and index facilitate one's use of it for reference.

Mr. Showerman's Introduction has for purpose the lessening of the "natural difficulty of assimilating M. Cumont's contribution to knowledge, and above all to life,"—from which quotation it will be correctly inferred that the volume does not belong to the category of books that constitute "light reading."

—The eighth edition of Father Dalgairns' work on "The Holy Communion" is sufficient index both of its value and the range of its appeal. The new reissue is in two volumes, edited by Father Allan Ross, of the Oratory. When it is remembered that Father Dalgairns wrote sixty years ago, the intimate understanding he had of the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is little less than marvellous in the light of recent developments in that devotion. Where annotation was necessary to bring his treatment in full accord with the late decrees, it has been carefully done. We are left to regret only that the latest of these, that on the First Communion of children, is unavoidably omitted,—a want which the next edition can readily supply. Burns & Oates, and Benziger Brothers.

—The Catholic public in particular should be interested in a survey of Mathew Carey, by Earl L. Bradsher, just issued by the Columbia University Press, and entitled "Mathew Carey, Editor, Author and Publisher: A Study in American Literary Development." Carey, born in Dublin in 1760, began defending his oppressed fellow-Catholics in 1779, and his vigorous writing led to his emigration to the United States in 1784. He established himself in Philadelphia, and began, in 1787, the first magazine which gave preference to American writers and articles. He taught himself political economy, and wrote effectively on finance. His "Vindiciæ Hibernicæ" and "The Olive Branch," dealing with the dissensions of the War of 1812, were tributes to his high spirit and extraordinary powers of work. Many famous names appear in this record of Carey. Poe paid a warm tribute to his character; Lafayette helped him with money to start in Philadelphia; and he corresponded with Cobbett and Dickens.

—A correspondent of Hilaire Belloc's weekly, *The Eye-Witness*, falls foul of the very common misuse of the word "only." From some new books, written by men of conspicuous ability and established literary status, he culls several examples. We quote:

In order to economize space, I will—while leaving the

author's blunder untouched—suggest in each case the necessary correction by inserting "[only]" where the word ought to have been placed by the author: "Which he only sees [only] from a distance." "It will only be built up [only] by the collective and progressive efforts of many thinkers." "The sense of sin was only present to the Roman individual mind [only] in the form of scruples," etc. "Could only have seemed comical to a Roman audience [only] if they had already some acquaintance" etc. "Who had only succeeded to that dignity [only] two years before." And so on *ad infinitum*. I will give one more instance, and that shall be from a book which I have just put down—a ponderous new tome upon philosophy, written by a man who was formerly Fellow of a Cambridge College, and is now Reader in Mental Philosophy at Oxford: "This argument is only mentioned here [only] lest it should seem that I have passed it over."

The error in each of the foregoing examples arises from the writer's failing to remember that while in speaking the emphasis given to "only" and the words it modifies makes the intended meaning perfectly plain, in cold type that meaning must be made evident by the word's position. Clearness demands that a sentence should be so constructed that its meaning not only *may* be understood but *can* not be misunderstood.

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 published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Life of Cardinal Newman." 2 vols. Wilfrid Ward. \$9, net.
- "The Holy Communion." New edition in 2 vols. Fr. Dalgairns of the Oratory. \$2.50, net.
- "Epitome e Graduali Romano." \$1.50.
- "Alias Kitty Casey." Mary Gertrude Williams. 85 cts.
- "Sermons and Addresses." 3 vols. Cardinal O'Connell. \$3.
- "The Matrimonial State." Rev. William Poland, S. J. 10 cts., net.
- "The A. P. A. Movement: A Sketch." Humphrey J. Desmond. \$1, net.
- "The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church." Von Hurter-Jones. Vol. II. \$1.50, net.
- "Homilies of the Common of Saints." 2 vols. Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D. D. \$2.50, net.

- "Our Daily Bread." Rev. Walter Dwight, S. J. 50 cts., net.
- "My Lady Poverty. A Drama in Five Acts." Francis de Sales Gliebe, O. F. M. 35 cts.
- "Margaret's Travels." Anthony York. \$1.38.
- "Billy-Boy." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
- "The Reason Why." Bernard J. Otten, S. J. \$1.25.
- "These My Little Ones." Rev. N. Waugh. \$1.75.
- "Daily Readings from St. Francis de Sales." J. H. A. \$1.
- "The Price of Unity." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$1.50, net.
- "Poverina." Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cts.
- "Via Franciscana." 90 cts.
- "Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography." Johannes Jørgensen. \$3.16.
- "The Rule of St. Clare." Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M. 15 cts.
- "Organ Score." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$2, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Claessens, of the diocese of Seattle; and Rev. Francis Eckery, C. M.

Sister Magdalen, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Samuel Lee, Mrs. Grace Silliman, Mr. John A. Ostendorf, Miss Eleanor Wynn, Mr. Michael Nicholson, Mr. John Hanlon, Mrs. Helen Leach, Mr. Samuel Allen, Mr. Anton Werner, Miss Nellie Moynihan, Mr. and Mrs. John Fachler, Mr. Dennis J. Gorman, Mr. Joseph Sarli, Mr. John P. Gallivan, Mr. J. P. Wren, Miss Mary Foy, Mr. Joseph Koerner, Mrs. Anna Gaughan, Mr. Martin Dooley, Miss Elizabeth Dooley, Mr. Benjamin De Verger, Mr. Joseph Badaracco, Mrs. Mary C. Harley, Mr. Peter Gartland, Mrs. Nano Kenealy, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. J. F. Dinan, Mr. Edward Weisbeck, Mr. John Eckert, and Mr. Thomas Cunningham.

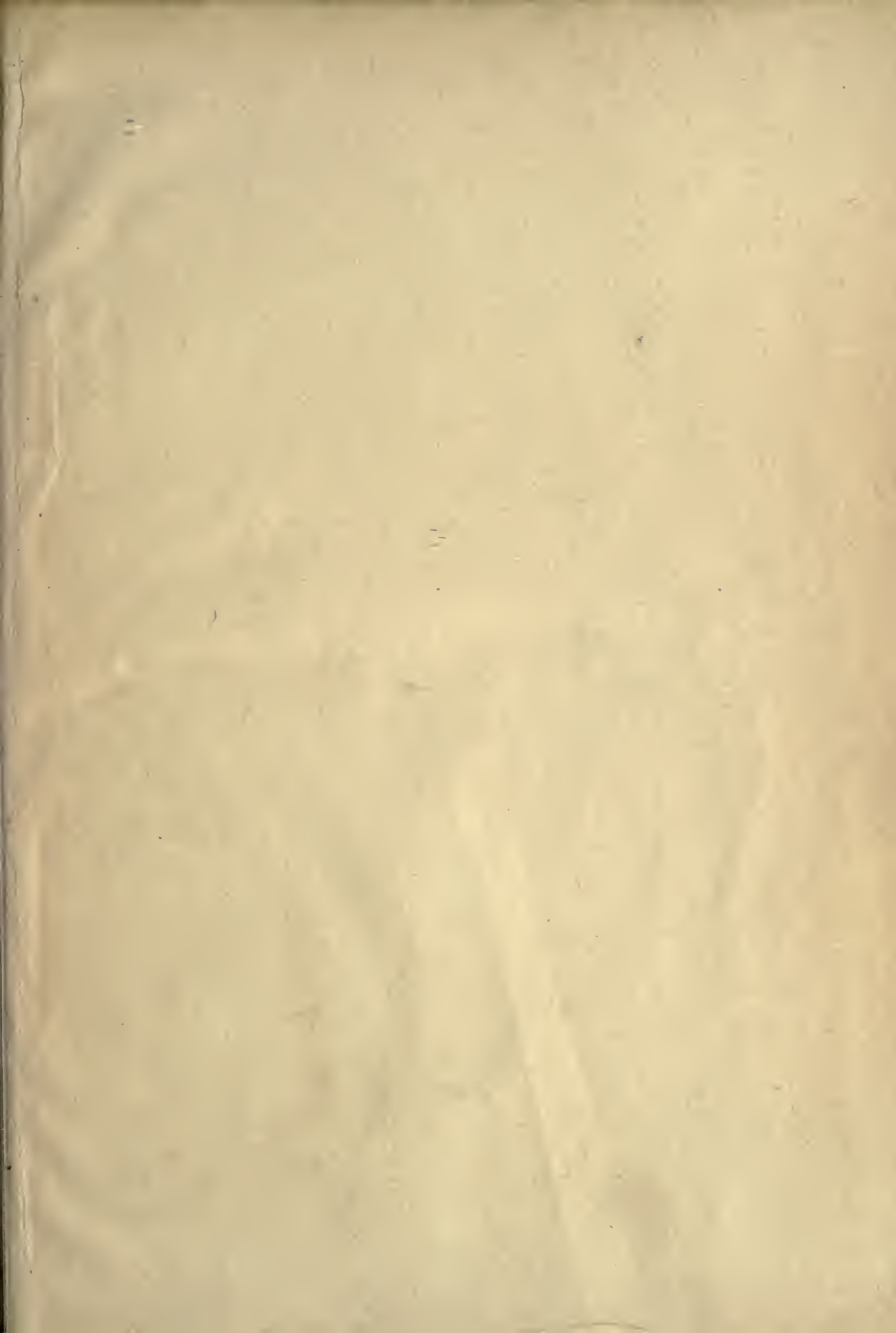
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the famine sufferers in China:

A priest, \$25; A friend, \$25; Rev. C. J. G., \$5; Part of a collection, \$20; Mrs. J. H. Z., \$1; A Child of Mary, \$1; M. L. L., \$2; Friend, Denver, \$5; Mrs. Mary Calfer, \$2; John F. Stoughton, \$2; H. K., \$5; In honor of the Sacred Heart, \$5; T. H. S., \$5; W. F. M., \$5.







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