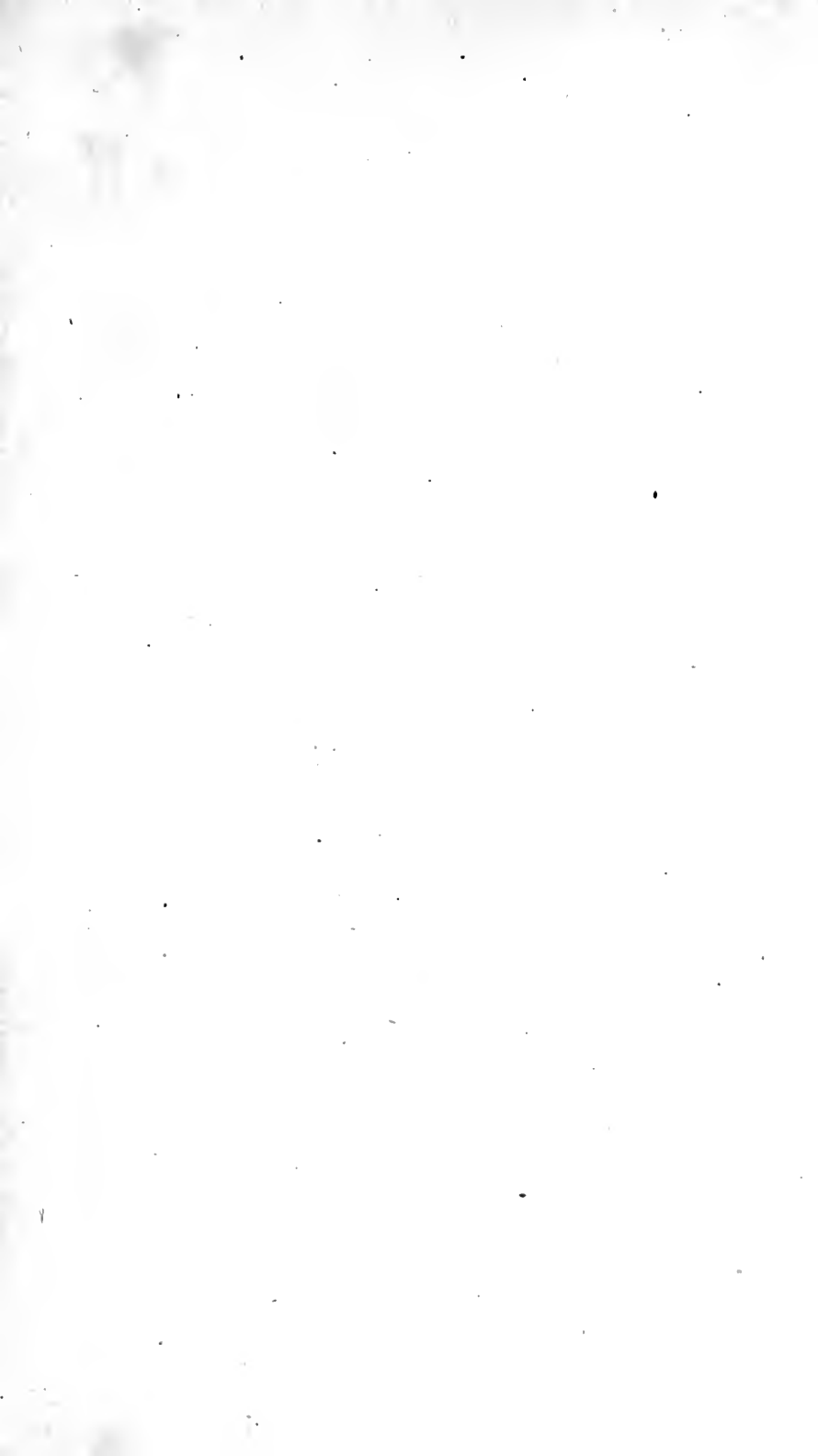


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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE :

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.



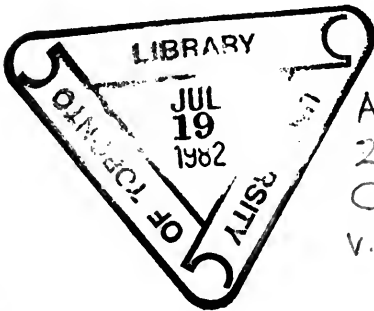
Ontario. VOL. XL.

OCTOBER, 1884, TO MARCH, 1885.

NEW YORK:
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO.,
9 Barclay Street.

1885.

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H. J. HEWITT, PRINTER, 27 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE NATURE AND EXTENT OF INSPIRATION.*

FRANÇOIS LENORMANT, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, is professor of archæology at the National Library of France. He stands eminent in this science, as in its associate science of philology. Like his father also, he is a faithful child of the church. "I am a Christian," he says; "and just now, when my belief may be a cause for reprobation, I am more than ever desirous to proclaim it emphatically." And again: "I believe firmly in the inspiration of the Sacred Books, and I subscribe with absolute submission to the doctrinal decisions of the church in this respect."

Ernest Renan is a philologist of a different stamp. He is not only an aggressive infidel in religion, but a wild speculator in his own special science. His hardihood in building grand generalizations with nothing but ignorance to support them has been cuttingly exposed by the Abbé Cuoq, a philologist of patient study, and our highest authority in the languages of the Iroquois and Algonquin tribes.† It is doubtful if M. Renan would ever have received any public notice from Cardinal Newman, except for an accident, and to that accident both faith and science are indebted for one of the most luminous and timely contributions which this century can record. A late article in an English journal, commenting on a work of Renan's, attributed his abandonment of Catholicism in no small measure to his study of the

* Cardinal Newman, "On the Inspiration of Scripture," in the *Nineteenth Century*, February number, 1884.

The Beginnings of History. By François Lenormant. Translated from the second French edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

† *Jugement Erroné de M. Ernest Renan sur les Langues Sauvages.* Montreal, 1859.

Biblical text, especially that of the Old Testament, and then said :

“He explains ‘that the Roman Catholic Church admits no compromise on questions of Biblical criticism and history.’ . . . ‘Hence the undoubted fact that the Roman Catholic Church . . . insists on its members believing . . . a great deal more in pure criticism than the strictest Protestants exact from their pupils or flocks.’ Should, then, a doubting Anglican contemplate becoming Catholic by way of attaining intellectual peace, ‘if his doubts turn on history and criticism he will find the little finger of the Catholic Church thicker than the loins of Protestantism.’”

Any one who knows how earnestly the heart of the illustrious cardinal is set upon the conversion of his countrymen will understand that he is not the man to let such an imputation grow on English ground. It called him forth at once from his saintly retirement; and that his eye is not dimmed or his natural force abated may be seen by all who read what he has written on “Inspiration” in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*. That article is henceforth inseparably identified with the history of this question.

Twenty-four years ago the writer of this paper published a book upon the authenticity and truthfulness of the Old-Testament records. At that time the principal attacks were occasioned by developments in geology. A long and patient study of the mooted questions convinced him that their satisfactory settlement must be looked for, not in any ingenious manipulation of the discoveries in geology, but in a more carefully developed view of inspiration. Henry Holden in his *Analysis Fidei*, Bergier in his *Dictionnaire de Théologie*, and Amort in his *Demonstratio Critica*, were the only Catholic authors of note, so far as known to him, that distinctly upheld the view upon which his own mind had settled. It has been reserved for Cardinal Newman to lend the authority of his great name to it, and withal to set it forth so luminously, so prudently, with such manly frankness and yet such filial submission to holy church, with such respectful deference to all respectable opinion, and with such gentle sympathy for every devout conscience, that opposition must be either strongly prejudiced or strongly armed not to find itself completely disarmed.

It will not, perhaps, be thought too hardy for one so long interested in this field of thought to follow humbly in the footsteps of this beloved guide of his early years, and with unchanged but maturer judgment to bring a great question once again before his fellow-Catholics in the United States.

By inspiration we understand "a certain direct and supernatural influence of the Divine Spirit upon a writer, moving him to write, illuminating his mind also with holy truth, and guiding him to express that truth without error."* This seems to us amply sufficient to set forth the nature of a truly divine inspiration in contradistinction from every inferior and usurped sense of the word. It does not reach, however, to the principal end and aim of this article, which seeks to investigate something more than the simple meaning of inspiration in the abstract. We are not aware of much controversy or difference of opinion among Catholics in our day as to the nature of inspiration; but as to its actual practical extent in the Sacred Scriptures there are some questions to be settled. Is the inspiration of the Bible plenary, or not? If, as we love to maintain, it is plenary and covers the whole authentic text, in what sense is it so? How far or in what respect does it guarantee our confidence in the record to which it attaches, and claim our faith in the accuracy of its statements? Not, certainly, in every respect, "unless," as Cardinal Newman remonstrates, "we are bound *de fide* to believe that 'terra in æternum stat,' and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes." This is already enough to show that some discrimination is to be made.

But far more urgent reasons exist for discrimination—reasons which sometimes oblige the interpreter of Scripture to adopt one of these three expedients: Either he must abandon the literal, and oftentimes the only simple and natural, sense of the text; or else he must maintain it against clearly-ascertained facts of secular science; or else, while accepting it as the true sense, or one true sense, of the text, he must take the ground that it does not fall within the scope and purpose of divine inspiration to guarantee the writer against errors of that nature. None but an infidel would assert that genuine Christianity can come in conflict with any genuine facts of science. Nor would any Christian who understands the conditions necessary to the pursuit of all science, whether sacred or profane, wish the student to be fettered from theorizing to a very considerable extent in advance of certainty. On the other hand, there is such a thing as theorizing too much. It is possible to waste time in hopeless theorizing; and this applies to Biblical criticism as well as to other sciences. The book of Genesis has been tortured with theories of interpretation framed to escape its only simple and natural

* Any special providence or assistance, affecting the record but not through the prophet's mind, or reaching his mind indirectly *ab extra*, would not be inspiration.

meaning, in order to make a good scientist of Moses. And now a current of thoughtful sentiment asks: Is it necessary to suppose that Moses understood geology, or astronomy, or history, or any other matters of mere secular knowledge, better than his compeers of that age? And if sometimes the imperfect knowledge of his day is manifest in his writings, was it always necessary for the Divine Spirit, when illuminating his mind, to set him right in matters of that nature? "The intention of Holy Scripture," says Cardinal Baronius, "is to teach us how to go to heaven, and not how the heavens go"; "still less," adds Lenormant, "how the things of the earth go, and what vicissitudes follow one another here. The Holy Spirit has not been concerned either with the revelation of scientific truths or with universal history. In all such matters 'he has abandoned the world to the disputes of men'—*tradidit mundum disputationibus eorum.*"* Cardinal Newman takes the same ground, but with a cautious distinction which must not be overlooked. "It seems unworthy of divine greatness that the Almighty should, in his revelation of himself to us, undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, *except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth.*"

The ordinary opinion of Biblical students seems to be contrary to so liberal a view.† And yet, strange to say, those canons of the church on inspiration which approach nearest to the points in question not only appear to favor that theory, but even suggest it. The councils point out the *scope and purpose* of inspiration most distinctly, and always in the same way—namely, as simply guaranteeing the teaching of the sacred writings in matters of *faith and moral conduct*. These definitions of the church are gathered and epitomized by Cardinal Newman as follows:

"Four times does the Tridentine Council insist upon 'faith and morality' as the scope of inspired teaching. It declares that the 'Gospel' is 'the fount of all *saving truth* and all *instruction in morals*'; that in the written books and in the unwritten traditions, the Holy Spirit dictating, this *truth and instruction* are contained. Then it speaks of the books and traditions 'relating whether to *faith* or to *morals*,' and afterwards of 'the confirmation of *dogmas* and establishment of *morals*.' Lastly, it warns the Christian people, 'in matters of *faith* and *morals*,' against distorting Scripture into a sense of their own. ‡

*Op. cit. Præf.

† On the contrary, Amort claims the "common opinion among judicious interpreters and theologians" for the liberal view. Cited in the *Gentle Skeptic*, chap. xvii. p. 187.

‡ Archbishop Dixon, while holding that no error of any kind can be admitted in the Scrip-

"In like manner the Vatican Council pronounces that supernatural revelation consists '*in rebus divinis*,' and is contained '*in libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus*'; and it also speaks of '*petulantia ingenia*' advancing wrong interpretations of Scripture '*in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium.*'"

The councils (as the cardinal notices) do not say a word of inspiration in matters of fact. It was not necessary to make any such distinction. The Holy Ghost has spoken to us in various ways which there was no occasion to enumerate; not only by statements of religious truth in doctrinal form, but by history and by prophecy, by argument and by dogma, by illustrations drawn from heaven and earth, by literal facts and by allegorical pictures. Inspiration speaks under all the various forms of thought and departments of literature, and in all she guards the believing heart from error in matters of faith and morals—that is, in everything which pertains to the edification of Christian doctrine.

We, for our part, accept loyally all the decisions and definitions of the holy church in this as in other questions of the faith. We bow also in loving submission to that "*magisterium ordinarium et universale*" which is always hers. At the same time we accept most thankfully and joyfully that large liberty which she throws open to the progress of scientific thought both in theology and in secular science. Such liberty is necessary to advance the Christian scholar to a deeper knowledge of the ways of God, whether he studies them in the pages of Holy Writ, in the monuments of profane history, or in the bosom of nature.

These things being premised, we are ready to apply ourselves more thoroughly to the development of the idea of inspiration as we conceive it.

However vague and undefined the Christian's conception of inspiration may be, it always involves this much: Two minds are recognized as engaged in the production of one document. There is a divine mind in the work, and a human mind. This double agency kept steadily in sight will account for many difficulties and settle many. There are always two authors to the record, but authors with a difference in the sense of the word. One is the human author, who holds the pen. The other is God, who inspires the penman. The penman does not write blindly,

tures, makes this acknowledgment: "The Council of Trent, session fourth, in its solemn decree on the Scriptures and divine traditions, manifestly abstracts from the question whether, besides *the salutary truth and discipline contained in the sacred books*, the other things therein contained were divinely either revealed or dictated, or in any manner divinely written" (Intro. ch. iii.)

but with full intelligence, at least of the literal or primary sense of what he writes. Indeed, in his mind the thought is conceived, and by its action also it takes shape in words. Hence the peculiar gifts, or genius, and the natural attainments of the writer appear in the thought and are impressed upon the style, except where he copies. For the most part he writes as other men are accustomed to write, studying and reflecting upon his subject, choosing and adjusting his words and phrases, drawing sometimes upon his own recollections for facts, and sometimes relying upon other witnesses, searching, if need be, for authorities; sometimes, too, especially when writing history, copying from older records. If betimes his spirit is caught away from a consciousness of surrounding objects, and burning words flow from his pen,

“Like rapt Isaiah’s wild, seraphic fire,”

it is very possible that at other times he may have been for the moment quite unmindful of any divine inspiration. God can reach the mind without disturbing the action of its faculties and without announcing himself. He can address himself especially to one single faculty (to the judgment, for instance) without arousing the others. It is in accordance with that quiet power with which the Almighty is accustomed to move that inspiration should move with the same economy to the accomplishment of its purpose. In every sense in which any historian, scholar, poet, or moralist can be the author of the book which he publishes, the sacred penman is the author of what he has written. Inspiration is not substituted in place of his natural faculties. The natural and the supernatural can work together without interference.

Keeping all this in view, is it wonderful that the limited powers of the human mind and the deficiencies of human knowledge should be frequently manifested in a work which owes so much to the human author? On the contrary, ought not such manifestations to be expected? We find them in matters of style and grammar, in hasty suppositions regarding matters of little consequence,* and a faulty chronological sequence is admitted in the Gospel of St. Matthew. Why must we repudiate all idea of possible mistake where archæology or the natural sciences are concerned?

This liability to error must, however, be limited in some way, otherwise we could not sustain the sacred character of the Scriptures nor confide in them as sure monuments of faith and

* St. John xxi, 25.

guides to our supernatural destiny. Here comes in the Divine Author who speaks to us by the same record. It is inspired. How far does this inspiration reach? To what extent does it illuminate the penman, guide his pen, and counteract his natural liability to error? The councils tell us in a general way. It reaches to all "matters of faith and morals pertaining to the building up of Christian doctrine." And we have a right to hold (*salva fide*, at least) that it extends no farther. The ground covered by the Vatican decree embraces all that is necessary to establish the Scripture as an infallible monument of the faith. It sets the Bible before us as the word of God. It is the word of God speaking of things which pertain to the kingdom of God. According to our view, it is hardly necessary to inquire if inspiration extends to facts of history. Of course it does. The force of the synodal decrees must be understood as applying to Scripture narrative and to every special-historical fact, so far as it has any reasonable claim to be freighted with religious truth or to show the providence of grace in human affairs. As Cardinal Newman is careful to say: "Such is the claim of Bible history in its substantial fulness to be accepted *de fide* as true."

To follow up our reflection upon that part which the Divine Author takes in the production of the Bible would lead us to show how rich it must be in deep spiritual meanings. "The Scriptures," says Lord Bacon, "being written to the thought of all men and to the succession of all ages, with a foresight of all heresies, contradictions, differing estates of the church, yea and particularly of the elect, are not to be interpreted only according to the latitude of the proper sense of the place, and respectively towards that present occasion whereupon the words were uttered, or in precise congruity or contexture with the words before or after, or in contemplation of the principal scope of the place; but have in themselves, not only totally, or collectively, but distributively in clauses and words, infinite springs and streams of doctrine to water the church in every part."* If we were at liberty throughout the first chapters of Genesis to ignore its literal meaning altogether, there still would remain enough of symbolical, typical, and prophetic truth to make it a grand storehouse of spiritual wealth.

A few words more will close what is to be said upon this part of the subject. According to the view taken in this article, is the inspiration of the Bible *plenary*? This question cannot properly be answered without making distinctions. Is it asked: Was the

* *On the Advancement of Learning*, b. ii.

writer always inspired while occupied upon the sacred record? Yes, we think so. A supernatural light was given him which, when dimmest, would allow him to make no mistake in faith or morals. Are we asked: Is the whole authentic text inspired? Yes, again—in matters of faith and morals. The sacred page throughout must be stamped with the same character which inspiration first impressed upon the writer's mind. The Bible is inspired in all its parts. The distinction of *verbal* and *non-verbal* seems to be an unfortunate one. It leads the mind away from the broad ground taken by the councils, where the true distinction lies. If, however, the question is put in this form: Is every statement to be regarded as a revelation or a positive suggestion of the Holy Ghost, so that standing by itself, detached from the rest of the record, in its literal and secular aspect alone, it is still a divine *dictum*? No. This goes beyond the definitions of the councils and seems contrary to their spirit. It is a ground which may show well in a class-room, but it is a hard one to maintain with an actual foe in front.

The reasons which are commonly given against a plenary inspiration extending to every word or every clause seem to apply with equal force to one which extends inspiration to every secular matter of fact. "Neither the authority of the Scripture nor its dignity as an inspired work," says Archbishop Dixon, "requires of us to carry inspiration so far." And again: "In this opinion difficulties are removed which must appear very considerable if it be necessary to defend *verbal inspiration*."*

For our part, we can feel no force in either reason which does not lend equal support to the view taken in this article. Were not these the paramount reasons which guided the fathers of the Tridentine and Vatican councils when, drawing a boundary line for our faith, they were so careful not to extend the authority of inspiration beyond "matters of faith and morals"? Neither the authority of Scripture nor its dignity requires us to extend the action of inspiration beyond the true scope and purpose of inspiration so distinctly indicated. In the second place, the difficulties to be removed are, many of them, such as cannot be classified as verbal. They are historical, geographical, geological, astronomical, zoölogical, biological, ethnological, archæological, philological. Some of them cannot be removed by the most careful correction or interpretation of the text. Nevertheless they are difficulties which have no direct or influential bearing upon religious truth. If allowed to stand as statements of the

* *Introd.*, ch. ii.

writer, apart from the purposes of revelation or inspiration, and bearing only a human authority, then they need no defence by the children of the faith, and may freely be subjected to every fair rule by which critical science is guided.

Whatever the reader may think of this idea of the extent of inspiration, he cannot deny that one may conscientiously hold it, *salva fide*. Great names may be enlisted against it. There are great names also that favor it. Some of these are less cautious than we are.

The question may now be asked: Does not this view of inspiration leave many passages of Scripture open to doubt? Yes, open to the doubt as to how far their literal statements are unquestionably true. And, on the other hand, it closes many portions of Scripture against most distressing doubts, and silences a multitude of cavilling critics. But how can we always tell, in a given case, where this line between divine and human authority lies? I answer: How could we ever tell under any other theory? These are young men's objections. The inexperienced always look for trenchant principles which shall settle all difficulties without expense of time or study. But healthful theology, like all true and healthful science, is a thing of gradual growth. It requires long labor of thought and study. It calls many minds into competition, and is sifted and made clearer by collision. It involves the occasional making of mistakes—widespread mistakes even, to be corrected by time and a cumulative experience. Should any of these mistakes become seriously dangerous the holy church is behind us, thank God! It is for her to interfere when interference becomes necessary. She then guards the deposit of faith by some precept or canon. No true child of hers will contradict or disobey.

There is no branch of knowledge, in sacred science or any other, where old doubts may not remain long unsettled and new doubts cannot originate. The theory of inspiration advocated by Cardinal Newman and others is in this respect on no more precarious a footing than Archbishop Dixon's view or Professor Healy's. It shows an ignorance of the very nature of science to demand certainty from it in all the questions which it raises. The Catholic's faith is certain, but our science of the faith is always capable of growth and will never grow to universal certainty.

We do not care to adopt the principle of *obiter dictum* in a matter of this kind. As we understand it, it does not adequately represent that liberty which we would claim. By *obiter dictum* a lawyer understands "an opinion expressed by a court, but

which, not being necessarily involved in the case, lacks the force of an adjudication." * In theology it means the same thing, substituting an ecclesiastical council or judicial authority for the civil. It supposes a *res adjudicanda* and a tribunal authorized to pronounce upon the question. When decided the *res adjudicanda* is converted from a disputable point into settled law or dogma. Declarations made aside from the *res adjudicanda*, even though cogently used in reasoning up to it, † lack the force of an adjudication and cannot be quoted as establishing a precedent. To say the least, there is an awkwardness in applying this principle to declarations of the Scripture. It is not needed; it falls short of the demands of critical science for larger liberty, and it lends to a confusion of ideas. When speaking of any *dictum* in the Bible, either we mean a word of God or not. If it be the Holy Spirit that speaks, *obiter* or not, his word is infallibly true. The Holy Ghost makes no mistakes, is subject to no oversights. If it be only a human mind that speaks, the principle of *obiter dictum* may be applicable after a fashion, although it speaks from no tribunal. But of what value is it in our thesis, since in such case it only distinguishes between two grades of authority, both fallible?

Let us now listen to the voice of an eminent Catholic scholar, who is familiar with the main features of our theory, but views it more especially from the standpoint of his own special studies in archæology and philology:

"The submission of the Christian to the authority of the church, in all that relates to those teachings of faith and morals to be drawn from the books of the Bible, does not at all interfere with the entire liberty of the scholar when the question comes up of deciding the character of the narratives, the interpretation to be accorded to them from the historical standpoint, their degree of originality or the manner in which they are connected with the traditions found among other peoples who were destitute of the help of divine inspiration, and, lastly, the date and mode of composition of the various writings comprised in the scriptural canon. Here scientific criticism resumes all its rights. It is quite justified in freely approaching these various questions, and nothing stands in the way of its taking its position upon the ground of pure science, which demands the consideration of the Bible under the same conditions as any other book of antiquity, examining it from the same standpoints and applying to it the same critical methods. And we need fear no diminution of the real authority of our sacred books from examination and discussion of this nature, provided that it be made in a truly impartial spirit, as free from hostile prejudice as from narrow timidity." ‡

* Bouvier, *Law Dictionary*, apud v. "Dictum."

† Chief Justice Marshall, *Cohens v. Virginia*, Wheaton, vol. vi. p. 399.

‡ Op. cit. *Præf.*

There is a great deal of useful truth in these words of the distinguished archæologist which theologians need not be too proud to study, without adopting quite all that he says. For our part, we could easily put a good construction upon the entire passage, if, unhappily, M. Lenormant had not explained himself more fully elsewhere. He accepts the faith unhesitatingly, as every Christian must. He claims breathing-room and a necessary freedom of action for archæology in its own sphere; and there he is right. But he banishes theology altogether from the field of human science; and there he is dangerously wrong. Within two pages from the above quotation we find the following ill-considered language: "I am a Christian. . . . But at the same time I am a scholar, and as such I do not recognize both a Christian science and a science of free thought. I acknowledge one science only, needing no qualifying epithet, which leaves theological questions on one side as foreign to its domain." And, again, of "science and religion" he says: "The two domains are absolutely distinct and not exposed to collision. There can be no quarrel between them unless one encroach improperly upon the territory of the other. Their truths are of a different order; they co-exist without contradiction."

M. Lenormant means well, but his language is inaccurate and indefensible. It harmonizes too much with that agnostic slang which sets all religious conviction out of the field of science and treats it as a mere sentiment. That one science which Lenormant acknowledges is not the only one. It does not include all of human science. It does need a qualifying epithet. It is *natural*, or *profane*, science, as theology is the science of the *supernatural*, or *divine*. Their truths are indeed mainly and primarily of a different order; but truths of any order, when known, can be brought into the domain of human science. Theology is a science in the strictest and purest sense of the word. Faith is not a science, but its truths are open to scientific treatment, and when so treated develop into theology. Theology is the Christian faith presented to the mind in the scientific form, based on facts ascertained and proved by the most critical rules of scientific observation, and developed into a system by the most perfect scientific methods. Such, at least, is Catholic theology. If any one would test our Christian science let him not content himself with criticising utterances from the pulpit. Oratory is an art, and is not generally governed by the rules and methods of science. But let him take up some complete treatise of systematic theology, and read it carefully through. We think that a fair study of such a

book will show that theology is governed by rigid principles of investigation and reasoning, and with far less theorizing than prevails in books of secular science. "The Catholic Church," says Father Searle, the Paulist, himself both scientist and priest, "courts the fullest examination both of her teaching and of her evidence for it. . . . There is not a single point in the whole edifice of Catholic faith which we do not undertake to rest on the rock of reasonable evidence, to begin with, and to support by corroborative proofs through all these eighteen centuries. . . . If it is thought that our evidence is insufficient, or our methods not strictly scientific, let these faults be shown."*

It is a second mistake to suppose that the two domains of secular and religious science are absolutely distinct and not exposed to collision. All sciences interlock and are exposed to collision. Between the various branches of secular science there always has been more or less conflict, and always will be. This ought not to be so, but so it is. Every yearly meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science shows it. Not long ago it was laid down as a settled acquisition of geology that below a thin crust enveloping the earth an interior fire holds all its mass in solution. The astronomer, on the contrary, met this with a speedy denial. He had weighed the earth, and its weight was inconsistent with any such state of things. Astronomy, on the other hand, has furnished us with a nebular theory, arranging an aboriginal history for all the stars and planets. It supposes these to have gradually cooled down from a gaseous to the solid state. This, at first, was very acceptable to geologists, according well with their own earlier plutonic theories regarding the formation of rocks and mountains. Modern geology, however, does not chime in with this hypothesis. Our own planet must be counted out. In the very earliest periods of the earth where signs of life are manifest in the rocks that life was of a kind that required the same gentle temperature as in our own day.† There is no evidence of an earth cooling down since then. This liability to conflict between sciences does not come from any lack of harmony between truth and truth, but from the imperfection of that human mind in which science has its seat. It is only in the Infinite Mind that all science harmonizes.

If it needs must be that conflicts will sometimes occur between the various sciences, so also they may occur between any one science and the faith. Theology itself may come into colli-

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1884.

† See Address of Prof. James Hall, *Proceedings of the Amer. Assoc.*, vol. xxxi part i.

sion with the faith and need correction. It only requires imperfection on one side to make collision possible. The Christian specialist must be allowed all reasonable freedom, and must not be haughtily denounced by men as liable to err as himself. But, at the same time, he has no more right to freedom in his special science than has the theologian in his. Neither may claim such liberty as will allow him to be careless when approaching the Ark of God or the ground whereon it rests.

But it is time to bring this imperfect analysis to an end. Cardinal Newman has done a great service to science, both secular and religious. Its greatness lies in the simple manner by which it is done; and its simplicity consists in following so naturally the lead given by our great synods, instead of the customary treatment by which he found the subject cramped. The councils of Trent and of the Vatican had struck the keynote. Taking this for his guide, the cardinal ranges slowly and cautiously over the keys, seeking out all the natural and necessary harmonies. Yet, with a masterful simplicity which never gets lost in the development of his subject, he always returns to the dominant thought.

Should opportunity and leisure combine we hope at some other time to consider practically the chief difficulties in the sacred text which have made a more careful analysis of the principle of inspiration necessary. There is a natural inertia in human nature which makes the mind loath to exert itself in the investigation of any question until aroused by some urgent demand. A demand exists at the present time for a readjustment of a certain prevailing *loquela* concerning the Genesis, and the demand is really urgent. This we hope to show, and also how simply and readily, by the view here adopted, this demand is met. It is a key that solves all the real difficulties raised by science, makes the sneers of the infidel stingless, gives to the Christian scientist a liberty really needed, while it vindicates the authority of Sacred Scripture and throws fresh light upon its golden pages.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

ON RETREAT.

LINDA during the next two weeks slowly continued to improve, and by the middle of October was sitting cheerfully in the warm parlor, with every soul in the house and many more out of it her devoted slaves. Choice flowers came from Mr. Buck, through Sara, to call back the summer to her room and have it live again in their sweet perfumes and gay colors. Squire Pendleton brought his fearful voice daily to her court, and related over again the new and old phases of his political exile. Mrs. Winifred was profuse with seemingly, and Billy quarrelsome for the sake of the smile his ragged utterances brought to play upon her cheek, like sunlight over snow. Ruth's gentle touch and sweet eyes were there most frequently, and most welcomed; and Père Rougevin and Florian made up a background of spiritual and physical lights that were very dear to the sick girl.

When she had arrived at this stage of returning health, Florian made ready to visit the hermit for a week's hunting and fishing, as he had long intended to do, and was anxious to do before bad weather came. "More for the purpose of studying the hermit," he explained to Linda, "and learning the secret of his happiness, if there is any."

Linda took up a bunch of ferns arrived that morning from the kindly solitary, and buried her face in it.

"You but waste your time," she answered, "as far as he is concerned. Still he is a good mirror. You will certainly learn something about yourself."

She said this in the tone of a hint, which Florian received with a laugh that discovered him.

"Your sickness has made you preternaturally sharp," he said. "Well, let me confess, I do go to study myself. What then, Cassandra?"

"Cassandra, indeed!" she pouted, and then surprised him with a sob and a few tears. "I am so weak yet, Florian, and I know

you are only going to ask his advice about leaving here. I want you to promise that you will tell me every word."

"I am not so certain that he can or will advise me, Linda. Because he is a solitary, he does not know everything. Nor would I be apt to follow his advice if it went against my own desires. But I promise you, my dear; and you are quite right. I *am* going on my retreat."

He sat looking at her with troubled eyes. He never looked at her otherwise since death first struck her down, and his first sensation of real grief was gnawing at his heart as he thought of what he should lose in losing her. And unconsciously, too, he was studying the course of feeling in her bosom, the gradual ripening certainty of death which, amid doubts and fears, was already blooming in the girl's heart and soul. Ambitious as he was, death had always appeared to him as a great monster who might at any time destroy his ambitions. He had never yet come in contact with it. But now it had seized most surely on Linda, and he watched its process with a sort of fascination that sickened body and soul, and crowded his dreams with terrors. He must come to this one day. How soon?

It filled his heart with a disgust for life and its ambitions that all his days he must walk under the threatening shadow of that greatest misfortune. Why live and work at all when death might shatter the handiwork of years at one blow? The reasoning was poor and foolish, but his melancholy had to find vent.

When he started one mild afternoon—mild for that northern climate—to visit Scott he met Ruth on her way to call on Linda.

"I am going," said he, "and I want to speak with you. You know why I am going."

"To fish and hunt, I believe," she answered absently. Linda's failing health was a drag on every one, and quiet Ruth was too saddened to feel interested in anything just then.

"And to think," he added impressively. "Matters are becoming muddled considerably, and I feel like one in a tempest. I must think. Sara's conduct annoys me. Linda—well, well, I won't speak about her. The angels are urging me towards New York, and you and I, Ruth, you and I, will need to talk calmly soon—very calmly, very soon." A deeper shade settled on Ruth's quiet face.

"I am going on a retreat, in fact," he continued, "and the hermit unconsciously must be my director. Pray a little until I return for yourself and me. Good-by, dear."

She gave him her hand, and he held it thoughtfully. He was

not given much to romance or sentiment. His ambition toned every feeling in him, but he thought as he looked at the fair fingers lying in his own how very near he stood to losing the right to clasp them so, and of the two other women whom different fates were snatching from him—apostasy and the grave.

“Good-by, dear, good-by,” he said again, as his eyes filled with tears, and he turned down the hill to the shore; nor did he look back until far out on the river. Ruth was standing there in the sunshine still, her blue dress making her clearly visible at that distance.

“So far,” he said, “my fate is wound up with three women, as diverse as types. A month ago I had never thought of eternal separation, and yet it threatens me, and one blow may deprive me of them all. But Onward! is the watchword. Let the dead bury their dead! If Linda must die, and Sara lose the faith, and Ruth be lost to me, I have life yet and a will, and I cannot be cast down by common misfortunes, and these are common. Common?”

He was so full of dreariness at that moment that his hard words sounded doubly hard on his ears, and he asked himself if there was not a suspicion of indifference in his nature, of cold calculation that destroyed true warmth of affection and left only a mock feeling instead. Was he too obtuse to understand really what Linda's death meant to him? Was his religion of such a type that he could contemplate stoically the certain loss of his sister's soul? Was his love for Ruth of so calm and ethereal a nature that he could resign himself to a life among his ambitions and her to another man? “I know,” he said, “that if Linda's life could be saved by entire renouncement of any life outside of Clayburgh I would do it. And more to save Sara, and still more to keep my Ruth beside me until death. I only feel that if all goes wrong in these matters my sufferings will be bitter, but that I shall recover without fail. Men do not die of grief for such things—at least men like me.”

“Yes,” he added meditatively, “I am cold and I cannot help it; and yet it seems as if man never loved those dear to him as I love those girls.”

The day shamed his melancholy by its magnificent joy. The wind was not strong enough to roughen the water into ugliness, but white-caps lay along the deep green of the river, and, like the foam at the mouth of a wild beast, gave a fearful suspicion of the cruelty that lurked below. Against Round Island's rocky and flat-shore the waves beat with monotonous murmuring, and dis-

tant Grindstone showed dimly through the mist. Across Eel Bay—Bay of Mourning it should be named—the afternoon sun sent a blinding radiance. The islands about were still in sombre green, for very few maples found a foothold in the rocky soil. Here and there their warm colors of death relieved the dark background. He paid very little attention to the sights about him. The swish of the water from the bow, the brightness of the sky, the sombre shores, the green waters, the whistle of the wind, and the loveliness of the scene passed before his senses and became inwoven with his melancholy. There was a bitterness even in the cheerful day.

When he arrived at the Solitary Island the hermit was away. He took possession of the hut, and, finding some remnants of the squire's tobacco and a pipe, made himself at home and began to inspect one of the notable volumes on fishing. Scott returned shortly and gave him a most cool reception.

"How do?" he said shortly, bringing his brows together and sending a sharp look into his face. "How's the little 'un?"

As before, Florian answered wearily. He had made up his mind that no behavior of Scott's would drive him away until he had accomplished his purpose. If coolness and "cheek" were the only requirements for a lengthy stay with the solitary he was prepared to furnish a large supply. And Scott saw it in his easy and unconcerned manner, and seemed willing to submit to the intrusion.

"She bade me thank you for the ferns," said Florian, "and if it would not be asking too much, would you call and see her as often as you visit the town, and would your visits be oftener made."

"She is kind," was all Scott replied, and set about getting supper. Florian made no offer to help him, but walked out on the boulder with his book and pipe, and gave his attention to the long shadows that crept through and over the islands and the last feeble whistle of the dying wind. Far away east glimmered a single star.

"Supper's ready!" called Scott in a few minutes, and Florian sat down to a table of Spartan simplicity—boiled corn-meal and fish. It was speedily ended, for neither seemed to be hungry nor disposed to talk. The hermit sat silent, and Florian was determined to interfere as little as possible with his humors. He ate less than a child.

"I have met him at an unlucky time," thought the youth; "he is ill and out of sorts." But he said nothing whatever, re-

lighted his pipe and took his seat on the boulder over the river. For a few minutes there was the clatter of tin dishes as the solitary cleaned them and put them away, then he came out and sat beside Florian.

"I am going away," said Florian simply. "I wanted to talk with you first, and so came over."

"There is no hope, then, for the little 'un?"

"None," he answered, almost carelessly. "A month will end her life—at the most two. Then there are other calamities."

"For her?" He turned quickly on the youth, and perhaps flushed a little; yet in the gathering twilight Florian could not be certain, but he was interested.

"No, but for us all. She is safe, poor child, from the world's harshness for evermore."

"For evermore!" repeated Scott, and he was silent. The stars were coming out more rapidly, as if a mist were being swept off the sky, and the shadows lay very deep around. The water in the channels, like a wizard's mirror, changed from dark to bright and back again, as if veiled forms swept up and down beneath the surface.

"And you are going away?" said Scott, presently.

"I should have gone long ago. Clayburgh is no place for one who looks to a future. I am smothered and cramped for a better element."

"Your dreams are too big for your brain. Six feet of earth hold a man comfortably when he's not full of nonsense."

"But it takes an eternity to hold the soul."

"Not as I understand it, boy. It's not the soul gets cramped with such quarters as ye have here. It's proud notions of one's body: what it should eat and wear, how it should look to others, an' the niceness o' bein' better than its kind. People don't go looking for eternity to New York. Them who find it suited to their constitutions thoroughly hunted in narrow caves an' monks' cells for it long afore New York was known to a soul."

Florian laughed at the reply. It was more than he had heard from Scott in many weeks, and the hermit was a little moved. "I won't dispute your assertions, Scott. But what would you have me do? I am young, able, ambitious. The world must go on as it has from the beginning. Why should not I take place and part in it, using my talents for the good of the many? I have no inclination for any other kind of life, and there I feel that I shall do the most good."

"Why not?" echoed the hermit with a touch of sarcasm,

perhaps. "Saints did the same often, I've heard; but they made their talents and high power a means to an end. With you it will be the end. With the big majority these good things of the world are the end. The man that looks after his own soul keeps away from 'em till God calls him to 'em."

He rose suddenly as if he had spoken too much and was just aware of it. There was no moon, and Florian could not see his face nor discover what mood accompanied these words, but he would have given something to catch the light of his eyes at that moment.

"You can have the hut to yourself while you stay," said Scott, starting off down to the shore.

"Thank you," Florian said quietly, and was tempted to ask him to remain, but adhered firmly to his original policy, and kept his mouth shut grimly until the sound of oars down the channel had ceased. It was chilly and dark on the island. There was no wind, only the gentle plash of the waves; and the odd, mysterious sounds which break the vast silence of nature quivered on the air. He could see nothing but outlines and the shining surface of the water. Like an inverted bowl the sky arched over him. He knew that for miles there was no living man, and he was in utter darkness and solitude; and it seemed to him that he was left nothing to look upon but his own soul. He was too sad to endure thought at that moment, and began to bustle about, lighted a candle in the hut and put on a fire, closed the doors and fixed the curtain to the window.

"I must get a look of civilization about," he said. "Pure solitude is too much for me."

He began to think then, if he was to get much advice from the hermit or information he must proceed with a system, yet make it appear accidental. He was to find out what the hermit thought of himself, of Ruth, and of Sara, and get a strong opinion on his proposed change of residence. Not that he would give up the idea of a removal for any advice, but for the sake of knowing more about the man. And then he formulated an axiom: "If you wish to *know* a man, have him talk of his neighbors." With this he was so satisfied that he went to bed.

The October nights were cold and left a touch of frost in bare places. When the sun opened his eyes the next morning at an early hour, and Florian looked through the window on the scene without, there was a silvery whiteness on certain objects, beautiful but depressing. An army of individual mists was rising from the river, and every object was bathed in so fresh and deep a

color that it seemed to have just been laid on by the great Master's hand. He dressed and bade a hasty good-morning to the hermit, who was getting the breakfast, and ran out on the boulder to say his prayers in the midst of that sublime scenery. The silence was so great yet so silvery that the voice of the man rose like a solemn hymn floating into the shining haze above. He prayed aloud, and never in his life did prayer seem so sweet, so real, so refreshing, never was God so near to his heart, never did he realize what it meant, to see God face to face better than with this mirror of God spread out before him.

"And if it be so sweet to see through the glass darkly, what will it be face to face."

Bowing his head for a moment it seemed as if he had permanently caught the true idea of a divine affection, and understood how the desert became a paradise when such feelings actuated a man.

"Grub," said the hermit, briefly, from the doorway, and he went in composedly after that ethereal flight heavenward. The meal passed in silence. When it was over, "I'm going for pike this mornin'," said Scott, briefly.

Florian took this for a gingerly invitation, and coolly removed himself, his pipe, and his book to the boulder without answering. The hermit busied himself in preparing his boat.

"Would you like to come?" said the solitary.

"I have much to think of," he replied. "I am annoyed with knotty questions and I would like to think them out."

"Better get town cobwebs from your brain first. The fishing is good, an' if ye are going away 'twont be many more chances you'll have after the world's pike take your time."

"To-morrow will do, Scott; much obliged."

"No, I'm in-doors to-morrow."

"Next day, then."

"Not at all if not now," said Scott, and if his voice was not sharp his words were. Florian was surprised at his urgency.

"Oh! if you are determined," he laughed, and came down, book and pipe, to the boat. They rowed through the channel out into the broader space that opened into Eel Bay—or rather the solitary did, for Florian lay in the stern idly smoking, with his eyes fixed dreamily on the changing shore or the hermit's face.

"They have a strong resemblance," he said aloud, and Scott understood him and replied that he was something of a woman, for he found likenesses in everything.

"A poetic gift," said Florian, "which I have never exercised. Why, in the name of heaven, Scott, don't you write poetry? I couldn't stay in these solitudes an hour without finding words to paint some of its beauty."

"It is like grief, boy; no words can ever express it."

And then a shade came over Florian's face, for his mind went back suddenly to Linda and his own peculiar position.

"At this hour," he said, with moistened eye, "Linda is taking a look at the new sun that will shine for her only a little longer."

"Poor little girl!" muttered the hermit, giving a harder pull to his oars and looking keenly at nothing.

"But what of that, Scott? She goes to heaven safely I know, and her agony will be trifling to her recompense. I would not care but for that other dying at the same time, not in her body but in her soul."

"It is one of the world's chances," said Scott. "She will marry the minister and come to believe what he will preach day and night for her sake. There is no fixin' such accidents. The devil's too many for ye there."

"You seem to know all about the matter, Scott."

"It is town-talk, lad. Ye brought it up yerself as if ye wanted my opinion, an' I gave it."

Florian smiled to conceal a slight sense of mortification. The hermit had discovered his artful courses, and thus simply laid them bare.

"Well, I did want your opinion," he said; "I wanted to know what you would do in such a case as that of my sister's. If she wishes to marry Mr. Buck I see no way of preventing her, unless it be by stratagem. It is not so much love of the minister as a romantic silliness that prompts her to marry."

"If you want stratagem," said Scott, "see Père Rougevin. That's my whole and only opinion on a family matter. Jes' hand up the minneys, will ye, and I'll drop the line yonder."

There was nothing more to be said, for the hermit's manner was decided, and Florian resigned himself to idle gazing and dreaming. In such moments his mind was clouded with melancholy, for his first thoughts were of these three women with whom the intimacy of years had inwoven his fate, and the dark mists which seemed to be gathering about the hour of his departure from the scenes and friends of early days. The strong colors of the early morning that glowed around him only added to his melancholy. He merely raised his head and smiled when Scott landed his first pike, a handsome ten-pounder, and felt none

of that joyous excitement which such an incident raises in the heart of the true sportsman. It was as if life had come to a standstill with him because of this tangle in his affairs, and he was borne away through a fairy region of indifference.

Before noon the hermit had landed a few dozen of the shining pike and Florian had dreamed the hours away. Not unprofitably, perhaps, for he had arrived at the sensible resolve that he would make no attempt to win Scott's confidence, but let the man display himself as it pleased him. And was he to spend the hours as he had spent the forenoon, in useless imaginings and doleful picturings of his future troubles? He took the rod after dinner and began to whip the water with an energy unnecessary so far as the fish were concerned, but he wished to show himself that he was in earnest. He had come to fish, hunt, and study the hermit. The true way to do all this was to fish, hunt, and study at the proper times, and Scott implied by secret smiling that he conjectured his course of thought. As a consequence, when night found them again on the plateau in conversation the hermit was quite humorous and fluent, and inclined to talk of anything. When Florian made bold to tell him something of his present sorrows he was sympathetic.

"I am afraid there is little real warmth in my nature, Scott. I contemplate Linda's death, and Sara's apostasy, and separation from Ruth with a moderate degree of sorrow, a stoicism that one does not often meet with in the young. I foresee how I shall work all the harder afterwards, and I have that feeling which says 'Sorrows even greater shall not disturb thy soul.'"

"A young man's feelin's," said Scott, "are not to be depended on. Wait till all these things happen, and then you'll find how you'll take 'em. It's much like a man in consumption. He will die in four years, the doctor says. He's resigned, and surprises hisself by not thinking o' death often at all. When death gets hold on him, though, he finds his former feelin's weren't much. Now, I think your Linda will die and Sara marry the minister, an' ye'll go to New York without Ruth. An' it isn't so much these things that ought to bother a man as his steppin' out inter life an' takin' a choice of labor. He ought to see that he got the right place. He ought to be sure that he wouldn't do better in all ways whar he is than thar. People are hasty about things of this kind. Money is the object an' high position. If they get these, life is complete. If not, they're lost. They don't think much about the soul. They drag it anywhere, quite sure they can get along. Some people there are who will be damned for

studying medicine, an' they might hev known it before. An' political ambition will damn others, jes' as I think it will damn you."

Florian laughed loud at this last remark, which was delivered with innocent solemnity.

"I would like to know your reasons for such a thought," said he.

"Mostly because your weaknesses will be pretty well edicated and your strong points let run wild in politics, but entirely because you are cut out for another sitiuation."

"You interest me," said Florian. "Pray what are the weaknesses and the strengths, and the other situation?"

"A young man about to make a jump for sich big prizes ought to be ashamed to ask sich questions from any man. Ye came here to study yerself. Do it; I'm off. A pleasant night to you. I'll not see ye to-morrow."

Florian sat silent until the sound of oars had been lost in the distance. It was such a night as the preceding one had been—the earth all darkness, the sky pierced with starlight, and a cool south breeze beginning to wake strange murmurs from the shore and the trees. A few clouds lay like shadows on the horizon, and above and below was that beautiful stillness, so beautiful yet so painful, like that which lay about the prophet waiting on Horeb's rock to hear the still, small voice of God. It seemed to Florian that some voice must be born of such an agony of silence; perhaps it was born, and his ear too coarse to catch a sweetness so

"Fine that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence."

Those were sharp words the hermit had uttered, and they shed a new light on the youth's mind. What an idea was this, that some men could be damned for studying medicine? Yet it was true, he had admitted when he found the proper sense of the words. And might not he be placing himself in such a position? He was humbled to admit that, after all, he did not know himself nor had studied the every side of his ambitions. How far was he prepared to go, in seeking position and a name? The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them were sometimes easily bought by falling down to adore Satan. How would he withstand such a temptation? He hardly knew, but stole to bed crestfallen.

The sound of the morning rain woke him from a very sweet sleep, but when that mournful patter reached his ears the con-

versation of the preceding evening recurred to him and a desolation crept upon his spirit. He threw himself back upon the pillow and reviewed that sharp saying, "Some men politics will damn. I believe they will damn you." Why? The hermit had refused to say, but left the enigma to be answered by himself.

"I am a Catholic of rather a severe type," Florian thought, "with a fair knowledge of the faith and honest principles. My inclinations all run towards political life. I am a good speaker, have a good physical presence and considerable talent, and not a little local influence, all which, with health and determination, promise me high position. Why should the life be dangerous to the soul of me, Florian Wallace? Is there another life for which I am better fitted?"

That other could be but a retired life in Clayburgh with its safe but respectable dulness, and Florian dismissed it with a savage snort as he dressed himself. To look day after day at such a scene as yesterday's, or a rain-storm after the fashion of the present; to study its lights and shadows, and scrape one's soul for a sentiment that would make these act on the mind again—bah! He felt instinctively it was no life for him. He got breakfast, lit his pipe afterwards, and sat in the open doorway singing hoarse melodies of defiance at the mists that were closing in around him and the melancholy murmur of the rain. How long and how often such a dismal scene had been played upon the island! Perhaps a generation previous a group of savages had sat in their smoky wigwams on this very spot and looked grimly on such a rainfall, making weird fancies out of the mists and preparing charms against their fatal powers! And all these were dead! Linda was dying! Old affections of his heart were dying! The very scene about him was showing symptoms of decay! In fifty years at most he too would be dead. What difference then between him distinguished and influential and the unknown hermit? Would wealth and station and influence be more than the simple pleasures of the solitude? And it was a doubtful matter if the statesman blessed by his country would stand as high as the hermit in the esteem of God! Well, well, what queer thoughts were these in a young man, properly the product of gloomy days and solitude! He let them take their course. They would not hurt him, and there were certain periods of the year when circumstances or passing disease would bring on just such attacks.

The next day towards evening Scott made an unlooked-for appearance with a bright eye and a flushed cheek.

“I’m goin’ to take possession of the bed,” said he, “and you must shift to the floor. I’m ill.”

“Oh!” said Florian, quite surprised that the hermit should make such an admission, but asking no questions. Scott had taken cold and was in a fever, and the youth rejoiced that fate should have thrown them together at a critical time. He was handy about a sick-bed, womanlike in his gentleness and skill and power over his tongue. He made himself master of the situation at once and proceeded to treat the patient according to his own ideas. Had he discovered the true way of dealing with the hermit? Scott made no objections to anything he said or did, but seemed rather pleased with him.

He was sick until the third day, when he became convalescent and began to turn to the old routine of cabin-work—meal-preparing, mending, and reading. It was raining still and the mists lay heavier on the island world, and Florian had by intense and desultory thinking wrapped his mind in mists so profound that he felt a positive desire to fly to the town. Wherefore on the fourth evening he announced his departure for the next day.

“And I hope,” said Scott, “that you got some benefit from close study of yourself, and that you can pretty well answer the questions ye asked me when ye first came.”

There was some irony in the tone, but Florian felt that he was master of the situation for the present.

“I shall go to New York,” he replied, “come what may. I shall not trouble myself with much thought hereafter, for I find it confusing; and as to studying myself, my blunders will do that, and my enemies and friends.”

“If you wait to know yourself that way, my lad, very good; your political life will be short.”

“We must run some risks, Scott. Anyway, I have got enough of solitude, as I have of Clayburgh, and I see nothing in my strengths or weaknesses to tell against success in my chosen life. On the contrary I find myself longing for it; I can feel even now the fierce joy with which I shall plunge my loneliness and pain in the whirl of the mighty current. I shall be alone, I suppose, and for a time grief-stricken, but life will be there and will; while you will fish and sleep in this prison and groan over your rheumatism. Before going it would tickle my vanity to know your estimate of my character, and a hint, just a hint, of that situation you spoke of the other day.”

Florian had no expectation of receiving an answer to his impertinent request, and turned to the window through which he

could see a break in the cloudy sky and the gleaming of a few stars. It was a dreary scene and his heart was full of its dreariness.

"I'm not anxious to disturb your good feelin's," said Scott. "You are bound for to go, and your blunders will teach you better than my words. I can fancy how you won't know yourself ten years from now, and I propose that when you go home to-morrow you sit down and write an account of yer present feelin's and opinions, and leave it with me. I'll see that you git it to read ten years from date. You'll be surprised."

"Done," said Florian eagerly, delighted beyond measure at this evidence of the hermit's interest in him. "I'll make it minute in essentials, my friend."

"I s'pose. All the worse for you, an' maybe you'll not be astonished and 'shamed readin' that paper in days to come. I had an idee of a man gentle and quiet, whose mind was jes' like the water on a still night, deep, clear, sweet, and full o' heaven an' the bright pints in it; who'd settle down to a steady, pious, thinkin' life, writin' fine things for other people to read, comin' nearer to God every year and bringin' others along with him, till he'd be so ripe for heaven as to fall into it from this world, jes' as natural as a ripe apple falls to the ground. I had that idee, but it's gone, and I mentioned it jes' to show ye what a stranger thought o' ye."

"I'll put that down too," said Florian, thoughtfully, "and it might be interesting to read at the same time as the other. I'm much obliged to you, indeed; but it doesn't suit, and never would."

That was the end of the conversation. The hermit and Florian retired to rest with their usual indifference to each other and in their usual silence; but the youth was so charmed at his fancied success in winning the solitary's interest that he fell asleep thinking of it, and dreamed that the honest man rose in the night and, stooping over his bed, kissed him gently two or three times, as his father might. He was weeping, for the tears fell in a shower on Florian's face, which set the youth laughing, he knew not why. At this he awoke. Everything was still save the patter of the rain on the roof, while the hermit was sleeping gently as a child.

CHAPTER X.

"LO, AS A DOVE."

FLORIAN returned from his solitude with a feeling of lofty indifference for the world and everything in it. He had, moreover, a profound contempt for solitude in respect to men of his disposition, for, having gone out to ascertain by himself and with the aid of a sage of silence and loneliness his own tendencies and fitness for certain work, he had instead been perplexed and confounded, both by his own meditations and the sage's advice. He now arrived at the conclusion that he should go on in the path already chosen, nor turn aside even at the command of an angel.

He found a suspicious lull resting on the home atmosphere of Clayburgh. Linda was quiet and happy, to judge from her manner and look. Billy and Mrs. Winifred had lost the feverish anxiety of the week past. Ruth was placid, and Sara deeply involved in a new novel. Matters had fallen into the old routine suddenly, and it gave Florian a sharp pang of grief. If the lull was so complete, what would not be the coming storm? He had been very fearful and ashamed of his own calculating disposition, but there was no mistaking the sudden agony that seized him as he kissed Linda on his return. The blood leaped to his head in a blinding way, the tears pressed like a torrent to his eyes, but only a few drops fell, and dry sobs struggled in his throat and bosom. Did she understand the cause of such emotion? A tender, far-away look on her pale face, a luminousness that might have been from the cold external moon of the unknown world, a shadow in the sweet eyes that threatened at once to dim them for ever, was what had taken away his self-command so violently, and, as if it were but natural that he should so act, she drew his head to her breast, and, placing her cheek against his soft hair, smoothed it with her delicate hand until the storm of grief had spent itself. When he looked up again both understood one another perfectly—Linda knew at last that she was dying!

Evidently Florian had never until this moment realized his coming misfortune. He was unable to speak without fresh bursts of grief, and was compelled to rush out into the open air to calm himself. There he met his father working at the garden, and in a very happy frame of mind, which his son's manner at once dispelled. Billy sat down suddenly on the gravel, limp and spirit

less, every wrinkle smoothed out from terror until his face resembled a blank wall.

"She's dying! she's dead!" he gasped.

"No," said Florian, "she's all right. But in a week or two we shall bury Linda. O Linda!"

That long-drawn wail of suppressed but exquisite anguish startled a lady who sat reading in the favorite arbor, and Sara appeared pale and frightened. Florian was pacing the gravel with hasty stride, while Billy threw handfuls of it over his person in mute despair. Seeing Sara, he flung some pebbles at her, mumbling anathemas, but she hardly noticed it in her terror at the scene. Then Mrs. Winifred chanced to stumble into view with her placid face and well-arranged hair, and for a moment was struck motionless by the tableau. She ran quickly and silently to Linda's room and saw the girl smiling on the pleasant scene without, for the river was in full view from her window. What was the cause of the general grief? When she returned to the garden Sara had withdrawn and Florian was visible walking down to the shore. Billy still sat on the gravel and threw handfuls into the air, and over his wife when she approached. Not understanding the spirit of the thing, she could afford to laugh in her quiet way and inquire if the little bull were going crazy. Billy sprang to his feet and threw a double-handful over her.

Mrs. Winifred retreated, sick at heart and quite unmindful of the gravelly appearance of her smooth hair. It was very clear to her now. Linda was dying. That was the echo which sounded in Florian's ears like the steady tones of a bell, as he walked down by the river and allowed his eyes to rest on the quiet city of the dead which crowned the nearest hill. Henceforth that was to be Linda's home! He sat down on the river-bank and moaned in agony, but he was quite composed when Père Rougevin, passing by, touched him briskly and inquired after his health.

"Your attitude," said the père, looking over the water in his absent-minded way, yet darting sharp glances at Florian meanwhile, "reminds me of poor Paddock, the builder, with his terrible face—you recall it?—nose turned to the ears, one eye gone, mouth awry—"

"I heard the story," said Florian abruptly.

"Well, this Paddock was boarding at the Cape last week—you didn't hear this, my boy—and one night had the pleasure of jumping into a bed out of which his bedfellow had politely removed the slats. He fell through in consequence, struck his

chin against the bed so violently as to draw blood, and cried out, 'Gosh amighty, Sam! light the lamp; I'm all disfigured.'"

Florian laughed a little, very little, and rose.

"Will you come up to the house?" he said. "Linda, you know, is dying."

"So I believe. I can't call now; Linda knows it, for I told her."

"You told her!" cried Florian with a strong feeling of rage against he knew not what. "You—you—" he wished to say, "sentenced the child to death"; but felt its foolishness and was silent.

"I saw she would not last much longer," said the père in his professional tones, "and so informed her. There was no one else to do it, and if I had told her she was to live she could not have taken it much better. Good day."

He was going off, but thought of something and returned.

"It is a happy change for her, and I am really glad to see how well you all bear it. I wish I could tell you how sorry I am for your sake."

"Thank you, thank you, père," said the young man, and he would have said more but that a stentorian voice interrupted him. The squire was rolling towards them from the distance like an unwieldy ship in a heavy sea. He saw by their faces that there was calamity in the air.

"So you got back," he said to Florian, "and found Linda worse than ever. Dying? That's tough. Poor little girl! I'd have given my whole head to any of these rascally governments to save her. I was just going up with you, but I'll wait I reckon, and strike company with Père Rougevin. Flory, my lad, you know what you're losing, but such a flower wasn't made to grow in our soil; I made up my mind to that since I knew her first. I wish more of us could be like her; I do, by thunder!"

"Thank you," said Florian, and they parted.

He was very cold and quite himself when he came into Linda's presence again.

"How is Scott?" said she. "I have done nothing but dream of him since you left."

"He sent you his very best esteem," said Florian, "and is to call on you soon, and all the flowers and herbs and grasses the islands afford are to be sent you. You have charmed him, Linda."

"I do not know why he has been so much in my thoughts lately, but his red beard and keen eyes have haunted me pleas-

antly for two weeks. Probably because you were there with him. And what did he say to you? You know you promised to tell."

"He told me, very much like a fortune-teller, that I was cut out for a quiet life, and fitted to write beautiful things for the million. And when I told him my tastes ran in any direction but that he said many people are damned for studying medicine or taking up politics, and he thought I would be too."

Linda's old nature, though softened by illness, rose up at this declaration and she laughed herself into a fit of coughing.

"Well, well! what an idea," she said. "But it is true in part. There are less temptations in such a life as this than in the life of a public man. And, O Florian! I want to be so sure of meeting you again that, whatever life you choose, be faithful to our religion and true to God, and never forget Linda. I don't care where I would be, I think I would feel so unhappy if you and they were not to meet me again."

He could say nothing, but clasped her hand gently.

"And what were your own thoughts?" she asked. "How did you follow out your idea of a retreat?"

"You remember the crowd we saw at the revival camp-meeting? I have been in the condition of that crowd since I left, all turmoil and excitement, and my solitude put on so loud a personality before I left that I was less at home than in a ball-room. I got enough of the wilderness. I prefer a prison."

She shook her head deprecatingly.

"You made a blunder somewhere. You had no system. You were prejudiced from the beginning. Well, no matter."

Florian grew suddenly uneasy. He had something to say, and could not command himself to say it. She saw his emotion and understood it.

"You must not think," she said, "that I am afraid or very sorry to die, and if you have anything to say you must be very frank with me."

"While we are together, Linda"—how very dear that name had become to him, that he hung on it as if it were sweetest music!—"whatever wish you have concerning me I would like to know and follow it."

"I will tell you all soon enough," she said, and for the time she was too weary to speak more. He sat beside her holding her dear hands and looking into the pallid face. Could this be the lively, cheerful girl of a month past? He could not realize that it was. The changes made by death were very painful. It had

robbed them of the dear girl even before the soul had fled, for this was no more the Linda of old times than a stranger. She fell asleep soon, and he saw how completely death had seized on her. The hollow eyes and parted mouth, the wasted hands, the feeble but labored respiration, were all eloquent of death. She slept sweetly, indeed, so sweetly that he could not help saying the angels were around her; but her eyes were only closed in part, and it awed him to see how she seemed to look on him with her senses locked in slumber.

“Or do the dying really sleep? Is not the soul, conscious of its coming pain and disenfranchisement, hovering rather on the confines of life and eternity, and studying as one on a mountain the valley left behind and the valley rising into view?”

And this was death! And just like this one day he would be, pale and hopeless and helpless, thin, forsaken, the most neglected and the most respected of his kind, his uselessness protected in the sight of man by the overstepping majesty of death.

“At least we are attended by a king!”

Poor consolation! For then no remedy lay against the sting.

The day after his return Linda remained in bed, and to her mother's inquiry replied that she would never rise again. Mrs. Winifred accepted the position in her quiet way, but her silent despair brought the tears into the girl's eyes.

“There is no pain in dying,” she whispered, “but in leaving you, mother.”

From that moment she began to fade gently—oh! so gently—that it seemed as if an angel, incapable of suffering, had come in her place to die. Florian did not leave her day or night. Ruth was often there, and Sara and Billy, and the strong-voiced squire, for she liked to see them all about her as in the earlier, happier time, and to hear their jokes and bright sayings and pleasant gossip, and to imagine that she was just going to fall asleep for a little while, and, waking again, would find them all just as she had left them. Every day came a bunch of forest treasures from the hermit, mosses and rare leaves, and bright red berries, and, rarest of all, tender bluebells and pink honey-suckle, which he had kept growing for her sake in favored places. He did not come himself, but her bed was so placed that she had a full view of the bay and the islands, and often saw his canoe or yacht flitting from one point to another.

In the lonely nights Florian and Mrs. Winifred sat alone in the room, dimly lighted by the night-lamp, and talked or read to her in her waking hours. When it became painful for her to

she speak, at length, she contented herself with watching him for hours, as if studying out some difficult problem.

"Florian!"

"Yes, dear."

"You will be very much afraid to die."

"I trust not, Linda."

"But you will, I know, and I want to tell you that it is not as hard as we imagine. Only be good, do good, and it will be very easy."

"I shall try with my whole heart, Linda."

"You will not marry Ruth? She is so good, Florian."

"How can I," he replied with some bitterness, "when my own good sense and hers, and Père Rougevin, are opposed to it? If she be not a Catholic I must be a Protestant."

There was a pause, and she seemed to have fallen asleep.

"You will not forget, Linda, that you are to tell me your wishes before—before— You said you would."

"I only want to be sure of meeting you all again," she said. "You are very good, Florian, *now*. Promise me you will never grow worse, only better; that you will never cease to think as you think now; that you will always remember Linda."

"Is that all, dear?" he answered, with something like reproach.

"All!" she repeated. "Oh! the old, old spirit of confidence. If you do that, Flory, if you do that much—" She ended with a smile, and after a little added: "Be careful of Sara; be kind to her, and save her if you can."

Those were almost her last words to him. Early the next morning Père Rougevin anointed her and gave her the Viaticum, the whole family and Ruth being present. She beckoned Ruth to her after the ceremony and whispered:

"If you knew how sweet it is to die in this way you would not hesitate to become a Catholic. Dear Ruth, I shall hope to see you again; you were always so good."

Around the house that day fell the heavy curtains of death, invisible yet felt, and shedding everywhere a funereal sadness. Only one window was uncovered, and that was in the white chamber, where she lay with half-closed eyes drinking in the colors of the scenes she had so tenderly loved. The end was very near—so near that at any moment the light might fade from her face and the gentle breathing cease. Out on the blue waters the western sun was shining in a long bar of light broken often by the passing clouds, yet shining out every moment just as

bright as before, and this shifting movement of the light occupied her attention. Mrs. Winifred alone was with her. In her meek way she supplied her needs and silently anticipated her simple wishes, and was so wrapt in her dying child that she did not hear the knock at the door without, nor its repetition, nor the steps which ascended the stairs and, entering the room in a quiet but abrupt way, suddenly presented to her the uncouth appearance of the hermit. Mrs. Winifred was rather exasperating on such occasions. She was frightened, and her face showed it; nevertheless she made no sign, and was meeker than usual when Scott rather imperiously waved her aside and took Linda's hand in his own.

So it happened Florian found him a half an hour later in the same position when Mrs. Winifred came to hurry them all to the death-room—for death-room now it had become, since Linda lay like an infant in the arms of the king at last. At last and for ever! There was no recall, no further hope. The girl's face bore the new expression, the seal which God first placed on Abel's young face, the protest of the body and the soul against sin's merited punishment, the reflected light from the torch of death! Florian took her left hand and gazed composedly on her face. There was something strange in her manner; a strange glory or triumph rested on her lips; there was more color and fire in her cheeks and eyes; and now she turned from Scott to him and back again, looking, looking like one hungry beyond words to tell, and looking yet again until death suddenly caught her weak breath and, with a sob and a muttered sentence, carried it to eternity and God. The last words were:

“Jesus, that we may meet again! Jesus.”

And it was the first day of November, at four o'clock in the afternoon, with the sun shining on the river and great clouds rising in the east, that Linda died!

CHAPTER XI.

THAT WE MAY MEET AGAIN.

The day after Linda's burial it was snowing, and you could not see the houses on the next street. It promised to be a heavy snow-storm, but not unusual for that district, and the dwellers by the river settled themselves comfortably for six months at their warm firesides. The Wallace home was gloomy and disordered; its members were all hidden from one another's sight, for

none could look in the other's eyes and keep from tears, and Florian in his own room was busied packing clothes and books for an immediate departure to New York. He had realized the hermit's predictions as to his own feelings. While Linda was living he would speculate mournfully on his own grief and her departure for heaven, and feel disgusted with himself for his calculation and coldness. But Linda dead was another thing. To go about with the vision of that sweet face as it lay in its last narrow bed before him, with the moan of the *Dies Iræ* and the falling, rough clods dinning the ear day and night, with the funeral train, the sobs, the prayers, the tears and loneliness passing, always passing through waking and sleeping dreams, and the throb of that fearful bell which tolled the tidings of their loss—oh! these were the circumstances of real grief—a grief that weighed on him like a mountain, and made him feel that life was something of a delusion and something still terribly real. Well, there was no help for it, and action was the only remedy. He had his affairs long since arranged. There was nothing left but to pack his traps and go, and he was working with feverish haste and unnecessary care. A knock at the door interrupted him, and his mother entered at his bidding, calm as usual and the hair smoothly arranged over the placid cheeks. She was nervous, however, and distressed. Did he know what had become of Sara? Seemingly she had not returned to the house after the funeral, and it was rumored that she was married to Mr. Buck the preceding evening. Mr. Wallace had heard it just then in the town, and was looking for an axe in the shed to demolish the pair if it were the truth. Florian could not but smile at Mrs. Winifred's calm acceptance of the ridiculous facts, and thought she must have perceived their absurdity.

"She went to Ruth's, probably," said he. "And who would blame her for leaving so lonely a house? But as to the story, don't you trouble yourself with such nonsense."

Mrs. Winifred, however, did not like to think it nonsense any more than she liked to doubt Florian's conclusion. A view of Billy with an axe on his shoulder stepping off in the direction of the episcopal parsonage depressed her and angered her son, but it had a contrary effect on each as to the truth of the report.

"Does father believe it?" said Florian.

"He is going to inquire of Mr. Buck himself, seemingly. If the minister denies it, he will come back; but if he does not, Mr. Wallace will smash and cut everything in his way."

"Let him," said Florian grimly. "If it be true, I'll second

him. Then, paying the damages will teach him how to use an axe."

Mrs. Winifred sighed and cast a meek look at the trunks and boxes scattered through the room.

"Yes, I'm going, mother, at last," said he. "There is nothing here to hold me, is there? And as soon as I get settled I shall take Sara to keep house for me until she gets over her folly. I would prefer her following Linda than Mr. Buck. A monument is more satisfactory over one than an episcopal meeting-house, even if it is—"

He kicked things around noisily and drowned the short, sharp burst of grief that followed his sarcasm. The door-hammer was going vigorously when silence was restored, and Mrs. Winifred hastened to admit the callers. Her voice was strangely agitated as a moment later she called Florian to the parlor. He found her pale and trembling at the foot of the stairs, and shaking as if with ague.

"It's true, true," she repeated. "O Linda!"

"What's true?" said Florian roughly, as he threw open the door violently and strode in like an angry deity, frowning. Mr. Buck was there as painfully correct in costume as ever, and beside him Sara languished in her mourning robes. One glance was enough, but Florian pretended not to understand.

"I thought it would be but fair," said Mr. Buck, "to let you know of the relations which now exist between your sister and myself. We were married last evening at the rectory in presence of the officials and the leading members of my church, who understand the peculiar circumstances which led to the ceremony at so sad and unfavorable a time."

"It would have been better to have waited," said Florian, aping a calmness he did not feel; "but I am not surprised, nor will any one be, I presume, with whom you are acquainted. My sister is of age. We would have done our best to prevent what in itself is undesirable, but there is a satisfaction in knowing that matrimony will not be a means of increasing the number of converts for the future. Am I to understand that Mrs. Buck in adopting your name has also adopted your particular religious views?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Buck vacantly. He was not prepared for so cool a reception.

"Mrs. Buck expressly stipulated that she should be allowed to attend her own church on alternate Sundays, and after consultation with friends it was allowed."

"I congratulate you, Sara," said Florian sadly, for this smote cruelly on his heart. "We have done our duty towards you. I hope you will be happy. I am going away to-morrow for good, so good-by."

"Good-by," said Sara, shedding a few tears. Her shallow soul was beginning to see that her brother's generous nature and high motives had been sadly misunderstood.

"I was intending to bring you with me," Florian continued, smiling, "and have you preside over my house; but that plan must be laid aside. You will excuse me now, Mr. Buck; I am busy."

Mrs. Winifred came forward and meekly congratulated her daughter, being somewhat encouraged by Florian's admirable behavior. Then they returned to the parsonage.

But it so happened that as the door closed on them a short figure with an axe over its shoulder emerged from the snow-storm, and Mr. Buck was suddenly confronted with his angry father-in-law. Billy's face was working convulsively, but he could not speak. He smiled villanously, and Mr. Buck, taking it for approval, was beginning a set speech, composed expressly for Billy's benefit, when a blow on his stomach cut off wind and eloquence.

"This," gasped Mr. Buck, "is violence."

"You devil!" sputtered Billy, and knocked off his hat. But it would be painful to describe the indignities to which Mr. Buck was subjected in a minute's time by his wife's father. Florian, coming to the rescue, found him struggling for freedom with a desperation which had deprived him of many articles of apparel, while over him, speechless and infuriated, Billy waved the bonnet and veil torn from Sara as she fled.

"You are essentially vulgar," said Mr. Buck, when his breath returned and Florian had assisted him to resume his clothing and safely retreat.

The occurrence, though awkward, was a family affair purely, thanks to the falling snow, nor did any one ever discover just how the Wallaces received the defection of their daughter. Billy's smothered relation of the affair was considered a pure effort of the imagination.

The incident had a depressing effect on Florian beyond the power of words to tell. He had mastered himself very thoroughly at a trying moment, but a physical weakness added itself to his mental desolation, and left this new sorrow very hard to bear. His packing was ended before night, however, and, having

despatched his boxes to the depot, he went on foot around the bay to Squire Pendleton's. The squire was in his study smoking, and listened to Florian's tale with much commiseration and delight.

"It's a great pity Billy didn't use the axe," said he, "and cut off his head, as those rascally governments wanted to do with me. I'd like to tell the story, but as it's a family matter I suppose it won't do? I thought not. But it's a reflection on the family to have such a goose in it. Here, Ruth, come in and hear the news."

Ruth was passing in a room beyond and came to the door at her father's shout.

"You couldn't guess," said the squire. "Sara's gone an' done it at last; married the parson last night after the funeral, and Billy gave him a fearful lickin' this morning."

Ruth was shocked so violently that she grew quite pale, and stammered out:

"I knew they would marry; but Linda's death, I thought, would make a difference. Poor Linda!"

"That hurt me most," said Florian, with a wan smile; "but it was done very respectably. The whole congregation was called in and consulted. If they did not marry then while we were taken up with sorrow it might become impossible to marry at all. The circumstances as they saw them justified the action."

"Not by a jugful," quoth the squire, purpling. "But then I forgot—" and he quieted suddenly with a laugh—"almost anything justifies marriage in this country. I dunno but it's better, too. These confounded old-country notions take half the fun out o' the thing."

"There's the rub," said Florian. "There's the weak point of our people. They do so much just for the fun of the thing."

"Now, you've remarked, Flory, Mackenzie was serious as a ghost. I went into the scrimmage for the sake of a high old time, and I got it."

"Considerably higher and older than you wanted it, squire," laying his finger on his nose to signify just how high and old the time was.

The squire chuckled.

"Mackenzie's in jail south," said he, "and here am I. Politically I'm dead and in jail, but just as soon as the thing quiets down I'm coming out in a way that'll not leave much breath in some people. Next year the sheriff's to be appointed. I'm going to be sheriff. Mark that, Flory, and that I told you so. And then

you'll see fun. They've laughed and snickered at me long enough. Lord! what a laugh they'll have when I come out. A grasshopper couldn't hear it. And Buck's been at the head of it. He's your brother-in-law, Flory, I don't forget that; but his jaw has been going and going, and his laugh's been the loudest and longest, and so help me, I'll sell him and his 'piscopals out before I'm six months in office."

"O papa!" said Ruth, smiling, "how vindictive."

"Vindictive!" snorted the squire, with a snap of the fingers. "Yes I am, but I don't make no pretensions to any more charity than they've got, the hybrids!—cross between a Methodist and a Catholic, and that's the meanest kind of a cross. If I was in Congress I'd prohibit 'em. They'd have to be one thing or 'tother, swing incense or rant. They ought not to be tolerated."

Florian nodded mock-seriously at Ruth:

"There's a specimen of the American citizen," said he. "Having been kicked out of England for ranting by the incense-swingers, he's going to retaliate."

"Turn about is fair play," said Ruth.

"But this is a free country," Florian replied.

"Free country be—hem, g-r-r-r!" spluttered the squire, with difficulty crowding back an unruly expletive. "There must be a limit to freedom." And seeing a curious expression on the faces of his two auditors he began to proceed more coolly. "We can't allow trash to overrun the country. We can't have the simplicity of our people spoiled by the trimmin's and fixin's of 'piscopals. If they're Protestants, let 'em stick to it; and if they're Catholics, let 'em hang on to the pope, and we'll know how to deal with 'em. But here they come chanting and whining with flowers, and robes, and candles, and bells, and crosses, and saying, We are not Catholics nor yet Protestants. We hate the Pope, and hurrah for the constitution; and that's all there is to 'em. They're hurting the morals of the people, and that's good reason for 'em to go."

"I told you he would come to that," said Florian gravely to Ruth.

"Why, papa," said Ruth, "you have been giving us the arguments of the Inquisition in Spain against Protestants."

"Have I?" said the squire in vague wonder and alarm, trying in vain to think of an escape from his dilemma.

"Yes, you have," said Florian, with cruel delight; "and you must now either eat your own words or swallow the Inquisition without sauce."

"Well, you see, Flory," said the squire desperately, "this is a new country, and principles and reasonings consequently take a new application."

The shout of laughter which followed this sentiment drove the squire from the room in shame and confusion.

"You young folks don't know anything," he growled as the door slammed after him.

"I am going to-morrow," said Florian when they had done laughing. He was glad to have this opportunity of speaking to Ruth alone, and of discovering, possibly, whether fate had any more stones to throw at him.

"I knew you could not endure life here," she replied with much feeling, "after so many sorrows."

"The one thing I most regret is that I cannot bring you with me, Ruth. You must know," he went on hurriedly, "that a very little time should decide for you and me whether we part or unite for ever. In a year, if you say it, I will come back for you, Ruth."

"I fear I can never say it," she answered quite calmly; "and I fear, too, we have been wrong in expecting confidently what it is God's alone to give. I have studied your faith, and find I have no affinity with it. It is beautiful, indeed, but it does not seem to me to be the true one."

Fate had thrown its last missile. He was unable to speak for a few minutes, and it was so silent that the tickings of the clock seemed to be lances piercing the dead silence and his own soul!

"There is a year yet," he said at length; "you can decide better at the end of that time, perhaps."

"Perhaps," she repeated. Oh! she was very calm in her statements, simply because she had gone over this scene many a time in the past few months. "But I think it would be better to end it now."

He was so pale and pain-burdened when she looked at him that her good sense faltered.

"Have we ever really loved each other?" said he brokenly. "Do you know, Ruth, that if you persist we shall never meet again."

"I know it," said she. "I will wait for a year, if you wish. We have been always under a restriction, you know, and I feel as if it made truth harder for me to learn, because you were to be the reward of my lesson."

"I release you," he said, rising. "I release you, Ruth, from

any obligation to me. You are right—you always were. Good-by—for ever.”

They shook hands, and with this simple ceremony his first love ended. Was he tempted to go back to his paradise and take her as she stood, difference of faith included? The thought did occur to him, as would the thought of flying. With a sad smile at its impossibility he faced the dying storm, bearing something in his bosom that looked to his mind's eye like a vast desert filled with aching pain. His feet turned unconsciously to the grave in the church-yard, and, falling upon it, he moaned:

“O Linda! all our good fortune went with you.”

“Not all,” said the hermit's voice near by.

He looked up indifferently and saw Scott leaning against a neighboring monument. He was covered with the falling snow, and must have been out long in the storm. Feeling ashamed of such a display of weakness, Florian rose and staggered away in silence. What the hermit never before did he did then—stopped the youth and held him.

“You're not yourself, my lad,” he said, with a touch of tenderness in his voice. “And I am told you're goin' away to-morrow.”

“Yes,” said Florian, “to-morrow. Thank God! I'm done with this place for ever. There is nothing here for me but graves. You see, Scott, I have lost them all—Linda, Sara, and Ruth. And the one nearest to me—isn't it strange?—is the little girl in her grave. Yes, I am going, and I wish it was morning and the whole place out of my thoughts for good. There's not as much cool calculation in my disposition as I thought. I don't care if I was dead.”

“There's a difference between dead and dying,” said Scott grimly. “You'd soon change your mind if death caught on to you. You forgot to give me that paper—”

“I'll write it this very night,” Florian answered; “my last will and testament of the old life, and then hurrah for the new! God! how completely we can be torn up from the roots and transplanted in new soil.”

“Bosh!” said Scott. “You kin no more git rid of the old life than of yourself. You'll think of all these things for years, an' you'll find them three women, an' me, an' the water, an' islands, an' boats, an' things, twistin' in your thoughts and promptin' your will until yer dead—almost. You're a *leetle* apt to get sentimental.”

Florian said nothing, for a sudden daze came over his senses

and he leaned heavily against the hermit, with his face upturned to the snow-clóuded sky ; and it so happened that the hermit's beard brushed his chin and the weather-beaten cheek lay for an instant against his own.

"Faintin', hey," said Scott. "You'll have a spell of sickness."

"Not at all. I was just thinking of Linda's last words. They are a good motto as well as a prayer : 'That we may meet again.' Good-night, Scott, and good-by. As usual, you are right. The old life shall not out for the new."

He went off briskly down the road.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANTIGONISH.

"CHANGE cars here for Antigonish and the Straits of Canso!" So sings the veteran conductor of the Intercolonial Railway train between Halifax and Pictou, as the morning express rushes up to the bustling station at New Glasgow. The train pauses to allow those of its passengers to whom the above intimation has reference to collect their ideas and their impedimenta, and dismount to wait twenty minutes in the draughtiest of waiting-rooms until the carriages of the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway come into view. New Glasgow is not a charming place in which to while away even twenty minutes ; but if you come from Pictou or from Prince Edward Island you must perforce spend six dreary hours here and are likely to fall into uncomfortable musings.

A few yards from the station an iron bridge spans the small river on which the town is built ; on the other side of this river is a narrow track, where, at all hours of the day and night, a small, grimy locomotive, fairly draped in soot, crawls laboriously backwards and forwards, dragging equally sombre coal-carts. This is said to be the oldest railway in America. Tradition tells that two Highlanders, who had never before seen that triumph of modern mechanism, the locomotive, were once terribly frightened by this coal-train. They were walking along the road towards New Glasgow when suddenly, with a hoarse roar followed by a series of short puffs, this black monster appeared to come out of the earth, and crawled slowly along in a groove between two banks of ashes, dragging a long line of "coal-hoppers." "*Seall ! seall ! Dondill, seall, tiodhlacadh an Diobhail !*" cried Sandy, which

being interpreted means, "See! see! Donald, see the devil's funeral!"

Besides its great coal-mines New Glasgow boasts of many other thriving industries, such as glass-works, steel-works, etc. A short distance from the town, across the line of route of the "devil's funeral," is the Catholic church, and beside it a beautiful convent and schools, telling of the presence of the good Sisters of Charity, who here do a noble work among the children of the miners. The church is spacious and handsome, the style of architecture resembling that of the more modern Anglican churches.

New Glasgow contains probably the "oldest inhabitant" of the globe. Some years ago a miner, in detaching coal from a piece of stone in which it was embedded, broke the stone with his pick-axe. To his amazement out hopped two live toads. The stone was hollow and contained a little water, and, as the reptiles had neither mouths nor eyes, it would appear that they had lived by absorbing the water through the pores of their skin. One died on its exposure to the air and light; the other lived for some time, and then, as befitted the scion of such an old family, ended its days after the manner of the Duke of Clarence, and, still preserved in spirits of wine, gives evidence that thousands of years ago toads looked very much the same as do the toads of this Darwinian century.

While we were meditating on all the history of all the ages that might have been divulged had one of these toads developed a woman's tongue, the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway conductor shouts, "All aboard!" and off we go to the unknown regions of eastern Nova Scotia, ensconced in one of the cosiest carriages possible. The railway enters Antigonish County from Pictou County by the Marshy Hope Valley, running along the base of Beaver Mountain on the south and skirting the southern extremity of Brown's Mountain on the north. It emerges from Marshy Hope Valley and passes by Beaver Meadow on to James' River, coming in view of a mountain called the Keppoch. This mountain extends far back into the country, and upon it are one or two villages and churches or "stations." After a while we leave the Keppoch behind and come out into a more smiling landscape, where the fertile intervalles wave their golden grain, and angry little torrents rush noisily along, clamoring in their eager escape from their mountain fastnesses. Here and there are wonderful white hills, with a light tracery of hard-wood throwing their chalky cliffs into relief. Nearing Antigonish, we

see the grand outlines of the Sugar Loaf, and Brown's Mountain gleaming russet and gold in the autumn sunlight, and towering over the sister hills that with them keep watch and ward over this "city of the vale." Antigonish, the capital of the county of that name, is as pretty a little town as one would wish to see. From New Glasgow the grimy to Antigonish the fair and comely is a sudden and pleasing transition. The latter is one of those places that are always clean and neat and orderly. Yet there is one reminiscence that makes me pause. It is sometimes muddy. But the mud is well-regulated mud: it seems to stick to the streets and has no foolish ambition leading it to adhere to garments, and shoes, and door-mats, and floors, as does the mud of Halifax. One has a feeling that when Antigonish has sidewalks they will be well-behaved sidewalks, and not tip up nor tilt down, but run along smoothly and look fresh and new for ages. Without wishing to belittle the green pastures of the highlands of Nova Scotia, after the manner of Mr. Warner, I may say that comparatively few people have much idea of Antigonish or of its eastern boundaries. They might not rush madly across maritime Canada it sent to look for Baddeck, but until the last few years this charming route for tourists was almost unknown; and, as the Boston traveller says in conceited wonderment, when speaking of the aurora seen in his midnight drive to Port Mulgrave, "these splendors burn and this panorama passes night after night down at the end of Nova Scotia, and all for the stage-driver dozing on his box from Antigonish to the strait!" Then the beautiful Bras-d'Or, and historic Louisburg, and other charming spots in Cape Breton had not become fashionable, and Antigonish itself, only accessible by post-roads or schooners, had not taken her just place among the towns of Canada.

The population of Antigonish is about two thousand; of these almost all are of Scotch descent, and the large majority are Catholics—for it is a cathedral town and the home of the bishop of Arichat. The cathedral of Antigonish is generally admitted to be the finest ecclesiastical building in the maritime provinces, second only to the far-famed cathedral of St. John's, Newfoundland. It is in the Roman style of architecture, and is built of blue limestone and brick; it is one hundred and seventy feet long by seventy feet wide. The arched roof is supported by Corinthian columns, its white and gold relieved by light touches of color. The chancel and numerous lancet windows are very fine; indeed, everything about this cathedral of St. Ninian is on a grand scale and solid as well as beautiful. On the façade over

the main entrance is graven the Gaelic *Tighe Dhe* (the House of God); and the house is worthy of its dedication.

St. Ninián was chosen as the titular saint of Antigonish by Bishop Plessis in 1812. This prelate, according to his own showing, was very particular in looking up Scotch saints for his children in Nova Scotia. St. Ninian was the apostle of the southern Picts; he was the son of a prince of the Cambrian Britons, and went to Rome in early boyhood. After many years spent in the holy city he returned home to teach his countrymen. He built a church at Whittern, now in Galloway, which church he dedicated to St. Martin, whom he had learned to love in France. There he reigned as bishop, and from there he converted the Cumbrians and the southern Picts. He died on the 16th of September, 432. In September, 1874, fourteen hundred and forty-two years after his death, this stately cathedral of the New World was consecrated and dedicated to his holy memory.

Beside the massive and beautiful cathedral stands St. Francis Xavier's College, a flourishing institution, taught by secular priests of the diocese. Across the road is St. Bernard's Convent, one of the most beautiful houses among the many missions of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Up on the hill overlooking these religious institutions towers the palace of the bishop of Arichat. From its windows the view is beautiful, and the little town is seen in its best aspect. Here the saintly prelate lives whose wisdom, learning, and prudence have made him famous—the good and gentle Bishop of Arichat. From here he rules his immense diocese, containing nearly sixty priests, spending his leisure moments in literary pursuits. The Gaelic catechism just issued for the use of the diocese is from the pen of Bishop Cameron.

Little places, like little people, are apt to think too much of themselves. And such is the case with this little country town. The name Antigonish signifies in the Mic-mac language *River of Big Fish*, and the metaphor may be applied to the towns-people, who in their own estimation are very big fish indeed. Their several callings are designated by the definite article: there is *the* judge, *the* doctor, *the* professor, *the* banker, and, acme of provincial greatness, *the* speaker; for the legal gentleman who bears the proud title of Speaker of the Nova Scotia Parliament resides in Antigonish.* Here law and medicine run riot, as is the fashion in Canada, and almost every window shows a "shingle" or a pestle

* Indeed, the place itself is called *the* town, to distinguish it from Halifax, which is *the* city.

and mortar. The shops are good, both as regards their architectural merits and the quantity and style of their contents. Lines of importation get a little mixed sometimes. For instance, I bought a "high art" copy of *Blue Beard* at a druggist's! There is the usual book-store and fancy emporium—the rendezvous for mild gossip, where, if one loiters long enough, one may gauge the intellectual and artistic tastes of the place. Lawn-tennis is much in vogue in Antigonish, and a love of flowers seems general; the fair white houses rise up in the midst of blooming gardens, and the tennis and croquet lawns are shaded by venerable and cool-looking willow-trees, of the kind used by Rhoda Broughton as reading-retreats for her hoydenish heroines.

A lovely little river runs through the town, and is spanned by one or two graceful bridges, which must be crossed to gain the most important spot of this town of *thes*, the railway station. Here twice a day is a scene of hurry and bustle and local importance—a very Babel of English, Gaelic, and French. "How are you?" and "How's yourself?" "Ciamar a tha sibh?" and "Ciamar a tha sibh-fein?" and "Comment ça va-t-il?" etc., fill the air. There one sees all the celebrities and most of the oddities. We were fortunate enough to travel with no less a person than an acquitted murderer. I use the term advisedly; he was certainly acquitted, but public opinion held him as certainly to be a party to the murder. Driving towards the station, we saw the poor wretch washing his hands in the bright ripples of the "Big Fish" River, and possibly echoing the somewhat profane adjurations of that strong-minded Highland heroine, Lady Macbeth. Our other fellow-passengers were a poor woman, very sick and weak, who had travelled home from the far, far West; a comely dame from Bayfield, which is the seaport of Antigonish, and distant about nine miles. Another and more frisky matron, on her way to Sydney, discoursed loudly about the gayeties of Halifax, in which she had been participating; while a pale and serious clergyman, seated opposite, read his breviary in happy disregard of the latest gossip concerning Prince George or the comparative merits of the balls given by the general and the admiral. Behind this priest was a party of French people—three girls just returning from Boston, who had acquired the Bostonian accent and added it to their somewhat slender knowledge of English; the effect was funny, and became funnier when they recognized in a stout Acadian, returning from shopping at Antigonish, an old neighbor who had not acquired "style." As the train passes through South River district the view is most beau-

tiful. Cliffs of gypsum edge the shore, and lovely islets, all of gypsum, dot the water; with here and there ferns and vines, and little trees bending into the waves, forming a very fair landscape.

Heatherton was our destination—a tiny village with a most exquisite church all white and gold and inlaid wood, a gem of delicate and refined taste. The country round Heatherton is very rich and fertile, and settled by prosperous farmers, for the most part Chisholms from Strathglass, in Scotland—men of a clan that, unlike the dwellers in Antigonish, disapprove of a lavish use of the word *the*; in fact, according to the judgment of clan Chisholm, the definite article is applicable only to four personages: the pope, the queen, the Chisholm, and the *dévil*! Attached to the parish of Heatherton is the Indian church of Summerside, where some of the descendants of the once mighty Souriquois meet several times a year for the exercises of that religion to which they have been so faithful. There are quite a number of Indian missions in the diocese, in some of which the red man seems to have retained his primeval simplicity. A good story is told of a surveyor in this country who, many years ago, was appointed to lay out some land at a place called Afton. He ran his lines, and ordered an Indian who was with him to drive stakes at given points. The Indian, maintaining that the stake was not in the right place but encroached on the Indian reserve, wished to drive it further back. The surveyor allowed him to proceed as best it pleased him; but what was the Indian's horror, as he commenced driving the stake, to hear coming out of the innocent-looking piece of wood the words, "Devil here." At every stroke, back, clear and distinct, came the words, "Devil here"! And all along the more distant line, try where he would, his hammer elicited the same awful refrain. The trembling red man came back to the surveyor and reported what he had heard. The surveyor gravely accepted the fact, and suggested that he should try placing the stakes on the correct line. The Indian did so; they were hammered in without further trouble, and the Indians were *quite* convinced that they were the trespassers. The surveyor, it is scarcely necessary to say, was an expert ventriloquist.

In this neighborhood they raise an immense number of cattle for the Newfoundland markets. Within a circle of eight miles are the thriving parishes of Pomquet (from Pogumkek, an Indian name), a place chiefly settled by Acadians; and St. Andrews, the home of Father John MacDonell, a fine old Highlander, who has never preached an English sermon in his life.

Leaving Heatherton, the train calls at Bayfield, the seaport of Antigonish.* A little further on than Bayfield is Tracadie, another Acadian settlement on the shore. Tracadie, commercially, is chiefly celebrated for its oysters; religiously, for the monastery of Petit Clairvaux. In a valley about two miles from the railway station live a large and flourishing community of Trappist monks, who work and pray, and are proprietors of a valuable and flourishing farm. There are forty-two in the community, governed by a mitred abbot, from whom we received the kindest hospitality. About half a mile from the monastery stands what appears to be a rookery of old and tottering buildings, innocent of paint and gray with age. It is not inaptly named (if we may say so without irreverence) the Convent of the Seven Dolors. Within its humble walls nine poor old women represent a community in its death-agony. Originally Trappistine nuns, founded by Father Vincent, a Trappist of holy memory, they did a good work in the neighborhood; but the first sisters died, and those who replaced them were ignorant of even the rudiments of learning, unable to read or to write, and without the knowledge of order and routine necessary for the conduct of a religious house. So matters went on from bad to worse, until the bishop of the diocese forbade their receiving any postulants; and the poor old ladies live on in piety and simplicity, waiting for the summons that will give to these humblest of God's servants an exceeding great reward. To describe the Trappist monastery and convent would take too much space; yet they are most interesting, the convent especially so. Tracadie has quite a large colored population, descendants of fugitive slaves who came to the country in 1814. They are nearly all Protestants.

The next place of interest is Havre-Boucher, so called from the circumstance of a Quebec captain being obliged to winter there in 1759, on account of the ice having formed too quickly to allow him egress. This pretty French village guards the entrance to the Strait of Canso, the bright waters of Bay St. George laving one of its shores, the swift tide of the strait flowing past the other.

The people go in for both fishing and farming. Here we were entertained by one of the most hospitable and popular clergymen of the Dominion—the Rev. Hubert Girroir. His piety and zeal were great, and his love for his race and their history knew no bounds. Death has since stilled the warm heart

* There is not sufficient depth of water in Antigonish harbors to allow of ships loading there.

and closed the bright eyes of this fine old man, but his good deeds outlive him, and his name will long be cherished in the hearts of the Acadian people.

Few who have not travelled in the Highlands of Nova Scotia have any idea of the large Celtic population scattered over the country from prosaic Pictou to romantic Louisburg. Antigonish County alone has a population of eighteen thousand and sixty; of these fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty-six are Catholics. Some of these people are the descendants of emigrants, others are descended from the soldiers of the Highland regiments that were disbanded. With but scant aid from the government these gallant and indomitable men threw themselves into the work of clearing the forests and tilling the soil; most of them soldiers, accustomed to the desultory manner of camp-life, or fishermen whose daily occupation had been to cast their lines in the misty lochs of Inverness-shire or hunt for seals in the northern waters of the Minch, it is wonderful how they succeeded in the new rôle of hard-working farmers. They who were contemptuously turned from their crofts to make room for the Lowland sheep-tenders gave themselves heartily to the new avocation of agriculturists, and adhered to it with the tenacity of their race. To-day their descendants are possessors of "cattle upon a thousand hills," and have become a power in the land of their adoption.

Pictou town, a pretty enough place when seen at a distance, has a very neat little Gothic church and a large and flourishing convent taught by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The popular parish priest of Pictou is the brother of the last incumbent, Father Ronald MacDonald, now bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. This prelate, during his ministry at Pictou, built both church and convent, erecting the latter at his own expense. From Pictou to the boundaries of Antigonish County the shore, called the "Gulf Shore," is lined with Highland Catholic parishes—Merigomish, Lismore, Malignant Brook; and other names of mixed origin. Malignant Brook, though a name calculated to inspire awe, is a harmless place enough, and acquired its forbidding cognomen from its being the scene of wreck of a ship of war called the *Malignant*. It is either in connection with Malignant Cove or Lismore that there is a good story of Indian generosity and taste. The worthy pastor received one morning a visit from a Mic-mac, who brought him as a present a fine moose. After thanking the generous donor the good father said: "But how shall I cook

it?" The Indian made answer: "First roast him, then boil him," and turned to leave the room; but, struck by a forgotten item in the recipe, he came back, and, putting his head round the door, remarked: "More better put a piece of candle with him, father—make him more richer!"

Arisaig, the northern parish of Antigonish County, with its districts of Knoydart and Moidart, was the pioneer settlement, and around its history is a halo of unwritten deeds of bravery, loyalty, and faith. To quote from a sermon preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Harbor Grace when he was "Father Ronald" of Pictou:

"In 1787 the first Catholic Highlander, the pioneer of faith, took up his solitary abode in the bosom of the forest primeval which then waved in unbroken grandeur on these shores.* In the territory included by the boundaries of the diocese of Arichat Catholics were at that period few and far between. In November, 1783, the Eighty-second Regiment, which had a large contingent of Catholics from the western Highlands, was disbanded at Halifax. None of these, however, had hitherto made their way thus far to the west. To these forlorn inhabitants of the forest in a strange land the consolations of religion were first carried, as often they had been to others in similar circumstances, by the irrepressible Irish missionary—a character that perhaps had never before been more fully sustained than it was in the present instance by the zealous Father Jones. This was an Irish Capuchin friar, as learned as he was pious. Protected by the toleration extended to him by Edward, Duke of Kent, he publicly exercised the sacred ministry at Halifax unmolested, and held a vicar-apostolic's jurisdiction over the extensive region laved by the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The country, it is true, had, under the domination of France, an anterior period of Catholic history dating as far back as 1604. Few of the colonists of that period had remained, and fewer were the prospects, from the same quarter, of future colonization. . . . With the former settlers the Catholic religion was banished from Acadia, or at least was confined to the poor, dear, faithful Mic-mac Indians. Thus had the fruits of the first victory of faith gone. Could they ever again be retrieved? Did the last hopes of Catholicity in this country expire when the arm of the French monarch had become powerless to protect it? No! 'Behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened.' How mysterious are the ways in which he brings about the accomplishment of the wise designs of his all-ruling providence! The invincible Highlanders who, on the memorable 25th of July, 1758, followed Wolfe to the conquest of the doomed city, were, in the hands of God, the harbingers of a new, a more glorious, a more enduring victory for our faith.

"On the restoration of peace in 1763 the Highland regiments were disbanded and offered by the imperial government free grants of lands in the most fertile portions of the provinces in which they had so gallantly served. But their predilections for their native straths and glens still

* One John Ban Gillies.

chained them to the sweet homes of childhood. And who could find it in his heart to blame them? What son of the heather could of his free, will exchange his own 'loved green slopes of Lochaber' for the then inhospitable, unexplored wilds of America? Alas! the time at length came when the exchange was no longer a matter of choice but of dire necessity. The heartless chieftain has discovered that the raising of cattle and sheep affords larger profits than the letting of his lands to poor tenants, and forthwith he begins to eject them from the cosy cottages on the mountain where they and their forefathers for centuries had found shelter. This unpatriotic and inhuman policy was maintained in 1790. The year following saw the full tide of emigration rapidly ebb away from the 'Misty Isles,' from the straths, glens, and mountains of Inverness, from Glengarry, Knoydart, Arisaig, Morar, and Strathglass. With the prudent forethought so characteristic of their race, these exiles kept together. Wherever they went they settled down in large groups. The first arrivals to this country colonized the parish of St. Margaret's (Arisaig), and this was the humble beginning of the second epoch of Catholicity in eastern Nova Scotia. Hither the Highland immigrants were soon followed by the first Highland priest, the Rev. James MacDonald, of Morar, and in 1792 their first church was built."

This Father James left Arisaig in 1795, and between that date and 1802 the people of St. Margaret's depended for spiritual care upon Father Angus McEachern, a missionary priest of Prince Edward Island, and afterwards the first Bishop of Charlottetown, who now and then visited them in his canoe. In the year 1802 God sent these faithful people a priest whose name will live for ever in all the country side. Rev. Alexander MacDonald was born in 1754 at Cleanoeg, in Glenspean, in the braes of Lochaber. He was a man of commanding appearance and a brave and generous nature. Of him Bishop MacDonald says :

"The dark horizon which had hitherto circumscribed the wavering hopes of the settlers was at once relieved of its gloom. He inspired them with his own manly courage and cheered them by the example of his great powers of endurance. Everything seemed the better and every heart lighter for his presence."

For fourteen years this pastor led his flock, ministering, preaching, exhorting, teaching, and helping them, loved and venerated by all. In the spring of 1816 he went to Halifax on business, and on the 15th of April he died in that city.

Deep and heartfelt was the grief of his parishioners, sincere the sympathy of all who had known the venerable missionary. The admiral on the station offered to send a man-of-war with Father MacDonald's body to Arisaig ; but, though sensible of the honor intended to be conferred both by the admiral and the

governor, the dead priest's people declined the offer. A gallant little band of Highlanders, who had hastened to Halifax upon hearing that "he whom they loved was sick," decided that no strange hands should be the means of conveying their dear sog-garth to his long home. Carrying his loved remains on their faithful shoulders, those sturdy men started on foot, and night and day, over almost impassable roads, dense forests, and swollen rivers, they bore all that was mortal of their best earthly friend until they tenderly laid him to rest within the shadow of that altar the steps of which he had so often ascended to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the living and the dead.

Not far from Lochaber is a parish called St. Joseph's, where, under the shelter of the Keppoch Mountain, ripples a silvery little lake, its waves reflecting one of the prettiest country churches to be found in eastern Nova Scotia. The view from St. Joseph's Church is singularly beautiful, with its lake, mountain, and rich intervalles stretching away as far as the eye can reach. In autumn the foliage here is magnificent, in all the bravery of crimson, russet, and gold. By the shore of St. Joseph's Lake is one of those curious conical little hills where the fairies are said to dwell. A belief in fairies prevailed very generally among the Highlanders of old, and to this day it exists in the minds of their descendants. These small, grass-grown hills are named by them *sin-shill*, the habitation of a multitude, or *sith-eanan*, from *sith*, peace, and *dunan*, a mound; and here in the gloaming the little people are supposed to hold their revels. The idea seems to harmonize with the landscape. The tourist might say with Kilmeny :

"She saw a sun on a summer sky,
 And clouds of amber sailing by;
 A lovely land beneath her lay,
 And that land had glens and mountains gray,
 And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
 And marled seas and a thousand isles;
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
 The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet gray,
 Which heaved, and trembled, and gently swung—
 On every shore they seemed to be hung;
 For there they were seen on their downward plain
 A thousand times and a thousand again,
 In winding lake and placid firth,
 Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth."

The country for several miles around St. Joseph's is called the "Ohio"—why, nobody seems to know.

In Antigonish town the first settlement was that of Colonel Hierlihy and the soldiers of the disbanded Eighty-third Regiment. The government granted to each soldier one hundred acres of land and provisions for three years; but after unsuccessful attempts many of these amateur farmers gave up in despair and left the place. Some of them sold their clearings; others left without even trying to realize money on their farms, which were afterwards sold to pay taxes. It is said that in those days two hundred and fifty acres of land were sold at auction for £2 11s. 7d., and one farm was sold for a suit of clothes!

The principal purchasers were Captain Hierlihy, Edward Irish Baxter, Ogden Cunningham, and several MacDonalDs. To these were added in time two parties of United States loyalists, one of whom, Nathan Pushee, was said to be General Washington's trumpeter. These people underwent great hardships. Pictou was their nearest market for supplies. There were no roads, and their only way of getting to it was along the gulf coast. This journey they often performed on foot. If they possessed a horse it was attached to a sort of vehicle constructed of two poles, the ends of which served as shafts; these were connected with a few cross-pieces of wood. The harness was of straw, and, as a modern historian writes, "Many an honest countryman preparing to return home had the annoyance to find that the hungry village cows had eaten the harness off his horse." As there were no roads, the meal-sacks were often the victims of the thick bushes through which they were dragged and it was usual for a driver to be provided with needles and thread to repair damages. In every possible way the early settlers suffered inconvenience—from scarcity of horses and oxen, from want of wool and cotton, from want of roads and mills and bridges; their sheep, when they got them, were in constant danger from bears and wild-cats, which infested the forests. These and mosquitoes were a constant source of annoyance, and one year, 1815, the invasion of mice became a real plague. They made their appearance in the month of March, and stood not on the order of their coming, but came in thousands. The first contingent were succeeded by an army of smaller ones, and a deadly feud was kept up all summer. It is said that on their march they packed down the snow, or, in local parlance, "broke the roads." A track through the forest at that time was effected by what they called "blazing it." The journeys were very arduous. Great economy was

necessary regarding the size and weight of parcels; the first wheat was brought by handfuls, and the man who introduced potatoes bought a bushel in Pictou, cut the eyes out of them, and brought them home in his pocket. As late as 1817 the mails for the whole of Antigonish and Guysborough were brought over Brown's Mountain in the pockets of the postman.

Near what is called the Town Point the early settlers found the remains of a small chapel, supposed to have been a hundred years old. Age had destroyed its walls, and the roof had sunk to the earth. Under it was a subterranean passage leading to the sea. Here were found several images. Tradition says that the bell, chalice, and vestments belonging to this church are buried among the plaster caves on the shore, and the Indians affirm that on Christmas Eve, when "all things are in quiet silence and the night in the midst of her course," the silvery tones of the bell are heard mingling with the plashing of the waves on the strand. This church was doubtless a relic of the old Acadian times, possibly of the pioneer Jesuits, Fathers Richard, Lionne, and Fremin, who first brought the glad tidings to this Ultima Thule.

Dear, primitive old-fashioned Acadie! What though the splendor has gone from Ile Royale and the picturesque costumes from Grand Pré? Is not the whole land, from Louisburg to Cape Blomidon, dowered with a history of undying fame? The lions of England now float where the lilies of France were wont to wave, and the silvery notes of the sweet French language are heard in concert with the guttural sounds of the Gaelic tongue.

Side by side, *guaillean ri guaillean*, with the descendants of the persecuted Acadians has risen a strong and stalwart race from the "true and tender north," and Acadia is richer than ever in prosperity, in beauty, and in faith. For though

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea,"

these loyal sons of St. Andrew who have "left their nets and followed him" have done much to insure peace and liberty in the exercise of that religion that was brought to their shores by the sons of Loyola in the bygone days of the old régime.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERARY REMAINS.

FEW nations possess a more extensive or more interesting ancient literature than Ireland. It may be safely said that none of the European languages, Greek and Latin excepted, contains an early literature of even an approach in quantity to the immense mass of ancient writings which remains in Gaelic to prove the wonderful literary activity of the Irish in mediæval times, or, to be more explicit, from the seventh to the fifteenth century. We use the word "remains," because the existing vast mass of Irish or Gaelic literature is nothing but a remnant. There are evidences which cannot be reasonably doubted that by far the larger part of ancient Gaelic literature was destroyed in the almost unceasing wars which were the curse of Ireland from her very earliest historic period. It is true that after the establishment of Christianity the Irish, in their wars amongst themselves, seldom ravaged churches or monasteries; and as it was in churches and monasteries that books were not only written but kept, literature did not suffer as much from civil war as might be supposed. The two great causes of the destruction of ancient Irish books were the Danish and Norman invasions. The Norman invasion was much more disastrous to Ireland in the political sense than the Danish invasion; but the Danish was the one by which the most of her literary treasures were destroyed. Ruthless as the Norman invaders may have been, they were at least Christians and professed the same faith as those on whom they warred; and a book, especially a book that treated of religious matters, was more or less an object for their veneration. With the Danes it was quite the other way: they were pagans and hated everything connected with Christianity. Christianity is essentially a book religion, and the invading Scandinavian saw in every book an emblem of the creed he hated, and destroyed all of them he could lay his hands on. When one reads the chronicles of ancient Ireland and learns the almost inconceivable frequency with which every seat of religion and learning was plundered and burned by the Danes, he marvels how the remnant of early Celtic literature that we possess could have escaped destruction, and by what apparently miraculous chance it was preserved.

There is one historical fact which painfully illustrates the horrors of Scandinavian ravages not only on the coasts of Ireland but of Scotland. The monastery of Iona, in the Hebrides, was for

several centuries the most important and most famous of all the early Celtic seats of learning and piety. It was founded by the famous Columb Cill in the latter part of the sixth century. It was the radiant centre from which the light of the Gospel was spread amongst the rude tribes of the north; pious monks and converted barbarians were alike emulous of worshipping in its holy fanes; the fame of its sanctity and learning spread abroad over Christendom, and the name of the rocky islet of Iona became almost as familiar as that of Rome. It was there, according to the opinion of the best authorities, that the wondrous *Book of Kells*, the most beautiful relic of illuminated art in the world, was written. But Iona was doomed to destruction. The marauding Northmen burned it and massacred its monks; it was rebuilt, but was destroyed again and again, until at last it had to be completely abandoned in the ninth century and the whole establishment removed to Kells, in Meath.

The great secret of the preservation of so much of the literature of ancient Ireland is no doubt to be found in the material of which most of the ancient Irish books were manufactured. They were generally made of vellum, which is in reality leather, and a rather indestructible substance. There is no evidence that papyrus was ever used as a writing-material by the ancient Irish. Vellum is very difficult to burn, and the Danes often found it so. We read in more than one place in Irish history that they were in the habit of *drowning* books, as the ancient chroniclers quaintly term the throwing into water of what could not be easily consumed by fire. Many of the most valuable and ancient Irish manuscripts must, judging by their appearance, have been rescued from flood or fire more than once; for parts of them are so discolored and so black that at first sight none but one thoroughly accustomed to the examination of such relics of antiquity would ever imagine that they contained writing of any kind, or that the blackened leaves, on which the unaccustomed eye can hardly trace a letter, were once bright with illuminated capitals and written with marvellous care and skill.

The Elizabethan and Cromwellian epochs were hardly less disastrous to Irish manuscript literature than were those of Turgesius and Broder. Hundreds of invaluable volumes that had escaped the fury of the Dane and the hate of the Norman were destroyed by the soldiery of Elizabeth and Cromwell. Many books which we know to have been in existence down to the time of these rulers can be traced no further, and we are forced to conclude that puritanical bigotry was hardly less a force for

barbarism and ignorance than the savagery of the "blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic Sea."

It is commonly believed by the greater part of Gaelic scholars and antiquarians that the Irish did not know the use of letters prior to the fifth century, and that St. Patrick not only taught them Christianity but the alphabet also. It cannot be denied that the very earliest existing monuments of literature, either in Gaelic or in Latin, that ancient Ireland can boast of were written subsequent to the time of Patrick. It is also certain that the most ancient inscriptions on stone that have yet been discovered in Ireland cannot be assigned a date earlier than the fifth or sixth century. The oldest of these is supposed to be the one at Inchaquile, in the County Galway, written in Roman characters on a monument erected to Lugnathan, a nephew of St. Patrick. It reads thus: *Lie Lugnædon mac Lemenuh*—that is, the stone of Lugnædon, son of Lemenuh. There can hardly be a doubt that the Roman letter, in its modified form popularly known as the Irish letter, was unknown in Ireland in early pagan times, and was introduced by Christian missionaries during the fourth or fifth century. Modern research has put this matter absolutely beyond dispute; it is the opinion held by all the Gaelic scholars and antiquarians of the present day, and it was the opinion held by O'Donovan and O'Curry. But if we have to admit that Ireland got the Roman letter from Rome, it by no means follows that the pagan Irish had not a literature and were not acquainted with the art of writing. There seems every reasonable cause to think that the only literary changes effected by the Christian missionaries in ancient pagan Ireland were a change in the form of letter employed in writing, and a remodelling, sometimes amounting to an entire change, of the popular literature.

That the character employed by the pagan Irish was the Ogham there can be no reasonable doubt. Little as may be known about it in general, contradictory and different as may be the readings of any Ogham inscriptions that have been preserved, there is abundant monumental, historic, and traditional evidence to show that it was not only *par excellence* the character employed by the pagan Irish, but, more important still, that its use was generally, one might almost say popularly, known amongst them. There is hardly a tale relating to what is generally known as the "heroic period" of Irish history in which mention is not made of Ogham writings of some kind. To find proof of this the reader will only have to examine O'Curry's magnificent

work, the best, most reliable, and most honest ever written on ancient Ireland—namely, the *Manuscript Materials of Irish History*. The author gives abundant evidence from Gaelic manuscripts of undoubted antiquity to prove that Ogham writing was not only employed but popularly known in ancient pagan Ireland. He also states it as his own belief that the benefits of the change from the Ogham to the Roman characters were not so great as one might suppose, and he gives good grounds for such a belief. In the first place, Ogham writing-materials were much more easily procured and much more simple than those necessary for writing the Latin or Roman letters; pen, ink, and paper could be done without, and, as Prof. O'Curry forcibly puts it, "No one could be at a loss for writing-materials as long as he had a piece of wood in his hand and a knife in his pocket." The great trouble about the Ogham style of writing was that it was usually written on such perishable material—namely, wood. No matter how immense the volume of pagan Irish literature might have been, the preservation of any considerable quantity of it would have been a sheer impossibility, owing to the nature of the material on which it was usually written. It must be confessed, however, that it is strange why Celtic savants have not given more of their attention to studying whatever remains of Ogham writings are still in existence. It is true that these remains are comparatively few and consist almost altogether of inscriptions on stone. These inscriptions are, for the most part, in a very bad state of preservation, and that puts an almost insurmountable barrier to their true rendering. However, a considerable number of them remain; the Royal Irish Academy has casts of some fifty or more stones, engraved with Ogham inscriptions, found in different parts of Ireland, and there is an elaborate treatise on Ogham writing in one of the ancient Gaelic books; but in spite of all it would appear as if no one now living knows how to read it, for some of those who have attempted to do so give entirely different renderings of the same inscription. That Ogham writing continued to be employed for centuries after the introduction of the Roman letter can hardly be doubted. There is a pure Ogham inscription on one of the most beautiful of the bronze brooches found in Ireland, and which may be seen in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. It has been correctly deciphered, for three or four savants have agreed as to its meaning. The inscription is merely the name of the person to whom the brooch belonged, and he was a well-known ecclesiastic who lived in the ninth century. Thus we see that there is abundant his-

toric and monumental evidence as to the general use of the Ogham form of writing in ancient Ireland; there is also a certain amount of traditional evidence about it which goes far to prove its almost universal use not only amongst the pagan Irish, but for many centuries after Christianity had taken root. There is hardly one of the more modern Ossianic stories and poems—commonly known as *nuadh sgeula*, or modern stories, to distinguish them from the more ancient compositions in a dialect which would be only partially understood at present—that does not contain some reference to Ogham writing. If one were to judge the age of these “new stories” by the language in which they are written, they cannot be assigned an earlier date than the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Even the common Gaelic of the present day is not without its traditional evidence as to the popularity of Ogham. There is one phrase quite common at present amongst the Irish-speaking population of the west of Ireland. A piece of news which some might think a secret, but which at the same time would be well known, is called *sgeul air bhàrr bhata*—literally, “a story on top of a stick.” The meaning of this is so evident that it strikes one at once; it refers to ancient times when memoranda, messages, and probably the orders or proclamations of the nobles or kings used to be engraved in Ogham on a staff or stick. These things all tend to prove the ancient popularity of Ogham, that it is the real Irish letter, and that O’Curry’s views as to the general knowledge of it possessed by the pagan Irish are founded on monumental, historic, and traditional evidence.

Immense as has been the amount of ancient Gaelic writings translated within the last forty years—translations in which, unfortunately, the generality of the Irish people take very little interest—it is only a very small part indeed of what remains to be translated. There are seven immense volumes of Gaelic matter in existence known as the “Seven Great Books,” and of these probably not the tenth part has been yet translated. The first of them, the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, or Book of the Dun Cow, is a compilation of the eleventh century. Then comes in order of antiquity the *Book of Leinster*, compiled in the Abbey of Kildare some time in the early part of the twelfth century; then comes the *Leabhar Breac*, or Speckled Book, compiled in the fourteenth century. The other four—namely, the *Book of Lecain*, the *Yellow Book of Lecain*, the *Book of Ballymote*, and the *Book of Fermoy*—do not differ much in age from the Speckled Book. These old books are most heterogeneous in contents. They treat of almost every

subject under the sun. Religion, genealogy, history, wars, fairy-tales, romances, courtships, cattle-spoils, adventures, and other matters almost too numerous to mention find place in these gigantic scrap-books. When we contemplate the size of these old volumes we find that the term "gigantic" may be justly applied to them. Each of them—except the Book of the Dun Cow, which is only a remnant, the greater part of it having been lost—contains as much matter as would, if translated into English, make a book nearly if not quite as large as the Old Testament. But the amount of matter in the Seven Great Books is very small indeed compared with that existing in a more scattered form in the libraries of Trinity College, Royal Irish Academy, British Museum, and many other public and private collections. The Royal Irish Academy alone possesses *a thousand volumes* of untranslated Gaelic matter. Most of this vast collection of manuscripts consists of what might be termed mediæval Irish literature—that is, works written in language very little different from the Gaelic of the present day, but a great deal of it as early as the fourteenth century, and some probably as early as the ninth or tenth. That there exists a large quantity of valuable Gaelic manuscripts of unquestioned antiquity in the public libraries of continental Europe there can be no doubt. A great many of them have been examined by Irish and German Gaelic students, but there is every reason to think that if a thorough search were made amongst the many collections of books in the Spanish monasteries and religious houses, a large quantity of valuable ancient Irish books would be discovered. Spain was the land of refuge for the persecuted Irish Catholics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Many Irish manuscripts of great value must have been brought there by the banished Irish priesthood and nobility. That there are many in Spain seems very probable, and it is generally believed by Irish Celtic savants that a search through the Spanish monasteries would result in the discovery of a large quantity of important literary remains, and probably in the discovery of some of the missing books which are known to have been in Ireland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such as the *Psalter of Tarah*, the *Cinn of Drumsneachta*, etc.

The Gaelic literary remains in the public libraries of France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy consist principally of glosses on the Latin texts of religious books. They are not generally of very great value from a literary point of view, but from a philological point of view they are almost beyond price, as they

furnish examples of perhaps the very most ancient forms of Gaelic, and some of them can hardly be assigned to a later date than the sixth and seventh centuries. It was from these abundant evidences of early Irish learning and piety that Zeuss, the great German-Celtic scholar, compiled his famous work, the *Grammatica Celtica*. All the other Celtic scholars of Germany have compiled their numerous treatises on ancient Gaelic grammar, if not entirely, at least in a great part, from these ancient glosses; and however uninteresting they may be to the general reader, they have largely contributed to popularize the study of Gaelic on the Continent of Europe, especially in Germany.

The ancient Gaelic remains belonging to Scotland are, strange to say, very meagre. It was the home of the Gael quite as much as Ireland was, and contained a large number of religious houses where Gaelic was the only language, at least the only cultivated language, spoken as a vernacular north of the Tweed. There exists, however, but one ancient Gaelic book in Scotland, and that is the *Book of Dier*, a compilation of the tenth century, according to the opinion of the best Celtic scholars of the present day. Dier was an abbey in Aberdeenshire, and the book of that name is very small and consists of only a few pages of Gaelic, the rest being Latin. The Gaelic is merely a deed of some lands donated by the chief of the district to the abbey of Dier. The language is, of course, exactly the same as Irish Gaelic of the period. Scotch Celtic savants account for the paucity of ancient Gaelic literary remains in Scotland by saying that when the country was ravaged by Edward I. in the early years of the fourteenth century the English made it a point to destroy all the records and books they could lay their hands on, and that the destruction of literature committed by the English during the few years when their power was supreme in Scotland was quite as great as that committed by the Danes during the two or three centuries when they had either entire or partial control over the greater part of Ireland. There are strong reasons for believing that the way in which the Scotch account for the scarcity of ancient Gaelic remains in Scotland is correct. The English king was most anxious to wipe out every trace of the ancient Scottish régime, which he hoped to supplant by one purely Norman; and there is no doubt but large numbers of Gaelic books perished during that short but dreadful period of early English domination in Scotland.

The great defect in ancient Gaelic literature is the non-existence of any great epic poem, or even story, in it, such as the *Iliad*

in Greek, the *Chanson de Roland* in French, or the *Nibelungen-Lied* in German. One such poem, were it even the whole of the ancient literary remains of Gaelic, would do more to popularize its study amongst the learned than all the vast mass of heterogeneous writings it contains. There is almost "any amount" of short-pieces in prose and verse in ancient Gaelic, many of which are of wondrous beauty; but one long poem or tale, however prosy or uninteresting it might be, would be of more value in a literary point of view than a hundred shorter and more brilliant pieces.

There is, however, one great tale, or it might be called poem, in ancient Gaelic; it is of undoubted antiquity. None of the European languages outside of Greek and Latin possess anything so ancient. This is the *Tain Bo Culigne*, or Cattle-Spoil of Cooley. The time the story refers to is the heroic period of Irish history—the epoch of Cuchullin, Meobh, Ailill, Connor Mac Nessa, Connall Carnach, etc. These worthies were, for the most part, contemporaries of Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony, and have left an unmistakable impress of their existence on Irish history and on Gaelic legend, chronicle, and song. The *Tain Bo Culigne* has not been yet fully translated, but enough is known about it to convince the most sceptical that it contains many passages of the greatest power and beauty. Its defects are extravagance, both of ideas and language, and an absurd attention to details. These mar what in itself is a wonderfully dramatic poem, with an extraordinary and interesting plot, and which could easily have been made to rank with the great poems of ancient and modern times, had the author's love for extravagance and detail not marred it almost completely.

It would be impossible in one short article to treat of all the numerous pieces in prose and verse which have been translated from Gaelic during the last forty years. Many of them are worthy to be placed side by side with the most choice productions of any age or any country. There are some which cannot be well passed over in silence; amongst the prose translations from ancient Gaelic, the *Sick-Bed of Cuchullin* and *Only Jealousy of Emir*, the *Battle of Math Rath*, and the *Battle of Moy Lena* take the most prominent place. No matter how biassed against Gaelic one might be, a perusal of these not only very beautiful but very unique tales would go far to remove his prejudice. There was a time, and not very long ago either, when an admission that Gaelic contained anything worth reading would cause all within hearing of the remark either to smile or shake their heads. But new and more just ideas are beginning to be rapidly de-

veloped about the worth of the ancient literary remains in Gaelic; its study is getting every day more popular, and every new translation from it is received with steadily increasing interest. While credit must be given to O'Donovan as the pioneer in the movement which brought ancient Gaelic literature into notice, O'Curry must not be forgotten in connection with it; from being a pupil of O'Donovan he became, towards the end, his master's master, and now holds in the estimation of many first place amongst the Gaelic savants of the last generation. At present, however, Germany is *par excellence* the land of Celtic studies, and contains probably more thoroughly trained Gaelic scholars than are to be found in all other countries put together.

The last most important translation from ancient Gaelic has come from the pen of the learned Mr. Whitley Stokes, who, though not a German but an Irishman, is decidedly the greatest living Celtic scholar, and probably one of the greatest living philologists as well. The translation in question is the *Féleire*, or Festival Calendar of Angus the Culdee. It is the longest and most important poem in ancient Gaelic, and is most unique in conception and detail. One would imagine that an enumeration of the feast-days of saints would be about as dry and uninteresting a subject for a poet as the catalogue of the ships in the *Iliad*. But the old Celtic bard was more successful at the task than the father of Greek poetry, and the reader can judge, from a few verses which will be given, whether Angus has made a "dry" poem of it or not. The *Féleire* is divided into three parts: a prologue; a catalogue of the saints' festivals for each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, making a verse or quatrain for every saint and consequently for every day in the year; and, lastly, an epilogue. The entire poem contains nearly five hundred verses, and is the most ancient existing in any European language, Greek and Latin excepted. It was composed about the year 795 A.D. The reader will very naturally wonder why such an important poem was translated only a year or two ago. There were many reasons why the translation of this venerable relic was delayed so long; first amongst them being the blight with which the continuous harassing of misgovernment has afflicted the literary, poetical, artistic, and scientific spirit of the Irish race. The work of translating it was one of vast labor and difficulty owing to the extreme antiquity of the language. Neither O'Donovan nor O'Curry felt himself quite equal to the task, which it remained for one of their pupils to achieve. Nothing can exceed the tho-

roughness and elaborateness of Mr. Stokes' translation. Every item he could find in the still vast, untranslated mass of Gaelic writings that could throw light on the history of the period at which the poem was composed, or on the life of its author, is placed before the reader. Mr. Stokes has made no attempt at a metrical rendering of this remarkable poem; the translation is as literal as it could be made. Here are a few quatrains from the prologue. The first stanza given is the first in the poem:

“ Bless, O Christ, my speech.
O Lord of Seven Heavens,
Let the guerdon of devotion be given me,
O King of the White Sun.”

The poet thus sings of the honor in which the relics of saints were held :

“ The soldiers who crucified them,
Though strong were their battles,
Their pains they are great,
Their graves are unknown,

“ Not so are Jesu's soldiers :
They have reached a radiant homestead ;
Behind them their holy bodies
Are in shrines of sparkling gold.

“ Not known is Nero's grave,
Because he was not godly ;
The world, with a multitude of people,
Magnify Peter's tomblet.

“ Though great the world's kings,
O man, thou seest
A hundred, hundred times nobler
In Jesu's lowly servants.”

The following refers to the ruin and abandonment of the ancient seats of political power in Ireland, and the rise of new seats of Christianity and learning :

“ Tarah's mighty burg hath fallen
With its kingdom's splendor,
But knowledge and wisdom
Abide in great Ardmagh.

“ Rath Cruachan hath vanished
With Ailill's offspring of victory ;
A fair sovranly above kingdoms
Is in Cluan's city.

“Allin’s proud burg hath perished
 With its warlike host ;
 Great is victorious Bridget,
 Fair her multitudinous city.*

“Eman’s † burg hath vanished,
 Save that its stones remain ;
 The Rome of the western world
 Is multitudinous Genndaloch.

“Paganism hath been destroyed,
 Though fair it was and wide-spread ;
 God the Father’s kingdom
 Hath filled heaven, earth, and sea.”

The translation of this very remarkable and very beautiful poem was made for the Royal Irish Academy, and, it is fair to presume, paid for from the small government donation which that institution is allowed annually. This circumstance accentuates one feature of the present condition of the Irish MSS. What a sad testimony it is to the misfortune a country suffers by the destruction of her national autonomy that the translation and publication of these glorious relics of a nation’s piety, civilization, and learning depend upon the niggardly grants of a government which is not only alien but unsympathetic, and which begrudges every penny it doles out for such a purpose ! With a restoration of her national life, with an end to her prolonged and harrowing necessity to struggle for political and material reforms, with her national ambition stimulated and all her magnificent energies aroused, we can fancy with what zest and pride Ireland would apply herself to this inspiring duty.

It is to be hoped that enough has been now said to disprove the born-of-ignorance, most stupid, and often-uttered assertion that Gaelic literature contains nothing worth reading. That such an unfounded assertion should be made by any cultured person is bad enough, but that any cultured Irishman should be found to make it is infinitely worse. We must not, however, judge too severely those who by their early education and surroundings were left in complete ignorance of almost everything relating to the history of their country. With more knowledge, and consequently broader views, new ideas will be generated, and future generations of Irishmen will make up for the enforced, the pathetic apathy of those who preceded them as to their national language and literature.

* Kildare, now an insignificant village.

† Better known under the Latinized form of Emania. It was the residence of the pagan kings of Ulster. Its ruins remain, and are about two miles from Armagh.

A COUNTRY EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE.

"FOR my part," remarks the brilliant Theodora to Lothair, in Disraeli's novel, "my perfect life would be a large and beautiful village. I admire nature, but I require the presence of humanity. Life in great cities is too exhausting; but in my village there should be air, streams, and beautiful trees, a picturesque scene, but enough of my fellow-creatures to insure constant duty."

I had not read *Lothair* when I became a villager, but I am certain that if I had known Theodora then we would have held views in common. I too cherished a dream like hers regarding village life. A year's practical experience, however, has shattered this dream; it has floated away with many another fond illusion of youth. Not that, upon the whole, I regret my experience; I became acquainted with a peculiar phase of life which otherwise would have been a blank to me; indeed, it seems much like a blank to me now. Still my experience teaches me to avoid this peculiar phase of life in future, and this I consider a very valuable piece of knowledge indeed.

My village contained all the ingredients for the "perfect life" which Theodora mentions. There certainly was air there (Theodora appears to think that this is not common to all villages), and then there were streams and beautiful trees, a picturesque scene, and enough fellow-creatures to insure constant duty. That is, if editing a weekly paper with patent outsiders for the sole and especial benefit of these fellow-creatures can be looked upon as a "constant duty." The constant duty, indeed, resolved itself into a constant endeavor to induce these fellow-creatures to pay their subscriptions. But very probably Theodora did not intend to mar the serenity of her "perfect life" by editing the village paper. Nor do I believe that Theodora could have enjoyed her blissful rustic existence in all its perfection had she put up at a village hotel. One has a great deal to put up with in a case of this kind. It takes a very valiant trencherman, and one who hath an excellent stomach, to put up with it for any considerable length of time. I registered at the village hotel, and as I had taken up my bucolic life chiefly to gratify the whim of a rebellious stomach, which I had been led to believe would become peaceful and quiescent under the influence of country air, it is no wonder that internal discords soon drove me in search of pastures new. There

is a dreary monotony about a country hotel table which casts its baleful influence even over the automatic female who attends to the wants of the guests. One wearies of the manner in which she day after day hoarsely whispers in one's ear, "Roast-beef, mutton, or weal"; and a little later, "Appeberrypumpkinpie." It may be well to explain that the meaning intended to be conveyed by the last-named whisper is that you are to have your choice of three kinds of pie—apple, berry, or pumpkin. This guarantees a pleasing variety. One day you may dine on roast-beef and apple-pie, on another on mutton and berry-pie, and then, again, you can, if you desire, revel in "weal" and pumpkins. Or with so large a selection you can attempt all the combinations of which the bill of fare is susceptible. Unfortunately for me, my impaired digestive organs rebelled then against pie in general, and as for veal, well it might be weal at dinner, but it was sure to be woe just afterwards,* so that I was, to say the least, somewhat confined in my selection. However, I was soon fortunate enough to secure a couple of rooms in a prettily-situated private house. The family here would not allow the privacy of their table to be intruded upon, so I made arrangements to take my meals at a boarding-house close by. The village boasted a business college, and at this boarding-house several of the students of both sexes resided. Had I space I would like to deliver a tirade against these country business colleges in general. They are for the most part clap-trap institutions, run solely for the purpose of money-making; garrisoned by an ill-paid and ill-educated handful of teachers; and make all sorts of promises which they never pretend to fulfil. Raw country youths, often bearded rustics and grown-up women, deluded by the circulars sent to them, come to town to attend the college, in the fond belief that they will gain an extensive knowledge of business, and upon graduation be immediately presented with lucrative positions. Most of them return to their old lives sadder and wiser beings. Some time, perhaps, I shall have something more serious to say regarding the many moral flaws that one who has lived it cannot help detecting in the "perfect life."

Such an awful and oppressive silence hung over the table at my new quarters that I was glad to beat a retreat within three days. At my right hand a great, silent, cross-eyed rustic munched and munched, and rolled his off eye at me in a way that was positively fearful. Among these children of toil a

* Not the least proof of the strange effects of village life is the fact that I can make a pun
 ill this.

person from the city is always an object of unpleasant suspicion. They seem desirous to forestall any possible airs of superiority which he may assume by audibly sniffing whenever he may express an opinion or a desire which they think peculiar to the city: The first day that I sat down to dinner I was treated to a piece of fried steak which the landlady dextrously harpooned from out an ocean of grease. I meekly suggested that for the future I would prefer my steak broiled. This remark, breaking in as it did upon the solemn silence, occasioned a general sniff, and the cross-eyed man glared at me defiantly. This peculiarity of taste immediately gave me a reputation for being "perticuler." A "perticuler man" is much scorned among village people, and is looked upon as a sort of epicurean dude. After three days of silence and fried meat I fled. But my reputation preceded me. The first landlady whom I interviewed remarked: "Oh! you're that 'perticuler' gentleman as was at Mrs. So-and-so's. No," she said, with a scornful toss of her head, "I'm afraid we couldn't suit you." Out I went into the cold world again, feeling that somehow my former tastes and ways in life had been all wrong. My aversion to the hotel gave me courage to knock at another door, and I was again met with the charge of being "perticuler"; but this landlady possessed more liberal views, was open to argument, and had moreover a thirst for gain. She was at length persuaded to attempt to suit my "perticulerness" with broiled steak for a consideration. The following morning I revelled in broiled chops, and went to my work with a more contented mind and stomach. But oh! the instability of temporal happiness. When I returned for dinner I was met by my new-found friend, the landlady, who informed me that I could not eat beneath her roof again. She said that she was very sorry to have to part with me so soon, but that one of her boarders was a widow-lady from whom she rented the house, and this widow-lady had an old grudge against the paper, on account of some uncomplimentary remarks which had formerly appeared in that lively sheet concerning the widow-lady's son, so that the aforesaid widow-lady had declared with wrath and decision that the editor of the paper should not again enter her house. It was in vain that I attempted to explain that the objectionable matter had appeared in the paper before my connection with it. The fates were against me, and I was obliged to return to the hotel, where I was received with silent scorn by the proprietor, who was cognizant of my futile attempts to leave him.

The widow-lady was not the only one who poured the vials of wrath upon my unfortunate head on account of publications in the paper of which I was entirely guiltless. I had hardly been in the office a fortnight before an irate countryman, followed by two strapping sympathizers, stalked into the sanctum in a defiant sort of manner which boded a disturbance of some kind. "Where's the editor of this paper?" fiercely demanded the foremost man, gazing wildly about him. I informed him that I had the honor of filling that important position. "Wall," he remarked, "I want ter know, and I'm goin' ter know, who writ that article agin me in the paper." I answered him that I was a new man in my position, and so could not give him any information about the matter, and moreover that I did not even know his name. Logic had no effect upon him, however; he only brought his fist down upon my desk with terrific force and repeated, "Wall, I'm goin' ter know." I felt a wild desire to jump out of the window, but restrained myself and mildly asked my interlocutor his name. "My name's Kelley," he remarked, "and I'm goin' ter know afore I leave." I then found out from Mr. Kelley that the article in question had appeared some weeks before, but as this was the first opportunity he had had to come into town he wished to square matters then and there. I looked over a file, and sure enough Mr. Kelley had been pretty roughly handled by my predecessor in office, who seems to have been of an exceedingly acrimonious disposition. He had denounced Mr. Kelley in a terrific philippic, which would have done honor to the famous Mr. Pott of the *Eatonswill Gazette*. I then explained to Mr. Kelley at length that the man who had written the objectionable article had left the town, and that his whereabouts were unknown to me, but that if he would call again some time when the proprietor was in he might gain the desired information. It took a long time for this proposition to enter Mr. Kelley's head. A painful silence ensued, during which he gazed at me hard and earnestly, and at length, to my intense relief, remarked: "Wall, I reckon this is about all I can do." He then wended his way out, followed by his two silent companions, and went into a lawyer's office just across the street. I heard afterwards that he had some intentions of suing the paper for libel. But no conscientious lawyer could advise him to pursue such a course. It would be very hard to collect even the slightest amount of damages from a country newspaper office.

Everybody who came into town seemed to deem it a duty to drop into the newspaper office. Farmers would hitch their

wagons outside and come in to discuss crops and weather, often bringing with them, not their first-fruits but their largest, as offerings to that oracle—the editor. Of course, in the next edition an item would appear to the effect that Mr. So-and-so brought us in the largest apple, or potato, or whatever the specimen might be, that we have seen this season; and Mr. So-and-so's heart would swell with pride when he read the item, for country folk take a keen delight at seeing their names in print. Nothing to them is so interesting as the local column in their paper wherein they see their own names and those of their friends, and there behold in cold type a record of the week's events, all of which they already know by heart.

It is a very hard matter to persuade some of the old farmers, in particular, that they are in duty bound to pay for their paper. Most of them seem to imagine that by reading the paper they are conferring a favor upon the editor; that the debt, if anything, is upon his side. Perhaps it is, but then the editor must live. I heard of an old farmer who had taken a paper for years without making any return. At length a bill was presented to him. He gazed at it in great astonishment, and then indignantly exclaimed: "Look-a-here, I've been supportin' this here paper for eight years, and never had nothin' of this kind poked at me afore; now you can jist scratch my name off your list; I won't support you no longer"; and, boiling over with virtuous indignation, he stalked away.

Another and numerous class of visitors to the office are the pedlars and prize-package venders who pass through town and village seeking what they may devour. The latter seem to reap a good harvest by deluding the country people into the belief that they are genial philanthropists, who not only give their customers the full worth of their money in the stationery contained in the packages, but actually throw in a valuable present out of pure good will.

One day, while some alterations were being made in my rooms, I occupied a little room just behind the parlor in the house next door, where dwelt the aged parents of my landlady. While sitting in this room I could not help overhearing one of these prize-package spiders in the act of catching his flies. The old couple were sitting in the parlor when the spider ushered himself in, and in his usual bland style remarked: "I have here the very finest prize-package in the world. Every package contains one dozen envelopes, one dozen sheets extra fine note-paper, one penholder, and one pencil. Besides all this, which is more

than worth the money, every package contains a ticket which draws either a half-dozen silver spoons, a half-dozen silver forks, or a beautiful oil chromo, thus making a prize in every package. All this will cost you but the trifling sum of twenty-five cents."

"I've got lots o' paper and writin' stuff," said the old gentleman, rather dubiously, "an' I don't want no oil chromo, but I might like some o' them silver spoons; d'ye think I'd draw 'em?"

"O yes!" chirped the spider, "all the chances are that you'd draw 'em; only one chance in twelve of drawing a chromo; just sold three packages to a lady near here, and she drew eighteen silver spoons."

"Are they genuine plated?" cautiously put in the old lady; "would they last?"

"O yes, ma'am! last you all your life (the lady was about eighty years old), heavy double extra plate, never get yellow, never wear out."

"I'd like to have some o' them spoons," repeated the old gentleman, "but I'm afraid I'd draw one o' them chromos."

"O no, sir!" answered the spider, "not much chance of that; only one chance in twelve, remember! Only one chance in twelve!"

"Now," remarked the aged wife to her consort, "you went to see 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' all by yourself, and didn't take no one. I think you ought to buy a package."

"Wall," said the dutiful husband, "I reckon you can give me one."

I heard the package torn open, and then the old gentleman read out ruefully, "Number nine draws an oil chromo." "But I don't want a chromo," he said; "you might as well keep it yourself."

"O no!" answered the spider magnanimously, "you take what your ticket calls for; besides (in a soothing tone) these are very fine oil chromos, and you can wash 'em, when dirty, with soap and water, and make 'em look as good as new."

"Won't you swap it off for some of them silver spoons?" queried the old lady.

"O no! I couldn't possibly do that, madam. Whatever the ticket calls for you get. But now, if you'd take a package, ma'am, I could almost swear you'd draw some spoons. Remember, only one chance in twelve of drawing an oil chromo, and this is the first one drawn to-day."

"Wall," said the old wife desperately, "give me a package."

She tore open the package and read the little inscription on the ticket enclosed: "Number twelve draws an oil chromo."

The spider handed over another chromo, and, sweetly bidding the pair good-morning, went his way.

"There!" gasped the old gentleman, "didn't I tell you so? I knowed he was a cheat; saw a man on a train wonct took in just the same way."

"Wall," said his spouse fiercely, "I've got some experience anyway; but I never will buy another, I never will." She put her head out of the window to catch a last look at the man who jingled their silver in his pocket, and saw him about to enter into her daughter's house. "Oh! there he goes into Maggie's," she exclaimed with sudden energy; "run in, get ahead of him, but don't tell 'em we got sold, don't tell 'em we got sold." I heard the old gentleman rush out, slamming the door behind him, but whether the old fly succeeded in keeping the young fly out of the web I do not know.

This old lady introduced me to a family whose table I graced until I fled back to the imperfections of city life. The family consisted of a minister's wife, whose husband had gone to Florida for his health, and who meanwhile added to her slender means by taking a few table-boarders, and two children, an over-grown boy and a little girl. With them was a certain Mrs. O—, a childless widow, whose exact relation to the family was difficult to establish. She was, as I afterwards ascertained, no kin, but bore such an affection for the minister's wife that she cooked and aided in the house-work as a labor of love, and was called by the children "Aunty," so that her position in the family would not be mistaken.

The family had but recently moved to the village from a somewhat larger place. The minister had been sent to take charge of the Methodist church in the village by the conference, but was obliged to resign on account of his health and go South. His wife was a delicate and fragile woman, so that Mrs. O— was the main-stay of the house. The villagers, who scorned all who were not to their manor born, looked askance upon Mrs. O—, and shook their heads, and remarked under their breath that she was a very queer woman. Indeed, Mrs. O— would have been a puzzle anywhere, except perhaps in her own native place, where, as she grew up with her surroundings, her good qualities would no doubt be recognized, and her eccentricities become a part of the place. She parted her hair on one side, had the air of a suppressed engine, and a laugh which fairly echoed among

the hills. But the more the villagers kept apart from her the more did Mrs. O— seem to feel it incumbent upon herself to display her independence of spirit. She reminded one of the young lady of Lucca,

“ Whose lovers completely forsook her ;
But she climbed up a tree,
And said fiddle-de-dee,
Which embarrassed the people of Lucca.”

Not that Mrs. O— ever did anything so completely erratic as to climb a tree ; but something in her manner suggested a continual snapping of her fingers at the country folk, and a defiant fiddle-de-dee.

Like the majority of people who dwell in small places and rarely visit large ones, Mrs. O— seemed to imagine that the eyes of the world were upon her native village, and that its great men enjoyed an universal fame. It was amusing to hear her institute scornful comparisons between her present place of abode and the great town she had left behind her—a place that could boast a population of four hundred more living souls ; besides, as she often remarked, the cemetery of her town was a great deal larger and there were ever so many more folks buried there. Indeed, Mrs. O—'s native village deserved to be famous if all she related about it was true ; but Mrs. O—'s remarks had to be taken with many grains of salt, for with all her good qualities she did not possess a love of truth for its own sake, but revelled in hyperbole. Nothing could ever be told or happen of an extraordinary nature but Mrs. O— would immediately overmatch it by relating a still more extraordinary event that had happened in her town. This lent an element of excitement to the table-talk, and spurred one on to draw upon the imagination for wild and improbable stories.

At the table of a minister's family religion, of course, came in at times for its share of discussion. There was here that remarkable ignorance regarding the tenets of the Catholic faith which is not by any means peculiar to the natives of a village. Still, as Mrs. O— once patronizingly remarked, “ I don't doubt but there are some good people among the Catholics. There's St. Bernard,” she exclaimed with an air of triumph at being so readily able to recall an example, “ I've often seen pictures of him and his dogs a-hunting folks in the snow. O yes ! I reckon he was a very good man indeed.”

Country people have a somewhat embarrassing way of dis-

cussing you before your face, using the personal pronoun. They will even argue matters of your individual tastes without appealing to you for a settlement of the point at issue. "He don't like beans," would remark some one at the table; "there an't no use in offerin' him any." "Yes, he does," would retort another. "Well, I never see him eat any," etc., etc. That I was able to keep my hands clean and white seemed to strike Mrs. O— with peculiar wonder. "Look at his hands," she would exclaim; "I never seen a printer keep his hands so white." Mrs. O— seemed to labor under the impression that I not only wrote all that was in the paper, but that I also printed it myself. I even think she held me responsible for the sentimental poetry which appeared in the patent outsides. The illusion that I printed the paper was, however, finally dispelled by the young man of the family. He was a very silent young man, of an exceedingly morbid disposition, with large and melancholy eyes, like those of the cow he daily led to pasture. I noticed him prowling about the office once or twice, watching the progress of things with his curious large eyes. Soon afterwards, when Mrs. O— had again broken out in wonder at the whiteness of the hands of one who followed the printer's trade, the young man put down a glass of milk he was about to quaff, and slowly remarked, with unutterable scorn: "He don't do no work, he don't do narthing but write."

Every now and then, of course, a "show" would pass through the village, and ornament the fences with huge and gaudy posters. A handful of complimentary tickets were always left at the office, in order to conciliate the editor and draw the venom from his pen. To Mrs. O— I always presented a ticket, for a show would have been nothing without her as one of the audience. The village people gazed upon the performance curiously but stolidly. Sometimes a village wag would throw a cabbage upon the stage, which would provoke a ripple of merriment, but the show itself rarely occasioned laughter. Mrs. O—, however, would enjoy it independently of the audience, in fact in a sort of antagonistic manner, for when the audience was most silent Mrs. O— would become convulsed, and burst into such terrific peals of laughter that the attention of the audience would be entirely concentrated upon herself. But Mrs. O— possessed too much *sang froid* to be cowed by any number of reproving eyes; she would toss her head in a manner which seemed to assert that if the audience was too stupid to enjoy a good thing it was not going to influence her. Until the curtain dropped,

perhaps, her laugh would be the only one that would give a hearty welcome to the venerable jokes which the company would endeavor to palm off as new upon a guileless village audience who rarely saw a joke in anything.

It is marvellous how little village people seem to know of the art of enjoyment. They go dully through forms of amusement, but the life and soul of pleasure is wanting. Church sociables or festivals were here an oft-repeated form. But they were neither sociable nor festive—*lucus a non lucendo*. At these affairs the people gathered together mournfully and ate in silence and dejection. The monotony of village life destroys joyful emotions. Here the butter seems evenly but very thinly spread all over the bread of life; there are no sudden places thick with rich lumps, perhaps there are no entirely bare spots. Life seems always and ever the same. Those who enjoy intensely feel sorrow deeply. But these people seem to do neither. A festival or a funeral seems to be much the same thing, merely an occasion for gathering together and looking mournful.

Even the dances given every now and then in the town-hall under the auspices of the Hooks, the village fire company, were a mournful sort of affairs. Nearly everybody attended, but very few appeared to enjoy themselves. Slowly couples would come straggling in, the men filing to the right and the women to the left; then they would seat themselves upon long rows of benches ranged along the sides of the hall, and look silently into space, awaiting the coming of the orchestra. At length a tiny, hump-backed woman would mount the stage and seat herself at an organ, then a man with a cornet under his arm would ascend the steps, followed by another with a fiddle. A few scrapings and tunings, a wave of the fiddle-bow, and a nasal "Gents! please take pardners," and the dance would begin. It was a curious performance which they called "Money-musk," in which the dancers and the music seemed to be running a sort of slow race for second place. The sad-eyed gentleman with the fiddle would keep the revellers in mind of their various gyrations; and over and over again, above the noise of shuffling feet, his thin, nasal tones would pipe out: "Ladies on the one side, gents on the other"; "Swing pardners"; "Forward four, and *doccy-do*." And so the dance would go on in an unbroken monotony until the revellers' "feet with the dances were weary," and the music had become tired and uncertain. What wonder that with such sad forms of amusement the people were dull and knew nothing of the delightful art of entertaining each other. An intelligent

young Presbyterian minister, who had a parish in the town, told me that the hardest and most tiresome part of his work consisted in the calls he was obliged to pay upon his parishioners, who would become mortally offended did he not call at regular intervals, and yet had nothing to say to him when he did go his rounds.

Of course there may be other villages in which Theodora's perfect life is realized. We are all such Philistines that we judge a very wide world by very narrow experiences. Still, a single experience will generally satisfy each one of us; a burned child dreads the fire. I have fled back to the imperfections and "exhaustion" of city life, and no longer dream a dream of a peaceful and happy rustic existence. Life in its "perfection" was stale, flat, and unprofitable; the popular idea that country papers are not mines of wealth is by no means an erroneous one. "I edit my paper," remarked a brother editor of a village sheet, "to support my reputation, but I saw wood to support my family." Fortunately,

"No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery,"

so that I was not obliged to resort to the wood-pile, but continued to do "narthing but write" until I left behind me my once fancied Eldorado. Perhaps the Eldorado is not to be found in the city either; as we grow older and wiser we cease to look for it, at least upon this side of the Stygian River. We all become like the knight in Poe's song:

"But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And over his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado."

I have not grown so very old, and am only learning where not to look for Eldorado. However, I am certain that I shall not wander to another village in search of the "perfect life."

THE PIETY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

I HAVE recently travelled through France from Dieppe to Marseilles; I have seen the French people in city, town, and country; at home, in church, in *cafés*, and in places of public amusement, and here are the impressions which that tour has left upon me.

The government of France is infidel, but the French people are true to the faith of their fathers. Literature, art, and science are generally anti-clerical, but they represent only a very small portion of the thirty-five millions of French people. The press, with some brilliant exceptions, is either infidel or indifferent to all religion, but it does not influence the convictions of one in a thousand of French readers. The piety of the French people is deep, solid, strong. It enters into their daily life. It is a part of their national life. Paris is said to be bad, seductive, dangerous. I did not seek for its wickedness, and therefore did not find it, for it is not of that rampant and reckless kind that disgusts the eye and saddens the heart in the streets of London. It has been said that French vice loses half its wickedness by losing all its grossness. We certainly are not shocked on the streets of Paris, as in London, by drunken men and women, ay, and children, making night hideous.

Beneath the superficial gayety of Paris which fascinates the stranger there is a true spirit of Catholic piety and charity. Enter any one of the hundred churches that stand as enduring monuments of the pious generosity of the French people, and see the devout worshippers kneeling before the grand high altar or the numerous side-chapels and shrines—the lady in velvet by the laborer in his blouse, the gentleman in broadcloth by the poor servant-girl. Long before the votaries of pleasure have recovered from last night's dissipation the pious Parisians are at early Mass. The following paragraph, by a clever American journalist who wrote under the name of "Aguecheek," applies to the French people to-day:

"The parish churches of Paris, the churches of the various religious orders and congregations, and those numerous little temples which are so thickly scattered through the city, attract me in a manner especially fascinating. There is an air of cosiness and at-home-ateness about them which cannot be found in the grander fanes. Some of them seem by their

architectural finish to have been built in some fine street or square, and to have wandered off in search of quiet to their present secluded positions. It is beneath their arches that the French people may be seen. Before those altars you may see men, women, and children kneeling, their lips scarcely moving with the petitions which are heard only in another world. No intruding tourists, eye-glassed and Murrayed, interfere with their devotions, and the silence of the sacred place is unbroken, save by the rattling of a rosary, or at stated times by the swell of voices from the choir chapel. These are the places where the real power of the Catholic religion makes itself felt more unmistakably than in the grandest cathedrals, where every form and sound is eloquent of worship."

But it is not this inner phase of French life which the traveller sees who spends a few weeks in the gay capital, stopping at the Grand Hotel or Meurice's, who spends his mornings on the brilliant boulevards, his afternoons in the Bois de Boulogne, and his evenings at the opera. The French life which is revealed to the generality of strangers is shallow, superficial, soulless. But that feverish life of the Bois, the boulevards, and the opera is very different from the real life of the French people. Yet it is this outside life of Paris which passes for the real life of the French people, by which as a people they are judged, from which as a nation they are condemned.

Paris is a city of startling contrasts. Behind those beautiful boulevards and splendid avenues which are the admiration of all travellers there are narrow streets filled with the hovels of the poor—that dangerous element of French society which, when driven to desperation by the want of bread, raises revolutions and overthrows governments. But French poverty, like French vice, loses all its hideous features, except in the last extremity, when it changes men into tigers and produces the frightful scenes of 1789, 1848, and 1871.

I have been present at the Madeleine during a wedding; scarcely had the bridal party left the church when a funeral entered, and a coffin was deposited near the high altar, where a few minutes before a happy bride had stood. The vestments of the priests, the black clothes of the mourners, and the solemn *De Profundis* were in strange contrast with the music, flowers, and *tout ensemble* of the wedding. The funeral procession passed slowly out of the church, and I lingered before Signol's masterpiece of the "Death of Magdalen." While I was studying the exquisite face of the dying penitent I heard an infant's cry, and, turning in the direction of the baptistery, I saw a priest pouring the regenerating waters of baptism upon the head of an infant. What I had that day witnessed recalled Chateaubriand's striking thought:

“Religion has rocked us in the cradle of life, and her maternal hand shall close our eyes while her holiest melodies soothe us to rest in the cradle of death.”

Paris has been compared to a theatre, filled with gay company, to whom the same grand spectacle is always being shown, and whose faces always reflect something of that brilliancy which lights up the gorgeous, never-ending, last scene of the drama. I know that the play has its underplot of poverty and crime, but they shrink from the glare of the footlights and the radiance of the red fire that lights up the scene.

Paris is France politically, but France is not Paris in any other sense. A successful revolution in Paris changes the government of France, but the French people do not become republicans because Paris declares for a republic. Napoleon III. said, “L’Empire est paix.” But it was not so. The Empire began in blood and ended in blood. It was maintained by war—the Crimean War, the Austro-Italian War, the war in Mexico, and the Franco-Prussian War. France, whether regal, imperial, or republican, has always been governed by minorities. The Bourbons reigned by the power of the sword, not by the will of the people. The Reign of Terror was the bloody work of an audacious minority. Napoleon said he found the crown of France lying on the ground and picked it up with his sword. He was the idol of the army because he planted his victorious banners upon every Continental capital from Madrid to Moscow. The people of Paris were dazzled by the sight of the spoils of Europe brought to adorn the palaces and galleries of the capital, and the national vanity was flattered by the glory acquired by France. But it was Paris in particular, and not France in general, that gained by the victories of Napoleon, and the people grew tired of supplying victims for the Moloch of war. The present so-called French Republic was the result of a Parisian outbreak, and does not, it seems to me, represent the sentiment of the French people. Some people are born republican, others have republicanism thrust upon them. The American people are pre-eminently fitted for a republican form of government. The French people are not—at least this is my humble opinion. With the French it is difficult to separate liberty from license. What kind of a republic is that which exiles a man because he is a member of a certain religious order? What kind of religious liberty is that which puts or requires the tri-color to be put on churches, with the motto of the men of September and of the Champs de Mars? The Revolution of 1789 began well in a mag-

nificent movement for the freedom of the human race. But how soon was all its early promise blighted, and what should have become wholesome fruit turned, like Dead Sea apples, to bitter ashes!

All through France the traveller is impressed with the number of religious houses. While in Paris I went to the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac. Here there are six hundred of those angels of mercy, whose whole life is spent in visiting the sick, relieving the suffering, and consoling the dying. The whole world has been made familiar with the generous devotion of Florence Nightingale during the Crimean War, but hundreds of Sisters of Charity went from France and made sacrifices as noble whose names are unknown and whose deeds were not blazoned before the world. At Lourdes I visited the convent of the Poor Clares, whose whole life is one of penance, mortification, and self-denial. Their food is coarse; they wear no shoes in summer or winter; they never sit down during the day or lie down at night; their convent is never heated, although the weather is very cold in winter. It was edifying to see young and delicate women living lives of heroic self-denial, but as my eyes wandered over the unfurnished apartment I read on the wall the motto of their order and the inspiration of their mortified life: "*It is better to live a few years of penance on earth and enjoy for ever the happiness of heaven.*" In Marseilles I saw in one of the public squares a striking statue of Belsunce, the heroic bishop who, during the ravages of a plague which visited the city one hundred and sixty-five years ago and swept off nearly half of its inhabitants, spent days and nights with the sick and dying, and finally, by public prayers and processions, obtained from Heaven the cessation of the disease. It was of this holy and devoted bishop that Pope wrote:

"Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened and each gale was death?"

The same spirit of generous self-sacrifice still prevails among the bishops and clergy of France—who are not a foreign or exotic growth, be it remembered, but Frenchmen of Frenchmen. The people know this, and are true to their priests in spite of the attempts of the infidel press to prejudice them against their best friends.

Upon the loftiest height of Montmartre the piety of the French people is building a magnificent church in honor of the Sacred Heart, in atonement for the outrages and sacrileges com-

mitted during the reign of the Commune in the spring of 1871. All France is contributing to this work, and when finished the church of the Sacred Heart will be one of the most splendid in Europe. At Lourdes a beautiful basilica has been erected over the grotto where the Blessed Virgin appeared to Bernadette. I was present there at midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Never have I seen a church more crowded with devout worshippers. They came from miles around—the peasants in their bright, picturesque costumes, people from the neighboring towns, visitors from more distant parts of France, together with the inhabitants of Lourdes and a few pilgrims from other lands. In winter not many strangers go to Lourdes, but I never visited the grotto, day or night, without seeing people kneeling before the shrine. In the spring, summer, and autumn the crowds are so great that all the time of the fourteen priests and all the capacity of the numerous hotels are taxed to minister to the spiritual and material wants of the pilgrims. It is then and there that the piety of the French people is seen in all its pristine beauty. In fact, a piety so simple, so fervent, so exemplary takes us back to the ages of faith.

When at Marseilles I climbed to the top of the high rock upon the summit of which stands the elegant church of Notre Dame de la Garde. From its lofty height it seems to stand as the protector of Marseilles and the whole of fair Provence. The first sight that greets the voyager returning from distant and dangerous seas is the church of Notre Dame de la Garde, where perhaps his last visit was paid before leaving home. Here the mothers, wives, and sisters of the absent come to offer their devout prayers for the safe return of loved ones. Here may be seen the simple votive offerings of sailors and travellers who have been rescued from shipwreck and other dangers of the sea; the crutches of the lame who have made pilgrimages to this holy spot and been restored to health by faith and prayer; here, as I heard the sweet sound of the Angelus and saw the kneeling crowds praying before the different shrines, I knew the piety of the French people had not changed. In the quaint old city of Tours—where they speak the best French and spread the biggest dinners—I heard Mass in the house of M. Léon Dupont, whose saintly life gained for him the name of the Holy Man of Tours. He died only a few years ago, and was a beautiful example of the piety of France in these latter days, when loud-mouthed infidelity has made the world think that the land of St. Louis, St. Vincent de Paul, and the Curé d'Ars has lost the faith which has been

its brightest jewel from that early time when St. Remy told Clovis to "burn what he had revered and revere what he had burned." The Holy Man of Tours possessed that faith which moves mountains, and he worked miracles constantly. He founded the devotion to the Sacred Face of our Lord, and at the Gospel side of the altar in his little chapel is a copy of the Divine Countenance which was left upon Veronica's handkerchief, before which a lamp is constantly burning.

Scattered through France, in every direction, north, south, east, and west, are sacred shrines of one kind or another, which speak better for the piety of the French people than the most magnificent churches of Paris. Even Protestant writers have been struck with the facility of the Catholic Church in adapting itself to the peculiar genius of various nations of the world. Other religions thrive more in one climate and could not live in any other. It has been truly said that Mohammedanism could never be transplanted to the snowy regions of Russia or Norway; it needs the soft, enervating atmosphere of Asia to keep it alive; the veranda, the bubbling fountain, the noontide repose are all parts of it. Puritanism is the natural growth of a country where the sun seldom shines, and which is shut out by a barrier of water and fog from kindly intercourse with its neighbors. It could never thrive in the bright south. The merry vine-dressers of Italy could never draw down their faces to the proper length, and would be very unwilling to exchange their blithesome *canzonetti* for Sternhold and Hopkins' version. But the Catholic Church, while it unites its professors in the belief of the same inflexible creed, leaves them entirely free in all mere externals and national peculiarities. The light-hearted Frenchman, the fiery Italian, the serious Spaniard, the cunning Greek, the dignified Armenian, the energetic Russian, the hard-headed Dutchman, the philosophical German, the formal and "respectable" Englishman, the thrifty Scotchman, the careless and warm-hearted Irishman, and the calculating, go-ahead American, are all bound together by the profession of the same faith, and yet retaining their national characteristics.

Although, as we have seen, the piety of the French people is firm and deep and strong, still there is in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and other large cities a tendency towards scepticism on the part of some of the most gifted of the rising generation, and France badly wants at this time such eloquent and devoted laymen as Chateaubriand to proclaim the genius of Christianity and to show to the world that the Christian reli-

gion is not only excellent because it comes from God, but that it comes from God because it is excellent. Chateaubriand's masterpiece, the *Genius of Christianity*, did more to restore the ancient religion of France than any other single influence. When the work was published in 1802 France had not recovered from the baleful effects of the Revolution. "That beautiful country, whose people had once held so prominent a rank among the Catholic nations of Europe, presented but a vast scene of ruins, the fatal consequences of that systematic war which impious sophists had waged against religion during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The Revolution had swept away in its desolating course all the landmarks of the ancient society. Churches and altars had been overthrown; the priests of God had been massacred or driven into exile; asylums of virtue and learning had been profaned and laid waste; everything august and sacred had disappeared." It was at such a critical period in the history of religion and civilization that Chateaubriand, like one of his knightly ancestors, entered the lists in defence of Christianity, and threw around it so many charms that even the most indifferent were interested. His stately eloquence, graphic description, poetical sentiment, and fascinating style delighted all readers and made Napoleon observe, "It is not the style of Racine, but of a prophet; nature has given Chateaubriand the sacred flame, and it breathes in his work." A general interest was called to the ever-ancient and ever-new religion, which, says Montesquieu, "whilst it seems only to have in view the felicity of the other life, constitutes the happiness of this." The *Genius of Christianity* furnishes an incomparable picture of the truth, beauty, and grandeur of religion, and is an irresistible answer to the shallow sophistries of the so-called modern scientists, who, like the foolish man in the Bible, say there is no God. Religion has always triumphed over its enemies, and will continue to triumph because it comes from God; and God's work never fails.

A country whose religion has triumphed over the infidel and socialistic teachings of a Voltaire, a Diderot, and a Rousseau; whose religion is almost the only institution not destroyed by the Revolution of 1790, when the altars of Almighty God were profaned and an infamous woman was publicly proclaimed the Goddess of Reason amidst the wild plaudits of a frenzied mob; whose religion has survived the evil influence and example of the first Napoleon; whose religion grew stronger during the demoralizing reign of the son of Philippe Égalité; whose religion has out-

lived the second Reign of Terror, inaugurated by the Paris Commune in 1871; a country whose religion has withstood the worst efforts of modern infidelity, atheism, and communism, seems destined ever to stand as a glorious example of unfaltering faith. Proclaimed the eldest daughter of the church more than a thousand years ago, France will probably bear that illustrious title to the end of time.

As I stood beneath the majestic dome of the Invalides, and looked down upon the splendid sarcophagus that contains the mortal remains of the first, greatest, and most ambitious of the Bonapartes, my mind reverted to the closing scene of that restless life—far from Paris, far from France, far from the French people whom he claimed to love so tenderly, to the distant island where the fierce eagle was chained and made to eat his heart out. He, too, recalling his happy childhood, said he wished to die in the bosom of the church, in which he had always believed, but whose teachings he had not always obeyed. The pope whom he had imprisoned sent him an Italian priest to hear his confession of thirty-five years of sin and blood and selfish ambition. The dying emperor becomes a child again, makes an humble and contrite confession, forgives his enemies, receives the last sacraments, and dies with all the consolations of religion. So it is with Frenchmen ever—however bad they may live, they turn to the church and look for its solace, if that great grace is vouchsafed them, in their dying hour.

Even Voltaire, whose whole life had been one long war against Christianity, sought in his last moments the consolation which the Catholic Church never refuses to the worst of sinners. Finding no comfort in his boasted philosophy, the dying infidel asks for a priest. The Abbé Gauthier, vicar of St. Sulpice, hastens to his bedside and strives to inspire him with hope in the mercy of God. Voltaire makes his confession, retracts his infidelity, declares that he wishes to die in the bosom of the holy Catholic Church, and asks for the last sacraments. But he, who has so long reviled God and ridiculed religion, is prevented by his infidel friends from receiving the consolations of the church in his dying moments, and he expires in despair, crying out as the dreaded eternity approaches, "Abandoned by God and man!"

We have seen in our own day the illustrious Littré, whose *Dictionary* is a monument of literary talents and labor; Paul Féval, the novelist; Sarcy, the critic; and many another straying son returning to the bosom of the church. Even the fiery Gambetta turned his dying eyes to his spiritual mother.

France wants to-day the eloquent voice of a Montalembert to stir the minds and the hearts of the young men to an appreciation of their glorious birthright as children of the church; to answer infidelity by the mouth of Tertullian and the gentle Fénelon, "You have nothing to fear from us, but we do not fear you"; to say to those who would deprive the church of her immemorial rights, "We will not be Helots in the midst of a free people. We are the successors of the martyrs, and we do not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate. We are the sons of the Crusaders, and we will not draw back before the sons of Voltaire."

SHAKSPERE'S TRAGIC LOVERS.

THOSE who have specially studied the delicacy of Shakspeare in those of his dramas, the earliest written by him, wherein the sportive predominated, have been pleased whenever this quality, becoming more and more refined, approximated the tragic. They have been prepared, therefore, for the profound pathos to be seen and felt when he should essay to bear witness to the sorest disappointments of mankind. It is proposed in this article to consider his treatment of the passion of love in its extremest misfortune in the three periods, youth, manhood, and advanced age—the ardent, undoubting, unthoughtful love of young manhood and young womanhood, as in "Romeo and Juliet"; the conjugal love of the full man after the freshness of youth has departed, as in "Othello"; and the last love, the parental, as in "King Lear."

Shakspeare was now past his own extreme youth, and his native seriousness, deepened by adventitious circumstances of whatever kind, must predominate in the representations that henceforth he was to make of human life. What had been and what then was in his married experience to intensify the melancholy of his spirit, if any of his contemporaries knew, they did not transmit. Yet whoever has read what little was ever known of this experience, especially if he has ever seen that yet respectable-looking house on one of the most prominent streets of Stratford-on-Avon, and afterwards walked across the fields to the village of Shuttery, and entered the low-roofed, thatched cottage wherein, when a boy of eighteen, he was married to Anne

Hathaway, many years his senior, must think and speculate again of what he remembered to have thought and speculated, especially when reading those sonnets whose complainings, never understood, are the saddest, the most piteous to be found in all uninspired writing.

Heretofore, yet in a business way as the lessee of theatres, he had excited laughter for every shade of sportiveness, from the broadest jests of clowns and wenches to the most delicate sallies of the high-born and cultured. And now, when, though but seven-and-twenty, he had been a married man near ten years, he will essay to excite tears of sympathy by portraying grief in those conditions wherein it is not to be borne, and urge to despair and to death those whom they have beset.

The circumstances attending the inception of the loves of Romeo and Juliet are such as to render their attachment the more absorbing, irresistible, rapid, eager, and impossible to result otherwise than in quick disaster. We are not, and we were not, to be told of the causes that had led to the hostility of their families. For the purposes of the poet it was enough that they existed, that they were old—so old, indeed, that by this time the wrongs and revenges of each might be regarded as equal. It has now come, in accordance with the laws of time and destiny, that these hostilities are to have an end, and that end is to come by the sacrifice of innocent blood. This boy of the Montagues and this girl of the Capulets, too young to feel any of the hereditary hatred of their families, each perfect in kind for the prompting of sudden love, are the more speedily involved because of the difficulties and the dangers. It was consummate art in the poet when he made Romeo at first fall in love with Rosaline. This brief essay was a becoming preliminary to the instantaneous recognition of the superior charms of the daughter of the Capulet, and a learning of the courtly arts by which to make known such recognition. High art it was also to represent Juliet as having been until now without love's experience, and therefore without power to resist its first assault.

Yet, young as they are, they recognize the risk. Even before the meeting, when Romeo has consented to attend the masquerade with Benvolio and Mercutio, his

“Mind misgives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

With this night's revels, and expire the term

Of a despised life.”

So Juliet, appalled to find that her lover is a Montague, instantaneously springs forth into womanhood and muses:

“ My only love sprung from my only hate!
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.”

Yet such a love finds not an end amid such discouraging circumstances. There is no courage like that of love when it is young and innocent. The hereditary hatred of their families has only added another spur to their infatuation. The ardor of the boy, his recklessness of danger, his mad pursuit of that girl of fourteen years, into whose mind on the morning of that very day thoughts of marriage for the first time have been put by her own parents—these are as irresistible as anything in the careers of *Antigone* or *Alcestis*. The poet took them both at the spring of the sentiment and the want that attracts and binds man and woman to each other, when the prospect of possession each by the other seems to make nugatory all preliminary risks and dangers, and compensate for all possible disasters.

What a courtship was on that starry night, as the child, with the first consciousness of the love of man, stood in the window of her chamber while her new lover, unseen, stands in the garden below!

On the side of his mother, *Mary Arden*, Shakspeare had gentle blood, and his inheritance of gentility had been manifested in several of his creations. So it appears in the exquisite delicacy of this young girl in the midst of her new feelings. Literature must be sought in vain for a case in which there is so much all-pervading passion in girlhood joined with equal maidenly timidity and reluctance. The struggle between the frank avowal of a love that cannot be concealed, with the fear of being regarded too soon and too easily won, makes a case that not only the young but those who have far outlived the times of their similar experience are fond to contemplate.

“ Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
 And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered."

How touching the girlish, maidenly remonstrance in these words, and the pleading against a judgment which, in the exquisite bashfulness of her virtue, she fears that she may have deserved !

After protesting against all oaths except "by thy gracious self," and a brief, solemn dwelling upon the suddenness of their love, she dismisses him with this prayer :

"Good-night, good-night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast."

We know that, strong as is the love in that young heart, it is held subordinate to that which a woman, however gifted, if a Christian and a gentlewoman, feels that she must regard as entitled to a yet more devout and exalted service. For no man better than Shakspeare understood that the joys of love, even those of briefest continuance, were not worth having unless they were such as had been licensed by the laws of God and of man.

Yet such a sentiment, coming in such circumstances, must hasten the brief season of its fulfilment. Rapidly and tumultuously it comes on, as rapidly and tumultuously as it is destined to depart. In that brief season the feuds of these two great rival families were to be obliterated by the coalescence and the sacrifice of those two innocent young hearts. Yet the Muse of tragedy must have her costly sacrifice, and the young bridegroom and his bride, like the children of the Argive mother, meet their woful destiny and lie down to wake no more upon earth.

In the deaths of Romeo and Juliet it is made to appear that the justice that is infinite was satisfied for the wrong-doings of those of whom they were the last and innocent representatives. It is pitiful but it is instructive to see these old men, hereditary ene-

mies, take each other by the hand, and wail and console each for his own and the other's dead. Montague raises a statue of pure gold to the daughter of Capulet, and Capulet a similar to the son of Montague. Costly as they are, they seem, and they are acknowledged to be,

"Poor sacrifices of our enmity."

Two loves could not be more widely different than this we have just been considering and that of Othello and Desdemona. It is difficult to fix a limit to the admiration we feel for the artist who has represented in such phases the distinctions between this "first and passionate love" and that of mature manhood. Not like the instantaneous infatuation of Romeo and Juliet, the love of Othello and Desdemona had been of studied, deliberate development. An inmate in the house of Brabantio, received and entertained there partly from admiration of his achievements, perhaps mostly from pleased contemplation of the interest that such condescension on the part of a powerful lord excited among the common people, the Moor had been wont to speak, after being led thereto, of his adventures on land and sea, without suspicion on anybody's part that a sentiment different from the common was to spring between him and Desdemona. Totally unlike Juliet, who was captivated by youthful beauty and grace at the first impulse of the consciousness of sex, Desdemona, after the lapse of time, found her heart's affections following in the train of her admiration for this middle-aged hero, and then, herself young, without experience of any sort except home existence, in disregard both of parental authority and the exactions of society, became his wife. An alliance apparently so unnatural the father, sustained by the common sentiment of Venice, attributed to the arts of magic until the disavowal of his daughter, when, overwhelmed with disgust as well as disappointment, he withdrew his prosecution, surrendered her to the fortune she had selected, and turned his back upon her for ever. It was an ill-starred marriage. The Moor, though a hero, was of a race despised by all in Venice, by none more than the high-born family whose daughter he had espoused. In such cases no mere individual merit can satisfy either old family pride or the demands of society. Amidst all the admiration for this especial Moor it had not been as much as dreamed that he would presume to ally himself with the aristocracy of the fairest of Italian cities, the Bride of the Sea. Desdemona was yet too young to have imbibed very much of this pride of family and society, and

doubtless had been disgusted with the manikins who abounded in the circle to which she had been accustomed. Therefore she was drawn unconsciously and irresistibly to this barbarian, who, notwithstanding his advanced age and his tawny color, seems in the eyes of a simple young girl of more worth than all those whose only merits are that they are of the best blood of Venice and can show the images of any number of ancestors, great, rich, and illustrious.

Now, it is not allowed to appear that Desdemona had been won solely by the recitals of the great deeds of the Moor, nor that there was not something about him which might attract a high-born maiden besides the record of his heroic actions and sufferings. Othello was not only a scarred warrior, but, although a barbarian, he was, after his kind, a gentleman. It does not appear that he had so informed Desdemona; for your true gentleman seldom talks of his ancestry, even when it has been of purest excellence, especially when in pursuit of ends that are as delicate as desirable. Yet he was of the best blood of his race, and therefore he could not have been without some of those graces of manner that in one and another form must accompany the walk and conversation of the well-born of every race. It was not, therefore, a love like the infatuated of Pasiphaë for the bull, or of Leda for the swan, that had won this fair Christian girl to the descendant of Ismael, but such love as a brave man may reasonably excite in a fair woman who may have been looking out for better examples than she has been able to find among her contemporaries and her equals in social life. That is a touching evidence of his social worth when, in discoursing with Iago of the opposition to his alliance, he says :

“Tis yet to know—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.”

It could not greatly surprise that a man able to speak thus on such a theme would draw to him a young woman like Desdemona. With such a man there could not be the shadow of an

idea in the woman who had become his wife that she had thus made any condescension. The few words employed in this connection show that but for his single love for this especial woman, the choicest of a foreign nation, he would not have thought of thus connecting himself outside of the race from which he was descended—a race, in his patriotic mind, the most royal of earth. Yet to those Venetians this great warrior, with the record of a thousand exploits such as the young men of Venice, even those of the best families, were incapable of performing, was at last—a Moor. Oh! this pride of the family. How many crimes, how many abominations, how much misery are to be laid at its door!

If Desdemona had been older she doubtless had been influenced by such prejudices. As it was, she yielded to the first charm that came with such simple, natural, generous, noble, lordly approach—that resistless charm which the modest recital of deeds of valor and danger must exert upon a young, admiring spirit; and then, because she could not do otherwise, she bestowed herself upon the weather-beaten, scarred, almost aged warrior.

It was a marriage, we repeat, under not propitious stars. It was without the paternal blessing. The poet, with a delicate foresight of naturally tragic results, took away this auspice so benign to nuptial solemnization. The young virgin went from her father's house without his benison, joined with a man

“ Declined
Into the vale of years,”

of a race not only considered by her own as its inferior, but one prone to jealousy, which of all frailties is most fatal to conjugal prosperity.

Yet, if no disturber come between, with such loftiness of soul in one and such single devotedness in the other, this wedded life may be safe, and even felicitous; and we may hope to see how the softening influences of the accomplished Venetian woman may subdue in time whatever has been left that is barbarous in the nature of this descendant of the kings of the desert.

The character of Iago is one of the most consummate of human creations. Drawing a man the most abjectly vile of his kind, the artist, at an early stage in his work, seemed to feel the necessity to apologize for human nature in the person of this its worst representative by a semblance, or a pretended semblance, that villany so diabolic could not have been perpetrated without at least some suspicion of provocation. Iago, himself a married

man, husband of a woman that is of a levity not becoming a wife, had already learned to hate the Moor with the hatred that a mean spirit feels for the great and gifted. Yet we are spared the worst of the shock, and we are suffered to retain our incredulity in the absolute diabolism of a human being by knowing that this wretch has been persuaded that he has some cause, as a husband, of resentment, or of possible resentment—a possibility springing mainly from the consciousness of his own unlimited inferiority, and which, with a spirit so abject, is as effectual as positive proof in dictating revenge.

And now, if the "guilty goddess of harmful deeds" ever followed the career of conjugal life with a pursuit that was insatiate in pitilessness, it was here. For the highest purposes of pathos there must be in the inception 'perfect love and fidelity. And oh! what bliss is there in the union of a brave man and a beautiful woman when both are full of love and full of fidelity. On the part of Desdemona, added to an absorbing love of her husband—a love won by the manfulness of his spirit, without other adventitious accidents, as youth, beauty, grace, ardor, and social connections—there was the innocence which in its own pure, sweet atmosphere knew not and believed not either of enmity or other form of guilt elsewhere. One may read a hundred times over the talk between her and Emilia on the night of the murder, and he will admire only more and more the man who thus could paint a mortal woman, and, while keeping her mortal to the last, make her so like the celestial. Surely female conjugal purity was never set forth in such excellent beauty. It is her ignorance and unbelief of evil that have made her so liable to be ruined and destroyed.

"Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?"

The lower woman, the woman of the world, has to admit that there are exceptional cases, that all women are not like the spotless who in her extremity thus interrogates. Yet she will not believe such things to be possible. This ignorance, this incredulity, this innocence have hindered her, until too late, from discovering what has so perplexed and estranged her husband; and when she has thus discovered, instead of indulging in resentment for her own wrong—a wrong, in her imagination, so foul that the poorest and most abject of women are incapable of deserving it—she only utters one sorrowful appeal in behalf of the innocence of

all her sex, and thus makes them partners and companions in the grief that she feels when she cries :

“O these men ! these men !”

Yet do not these outrages subtract from her sense of conjugal duty and affection. The poet rightly styled love woman's “whole existence.” None but one like Iago, possessed of a devil, could have failed to respond to her appeal :

“Alas Iago !

Good friend, go to him.

Here I kneel :

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.”



So, true to the honorable behests of her last condition, she gives instruction that her body when dead shall be wrapped, not in her virgin but her bridal robes, so that such witness, fragile, unsubstantial, mute though it be, of the loyalty that was unrecognized and outraged in this life, might accompany her to the grave.

Of all feminine creations of poets Desdemona is at the head. Yet the depth of the pathos in this great drama is not in the death of her. In the death of the innocent, even when wrought by violence, the sorrow we feel is subdued, I might almost say sweetened, both by remembrance of what was its most excellent beauty and by our own ideas that, instead of being destroyed or hurt by death, it has been translated to an estate more fitted for its abode. The tenderest wish that we can make for persecuted innocence is that its suffering may not be protracted, but that it may soon be allowed to fly away to its native heaven. There is something, we know not what, in the quick, violent death of the innocent that, instead of repelling, attracts us, we know not how. We associate them then with those who have attained the crown of martyrdom which we have been taught to regard the supremest of earthly felicities. So have we thought of Agnes, sharing with Thecla, after the Immaculate, the chiefest distinction of purity ; so of Cecilia the Blind, custodian of the Catacombs ; so of Philomena, martyr of the Tiber, whose turbid waves bore up

her fair, chaste body, as, with a light above its forehead, it glided along to the sea. The very silence and apparent painlessness in the deaths of the young and the harmless will not admit the anguishing sympathy we feel when the experienced, the strong, the valiant, and the passionate are overcome. The birdling opens its tiny beak and chirrup before the robber as blithe and as pleading as when its parent has returned to its nest, and it dies without a quaver and without even a fluttering of its wings. Not so the eagle, experienced in warfare, rapine, and slaughter, who when meeting his conqueror, battles to the last, both when aloft and when prostrate, and death finds him rolling his fiery, unvanquished eyes and thrusting with his talons. Such a death we witness with tumultuous sympathy, and our very hair stands on end before the last, heroic, desperate struggle of one so brave.

The poet, who understood well these varying influences, demanded our deepest sympathy for the greatest sufferer; and herein he surpassed not only all other artists but himself. Othello had never formally wooed Desdemona. A foreigner, of a despised race, no longer a young man, never having studied nor desired to learn the arts that specially please women, he found himself, unexpectedly to himself, beloved of the first young woman of Venice, and soon thereafter her husband. If she had been wise as she was virtuous and fond she would have been enabled to understand and to thwart the arts of her own and her husband's enemy. In the absence of all prudential preventives, the inequalities of that alliance inevitably recurring to his own mind, aided by exterior insidious suggestion, began to frighten him. To a great, brave spirit fear is the most painful of feelings, because most incompatible with the consciousness that has made it what it is and has been heretofore its chiefest incentive. It thrills us to witness the struggles of a generous and naturally unsuspecting spirit with a subtle enemy on a field whereon it has had no experience, yet on which are things to fight for that are a thousand-fold more dear than all those for which the battles of a score of years have been fought and won elsewhere. How that generous spirit writhes amid the sense of incompetence for the exigencies of this new warfare, and even condescends to appeal against the injustice of their being devolved upon him!

“Haply, for I am black

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years.”

Herein is a momentary humiliation, a shame-faced self-contemning like that of the lion when involved in the toils that were invisible as they were innumerable. Yet the pathos becomes the more profound when, his native courage recovering its poise, he seeks to console himself by comparison of his own with the misfortunes common to the great.

“ Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones ;
Prerogativèd are they less than the base :
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death ! ”

Piteous beyond degree it is to see this fearful struggle in the bosom of a hero, and his conscious loss of manhood with the loss of honor. When he has bidden farewell to

“ The plumed troop, and the big wars,
The neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, ”

we know that he feels that this last defeat has undone the achievements of a career unrivalled in glory and is remanding him to the lowest among the barbarians from whom he sprang. Henceforth the struggle is most feeble and most vain. The vanquished hero, shorn of all his honors, descends to the level of the basest and most cowardly, and the arm that upon a hundred fields had slain or scattered in flight unnumbered hosts of marshalled men has for its last office the murder of the most innocent, the most trusting, the most loving, and the most beloved of womankind. No, not the last. There remains yet one more action for that mighty arm. And now pity has reached its extremest when the ruined man, murderer and widower, discovering his fatal mistake, though comparing himself with the base Judæan who

“ Threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe, ”

makes one brief, touching appeal for the commutation of men's opinions by recital, not of the vast historic services that he has rendered to the commerce of the merchant-princes of Europe, but of a private action, where

“ In Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. ”

And now let us consider briefly that last stage, when, having survived the passions that were contemporary with youth, manhood, and constant age, the spirit of the old man leans for its last support upon the young, whose dependence upon him hitherto has developed what perhaps is the most powerful of human loves. King Lear was a noted exemplar of that sort of aged men, not very uncommon, who, in their overweening and always impossible desire to receive from their children as much affection as they bestow upon them, do violence to that tender relationship and become inextricably involved in mistakes and disasters. This is the most natural yet the most to be pitied of the infirmities of fond old age. Whenever, as in the case of King Lear, such desire becomes active, and the parent seeks among his children for the purpose specially and avowedly of rewarding those who seem to satisfy that impossible standard, he is sure, from the very nature of things, to make a most unfortunate choice. It was, therefore, not a mere fancy of Shakspeare, nor of the old legend-gatherer from whom he borrowed the subject of his drama, that this king should reject from his heart and a share in his power Cordelia, who, among all his children, was the only one that responded dutifully to his affection. With such a man, who, as Regan afterwards said of him, had

"Ever but slenderly known himself,"

now lapsed into dotage, making the usual mistake of senility in conceiving that he is wiser than ever before, unless all his children be true to him and true to one another he is sure to become the victim of those who are not. The parent who makes such a choice, if it be abetted and ratified by the chosen, has made the worst choice possible, because choosing at all in such conditions is wicked and unnatural.

If such things be true in ordinary families, how much more striking are they in the houses of mighty kings when the prize of such a contest is investment with

"Power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty."

For such a prize, when the inheritance is not to devolve according to ascertained, fixed order, rivalries for succession have begun usually before the father has grown old. The evil-minded have already been studying the arts to employ in possible contingencies, and parted from the filial piety which the aged value

more than all earthly possessions, even when these be kingly crowns. Even in hereditary kingdoms the reigning monarch and the heir-apparent seldom love each other, especially when the elder begins to be thought to be living too long. Mournful it is in the lives of the aged, especially if the places which they fill are much to be desired, that those who are to occupy them sometimes complain, if only in secret, that they linger in them so long. There are few things upon this earth more to be compassionated than the fond, vain yearnings of an old man for the loves that were inspired in his former time. It rends the heart to read, in that terrible satire of Swift, of the neglect and the contemptibility of those upon whom had been conferred the gift of immortality. Ludicrous as is the fate of Tithonus, yet to a thoughtful mind it is sad to contemplate the aged lover of Aurora, when, after having survived the contemporaries of his every stage, and having lost youth, virility, courage, he pleaded to give back the boon that had been granted to his request, and the goddess, who could not comply, gave him in derision the metamorphose of a grasshopper. It is interesting to read, in Cicero's *De Senectute*, of the domestic rule of the aged Appius Claudius; but more touching, it is thought, of old Cato in his dread that, having survived Marcus, his best beloved, the day of his own departure might be late prolonged. He is the best representative of advanced age in whom Heaven, in its mercy, subdues love of the world, but tempers alike the wish to remain and the longing to depart. The saddest of all things in the lives of the superannuated, saddest as well for them as for the young, is that the poor remnant of what once was abundant has occasionally to be purchased and sold for a consideration amounting to the little all the buyer has to give, yet with which the seller is not and cannot be satisfied.

The fond King Lear, weary, or imagining himself to be weary, of empire; meaning to dispose so that he may

"Unburdened crawl toward death";

vainly hoping that he may avoid the general lot of kings, and repose, during the remainder of his life, upon the love and gratitude of at least some of his children, makes his choice. Employing a standard most illusory, he chooses wrong. What follows the poet has told in words that make even the young grow pale from thinking what may befall the last days of the careers of even the greatest of mankind. None but one who was most profound in the knowledge of the human heart could thus have re-

presented the various phases of that wretched decline. Yet, as in the case of Iago, whom he was too humane to let be without some excuse for enormities that otherwise would have been diabolical and incredible, so with these two daughters, Regan and Goneril, "the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them" were such as to be widely inconsistent with their changed relations, thus making foundation, insufficient as it might be, for conduct not wholly inexcusable in its inception:

"GONERIL. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

OSWALD. Yes, madam.

GONERIL. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,

That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle."

The monarch had not considered that these daughters must have inherited some of the spirit that had made their father a ruler of mankind. Then, when he had laid aside the burdens of empire, he had not believed that he was laying aside therewith the power of control over all who were about him. In his fondness he had dreamed that his port might be expected to become yet more royal when he had daughters who were queens, while he, who had made them so, by express stipulation was to retain

"The name and all the additions of a king."

Vain as such expectations were, they were most natural to a superannuated monarch upon whom the ambitions of absolute autocracy had palled. The poet set them down in careful sequence, in order to prepare for the fearful things that were to follow upon disappointment. What these are I need not repeat: first astonishment at the insulting conduct of Goneril; the indignant remonstrance and the turning away from her to Regan; the pathos of the answer to the latter when she coldly counselled him to return to her sister and acknowledge that he had wronged her; the sense of humiliation in entreating from his children the consideration due to his age and relationship; his prayer to be "touched with noble anger" instead of fighting with "women's weapons"; his awful deprecation of madness, and that threat of revenge that is the veriest embitterment of terror when his instincts make sure that he will have power to fulfil it. Appalling indeed is the energy with which the outraged parent.

prosecutes his threat. His going forth into the pelting storm, baring his aged head to the blast, his suffering of hunger and cold, all for the purpose of heaping up wrath upon the children who had dishonored him! Surely to no uninspired man as to Shakspeare had ever come the gift to employ the language of grief, despair, and imprecation. Burning indeed were the words of the son of Iapetus when he complained to the elements of the remorseless infliction of unmerited suffering. But even this passion burned not like that of old Lear when his age has been outraged by the chosen ones of his heart. We shrink aghast when we hear his curses, because we know that God, next to the disobedience offered to himself, abhors the dishonor put upon a parent's head, and we foresee all the horror of the retribution.

That brief season of softness when he and the cast-out Cordelia are met in reconciliation and misfortune is as natural as it is exquisitely touching :

CORDELIA. Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters ?

LEAR. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison :
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness : so we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies : and we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon."

In this ignoring the very existence of his ingrates there is terror even yet more fearful than while the imprecations were pouring from his burning tongue. A brief season, vain as an old man's dream of the return of his youth. One more agony—the death of Cordelia ; and one more act of vengeful strength—the slaying of her assassin. It is grand to see in this revulsion the momentary revival of the mighty power that he had been wont to exert in the days of his prime. It was like the last act of Samson, who, when subdued and captive and blind, summoned the remains of his giant strength, and in his own ruin overwhelmed his enemies.

Perhaps the most delicate and subtle tenderness of this tragedy is that wherein is told the relations of Lear with his fool. The fool was an indispensable minister in ancient unlimited monarchies. He was needed to impart occasional relief to the surfeit

that comes from the constant servilities of the rest of mankind, and allow temporary respites from the cares of unquestioned empire. A despotic king, if only from caprice, must have sometimes the mimicry of the sight of independence in a subject, and finding no other, he must adopt a poor fool and bestow upon him the cap and bells. Whenever such a king abdicates his power it is most natural that he retain this appendage, which, of all others, had least to do with the cares that had made him weary. With transcendent art the poet leads to the changes in the relations of the monarch and his fool. As the one declines the other is exalted. A sort of wisdom, paroxysmal though it be, has come to the fool in this sudden, vast degradation. How do the jests grow into petulant complainings, into semi-serious and serious rebukes, into wise saws, until he has become silent, and, like a dog, faithful to the last, is willing to die and dies for his master! We should not have foreseen these changes. But when we have seen we recognize them as true to life, and we wonder again at the universality of the genius that so fully understood and so faithfully portrayed these extremes in human conditions.

Sad histories these of human loves. To no period, youth, manhood, advanced age, came relief from the malediction,

“They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.”

In this and a former article has been considered the consummate art of Shakspeare both in the intermingling of the sportive and the serious, and the unapproachable pathos of the latter. We have seen the broad humor of the clown, the wild, weird of the fool, the fantastic of the courtier, the sparkling, delicate of the high-born, and we have seen the inconsolable, despairing grief of the gifted and the great. In those times the men of highest culture exclaimed against what were named irregularity and extravagance. But this untaught man, untaught of all save nature, who had come from the world remote from cities and libraries, familiar with country sights and sounds and the varying emotions that they excite—not only the joyings and complainings of the glad and the sorrowful of mankind, but the green woods and pastures, the lowing kine, the bleating lambs, the carolling birds, the silent, wandering moon and stars—undertook to describe man's checkered life as it is. Better than all his contemporaries, better than all who went before and all who have come after him, he understood that

“The spring of
Laughter is hard by the fountain of tears.”

CATHOLIC MISSIONS.*

MR. A. H. ATTERIDGE, of the Society of Jesus, has lately published in London a neat little volume called *Notes on Catholic Missions*. In his introduction he says: "Most Catholics, we fear, know very little of the mission work of the church. For the most part they have a kind of vague impression that there is a great deal to be done, and that something is being done for the propagation of the faith in heathen lands, that some of the religious orders have missions in India, China, and Africa; . . . that the Society of the Propagation of the Faith collects money to help the missions, and that something more in the same way is done by the Society of the Holy Childhood" (*Introductory*, p. 1).

Scarcely this much is known, we fear, by some Catholics among us. Secure of the faith, we too readily forget that we owe that security to missionary labor, and should in our turn help those who are not so well off.

"Want of knowledge of the missions and of interest in them has for a necessary result a heavy loss to the missions themselves" (p. 2). Since the day our Lord told his apostles to "go forth and teach all nations" the church has faithfully followed its mission. The noblest of its clergy have done almost miraculous work among the heathen, and have been crowned with martyrdom. But within late years interest in mission work has abated among the faithful. Mr. Atteridge says: "It is pitiful to read year after year of the vast resources which are placed at the disposal of the missionaries of error, while the Catholic missions are crippled by sheer want of means" (p. 2).

In England and Ireland, it appears from Canon Scott Robertson's statistics of British missionary contributions, there are seventy-five missionary societies, and in 1881 the revenues of these societies amounted to the enormous sum of £1,082,659 (or \$5,413,293). The revenue for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith in the same year from all sources, and from all its branches throughout the world, amounted to £275,000 (or \$1,381,211 60). And the year 1881 was an exceptional year, as, on the recommendation of the Holy Father, the Jubilee alms of the faithful were given in great part to this society, so that its revenue

* *Notes on Catholic Missions*. By A. H. Atteridge, of the Society of Jesus. Reprinted from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. London: St. Joseph's Library, 48 South Street, Grosvenor Square. 1884.

was raised fourteen per cent. in a year. And of this £275,000 France alone gave £180,000, the rest of the Catholic world £95,000. Thus we see how little in proportion the Catholics of the United States do for missionary work. In *The Message* C. H. Fowler, D.D., one of the secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York (1883), says: "The Roman Catholics of the British Isles gave to Foreign Missions in 1879, \$40,560. Protestants of the same land, \$5,392,830. Roman Catholics in the United States gave for the Foreign Missions in 1879, \$15,000. Protestants of the United States the same year gave to Foreign Missions \$2,623,618." This will show how lamentably small our contributions have been, and how little interest is taken in this greatest of all charities.

"It is with a view to doing something, however little, to excite interest in these missions that we proceed to put together some facts and statistics bearing upon them, the work they have before them, the work they are doing, and the means at their command" (p. 4). All estimates of the population of the world are necessarily rough guesses. Mr. Atteridge, taking that given by Keith Johnston, gives the following as an approximate division of the great religions of the world (p. 4):

Christians.....	375,000,000
Jews.....	7,000,000
Mohammedans.....	170,000,000
Buddhists.....	503,000,000
Hindus.....	177,000,000
Heathen and fetich-worshippers.....	170,000,000
Various and unknown.....	48,000,000

His estimate of the number of Buddhists is very probably an exaggeration.

Thus 375,000,000 are Christians and 1,000,000,000 non-Christians. But remembering that these 375,000,000 are the outcomes of missionary labors begun by only twelve men some centuries ago, and that God alone knows the secrets of the future, we can look upon the 1,000,000,000 as representing the unconverted without being disheartened. But, realizing how great is the necessity for immediate and persevering labor, we should begin at once to be at least as zealous in aiding our missionaries as the Protestants are in assisting theirs.

"The great mass of the heathen are to be found in Africa and Asia—the millions of Buddhists and Hindus belong to Asia; the Mohammedans both to Asia and Africa, but chiefly to the former, the great mass of so-called fetich-worshippers to Africa" (p. 6).

In Asia the two chief countries of interest, "the keys of the whole position from the missionary's point of view," are China and India. Between them these two regions probably contain 700,000,000 of Buddhists, heathens, and Mohammedans, about half the population of this world, and nearly three-fourths of its non-Christian population. Next in importance in Asia come missions among the Mohammedan peoples of the Ottoman Empire in the west.

With the discovery of America in 1492, and the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, very extensive fields were opened for missions, and great numbers of missionaries volunteered to be sent to the newly discovered countries. In the East Indies the bishopric of Goa was established in 1520 under Franciscan missionaries, and an extraordinary impulse to missionary labors was given by the establishment of the order of Jesuits. St. Francis Xavier surpassed all Christian missionaries, who had lived since the apostolic age, in the extent of his missionary travels, and in the number of converts whom he baptized. At the time of his death 100 Jesuits were laboring in the East Indies, and soon a native Catholic population of 200,000 were united under the missionaries.

A like success was effected in Peru, and along the waters of the Amazon, in New Mexico, the Philippines, and later in California. And in Japan the great numbers of converts and the conversion of many native princes promised a speedy victory for Christianity, when a bloody persecution and internal wars broke forth and ended, in the second half of the seventeenth century, in what was thought to be the extirpation of Christianity.

In China in 1722 a fierce persecution broke out, which diminished the number of Christians from 800,000 to 100,000. During this time the religious orders and congregations were either dispersed or placed in such difficult circumstances that they could scarcely maintain themselves in Europe, and had to leave their distant missions unsupplied with new laborers. One by one the old missionaries died, and thus thousands of Christians in distant lands passed long years without ever seeing a priest. When in our own day the reorganization of the missions began, the vicars-apostolic were often only able to gather together a few hundred Christians where a few years before there had been thousands. Indeed, even yet the Catholic missions of the East are only in process of reorganization; the wonder is that with such slender resources and so few laborers such great work has been accomplished.

The results of the missions may be seen from the following quotation from Dr. Hunter's work, *The Indian Empire* (Trübner, 1882):

"The Catholics in India seem steadily to increase, and, as in former times, the increase is chiefly in the south, especially in the missions of Pondicherry and Madura. The Pondicherry mission has performed over 50,000 adult baptisms in the last three years. In the Madura vicariate the increase is chiefly in Tinneveli and Rámuád. The converts are mostly agriculturists, but are by no means confined to low castes" (quoted in *Notes on Catholic Missions*, p. 9).

The Catholic missionary only admits his converts to baptism after they have been fully instructed, and have passed a certain time of probation in the class of catechumens; and the missions are poor, so that the native cannot hope for any temporal advantage from conversion. Dr. Hunter tells us that "the Roman Catholic priests deny themselves the comforts considered necessary for Europeans in India. In many districts they live the frugal and abstemious life of the natives, and their influence reaches deep into the social life of the communities among whom they dwell" (quoted in *Notes on Catholic Missions*, p. 9).

The mission of Pondicherry is one of those belonging to the *Congrégation des Missions Étrangères*, a congregation originally founded by the great Jesuit missionary, Alexander of Rhodes, for the purpose of supplying the missions of the East. "The congregation in our day has won itself a proud place in the very front of the battle with paganism, and its bishops and priests have poured out their blood like water in defence of the faith" (p. 10). The statistics of this congregation for 1877 and 1878 are:

1877.	
Baptisms of adult pagans.....	37,484
" " children of Christians.....	27,765
" " " " pagans.....	221,858
	<hr/>
Total.....	287,107

1878.	
Baptisms of adult pagans.....	60,496
" " children of Christians.....	26,109
" " " " pagans.....	269,723
	<hr/>
Total.....	356,328

Thus, in two years in this one congregation only we have nearly 100,000 adult baptisms and more than 500,000 baptisms of

children, and thus the annual results of the Catholic missions show a steady increase and we have good reason to look for still greater results in the future.

The conditions for missionary labors are completely changed since the time of St. Francis Xavier, but the conditions now are quite as favorable as they were then. The missions in our day have greater freedom of action, inasmuch as "royal privileges have disappeared with royal protectorates." The possible pretexts of persecution have diminished with the decreased jealousy of Europeans in the East. Eastern countries are better known and more accessible. The increased means of communication afforded by steam and electricity are a solid gain to the missionary. The missions are more completely organized. The sources of the supply of missionary priests have increased. The religious orders of women have come forward to do in the mission field work which without them must be left undone. Finally, as for the natural sources of the missions, there are two organizations at work which would fully provide for all their needs, if they were but properly supported by the Catholic body" (p. 24).

The Catholic priest has nothing about him of the adventurer. He does not come without being sent. He bears his commission to teach and baptize, to bind and to loose. "He can trace his authority to Rome, the centre of unity; he derives his authority from the vicar of Him who bade his apostles go forth and teach all nations" (p. 27). The Holy See directs the missions through the Congregation "De Propaganda Fide," or, as it is commonly called, the Propaganda. At its head is a cardinal-prefect. The Propaganda, besides watching over the interests of the missions, defining the limits of each district, and giving to its missionaries the necessary faculties and privileges, undertakes in its college at Rome the training of a certain number of students destined for mission work, many of them Orientals and Africans sent to Rome from the missions for this purpose.

"It has at its disposal very limited resources—in fact, its income is much below that of some of the missionary societies of England (p. 28). The various missions are intrusted by the Propaganda to the various orders and congregations of priests. The chief of each mission is usually a vicar-apostolic, who is a bishop chosen from among the missionaries at work in the district. As soon as it can be prudently done the missionaries always endeavor to form a native clergy in their district. Native priests are most valuable assistants in mission work, and eventually they must become the main body of the clergy. But there is no mission which can do without European or American missionaries. There are also two other

classes of apostolic laborers at work in most missions—the catechists and the nuns. The catechists are natives of the country, whose work it is to help in the instruction of converts. Great care is taken in their selection, and often the native clergy are selected from their ranks (pp. 28–30). “Nuns of various orders are now to be found in charge of schools, orphanages, and hospitals in a large number of missions; native girls are received as novices, and there are communities of native nuns in Asia and Africa” (p. 30).

The various establishments of missions will include churches in the centres of population, chapels with resident catechists here and there in the villages, orphanages and schools for children, a seminary for native theological students, hospitals and dispensaries, and other institutions to meet the especial needs of the country. “Of the missions more than half are supplied by France, which, as we have said, has also the honor of supplying the largest alms for their support” (p. 34). In India, in 1882, Dr. Hunter gives the total number of Catholics (exclusive of Burmah and Ceylon) as 1,299,309, and the increase in almost every case is very large since 1857.* In India the present rate of conversion is 5,000 adults a year, which seems absurdly small; but if the missions go on as they have been going, we may expect the rate of conversions to be greatly accelerated, and at any time a great movement may bring hundreds in a month or thousands in a year, in a single mission; so we have great hopes of successes in the immediate future.

In the missions of the Buddhist countries, Ceylon has a total of 195,500 Catholics, with 978 converts in 1882; in Burmah there are 24,000, with an increase of 441 adults in 1881; in the Malay peninsula in 1882 there were 11,178 Catholics, with an increase of 5,178 since 1876; in Siam the same year 13,180, with an increase of 1,780 since 1876; and Cambodia 14,800, with an increase of 3,650 since 1876.

And so the statistics of Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Annam, Cochin China, Tonquin, the many missions in China, Thibet, Japan, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Syria, Arabia, Persia, northern, southern, eastern, and western Africa, the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, North and South America, show that persevering labor has been done and is going on, but that for the want of means many missions are almost powerless to extend the good they have already done.

But the missionary work which should first interest us is that among our own Indians.

* Dr. Hunter (*The Indian Empire*, p. 375) quoted in *Notes on Catholic Missions*, p. 37.

For three centuries this work has been going on and the missionaries have in our history been noted explorers, eager not for fame or the possession of new lands, but to bring poor pagan souls to the knowledge of God. "It was the Franciscans that first explored California; the very name of San Francisco is a monument of their missions. A Jesuit was the first white man that ever heard the roar of Niagara, another Jesuit was the first to look upon the waters of the Mississippi" (p. 146). And now in the farthest and most uninhabitable places, wherever the Indians are, is found the "black robe," whose whole life is filled with his work, with nothing to comfort or cheer him but the love of Him to whom he has so willingly given his life.

In 1870 General Grant, then President of the United States, established what is known as the "Indian Peace Policy," the purport of which was given in his message to Congress on the 5th of December, 1870, in the following words:

"Indian agencies being civil offices, I determined to give all the agencies to such religious denominations as had heretofore established missionaries among the Indians, and perhaps some other denominations who would undertake the work on the same terms—*i. e.*, as missionary work." Thus the government sought to bring to its aid in civilizing the Indians the several religious denominations of the country.

With this view it has confided the civil administration of each agency to a particular denomination, which nominates a person as agent, who is appointed to the office upon such recommendation. The government desires that the agent should conduct the civil administration of his agency in harmony with the spiritual work of the mission, and that he and all of his employees should be members of the denomination to which the agency is assigned.

This system would have operated well in a country entirely Catholic. Nor would there be cause to complain under the American government, with its multiplicity of denominations, if the system had given practical effect to the announcement made in 1870 of the inauguration policy. The President then announced that each agency would be placed under the charge of that denomination that had heretofore been laboring at the agency, and who had then won the confidence of the Indians. Under this plan the Catholic Church would have gained more than all other denominations, because she had in her several missions over 100,000 Catholic Indians or Indians of Catholic parentage, while all the other denominations together claimed only

15,000; and out of the 72 agencies there were 38 at which Catholics had been the first to establish themselves, and when they alone sought to convert the Indians. But this promise has not been carried into effect. In place of 38 agencies, to which the Catholics were by right entitled under the policy, only 8 were assigned to the church, and the civil and religious administration of the remaining 30 was confided to the different Protestant denominations. Some of these missions so assigned had for centuries been exclusively Catholic, and Catholic Indians to the number of 80,000, who were distributed under these 30 agencies, thus passed under Protestant control. The faith of these 80,000 Indians is, in this condition of affairs, in imminent danger.

It was to ward off the danger that thus menaced the Indians, and to shield them from the heretical influences that now surround them, that the Catholic Indian Missionary Association was called into existence, with its bureau directly concerned in the protection of these Indians. This organization protects, defends, and works to promote before the government at Washington the religious and moral welfare of the Catholic Indians, as well as of all such as desire to become Catholics.

The work of the Catholic Indian Missionary Association has for its object the preservation of the faith among the Indians heretofore converted to Catholicity, and the Christianizing and civilizing of all the Indian tribes in the United States. It is composed of two distinct organizations: first, a bureau, executive in its character, which performs all the functions required by these objects; and second, an association which by its regular contributions furnishes funds to the bureau properly to carry on its labors.

The bureau is composed of persons designated by his grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, and represents the church before the government of the United States in all that relates to the spiritual interests of the Indians. It avails itself of every occasion, by protests, prayers, and arguments, to assert the rights of the church by asking for a reassignment of the civil and religious control of the 30 agencies to which the present policy entitles her.

A board of control, also designated by the Archbishop of Baltimore, has charge of all funds collected, and supervises all expenditures made by the bureau. Such expenditures are also subject to review by the Archbishop of Baltimore.

It is estimated that the total number of Indians in the United States is from 250,000 to 300,000, of whom 106,000 are either

Catholics or descended from Catholics. Some 15,000 are Protestants, while 180,000 are pagan. All the Catholics and a greater proportion of the pagan Indians have expressed a desire to have priests visit them, and to have Sisters of Charity establish themselves among them for their instruction and guidance. These Indians are located upon 200 different reservations, separated from each other at distances of several hundred miles and covering areas of many thousand square miles. The reservations are set aside by the government for the exclusive use of the Indians and the whites are expressly forbidden to settle thereon. On these reservations are established some 72 agencies, which are under the immediate superintendence of agents who have absolute control over all the Indians of the agency, their schools and their funds, as well as over such whites as the government may employ for their instruction.

The Rev. J. B. Brouillet, director of the Catholic Indian Missionary Association, concludes his pamphlet (from which I have taken the statistics of the Indian missions) by a review of the work done. He says :

“The organization has received the apostolic benediction of His Holiness Pius IX., who, July 16, 1876, granted an annual plenary indulgence to all who became members of the association and labored to advance its interests. . . . His Holiness Leo XIII. has also deigned to bless this work, and by an indult of May 30, 1879, has granted to all members of the association a plenary indulgence, to be gained three times a year. The organization thus blessed and encouraged by the highest authority on earth, and sustained by the zeal of our bishops and clergy and by the piety of the faithful, has obtained as a reward of five years' labor results that merit our deepest gratitude.

“Through these endeavors the church has succeeded in maintaining 13 Indian boarding-schools, 5 day-schools, 1 hospital and 1 model farm. More than 400 Indian children are annually instructed in these boarding-schools, and then trained to the practice of a Christian life as well as to civilized habits. In the meantime the entire population of the agencies where the schools are, embracing some 20,000 souls, learn from the lessons here taught habits of industry and a cultivation of Christian virtues.

“We can say, thanks to the work of the Catholic Indian Missions, the 20,000 Indians who go to make up the agencies assigned to the church are in great part supplied with the means to secure and promote their religious interests and their civilization.”

And he goes on to say :

“But a grave responsibility still remains—the succor of 80,000 Catholic Indian souls who have been placed by the government under Protestant administration. The repeated demands and petitions of the 40,000 pagan Sioux, calling for priests and Catholic schools, should be heeded, while

from 25,000 to 50,000 Indians in the Territory of Alaska, all of whom are either pagan or schismatics, demand our earnest attention and zealous labors."

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions being thus established and cemented by ten years of valuable and laborious work, justly commends itself as a proper subject of endowment by some of the wealthy Catholics of our country, and cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the noblest charities to which a portion of their means could possibly be applied.

"This is asked for its protégés in the name of the Great Father above, and for the sake of his poor, despised, and injured children of the aboriginal race."*

"Contributions, however small, will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged."

The contributions should be addressed to "The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions," No. 1101 G Street, N. W., Washington, District of Columbia.

Mr. Atteridge, in the last chapter of his book, makes many suggestions as to how we can help the missions. He tells us that until now the chief help has been given by France, not only in alms but in supplying laborers for the work. That now the church in France is encountering great difficulties, that the danger of its help being diminished makes it of the greatest importance that the loss should be made good from other sources. There would be far greater readiness to take part in this good work if people only realized its importance and knew how much good was being done even with scanty resources.

Now, let us ask ourselves honestly what we ourselves can do in this matter. If the question be answered in earnest, our reply must be that we can and ought to do a great deal; our Lord's own words telling us what we should chiefly ask for: "Then he said to his disciples, 'The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore to the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers unto his harvest.'" This is the first need of the missions, and we must pray for more men to reap the fields that are ripe for the harvest.

Then we must join almsgiving to prayer. There are few who cannot give a little, say one cent a month. If every Catholic in the United States gave one cent a month, the yearly total would be \$600,000. The vast amounts collected in England for the Protestant missionary societies are largely put together by

* Articles lately published by the bureau in the St. Louis *Republican*.

widespread collections of small sums. We could do much if we would work on the lines of the organization supplied by the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, the idea of which is the collection of a trifling subscription each week from a large number of members. Besides this there is the Association of the Holy Childhood. But Mr. Atteridge does not tell us the exact manner of giving our small contributions. I have told you where even the smallest sum for the Indian Missions will be most gladly received, and for the Foreign Missions every parish priest will receive and forward to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith any contribution that may be given.

Mr. Atteridge closes his work, *Notes on Catholic Missions*, with words taken from a sermon preached by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in answer to objections made to suggestions on missions :

“I can conceive that some may say, ‘We need everything at home. We have thousands and tens of thousands without education. Half the population of London never go to church, perhaps have never been baptized; or, if they were, they live as if they had never been. Here is our heathen world. Here is our missionary work. Why then send missionaries into other lands?’ The answer is: If you wish to put out a fire you have only to stifle it. Stifle the zeal of the church, and you extinguish it. Keep down the love of God and of your neighbor, and it will soon die out. This answer would be sufficient, but we have an ampler reply. Our divine Lord has promised ‘Give, and it shall be given to you’; and therefore if I do not know how to find means to build a school, I would not refuse to send alms to the heathen. Be assured that the same Lord who is Almighty is also generous. He is able and willing to give us all we want. It is an axiom of faith that the church was never yet made poor by giving its last farthing for the salvation of souls” (*Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects*, vol. ii. pp. 372, 373).

The aim of this article being to bring home to the minds of Catholics an ever-pressing demand upon their generous charity, it would hardly be appropriate to criticise Mr. Atteridge’s work, which has afforded so good an occasion for the inculcation of an old lesson over again; but it may not be amiss to call the attention of your readers to his racy style, his compact and business-like method of arrangement, his skilful use of modern works and easy method of summarizing, which will make a diligent perusal of his book well repay the careful student, whilst a cursory glance is equally pleasing and not without fruit. Mr. Atteridge wields evidently a practised pen, his own book is a compilation of many others in its matter, in manner it is closely himself—the manner of abrupt yet easy transition, short sentences, rapid sketching,

familiar handling of names and numbers that would seem uncouth to the tyro. He speaks of the Nez Percés, the Ralispel, Sgojelpi, Snackeisti as familiarly and easily as we would of blacks and whites.

We think the Catholics of England and America will be grateful to him for this contribution to their fund of information, and we trust his hints may lead to speedy and great results. We Catholics need united action everywhere; there is lacking a spirit of unity among us, without which great works are never accomplished.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE first week of Katharine's visit was nearly over before she received any further news from home than was contained in the cheerful, chatty letter her father wrote her on the day of his return. He mentioned in it that he had felt the fatigue of the journey so much that he was staying indoors for the day; but the statement was apparently made only by way of explaining the length and promptness of his letter, which he had illustrated by a rough but effective pen-and-ink sketch of himself and her mother, seated at table, with lugubrious faces turned toward her empty place. Katharine had enjoyed reading it aloud, and borrowed no trouble either from it or from the comment Mr. Germain made upon it after she had finished.

"Your father is the same old sixpence," he said—"a real chip of the Danforth block, always ready for a laugh or a joke, and always with a sober face following quick upon a merry one. I didn't more than half like his looks when he was here; a little worn and anxious, isn't he?"

"I think he is thinner than he was," said Katharine. "At least, I heard mother say so lately. To me both of them always look the same—fixed facts of nature, like the sun and moon, which never seem to change."

"What a bad comparison," said Anna, "for a person who was looking in the almanac not half an hour ago to see when the moon would be full for our evening sail on the lake!"

"Those changes are only a part of the general invariability

of things," retorted Kitty. "George thinks we might drive over to-morrow afternoon and have a family picnic in the grove and go boating afterward. And Mr. Asbell approves, Cousin Mary, for I asked him. He suggested the carry-all as a proper conveyance for the rest of us, but offered as a special favor to take you in his buggy, in order that I might not be too much crowded."

She was enjoying her visit greatly. The weather was perfection, the soft, hazy August days being sometimes followed by showery nights which cooled the air, but themselves stretching in long, sunny expanses filled with the unaccustomed pleasures of country life. Her Cousin George, the only boy in the large family, a handsome, awkward lad nearly a year younger and a head taller than herself, had conceived a shy, cousinly admiration for her dark eyes which amused and pleased her by its novelty. She already knew how to drive, having often played charioteer for her father; but George had begun to initiate her into the bolder delights of riding, and had promised her a lesson with the oars when time should be found for a picnic excursion to a little lake a few miles off, which was said to earn its name of Silver by the clear beauty of its waters. She was a prime favorite, too, with all the little ones, becoming with them once more the same frank tomboy she had been at seven, and delighting them in the long twilights, or perched in the hay-loft when the midday sun was too hot for out-door frolics, by strange and marvellous fairy-tales. And she was growing fond, as was her fashion whenever she encountered what she called "goodness," of her Cousin Mary, the eldest of the flock—a shy, soft-spoken, motherly girl of twenty-four, but looking younger, who seemed, in spite of her long engagement, to be still balancing in her mind the rival claims upon her affections and her duty. It was she, as it turned out, who had suggested to Anna the possibility of this final year of freedom before assuming cares which the elder sister seemed in no hurry to relinquish. The younger children clung to her as to a veritable mother, and lisping Lucy announced as plainly as she was able her fixed intention of following "thithter Mary" if ever she went to live at "Mithter Athbell'th houth."

"I don't know as I ought to leave them at all," Mary said to her cousin in a moment of confidence. "Mother was ill for a year or two before she died, and I had all the care then and ever since, and I have grown used to it. But Jonas—we have been engaged since he was twenty and I eighteen, and I must say he has been very patient until lately. But Anna doesn't seem to get on well with children. She is so clever, you know; and

then she has always been away a good deal, and she had such a notion of being a teacher, or a writer, or something different from just a housekeeper. And Martha, who is more like me, is only fifteen. I really hardly know what I ought to do sometimes. One comfort is that I shall not be very far away, whatever happens."

The proposed excursion came off on Saturday and was prolonged so far into the evening that a telegram which had come for Katharine about five o'clock was delivered too late to give her time to catch the last train north. She had been in unusually high spirits, but they sank the moment she heard of the arrival of the message. Life had been too uneventful at home for her to become familiar with that sort of summons—she had, in fact, never yet seen one—but her thoughts, even before she knew its import, had flown at once to her father with the swift, foreboding instinct of affection. It had been worded with brutal directness by her childless Uncle Horace, and she dropped it out of her hand and turned with a face like death to Mary, who opened her arms quickly, thinking she was about to faint. Anna picked up the paper and read it aloud :

"We think your father is dying. Come."

"Humph!" said Mr. Germain, under his breath, "why do people take sledge-hammers to kill flies?" Then taking out his watch, "It is too late to start to-night, my child," he said, answering the question he saw in the girl's eyes as he approached her; "the last train went up at ten, and there are only two on Sunday. We can get you off by five to-morrow. Put her to bed at once, Mary. She looks ready to drop. And don't be too much alarmed, my dear," he went on, taking Katharine's cold hand. "While there is life there is hope, and these telegrams always say too much or too little. I will go up with you in the morning."

Katharine was in too vigorous health and too little nervous to faint, but the shock had nevertheless been so severe as to make speech well-nigh impossible to her. She yielded without a word to Mary's kindly cares, and left her without remonstrance to make all the preparations for her early start. When these were ended her cousin passed into the adjoining chamber, where she found Anna busied in transferring the contents of wardrobe and bureau to her own trunk.

"You will go at once, then?" Mary asked.

"Yes," said Anna; "my father thinks it would be better, even if there should have to be any change in our plans afterward.

Mrs. Danforth was alone there with a servant when Kitty came, and I may be of some use."

"I was afraid there was some bad news coming," said Mary, sitting down on the side of the bed with her candle in her hand. "While I was in Kitty's room this morning a bird flew in at the window, and then turned and fluttered out again."

"Oh! nonsense, Mary. How can you be so superstitious? You are always having warnings and dreaming dreams. You are as bad as Granny Jones at the Corners."

"Granny Jones is a good deal wiser than some of the people that laugh at her. And you can't deny that there is something in my warnings. Look at this one, now! And though you all joked me out of burning the salt when it was spilled last winter, didn't my father have that lawsuit afterwards with old Deacon Potter? I saw the new moon over my left shoulder, too, this month."

"And weren't you born with a caul?" said Anna, with a faint but perceptible scoff in her voice, "and wasn't it pulled off the wrong way? And don't you see winding-sheets in the candles and hear death-watches in the walls? Oh! what an old woman you will make, Mary."

"It is all very well to laugh," said Mary good-naturedly, "but it seems to me that the old signs and omens are at least no more ridiculous than that fad about table-turning and spirit-rapping that you brought back with you from Uncle Carew's. If you are going to start so early you'd better go to bed now and let me finish your packing. You will have to be up by four in order to have breakfast and get to the station at five."

It was noon the next day when Katharine reached home. She had fallen asleep after midnight, and when she woke youth and hope reasserted their power over her, and she was able to throw off her depression in great measure. She had often thought of her own death, trying sometimes to fancy what it would be like, and her probable feelings should she find herself consciously face to face with it; but that sentiment of stability and permanence which most children have in connection with their parents had been so strong in her that, after the first shock of fear and grief was over, she was really incapable of grasping the idea of a life from which either one or other of them should have departed. All the way home her thoughts were busy with the sick-bed and the cares with which she would surround it; she was grieving over the shadow of estrangement which had come between her father and herself and been thrown off so lately, taking all the blame of it on her own shoulders, and imagining the thousand

caressing ways in which she would obliterate the traces of it from his memory. As to bitterer forebodings, it was not so much that she resisted them as that they had taken no actual hold upon her mind.

Mr. Germain, having accompanied the two girls, had thought it unnecessary to telegraph the hour of their arrival, so that there was no one to meet them at the depot. They drove to the house, and Katharine, not waiting for the others, sprang hastily from the carriage and ran up the steps. The door stood partly open, as if to secure a current of air, and as she entered an unfamiliar, painful sound—the loud, heavy, monotonously recurrent breathing of apoplexy—smote her ear and brought with it the first sense of approaching, irrevocable loss. She had not wept the night before, but now she broke into a storm of sobs and tears which brought her mother from the sick-room to the top of the stairs. Her face was white and drawn with grief and watching, and her usually quiet, self-contained voice had a strained, unnatural pitch. She took her daughter in her arms as she said: “Hush, Kitty! He was asking for you yet this morning, but he has not spoken now since nine o’clock. Why did you not come last night?”

But Katharine could not answer, save by the backward gesture with which she indicated her companions. She had drawn away from her mother’s embrace and passed on into the sick-room, where several people were collected in groups that photographed themselves upon her memory, although at the moment she seemed conscious only of the pinched, contracted face upon the pillow, with its eyes closed and sunk far back in their sockets, its hollow jaws from which the false teeth had been taken, and a strange resemblance to her grandmother that she had never thought of before. The minister had been kneeling by the bedside, but he rose now and gave place to Katharine. Aunt Anne Warren stood at the head, her face flushed and her full, red-lipped mouth drawn more to one side than usual, and Uncle Horace was looking out of the window, apparently lost in contemplation of the grape-arbor. Two or three of the church trustees, who seemed to have come in with the minister after morning service, were standing with their heads together near the mantelpiece. Katharine remembered it all afterward, and recalled even the suppressed tone in which one of them asked whether any one had seen or heard of Brother Deyo since yesterday morning. Her senses, indeed, were at once sharpened and dulled by the strain upon her, for at the moment she seemed to

herself to see nothing but her father, and to hear nothing but the hard, difficult breath as it passed between his parched and open lips. She sank down on her knees beside him and put her hand on his, which lay on the outside of the light covering. It was burning hot, but it was motionless. His eyes remained closed when she laid her face on the pillow, and her sobs, violent, irrepressible, which seemed to tear her very heart, elicited no sign that they reached his ear. She said nothing, the words that express emotion being now, as ever, hard for her to utter, and in the presence of strangers seeming impossible. But her soul cried within her for one last token of recognition.

Presently her mother came behind her, and, stooping, whispered in her ear a request that she would try to control herself and give place to the doctor. It was his second visit since morning, and Katharine heard him saying that although there could be no hope of improvement, nor even of recovered consciousness, yet death might not arrive for several hours. She had retreated from the bedside and stood in the doorway leading to an adjoining room, her head leaning against the jamb, her whole frame shaking with the passion of her grief. She cried out suddenly, in a voice that struck her own ear strangely, so agonized and piercing was it:

"He *will* not die without speaking to me! I cannot have it—I don't believe it. Oh! will nobody go for another doctor?"

"There would be no use," said the physician, answering, not Katharine, but the quieter interrogation made by Mr. Germain, who was also standing by the bedside. "There was very little hope from the first, but since his stroke this morning the entire medical faculty could do nothing for him. Still, if the family wish for a consultation—"

"No," said Mrs. Danforth, toward whom he had turned with a rising inflection and lifted eyebrows; "I know it would be useless." And she went toward her daughter, speaking to her again in the tense whisper which betrayed her nervous exaltation. "Try to be quiet, Kitty," she said, her features working and her fingers twitching restlessly under the pressure she was putting on herself. "Have I not thought of all that? The room is full of strangers."

But Katharine broke away from the hand laid upon her arm. "Oh!" she cried, "if no one will do anything I will go for a doctor myself. He shall not die like this!" And she ran down the stairs before she could be hindered, and rushed into the street, her head bare and her face streaming with tears. She

had gone only a few steps when her way was barred by two gentlemen who were coming slowly in the opposite direction. The elder caught her by the hand as she was flying past him on the mad errand which had no definite aim, for she had thought of no special physician.

"It is Kitty Danforth," he said to his companion. "What is the matter, my child? Where are you going?"

The girl looked up and recognized the kind eyes.

"O Mr. Norton!" she cried, "my father is dying, and Dr. Purcell says he can do nothing for him, and they are going to let him die without calling any one else. Oh! won't you go for some one?"

"I will go back home and fetch my uncle," said the younger man. "He will come, if I ask him, and no one in this town could be as good. You would better go in with her, father; she seems half beside herself."

Poor Katharine! Her first wild revolt against the inevitable availed her nothing. There was another kind and sympathizing face to remain up to the last beside the sick man—but that was all. Dr. Norton came, but he could only confirm the verdict of the family physician. The slow hours went by, the heavy, stertorous breathing marking off the moments, ceasing sometimes altogether for so many that all seemed over, then going on again, perceptibly slower and fainter after every pause. Yet the interval before death arrived was so long that there came a brief space in which Katharine found herself at last alone with her father. She called him then, for the first time, by his name; begging for a last pressure from the contracted but still burning fingers, to assure her that he was not unconscious of her presence, her sorrow, and her love. As she thus cried aloud the shrivelled eyelids lifted once and showed the glazed eyeballs, covered by the films of approaching death. But there was no other sign. And then the room filled up again; the night-lamp was lighted and threw dreary shadows in the corners; the sick man's breast heaved more and more faintly, the breath stopped for longer and longer intervals, and at last, standing at the foot of the bed, having yielded her place to her mother, who sat with one hand on her husband's and the other covering her face that she might not see him pass away, Katharine, whose eyes never left him and whose tears had never ceased to flow, beheld the little spasm, the drawing-up of the limbs so long motionless, the whole bitter, painful, humiliating spectacle of helpless humanity sinking into nothingness.

For that is what it seemed to her. As the end came, and even her mother broke into a loud cry, and her aunt into wild, hysterical lamentations, her own emotion died into a passionless calm. Mr. Norton, kneeling down, began at once in his high-pitched voice a prayer, not for the dead but for the living, asking resignation and patience for them, and especially that the loss might be sanctified to the daughter, who was yet so far from the fold of the Good Shepherd. The words smote upon her ear like a mockery. Her grief seemed spent, and herself as dead to all appeals as the poor body beside which she had thrown herself. For the moment death appeared to her the absolute end of all things. Extinction, hopeless, utter, was what the sight she had just witnessed for the first time had signified to her. "I had a father," she was saying to herself, "but I have none. He has gone like the flame of a candle into absolute night."

As the prayer ended she heard her mother's voice calling her, and, rising from the bed, she went and knelt down beside her. The veil of reserve was for once broken, and the poor woman was bewailing aloud the husband of her youth.

"Twenty-five years," she said, her voice tremulous and broken, but not even now rising to a cry, "we have lived together and there has never passed a bitter word between us. And in all those years he has never spent one evening away from me, except when business called him or he was at church. Katharine!" and she put her arms out to her child, at once embracing her and holding her off, that she might look into her eyes, "you have been our sole anxiety. Oh! will you not now promise me to give your heart to God and prepare to meet us both hereafter?"

Katharine was silent, turning on her mother a pair of steady eyes which yet seemed not to see her, so stony and withdrawn into herself was their regard. The minister, who had called in again after evening church to make inquiries, only to find that all was over, approached the pair and addressed to her some exhortations that were, perhaps, injudicious. They drew at last a response which seemed to pierce the mother's heart not less keenly than the blow which had just fallen on it.

"Don't ask me, mother," she said. "I have tried, and I cannot. I have no belief, no faith in Christianity at all."

CHAPTER XIV.

“TROUBLES and pleasures, I would rather they all came on me at once, without a warning,” Katharine had said only a week before the day which found her father lying in his coffin. Misfortune seemed to have taken her at her word. While yet the hush of death was in the house, and friends and neighbors were passing in and out with quiet steps and whispered utterance, lest they should disturb the widow and the orphan, the busy world outside was less considerate. Even on Saturday Mr. Warren had been called from the sick-chamber to consult with the foreman of the mill, who came to say that the junior partner had also been absent all day from the office, where an unusual number of notes had been presented, and that his residence, whither he had sent to make inquiries, appeared to be closed. Meanwhile the cash-box was empty, he could draw no money from the bank without the firm signature, and the men wanted their wages. Mr. Danforth had been taken suddenly ill on his way home from the office on Friday, at the close of the first day he had been able to devote to business since his return, and at the time when this message arrived his recovery was already doubtful. His brother-in-law, unwilling to disturb him, drew his own check for the amount necessary for the men, told Williams to reassure the holders of the notes by saying that Mr. Deyo’s absence, which had doubtless been arranged with Mr. Danforth on Friday, would terminate as soon as word could be sent him of the latter’s condition, and dismissed him. Then came death, and that the mill should remain closed until after the funeral was only natural. But when that passed without Mr. Deyo’s return, and no news as to his whereabouts or that of his family seemed forthcoming from any quarter, suspicions were aroused which did not respect even the house from which the dead had just been carried. Mrs. Danforth’s privacy was, indeed, jealously guarded for the present, but Mr. Warren and Mr. Germain were deep in consultation with creditors whose claims, which would apparently sweep away whatever property her husband might have left, if, indeed, they could be satisfied in that manner, could not much longer be kept from her knowledge. The inquiries that were set on foot speedily resulted in eliciting the fact that the junior partner had been for some time engaged in private speculations which had turned out unfortunately. During Mr. Danforth’s recent absence he had pledged the firm name, not only to meet his liabilities,

which came due only on the previous Saturday, but to raise funds with which he had probably lined his pockets before decamping, as their disposition could not be otherwise accounted for. The whole loss would fall on the estate of Mr. Danforth, his partner having recently converted all his own private property into cash. Had the former lived all might possibly have been righted, the mill property being valuable, and confidence in his probity being so general that not a word was now uttered in his condemnation even by the most grasping and anxious of the creditors.

"It is all the work of that scoundrel Peter Deyo," one of them had said in taking his leave—"a sanctimonious rascal that I never could endure, and that I often wondered how Danforth could get along with. Still, I did not myself believe him capable of the particular sort of villany he has been up to."

"Let us get out of the house," Mr. Warren said to Mr. Germain as they still stood on the stoop after this man's departure; "the atmosphere in-doors is stifling and this news is sickening."

"It means absolute poverty, I suppose, for Eliza and her daughter?" asked the latter, with a troubled face.

"Not quite so bad as that, I think. I mentioned the Pearl Street houses just now—partly, I am afraid, to get rid of that loud-mouthed Dobbins as soon as possible—but I doubt whether they can be touched in any case. One of them, I know, was Eliza's by right of inheritance, and I have an impression that something else was secured to her at the time James went into this partnership, in consideration of her signing away her right of dower in another piece of property that he wanted to turn into money. John Danforth was his brother's legal adviser while he lived, and he was always a long-headed fellow. He drew up old Richard Richards' will and prevailed on him to leave his property to his wife, who had earned half and saved the whole of it, when the curmudgeon wanted to give her only her thirds and the rest to his own family. Eliza benefited by her death to some extent. He prepared Danforth's will also before the partnership was entered into, and I was asked if I would act as joint executor with Eliza. We had some talk about it in the office that day, I remember. My brother-in-law wanted simply to provide for paying his just debts and then leave everything else to his wife in trust for the child. He was absolutely clear of the world then, and John was trying to talk him into securing something to his wife by deed before risking everything on an uncertainty. I don't know, though, whether it was done, and if it was I doubt

if ever he told her about it. He was apt to be close-mouthed at home on business matters. Then, too, he may have made some different arrangement since. It is a bad job in any case."

"You feel quite persuaded, I suppose, that he knew nothing of what was about to happen?"

"On the contrary, I think it was probably the shock of finding something wrong when he went down to the mill on Friday that brought about his death. Williams told me the next day that he had overheard some high words between them in the office the afternoon before, but I thought little of it. James had a peppery temper of his own, and I knew that he had been dissatisfied for some time with Deyo's ways of doing business. But he was as honest as the sun, and not given to suspecting others of what he would have been incapable of himself. Certain things that Dobbins has been saying just now, if they are exactly true, ought to have raised doubts in his mind that Deyo was violating his obligations by entering into private transactions. The cat probably got out of the bag that last afternoon, and his anger was too much for him."

Mr. Warren's surmises were very near the truth. His share of the legitimate profits arising from the business—the manufacturing of linseed oil, and the cakes made from the pressed seed, which was sold as fodder for cattle—had for some time past seemed insufficient to Mr. Deyo, who, after a brief widowhood, had espoused a new wife with an ambition to make a greater show in the world than prudence would have counselled. The business was sound but not extensive; Mr. Danforth had put in most of the capital at the start, while his partner, who had been accustomed to it in England, had chiefly contributed his experience. Mr. Danforth, simple in his own tastes, given to no extravagances, unless his large gifts to his church might be so accounted, and married to a wife naturally inclined to economy and careful living, had been gradually accumulating property, investing something every year with sagacity and safety, and congratulating himself on the provision he was making for his daughter. Mr. Deyo, to do him justice, had contemplated no further dishonesty than was implied in his resolve to break the terms of his agreement and speculate with his own savings. Even up to the last, when the disastrous results of these speculations had made the steep incline from probity to rascality still steeper and more slippery, and he had signed the firm name, as he had the right to do in legitimate transactions, to cover his private losses, he did so with the intention of owning up to his part-

ner, throwing himself on his mercy, and trying by strict economy to retrieve the past. The possibility of a still greater and final dishonesty was, indeed, latent in his mind, and when he made his disclosures on Friday he did not avow the loans he had just effected, waiting until he had made sure, as he said to himself, that Mr. Danforth would listen to reason and consent to silence. But the latter was wounded in a tender point—his commercial conscience was sound to the core, and his scorn and anger, fatal to his own life, put out the last sparks also of the other's integrity. He simply carried out then certain intentions, never yet fairly avowed, but forming in that underhand, subtle way common to men who juggle with their consciences and lie to the last, even to themselves, and fled, salving the wounds of his self-respect with such a quietus as was afforded by the reflection that his partner would tide over it in time. Time, however, was precisely what had failed him. So far as was at present evident, the whole visible results of his life of industry and honesty would be swept away and his wife and child left destitute.

Such was the additional stroke of misfortune to be aimed at Mrs. Danforth while she was yet bleeding from the first, and Horace Warren, little as he was given to sentimental weakness, shrank from inflicting it,

“I must get my wife home,” he said to Mr. Germain as they approached the house again; “here she will do nothing but fall into hysterics, which are as much of a nuisance to Eliza as they are to—other people. I wish you would break the news to her. Try to find out if she knows anything about a deed in her favor. I saw lawyer Ingham at the funeral, and he told me he would bring up the will and some other papers to-morrow morning. I hope something of the sort may be found among them.”

The tidings, however, seemed to affect Mrs. Danforth less than might have been expected. She knew little of business, had never borne the burden of pecuniary responsibility nor been called on to take independent action. That she would be poorer than her husband had supposed was all that appeared to strike her at first, and all she seemed to feel was a sort of vicarious sympathy for his wasted efforts.

“Poor James!” she said, “to have worked so hard and so long, and to so little purpose.” Then, after a pause, “I never liked that Deyo. When he used to get up in the experience meetings and tell what a rascal he had been and would be yet but for the grace of God, I always used to think—but there! there's nothing gained by hard words. That is what James

meant, then, when he told me with his last conscious breath to pay up everything. I thought he must be wandering, for there were no debts so far as I knew."

"He did tell you so?"

"Yes, on Saturday morning. He had been in such agony with cramps all night that all he could do was groan, and when they stopped he fell right off into a stupor. The doctor thought he never would come out of it, but he did, and was trying hard to speak for some little time before he could get out a word. Then he said, 'Eliza—the notes—pay all.' He never said another syllable except to call for Kitty."

Then, a sudden apprehension seizing her, "Can I pay everything, do you think? Will there be enough? Are the debts heavy?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Germain; "some of the claims are rather heavy, I believe. Still, there will be the usual delay to pay them in, and Warren thinks the property will sell well. In any case he tells me you have something of your own."

"It can't be much. There is mother's house, and Aunt Jane left me hers and five hundred dollars a year, but only for my life. We talked it over with her when she made her will. She wanted to give it to me out and out, but James said he could provide for us himself, and that it would look better to let it go back to her husband's folks. She wouldn't quite do that, for she did not like them, so it was arranged that I should have the use of it first."

"But is that all? Warren thought some property had been deeded to you some years back."

"Not that I ever heard of. What difference would that make?"

"Only that if the claims should cover all the rest of the estate, or even go beyond it, there would still be something left for you and Kitty. Your private means would not be liable for your husband's debts."

Mrs. Danforth remained silent, but her face took on a new shade of thoughtful anxiety.

The best and the worst aspect of affairs came alike speedily to the surface. Against the dead man personally there were, as the widow had supposed, no claims whatever. The business would be carried on by Mr. Warren for the benefit of the creditors during the legal delay before the estate could be settled, unless it could be advantageously disposed of beforehand. But the liabilities of the firm would demand the sacrifice of everything,

and might probably not be wholly satisfied even then. Still, it was thought that the loss to the creditors would not be very great in any case.

On the other hand, there was, as had been conjectured, a deed conveying to Mrs. Danforth, but in trust for her daughter, a building in the business quarter of the city which produced a fair rent. This, however, both she and Katharine absolutely refused to touch, the former insisting, moreover, on selling her own house at once, in order to satisfy the claims of a widow who had begged the privilege, some years before, of putting her little property in Mr. Danforth's hands. She had drawn a higher rate of interest from his compassion than she would from the best bond and mortgage, but she made a great merit now of her confidence in his integrity.

"I trusted Brother Danforth," she said, with many tears and loud complaints, "because I thought he was safer than the bank; and now to think I may have to lose by him after all! And other people, too, in the same box. The Lord knows whom one can trust nowadays."

Katharine was with her mother when this woman came.

"Oh!" she cried, with a keen, impatient anguish in her voice, "can't we do something, mother? Let us give up everything. I can go to work and try to earn our living. Don't let anybody talk like that about my father."

"And reason good," said the woman. "You that have been kept in school all these years ought to know how to do something by this time."

The two, indeed, were bent on paying, if not to the utmost farthing, at least to the utmost extent within their power. In vain Mr. Warren pointed out to them that it was to guard against such a contingency as had actually occurred that this provision had been made, and that, as it had been done at a time when Mr. Danforth had been perfectly free, they could profit by it with easy consciences. The widow was unper-suadable.

"I knew my husband," she said. "He would turn in his grave if he thought that anybody should lose by his fault. It was this he had in his mind when he told me to pay all. We will not touch a copper of the rent, and if it is necessary Katharine will sell it the day she comes of age. We will go to Aunt Jane's house—I have given my tenant warning—and we will live on what she left me. Anna Germain will be with us, and her board will help us out."

"But you forget," said Mr. Warren, "that if you should die Kitty will be homeless and penniless."

"I will not die," said the poor woman, "or if I do it will be of worry because there were debts I did not pay as far as I was able. And Kitty is her father's child and mine. There isn't a drop of dishonest blood in her body."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK HURTER (*Continued*).

PART VI.

To such positive evidence nothing may be opposed with success but equally positive and contrary evidence, proven facts, and downright arguments. Mere denials, commonplace raillery, explain nothing, weaken nothing, and throw no light whatever. It is true that the Baron Bielefeld, during his stay in Naples in times past, stated: "Our apothecaries also know how to prepare a similar substance which will liquefy in the same manner." But how comes it that no attempt has ever been made in Berlin to reproduce this extraordinary phenomenon? Another German gave the following ingenious explanation: "There was, according to his version, two ostensoria, one containing blood dried up, the other liquid blood; and while the ceremony was going on the former was juggled away by the priests." Any person having only once seen how the thing takes place would consider this just as miraculous in its character, or would at least think that he must be a deep adept in sorcery who could so readily substitute, in the presence of a great crowd of persons, one ostensorium for another, without any one of the entire number being able to perceive him. The Frenchman Sercès has hit upon an explanation, even more far-fetched, of the liquefaction of the blood, by attributing it to the vicinity of Vesuvius and the Solfatara. But what would become of the inhabitants of Pozzuoli and Resina if the burning emanations from those volcanic sources could produce such effects even in the cathedral of Naples? As he felt that he was putting forward an impossibility, he disposed of the matter in an easy way by the mere additional assertion that the fact occurred in a retired place, in the presence of a superstitious populace and far removed from the penetrating gaze of enlightened men, and at a time not long previously determined. This, at least, may be termed lying nobly, for in this falsehood there is not the least admixture of truth. An Englishman has attributed to the priests the authorship of the miracle of the saint. "The priests of the

treasury of St. Januarius," he explains, "have a wonderful knowledge of chemistry." Thus, for want of a satisfactory explanation, they prefer to bring forward the most unreasonable suppositions rather than admit frankly their inability to account for the fact and to acknowledge that the matter is altogether extraordinary and inexplicable. They are altogether in advance of that period of reserved and honest doubt such as was expressed by the Hessian counsellor, Henry Kornmann, in his Latin work on *The Miracles of the Dead*. "Although the matter be generally known," he says, "I should nevertheless like to collect the testimony of persons who have been present, and who have, with a good eyesight, examined everything."

Among modern travellers Keyssler at least expresses himself with moderation, and in his account there is not to be found the silly pleasantry with which so many others have thought it necessary to season their narratives. As he does not give the date of his sojourn in Naples, it cannot be ascertained if he has himself seen the liquefaction of the blood, or if he has merely described it from hearsay and conjecture. I incline to the latter supposition, for this is what he says about it: "The substance which is in the vial is of a reddish brown, and resembles Peruvian balsam, which also liquefies easily. The day on which the miracle is to take place the blood is placed in front of a great number of burning wax-lights" (this is not so; there are but very few, and, in the case of all of them, the flame is at an elevation much above that of the vase); "a glass case, in which is the vial that contains the blood, is held to the lips, and afterwards to the foreheads, of persons who draw near in crowds to kiss it" (but this always when it has already become liquefied; from which it follows that the inference drawn by Keyssler falls to the ground of itself); "and on this occasion the priest turns it upside down, and over and over again, more than a thousand times" (twenty times is about the right number, at least before the liquefaction), "so that the lowest part of the substance is constantly being moved from its position. The warmth of his hand" (which exerts no influence, as I have been convinced, and have already shown), "the smoke of the wax-lights" (which cannot produce the slightest effect), "the emanations exhaled by the multitude of spectators in a torrid season" (we must bear in mind here what Fergola states in regard to the relation between the temperature and the time which precedes the liquefaction), "and, finally, the warmth of the breaths proceeding from the mouths of those who kiss the vial" (after the liquefaction has already taken place), "not to mention many other circumstances" (which it would have been far better for him to have told), "would suffice to melt any other substance that had been liquid once." Keyssler adds in a note: "In the year 1773 the celebrated chemist, Neumann, of Berlin, discovered the secret of producing easily, and as often as he chose, a liquefaction of blood similar to that of the relic of St. Januarius." (It would be very interesting for those who believe, as well as those who do not, to see an experiment of this discovery performed under circumstances identically similar to those which occur at Naples.)

"It would be proper," adds Keyssler, "to grant to heretics and incredulous persons abundant facility to draw near and closely scrutinize the circumstances of the miracle" (this is in reality granted to them without any restriction), "but, as it is, they can only take things for granted when the priest cries aloud, *Il miracolo e fatto*, and when the *Te Deum* is intoned in a burst of joy."

Kotzebue sees in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius great proof of the silly superstition of the Neapolitans; he is, however, honest enough not to account for this superstition by facts invented at pleasure. "It is generally believed," he says, "that the liquefaction of the reddish substance is brought about by the warmth of the hand of the priest; but this is a mistake. The little vial which holds what is said to be the blood is enclosed in a larger glass vase, so that there is a vacant intervening space between the two. The warmth of the hand could then with difficulty penetrate to the vial, and at all events it would be a most uncertain means to rely upon. Persons well informed" (not in regard to the point at issue here, but of those who, *in omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*, are called *enlightened* persons) "have assured me that the miracle is brought about by chemical agency only, and this accounts for its being frequently so long to take place. But it can never fail to be operated, if the vial be only vigorously shaken." (It is never shaken; it is merely turned over and over again in a gentle manner.) "Few persons, and even but few priests, are in the secret, and among the latter there are reasonable men who fully and firmly believe in the miracle."

Eliza of Recke thought to exercise her poor intellect on the subject, but her laudable intention was set aside on account of the weakness of her nerves. She could not stand the atmosphere of the church, and was compelled to withdraw. Still, she consoled herself easily "at not having seen an experiment of which the secret is easy to guess." Whereupon her companion, the Aulic counsellor, Bœttiger, puts forward, in a note appended to the narrative of the above lady's travels, an assertion the importance of which most assuredly he could not have fully understood. "The great miracle, in this miracle," he says, "is that, the secret being known to so many persons who must participate in it" (how does the distinguished Aulic counsellor get this information?), "it has never, for so many centuries, been betrayed by any one of them." It is then, after all, a miracle; and certainly this one, though the Aulic counsellor does not seem to suspect it, is, beyond a doubt, the greatest and most difficult to believe in.

The Prussian state counsellor Rehfuës, who is known by several works which he has written, and in particular by one entitled *The Truth about the Matter of Hermesianism*, treats of the same subject in his *Tableau de Naples*, and gets out of the difficulty by having recourse to the most insipid and worn-out pleasantries. "It is well known," he says, "that this miracle is repeated every year a certain number of times, and many persons have endeavored to account for it by a natural process. Nevertheless, as it

might be supposed, no one has succeeded beforehand, for when heavenly power determines to perform a miracle it combines matters so that it cannot be explained by the first sceptic who happens to come along. No doubt there are a great number of curious persons who, not being able to explain it, are yet unwilling to believe in it, and it has often seemed to us that the best kind of miracles are those related by the Siamese of their saint, Pra Ariaharia, because from their very nature they exclude all deep and close study." Then he adds: "I will not seek to give explanations of the means by which the miracle is effected, for it is a miracle only because there is no way known of explaining it. Suffice it to mention that in Naples there are many persons, not by any means of the lower orders of society, who fully and firmly believe in it." He elsewhere says: "It may well happen that the women are in collusion with the priests." How great a service would he have rendered to the cause of truth had he only remotely indicated in what this connivance consists and what object is gained by it! "There are few miracles," he adds, "that have been of any utility to the world. This one may be ranked among the number of the useless ones; and it is difficult to understand why the saint does not display his feelings of tenderness to his pious Neapolitans by rather giving them a tenfold harvest." Then again he goes on to say: "The frequency of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples is well known, but no one knows how it is managed, except the small number of those who are the instruments of Heaven in producing the miracle. I have myself seen the changes which the vial undergoes in the hands of the priest, and I can think but of one explanation, which I believe has never been offered by any one. Might not that solid reddish brown mass be ice, of which the artificial preparation is as well known at Naples as at Archangel? It certainly dissolves in the hands of the priest, particularly when he holds the vial" (which he does not touch) "and prays devoutly over it. But the most convenient solution, after all, is to believe in it." It would have been more convenient, or at least easier, for Mr. Rehfués to have immediately gone to work to imitate the phenomenon with ice, and to have then proclaimed his discovery to the entire world. But it frequently happens that the most subtle minds do not hit upon the simplest things.

The French Protestant Misson, who lived in the seventeenth century, positively states, in the account of his travels, that he has twice witnessed "this pretended miracle." He gives us our choice between viewing it as a real miracle or "the most palpable trick." "Nevertheless," he says, "there is as much importance attributed to this as to anything else in the Catholic Church, and Pascal ranks it among the signs of the true religion." But in his capacity of a man of learning, in order not to lay himself open to the dishonorable suspicion of placing any faith in it, he quotes a passage of Horace (the Fifth Satire of the First Book), in which allusion is made to the pagan priests who sought to persuade the people that, in a certain temple, incense would melt away on the altar without the use of fire. Less than a

century afterwards Dupaty relates "that he has seen the liquefaction, but that it is brought about altogether by natural means." He adds at the close: "Since some time the miracle has fallen into discredit; there is ground for believing that it will soon cease. Probably there will soon be but one miracle in the world—the world itself."

We have yet a few false narratives or vulgar pleasantries of English travellers to quote from. Addison styles the thing "a gross farce." Middleton tells the following story to his readers: "While a couple of Masses are being celebrated in the church all the other priests are busy at all sorts of manoeuvres around the vial, which is *suspended* in such a manner that, while a portion of the substance contained begins to melt, owing to the warmth of his hands or some other cause, it falls in drops to the bottom of another vial which is empty." Dr. Moore is not more truthful when he states (in his *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, Letter 64) that the priest has hard work to warm the vial by holding his hand to it. This is an impossibility, for he cannot get in contact with it. A more modern English traveller, who has published, under the name of Eustace, a work entitled *A Classical Tour through Italy*, does not attempt to explain it; but, though a Catholic, he very unceremoniously settles the question. "Into the truth of the supposition," he says, "little inquiry is made; and in this respect the Neapolitans seem to have adopted the maxim of the ancient Germans: '*Sanctius ac reverentius de Diis credere quam scire*' (It is more holy and more reverent to believe things that appertain to the gods than to know them.)—*Tac. de Mor. Germ.* 24."

PART VII.

If now we place in opposite contrast, on the one side, all the narratives, beginning with that of the Neapolitan doctor, Matthæus Silvaticus, in the fifteenth century, down to that given recently by the English naturalist, Waterton; and, on the other, all the allegations, subtleties, and strokes of wit of various travellers, from Misson down to the most modern tourists, what result will we obtain? In the former we find an unbroken series of perfectly concordant testimony, accurate information, observations prudently and deliberately conducted, and grave and dignified diction; in the latter, on the contrary, judgments based on hearsay and expressed with most incredible assurance, unwarranted suspicions, an impudent misrepresentation of facts which take place under the eyes of thousands of spectators, and frequently vulgar pleasantries instead of the serious explanations which we have a right to expect. The least severe language that can be held in regard to them is the words of Scripture: "And their testimony was not agreeing" (Mark xiv. 56).

Any person willing to examine without prejudice and form conscientious judgments must admit that there are some things which cannot be explained. Since the church does not exclude from her communion those

who either will not or cannot admit that a miracle is permanently operated with the blood of St. Januarius, she evidently allows entire liberty in the matter of believing or not its reality. It would seem, moreover, that men of even moderate fairness of feeling should prefer to pass this question by, rather than, in order to avoid unpleasant concessions, have recourse to an argument tending to represent a class of other men, who are worthy of all manner of regard, as having been, since a long succession of years, nothing better than a band of impostors without conscience. When the Neapolitan thanks St. Januarius for having, by his intercession, averted the imminent danger with which his country was threatened during the eruption of Mount Vesuvius on the 20th of December, 1631; while the Protestant, on the contrary, attributes the safety of the city to the fortuitous circumstance that the lava took another direction, and that the fury of the volcano subsided of itself, each one has reasons to put forward for defending his views of the matter. But when the latter, in order not to avow his inability to explain that which is admitted by the former without hesitation, seeks to get out of the difficulty by having recourse to puerilities and falsehood, the ground sinks from beneath his feet and he falls below those who asserted that the casting out of devils was effected by an alliance with Beelzebub, the prince of devils. In any event superstitious incredulity has nothing to exalt it over superstitious credulity, unless it be the emphatic boasting of its language.

After having seen with my own eyes, after having consulted so many narratives worthy of belief, by which my own observations are confirmed, I cannot but subscribe to the conclusions which Sabbatino submits at the end of a dissertation on the blood of St. Januarius. "I am well aware," he says, "that many strangers, even Catholics, doubt the miracle, or do not believe in it even after having seen it. But after having accompanied several of them to the chapel of the Treasury, and having obtained for them the facility of scrutinizing everything very closely, I found them convinced that there was no longer any room to doubt, and that the prodigy could not in any way be attributed to natural causes. More than one has, then, declared to me that the liquefaction of the blood was, at least, a marvellous thing; not one of those who had the opportunity of witnessing it near has been able to find a reason for remaining in doubt. Solger has, then, said in his philosophical conversations a very true thing, although thereat some persons may shrug up their shoulders—that it requires greater strength of mind, setting aside chicanery and low argument, to believe a miracle than to plainly and simply deny what surpasses the ordinary rules of understanding.

PART VIII.

After observations, repeated and conscientious (which latter characteristic those who deny through a mere spirit of contradiction are least disposed to pardon), that compel me to view the matter in the light of a mira-

cle, or, if it be preferred, an extraordinary phenomenon, I have become confirmed in my opinion by reading the treatise of the Abbé of Lucca, entitled, *Sopra una celebre controversia dibattuta in Inghilterra negli anni 1831 e 1832, intorno alla liquefazione del sangue di San Gennaro, vescovo e martire*. I learnt from it, to my great satisfaction, that thirteen years ago Weedall, an English priest, had been an ocular witness of the liquefaction at the same time of the year that I had, and that he has drawn up a very nearly analogous argument on the miracle, whether it be considered as an imposture or a real phenomenon. This article, which appeared in the *Catholic Magazine and Review* of Birmingham, gave rise to a very sharp discussion, in which his adversaries entrenched themselves behind untenable hypotheses. Mr. Weedall had it in his power to observe everything as commodiously as I; he relates all the circumstances as I have done; no more than I did he rest satisfied with having seen the evening ceremony in the church of St. Clara; but he also suspended his judgment until he had seen it again the following morning in the cathedral. Just as I he kept close to the priest, and in like manner was convinced that, from the manner in which the former held the vial, the heat of the body could not exercise any action on the substance it contained, no matter what might be its nature. "It would be easier," he says, "to light a candle by passing one's hand over the candlestick which holds it than to liquefy a solid substance by means of contact such as occurs in this case." In this respect I am altogether of his opinion.

A stranger alleged to Mr. Weedall "that the most learned and respectable Neapolitans, and the archbishop himself (who was at that time old Cardinal Ruffo), did not probably believe in the miracle." In reply he made the same remarks that I did. I do not make as much account as he does of the people who follow the procession, nor of the visit which the king makes to the blood of St. Januarius—for, after all, it might be urged that it is a mere matter of etiquette; but the same cannot be said of the head of one of the first families of Naples, whom I found by chance praying in the chapel at a moment when he could not suppose that he would be seen. I might also name a prince, eminent not only for what is vulgarly termed information, but also for profound learning, who declared to me most emphatically that the thing appeared to him inexplicable on natural grounds. A learned canon of the cathedral, who may fairly claim to be ranked among the most learned and honorable men of Naples, said to Mr. Weedall: "I will tell you just what I think. I am not credulous, and I examine everything. Miracles are often spoken of which are said to have happened here or there. In general I do not believe them readily. But in the matter of the blood of St. Januarius it is impossible for me to have any doubt. I consider the liquefaction to be a miraculous occurrence. Can it be reasonably supposed that a secret connivance exists between us? You know our position. We are two separate corporations, having distinct chapels, rights and privileges altogether different. I am not allowed to enter the Treasury, and the chapel of the Treasury has no business in our

chapter. The miracle takes place sometimes in our church, sometimes in the chapel; and this has been going on for many centuries, in the midst of numerous political revolutions in which the interests and opinions of citizens have often been in conflict. It is out of the question that we can come to an understanding to carry out a guilty deception, and that in times past so great a number of our predecessors can have agreed together to organize and keep it up. When I am interrogated on the subject I have but one answer to make: Come and see! Do you likewise come and see, not once only, but every morning while the octave lasts. Examine attentively, and you will be satisfied not only that the liquefaction really takes place, but that often an increase in the volume may be discovered, which, in my opinion, is the most remarkable peculiarity of the phenomenon."

PART IX.

When, after refraining alike from excessive credulity or incredulity, the mind has reached, upon attentive examination, the conviction that there is in all this something which neither human science nor human reason can explain, the question might naturally occur, What good purpose does the miracle serve? This question may be put with so much the less scruple that it is possible, after conscientious reflection, to answer it satisfactorily. Observe the Neapolitan, his vivacity, his mobility, and the strong hold which his imagination has upon him! Under all the circumstances under which you see him his demeanor, his gestures, his manner of expressing himself, all reveal in him an impetuous boiling of the blood, a longing and craving for extraordinary emotions. With such a people plain teaching would not suffice for a long time; they require something which, reaching their conscience, not by hearing but by sight, may remind them of their dependence on the Supreme Power above. They need the energetic action of a superior force to detach them from an earth that, like an enchantress, spreads before them the most seductive attractions, to cry out to them in a loud and clear voice: There is above thee a power which holds thy destinies in its hands, which can load thee with its blessings or bow thee down under its scourge. The hidden and mysterious character of this power is too far beyond the reach of the Neapolitan, who is governed less by mental speculations than by what falls under the cognizance of the senses, and does not effect on him the same immediate action that it would on men of a more intellectual stamp. Hence this event, which recurs every year, tells him in a language far more intelligible to him: This hidden power, on which depends thy happiness or thy misery, draws near to thee in the person of St. Januarius, who is thy protector before it; what thus takes place under thy eyes, at different periods of the year, is proof to thee that God thinks of thee and also warns thee not to forget him.

To conclude, a friend of mine one day received from one of the commonest *lazzaroni* a reply on this subject quite sufficient to both stop all drivelling

and to silence the attacks of the proudest philosopher. He asked him, without having any other object than merely to hear what manner of reply the man would make, why the miracle was repeated every year. The *lazzaroni* replied to him, in a tone which showed that he knew that he was about to get the better of him: "Why did God create heaven and earth? Why did he call you into existence?" This illiterate man's natural good sense had supplied him with the shortest formula which faith has to oppose to incredulity enveloped in doubt.

PART X.

The preceding had been already prepared for the press when I read, in the 2d of January number of the *Catholic*, what the English naturalist, C. Waterton, has written on this same subject. I could not but be most agreeably surprised at noticing that he saw things just as I had, and that the result of his observations has been to lead him to the same conviction. He also relates that "the canon turned over and over again, under his eyes, the ostensorium in which the vials are contained, for the purpose of showing that the blood was not liquid, and that on this occasion he merely held it with the ends of his fingers." He also says of those women said to be descended from the family of the saint or from his nurse, that they address ardent prayers to Heaven, making all the while the most indescribable gestures. "Strangers," he adds, "who are either little or not at all familiar with the dialect of Naples, and who do not partake of the enthusiasm which the occasion calls forth, have asserted that these women abuse and pour out invectives on the saint because his blood does not liquefy as quickly as was expected. I was quite near to them when they were praying, and I heard neither invectives nor imprecations, but only words bearing the impress of a pious enthusiasm." He, as well as I, scrutinized searchingly, and at various times, how matters were going on. He has besides seen with his own eyes that "the blood formed a solid mass and remained wholly immovable." He attests that the poorest man could, equally as well as the king's mother (who happened to be then in the church), see the relic as near as possible. He also has seen the blood several times in a liquid state, and he concludes his narrative with the following words: "All my experiments in times past were forgotten in the presence of this phenomenon, and I here express my entire conviction that the liquefaction of the blood of St. *Januarius* is most undoubtedly produced by a miraculous agency."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DE DEO UNO SECUNDUM NATURAM : Prælectiones Scholastico-Dogmaticæ quas in Collegio SS. Cordis ad Woodstock habebat Æmilius M. de Augustinis, S.J. Neo-Eboraci : apud Benziger Fratres. 1884.

This is a course of lectures given at Woodstock by Father de Augustinis. Coming from such a seat of learning and from a theologian already so well known, it cannot but meet with the most respectful consideration and attention. The work is divided into five parts, the first of which treats of the Existence, the second of the Essence, the third of the Science, the fourth of the Will, and the fifth of the Power and Providence of God. It includes discussions at once of the most profound and the most momentous character, and nothing is wanting in that clearness which of course is the primary requisite for a work which is to serve as an introduction to the study of theology. It is, moreover, remarkable for the copious extracts from the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers, and especially from St. Thomas, to whom, of course, it has now become a duty for all to have recourse. The chief efforts of Father de Augustinis have been directed to the exposition and defence of those points in which the theology of the Society comes into conflict with that of the Thomists, and which in this treatise are many and have a decisive bearing on that other question—the nature of grace. Such are the discussions on the knowledge which God has of future things, whether conditional or absolute, and on the medium in which he knows them, on *scientia media*, and on predestination and its cause. The article *De modo quo Deus cognoscit contingentia absolute futura* contains the best exposition of the different opinions and the fullest historical account of the action of the Sovereign Pontiffs with reference to the controversy *de auxiliis* with which we are acquainted; and the thesis is proved with a fulness of learning and a completeness which will give it a permanent value. We do not feel called upon to pass any judgment on the merits of the controversy. The strongest desire we have in turning over these pages, and in seeing the stores of learning with which they are filled, is that those who study them may make them so thoroughly their own as to be able to spread “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God” throughout the length and breadth of this land.

On one point we must, with the greatest respect, give expression to our inability to agree with Father de Augustinis. The question whether faith and science are compatible in the same person on the same subject is one, of course, on which there is room for difference of opinion. Great theologians are ranged on either side; but to the present writer the evidence for the negative seems so clear that he has no difficulty in holding it as certain. But Father de Augustinis defends the thesis that all Catholics, whether ignorant or learned, are bound to believe the existence of God on *divine faith*, from which it follows as a consequence that faith and science are compatible in the same persons on the same subject. We cannot object to his defending this thesis; but we think that we have the right to object to

the imputation which is implicitly made against the orthodoxy of the opposite opinion when Father de Augustinis makes the supposition that the Council of the Vatican *defined* his thesis: "Veritas quam tuemur definita videtur in Concilio Vaticano." We see no more reason to think that the fathers of the Vatican Council had the intention of defining the thesis of Father de Augustinis than for thinking that the apostles in writing the Apostles' Creed, or the fathers at Nice in writing the Nicene Creed, had the intention of defining the same thesis. And it is as easy to solve the difficulty which arises from the use of the words in the Vatican Council as it has been for the use of the words in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Moreover, in the definition the fathers have abstained from using the word. The definition is: "Si quis unum verum Deum Creatorem et Dominum omnium rerum *negaverit*: anathema sit," thereby showing their scope and aim to have been the condemnation of atheists, and not even implicitly of a well-established Catholic school.

WHICH IS THE TRUE CHURCH? or, A Few Plain Reasons for joining the Roman Catholic Communion. By C. F. B. A. New edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

The works of the author of this pamphlet are already so well known for their accurate scholarship and the wide range of reading of which they give evidence that it is unnecessary to say more about the present publication than that it is a new edition of the work which appeared a few years ago, with an enlarged appendix and additional notes. The appendix includes some valuable extracts from recent Protestant publications on the present religious and moral condition of Germany. We wonder how any one, with this evidence before his eyes of its fruits, can fail to see that Protestantism is not the "tree which is planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its root towards moisture," but (slightly to modify the sacred text) a briar "which is rejected and very near to a curse, whose end is to be burnt." In view of the recent Wycliffe and Luther celebrations the note on the early printed Catholic versions of the Bible is of great interest and importance. We cannot too heartily commend Mr. Allnatt's works. His method of adducing evidence from independent writers is calculated to have great weight and to prove of great service to a large class in our times—that is, the reading class as distinguished from the studious class; those who, while they read much and because they read much, are not able to form a judgment of their own, but who are influenced by the authority of those whom they look upon not merely as learned and educated, but also as not occupying the position of special pleaders or as holding a brief. But there is no one, however real a student he may be, who will not find in these works many things of interest and profit.

THE FATE OF MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS. With the Episode of Mr. Washington Adams in England, and an Apology. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

It is a somewhat notable fact that, almost simultaneously, three stories have been published by American writers in each of which the hero, an American, woos and marries a high-born Englishwoman, and becomes so enamored of English life and society, and so sick of the life and society of his own

country, that he settles down in England and forswears America for evermore. The stories we allude to are Mr. Henry James' *Lady Barberina*, the Marquis Biddle-Cope's *Grey of Greybury*, and the volume under notice, *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*, by Mr. Richard Grant White. This remarkable trilogy may probably be the efflorescence of what is known as the "international" school of American fiction. At any rate, Mr. Grant White's book is surely the corona of the species. We cannot imagine how the evolution of "internationalism" (whose protoplasm we may take to have been the awe with which the red man first beheld the stove-pipe hats and tooth-picks of the perfect representatives of civilization) can any further go. Indeed, the book is a fearful and wonderful curiosity.

According to the "international" school, the American is a person with closely-cropped hair, a pinched face, and boots with pointed toes. He manages to get into the house of an English nobleman, and there applies himself to the task of persuading all who hear him that the true American must be a well-descended aristocrat (his grandfather having been a dissenting minister), who knows how to use his napkin, and to leave a room properly, and to speak with a purer English accent than any English nobleman that likes to take his bet—in short, an Englishman whose family happened to take a trip in the *Mayflower* and to spend a few generations on foreign soil. All other Americans he shows to be shams, and he assures his noble friends that it is just as difficult to get into good society in America as it is in England—assures them to such an extent that a baronet's wife exclaims, "Dear me! dear me! Then you have exclusive circles in America, too?" Whereupon he impressively replies: "So exclusive that people may, and do in cases numberless, live in the same neighborhood and even next-door to each other for years, and never speak, and hardly know each other's names. So exclusive that often the richer of these neighbors would be very glad to obtain, by a considerable sacrifice, the entrance to the entertainments of the poorer." In fact, he proves his case so overwhelmingly that his speech is interrupted as he goes along by a chorus of ladies of title exclaiming: "Dear, dear! Quite like w'at it is at 'ome; and I thought it was so different." The true American then proceeds to win the affections of an earl's daughter or cousin, as the case may be, and, after some difficulty (usually nominal and confined to a certification of his stocks and securities), obtains her hand in marriage. The climax is that, having swindled his wife, on the strength of his representations above mentioned, into going with him to the United States, he agrees with her that all he said about American aristocracy and social life was humbug, that America is not fit for a lady to live in; and he brings her back to England, where he becomes a true son of the soil, finding "a new home in the old home of his fathers." It must be conceded that the international—or shall we call him the Anglo-Saxon?—American is an interesting phenomenon, and we would be wrong not to study him while he is among us. Jean Paul Richter says, "One commits most follies among people one does not respect." Jean Paul is wrong: he had not seen the international American among the people he worships.

Mr. Grant White's book begins with a dedication to "the Right Honorable Evelyn Countess Stanhope, Sevenoaks, Chevening, Kent," which would be worth reproducing had we space; and it ends with an "Apology"

of seventy-six pages of closely-printed small type—an entirely unique document.

His hero, Mansfield Humphreys, is a proselytizer of unusual thoroughness. Persuaded that in the English mind there exists only one kind of American—he of the stage—he resolves to remove that idea at any hazard. He receives an invitation to the house of the Earl of Toppingham, and seizes the opportunity to play off an instructive practical joke. He will not go himself, but he will personate Mr. Washington Adams, “a friend from the other side.” Mr. Washington Adams, got up like the traditional Yankee, seated among the ladies on Lord Toppingham’s terrace, chews a quid of tobacco, ejects (or pretends to eject) it on a flower-bed, picks his teeth with his tobacco-knife, whittles a stick, tries to fire off his revolver, does a lot of other similar things, and at length, to the intense relief of everybody (and having unaccountably escaped being kicked off the premises), takes his departure. Then enters Mr. Mansfield Humphreys in his proper person and explains the joke—and its moral. Tableau! Humphreys falls in love with Margaret Duffield, a ward of Lord Toppingham, and in course of time marries her and takes her to Boston. Society there does not please them, and, to prove the instability of all things American, Humphreys loses all his fortune, which consisted of railway stock. A relative of his wife’s comes to the rescue by dying, and this ideal American goes back to England, apparently to live on his wife’s money for the rest of his days.

One of the amusing episodes in the book is the coaching of Lord Toppingham, who is about to make an American tour, by Mansfield Humphreys, who is afraid his friend will attract too much attention if he looks and behaves like a gentleman. The earl is advised to wear a suit of clothes out of one of the factories where they cut clothes by machinery; he is to change his dark crimson scarf for something plainer; to take off two of his rings; to cut his hair a little shorter and “have it lie a little closer, with less of easy negligence”—he “may continue to part it in the middle, but it would be better to part it on the side”; he is to cut off his whiskers and wear only a mustache, or, “best of all,” to “grow what our Western friends call chin-whiskers.” Fortunately his “pointed-toed shoes will do,” though “they wouldn’t have done eight or ten years ago”; but he is not to carry his small, close-packed umbrella. “As to your manner,” concludes his friend, “a little less of suavity would help to insure you against detection. Unless you’re in a friend’s house I wouldn’t say ‘Thanks’ quite so often. Chiefly, however, I suggest that you should, if possible, drop or greatly modify a certain courteous and considerate way you have of treating people, and at the same time assuming that they should do just as you wish.” We copy this for the benefit of future generations, that it may be on record as the portrait of the American American according to the Anglo-Saxon American, anno 1884.

But it is in his “Apology for his Book” that Mr. Grant White really spreads himself out. No description can convey an idea of this amazing production, with its copious footnotes, references, quotations from correspondence, anecdotes, assertions, contradictions, wriggings, posturings, and writhings. What the author intends by it it is hard to discover, but long pondering reveals its drift. The keynote is the same as that of the

whole book. Mr. Grant White seeks to prove that the only true "Americans" are the New-Englanders and the Virginians, and that, indeed, these are not "Americans," but "merely a people who are, and who for two hundred and fifty years have been, Europeanizing America." These people he seeks to show are just like English lords and ladies; nothing of their original traits or habits has been lost. In fact, among his own acquaintance "he could specify more than twenty who have been and are constantly (not to mention hundreds who might be) taken as a matter of course, without words or thought, as England-born by intelligent and observant persons, themselves England born and bred. One of these, a gentleman now well in years, who has been engaged in trade all his life, who has never been outside Sandy Hook, who has had very little intercourse with even those of our British cousins who come here, and in that little has been so unfortunate that he dislikes them, is spoken to always by those whom he does meet with the quiet assumption that he and they are countrymen, as well as of English race, and this when they have had for days the opportunity of observing and talking with him." To pitch the charming thesis in the proper indignant key we will quote one of Mr. White's fair correspondents, who writes:

" . . . Degradation of *your countrymen* is good! Emigrants and their children are no countrymen of mine; and it is time the American (so-called) should have his place defined. All over the Continent last summer I saw young people just one remove from Ireland and Germany, rich, ignorant, loud, vulgar, passing among the people around me, side by side with my daughter, for Americans!"

The confusion of ideas all through is very fine. Mr. White never uses the word "American" except between quotation-marks; he repudiates the title; yet his chief apparent concern is to prove that only the likes of him have a genuine right to the title. He has a most delightful way of over-proving his case. In showing that his "Americans" are exactly like the English he quotes anecdotes to prove that American hostesses are able to say much sharper things to guests who have committed a breach of good manners than ever were dreamed of by English hostesses. He has an overwhelming array of testimony establishing that distinguished Englishmen can be very vulgar, and that things are permitted at English tables which would not be tolerated for a moment here. He quotes *Punch* to prove that it is common with English dukes to talk thus: "An't yer goin' to have some puddin', Miss Richards? It's so jolly"; and some other equally reliable authority to prove that the English nobility always drop the "h" in the word home.

To shorten a review that has already grown too long, the fact is that Mr. Grant White is the victim of a grand and somewhat pathetic delusion. He imagines that if Americans like him (whose grandfather, as he tells us himself, was a dissenting minister) were restored to their proper place in England, "the home of their fathers," they would be recognized as the equals of dukes and earls and good matches for their daughters. England is the tabernacle of privilege. While in every other country in Europe the waves of democracy have made appreciable breaches in the barriers of caste, in England alone have these barriers remained rigid. In England aristocracy is established as in a stronghold; and at this very hour, while a popular agitation is surging around the walls of its citadel, the House

of Lords, aristocracy laughs, secure, knowing that the "hierarchic sentiment" has eaten deep into the hearts of the English people, while their democratic fit is but a passing affection of the head. Between the couple of hundred great families who own half the soil of England and hold the hereditary privilege to legislate, and the baronets of ancient creation who with their connections form the rear-guard of the privileged class, there are countless degrees of precedence rigid and well defined. In England's "great middle class," from the baronets of recent creation down to the professional and rich mercantile classes, there are multitudes of grades, each envying or contemning the other with an amusing implacability of rivalry. If Mr. Grant White were an Englishman and not an American he would be reckoned as a member of the lower middle class, and would probably have never seen the inside of a peeress' drawing-room (for he is not a millionaire with a daughter to be "trown in" with the millions into the family of some impecunious peer, and but few relations to be testimonies of the *mésalliance*—he vaunts the "moderate means" of his "Americans" as one of the badges of their respectability). That he has been admitted to the houses he proudly mentions, like Sevenoaks, is due just to the fact that he is not an Englishman. It is not because "every American is accorded the brevet-rank of gentleman." Being a gentleman has nothing to do with it. There are millions of gentlemen in England who cannot show their noses within that charmed circle by which Mr. Grant White has been made so unhappy in being permitted to penetrate. It is simply because he is an American and consequently a curiosity, and his footing, little as he may dream it, is just the same as that of his own Mr. Washington Adams, or that of any actor or professor who is now and then accorded a peeress' hospitality with a view of being a source of amusement or entertainment to her guests. We should dearly like to be present when Mr. Grant White, presuming, like his Mansfield Humphreys, on that footing, would propose for the hand of his hostess' daughter.

In remarking on these things we pass no opinion whatsoever on English social standards. That is the Englishman's affair, and none of our business. What we wish to point out is that the American who denies his own country and looks for exaltation elsewhere only succeeds in making a humiliating spectacle of himself. Our society is happily founded on a very different basis from that of the old feudal systems of Europe. It rests on the principle that a man's a man and free to work out his own individuality. To earn consideration in such a society is a truly great distinction—greater than any that can come by birth or privilege. Having earned such consideration, a man will perforce be esteemed everywhere. But of what consideration can Americans like the heroes of Mr. Grant White, Mr. Henry James, and the Marquis Biddle-Cope be in any country who abandon their civil duties, and in absolutely no contingency whatsoever are to be counted on as of the least use to the country that gave them birth? The Englishman does not care a fig for the opinion of the American or the Turk, but he values as the apple of his eye the opinion of his own countrymen, and according to that opinion is he esteemed abroad.

DRIFTING LEAVES. By M. E. Henry. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1884.

The poem which probably touches the highest mark in this volume is

"Ashore," which both contains a beautiful and original conceit and expresses a devotion of striking fervor and humility. Not all of the pieces reach this standard either of language or conception. But some of them come near it, and most of them are pervaded by a devotional sentiment which is strong and true without losing a certain individuality that marks the whole collection and is well manifested in the poem referred to. "Magdalen" is strong and picturesque in spite of its weaknesses, and of even such a false note as is suggested rather than struck in the speech of the soldier Phelon as he drives his spear into the Sacred Heart. The weaknesses of the book are such as beset a first effort; they will vanish with practice and do not affect the fact that the production gives promise of high things. It would be hard to speak too highly of the tasteful way the publishers have brought out this sumptuous little volume.

HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By Anton Gindeley, Professor of German History at the University of Prague. Translated by Andrew Ten Brook, formerly Professor of Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

Herr Gindeley's *History of the Thirty Years' War* would be much better without the heavy preface and explanation that precedes it. The translator, "philosopher and friend," of Herr Gindeley's scholarly work, which has been very successful in Germany, where the Thirty Years' War is constantly served up in various styles, and the people who read never seem to grow tired of it—the translator, or rather the interpreter, of Herr Gindeley tells us the things we are to believe in many pages before we touch the text of the author. The translation is not always clear or careful, and although foot-notes might spoil the appearance of the handsome book issued by the publishers, the reader would feel easier in his mind if he could verify, for himself some of Herr Gindeley's laborious statements. Herr Gindeley has striven hard to be impartial, but so little does the translator appear to have learned of the condition of Europe before and at the period of the Thirty Years' War that we read Herr Gindeley's work, through his spectacles, with little confidence. If the Catholic reader has digested some reliable volume on the Thirty Years' War, he may read this without any positive disadvantage.

THE GAME OF MYTHOLOGY. By Laura Wheaton Abbot Cooke. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thomson.

The object of this publication is twofold: first, to serve as an introduction to that which is an essential part of a liberal education, but to treat the subject in such a way as not to expose the minds of the young to the corrupting influences which we regret are too often involved in this study; and, secondly, to do this in the easiest and most attractive manner possible. In our judgment these praiseworthy objects have been attained. On each of the cards there is a life of one of the gods or heroes of the classical mythology, written in an interesting, pleasing, and simple style; those features having been seized upon which are best calculated to impress the minds of the young and at the same time to further the object in view. We might, perhaps, be tempted to modify some of these little histories, were it not that the closer the subject is studied the more difficult, and we may say impossible, does it become to arrive at a trustworthy and

consistent scheme. Each poet, almost, had his own system, and it is impossible to bring them into agreement. The author has been satisfied with gleaning from the usual sources, and in doing so has taken the best course. But why write *Tuche* for *Tyche*, *Haides* for *Hades*, *Psuche* for *Psyche*? It is not for us to disclose the secrets of the game. Those of our readers who have played the game of Authors or that of Painters will know its general character. We have great pleasure in calling attention to this work.

READING AND THE MIND, WITH SOMETHING TO READ. By I. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. 12mo, 49 pp. New York: Benziger Bros. 1884.

This is a pamphlet which a large class of young men will find very useful. Mr. I. F. X. O'Connor, of Georgetown University, aims at answering in a series of short essays the question so often asked with earnest intention, "What shall I read?" In short, he undertakes to map out a course of reading which would at least start the young explorer intelligently on his way into the mighty world of literature. Set courses of reading are, as a rule, to be mistrusted by students who have the benefit of competent personal advice, for what is good for one to read may often be only a waste and vexation of spirit for another. But Mr. O'Connor does not forget this fact; and at a time when it is a work that is produced from day to day by half-educated men, a flash chronicle of small beer and old-wives' gossip, when it is that prodigious weed of the literary garden, the cheap newspaper, that absorbs the reading time of the people, men and women, boys and girls, every book is a blessing that can help against the influence of the deadly intellectual drug. Mr. O'Connor's essays show a nice critical feeling and a wise discrimination as to the end he has in view. Among the authorities on English literature that he recommends for study we are somewhat surprised to note that Taine is given no place. The proof-reading has been done in a very slovenly manner.

ST. MARTIN'S DAY, AND OTHER POEMS. By M. C. Burke. New York: Valentine & Co. 1884.

There is something very refreshing to the jaded reviewer in a volume of poems like *St. Martin's Day*. For once we have a poet who is not a frantic aper of "grand old masters," nor a setter-up as a grand old master on his own account, but an honest poet whose songs gush from the heart,

"As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears to the eyelids start."

Mrs. Burke's muse is artless, but we have waded through many a volume by professed sons and daughters of art in which the amount of genuine poetic feeling compares with that in the present modest little book as one grain does with a bushel. If we might generalize from such a very particular case we might exclaim of the relative amount of poetry and art—or rather artifice—in the volumes of verse of nowadays, what Prince Hal exclaimed of Falstaff's hotel-bill:

"O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

Mrs. Burke in most of her poems writes as a wife and a mother who has found life, with all its cares and duties, not a delusion but an ever-growing

beauty and happiness. Is not the spectacle of a woman like this a poem in itself? We wish we had space, and we could quote "Little Shoes" certain that many a mother would cut the lines out and treasure them in her scrap-book. There is sometimes a bold and beautiful idea enshrined in these poems, such as the comparison between Ireland and America in the lines suggested by the sight "on Good Friday morning of a very old Irishman leading a little child up to the altar-steps to kiss the cross":

" Erin, 'twould seem as if
That aged Christian thou,
Leading this youthful land before
The cross of Christ to bow."

The very artlessness of Mrs. Burke's muse seems to lend itself with peculiar quaintness to the recital of old legends. They sound as if it were thus the aged anchorite or the *shanacus* of the fireside, with the far-away look in his gray-blue Celtic eyes, might have related them. "St. Martin's Day" is very pure and tender, both as a description and a legend, and is almost perfect as a piece of versified narrative.

TOLD IN THE GLOAMING; or, Our Novena and How we Made It. By Josephine Hannan, author of *Leo, From Darkness to Light, Sister Agatha*, etc. 16mo, 228 pages. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1884. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

A pair of little toddlers in a convent-school, too small to study, are in charge of a sister who is commissioned to amuse them during the long morning and evening intervals when the other children are at their books. It is the beginning of the novena for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the sister hits upon a novel way of keeping the novena and at the same time fulfilling her mission with the little ones. When they have said the novena each evening she tells them a story, "just long enough for half an hour." Thus nine short stories are told, and it is these stories and a few more that are collected in the volume under the happy caption, *Told in the Gloaming*. We can say that the stories have as wholesome and sweet a fragrance as new-mown hay on a May morning, and together they make a volume which will be welcomed by every convent and by every mother and elder sister who has got little ones to entertain and edify. The names of the stories are: "The Angelus Bell," "A Legend of Normandy," "The Gift the Christ-Child Brought," "Miss Swippie," "The Loss of the *Hesperus*," "The Rescue of the *Armistace*," "Up the Tamar in a Steamboat and Down a Tin-Mine in a Basket;" "Voices from the West," "A Ten-Miles Gallop and What Came of It," "An Adventure on Lough Swilly," and "Barcelona."

LIGHT FROM THE LOWLY; or, Lives of Persons who sanctified themselves in humble positions. By the Rev. Francis Butiña, S.J. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. W. McDonald, D.D. Illustrated. Two volumes. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The worldly-minded will find in these volumes much of that "foolishness" of which St. Paul speaks, but those who take pleasure in pious reading will here find much to edify and instruct. These biographies prove

that the race of saints from lowly life (for it is of servants, dressmakers, farmers, millers, bakers, shoemakers, etc., we here read) did not expire with the apostles.

The work is divided into twelve series, so as to spread the reading of it over the twelve months. The translator's style is simple and direct, and well fits the work for the reading of those who should be most interested in it, namely, those who win their bread by the labor of their hands. It is to this class the author addresses himself thus :

"Courage, then, Christian workman ! for you can be a saint, and a great saint, if you co-operate with the graces the Lord will pour out on your soul according to the measure of your correspondence. . . . Only in Catholicity does labor find its true grandeur, for in it, and only in it, does labor serve the real Christian as a means to satisfy the debts contracted with the divine justice, and as a merit to gain eternal glory. Every drop of sweat you lose in your Christian labor will be converted in heaven into a pearl to adorn your eternal crown. Love, then, with holy pride the profession to which God has called you ; labor to discharge its duties as the Almighty expects from you, and you will reach a degree of sanctity much higher than you dream of."

To working men and women we can heartily commend these volumes, as furnishing incentives to noble living. They should also be in parish libraries.

THE ART OF THINKING WELL. By Rev. James Balmes, author of *Letters to a Sceptic*. Translated from the Spanish by Rev. William McDonald, D.D. Preceded by a life of the author. 12mo, 392 pp. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is Father Balmes' invaluable manual lucidly translated by the Rev. William McDonald, D.D., and issued in a tasteful and convenient edition by the Messrs. Gill, of Dublin. Never has the science of metaphysics been applied so practically or with so much keenness as Dr. Balmes has applied it. Every one will think better and work better after having tasted of these fruits of a philosopher's life-study, the clear and direct maxims of this truly wise book. An exhaustive life of the learned and reverend author precedes the work.

PORTRAITS OFFICIELS DES SOUVERAINS PONTIFES, DEPUIS SAINT PIERRE JUSQU'A LÉON XIII. Reproduction par la Chromolithographie des Médailles en Mosaïque de Saint-Paul Hors les Murs, a Rome. Précédée d'une Lettre-Preface, Evêque de Nancy et de Toul, et accompagnée d'une Biographie de chaque Pape. Par Le Chanoine Louis Pallard, Recteur émérite des Quatre-nations, Docteur en Théologie, etc., etc. Paris : Lithographie, Testu et Massin ; Typographie, E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1884. Livraison-specimen.

We have received a specimen number of a work which promises to be a remarkably beautiful monument of Catholic piety, and of which the title is set forth above.

In the church of St. Paul Outside-the-walls, at Rome, there is an incomparable and magnificent collection of portraits of the two hundred and sixty-three pontiffs who occupied the chair of St. Peter from that apostle himself to his present Holiness inclusive. These portraits are executed in mosaic, and, in the form of large medallions, are ranged along the great frieze of the basilica. This work was begun under the pontificate of Pius IX. by the artists of the celebrated school of mosaic of the Vatican, the por-

traits being made after the most authentic documents and the pictures of the great masters. The work is at once an historical document of incontestable value and one of the most unique artistic monuments in the world—unique because of its beauty of design and splendor of coloring, as much as on account of the immense difficulties attending a work of such size in mosaic.

In the preface of the publication above named the editor, Canon Pallard, D.D., an ecclesiastic distinguished in theology and literature, says :

“ We have thought that a work offering an exact reproduction of these two hundred and sixty three portraits would appeal not only to the sentiment of the religious world, but also to the curiosity of savants and artists.

“ By special permission we have been able to have these portraits copied by competent artists. They have furnished us with perfect reproductions of these hitherto unpublished originals, and chromo-lithography has enabled us to obtain all the purity and all the delicate shading of the mosaic.”

From the specimen copy received by us we can say without hesitation that Canon Pallard's language is not too strong. We have seldom seen a nobler triumph of chromo-lithography than the eight medallions reproduced from the illuminated mosaic accompanying this first number.

This important publication will be complete in thirty-three large quarto monthly numbers, each number containing the portraits of eight popes disposed in groups of four, with settings of varied design, on detached sheets. A short biography of each pontiff accompanies the work ; the text has been previously examined by the Archbishop of Paris.

We may add that the work is dedicated to His Holiness Leo XIII., who has given it his blessing.

THE MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. A Short and Practical Method of Acquiring Complete Fluency of Speech in the Spanish Language. By Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, late Director of the “Akademie für fremde Sprachen” in Berlin and Leipsic, etc. In fifteen parts. 12mo, 473 pp. Boston : Estes & Lauriat. 1884.

We have already shown, in reviewing the French portion of the work, our reasons for believing the Meisterschaft System to be the best yet devised for the first stages in learning a foreign tongue. The student is at once introduced to the language itself ; he learns to speak in it, not in the way favored by some systems, but so that he is learning as he goes on that it is a language, a vehicle for conveying his ideas clearly, that he is using, and not a parrot's jargon. Dr. Rosenthal, it appears, has applied the Meisterschaft system for English-speaking students to German, French, and Spanish. It is to be hoped he will complete the quartette and apply it also to Italian.

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XL.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 236.

SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.

No. I.

PRELIMINARY—EVOLUTION—NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS—COSMOGONY.

PRELIMINARY.

THERE are many questions in respect to the Holy Scriptures and their teaching which are matters of general discussion at the present time. Those who have inquisitive minds and at the same time a great reverence for the word of God are often at a loss to determine just what this word of God really does require them to hold or to reject in these matters of discussion and inquiry. They wish to know how far they are bound to a fixed and undoubting assent to certain propositions as first principles and dogmas, prior to all investigation; and how far they are free to doubt, to search for a solution of their doubts, and to form opinions, adhere to theories, adopt views whether relating to history, science, or the interpretation of the Scriptures, which are different from those which have been current and common, but which appear to them reasonable and probable.

Cardinal Newman has lately published an essay intended to instruct inquirers on the subject of Inspiration, and to give them an explanation of the rule of Catholic faith in regard to that fundamental doctrine. From this admirable exposition we take our point of departure in writing what is to follow in respect to certain particular matters which present some difficulties and occa-

sion some perplexities to the class of individuals just now designated. Those who wish to profit by our effort should read carefully this essay of the cardinal, together with his Postscript in explanation of its meaning. We do not intend to repeat or enlarge upon what is contained in his text, but to make an excursion into that domain of free inquiry which he points out as lying beyond the limits of obligatory doctrine carefully surveyed and delineated in his essay. The special point mooted by Professor (now Bishop) Healy does not, however, fall within the line of thought on which we are entering.

Before proceeding further let us be permitted to make a few preliminary observations.

In the first place, we beg our readers not to take for granted that the writer holds or advocates all the opinions which he may defend as compatible with Catholic belief. Our principal intention is not to state or argue our own opinion in respect to any particular question which we bring forward, but to show, in regard to some of those upon which we may touch, that they are as yet not decided by authority and are open to discussion, so that Catholics may lawfully hold in regard to them different opinions.

Again, we must caution every reader who may need such a warning that he is not to suppose that liberty of opinion in relation to matters not determined by the rule of faith implies absolute freedom from every kind of rational and moral obligation binding the mind and the conscience. One cannot be exempted from the natural law. And this obliges him to form his judgments and opinions in a prudent manner. If he act otherwise he acts foolishly, and, in matters of importance, he may even sin grievously. It is one part of prudence to pay great respect to the judgment of the wise and learned, especially to the concurrent judgment of the wisest and most learned. Those who are not competent to form a prudent judgment in any one branch of knowledge by their own private study and thought have no other safe rule of guidance. In all matters which are connected with faith and morals the natural law requires of all, especially the unlearned, a great deference for that human authority in the church which is analogous to the authority of competent judges in the several branches of human art and knowledge. One will act, therefore, foolishly and wrongly who merely takes care to avoid opinions formally condemned under censure by ecclesiastical authority, but eagerly and hastily picks up any current notion or theory which seems to him plausible. A prudent and conscientious person will be careful to seek for truly probable

motives of assent to any such theory, and to satisfy himself that competent judges have declared that it is tenable without prejudice to Catholic faith. And, moreover, he will love and seek for the truth for its own sake, and not be on the alert to assert his independence to the fullest extent, or to conform himself as much as possible to the way of thinking of the unbelieving world.

Once more: although there are some matters lying outside of the domain of defined ecclesiastical doctrine which we may be sure will never be brought within the same by new decrees, yet there are others in regard to which it is possible, perhaps even likely, that some future decisions may be pronounced by the supreme tribunal of the church. Whenever we have positive certitude and real knowledge in regard to any object whatever, we may rest in it securely without any fear of being disturbed by the authority of the church. But a Catholic must exercise his liberty of opinion respecting matters which have some relation to faith and morals, and which are objects of only probable reasoning, hypothesis, or conjecture, in a certain qualified and conditional manner. That is, he must give his assent to any given theory with a tacit understanding that he holds his mind in readiness to submit absolutely to any decision which may be hereafter made by the infallible authority of the church. This oversight of a perpetual and unerring tribunal, so far from being a disadvantage, is a great advantage to investigation and reasonable, prudent speculation. The tentative efforts which are made to increase knowledge and gain clearer insight into the truth and reality of things can be made with less fear of running into serious and dangerous errors, because there is a restraining, warning, and directing authority which can speak whenever it is needful. And when any opinion has been openly and publicly advocated by a number of respectable authors and embraced by a considerable number of adherents for some notable time, if the supreme tribunal does not speak, its silence is a tacit permission to hold and teach such an opinion, which gives ample security to the conscience. Before this stage is reached some risk of mistakes and errors must be run, by men who are fallible, in treating of matters which do not admit of demonstration or certain historical evidence. The only way to avoid this risk is to refrain from advancing anything which has in it any originality or novelty. This was not the way of the Fathers and Doctors of the church in past ages. It is not the way in which any progress can be made. It is not the best way, or the way which the church requires or counsels those of her chil-

dren to select who are competent leaders and guides in sacred or secular science and history. Novelty is not necessarily a mark of error when it is opposed to an antiquity of merely human traditions and opinions. This is said to forestall objections against the tenability of some interpretations of parts of the canonical books which we may bring forward, on the ground that they differ from anciently and commonly received notions.

Finally, we desire to explain that in drawing the line between faith and opinion we intend to use the term faith and its cognate words and phrases in a general sense, including all that a Catholic is bound to hold through obedience to the infallible teaching of the church, disregarding distinctions which are made by theologians between the several classes of Catholic verities.

Lest this prologue may alarm some timorous readers, we beg to assure them that we do not intend to be *very* temerarious. And lest others may expect too much, we hasten to disavow the pretension of making any thorough and complete essay on the Scriptural questions in which the curious are interested. It is only a certain class of them—those, namely, which concern mixed matters in which science and theology are more or less brought into contact with each other—which we have in view. Some, but not all, of these questions we propose to touch upon, without promising to discuss them thoroughly. And as for the novelty of some interpretations of Holy Scripture with which we may make our readers acquainted, let us say that this is only a relative novelty. Hypotheses, opinions, reasonings, and criticisms may strike the minds of those who are accustomed to read Catholic books and periodicals written in the English language as novel and strange, whereas the same have been for some time past ventilated and discussed by Catholic writers on the Continent of Europe. A great deal of the best and most valuable writing of the time, in Europe, is found in periodicals. We shall avail ourselves of their contents to a considerable extent. English and American Catholic periodicals are of late beginning to follow suit. Bishop Clifford is one who has led the way in exploring a route diverging from the beaten track, and Professor Mivart is another; both of them, we need not say, docile as well as intelligent and learned sons of our holy mother the church. The London *Tablet* has lately admitted some lively discussions, *pro* and *con*, respecting one of the questions mooted in several European periodicals—*i. e.*, the universality of the deluge—and, of course, it cannot be supposed that we are going to hold ourselves aloof from such interesting topics in this country. A translation of a book

written by Francis Lenormant on the *Origins of History* has already obtained considerable circulation among ourselves. We are free to say that this author, lately deceased, although in intention and for the substance of doctrine an orthodox Catholic, has shown a great deal of hardihood in speculation and needs to be read with caution. It need not surprise us if, in the course of such free and animated discussion of difficult and delicate topics, other writers, with similarly good intentions, should occasionally stray over the line and get upon unsafe ground. And, again, we must expect that in tentative theorizing there will be fanciful hypotheses advanced which are merely ingenious but not really probable, so that they are no better than intellectual soap-bubbles. To a great extent these extravagances are gotten rid of, in time, by means of discussion alone. Like soap-bubbles, they dissipate themselves by their own tenuity.

There is no occasion for Catholics to be timorous and alarmed. With Protestants everything is unsettled and afloat. Their whole religious fabric is like an undermined iceberg, which for a while rears its lofty head above the sea, but in a moment topples over and goes down. The majestic structure of the Catholic faith is built up and secured in all its essential and principal parts, so that it can never be impaired or shaken. The canon and the inspiration of the Holy Scripture with all its sacred books and all their parts are irrevocably determined. Dogmas and doctrines are fixed and unchangeable. Yet there is in the Holy Scripture, as there is in the visible universe and in the intellectual world, a vast amount of truth which God has disclosed in a more or less obscure manner, and left open to the continual investigation of the human mind. The ultimate result of this investigation is always the illustration and confirmation of the faith. And although among scientists, especially those who are of an inferior order or who stray into speculations beyond the scope of their own proper branches, there are often sceptics and positive opposers of the divine revelation, genuine science of the highest order is the true ally of religion. A kind of *scientism*, which prevails most during the early and imperfect stages of any given sciences, seems to cast a shadow over the truths of revelation and endangers, impairs, or destroys faith in the wavering and unwary sciolists of human knowledge. We are convinced, however, that, by a somewhat long and circuitous route, human science is travelling on its own lines and by its own methods to a meeting with the sacred science of divine revelation, at a point from which a clearer and more extensive

view of the whole universe of truth will open upon the minds of men than they have ever in the past been able to enjoy.

After so much, perhaps too much, of prefatory remark, we will begin now upon the task in hand. How far we may proceed with it, and how many questions we may take up, we cannot just now foresee. At the outset it is to matter connected with cosmogony and chronology to which we turn our attention.

Beginning at the point furthest removed from the present time, and at the first origin of the sensible world, we find a theory proposed by Laplace, known as

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

We presuppose in those of our readers who are likely to be interested in our present essay a knowledge of this theory. Any who wish to refresh their memory on the subject may consult the small but masterly treatise on astronomy by Mr. Searle, of Cambridge, or some similar work. We need not delay long on this theory. It is one which, for the want of sufficient data, has not been and cannot be demonstrated. It is quite generally regarded as a plausible, or even probable, hypothesis.* It does not come into collision in the slightest degree with any doctrine pertaining to faith, but is purely a matter for rational and scientific speculation. This is so plain and so universally admitted that we dismiss the topic without further remark.

Next in logical order seems to come

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

When this theory is pushed to an extreme it is heretical and irreconcilable with some of the fundamental truths of both revealed and natural religion. This extreme is found in the assertion that the complete specific nature of man has been evolved through a series of changes from primordial matter. Those who leave intact the spiritual nature of the human soul, and the doctrine of its immediate creation as a rational and immortal principle which is the form of the body, do not transgress against faith by their theories concerning irrational animals and other genera and species. In respect to these things it is to science and philosophy that they must render a reason for their assertions and conjectures. Prof. Mivart has written so much and so well upon this subject that it suffices to refer the curious reader to his books and articles for information.

* We believe that of late it is beginning to lose ground.

COSMOGONY,

in so far as it is one of the inductive sciences, and apart from conjectural theories and speculations, is based upon the substantial and certain parts of geology and astronomy. Aside from any consideration of the chronology of the Adamic race of men on the earth and their history, the only theological bearing of its chronology is upon the Mosaic account of creation in the beginning of the book of Genesis. The discussion of the topics contained under this general theme—viz., of the age of the world and the chronology of its changes—divides itself into two heads. One is purely scientific. The other is theological. The first relates principally to the value of geology as a science; the second, to the interpretation of Genesis, considered exegetically and according to tradition and the exposition of commentators in the Jewish and Christian churches. As to the first, we have no doubt that geology is a real and genuine science, in so far as the grand facts, principles, and conclusions are concerned which a consent of competent authorities proposes to the world as positively certain. There are mere probabilities, there are theories, there are tentative hypotheses, connected with the science, about which eminent geologists differ and dispute. Some defenders of revelation make a pretext of the variations of theoretical geology to put in a plea in bar against it. In the words of a recent writer :

“They say that these geological systems are a Babel of confusion ; that geologists must first come to an agreement with each other before they are entitled to a hearing. Now, this plea in bar is convenient, but less just than is pretended by those who make it ; for, from the discussions which still subsist on a great number of points, certain lines are progressively disengaged, in geology as well as in the other sciences, in which all serious and competent minds concur. So far as the science becomes constructed on these general lines, and afterwards on more secondary ones, it is not permissible to rule it out of court, and speak of it as a formless and dark chaos of contradictory systems.”

These are the words of M. de Foville, a professor of the Seminary of S. Sulpice, in Paris, writing in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*—a periodical of the highest class, edited under the direction of the “Scientific Society of Brussels.”* The writers alluded to are few in number at the present time. Some of them are men who are learned and distinguished in their own branches of knowledge. They can make an ingenious argument against

* Number for January, 1883, art. “La Bible et La Science.”

geology, but we do not think it even plausible, unless for those who have a very superficial acquaintance with the subject. Holding, as they do, the opinion that Moses, inspired by God, teaches that the universe was created some six or seven thousand years ago, in six literal days, according to a precise chronological order given in the first chapter of Genesis, they reject, *à priori*, the cosmogony of geologists and astronomers. Nevertheless Catholic theologians who follow this line do not venture to assert that their interpretation is imposed by authority, and are obliged to confess that we are at liberty to reject it. It is nothing more than a mere human gloss on the text of Scripture, like that other ancient gloss, long since obsolete, which fastened on the sacred text the Ptolemaic system of astronomy.

It is admitted now on all hands that it was a great mistake on the part of zealous Catholic and Protestant adherents to the old-fashioned astronomy to suppose that there is any system of astronomy revealed by the divine wisdom. The authority of the Holy Scriptures cannot be cited for or against the Ptolemaic or Copernican systems. The theory of the natural laws governing the heavenly bodies is wholly within the sphere of natural science.

We say the same of the theory of cosmogony in respect to the science of geology. The age of the world, the laws of the formation of its strata, their succession and periods, the chronology of the terrestrial fauna and flora, are matters of pure and free scientific observation and investigation. There is no foregone conclusion which is established *à priori* and available as a plea in bar against any theory which assigns to the earth an antiquity of hundreds of thousands or millions of years. This is now the tenet held in common by the great majority of learned Catholics and Protestants, and generally taught in the chairs and in the text-books of professors. Of the opposite tenet, maintained by some few, the author quoted above, in his article, which is based on a work published in Germany by Dr. Schaefer, speaks as something worthy of no serious attention. He says :

“Among the different systems which have enjoyed a certain vogue, M. Schaefer concedes only a summary mention to such as reject the geological periods either before the chaos of Genesis or after the deluge. These theories, he says with reason, ought to be definitively erased from the order of the day.”

It is quite enough for the vindication of the liberty of theorizing in cosmogony to assert that there is no clear and certain

revelation in Genesis fixing the date and the chronological order of the creation of the earth and its flora and fauna. It is not necessary to propose and prove any definite and positive theory harmonizing the brief texts in which the account of creation which we have received through Moses is contained with the scientific data and conclusions of geologists. If the whole question in regard to the faith and God's teaching through Moses can be lifted above the sphere of all theorizing it will become much clearer, simpler, and more firmly settled. In our opinion this has been very well done by Dr. Schaefer and M. de Foville, and we will therefore be content to quote their language :

"The scope of the Bible is solely our religious instruction, and, both in its moral precepts and its dogmas, it is absolutely true and at all times intelligible. On the other hand, notwithstanding some retrograde movements, a continuity of advancing progress belongs to the nature of the sciences, and no one of their phases can be defined as that of the absolute and ultimate truth."

"We cannot too firmly insist upon the difference between what has been revealed by God concerning the creation and the *physical process* of the creation. For the knowledge of this latter *we are sent back to the book of nature*; the former is given to us in view of our eternal salvation. Revelation is not below but above science. Its point of departure is the one where all science founded on experience stops and sound philosophy begins its ascent, rising above created things and leading us upward even to God."

"The Scripture scarcely ever considers the second causes whose nature and connection are the object of scientific inquiries. It is very far from denying any of the natural causes and laws, but it busies itself with them only for the sake of linking them to the supreme cause—to wit, the almighty will of the Creator."

"Revelation, in fine, limits itself to giving us instruction respecting the origin, the end, and the reason of things, in order to explain to man his place in the world and his duties toward his Creator. Science, on the contrary, searches into the *how* of things and their mode of development under the agency of natural laws and forces. Its scope is the introduction of man into the knowledge of all the kingdoms of the creation. A hostile attitude between these two powers is not at all necessary or desirable. Science can, on the one hand, learn from revelation what are the first principles of the universe, and, on the other hand, *it will sometimes rectify certain notions which we may have been tempted to deduce from our sacred books by a too narrow interpretation of their figurative expressions.*" *

This last clause brings us face to face with the question pure and simple of the exegesis and interpretation of the text of Genesis in that part of it which is called the Hexameron. The notion that the world was created a few thousand years ago in six literal days—is it a notion clearly and unequivocally affirmed in that

* Citations from Dr. Schaefer by M. de Foville. See reference above.

text, so that it does not fairly admit of any other reasonable interpretation, or is it a notion only deduced from the text by a too narrow interpretation?

Those who regard this notion as a clearly-revealed truth which we can hold with certainty by divine faith accuse us of doing violence to the text from a scientific bias, and of forcing on it a non-natural sense in order to make it harmonize with geology. Some infidels make the same accusation. It is claimed that, putting geology aside and looking at the text as a document whose meaning is to be discerned by an application of ordinary exegetical rules, its obvious, plain, literal sense is the one which they adopt and defend, and ought therefore to be regarded as the sense intended by Moses; or by the Holy Spirit teaching us through Moses. We may answer that Dr. Schaefer, who is professor of Scripture at Münster; M. de Foville, who is a professor of theology; Cardinal Wiseman, Pianciani, Le Hir, Valroger, Hurter, and many other distinguished Catholic scholars, think differently. But as their opinion may be ascribed to a scientific bias, we invoke rather the names of St. Augustine and St. Thomas. St. Augustine, it is well known, interpreted the six days in a figurative sense, and understood the order of the successive works assigned to each day to be an ideal and not a chronological order. St. Thomas says that the interpretation of St. Basil and other Fathers who are in favor of the chronological sense is "more simple and seems to agree better with the surface of the language of the text," but that the interpretation of St. Augustine is "more rational, more ingenious, defends better the Scripture from the raillery of infidels, and is more acceptable to himself." *

St. Thomas distinguishes carefully the dogma of creation, which pertains to the faith, from the order of the works, which is only accidentally connected with it.

We are, therefore, justified in considering all theories of interpretation which seek to make an exposition and development of that part of the text which relates to the order of creation, and to explain the meaning of the six days, as belonging to the category of gloss and commentary, and falling under the rule given above. The terms "day," "morning," and "evening," and the clauses in which these terms appear, do not of themselves proclaim which one of the various senses they admit of is the one intended by the writer of the document. The idealistic expositor understands them figuratively, as denoting a logical and ideal

* St. Thomas, *Distinct.* xii. art. 2 and 3; *Summ. Theol.*, 1a, q. 74, art. 2; and *De Pot.*, q. 4, a. 2.

division of the works of God according to the divine concepts which are manifested to the inspired writer and included under a sixfold enumeration. This is a human gloss whose value is measured by the reasons assigned for its adoption. The advocate of a purely historical and chronological sense understands the same terms as denoting literally periods of time in which the works of creation succeed each other in regular order. This is another gloss. The one who interprets the six days as periods of twenty-four hours each *infers* that such days were intended by the sacred writer, which is a further gloss. But these terms can bear a more general and extended sense, and are frequently employed in such a manner. We often speak of the morning of life and the evening of our period of earthly existence. The present day often means the age in which we live. The seventy weeks of Daniel are weeks of years. The Hebrew word for day is more indeterminate than the terms by which it is translated into the Greek, Latin, and modern languages. There are exegetical reasons, besides the reasons which are derived from science, which support the more general and extended sense assigned to it in the Mosaic document by many commentators. There is, therefore, a way open for more than one theory, according to a chronological and historical method of interpretation, making six long periods of time, during which the cosmogony proceeded from the initial chaos through its successive epochs until the creation of Adam and Eve. Some of these theories draw the most ingenious parallels between the order deduced by inference from the text of Scripture and that which is inferred from data of geological science by scientists. Others, again, abstain from such efforts and confine themselves to the exhibition of a more general and vague conformity between Scripture and science. All these theories in their turn, so far as they relate to Scripture, must be relegated to the category of gloss and commentary.

We think that we have sufficiently justified our position that the whole question in regard to the faith and God's teaching through Moses can be lifted above the sphere of all theorizing. We have no need to be anxious about the success of the endeavors which are made to establish a concordance between a human gloss and commentary on the sacred text and theoretical cosmogony deduced from scientific data. Science can never disturb the serene domain of faith. Geology cannot be ruled out of court by an appeal to divine revelation. The faith stands firm on its own foundations, immovable and unchangeable. All genuine and certain science is a solid and unattackable structure.

The outlying domains bordering on their enclosed territory lie open always to exploration and survey, which has been, is now, and will be to the end of time a pleasant and useful occupation of the human mind.

FRENCHWOMEN PORTRAYED BY A FRENCHWOMAN.*

"NOTHING," wrote M. de Tocqueville to Mme. Swetchine, "has struck me more forcibly in my long experience of public life than the influence which women have always exercised in that department—an influence which is all the greater from being indirect."

He goes on to say that he has frequently observed the good effects of this influence in the case of mediocre and indolent men who have been stirred up to a sense of public duty by their wives. "But," he adds, with a certain sadness, "I must confess that I have far more frequently seen a man, endowed by nature with generosity, disinterestedness, and greatness of soul, gradually become, under the pressure of home influence, a cowardly, vulgar-minded, selfish *ambitieux*, who ends by viewing the affairs of the country simply as a means of rendering his own private life pleasanter and more easy."

M. de Tocqueville asks how this change was effected, and he replies: "By daily contact with an honest woman, a faithful wife and good mother of a family, but one in whom the high notion of public duty in its energetic and elevated sense has always been, I don't say deficient, but utterly wanting."

This judgment, like so many delivered by the same keen, philosophical observer, has a prophetic character about it which the present state of society in his country brings vividly to light. "The high notion of public duty" has come to be so utterly ignored by the average Frenchman of to-day that he looks on at the dislocation of society, the violation of its liberties, and the destruction of its most venerable bulwarks with the disinterested apathy of a mollusk who has no concern in these matters; he shrugs his shoulders and says, "Que voulez-vous?"

If this indifference to *la chose publique* can be traced in a large

* *Eliane*. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1883.

measure to the influence of her women, as M. de Tocqueville was of opinion it could, France holds a heavy brief against them.

“Dieu propose et la femme dispose” is the characteristically profane dictum in which the popular voice proclaims the supreme authority of *la femme* in all mundane affairs; and this sovereignty of hers is so well established and so widely recognized that it would be as futile to prove as it would be vain to deny it. France, more than any other country in the world, has lived under petticoat government. If, in view of present results, any hostile person is tempted to exclaim, “And signs on it!” we would remind him that this government was most triumphant when the glory and prosperity of the *grande nation* were at their apogee. In those meridian days woman ruled the kingdom through the king, but from time immemorial she has ranked as one of the governing forces of society; her control has made itself felt in every department of life, moral, intellectual, and economical.

If we go on to inquire how she came by this despotic sovereignty we raise a question that involves many others. Does the secret lie in the superiority of the women of France or in the inferiority of the men? Are Frenchwomen endowed at their birth with some imperial sway which constitutes them despots by right divine? And are Frenchmen, on the other hand, slaves to the manner born, defective in the faculty of self-government, more sympathetic, more susceptible of those subtle, magnetic, penetrating influences which make up the armory and regalia of female empire?

Mme. de Girardin used to say that she despaired of France, because it was the only country in the world where the men were better than the women. It would have been interesting to know in what precise sense the *spirituelle* Sophie Gay employed the comparative “better.” Did she mean that they were more kind-hearted, more truthful, stronger in principle, more faithful in friendships and in love, or—to sum up all betterness in one word—more impersonal, more capable of that impersonal life which is the fullest definition as well as the truest test alike of goodness and of greatness? Interpreted in this sense, the most ardent admirer of Frenchwomen will scarcely venture to dispute the justice of the verdict.

This incapacity for the impersonal life, attributed in a more or less degree to the women of every country, is nowhere so distinctly manifest as in the Frenchwoman of the present day. It is the flaw in the diamond, the one blemish in a brilliant and sym-

pathetic individuality, but one which, like an organic defect, stunts the richest growth of her moral nature and the most fruitful development of her mental activity.

The "high notion of public duty" which might stimulate a mediocre and indolent man to serve his country can find no place in the motives and considerations of women who lack the capacity for even apprehending the impersonal; and this deficiency, partly moral, partly intellectual, suffices in a great measure to explain the attitude of the men in the present crisis through which France is passing.

The men of civilized communities are, up to a certain point, what their mothers make them. This is more especially true in France, where the authority of the mother is invested with a prestige unparalleled in any other country. The reverence with which a Frenchman surrounds "ma mère," his chivalrous allegiance to her, the caressing tenderness of his manner, just touched with that delicate gallantry that is never altogether absent from a Frenchman in his intercourse with the other sex, lend a special grace and poetry to the relation of mother and son, and constitute it one of those bonds that honor and beautify our common nature.

So paramount is the authority of these mothers, so unbounded their influence over their sons, that if the mothers of France were all Cornelias the French would be a nation of Gracchi. If even one youthful Cornelia were to be found amongst them at this moment there is no calculating what might come of it before long. But the treasure is not likely to be hidden in this generation. Those Cœrnelias and Veturias of the old Romans, even before motherhood came to enlarge their hearts, must have had patriotic souls capable of high ambitions for their country as well as for their sons; they were large-souled creatures cast in that heroic antique mould.

In France the mother is what the woman was—a concrete being, self-concentrated, passionately personal, revolving in a circle of strictly personal aims and interests. From within this circle she surveys the national life and that wider life of humanity beyond—with its struggles and defeats, its convulsive strivings after good and evil, its triumphs and pathetic failures, its sin and sorrow—and views them all either as foreign affairs in which she has no call to meddle, or as so many personal opportunities to be used or rejected, welcomed or shirked, exactly in proportion as they may affect herself and that expanded plural self, *la famille*, which to a good Frenchwoman is the final

cause of all events. The men formed by this concrete personality have inevitably taken their shape from it. Just as a conquered race develop certain traits of resemblance to their conquerors, more or less, according as the conquest is more complete, so do the men of every country acquire the moral temperament of the women to whom they are in subjection. In France the subjection has been so complete that the process of imitation has gone on till it has become one of absorption, and the men have merged their own individuality in that of their conquerors. These latter, like the jealous fairy in the tale, have metamorphosed the *grande nation* into a woman. The conquered race have ceased to be men. They have let the fairy dwarf them to her measures and transform them into counterparts and fac-similes of herself. They care only for the things she cares for, they strive only for the objects of her ambition, they follow her lead in all things. They have no longer a cause—she having none—they have only interests, and their interests are hers. She views the affairs of the country “simply as a means of rendering private life pleasanter and easier”; so do they.

This deteriorating action which M. de Tocqueville beheld individuals undergoing a generation ago has been gradually spreading over the whole country, until the entire manhood of France has become womanized and endowed with the attributes of a dangerous, unmanageable woman—an unstable thing, tossed from one extreme to the other; a thing of impulse unrestrained by principle, unbalanced, undisciplined; rising one moment to sublime heights of generosity, falling the next into paroxysms of savage violence and cruelty; an angel and a devil in one.

The whole civilized world has been more or less under the spell of the fairy who has worked this metamorphosis; her wiles, her witcheries, her goodness, and her badness form an enigma that we are never tired of observing and investigating. Frenchwomen are like the French Revolution—inexhaustibly fascinating. When any one proposes to give us some new view of the magic mirror or the chamber of horrors we jump at the offer as if it were our first opportunity of a glimpse at either. Our eagerness and curiosity are all the keener when the guide commands our confidence and comes with the prestige and authority of a tried and trusted witness. When the guide is Mrs. Augustus Craven we crowd round her with the attention of children who are going to be treated to a “true story.” We know that her story will be essentially true, that her sentiment will be genuine, her verdicts just, her pictures of life and society drawn, not from hearsay, but

direct from the original. This primary quality of literary as well as moral excellence would suffice in itself to explain her wide popularity with such varied and often antagonistic audiences; for so hungry are we for truth that we must have even our fiction true—fiction being, in reality, only truth presented to us through the imagination, a narrative of facts and experiences that have occurred or might occur in lives outside our own, or even beyond our ken, but which, being consistent with the characteristics of human nature and human life and the conditions of society, are thereby artistically true.

The want of this truthfulness, which is a common sin with many good writers, explains why some excellent books prove a failure, while others, without apparently possessing greater claims to success, succeed. The child's query at the beginning of the nursery tale, "Is it a true story?" gives expression to the instinctive craving of the human mind. From childhood to old age we keep on asking, "Is it true?" and we withhold our deepest sympathy until the answer comes, "Yes, it is true."

¶ Mrs. Craven's stories are true. She knows French society so thoroughly that it would be difficult to find in the range of modern writers one better authorized to depict it; and perhaps no severer stricture could be pronounced on that society than the fact that when this accomplished Frenchwoman seeks a heroine—that is, an ideal type of womanhood for her novels—she goes abroad to look for her. At best, when the frame of her story requires the concession, she lets the heroine be born in France; but, like a mother hurrying away her infant from the wicked fairy lying in wait to molest it, she carries her out of France, educates her in a foreign land, imbues her with foreign ideas, and then presents her to us a beautiful type of maidenhood, no longer French except in name and perhaps in that grace which is the inalienable birthright of a Frenchwoman.

Eliane is such a type; but it is not of her chiefly that we are going to speak, interesting as she is, in this story to which she has lent her name: it is of her surroundings and associates, the frame that sets off the central figure.

The scene is laid in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the very heart of that impregnable stronghold of dynastic loyalties and family traditions, of caste and stately conventionalities, from whose precincts the outer barbarian is jealously excluded, within whose magic ring the great human family either obtains right of citizenship as "de notre monde," or is ostracized as "pas de notre monde." The Marquise de Liminges—the most finished

and powerful study of the book—may be taken as a faithful representative type of the society and the system which Mrs. Craven portrays to us. Let her describe the marquise:

“She was a woman for whom it was impossible not to feel the most profound respect. Left a widow while still young, she devoted herself unreservedly to her two children, whose fortune she managed no less wisely than their education. She was one of those women, who are to be met with in France more frequently than elsewhere, capable of governing a kingdom, and for whom the cleverest man of business would prove no more than a match in the management of her property and the investing of her money. She was, moreover, noble, just, generous, and boundless in her charity to the poor, and at the same time too clear-sighted to be duped or *exploitée* by anybody. Her household, both in Paris and in the country, was generally cited as a model for the way it was governed.”

The price her family had to pay for being managed by this epitome of perfections was blind, unquestioning surrender of their will to hers. Her faith in her own infallibility was unshaken, and she exacted the same faith from others. Her son and daughter were the objects of her whole devotion, and all she asked in return were that they should become her things, give up their souls and bodies into her keeping, and allow her to manage their lives and shape their destinies without obtruding their tastes, their opinions, or their feelings into her well-ordered schemes and decisions. She looked upon these two children as a deposit entrusted to her, that she would have to account for one day, but which, meantime, had no more right to question what she did with it than the family diamonds had to turn round and ask her why she locked them up in a safe or had them reset.

The supreme preoccupation of this excellent mother's life was, of course, how to marry her son and her daughter. Blanche was the first to be disposed of. The marquise manages this important affair with her characteristic energy and business-like decision, and Mrs. Craven describes the transaction with the realistic touch of a skilled artist, and with a delicate humor which is the more effective from being, perhaps, partly unconscious. Mlle. de Liminges is going to the soirée where she is to meet for the first time the gentleman who is to marry her:

“The carriage was announced, and the marquise, after casting on her daughter a glance of scrutiny something like that which an officer throws at the recruit whom he is taking on parade for the first time, gave the signal to set out, and Blanche followed her.”

Eliane, the orphan niece of the marquise, who has lately arrived from England, is bewildered by the prosaic view that

her cousin takes of the affair, and waits at home in a maze of curiosity and astonishment to hear how the meeting went off, and if anything so tender and so sacred as life-long marriage is to follow in hot haste on the heels of this business-like interview.

Blanche, on her return, flies at once to Eliane's room; she is quite free from any sentimental excitement, and, before beginning her story, deliberately takes off her white opera-cloak.

“Well,” said Blanche seriously and with the greatest coolness, ‘it seems quite certain that before very long I shall be Mme. de Monléon. That is all.’

“Comment? That is all! But what more could you possibly have to tell me? And how was it settled all at once on the spot?”

“Oh! it is not settled like when a thing is done; but it comes to the same thing.’

“And you are glad?”

“Yes, certainly I am glad. I should have been very sorry if it had fallen through.’”

Eliane is confounded; after a moment's silence she says:

“You know, Blanche, how I love you, and how happy I should be if it were really true; but I want at least to be sure that you are happy.’

“Well, then, I am, Eliane. *Je vous le jure.*’

“And yet you look very grave.’

“Blanche burst out laughing and looked once more like her ordinary self; but, again becoming serious, ‘Grave?’ she said. ‘There is reason to be grave, after all, is there not? When one is young, and in a sense a child, as I am, one would hesitate at the last moment and be frightened, if one had not a great trust in God. But he will help me,’ she said, lifting her blue eyes to the great ivory crucifix on the wall. ‘He will help me, for what I want is to be always a good and virtuous wife and a true Christian.’”

Eliane is comforted by this touch of pure religious sentiment which supplies the place of poetry and human feeling in the momentous change that her cousin contemplates so coolly, and she proceeds to ask all about what happened at the meeting:

“Was he there when you arrived?”

“Yes, he dined at Mme. de Crécy's with several others; but mamma told me that I should easily know him, because he would be the only person present whom I had never seen.’”

“At this explanation Eliane, in spite of herself, made a little gesture of surprise; but Blanche did not notice it, and went on:

“And so it was: all the persons present were acquaintances of ours, except one who was talking in the window to M. de Kerdrey. I noticed that he turned round the moment we were announced. Presently he drew near, and Mme. de Crécy presented him to mamma. They exchanged a few words, and meantime I was able to have a good look at him.’

“‘And what is he like? I mean what does he look like?’ said Eliane, rather hesitating.

“‘He has a beard and curly black hair; he is tall and rather stout, and has perhaps rather too high a color; I should have preferred if he were a little paler. But, taking him all in all, he is good-looking.’

“‘So much the better,’ said Eliane.

“‘He looked well at me, too,’ continued Blanche, ‘and after a while he came over to the table where I was turning over an album of photographs. He said, “That is M. Thiers.” I replied that he was not handsome. I scarcely dared look up at him, but the sound of his voice was pleasant. After this I went back to mamma, who was preparing to leave. When we were going out he was near the door, Mamma held out her hand to him, and he bowed to me, and that was all. But when we were in the carriage mamma told me that he had said to Mme. de Crécy that, from all he had heard of me and my family, he was resolved to make me an offer of marriage, unless he found my face disagreeable.’

“‘I imagine,’ said Eliane, ‘that he has been reassured on that point this evening?’

“‘I think so. At least Mme. de Crécy said that, from the way he looked at me, she felt no doubt but that in the course of the morning to-morrow mamma might expect to see her arrive here, charged with the official demand. So you see the thing does look as if it were settled.’

“After a pause Eliane said:

“‘Well, but when are you to make acquaintance with each other—I mean really?’

“‘Oh! afterwards,’ replied Blanche unhesitatingly.

“‘How afterwards? After your marriage?’

“‘No, before; only when everything is settled. My trousseau will take at least two months to get ready, and meantime he will come here every day and send me a bouquet every morning.’

“‘And if, by chance, on coming to know him better, you did not like him?’

“‘Oh! that is not at all likely; he looks very good.’

“‘Well, but suppose—’

“‘Oh! if he were to become really, *really* quite antipathetic to me—’

“‘Yes, if you found out that he was not intelligent, or that he had no heart, or that he had not your tastes?’

“‘Oh! as to my tastes, I don’t quite yet know what they are. I don’t hold much to them, and they would easily give way to my husband’s. It will be my duty to please him. But for all that I trust entirely to mamma; she is so wise, so clear-sighted, and she loves me so much that she would never have thought of this young man for me without first being sure that he was neither bad-hearted nor ill-conducted, so I can’t see why he should be antipathetic to me.’

“‘Still, if, after all, that were to happen,’ persisted Eliane, ‘what would you do?’

“‘What would I do? I would tell mamma in time, and she would break off the marriage. But that is not at all likely.’”

Blanche’s trust in her mother’s infallibility was amply rewarded. Not merely did things run smooth during the interval de-

voted to the trousseau, and to what, for want of any fitter term, we must call the courtship, but she and her husband, like the king and queen in the story-books, lived happily for ever after.

With this satisfactory abridgment we may dismiss the happy couple, just remarking that M. de Monléon was one of those well-principled, gentleman-like mediocrities, who might, perhaps, have become a useful public servant, if he had fallen into the hands of a wife with a "high sense of public duty." But Blanche is not the woman to wake patriotic ambition in her husband. She will not care to put him into Parliament, or even into the *Conseil Municipal*; she will let him alone, as those ladies did their lords at Rheims the other day when four hundred and thirty votes were returned out of an electoral population of twenty-two thousand. Blanche will be quite happy seeing her lord "eating the lotos day by day." She will never tease him to buckle to the fight against *la canaille*, as her aristocratic little mouth will have no scruple in calling the wicked radicals; but she will be a perfect little wife, loyal and loving, and a perfect mother, doing her duty irreproachably in that narrow personal sphere in which her life will continue to revolve; she will have her *bonnes œuvres*, and be very zealous in getting up bazaars and lotteries; the white cornettes of the Sisters of Charity will flutter in and out of the château, like doves bearing the message of peace and plenty to the poor in the village, where madame's name will be in benediction as "*un ange de bonté*"; she will perform every social function and devout courtesy of her station with propriety and punctual grace.

From the simply personal point of view Mme. de Liminges may be said to have managed admirably for her son-in-law as well as her daughter; and if marriages could always be arranged between contracting parties so well suited as these two, there would be little to say against the French system. But, unluckily, the course of love-to-order does not always run so smooth. It sometimes happens—rarely, but often enough to prove the fallibility of the rule when it comes into collision with the perversity of a stubborn will—that one or other of the parties rebels and flatly refuses to be married; that, despite all precautions and preservatives, the tyrant Love steps in, bends his bow, shoots, and the discipline of a life breaks down.

This is what happened with Raynald de Liminges, the brother of Blanche. Raynald, with the same beautiful training as his sister, and with her beautiful example before his eyes, falls in love without so much as asking his mother's leave. The extenuating

circumstances would have been great in the eyes of any one but the mother, who, indeed, was herself chiefly to blame for the catastrophe. She throws her son into the closest intimacy with his cousin, Eliane—a girl whom no man with eyes in his head and a heart in his breast could see day after day in the unaffected grace and charm of home-life without losing his heart to; but so blinded is the marquise by faith in her own right of dominion over her son that it never occurs to her he could be tempted to such an act of insubordination.

Eliane is one of those ideal characters that will find a niche in Mrs. Craven's gallery of living statues beside Fleurange, with whom she has more points of resemblance than her French blood and foreign breeding. Eliane has inherited from her English grandfather, as well as imbibed in her English education, an independence of mind and manners which makes her feel an alien in the Faubourg St. Germain, with its "arranged" marriages and its rigid code of proprieties and prohibitions; she is bewildered by the artificial atmosphere, as it seems to her, of her native home, and by the negative theories and obstructive laws that obtain there. Her aunt is all motherly kindness and Blanche all sisterly affection, but the three have as much understanding in common as a couple of parrots and a Scotch terrier. No one in the family understands her except Raynald, but from him she gets sympathy enough to make up for the lack of it in others; they ride and walk together, and hold delightful converse on every subject, occasionally venturing on such burning ground as love and the loveless marriages that are made in France, and always finding themselves in perfect accord. Any one must have seen how this was going to end; but, as Eliane's *dot* was not large enough to constitute her in the eyes of the marquise "an affair that might arrange itself," that estimable lady saw nothing.

Fresh from her successful campaign in the interests of her daughter, she was already embarked on another for Raynald. She had, in fact, like a skilful commander, been carrying on the two together. She had taken all *renseignements* about Constance, the granddaughter and heiress of the Duc and Duchesse de Longvilliers, and had satisfied herself that this was the very wife for Raynald. A direct but diplomatically guarded overture had been made to the duchesse, who bit at the bait with flattering *empressement* and accepted an invitation to Erlon. The young people were to meet, and the affair would "arrange itself" with that promptitude which attended all the arrangements of the marquise. The young lady was handsome and accom-

plished, as well as *archi-millionnaire*, so that there need be no anxiety as to her suiting.

While the mother dreamed this pleasant dream behind her green damask curtains the undutiful son was preparing a terrible awakening for her. She had made up her mind to tell him of her choice for him, and was writing in her boudoir one morning when he knocked at the door.

“Raynald, you come just at the right moment!” she cried in a joyous tone. ‘I was going to send for you. I want to have a serious talk with you.’

“And I, too, mother, have something important to say to you,” replied her son.

“The marquise was startled. Raynald’s voice betrayed a good deal of emotion. She looked at him in silence.

“He took her hand and kissed it without speaking. His heart was beating fast, and he wished to speak calmly.

“Well, Raynald,” said the marquise, drawing her hand through his hair, ‘what is it? What can you have so serious to say to me?’

“Mother, it is serious. The happiness of my life is at stake. But don’t be afraid; there is nothing to be anxious or alarmed about.’

“To the point, Raynald, I beg of you.’

“Well, then,” he went on, speaking rapidly, ‘I am six-and-twenty. I am tired of this restless, idle life that I have been leading. I find Erlon enchanting, and I wish to stay here. In fact, I wish to get married.’

“Speak out, then, child that you are! There is no need for so going round about it to tell me that you want to fulfil the desire of my heart.’

“Thank you, mother, thank you!” exclaimed Raynald with emotion, again kissing the hand he held in his. ‘And you are willing, quite willing? For she whom I love and have chosen you yourself love and have chosen as a daughter!’

“The marquise drew away her hand quickly.

“Whom you love? Whom you have chosen? *Chosen!*—you, Raynald, unknown to your mother? But whom are you talking about? It cannot be—’

“Eliane.’

“Eliane!” repeated his mother, aghast. If the château had fallen down on her with a crash the shock could hardly have been greater. Raynald poured forth the story of his love in a torrent of passionate words that seemed to escape from him without any effort of his will, while his mother listened in dumb amazement. This sudden uprising of an obstacle to a plan maturely considered and settled in her mind was like some shock breaking up the natural order of the universe: to oppose her will was to revolt against the forces of nature. For one moment the loving mother and exemplary Christian hated Eliane as if she were some deadly, noxious thing that had come across her son’s pathway to destroy him. She had too strong a will, however, to be carried away even momentarily by passion. This rebellion of Raynald’s was too monstrous and unnatural to last; moreover, it was not in nature that his will could long hold out

against hers. Her plan of action was decided on in a moment. She would temporize and gain time; she would disarm the rebel by feigning readiness to treat with him. Admitting the full truth of all he says of Eliane, her goodness, her virtues, her incomparable charm, she adds that a marriage with her is none the less impossible.

“ ‘Impossible?’ repeats Raynald.

“ ‘She is your first cousin, and, though not altogether devoid of fortune, there is such a disproportion between her position and yours in this respect that—’

“ Raynald made a gesture of impatience and stood up. His mother stopped short in sheer amazement.

“ ‘Admitting all this,’ he said, with an effort to keep the bitterness out of his voice,—‘admitting these great obstacles, does all that I have said count for nothing with you?’

“ The marquise, now greatly moved, rose in her turn, and, laying her hand on her son’s shoulder, compelled him to look at her.

“ ‘And do my counsels, my approbation, my wishes count for nothing with you?’ she demanded. ‘Have I been such a bad mother that in the most serious affair of your life you should set aside all respect for me?’

Raynald is overcome by her reproaches, and ends by assuring her that, though his heart were to break, he will never disobey her.

The marquise takes note of this promise, and, having adroitly drawn from Raynald that he has not told Eliane of his love for her, she makes him understand that he is bound in honor to continue this reserve until she, his mother, has brought her mind to consent to his wishes. Raynald gives a reluctant promise to this effect, but, as he goes away, shuts the door somewhat sharply—the only exhibition of temper he has permitted himself.

The marquise holds up her hands and exclaims in bitterness of soul:

“ Ah! what ingrates children are.”

The scene, the situation altogether, has something in it so exquisitely humorous that it is hard for American or English readers to take the pathos of it *au sérieux*. The idea of a man of six-and-twenty, an earl to boot, wealthy, independent, and intelligent, giving up his first love at the bidding of his mother, without more ado than when, as a baby, he gave up some plaything at the bidding of his nurse, just slamming the door by way of asserting his manhood, presents a climax of bathos puzzling to the un-French mind. That mental medium will, indeed, find it difficult to realize at all such a type of motherhood as Mme. de Liminges—a woman who is described as pious, highly conscientious, sensible, idolizing her son, yet deliberately sacrificing his happiness, with a cruelty at once cold-blooded and passionate,

to a vulgar greed for money. For it must be noted that the fact of Eliane being Raynald's first cousin does not enter this pious mother's head as an obstacle worth serious consideration.

Eliane's loveliness and goodness, which Raynald counts far above rubies, are set aside as so much dross by the virtuous mother, whose notion of happiness for her son consists in adding million to million and acre to acre for him. A curious variety of the high-born, devout, and devoted parent; significant, too, of the general temper of the society she represents. Contempt for money, both in theory and practice, has always been considered an essentially aristocratic sentiment; but here we see a *grande dame*, with the bluest blood of the Faubourg St. Germain in her veins, rating money so high that she sets it above all better things for her son, and would force it upon him with a brutal greed hardly admissible in the most base-born plebeian.

The owner of the precious drug, meantime, Constance de Longvilliers, has arrived at the castle, fully aware of the motive of her visit. She sees Raynald and takes cognizance of the fine old place, and decides at once that he will do. Conscious of her own value in the matrimonial market, it naturally does not occur to the handsome heiress to doubt but that she will do.

But Raynald is proof against her fortune, her beauty, and her siren voice. The moment he discovers the truth he determines to undeceive the young lady—an awkward operation for any man, but he gets out of it like a gentleman. He goes heroically to his mother and tells her he will not marry this young lady with the millions, and that, as it is impossible for him now to remain near Eliane without betraying his love for her, he means to go away.

“‘I will go,’ he continued; ‘it will be a long farewell this time—longer, perhaps, than you foresee. O mother!’ he cried in agitation, and falling on his knees before her, ‘think of it, I implore you! It is for the last time that I entreat you. My whole life, my soul, are in your hands at this moment!’”

But Raynald might as well have been praying to a piece of granite. His mother remains inexorable; and so they part. He leaves the castle there and then, and goes forth, wounded, angry, and desperate, to fight out the battle of his pure and chivalrous love with such auxiliaries as the world has in store for him; and she, the mother, lets him go without an effort to hold him back, without a misgiving as to the ultimate triumph of her despotic will over his boyish passion.

We may be tempted to exclaim that this is not human nature;

but we must believe that it is Faubourg St. Germain nature, since Mrs. Craven presents it to us as such. She is incapable of misleading us, either voluntarily through insincerity or involuntarily through inadequate knowledge. The scene is full of dramatic power and of a truthfulness beyond the reach of art. Mrs. Craven is too conscientious a psychologist to use false tests or to present to us characters decked up in borrowed feathers, otherwise she might easily have invented an extenuating circumstance for Mme. de Liminges, in whom, with an artist's natural partiality for a piece of successful workmanship, she has concentrated our chief interest. The temptation to do this must have been great, but she resisted it; she knows what we expect from her—genuine pictures and a true story—and she gives us both. If we exclaim that the marquise is a kind of moral monster, Mrs. Craven will, perhaps, reply in defence of her psychology, if not of her marquise, that the world swarms with moral monsters; that hatred is, after all, nothing but love turned against its centre; and that nothing so goads love to cruelty as the sight of its own cruelty, and that, moreover, such cruelty is compatible with certain kinds of morality and virtue.

Mme. de Sévigné had some ancestress of Mme. de Liminges in her mind when she wrote one day to Mme. de Grignan: "Il y'a des femmes qu'il faudrait assommer; entendez-vous bien ce que je vous dis là? Oui, il faudrait les assommer . . . ce sont des monstres, mais des monstres qui parlent, qui ont de l'esprit, qui ont un front d'airain, qui sont au-dessus de tout reproche."

Mrs. Craven is in too full sympathy with her age to stand aloof and cry *Væ! væ!* upon it, or even to denounce its monsters as only fit to be killed. She states her case for them mercifully, and makes the best of them with large-hearted tolerance.

But we feel, nevertheless, that she is not at ease in the society which produces this particular type of monster. She would have been more at home with Mme. de Sévigné in the *grand siècle*. In those days France exemplified Lamartine's maxim: "A great nation should be occupied with great things." Mme. de Sévigné, while filling volumes of her incomparable letters with the gossip of town and court, sets on every page gems of wit and wisdom, sound thoughts on religion, politics, and philosophy. Philosophy was the rage of the day. Mme. de Grignan raves about Descartes, and finds his metaphysics "so delicious and amusing" that the alarmed mother cries out: "*Mais c'est une Cartésienne à brûler!*" The Cartésienne makes epigrams that sour old Larochevoucauld pretends to be jealous of, and Mme. de Sévigné,

terrified that her daughter's little smattering of knowledge is going to turn her into a pretentious blue-stocking, reminds her that this little surface-success means nothing at all. "*Ma fille, il faut être si l'on veut paraître,*" she keeps reminding her, condensing into a sentence, with the concision of a deep thinker, that denunciation of cant and pretension and sham that Carlyle hammered out into volumes.

The women of France reached the climax of their splendor at this period. Never since have they presented to the world such a glittering constellation as that which shed its lustre on the court of the *Grand Monarque*. Other stars have risen since then and shone with beautiful radiance; but it has been a different kind of illumination. The granddaughters of these elegant and frivolous *Cartésiennes* continued their speculations on things mundane and divine, and their busy court intrigues, until the Revolution came and swept away the old order of things and them along with it. *Grandes dames* went up to the scaffold and died with the faith of martyrs and the dramatic grace of heroines, or else they escaped into exile. When they returned to France they were surprised not to find what they had left there. They expected to have their châteaux restored to them and condign punishment inflicted on those who had plundered them. Exile had taught them to suffer, but it had taught them little else. They had not learned to look beyond themselves, to see further than their own share in the national cataclysm. The Revolution had worked nothing but ruin and disaster to them, robbing them of their possessions and prerogatives, and leaving them nothing but a grievance instead. They grappled the grievance to their soul with hoops of steel, and they have made the most of it ever since.

France had risen to herculean heights in her stretch after liberty, and when the struggle was over she sank back exhausted and a prey to that chill disenchantment which follows a recoil from a delusive ideal. She had wrought herself up to believe that after the Revolution there would come the millennium; instead of the millennium there came an interval of weariness, dis-temper, and depression, the inevitable reaction of violent and convulsive effort.

The women were too tired to do anything but read and amuse themselves. "*Se reposer et se distraire*"—this was the remedy they prescribed for themselves and for the nation, and they threw themselves into amusement, *bals victimes* and similar diversions, with a reckless self-abandonment characteristic of the period and the people.

Under the Empire things changed without improving. Women of genius and beauty, queens of the right-divine dynasty whose social influence was a power to be conciliated, were amongst the royalties against whom Napoleon waged brutal war throughout his reign, while the princesses of his own family were not types of "gracious womanhood" calculated to raise its prestige in the national regard.

When Queen Marie Amélie came with the halo of virtue encircling her crown, the people found a touch of their old loyalty to do it reverence, "deeming her uncrowned womanhood the truly royal thing." The women of France now entered on a new and honorable reign. The sceptre of the *grande dame* passed into the hands of the *femme comme-il-faut*, and she wielded it with credit to herself and advantage to society. Domestic virtues, dignity of living, simplicity of attire, became the dominant note sounded from the court.

With the Second Empire all this was changed again. The *mot d'ordre* from the Tuileries was dictated by political economy; the pursuit of material prosperity led to a pagan efflorescence of luxury which vulgarized the mind and lowered the moral standard of the nation. The mission imposed on women was commercial rather than social, its aim was to promote the interests of trade by personal expenditure; and the women of the Empire fulfilled it so zealously that extravagance in dress rose to a pitch never before attained by the general community in any country.

"Ah! ma sœur," said a fashionable milliner to a Sister of Charity who was enumerating the kind deeds of an august benefactress, "the French are ungrateful; we forget all that, and we forget also that it was she who invented *la nouveauté*, that has done so much for trade. I remember when my rich customers would wear a velvet bonnet two winters running! No one could do that under the Empire."

The rôle of women under the Republic is more difficult to define. It would be easier to define what it ought to be than what it actually is. Ladies certainly cannot wear a bonnet two winters running, although there is no recognized centre from which the prohibition comes. The social opportunities of republican society are represented by the *cing heures* of a *comédienne* and the *réunions* of a political adventuress.

Women of a different class, bereft of a legitimate field for the exercise of their latent activities, have found an outlet in gambling. Modern progress, with its eccentric developments and perilous emancipations, has produced no more curious spectacle

than that acted at the pastry-cook's on the Place de la Bourse when honorable matrons of the noble faubourg, assembled in noisy conclave, kept telephoning to the temple of Mammon opposite: "*Vendez Turcs! Achetez Suez!*" etc., giving, in fact, a mimic representation of the scene going on in the pandemonium close by; the play exactly the same, only the actors different. To this corruption and decline the women of France have been led by the growing passion for money and the utter absorption of their faculties in the personal.

No wonder the sister of Alexandrine de la Ferronnays should despair of finding an ideal lady in a society which could generate such phenomena! In compelling us to admire whatsoever still survives there of those things that are lovely, and true, and brave, and of good report, she achieves no mean triumph of sympathy and of art, but she fails to enlist our admiration for the archetypal woman of her story.

We feel, indeed, quite sure that the Marquise de Liminges never put her foot in that now historic pastry-cook's and never turned her boudoir into a *bureau d'agent de change*; but we must remember she was delivered from temptation by a fortune equal to the proudest demands of her position. Had it been otherwise who shall say that the practical marquise, "for whom the sharpest man of business was no more than a match," might not have tried her luck at a game of "Turks" and "Suez"?

Mme. de Liminges, with her worship of money to the exclusion of all nobler things, stifling the mother in her to the point of forcing a rich wife upon her already rich son, and crushing his young love under her heel with no more compunction than if it were a dead flower, represents a state of society from which any excess that lust of gold can lead men into may be expected.

Throughout Mrs. Craven's novel every Frenchwoman—Eliane must be claimed as English—shows a total absence of the finer human sympathies; they are actuated solely by material considerations, devoid of all poetic sentiment, unmoved by any passion except love of money; but the perfection of their manners is unsurpassable. They are always and under all circumstances thoroughbred to the finger-tips.

Constance de Longvilliers, having decided that Raynald would "do," is stung to the quick by his rejection of her, and she and her grandparents take flight from the castle in sudden disgust and mortification, leaving the baffled marquise full of rage at the failure of her scheme. But the way these angry

ladies control their feelings, and smile and kiss and exchange parting courtesies, is truly admirable. Plebeians, if they had the soul of a crusader in their breasts, could not have behaved, under the circumstances, as did these patricians. Nobody had slept all night; everybody was angry, disappointed, and humiliated, but each felt she had a part to play, and called up all her energies to play it well.

"Not a word was spoken on the subject of the marriage *manqué*; both parties felt it imperative to dissemble the disappointment that had befallen them, and all were *de trop bonne compagnie* not to play their part to the end with perfect ease."

So the châtelaine and her company meet in the hall at Erlon, and nothing can exceed the graciousness of the regrets expressed by the departing guests, unless it be the calm urbanity of the speeding hostess.

From first to last life is a comedy in which these ladies have a rôle to sustain, and they carry their acting to such perfection that it becomes difficult at times to detect the real from the make-believe. As to the marquise, the strength of her art is quite overpowering. The proud mother hears of her son's marriage with an Italian *bohémienne*, and she never winces; she quietly keeps her room for the day, and reappears at dinner-time just as usual and apologizes for her absence, which has been caused "solely by a severe headache." It is a positive relief when at last nature vindicates her rights by a stroke of paralysis, and the superfine acting ends in a natural break-down. But even in this extremity the marquise's cry still is, *No surrender!* She recalls the son whose young life she has wrecked, but, far from asking *his* forgiveness, she traces with her left hand the words, "*Ta mère te pardonne!*"

This climax gives the finishing touch to a study of great interest and power. Raynald returns, and the marquise, after having made herself and everybody else miserable for a spell, makes them all happy, and has her reward in being surrounded for the remainder of her days by her loving and dutiful children.

It would be unfair to dismiss the women of France with this satire, and ungrateful, as well as unjust, to present Mme. de Liminges as a universal type of her countrywomen. If we were guilty of this injustice the mothers of France would stand forth to contradict and to confound us. Those mothers are at this moment the chief bulwark of the nation against that cruel attack upon its moral life which has been aptly called "*la loi du mal-*

heur." They are fighting the good fight with the energy of the Machabean mother.

Side by side with this valiant force of motherhood we have another. After the mothers come the sisters—the brave, sweet Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Here, leaving the natural for the supernatural with an *élan* peculiar to herself, *la femme française* reaches the impersonal in its most glorious and fertile development. Humanity becomes her kindred and the wide world her country; her home is on the battle-field wherever the fight is going against the weak; she stands to her post through earthquakes and pestilence, in "the wind that breaketh the rocks to pieces" as when "the gentle air is blowing"; nothing daunts, nothing disheartens her; through monarchies and empires, revolutions and republics, "ma sœur" pursues the calm, brave tenor of her way. The rulers of the hour may malign her mission, outrage her faith, blaspheme her God; they may drive her from the shelter of her convent—"ma sœur" takes no heed of it; she knows neither rancour nor surrender nor defeat; she never flags in her service of love; her hand keeps on the wheel, pushing it with her might, pushing on the world to its appointed purpose, strengthening and widening by individual sacrifice and the free consecration of her liberty that basis of universal love on which society, so long torn to pieces by antagonism and doubt, must finally be built up again; wiser than the wise men of her generation, who would substitute the gospel of hate for the gospel of love, she is perpetually calling the world to its own rescue, crying out to it to come and multiply the loaves for the famishing multitude, straining heart and soul to thin the ranks of ignorance and hunger—those two mortal foes that are broadening the breach between the brethren.

There are six and-thirty thousand of these women in France, silent and beautiful lives, wasting themselves for others, striving for peace; striving to make men better and so to make them happier; striving against despair; making a barrier with their obedient self-devotion against the false enthusiasms and subversive heroisms that are upsetting the balance everywhere; striving by humility and love to stem the stream of vanity that makes for unbelief, the stream of hate that makes for murder; preaching the true evangel of sweetness and light; holding up the torch of hope to those who are cowering in the dark places; pleading for the wrong-doers when they cannot right the wrong; striving to reconcile to life those whom its apparent cruelty is driving to madness and revolt. The ruling authorities turn them out of

the hospitals and put hired servants in their places; pestilence breaks out, and the panic-stricken authorities call them back, and they come, docile as a dog to his master's whistle. When some admiring philanthropist inquired at the mother-house how many sisters had died of cholera during the last outbreak of the pestilence, the superior laughed; she had no idea. "Nobody had ever reckoned. The sisters always die of something; it makes no difference what; no record is kept of the malady, only of the death."

While France recruits this legion of angel-women in her midst let no one despair of her; she cannot die with this germ of imperishable life in her breast.

TWO TRANSLATIONS OF THE "DIES IRÆ."

I.

DIES IRÆ.

DAY of Vengeance, day of Fire,
When the Ages shall expire,—
Whereof rang the Prophet's lyre!

Oh! what Horror is before;
When God sits in judgment o'er
The World that shall exist no more.

Hark! the trumpet's awful thunder
Bursts the bonds of death asunder;
Lo! the Dead rise up in wonder.

Death and Nature stand aghast,
As the Legions of the Past
Rise to meet their doom at last.

Forth is brought the blazoned scroll;
From that dread Recording-roll
Shall be sentenced every soul.

Lo! the Judge ascends the Throne:
All that's hidden is made known;—
Vengeance then demands its own!

Wretched me!—how shall I dare
Hope for friend, or offer prayer,
When the Saints are trembling there?

King of Majesty supreme,—
 Fount of Pity's cleansing stream,—
 Spare me, and my soul redeem !

Thou for all my sins hast died ;
 In Thy Passion I confide,
 O Thou who wast Crucified !

For me Thou hast suffered pain,
 For me on the Cross wast slain ;—
 Shall Thy sacrifice be vain ?

Ere Thy righteous wrath consume,
 While for Mercy still is room,
 Save me from that day of doom.

Groaning with the guilt of years,
 Flushed my face with sinful tears,
 Calm, O God, the suppliant's fears.

Thou hast pardoned Magdalene,
 And the dying thief made clean ;—
 On Thee, too, in Hope I lean.

My tongue can but feebly plead ;—
 Lord ! Thou knowest what I need,
 From Hell's bondage to be freed.

Snatch me from the Guilty band ;
 Place me on Thy great Right-hand,
 Where the Saints of Ages stand.

While the Accursèd, whelmed in shame,
 Writhe amidst the torturing flame,—
 Call me Blessèd, in Thy name.

Prostrate here, O Lord, I pray ;
 My heart in the dust I lay ;—
 Save me, in that Final Day !

Chorus :

When, O Lord, bowed down and weeping,
 From the dust where he is sleeping,
 Guilty man is called before Thee,
 Spare him, save him, we implore Thee !

Response :

Holy Jesus, kindly heed :
 Grant the mercy that they need !

All : Amen.

II.

DIES IRÆ.

I.

THAT day of wrath, of God's dread ire
 Shall wrap the Universe in fire,
 Foretold by Seer and Psalmist's lyre.



II.

What terror will the soul consume
 When the Almighty Judge shall come
 To give decree of bliss or doom !

III.

The last trump's peals with wondrous sound
 Throughout the sepulchres resound
 To gather all the throne around.

IV.

Nature and Death amazed will stand
 When that innumerable band
 Shall rise to answer God's command.

V.

Then shall the Book of Heaven be brought,
 Of all men's deeds omitting naught,
 And judgment on the World be wrought.

VI.

Then, when the Judge His seat has ta'en,
 All that was hidden shall be plain ;
 No guilt shall unavenged remain.

VII.

What then shall I, unhappy, say,
 To whom for succor shall I pray,
 When scarce the just shall live that day ?

VIII.

King of tremendous majesty,
 Who the redeemed dost rescue free,
 Save me, O Fount of Piety !

IX.

Forget not, Blessed Jesus, then,
 For me Thou sharedst the lot of men ;
 Nor lose me in that day again.

X.

Me Thou all-wearily hast sought ;
 Me, by Thy Passion, Thou hast bought :
 Let not such sacrifice prove naught.

XI.

Avenging Judge, though just Thou be,
 The gift of pardon grant to me
 Before that Day of Destiny !

XII.

While like a guilty one I groan,
 While in my face my crime is shown,
 Spare, O my God, a suppliant one !

XIII.

Thou who from sin didst Mary free,
 Who heardst the thief in agony—
 Thou, too, a hope hast given me.

XIV.

No prayers of mine can pardon earn,
 But Thou, by grace, the doom must turn,
 Lest in eternal fire I burn.

XV.

Among Thy sheep grant me to stand,
 Removed from all the guilty band,
 Established at Thine own right hand.

XVI.

While on the damned Thy judgments rest,
 In flames of hell their guilt confessed,
 Lord, call me home among the blest.

XVII.

Humble and prostrate, Lord, I pray ;
 My heart in ashes here I lay ;
 Oh ! save my soul in that great day.

Amen ! Amen !

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

NEW FACES.

THE attic chamber of Madame De Ponsonby Lynch's fashionable boarding-house had one window with a view of all the back windows of the neighboring block in its panes and a strip of exceedingly plain sky above. On clear days the North River was in sight, but at other times you might turn your eyes in all directions and you could get nothing more beautiful to relieve the aching sight, unless when night came and stars or moon threw their mystic glamour over the scene. Moonlight falling on the staring backs of tenement-houses is not a thrilling sight; but shimmering through the attic window, faintly lighting up its meagre furniture, mixing lights and shadows fancifully until the narrow space becomes a stately castle-hall—then the moonlight is a blessing. It had that effect in this particular attic, and, although the air was cold enough to show your breath floating on it, where the light fell it looked warm, and almost persuaded Paul Rossiter, like the candle in Colonel Sellers' patent stove, that he was warm and had not sense enough to know it. The room might have been furnished—furnished comfortably—for all you could see in the dim light. A spectral bed with a white coverlet loomed silent and gigantic in one corner, a chair and desk littered with papers in another, and a stove sat reproachfully in the middle place, colder than the moonlight, and darkly pensive. It had an apologetic air about it, as if feeling it absurd that it should be there at all on a cold night when a stove has most to say and do in this world, and be as silent and moody as Othello with his occupation gone. There was one picture on the wall, otherwise bare. Some clothes hung on a rack stretched across the door. These and the moonlight were all Paul Rossiter's possessions, and he surveyed them cheerfully while blowing his cold fingers and drumming his cold feet on the floor. He was writing, and writing was food and heat to him—that is, when his manuscripts were exchangeable into silver. Unfortunately they did not always have that property. A sudden and imperative knock at the door

startled him, and he became quiet, the knock continuing for some time, and he continuing immovable.

"Open the door, b'y," said a rough, deep, middle-aged voice outside. "I know ye're in—sure the key's in the door. It's me, Peter, and I have something to tell ye."

A long silence succeeded this outburst. Paul did not move, but he was laughing quietly to himself.

"Well, all right, if ye say so," said the voice, "but it's mean of ye, to be sure." Steps were heard retreating, then they stopped and finally returned. "Wouldn't ye like to go an' see the 'Green Bushes'? I've tickets for three, an' we'll have the oysters afther at Barney's. Saturday night, ye know, b'y."

But the boy was still immovable, although he shook with deep laughter at every new sentence, and perhaps regretted not being able to accept an invitation so suggestive—oysters and the theatre.

"No admission to Pether!" said the voice in a mock soliloquy. "Then as sure's me name's Carter I'll expose ye. D'ye think I don't know why yer keepin' me out, hey?"

Paul suddenly ceased laughing and listened, rigidly upright.

"D'ye think I don't know ye've no fire, or—"

There was a sudden crash of furniture within, of hurrying feet and a door unlocking, and in an instant the voice, or Peter Carter, as he called himself, was violently pulled into the room. The lamp which he carried went out in the roughness of the encounter.

"Do you wish to blazon me all through the house?" said Paul hotly; "do you—"

"There was no other way of gettin' in," said Peter; "and then ye needn't be so proud. Not a soul but knows the poor young man in the attic is as poor as the poetry he writes, an' freezes as often as he composes! Not that they respect ye any the less, for if ye were rich as Cræsus a poet's a hybrid thing in New York. Let me light the lamp."

Peter, having performed that operation successfully, relit his pipe and sat down in the glare of light, composed and happy. He was a short, stout, bow-legged man of fifty, with a bullet-head and a moon-like face. His hair, short and gray, stood straight as quills upon the fretful porcupine, his under-lip protruded, his mouth was very homely, a scar half-way between tip and bridge of his pug-nose gave that feature of his face an ugly prominence, but his eyes were large and blue and sharp-looking, and would have been handsome but for the smoky eye-ball. Peter's general appear-

ance was that of a red-faced, hearty farmer given to social courtesies and rolling in happiness. He was round-limbed and round-bodied, rolled in his walk like a sailor, and, as we shall see later on, was fond of a good song, a good story, and a good glass of punch. He took his seat, smiling at the angry yet half-amused face which Paul had turned on him.

"Be George, Paul!" said he, with a malevolent grin, "but ye're the very spit of a poet, with yer long, yellow hair, and yer blue eyes an' melancholy face! An't ye, b'y? It's nice to look at ye, it is. An' sure it's not mad ye are? Ye mightn't have let me in if ye didn't want to! I don't ask to come inter yer ould freezin' room when I have wan meself twice as good an' warm. I'll go now, if ye say so."

He made a pretended start and flourish with his legs, but did not move, and, his jovial leer failing to charm the frown from the young man's face, he grew indignant.

"Well, stay mad, if ye are so! What the divil do I care fer you er yer madness? D'ye s'pose I owe anything to you er to the likes o' ye? Not a snap o' me finger, ye half-starved verse-moulder."

Paul laughed at this outburst, and Peter himself joined in it and roared for a minute after Paul ceased, so proud was he to have succeeded in removing the displeasure of his young friend.

"But it's too bad, Peter," said the poet deprecatingly, "that you should let the whole house know I had no wood—"

"Ah, bother, man! What d'ye care for the whole house, er the whole block, er the whole city? Sure they know it already. And it's yer own fault that ye haven't wood and candles! Plenty o' money, b'y, in this ould sheepskin o' mine! Call on Peter any time yer in want o' fifty dollars, an' it's yours. Plenty o' money all over the world, plenty to eat at Madame Lynch's.

"Never think of to-morrow,
With a smile banish sorrow."

And Peter, jumping up, executed a remnant of a jig through the room, tumbling breathless into his chair afterwards.

"I was thinking," said Paul gravely, "that I *would* borrow a little from you"—Peter looked suddenly indifferent—"and if you could let me have five dollars to buy some wood and necessaries I wouldn't mind."

"Wood and necessaries," mocked Peter gaily—"nice things fer a young man like you, with strong muscles an' warm blood, to be thinkin' of. I tell ye yer twice as healthy in a room like

this than if ye had a stove blazin' up to heaven. And candles hurt the eyes! Ye shouldn't read after daylight, or use the eyes at all. See, now! Doctor Brown says that the man who uses his eyes—"

"That isn't the point," Paul interrupted. "I asked you for five dollars."

"Doctor Brown says that the man—"

"No, no; stick to the point, Peter: will you lend me the five dollars?"

"Lend ye five dollars?" said Peter, with a surly air. "Ye're mighty anxious to run in debt, an't ye? An' I'd look well lendin' a man money that can't pay Madame Lynch his board. I have enough to do to support meself. Go and write for the newspapers something plain an' sensible on the Know-nothings or—or—Ireland—there's a grand subject fer ye—an' leave off readin' an' writin' stuff! There's a pattern fer ye on the first floor—the young lawyer, only been in the city a year, and is spoken of for Assemblyman already. He looks like ye, every wan says. May be yer related?"

Paul sat eyeing his companion with amused disdain. He was accustomed to the little contradictions of his rough character, and had asked for the money only for the purpose of putting his wordy generosity to shame. Peter was not at all uncharitable, although somewhat stingy at times, but this defect arose rather from a constitutional want of money and the consequent necessity of hoarding his little than from any inherent niggardliness. As he turned the subject of conversation when Paul seemed earnest in his demand for help, the young man was not unwilling to let it pass.

"I heard that assertion made about that lawyer's likeness to me," said he, "but I have never seen him. I fear you are fooling me about him. Now let us see how much of a resemblance there is between us. I have yellow hair, blue eyes, light complexion; what has he?"

"Brown hair, brown eyes, and light complexion," said Peter hesitatingly.

"I wear a moustache, and my nose is Grecian as well as my face."

"He wears a full, short beard, and his nose is straight, if that's what you call Grecian, Paul."

"Where's the resemblance, then?"

"I don't know; I don't think there's any. When you come to particulars you have us all. I had him down for the 'Green

Bushes' and the oysters. I thought you might like to know him. Be George, Paul! he might get ye a lift on some paper, for he's a rising man, makes speeches that take down the ward meetings. You'd like to know him, you would. He's a Catholic of the strict kind, I think. Sure I know ye wouldn't like that, but a little of yer company, yer poetry, and my punch 'ud soon cure him of pious leanings. God help us all, but it's leanin' all the other way I am since I left the ould sod for New York an' its vile whiskey. I feel mighty dhry, Paul, hey, b'y? Don't be puttin' such a long face on ye at this hour o' the night! My, but it's the mild, purty face, anyhow. If some good girl gets it in her eye, sure it'll never leave it again."

"Is it the eye which the lover's image rests in?" said Paul.

"Metaphorically speaking, of course. I was loved meself wanst. See now, I, Peter Carter, was wanst loved by a female, and sure I am she loves me still."

"She has your image still in her eye, I suppose. What a fate! A living photograph of the modern Falstaff in her liquid eye! She wears the willow still, I'll be bound."

"Ay does she," said Peter, with a grunt of satisfaction, "an' shall wear it to her grave, for all o' me. But come, is it to the 'Green Bushes' we're going to see the lovely Celeste pout bad English from Killarney to the backwoods, and murder probability by the hour, then to eat the pearls of the American ocean?"

He smacked his lips and laughed at himself afterwards.

"Come on," said Paul suddenly, "I'm ready."

Peter bounded off his chair and seized the lamp.

"The lawyer has this Saturday night to himself," said he. "I'll go down and invite him, or will you?"

"Will I?" said Paul. "You idiot! I invite a total stranger! Where's your etiquette or common sense?"

"Just so," said Peter meditatively. "I'll see him meself."

He went down the stairs with a slow step and a sober air, as if the task of inviting the strange lawyer was not a pleasant one; and Paul, watching him until the light had faded to the first floor, saw him stand hesitatingly there, then retreat and return a few times, and finally go slowly to his own room.

"O thou mass of contradiction!" he soliloquized, leaning over the stairway. "Thus Madame Celeste and the American pearl fade from before my vision."

He had not been over-anxious to enjoy either, and returned to his cold room to resume his writing, and blow his fingers, and stamp his feet, and draw inspiration from the moonlight, which

shone more brilliantly as the night strengthened. A twenty-cent piece lying on the table gave him a new thought.

"The Fräulein will not come to-night," he said, "and I suppose I might as well invest in wood and tallow as let it lie there."

He donned his overcoat and went out hastily. Down on the first floor he met Peter just coming out of the lawyer's room, his face aglow with pleasure. He seized Paul suddenly and with a jerk landed him inside the door.

"Here's the twin," said he. "Be George! I've fixed it all, an' I'll leave it to your own mothers if ye aren't as like as sun an' moon. Wallace, this is Rossiter, an' I'm Carter, an' we'll raise— That's right, Paul; make yourself at home."

The two gentlemen thus roughly brought together smiled and acknowledged the introduction. Then their eyes curiously sought each other because of the report of their physical resemblance. Paul saw a tall, elegant man of singularly easy and graceful manner, having an intellectual face half-covered by a beard. He judged that Florian might be somewhat reserved in his disposition, and perhaps phlegmatic and cold, but there was no mistaking the high purpose of the man nor the breadth of his character. The poet liked the politician at the first glance. And Florian, now metamorphosed into a metropolitan young man, was glad to meet with a face so very different from those he had already seen since his arrival. He thought he recognized the poet, and was flattered that people saw a resemblance to Paul Rossiter in himself.

Peter meanwhile, in the full triumph of having brought this meeting about, was amusing himself through the room with the inspection of every article in it, and freely commented on objects worthy of his notice. The furnishing of Florian's apartment was luxurious and appealed to the eye wonderfully. The leading color was a soft shade of green, fading into black or rising into white, with bits of statuary here and there, and a few water-scenes upon the wall. Peter had seen the room before, but had not been favored with a close inspection, and was making the most of his present opportunity. "Here we are," said he recklessly, "transported from a garret to a palace"—Paul stared—"and all on account of the resemblance between a poet and a politician! Paul, it's pretty complete, isn't it? It must be a nice thing to be a politician to afford such luxuries, and not poor devils like you and me, writin' bad poetry and editorials—hey, b'y? Don't ye feel proud of it?" said he, turning to Florian.

"Very," said Florian, "since you think so highly of it."

"There's only wan thing lackin'," said Peter—"it's rather dhry." And he twirled his thumbs and laughed at his own audacity. Florian laughed, too, and went to a closet where the moisture usually gathered—"an arrangement to save the furniture," he said gravely.

Peter was suddenly offended.

"We don't dhrink, Paul nor I," said he moodily. "Don't be takin' up a poor old fellow's gay words so seriously. Don't ye know a man has two meanin's for everything he says? Ye're a politician an' ought to know that, I'm sure. An' if ye don't it's not speakin' well for ye."

Florian, considerably surprised and mortified, was putting back the bottles on the shelf when Peter anticipated the movement by saying:

"Of course, if ye have them out now, ye may as well let them stay, an' we'll get thirsty, may be, looking at them. It's not often we dhrink, Paul or I, but brains will run out, you see, and, like plants, need moisture and sunlight now an' then."

Florian began at once to understand his visitor, and without further ceremony placed wine and brandy convenient to Peter's elbow.

"Shall I help you to some wine?" he said politely.

"Wine?" said Peter, with a cough. "Ah, bother, man! what d'ye think I'm made of? Well, yes, I think I will, if ye say so," he added, seeing that Florian had poured it out quietly. "I dunno, though. Had I better, Paul? Paul the pensive and poetical, with his long face and yellow hair! I don't think I will. I won't! It's late, an' it isn't good to be dhrinkin' before goin' to bed!"

Florian, amused, assisted Paul to some wine, and drank without saying more to Peter, who sat with his thumbs crossed and a gloomy expression on his spongy face.

"I am glad to have met you," said Florian. "Press of business only prevented me from introducing myself long ago. I heard so often of our peculiar resemblance that I was curious to see you, and no doubt you had similar feelings."

"Yes, indeed," said Paul; "and I often thought it strange we should have been a month in the same house without meeting."

"There's a wide distance between the garret and the best parlor," Peter broke in; "an' seein' yez haven't the politeness to ask the old fellow, I'll take on me own account a mouthful o' the tears of Erin. I hold a middle place," he added, as he held up his glass to the light and eyed it moistly. "I'm the ground, as it

were, on which ye two meet and exchange views of each other. Well, here's to your future joys an' sorrows; may the wan strangle the other—m!"

The last sound was the expression of Peter's satisfaction as the fiery liquid, swelling in his throat, bulged his round eyes outward; he shook his legs once or twice and then burst into a roar of laughter. His rough good-humor and oddities went very far to put the young men on an instant and happy level of confidence. It was impossible to sit so near a fire and not get warmed, and in a very short time all stiffness was gone and they were talking with the freedom and assurance of old friends. Meanwhile Peter fell asleep beside the tears of Erin.

"Since our friend is gone the way of slumber," said Florian, "would you mind taking a walk before bed-time?"

"With all my heart," Paul answered. "Let Peter stay just where he is till we return. He's an odd old fellow, isn't he? And yet so kindly and jolly that you will forget annoying oddities and faults for the sake of his company."

"I have met him often enough," Florian said as they reached the street, "but never paid much attention to him nor he to me until to-night. I shall know him better in the future."

"I met him when I first came here, scribbling, like myself, for a living. We are of the same craft and took to each other on that account; and he has been of use to me in such matters as introductions to editors and publishers."

Paul did not add that no good had as yet come of these introductions, for Peter usually spoiled any incipient favor by his own after-rashness and headlong determination to push by main force his young friend to the topmost round of fortune's ladder.

They had an animated talk from the boarding-house to the Battery, and came quite unexpectedly on the open space looking out on the bay—so suddenly that an abrupt pause in the flow of talk passed unobserved, and in an instant the minds of both were far away from each other and the scene. Whatever Paul's thoughts might have been, Florian at least found himself looking with inward eye over the St. Lawrence on such a night as this with feelings of sorrow for the "might-have-been." The waters of the bay were tumbling about in rude, irregular fashion, like boys at play, and across them floated spectral vessels and dark shadows. At this hour the same moon was shining on a waste of ice and snow in Clayburg. The lights twinkled from the snow-covered houses, and far away the islands stood dark and ghostly. Scott was there in his loneliness, reading in his cabin, or spearing pick-

erel by the light of a red fire; and Ruth, the dear girl—ah! well, it was a little foolish, perhaps, to rankle the old sore for the sake of reminiscence.

They returned home still talking, and parted at Florian's door. "I am not here one-third of my time," said he to Paul as he bade him good-night. "My library is exceptionally good, and if you will take advantage of it the premises are yours every day while I am absent."

Paul, thanking him warmly, accepted the kindness. On the second floor he met Peter with a lamp in his hand and a handful of coppers.

"Ye asked me for five dollars, b'y," said Peter sleepily; "would ye moind takin' it in coppers?"

With a laugh Paul ran up to his attic and left Peter to himself.

CHAPTER II.

THE POET IN A GOLDEN CLIME WAS BORN.

THE kindly offer of Florian to his poet-friend that he should make use of his library at all times, in which offer he veiled delicately his desire to make the attic less miserable, was eagerly accepted by Paul Rossiter. In Florian's room he now passed the greatest part of his leisure time, finding among the thousand volumes scattered there his greatest pleasures. It surprised and pained him to see that very little distinction was made with regard to the orthodoxy of writers in the selection of books. Infidelity and Protestantism were well represented on the shelves, and volumes whose poisonous properties seemed almost to destroy their own pages with virulence and bigotry were common. He spoke of it wonderingly to Florian.

"Well," said Florian, "I found, on coming here and plunging into politics, that it would be useful to be acquainted with all literature as well as the Catholic purely, and that our enemies had a side to the argument which might be worth knowing. So I bought everything that came in my way, and read it merely for the sake of knowing personally the strong and weak points of an opponent. I can tell you it is a great help, and particularly in politics and society."

"But wouldn't you be afraid a little to handle such poisons? Our faith, after all, is as much an object of temptation as our purity, and must be well guarded. Nothing so easy to lose, nothing so hard to recover, as faith."

"If this is the best argument the enemies of our faith have," waving his hand towards the book-case, "I shall never lose it. Of course I would not recommend the reading of such books to every one, but in political life it is almost a necessity to know these things if you expect to rise."

"And you expect, of course," laughed Paul.

"Some day," said Florian, "I shall be—well, never mind what, but you shall write my epic, and, like Achilles, I shall go down to posterity embalmed in verses immortal."

Paul was hardly satisfied with his reasons for reading so many dangerous books. He began to consider him as not so strict a Catholic as Peter had described him, and wondered, after the shivering which seized himself when reading a blasphemous paragraph of Heine, whether any soul, young and unspiritual, could bear such a shock and many like them without serious injury.

Among the pictures which hung on the walls was one that brought a sudden surge of feeling to the poet's heart. It bore his soul away from the luxurious room to scenes where life went on as in the patriarchal time before books were invented, and when man lived in daily and open intercourse with nature. Florian knew something of water-colors, and had painted a sketch of Clayburg bay and the distant islands under the first burst of a spring morning. A boat was putting off from the shore. A young man stood at the bow arranging some ropes, while in the stern were two girls in yachting costume, whose sweet faces seemed to be looking smilingly into one's own. The dark-haired, dark-eyed witch in white was waving a handkerchief coquettishly at an unseen observer; her companion, with her hands clasped over one knee, was looking dreamily in the same direction. With this face the poet was captivated, and recognized in it a more animated description of a face which, hanging over the book-case, had already won his heart and began to trouble his dreams. He mused over it often and wove fancies at night concerning the maid—dangerous fancies, for it was possible that this face holding so prominent a position in the room was the beloved of Florian.

Musing, writing, and reading were the pleasant sunshine of Paul's life, and in this room the sunshine fell brightest. Often his musings were interrupted by the quick opening of a door and the rush of childish feet, and his neck was hugged by a curious specimen of an infant before he was well aware of her presence.

"Ach!" was the first exclamation, "is this the Fräulein?"

"Yaw, Herr Paul," was the invariable reply, "das is me, de Fräulein."

"Stand back and let me look at you," said the poet; "let me see how mother has arranged you this morning."

The child was a rather handsome eight-year-old, blue-eyed and yellow-haired, and most wonderfully arrayed in a mixed German and American costume. Her short hair was braided perpendicularly and ornamented with white bows of preposterous size, while a blue velvet dress, white pantalets, and blue slippers with agonizing red rosettes completed the dress.

"That will do, Fräulein," he said gravely; "I think now you look like the president's daughter." And as this was the highest criticism he could pass on her, the Fräulein was made happy for the moment.

"How is the mother," was the next question—"the good mother that brought the Fräulein from heaven to Germany, and from there to America on the ship?"

"Vell," said the Fräulein briefly, "mit prayers to gif for Herr Paul unt all his frents."

"That is right," said the poet, holding up a twenty-cent piece. "Take this, Fräulein, for her goodness, and see that the good mother has everything needful. Now sing."

At this command the Fräulein opened her mouth and emitted a series of sounds so sweet and powerful that one looked in astonishment at the small, grotesque figure for an explanation. The Fräulein did the whole with no concern save for Herr Paul, whose mobile face showed very plainly whether she was doing well or ill, and on every occasion her efforts were gauged by the poet's expression. The child sang in German, French, and English as Paul bade her, and with all the simplicity of a pupil and an innocent who looked for no praise save from her master.

"Very good, Fräulein; that will do for to-day." And she vanished down the stairs. Through the same performance she went daily for Paul, received her money, and retired unconscious that the poet went without light, wood, and many another necessary for the purpose of keeping her sick mother and herself in some kind of comfort.

"It's not a bad investment, however," Paul thought. "Such a voice as that will one day be a gold-mine."

The singing of the Fräulein usually brought a card from Madame De Ponsonby Lynch, with a request for an interview, generally granted. It was the same old story—board to be paid for and no money on hand. Madame was a large woman phy-

sically, and, as far as a fashionable disposition would allow, large-hearted. She liked the yellow-haired poet, and was not at all anxious that he should pay her weekly dues. But Paul, though airy in his disposition, was retiring in his present circumstances and could not be forced into a tête-à-tête with a female while his clothes looked so very poorly; therefore madame pretended a feeling of nervousness that he would run away without making payment for the attic, and was favored in consequence with many ceremonious visits and many insights into Paul's character and circumstances which he never dreamed of giving her. He regarded her, in his innocent way, as a stout, hard-fisted old lady with a soft spot in her heart, which periodically he was bound to find; and congratulated himself on finding it regularly and succeeding thereby in keeping poor shelter over his unlucky head. Then Frances, her daughter, had a very sweet face and a bright disposition, and was not unwilling, with all his poverty, to talk literature occasionally and let him play on her piano when strangers were not present. The boarding-house was extremely select. Paul wondered that he ever had the audacity to apply for the garret at a place where presumably a garret bed-room would not exist, but in the first setting out on a literary life he had thought the time would be short until his means would more than match the best parlor in the house.

"O Mr. Rossiter!" was madame's first cry, and a very severe one, when he entered in response to one of the usual invitations, "here I have waited another three days over the time for your board, and yet I have to send you my card and ask for another interview."

"And I am always so willing to give it," said Paul reverently, "for I have nothing else to give."

"Well, well, well!" And she tapped her pencil on the desk, and put on her eye-glasses to examine the account for the twentieth time.

"I have taught all the gentlemen so to remember the right day that it seems hard to fail with you. Four weeks, Mr. Rossiter, and twenty dollars due."

The poet's face grew longer at mention of so large a sum.

"I'm sure I did my best," said he. "But these people don't appreciate genius. If you were the publisher, now, madame, I would have no hesitation. You understand me, I think, and you would make others understand me. But in these hard, matter-of-fact days poets will starve somewhat easier than in Queen Anne's time. I think of giving it up and going back to the country."

"It would be best," said madame, "but then there is no hurry. If you could oblige me with what is owing—"

Paul shook his head mournfully.

"How can you expect it," said he, "when a man gets but five dollars for the labor of weeks? If I chose to write poetry of the band-box kind—ten minutes' work, you know—or write sonnets on the editor's generosity, then I might earn a little. But I never will prostitute genius that way, not even to pay my debts."

"Is it prostituting genius to pay your debts?" said madame.

"Perhaps not," Paul answered; "but fancy an eagle running with the hens after a grain of corn."

Madame laughed and Paul felt ashamed of himself.

"I might shovel coal," said he, "and be dependent on no one save hospital charity, or wear my life out in a shop as clerk. But I only ask time, madame, only time; and as I paid you in the past, so shall I pay you in the future. I need time."

"Money is so scarce," began madame, who liked to hear him plead.

"I have always heard the rich say that. Now, I think it plentiful, and it is. And how regularly you must get your money from your wealthy lawyers, and doctors, and statesmen. O madame! do you stand in such need of a paltry twenty dollars that you call money scarce? And what would you do with your attic if I went? Poets are scarcer than dollars, you know. And when shall you have the distinction of harboring a poet in your attic again?"

The matter ended, of course, as Paul knew it would, and he went away smiling, yet sad, to wonder at the prospects of getting the twenty dollars. Peter was parading the third-floor corridor in visible impatience.

"I was lookin' for ye, b'y. See what I have for ye! Smelt, the publisher of the *Tom-Cat*, wants a poem of three hundred lines—"

"Why do you bring me such commissions?" said Paul, flushing. "Smelt and his tribe of writers should be at the bottom of the bay!"

"But see—"

"I won't see! Write them yourself."

"Well, all right; only I can't, ye know! And then money is good under all circumstances where it's needed, and poethry is harmless even in the *Tom-Cat*. If I knew ye wouldn't do it, sure I could have got ye a twenty, ay, a fifty-dollar piece from Corcoran. He was speakin' to me this very mornin' about ye

writin' an article on the battle of Waterloo, an' I, having the commission o' Smelt under me arm—one hundred and fifty dollars for three hundred lines—told him it was no use runnin' after ye any more; that Smelt was willin'—”

Paul groaned in despair.

“You told Corcoran that Paul Rossiter was become one of the Smelt tribe! May perdition light on you, Peter (God forgive me!), that thus my good name should be destroyed!”

He seized his hat and rushed down to the street, Peter following at a distance and expostulating to the empty air. Corcoran was soon found and listened in coolness and mistrust to Paul's denial of any connection with the *Tom-Cat*.

“Of course it is not for me to throw obstacles in your way,” said he. “Money is money wherever it is made, and you have a right to choose your market. But we could not think of employing any one who could prostitute himself to such a service. I am very sorry that the commission has been given out. I should have been happy to let you have it.”

“Is there nothing else at present?” said Paul laughingly. “A bill or two would not burden my mind at the present moment.”

“Nothing,” said the publisher frigidly, and Paul sadly recognized that one of the best of his many feeble sources of revenue was lost to him. “Nor can I say at what time we would be likely to have work for you.”

“O Peter, Peter!” murmured the poet, as with a jaunty, careless air he left the publisher and sought another in haste. He had a weird romance just fashioned out of his fanciful brain, and was anxious to dispose of it. It had been gotten up with all a poet's care, and he was sure that some one would think it worth twenty dollars.

“Very nice indeed, and very creditable,” was the publisher's comment, “but hardly suitable for our columns. Now, if the idea itself were taken and stripped of the gew-gaws of language”—Paul winced visibly—“it might do.”

“Would he do it?” he thought. “Would he condescend to suit his cloth to so vulgar a measure?” He sat down with pen and paper, and in a few hours had all its beauty shorn away, and his story, deformed and ugly, was soon standing under the cold wind of outside criticism. What perverted tastes! It suited, and he went home twenty dollars richer and able to pay half his board-bill. Passing through one of the poor streets and thence into a dusty lane where congregated the miserable poor, he

came upon the scene of a recent destruction of furniture. A drunken fellow had made a wild display of muscle on his own property and had thrown the remains into the street. Among them sat a neat little woman weeping, while on the remaining chair was a consumptive boy of fifteen, pale, wan, and mournful, a handsome lad with hair curling close to his head, and despair and sorrow written over his poor face and dulling his heavy eyes. A keen pain darted through the poet's heart.

"Death is hard enough," he thought, "without adding such misery to it."

He talked a moment to the sick boy, who, seeing the handsome youth was interested, kindly told him their sad story. Father was good mostly, but now and then drink got the better of him, and this was the usual result. He would be sorry for it next day and would soon mend matters.

"It will take a long time to mend these," said Paul, pointing to the broken furniture; and then he saw that the boy had painted the picture too brightly, for he grew silent and a shade of deeper despair settled on his face.

"You are not well," he said quietly; "I am sorry for you."

"I will never be well, sir, and the sooner I go the better, don't you think?"

"Not at all," said the poet, laughing, and yet he was sick to see so much hopelessness in one so young. "Life is pleasant, even to the sick, and the world is full of the best people, if you happen to meet them. Take this"—and a ten-dollar bill was slipped into the boy's hand—"and never give up, never be any sadder than you can help. Out of your very misfortune God will raise you up joys that could not come in any other way. Don't you see? This will buy you better furniture; and you shall hear from me again."

He did not wait to be thanked or look back as he walked away.

At the next grocery he bought wine, delicacies, and some papers at a news-stand, and sent all to the sick boy.

"If only to be happy for one day," said he, "with death so near him; if only to know that there is one soul who pities his misery and thinks of him dying! Madame De Pon must suffer temporarily and I must freeze—thank God! with the will and the strength to stand the freezing."

He went home with tears in his eyes for the sorrowful face of the boy, and as he went a new resolve took shape in his mind. Five dollars a week was too much to pay when one could live

more cheaply, if at the expense of his position in the estimation of the boarders and of madame. There were lunch-houses where the poor congregated. He was poor, and why not congregate also in the same places? he said humorously. The Fräulein was a heavy expense to him, while such incidents as that of the morning were distressing to his purse and were increasing. He went in to see madame on his arrival.

"I am living too high for my means," said he, "and I must economize. Here are five dollars on my account, the rest to be forthcoming shortly; but you must not look for it too anxiously. If you could give me the attic for a certain sum, and let me board elsewhere, I think it would do very well."

Madame looked grave and seemed on the point of refusing, when Frances came in with a rush and "mamma" on her lips, but stopped, apologized, and was withdrawing.

"Come and plead for me," said Paul, who was a great favorite with the girl and knew it. "I have asked a favor and your mother is going to say 'no.'"

"Just imagine, Frances," said madame calmly, "Mr. Rossiter wishes to retain his room and board elsewhere. How can we permit it?"

"Why not, mamma?" said she. "I know it is the rule to do differently, and that you have never broken through it yet, but then—"

Not having any reason to offer, she stopped short and looked at Paul to continue. She was a simple-hearted girl, with remarkably bright, soft eyes, and her character clearly pictured in her frank, sweet face, which Paul in his weaker moments often allowed to weave itself into his fancies with the face of the girl who sat in the yacht dreaming. He was young, however, and faces of this kind were apt to haunt him.

"But then," added he, "what will you do without your poet?"

"Has he ever been of any earthly use to us?" said madame, with unusual severity. "Have we ever seen anything from his muse to justify his reputation?"

"I have," said Frances—"just the sweetest things!" But Paul was suddenly downcast even under this criticism; for madame looked portentous, and "just the sweetest" was not the kind of poetry he looked upon as worthy of his genius.

"Well, I am not disposed to be too hard," said madame; but if you ask favors, Mr. Rossiter, you must expect to grant them in turn."

"Certainly," said he, "that is not to be doubted."

"I shall permit you to retain the room, then, but I shall ask a favor of you soon—a reasonable one, mind—which I expect to have granted immediately."

Mr. Rossiter was missed thenceforward from the table, and, in addition to cold, want of light, and stinted means, he had now to undergo the daily martyrdom of a cheap lunch in cheap quarters and among the cheapest sort of a crowd. The sight of a boy's sad face, however, would have made even real hardships delightful. Nor did his numerous poor ever suspect how much this free-hearted, gentle, handsome young fellow suffered for their sake. Peter remorsefully saw how matters stood and annoyed his friend by shouting "mea culpa" and beating his breast whenever they chanced to meet. He could see no better way of atoning for his disastrous interference than by going in person to Corcoran.

"See, now," said the journalist when he had broached the matter, "the b'y could make three times more writin' for the *Tom-Cat* than for respectable dimmyjohns like yerself. An' rather than do it he is eatin' Dutch sassage an' black bread in Bowery cellars mornin', noon, an' night, until there won't be a shred of his imagination but what'll be soured from it. I took him the papers from Smelt, a commission worth a hundred and fifty, an' says he, 'To the divil with you an' the *Tom-Cat*,' says he; 'you should be in the bottom of the bay,' says he. Now, it isn't for a great, rich, stingy boccagh like you to be hard on an innocent lad that's got more brains in his little finger, Corcoran, than the whole tribe of black-hearted publishers has in their heads. Oh! I know ye; ye can't fool Peter—"

"See here, Carter," said Corcoran roughly, "what do you want? If Rossiter has been harmed in any way we are willing to repair the injury, but let him come himself and settle it. We don't waste our time in hearing abuse from such as you."

"I didn't abuse you," said Peter stoutly. "Did I abuse you?" he added, with a look of child-like amazement. Corcoran laughed a hard, irritating laugh.

"All right, if you say so," said Peter, bridling, "and don't think I care ten pins for you and your fire-eatin' gang. Yez are a brood o' vipers—a brood, Corcoran."

He walked to the door, stopped long enough to say, "Why, man, yer a whole brood yerself," and with this parting shot plunged into the street.

"O God help me!" groaned the wretched Peter as an hour

afterwards he realized how completely he had muddled the affair and sunk Paul deeper in the publisher's displeasure.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW LIFE AND THE NEW MAN.

A FEW months of companionship placed the poet and the politician on a footing of intimacy, and insensibly began those confidences between the friends which make such an intimacy so delightful—the readiness to ask advice and assistance in present difficulties, and to receive them; the relating of future hopes and aspirations with the view of receiving the confirmation of the other's approval; and the youthful speculation on questions and matters which men never speak of to outsiders, except in a joking fashion. They never went beyond New York, strangely enough, in all their confidences, and neither was possessed of a single fact as yet in the other's past life; so that the story of the water-color on the wall was yet untold, and the fate of the yachting party remained a painful mystery to Paul and induced many a poetic fancy and many a poetic effusion from his sentimental brain. They had their opinions of each other also as time deepened their intimacy. Florian had always prided himself on his ability to read character, and, in truth, he had something to be proud of, although he made mistakes often enough. He looked on Paul as a young man of natural poetic talent, perhaps genius, with strong, delicate sentiments and a fondness for the ideal—a man who would make a good friend, but not a very useful one, since he was of that sort which expects every one to be useful to them, and who indeed do reflect a glory on their helpers. That idea of utility was getting to be a very powerful one with him unconsciously. As to the past life of Paul he never thought but once, and his conclusion was that the youth had come up as a flower, cared for tenderly, without much experience, doomed to make no impression on the world except to add to its momentary beauty. He had no past, in fact, that could have left any bitter traces on his soul. All this went to show just how very little Florian really knew of his friend.

Paul thought Florian a genius of a high order and looked up to him. A man with a powerful array of statistics in his head; who could get up at a moment's notice, and, cool, self-possessed,

clear-headed, talk sound sense for an hour; whose aim was already the Presidency, if he never said as much, and who was beginning in the right way to reach it; who was clearly a gentleman of the very highest order, inasmuch as adherence to principle and religion was added to outward courtesy of a superior kind, who was a man among men. It pleased the poet to discover that Florian had a past of which he did not like to speak, and of which there were many traces in his character. When he looked at the yachting picture Paul saw two expressions in his face that were eloquent of a misery somewhat softened by time. When his gaze rested on the portrait on the book-case he saw the same look of pain succeeded by one of resignation, and even of hope. How quickly and justly the youth formed his conclusions! There was a resemblance in Florian to the girl who stood in the yacht waving her handkerchief, and probably she was a relative whom some misfortune had snatched from him for ever. But as to the other, who had no resemblance to him, she was perhaps his affianced, and circumstances which he hoped to overcome kept them apart. Paul laughed a little at his own inferences and the pain which the last one in particular gave him.

While they were gradually drawing more closely together the private affairs of each never troubled the other. Florian knew of the garret, but did not think it his business to interfere on the score of affection, and, moreover, he was not so ready at the present hour to think of others as formerly. Politics naturally more than most professions generates this selfishness. He had acquired his share already. And Paul, knowing the extremity of his own circumstances, felt that to relate them even to his friend was only asking for an assistance which he did not absolutely need. One evening Florian came forth in evening costume, which Paul, not having any of his own, always admired.

"There is to be a mass-meeting to-night in O'Connell's behalf," said he; "would you like to come? I am *the* speaker."

"And I suppose England will receive the usual Irish cooking," said Paul, with some contempt. "I am English by descent."

"What a misfortune!" Though gravely said, Paul knew that he was laughing. "Will it do England any harm if she is shown her own misdeeds and made to atone for them? Besides, it has become a political necessity in this country to propitiate the mere Irish. We have them solidly on our side and we must keep them there. Come and see how we do it."

"I thought you were Irish," said Paul, half surprised.

"By descent," said Florian, laughing again; "but that does not make me a sympathizer the more. Justice is the point, and if I were a Hottentot the commonest sense of humanity or political necessity would make me red hot against Britishers at the present hour. Come, friend, and see us pull the lion's tail."

They went off together, and Florian would have secured his friend a seat on the platform, but the poet objected.

"I wish to see you as well as hear you," said he, "and I can tell what the rabble think the better."

What the rabble thought of the rising political star was seen easily without going among them. A number of colorless dignitaries sat on the platform, men whose names had once been the war-cry of election time, who now, their usefulness long past, were used as dummies to propitiate the Irish Demos without risk to the actual party-leaders. How little they counted with the crowd was visible from its indifference to their presence and their short speeches, and the sudden thrill of awakening enthusiasm which struck them as with a lightning-flash when Florian came forward. His handsome presence and cool manner before the multitude and the dignitaries sent a shiver of envious delight through Paul's veins. Florian was sure of himself; he never in such a scene appeared without making a mark which raised his name higher in the party honor-list, and he was about to score a success which would dim earlier triumphs. His popularity expressed itself in the thunderous applause with which the audience greeted the first words of that strong, melodious, catching voice. Then the speech began. It was the usual arraignment of England and panegyric of O'Connell, but arraignment and panegyric were alike of so unusual a power and brilliancy that Paul sat amazed and stunned. Was this the grave, steady lawyer whom he had left but a little while before at the entrance to the platform, whom he had known for months as an every-day man and never dreamed of as possessed of this awful, sublime power of eloquence? Was it really Florian Wallace—this physical giant whose eye beamed and grew like the rising sun and scorched like a lava stream, whose lip and cheek paled and flushed with every passing feeling, and whose words, like arrows shooting everywhere, drew from this mass of men tears, sobs, moans, curses, laughter, and applause? They were an excitable crowd indeed, but the melting pathos of that voice drew the silent tears from Paul himself, and its scorn, hate, mirth, denunciation roused the same feelings in his own bosom, though he made no display of them.

"This man is a demi-god," he thought, and felt half ashamed, half proud of the intimacy allowed him in the past.

When the meeting was over Paul waited while the audience dispersed, and listened amusedly to the comments passed on the speaker. It was clear that Florian's name would be as familiar to that audience as the curses which they lavished on the hated Saxon. A number of the more excitable remained until they were able to reach the platform, where the honorable committee stood discussing matters and preparing for departure. The hand-shaking which Florian then endured, the hustling and good-natured boorishness of the crowd, amply made up, Paul thought, for the success of the oration: One boisterous constituent slapped him on the back with his left hand as he wrung his fingers out of shape with the right. "It's to Congress ye'll go, not to the Assembly," said he, "for the right stuff's in ye, me boy!"

Paul stared as he saw the thorough good-humor and delight with which his friend endured the crowd, and he listened to the generous wit scattered so lavishly that it seemed like throwing pearls before swine. Behind him some stout individual was struggling with might and main to recover property which had dropped on the floor, and as he had the audacity to poke and thump the poet freely with head and elbows, he received from Paul a withering and threatening look of interrogation.

"Bad luck to ye!" said a well-known voice, "is it the counsellor's speech ye're trampin' on? O Paul! is it yer sweet face, b'y? And did ye ever hear the like o' that speech since the day you were born? See, now, I don't think O'Connell himself, great as he is—and he's the greatest speaker in the world, past, present, or to come—I don't think that the Kerry counsellor could do better. What d'ye say? I'm going to report it for the *Trumpeter*, an' I must ask ye to help me get in the first part, for I wasn't here but the last five minutes, ye see, and only got in the peroration, mind. Now, that's what ye ought to be doin', instead of writin' poor poethry, gettin' five dollars and old Corcoran's thanks for yer trouble, an' bringing on dyspepsia and a thousand other ills from the black grub ye're livin' on—"

Paul dashed madly from the crowd and away through the hall to the street. Peter was becoming a pest with his plans and advices. When Florian came out, and they were walking home through the quiet streets, Paul said:

"It's a pity that Coriolanus had never the advantage of see-

ing you among the mob before he stood to solicit votes for the consulship."

"I am glad you feel disgusted," said Florian, smiling, much to the poet's surprise, since he had not thought his tones expressed any disgust, "for it is the measure of my success with that very mob. You are quite an aristocrat, Paul, and force me to believe, since you are but one of a kind, that the people of these States will some time drift into aristocracy. You saw I liked the flattery of the mob."

"And that disgusted me more. The dirt of some of those you shook hands with—ugh! And prosperous dirt, too! If they were poor there would be some excuse."

"And they are poor," said Florian—"tenement-livers, poisoned as to air, food, and water by the wealthy gentlemen you are so willing to shake hands with because they take a bath every day and would never slap you on the back. Why, a better fellow than Larry Waters—Alderman Larry—never was seen! He is the soul of good fellowship, treats an honest man like a brother if he comes under his roof, is the terror and delight of his own ward, and a man of great influence. That would be enough to make his slap and his grasp tolerable, if nothing else would."

"Influence! influence!" moaned the poet. "Everything goes down before that. I begin to suspect your sincerity, Florian. Tell me, were you sincere in your speech to-night, or was it this influence you had in view and was this—your incense to the god?"

Florian laughed a pleasant laugh of amusement.

"Now, Paul, you are really going too far," said he. "Motives are always mixed in this life. I did have in view this influence, and it stimulated me wonderfully, I assure you; but nevertheless I was sincere in what I said, and just, too, I hope."

"I should hope not," said Paul impetuously, "otherwise I would never respect my descent again."

At which involuntary compliment to himself the politician was silent, but pleased beyond measure.

"I have never heard an orator in a set oration until to-night, and I am amazed to know you possessed the gift to move an audience to such excesses of feeling. When did you get it, and where?"

"I was never really aware of it until I came to New York. Occasion developed it."

"What a godlike power it is," said Paul, looking at his

friend as if a new light shone on him, "and what a delight and yet what a terror to know you possess it! It is as if a magician could do that which imperilled his life in the doing and which would make the world stare. Oh! you must have been sincere, or you never could have done it—never."

"How you harp on the sincerity!" said Florian, with one of the laughs which the poet never liked to hear from him. They gave him a hard aspect and drove away those tender lines that more than anything else distinguished his face in Paul's eyes from the faces of the every-day world and gave it a place in the poet's radiant gallery of ideals.

"And whither, O orator! is all this tending?" asked Paul with a trace of sarcasm in his smile. "Which is the bright particular star? Where is 'the height that lies for ever in the light'?"

"I shall run for the Assembly first and from that mount into Congress," answered Florian prosily.

"Oh, what an anti-climax! And after Congress—what?"

"Congress is a great arena," said the politician. "A man may do mighty things there."

"And supposing the mighty things done," said Paul smiling, "what then? 'Angels would be gods,' you know. When *sublimi feriam sidera vertice*—when shall my exalted head strike the stars? You will run for governor, of course?"

"Well, I suppose so."

"And then, ho for the presidential chair itself! Eh?"

"It would take an army of missionaries and a campaign of twenty years to put any Catholic there," said Florian, with a deep and heartfelt sigh.

"So there *is* a limit to your ambition," said Paul, with sarcastic good-humor. "You are not an abyss for earthly honors to fall into when the governorship can fill your desires. Ah! Florian, I have found your weakness. You may be great but you will not be the Napoleon of your profession. You will never change your religion to suit the demands of the world."

"Sometimes I wish I could," said Florian, and was sorry the next moment for his hastiness. Paul took it as a jest, however.

"That's natural," said he, "and here we are at home."

Peter was parading the hall before Florian's room when they entered, and Frances Lynch was clinging to his arm listening to a jerky description of the meeting and the electrical effect of Florian's speech. Her sweet face was all aglow with delight, and quite unmindful was she of the comical leer in Peter's

bulging eyes as he looked again and again on that vision of beauty.

"But wait till ye see it in print," said Peter. "If words had life, be George they'd burn the page."

"How lucky, how fortunate you are," said she sadly, "that you can attend to hear such eloquence."

"Ah, what nonsense!" said Peter, trying to comfort her. "What good would it do ye, girl? Ye wouldn't understand a word he was sayin'. I wasn't in meself but the last five minutes."

"You horrid old thing!" said she, dropping his arm. "And was your description merely an effort of the imagination?"

"Paul says I have a fine imagination," was the characteristic reply, and the laugh which the young men gave banished the girl and brought Peter forward smiling.

"I've been waitin' to congratulate ye," said he to Florian. "'Twas a fine effort, b'y, an' I'll—"

"But you were not there more than five minutes," said Florian.

"What o' that, man? Can't ye tell the whole puddin' by tastin' the top? Hut, tut! Don't be too presumptuous, if ye are a politician an' the whole world is speakin' o' ye. I suppose yer ready to wet the oration all round."

"Was it so very dry?" said Paul slyly, while his friend laughed.

"What do ye know about it, ye starved poet? Did ye run all the length of Broadway to hear it, an' fall under an omnibus an' two carts crossin' the street? D'ye know anything of how an orator moistens the reporters that come after his speech and rectify its little mistakes?"

"No, I don't," Paul answered a little roughly, "but I pity the orator who undertakes to moisten you. Well, good-night, friends; I am for bed."

They pressed him to remain, but he went on to his room unheeding, and Peter came in alone to bore the tired orator and drink his tears of Erin.

"Did ye write it out in full?" said Peter, after his face began to bloom and swell like a fast-maturing pumpkin. "Not a note have I, and the thing must be in print for Thursday at the latest."

"I have it all here," said Florian, throwing him the manuscript.

"That's fine, that's grand—all the labor saved, and nothin' to do but drink till mornin'. I have somethin' to talk to ye about

that's been troublin' me since I knew ye, an' I hope ye'll pardon me for any impertinence. Ye're a young man of great abilities, an' yer of Irish blood, though, God forgive yer parents! they didn't leave much o' the looks of it about ye; an' sure it's the old sod that needs more o' yer services than this Yankee land, that 'ud spit upon the Catholics simply because they're Catholics. Ye never can get very high because o' the same Catholicity. Now, I was thinkin' if ye'd give yer splendid talents to the Irish cause, throw up yer politics an' law an' all sich foolin', an' go heart and soul into the fight, what splendid results we'd see before a year. England could no more stand you and O'Connell together than the snow stands a thaw, be George! She'd go down to hell, where she ought to have gone long ago, the black, bloody, man-eatin' England; an' this country's not much better—that's fine brandy, b'y. See what it is now to be a lawyer, an' have a good practice an' to stick to it. Never give up the ship, Flory; stick to the law an' good brandy. We need good Catholic lawyers all over the States to show the heretics what we're made of."

Peter wandered on *ad nauseam* until he had finished the bottle and was become so maudlin as to be unintelligible. Florian had listened at first with keen relish of the old fellow's blunders, advices, and contradictions, but as the brandy began to thicken his tongue he fell into a reverie from which he did not awaken until the bottle was emptied and Peter was vociferously calling for more, thumping on the table and shouting snatches of ancient melody in a harsh, grating tone.

"Don't I pay for it?" said Peter. "Plenty of money, b'y, with Peter. Bring on the ardent, the tears of Erin; to h— with England! More, more, more! The people all wept for Francis McCann. Faith, Frances is a sweet child, an' when her eyes look up to you—more, more, more!"

And the lamp danced from the table into Florian's lap from the violence with which Peter's fist was brought down.

Florian felt that his carelessness had put him into an awkward position. He assumed his sternest demeanor.

"Are you aware, sir, of your ungentlemanly conduct? Are—"

"Am I aware, sir, of your conduct?" bawled Peter, and, his head being down, the great dusky eye-balls rolled fierce and bull-like towards his enemy. "Young man, bring on the brandy; don't attempt to interfere with Peter. Plenty o' money, b'y! Hurrah for Limerick and the blarney-stone!"

There was no help for it, since Peter's violence increased with every moment. He jumped up, kicked the chair over, spat on his hands, and danced, sparring about the dignified and puzzled Florian with the springiness and agility of an india-rubber toy. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, Florian opened the door and tripped him through it, and, as Peter fell, closed and bolted the door after him. Of his after-fate no one knew for several days.

The politician was decidedly weary after his effort of that evening, and a feeling of utter dejection had been stealing over him. He threw himself in his chair and gave himself up to dozing and thinking. Always on these occasions his mind went back to the noble river of his boyhood; for straight before him, and the tears filled his eyes as he looked, was that solitary reminder of all that was so dear to him—Linda, as in her best and brightest days, waving her love to him, and quiet Ruth dreaming.

Paul was right in judging that Florian's hopes still centred on the girl whose picture hung over the book-case. Politics and the women he had met were as yet unable to disturb the gentle sway of her who for truth's sake had put aside her love for him, and, though in error as to her creed, was not one whit less devoted to principle than he, a Catholic, sharing in the possession of all truth. Sometimes the thought intruded on him that it would have been as well to have dropped that condition of their love, and to have married her first and converted her afterwards; but, apart from its unfairness to her, he had laid down the principle that mixed marriages were hurtful, and he would not—what? Suppose now that there was an opportunity of renewing their former relations, and Ruth was yet obstinate in her belief, would he not be unwise to lose—what? Florian saw that he was stumbling against the rocks of conscience, and looked up at those sweet faces in the yacht, while the tears came into his eyes and his heart gave a great throb of pain. One was dead—O Linda!—and the other worse than dead to him unless—what?

He sat a long time and thought no more. He was afraid to give utterance to his wishes, only it seemed to him that he was marching along in a dreadful solitude, and multitudes were shouting praises to him and calling him king, and crowns fell on his head, and at his feet lay the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them; but always he was alone with the sad, overpowering consciousness that Linda was dead and Ruth separated from him by interminable distances, yet always in view with her mournful face turned upon him. He must tramp that

way alone, unless— He did not like to speak that condition. Disgusted with himself and weary, he took down two volumes which a literary friend had sent him to read. The authors were strange and new to him, although their names had been faintly echoed through the American literary world. One was a poet, the other a philosopher, and he was soon interested in the contents of the books.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA.

THE restoration of historic buildings purely for the sake of the associations connected with them is a rare occurrence on this continent. A work of the kind has, however, been undertaken on the shores of the Pacific, and on the 28th of August the centenary of Father Serra, the first president of the New California missions, was solemnly celebrated in the restored and solitary church where his body had been laid one hundred years before. The day was set apart as a public holiday by special act of the Legislature, and all classes of the Californian population joined in rendering homage to the merits of the humble friar whose reputation has survived all the changes of a century, even in this land of rapid change. The Indians whose conversion he labored for have almost passed away. The Spanish monarchy has given place to Mexican republican rule, and that in turn to the institutions of the United States, but still the name of Junipero Serra is honored to-day among the cosmopolitan population of California, as it was a hundred years ago by the Indians who then formed almost its only inhabitants. That one who was neither soldier, statesman, nor distinguished scholar, who passed the greater part of his life far away from the abodes of civilized men and finally laid it down in an almost unknown Indian hamlet in the remotest province of Spanish America, should have his memory thus celebrated is a strange fact, and a sketch of Father Serra's career is well worthy of attention to the modern reader.

Miguel Joseph Serra was born in the island of Majorca in the closing year of the Spanish War of Succession. Shut out by their situation from the turmoil of Spanish politics, the Majorcans even to-day retain much of the simple faith and manners of the old followers of Don Jaime the Conqueror. Palma, the

capital of the island, counts no less than forty churches and chapels, and the Protestantism of the sixteenth century and the infidelity of the eighteenth have alike failed to affect the fervent Catholicity of the natives of the Balearic Isles. Serra's parents were simple, hard-working farmers of very limited means; but as the boy showed fondness for study, they managed to give him a Latin education. The numerous monasteries, indeed, offered more ample educational resources than would be readily believed by many modern educationists. Young Serra made such progress that his father sent him to Palma to pursue his studies in the university there. The boy had always been of a religious turn of mind, and shortly after commencing his university studies he determined to join the Franciscan Order. His delicate health and small stature were obstacles to his reception in so strict an order for some time, but finally the guardian yielded to the boy's importunity and enrolled him among the novices of the convent in Palma. His health rapidly improved after his reception into the order—an event which he in after-years attributed to a special blessing of Heaven, and he always spoke with enthusiasm of the day of his formal reception among the Franciscans. The lives of the saints of the order were a favorite study of his during his novitiate, and even then he formed plans for preaching the faith among infidel nations. The rule of the order, however, called him to a long course of study, and for the time put all other thoughts out of his mind. His progress was rapid. Before being ordained he was appointed professor of philosophy in the Franciscan college and received the degree of doctor of divinity from the university.

After his ordination Father Serra continued his career as a professor in the university itself while still living in his convent and strictly discharging the usual duties of a Franciscan. His reputation stood high as a pulpit orator throughout the island. Silent and somewhat reserved in ordinary life, he scarcely mixed in society outside his convent, but all the pent-up enthusiasm of his nature broke out when he entered the pulpit. It was a common practice for him during his Lenten discourses to apply the lash so violently to his shoulders as to terrify his auditors, and his energy in preaching and mission work was almost boundless. Like the great founder of his order, he invariably made his mission journeys on foot, and never allowed his work to exempt him from the austerities prescribed by the Franciscan rule in food or lodging. Several years had thus passed away when the thought of devoting himself to the conversion of some

infidel people—a thought which had first suggested itself during his novitiate—rose again in his mind. After due deliberation he applied to the heads of the Spanish Franciscans for permission to join the missions among the still unconverted Indian tribes of Mexico. Palon, his biographer, joined in the application, which was granted in the Lent of 1749 while Father Serra was holding a mission in his native town. A number of Franciscans were about to start from Cadiz during the summer, and the Majorcan missionaries were invited to join them. Three of their countrymen subsequently offered themselves for the same work, one of whom, Juan Crespi, at a later period shared with Serra and Palon the honor of founding the missions of California.

The journey from Europe to Mexico was a far more serious undertaking a hundred years ago than we can easily realize in our days of rapid steam travel. Navigation was incredibly slow, and its hardships, even on a voyage made under favorable circumstances, were such as no steerage-passengers of our time are called on to face. The vessels rarely exceeded three or four hundred tons burden, and the passengers were cooped up in the narrow space and fed on salt provisions and biscuit the whole voyage, not unfrequently, too, with a limited supply of water, and that anything but fresh. As a natural consequence ship-fevers and scurvy were of common occurrence on most voyages, while shipwreck was by no means a rare accident at any season. The delays in sailing were something astounding. The regular treasure-fleet usually sailed once a year from Mexico to Cadiz, but it was often delayed for two or three months by various accidents, and a few months' delay was looked on as not worth noticing. On the Pacific a single galleon made a yearly trip from Manila to Acapulco, and another made the voyage from Callao to Valparaiso. Such were the only representatives of regular packet-lines in the Spanish monarchy, and, apart from them, intending travellers might have to wait months for a chance to cross the ocean in some trading vessel. Even the journey from Majorca to the main-land was a serious undertaking. An English trader happened to be lying in the port of Palma when Father Serra received permission to start, and was about to sail for Malaga in a couple of weeks. He and his companion secured passage on her, as no ship could be had for Cadiz. Though the trip to Majorca is now usually made in ten or twelve hours, the English packet which carried the two Franciscans occupied no less than fifteen days on its voyage of five hundred miles. After five days in Malaga a fishing-boat was found to convey them the

rest of the way to Cadiz, which they thus reached in little short of a month from the time of leaving Palma. This may give us an idea of what travel was during the last century, and what was the meaning of foreign missions for the Franciscans and Jesuits of that time.

A characteristic incident varied the monotony of the voyage to Malaga. The captain of the vessel was fanatically anti-Catholic, and he lost no time in verbally assailing the popish friars. That neither of the passengers spoke English, and the captain was equally ignorant of Spanish, was no obstacle to his Protestant zeal. He plied Father Serra with texts from the Authorized Version in broken Portuguese, of which language he had a smattering; and though the latter felt the uselessness of a controversy under such conditions, he could not refuse to reply to the onslaughts of the skipper-theologian. The latter, finding himself worsted in argument, threatened to solve the point by throwing his passengers overboard, and once actually put a knife to Father Serra's throat in the heat of discussion. For a while the latter thought he would find martyrdom sooner than he had expected, but the polemical captain cooled off after a remonstrance from Palon, and allowed his passengers to land unhurt. It is characteristic of Serra that on the conclusion of his stormy passage he passed immediately to sing Compline in the church of the convent where he stopped in Malaga, and attended all the offices, during the five days he and his companion remained there, as punctually as though he were in his own community.

The voyage from Cadiz to Mexico occupied over three months including a stay in Puerto Rico, where the vessel had to put in for water. The supply ran short a month out from Spain, and during the next two weeks a quart of water a day was the only allowance made to each passenger for all purposes. Father Serra occupied his time in hearing confessions and instructing the crew and passengers, as occasion offered, and when complaints were made of the intolerable thirst by his companions he answered that he had found a remedy in eating little and speaking less. His endurance was extraordinary. On reaching Puerto Rico the vessel stopped there a couple of weeks, in the leisurely fashion of the sailors of those days, and the Franciscans went to lodge in a large hermitage near the walls. The day that they landed the sacristan in charge asked Serra to recite the Rosary in the church for the public, and when it was concluded he announced that the newly-landed friars would immediately commence a mission for the population of the city. The entire fortnight of rest was thus

occupied, and on its conclusion the vessel resumed its voyage to Vera Cruz, where it arrived after weathering a violent storm, and landed the Franciscans on the American continent.

Vera Cruz has ever been known as one of the pestilential spots of the world, and the new-comers quickly experienced the effects of its climate. Father Palon was stricken down with fever almost immediately and only recovered after a long illness. The others hastened to set out for Mexico in the usual conveyances, but Father Serra and a companion begged to be allowed to make the journey on foot. Poverty in the most absolute sense had been the distinguishing mark of the Franciscans from the days of their saintly founder, and to live as far as possible in the condition of the poorest of mankind was the constant aim of Serra's life. He had escaped the fever, and, seeing no absolute necessity for travelling otherwise than on foot, he obtained permission to make the journey up the long road to Mexico in the same fashion as St. Francis had travelled through half Europe. In his coarse habit, with sandals only on his feet, and depending for food on the charity of the people along the road, he and his companion travelled the three hundred miles to Mexico on foot through the tropical lowlands and up the steep side of the mountains that girdle the table-land of Mexico. The stings of the venomous insects that infest the tropical forests produced such effects on his bare feet that the skin almost wholly peeled off, and to the end of his life he suffered from their effects; but he held on his way without a murmur, and on the first day of the new year he reached the capital of Mexico. Making their way to the church of the Franciscan college, they quietly joined in the morning office which was going on, and only when the prayers had been all finished did the footsore travellers present themselves to the guardian or seek rest after their toilsome journey.

The stay of the travellers in Mexico was a short one. It was chiefly for the missions among the yet unconverted Indians that they had crossed the Atlantic, and a field of labor was already awaiting them among the mountains of the Sierra Gorda. Though Mexico had been under the Spanish rule for over two centuries, a large number of Indian tribes still retained their paganism and wandering habits in the remoter districts. The more civilized Aztecs had been thoroughly converted, but the wild tribes who had never been subjects of the empire of Montezuma still occupied a large part of the country. The Indian question was as much a problem to the Spanish viceroys in New Spain as it is to-day in the United States, and the difficulty

of dealing with it was far greater owing to the limited resources of the country. To civilize the still barbarous tribes was a leading principle with the more enlightened viceroys, and for that purpose the system of gathering the wandering Indians into fixed settlements, and accustoming them to cultivate the ground for their support, was the established policy of the government. But though it was comparatively easy to collect the savages round posts, it needed something higher than a police force to make them adopt the ways of civilized life. With sound judgment the viceroys applied to the different religious orders for missionaries to undertake the task. In 1744 the Pames, of the mountains to the north of Queretaro, had been entrusted to the spiritual care of the Franciscans, who had founded five missions around the military post of Jalpan which had been established by the viceroy. Two priests were assigned to each mission, and at first their efforts had been successful in converting a large number of natives. Fever, however, was a terrible scourge, and in a few weeks four of the Franciscans were carried off and four more obliged to return to Mexico broken down in health. Their successors, who came from different colleges, were only able to remain a few months at their posts, and thus the work of instruction was almost entirely interrupted. The arrival of Father Serra and his companions offered a promise of establishing the Sierra Gorda missions on a better foundation, and, at their own request, eight of them volunteered for the dangerous task. Father Serra was placed in charge of the mission of Santiago, adjoining the post of Jalpan, and thither he proceeded, as usual on foot, a few months after his landing in the New World.

He found nearly everything to be done in Jalpan. Nearly four thousand savages had been baptized during former years in the five missions, but they were ignorant of the principal doctrines of Christianity, and in a great measure retained their old life, wandering through the mountains in search of wild fruit and game, and seldom or never entering a church, much less approaching the sacraments. The first step of Serra was to learn thoroughly their language, as the preceding missionaries had been only able to instruct them by the help of interpreters, and few of the Indians understood Spanish. Having made himself familiar with the Pame, he translated the ordinary prayers and catechism into it and commenced the work of daily instruction. Morning and evening the church-bell summoned all the grown inhabitants to public prayers, followed by a short instruction in the doctrines of the church; and the middle of the day

was employed in a similar manner with the children. Those who were preparing for baptism or the other sacraments received special instructions, and the utmost care was taken to secure due decorum among the uncivilized congregation. On the occasion of quarrels the padre constituted himself peacemaker; and the regular celebration, with appropriate ceremonies, of the different feasts of the church was carefully practised, both as a means of exciting the attention of the savages and of bringing home to their minds the various doctrines of Christianity. Midnight Mass at Christmas, the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Corpus Christi, the offices of Holy Week in their fullness, and the Way of the Cross (in which Father Serra himself carried a heavy wooden cross at the head of the throng) on every Friday in Lent were so many practical lessons of Christianity for the rude minds of the Indians whose value it would be hard to over-estimate. The necessity of providing for the support of his flock, if he would retain them near the settlement, was also an important part of Serra's work, as of all the Franciscan missionaries. The crown allowed him a salary of three hundred dollars a year, and, as his own expenses were trifling, the larger portion of this sum, as well as the alms which he received from Mexico for intentions at Mass and other objects, was employed in buying tools, cattle, and seeds for the use of the Indians. To induce the new converts, who had been always accustomed to the laziness of savage life, to adopt the habit of daily work was a difficult one. When the padre, as he was always styled, had finished his morning instruction, he put himself at the head of a troop of laborers and went to work as a ploughman or gardener among them, encouraging the active, exciting the lazy, and instructing all in the use of the different farm-tools. The harvest was divided among the tribe, with special shares for the laborers, but due attention to the wants of all. After a few years the work of instructing and directing the labors of cultivation was entrusted to the more intelligent and industrious Indians, who acted as overseers, and many of the others were encouraged to cultivate spots of ground on their own account. The mission lent them tools and oxen, and they were encouraged to purchase similar articles for themselves out of the profits of their crops. Those who had anything for sale were encouraged to visit the Spanish settlements for the purpose of trading; and in this, as in the other elementary ways of civilized life, the missionaries watched over the steps of their pupils and cautioned them against any impositions that might be attempted. The women and

children were not allowed to remain in idleness, and weaving, knitting and sewing, mat and hat making, and other domestic tasks, were assigned to them according to their strength. The passage from barbarism to a civilized life proceeded rapidly under the devoted care of Father Serra and his brethren. In a few years the mission was not only self-supporting, but several thousand bushels of corn were stored in the public granary against any unforeseen failure. A church of stone, a hundred and forty feet long and thirty wide, with sacristy, side-chapels, a high altar, and all the decorations of a first-class parish church, was erected by the labor of the Indians, who were instructed in the various building trades by mechanics brought for the purpose at the expense of the missionaries. Father Serra's career in Jalpan extended over nine years, and such was the impulse he had given to the work of civilization, and so well was it carried on by his successors, that ten years later the Franciscans were able to deliver up their charge to the secular clergy, as no longer distinguished from the rest of the civilized Christian population of the rest of the land. Rarely has the transition from barbarism to civilization been so thoroughly accomplished in so short a time; but then it is equally rare to find such unselfish and intelligent zeal in any cause as that of the Spanish Franciscans of the Sierra Gorda.

Father Serra's mission ended in 1759. His superiors recalled him for a more perilous work in the northeast, where it was proposed to found a mission among the savage Apaches. A post had been established on the San Saba River, and four priests accompanied it and established missions in the neighborhood. An irruption of the wild Comanches destroyed the missions, and one of the priests, Father Terreros, was killed at his post and another wounded. Successors were needed for the dangerous post, and the head of the College of San Fernando bethought him of Father Serra. So well was his readiness to obey the slightest wish of his superiors known that he was not even asked in the usual way whether he was willing to go. The guardian simply recalled him and informed him of the task for which he was needed, and Father Serra joyfully accepted it. He had toiled among his Indians as if he had no other end in life than their conversion; but now, when success had crowned his efforts and he might have fairly expected to pass his life among those to whom he had been so long pastor and teacher, he abandoned all at the call of obedience and prepared for a new and strange post of danger. The policy of the government,

however, interfered with the plans of the Franciscans. The restoration of the San Saba mission was postponed from year to year at the instance of the viceroy, and Father Serra had to remain in Mexico. The provincial was apparently desirous of having him at hand in case the obstacles raised by the government to his expedition should disappear; and thus nearly eight years passed before he was again permitted to devote himself to his chosen work of converting the Indians. It is true his time was well occupied. Besides acting as master of novices during three years in the college, he was constantly employed in giving missions to the population of the capital and the surrounding dioceses. On foot, according to his all but invariable custom, he travelled through the greater part of Central Mexico, from the Mexican Gulf to Mazatlan, preaching in the various cities at the invitation of the bishops. It was calculated that his journeys during this period (in spite of his swollen leg, which never was fully cured after his walk from Vera Cruz) exceeded six thousand miles. In the capital his reputation as a preacher and confessor stood very high, but he made no personal acquaintances outside his convent, and it was said that, except as a matter of duty, he never visited any house during his whole stay in Mexico.

A new field for Indian conversions was at length opened for him in 1767. The suppression of the Jesuits had left (among many others) their missions in Lower California vacant, and the Franciscans were requested by the viceroy, in obedience to the royal decrees, to take their place in the barren peninsula. The fate of their predecessors, whose heroic self-devotion to the remotest tribes of New Spain was thus rewarded by exile, was a forcible reminder of how little earthly recompense was to be expected for mission work, even from a Catholic sovereign. The Franciscans, however, were as ready to face the risk of royal suspicion as the scalping-knife of the savages, and they accepted the charge of the Californian missions. Father Serra was appointed president of the sixteen priests who were sent to fill the place of the banished Jesuits; and as the remoteness of California made communication even with Mexico extremely difficult, he was invested with very full powers for the spiritual government of the land placed under his care. Setting out in July, 1767, the Franciscans reached San Blas after forty days' journey, only to find that nothing was ready to transport them to California. The easy-going system of the Spanish authorities was only building the ships to convey them, and, as a matter of fact,

six months passed before they were ready for sea. In spite of his anxiety to be among his Indians, Father Serra took the disappointment with unruffled patience, and at once set about giving a series of missions in all the towns around as far as to Mazatlan, in which he and his companions employed themselves until the vessel was ready.

On his arrival in California Serra divided his companions among the various missions and fixed his own station in Loretto, on the shore of the gulf. His residence in Lower California, however, was destined to be short. Galvez, who, as visitor-general of the king, with powers superior to those of the viceroy, was making a tour of inspection of the frontiers, arrived in California in July and informed Father Serra of his intention to found posts in Upper California at San Diego and Monterey. These two ports had been once or twice visited by Spanish ships, but beyond them Upper California was wholly unexplored. A voyage to that unknown coast with the ships of the time must have been little if any less dangerous than the Polar expeditions of our own days. Nevertheless, in spite of his advanced years, Father Serra at once offered to accompany the expedition in person, and to provide from his companions enough priests to found as many missions in the unknown land as Galvez might think fit. It was arranged that three should be founded along the coast, and five Franciscans, with the president, were at once selected for the task.

The expedition to plant Christianity in Upper California was divided into two parts. Three vessels with a company of twenty-five soldiers were sent from La Paz, at the southern extremity of Lower California, while Portala, the governor of that province, proceeded overland from the most northerly mission of the peninsula. The land expedition was accompanied by a herd of two hundred cattle collected from the various missions, and consisted, besides the governor, of twenty-five Spanish soldiers and a number of Californian Indians. Father Serra accompanied this last division, while Galvez remained in La Paz to superintend the despatch of the vessels to San Diego. The first sailed in January, 1769, with Father Parron on board, and was followed five weeks later by the *San Antonio* with two other Franciscans. The third vessel only sailed in June, and Father Murguia, who was to sail in her, was so ill that he had to be left behind. Short as the voyage appears to us now, it was full of peril in those days. The *San Antonio* was the first to reach San Diego, which she did after fifty-one days' sailing; and the *San Carlos*, which had left in January, was

over three months in making the voyage ; while the third vessel was never heard of afterwards, and in all probability went down at sea. The *San Carlos*, indeed, narrowly escaped a similar, or even worse, fate. A pestilent fever broke out among her crew and carried off all the sailors except two, as well as most of the soldiers on board. Had her voyage been prolonged a few days she would have added another to the list of missing vessels ; and, as it was, it was only by a providential accident that she found her consort still in San Diego. Orders had been given to each commander to wait twenty days in that port, and then, if the other did not appear, to sail for Monterey. The *San Antonio* had just completed the prescribed time when the plague-stricken *San Carlos* was sighted off the port. The evil did not stop with her arrival, as the contagion spread to the crew of the other vessel, eight of whom died before the land expedition arrived, and nine more during her return to San Blas. It is well to bear such incidents, common to the navigation of the last century, in mind, if we would realize the nature of the task which Father Serra took on himself when he undertook to plant the first missions in Upper California.

The first division of the overland expedition had wintered at Vellicata, about ninety miles beyond the most northerly of the former Jesuit establishments. As Father Serra had gone to La Paz, in the extreme south of the peninsula, he had to traverse its whole length of nearly a thousand miles of barren country before starting into the unknown land which he had undertaken to civilize. Faithful to his old habits, he devoted himself on the way to visiting and regulating the various missions of the peninsula, and he at length reached Vellicata utterly worn out with fatigue. The old inflammation of the leg which he had contracted on his first journey in Mexico, and which he had never been cured of, became so violent that his colleagues and the governor despaired of his life and urged him to remain in Lower California. But nothing could turn him from his resolution of proceeding onwards on a work to which he felt himself called by Heaven, and he declared his willingness to die in the wilderness sooner than turn back. In despite of his illness he found strength to found a new mission at Vellicata, and the appearance of a band of savages in the neighborhood, the first heathens he had met in California, seemed for a while to make him forget his pain in the joy caused by the hope of their speedy conversion. No sooner, however, had he resumed his journey than the inflammation increased to such an extent that on the second day he was unable even to stand.

In this extremity he begged the aid of a muleteer as a physician, and requested him to treat him as he would a crippled horse. After some hesitation at such a request the muleteer consented and applied a plaster of grease and herbs. This extraordinary remedy proved eminently successful, and the following morning the inflammation had so far abated that the patient was able to mount a mule and resume his journey with the expedition. The whole party reached San Diego after a seven weeks' march across the desert, and there found the two vessels before mentioned already anchored. A few days afterwards the mission was founded with due solemnity. A large cross was carried in procession and set up with appropriate ceremonies by Father Serra. A few huts were built for the reception of the eight soldiers who formed the garrison, as well as of the invalids from the ships; a temporary chapel was built of reeds and branches; and thus the first European settlement was made in California.

Very different indeed was the spirit of this the last of the Spanish conquests in America from that which had instigated the followers of Cortez and Pizarro. It was neither the pursuit of gold nor hunger for fertile lands—though both, indeed, were to be found in California—that brought the Spaniards to its shores. The little garrisons of San Diego and Monterey were of entirely secondary importance in the eyes even of the government, and colonization was scarcely deemed worthy of consideration at such a distance from Europe. The conversion and civilization of the barbarous tribes without any desire of self-aggrandizement was the principal motive of the expedition, and anything like violence to the natives was jealously guarded against throughout the whole history of the Franciscan missions. So far from extorting tribute from the Indians, the new-comers not only brought the means of subsistence for themselves for several years from Mexico, but they freely shared them with the poverty-stricken natives. We have seen already how resolutely Father Serra adhered to his rule of personal poverty and his utter indifference to any human ambition; and such as he was, to a great extent also his companions were. That a body of men should of their own free-will choose to live on the coarsest food, to lodge in hovels and wear the poorest dress consistent with decency, during their entire lives, and should expose themselves to dangers and toils of every kind many thousand miles from their families, friends, and native land, seems almost incredible to a mind unacquainted with the spirit and history of the Catholic Church; yet every contemporary record shows that such was the character of Father Serra and his

companions. It need not be thought that the soldiers and mechanics who accompanied them were equally disinterested. Many of the latter gave serious trouble to the missions by their misconduct, and several even deserted to take up their dwelling among the savages; but, nevertheless, the influence of the Franciscans was eminently successful in preventing any deeds of violence on a large scale. Kindness, not force, was the means they had determined to employ, and which they did employ persistently. When the San Diego savages attacked the mission a few weeks after its foundation, and were driven off by the soldiers, the wounded assailants were carefully nursed by the Spaniards; and a few years later, when another band had burned the mission and murdered its pastor, and the leaders had been subsequently captured, they were, after a few months' detention, set free at the prayers of Father Serra.

No sooner had the members of the expedition been reunited in San Diego than it was resolved to despatch a party in search of Monterey. That port had been visited by Viscaïno in 1603, but since that time no Spanish ship had touched there, and a good deal of uncertainty existed as to its exact location. It was impossible to pursue the sea-voyage in search of it, on account of the want of sailors to man the *San Carlos*, and Portala, the governor of California, determined to make the expedition overland. Eight soldiers were left in San Diego to guard the ship and the invalids, as well as the two missionaries who remained in charge of the establishment. The remaining force of seventy-five men, including a number of Christian Indians from Lower California, started north in search of Monterey Bay.

The departure of Portala left Father Serra almost unprotected, and, with the usual fickleness of savages, the natives, who had at first been friendly, began to grow troublesome. They attempted to steal the sails from the ship, and various other articles, which made it necessary to place two soldiers on board as a guard. Four soldiers only remained at the mission encampment with the sick and the two Franciscans, and the smallness of their number encouraged the natives to attack them on the 15th of August. One of the fathers was wounded, and a boy who used to act as sacristan killed at Father Serra's feet; but the soldiers succeeded in driving off the assailants, who in a few days returned as if nothing had happened. Those who had been wounded by the soldiers even came to beg medical aid, which was freely afforded them by the surgeon attached to the mission. One cannot help recalling how different was the action of the early conquerors of America

on similar occasions, when this incident is recorded as a perfectly natural proceeding by Father Serra's colleague in the Californian mission.

The expedition to Monterey had meantime been advancing northward, but, in some unaccountable manner, though they reached the shores of its bay they failed to recognize it. In consequence they advanced some eighty miles further until their progress was barred by the Bay of San Francisco, which had been hitherto unknown to the civilized world. The open roadstead of Monterey lost all importance compared with the mighty bay to the north, and it was at once baptized with the name of the great founder of the Franciscan Order. A characteristic remark of Galvez had, in fact, assigned it that name before its discovery. The three projected missions had been officially designated as San Diego, San Carlos, and San Buenaventura, and Serra urged that one, at least, should bear the name of the head of the order, Francis of Assisi. Galvez was unwilling to alter the names already fixed, and half-jestingly declared that, if St. Francis wished for a mission under his own name, he should make them find his port, and they would find one there. To the Franciscans the discovery of the great bay—the new Mediterranean, as Father Crespi styles it in his diary—appeared a providential answer to the visitor-general's challenge, and the bay, and the city which has arisen on its shores, have since borne the name of the humble saint of Assisi.

The joy of the new discovery, however, was dampened by the impossibility of founding for the time any settlement on its shores. As Monterey had not been found, it was necessary to return to San Diego, where the party arrived in the beginning of 1770. The governor was much discouraged on finding that no news had arrived from Mexico during his absence, and he finally determined to abandon the whole settlement and return to civilized lands. This was a cruel blow to Serra, who vigorously remonstrated against giving up the establishment which had been founded in San Diego with so much labor; but the governor was resolute, declaring it impossible to support the mission at such a distance from the Spanish settlements. Finding it impossible to alter his mind, Father Serra declared his own intention of remaining, even if his companions should abandon him, in the hope that aid would be sent at some future time. Father Crespi agreed to remain with him, and the two Franciscans, it was settled, were to remain among the savages as the only representatives of Christianity in California. Portala fixed the 19th of

March, the feast of St. Joseph, as the last of his stay, and, in case a vessel should not appear by that time, he made preparations for setting out with his whole force immediately afterwards. Strange to say, on the very day of the feast the *San Antonio* appeared in the offing, though she did not enter the port, owing to headwinds and sea-fogs, for two days afterwards. Her arrival in San Diego, as it was afterwards found, was only the result of an accident. She had been ordered to sail directly to Monterey, where the authorities at San Blas supposed Portala would be found at the time. The loss of an anchor at sea induced the captain to put into San Diego when he had already sailed a considerable distance north of it, and his arrival alone prevented the abandonment of the whole settlement. It need not excite surprise that the Franciscans regarded the occurrence as a special favor of Providence due to the protection of St. Joseph, under whose patronage the settlement of California had been formally placed at its commencement. All thought of abandoning San Diego was at once banished, and a second expedition was prepared in search of Monterey. Father Serra embarked on the *San Antonio*, which reached Monterey in seven weeks, while Father Crespi accompanied the land expedition. The port this time was easily recognized, and on Whitsunday, 1770, the mission of San Carlos was solemnly founded on the shores of Monterey. The tidings of the foundation were at once forwarded to Mexico, where they excited public rejoicings for the extension of the Spanish rule so many hundred miles beyond its former frontiers. The Franciscan college of San Fernando agreed to send two priests to found five missions in Upper California in addition to those already established, and all danger of abandoning the settlements was for ever removed.

In the meantime Father Serra set to work at his task of bringing the Indians around Monterey into the Catholic Church. It must not be thought that the exploration of new lands, the foundation of colonies, and the excitement of voyages make up the work of a mission-life in the true meaning of the word. These are but its accessories in reality, and the real work which Father Serra had devoted his life to, and to which everything else was directed, was of a very different kind. The men of whom he desired to make a Christian people were not to be won by learned disputes or appeals to an enlightened conscience. They were in the mental condition of children, and their minds had to be developed as slowly and carefully as those of infants before they became capable of understanding, much less accepting, the

doctrines of the Christian faith. To bring them around himself and his companions, and gradually to awaken an interest in their minds in the doings of the fathers, was the first task. As their language was acquired and they picked up a few words of Spanish short explanations of the principal Christian doctrines were given to one or another of the more intelligent; and such explanations it was often necessary to repeat over and over again, as savages have much of the want of thought and fickleness of children. When they had become somewhat accustomed to remaining around the mission, daily instructions on a systematic plan were given to such as could be induced to attend them, and thus slowly but surely the work of instruction went on. It was not until December that the first baptism was administered to an Indian, and during the next three years only a hundred and sixty-five Indians, young and old, were formally received into the church in Monterey. Later on the numbers increased rapidly, and at Father Serra's death over a thousand had been baptized in Monterey and five times that number in all California; but the small number of baptisms in the early years is ample proof that thorough instruction was regarded as an indispensable preliminary to the formal reception of the natives into the church. Very different was such a task from professing philosophy in the University of Palma or preaching to the polished society of Mexico, but yet it had been deliberately chosen by Father Serra as his life's work, and in sickness and health he toiled at it with tireless energy through the often weary years of waiting on the Californian shore.

The ten Franciscans from Mexico arrived at Monterey in 1771, and two new missions were founded, one twenty-four leagues south of Monterey, under the name of St. Anthony of Padua, and the other about the same distance north of San Diego, under the title of San Gabriel. The sites of both were more favorable than those of the first foundations, and, in fact, the latter were both subsequently removed to some distance from the presidios near which they had been at first established. Small as were the numbers of the soldiers in the posts, they were found to be a serious obstacle to the conversion of the Indians. Strict discipline could not be maintained among small detachments of troops in a land so remote from the whole civilized world, and the Franciscans found no small part of their troubles to arise from the lawlessness of their supposed protectors. At San Diego on one occasion ten men deserted in a body, preferring a lawless life among the Indians to the restraints of mili-

tary service, and it was only by the representations of Father Paterna that they were induced to return. At San Gabriel, where the natives had shown more friendly dispositions than at any of the missions, they were for a time scared away by the misconduct of a corporal, who killed an Indian in a quarrel. The officers too often showed a good deal of the arrogance of a half-educated ship-captain among his crew in their dealings with Serra and his companions. They felt aggrieved at the protection which the latter furnished to the Indians, and, on a small scale, the quarrels of church and state which were so common during the century in Catholic Europe were repeated in the Californian missions. Captain Fages, the commander of the troops, refused to establish the projected mission of San Buenaventura, on the coast of Santa Barbara, which had been designated by Galvez at the sailing of the first expedition. He did not confine himself to this in thwarting Serra's cherished work, but in numerous ways showed his impatience of the independence claimed by the Franciscans of his control. The more disorderly soldiers were sent to the missions as guards, in spite of remonstrances from the padres, and the letters of the latter were opened by the suspicious commander on various occasions. It needed all Father Serra's tact to prevent more serious trouble with the imperious captain, whose jealousy of his little, brief authority on the shores of the Pacific was scarcely less than that of a German emperor during the investiture quarrels of the middle ages.

Scarcity of supplies was another trouble with all the missions during those early years. The cultivation of the soil had been an early care of Father Serra, but the first plantation at San Diego was destroyed by an overflow of the little river on whose banks it had been made, and the second year's crop, planted on higher ground, failed from drought. It was only by slow experience that the peculiarities of the climate and soil could be learned, and meanwhile almost all the articles of common necessity had to be brought from Mexico. At several of the missions the pine-nuts of the Indians and the milk of the cows formed the only food of both priests and soldiers; and though game was plenty, it was risky to let the soldiers scatter in pursuit of it. In the year of the foundation of San Antonio Captain Fages spent several months hunting bears in the present county of San Luis, and supplied the mission and post of Monterey with meat in that manner. It was only by slow degrees that the object of Father Serra of making the Californian missions self-supporting was at-

tained, and meantime keen want was often felt in the new settlements.

The year 1772 was marked by a new exploration of San Francisco Bay, which, like the former one, was accompanied and chronicled by Father Crespi. The latter was an old college friend of Father Serra, and had accompanied him, like Father Palon, from Majorca to Mexico, and subsequently had been his colleague in the Sierra Gorda missions. The eastern shore of the bay was explored and accurately described as far as the estuary of the San Joaquin River, but no mission could as yet be founded there for want of the required escort. The instructions from the home government absolutely forbade the foundation of new missions without an escort of five or six soldiers, and Fages was unable or unwilling to spare such from his little garrisons at San Diego and Monterey. San Luis, however, which was within easy reach of the new establishment at San Antonio, received a mission in 1772, which was founded by Serra in person in Captain Fages' recent hunting-grounds. From San Luis he travelled to San Gabriel, and thence to San Diego, where the Californian packet-boats had remained on account of bad weather that year. They had brought the news of a new viceroy in Mexico, and, after deliberation with his colleagues, Father Serra decided to undertake a voyage to the capital to lay the condition of California properly before the Spanish authorities.

This visit was a most timely one for the interests of California. On landing at Tepic, Serra learned that the peninsula of Lower California had been ceded to the Dominicans, and that the twenty-four Franciscan priests lately employed in it were, for the most part, to return to Mexico. Father Palon had, however, ample powers to change their destination, and on hearing the state of the new missions he and seven of his companions determined to devote themselves to their advancement. The journey up to Mexico, however, nearly proved fatal to Father Serra, who was twice stricken with fever on his way, and was on the point of receiving the last sacraments during the last attack. He recovered, however, and reached the capital weak, emaciated, and worn down, but full of energy and amply informed of the condition of the new settlements. The viceroy, Bucareli, was a man of high character, and he was most favorably impressed by Father Serra. It had been seriously proposed by some of the officials to suppress the naval station at San Blas, on the Pacific, on the grounds of expense. Such a step would have been fatal to the new establishments in California, which would have been

practically all but cut off from communication with the outer world. The officers would have been only too glad to get away from their irksome posts, and little opposition was to be expected from them. Father Serra's representations, however, made such an impression on the viceroy that not only was the establishment at San Blas maintained, but orders were given to open a communication overland between the furthest posts in Arizona and the new missions. An exploring expedition was also fitted out to examine the northern coasts, under the command of Captain Perez. Having thus satisfactorily arranged the business of his province, Serra lost no time in Mexico, though he was urged to remain for much-needed rest and medical treatment. Bidding an eternal farewell to his old community in San Fernando, he started once more for San Blas, and sailed thence on the newly-built frigate which had been commissioned to explore the northern coasts.

The return of their president was joyful news to the Franciscans in California, who had meanwhile been carrying on the mission work with considerable success. The commander, Fages, was now replaced by Captain Rivera, and it was hoped that the long-desired mission of San Buenaventura might be established at last. Rivera, however, was as little inclined to exert himself in the matter as his predecessor, whom he took a special pleasure in mortifying at his departure. It is worth mentioning that, in spite of the annoyances which Fages had given to the Franciscans, Father Serra had the generosity to write a strong recommendation in his favor to the new viceroy, who consequently promoted him on his return to Mexico. Rivera also quarrelled with Captain Anza, who had come from Sonora by the overland route at the same time that Serra was on his way from San Blas. In fact, there was some suspicion that the commander's reason was affected, and, in any case, he was, after some time, transferred to Lower California, and Neve, the governor of that province, ordered to remove to Monterey as head of both Californias.

The prosperity of the missions was interrupted the next year by an outbreak of the Indians at San Diego. One of the Franciscans, Father Jayme, was murdered with two other Spaniards, and the buildings were reduced to ashes. Rivera made an expedition against the offenders, who belonged to the still pagan rancherías, and captured several of the ringleaders. At the urgent request of Father Serra, however, they were pardoned by the viceroy after some months' imprisonment. "Protect the living as the apple of your eye, but let the dead rest with God," was

his exhortation to the commander, and the character which his leniency impressed on the government was never wholly effaced in subsequent policy. In its treatment of the natives Spanish California stands in the front rank among the settlements of Europeans on this North American continent.

On receiving the news of Father Jayme's death Father Serra set out as soon as possible for San Diego, and found there that peace had been fully restored. In fact, the rising was a mere effect of fickleness among the savages, such as was constantly to be expected on new missions, and the president at once set about rebuilding the ruined mission. The commander, however, interposed and ordered all those engaged in the work to return to the post. No entreaties could change his resolution. It was not until the viceroy, Bucareli, sent peremptory orders to that effect from Mexico that the governor finally permitted the rebuilding of the ruined mission. Father Serra had no sooner completed this task than he proceeded to establish another at San Juan Capistrano, north of San Diego. In spite of Rivera's prophecies of evil the natives proved most friendly, and the mission in after-times was among the most prosperous in California. Father Serra was struck by the abundance of wild grapes in its neighborhood, and he caused a vineyard to be planted near the church. The new vines thrived well, and in a few years they were able to supply wine in abundance.

In the meanwhile Captain Anza had returned from Sonora with a party of over two hundred settlers for California. Some were left at Monterey, but the larger number were intended for San Francisco, where it was intended to establish a military post as well as an Indian mission. Anza was badly received by the jealous Rivera, and, moreover, got a severe attack of fever at Monterey, which obliged him to depute the task of founding the new post to his lieutenant, Moraga—a name which still is preserved in the topography of California. The presidio, or military post, was definitely established on the 17th of September, 1776, the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis, and a few days afterwards the mission for the Indians was founded a few miles away by Father Palon, Serra's life-long friend, who had come from Lower California two years before. St. Francis at last had a local habitation and name among the California missions, to the great delight of his spiritual children. Even their brightest hopes, however, could not anticipate the future which awaited the little gathering of reed-covered huts and the church of branches in which Father Palon commenced his labors on the site of the future city.

Rivera had taken no part in the foundation of San Francisco, but a letter from the viceroy came to stimulate his flagging energy, and he at once offered to help in founding a second mission at the southern end of the bay. The wide valley of Santa Clara is a far more attractive spot than the wind-swept hills of San Francisco, and the mission of that name was founded there in the beginning of 1777. A pueblo of Spaniards, the first in California, was founded near this mission the following year, and has since grown into the city of San José. Affairs in the south had detained Father Serra's attention for several months; but on the earliest opportunity he hastened to visit the new establishments. The site of San Francisco especially struck him, and he was loud in his admiration of Father Palon's work; as he said, it now only needed the long-talked-of establishments on the Santa Barbara Channel to complete the chain of missions from the Bay of San Francisco to the Gulf of California.

It was not to be granted to him to see the fulfilment of his hopes. Though the success of the Franciscan missions had been unquestioned, they were regarded with jealous eyes by a large number of the Spanish officials. The home government, indeed, was friendly, and was, moreover, anxious to promote the settlement of California with a European population. To facilitate that object Sonora, Arizona, California, and the other northern provinces were separated from the viceroyalty of Mexico and formed into an independent government. Teodoro de Croix, an active officer, was appointed captain-general of the new government, with powers equal to those of a viceroy. Unfortunately, the new captain-general was imbued with the fashionable liberalism of the eighteenth century, and intermeddling in religious matters appeared to him an important part of government. The system of gathering the Indians around the missions and breaking them gradually into habits of industry did not suit his ideas. In the usual spirit of a *doctrinaire* liberal he resolved that for the future the Franciscans should strictly confine themselves to instructing the natives in their own camps, but should make no attempt to congregate them around the missions. Two missions on this plan were founded in Arizona, where De Croix hoped to build up a prosperous colony. The missions of the Santa Barbara Channel were to be on the same plan, but the heads of the College of San Fernando declined to furnish missionaries except on the same terms as for the other missions. Father Serra received no notice of this change of system from the governor, and he had already founded the mission of San Buenaventura when he received in-

structions from his superiors in Mexico to suspend any new foundations. The Arizona missions had been destroyed by the natives in a sudden outbreak, and the Franciscans were unwilling to take any part in repeating similar experiments. De Croix adhered to his theories, and thus the work of founding new missions was for a time suspended in California. San Buenaventura was Father Serra's last foundation, though for years he kept eagerly waiting for permission to continue his cherished work.

They were not, indeed, years of idleness for the now old missionary. The work of conversion had been steadily going on in all the missions, and the Christian population now amounted to several thousands. In Monterey more than a thousand Indians were baptized, and a still larger number in San Diego, while the other missions were increasing even more rapidly for their shorter age. In Monterey Serra continued to discharge the regular duties of the mission to the last while attending with unceasing watchfulness to the administration of the other missions. A special brief from the Holy See had conferred on him the faculty of administering confirmation during a period of ten years. Nearly four of them had already expired when the patent reached Monterey, and, in spite of his infirmities, he at once commenced a new series of journeys to impart the benefits of his commission to the different missions. Even in a purely spiritual function of the kind, however, the jealousy of the captain-general found room for interference. The brief had been duly attested in Mexico and transmitted to Monterey, but De Croix called on Serra to submit it to him before acting on it. To confirm an Indian without his permission seemed to the captain-general an unpardonable infringement on the rights of the civil power, and for many months the zealous missionary was forced to leave his powers in abeyance until the punctiliousness of De Croix was satisfied. In the meantime increasing weakness warned Serra that his own time on earth was drawing to a close, and when permission was finally accorded he hastened to visit all the missions in succession, so that, if possible, none of the new Christians should be left without the benefit of confirmation. His old colleague, Father Juan Crespi, the discoverer of the Bay of San Francisco and long his assistant in Monterey, died in 1782, and Serra wept long and deeply over his loss, but still he toiled on. He anxiously looked for a change in the policy of government which would allow him to resume his cherished work of founding new missions; but as year after year passed without bringing the hoped-for intelligence he accepted the idea that his work was nearly done. A new

church was to be dedicated in Santa Clara in 1784, and, as his faculties for confirming expired in that year, he left Monterey, for a visit to the northern missions, in April of that year, for the double purpose of administering confirmation and consecrating the new church. The builder of the latter, Father Murguia, had been a colleague of his in the Sierra Gorda thirty-four years before, and a strong affection existed between him and Father Serra. While the latter was in San Francisco administering confirmation he received the news of Father Murguia's sudden illness, and in a few days later that of his death. The consecration of the new church was unspeakably mournful for the venerable president, but still he held to his work unflinchingly. Some of the Indian converts were unable to attend the mission, and Serra visited their rancherias to confirm those prepared for it, after which he resumed his journey to Monterey. His special faculties for confirming expired on the 16th of July, and the same day the vessel from San Blas anchored in Monterey and brought him the unwelcome news that no missionaries could be spared for California. This intelligence he accepted as a sign that his work was nearly done, and, while writing as usual to all the missions instructions for their guidance, he asked the priests of the nearer ones to pay him a last visit. Father Palon, his early friend, at once hastened down from San Francisco and found Father Serra nearly broken down in strength, but still teaching his converts and reciting the public prayers in the church in a voice as strong as ever. On the following days he gave instructions for the distribution of the supplies that had come from San Blas to the various missions, and even employed himself in cutting up and distributing blankets and clothing among the Indians. On the 26th of August he made a general confession to Father Palon and remained most of the day entirely absorbed in prayers. The next day he asked for the viaticum and insisted on going to the church to receive it. Father Palon urged him to remain in his room, but in vain, and on reaching the church he knelt and suddenly intoned the *Tantum Ergo* in a voice as clear as in his fullest health. Having finished his prayers, he returned to his room and passed the whole day in prayer. The Indians began to throng into the room of the dying man, who spoke kindly to them from time to time and passed the night either sitting or on his knees. The following day the captain of the frigate in the harbor came to visit him, and Father Serra received him with the same cheerfulness as if in perfect health. After a while he suddenly relapsed into silence and whispered to Father Palon,

"I feel a great fear; read me the prayers for the dying, and loud." Father Palon complied, and the dying man responded, and at the conclusion he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God! all fear is gone; let us go out." He rose and walked out with the officers, after which he returned and lay down. Father Palon returned in a short time to see if he slept, and found that his soul had passed away from earth. The following day, amid the lamentations of the whole community of Monterey, his body was laid near that of his old friend Father Crespi.

It is common to represent the last century as a period when religion had almost lost all sway over men's minds in Catholic Europe. How far was such from being the case in truth may be gathered from the life of Junipero Serra.

DOWN THE RIVER TO TEXAS DURING THE FLOOD.

It was the beginning of last March. The steamer on which a great part of the journey was to be made had arrived at Cincinnati the Wednesday before from below, and now, late on Saturday night, the gang-planks were hauled in from the wharf-boat, all the fastenings cast loose, and, as her head swung slowly around into the channel on her way down the river again to New Orleans, the black faces of the stevedores ashore became indistinct in the glare of the torches that lit up the darkness of the landing.

The day had been intensely cold in Cincinnati, and the excitement created by the recent flood had not yet died out. The stranger who went down into the wholesale quarter would still be shown, as he carefully picked his footing along the icy, slippery sidewalks below Third Street, the different "water-marks" indicating the highest points severally reached by the freshets of other famous years. It is, by the way, one of the inconsistencies of human nature, which instinctively loves comfort and prosperity, that men boast of their ill-luck, and even love to magnify it. A Cincinnati found an especially wilful delight in proving to you that the flood of 1884 was the greatest of all, and had surpassed, in the amount of damage done, anything before on record. When the proud citizen indicated the marks scratched or painted in years before on business houses at the corner of Second Street, and showed you the new mark for 1884, some

inches higher than the others, he actually swelled with vanity. None but an unkind man could have failed to be enthusiastic with him over the fact that 1884 had beaten all preceding years.

There was no moon, and the snow-covered streets and hill-sides of Cincinnati on the right and Covington on the left served to make the muddy water of the Ohio River seem only the more chilly and cheerless. It was a night and an hour not likely to tempt one to remain on deck. Even the well-lit cabin looked inhospitable. For the passengers held together in very small groups or kept aloof entirely from one another. The only lively person amid all the serious-looking people who were locking and unlocking state-room doors was a lady "of a certain age," as staid old writers would have said. Needless to explain she was not married, but she had a married man in charge—her brother—and his wife and three children. Amid all the details of storing cargo and clearing from the wharf, which captain, mates, and clerks had to attend to, she had determinedly snatched bits of hurried, eager talk with each, and now, having satisfied herself that she was on the right boat with all her charge, she was sending her charge to bed and seeing that they went "right to sleep."

The night was bitter cold. It is unnecessary to say how low the mercury had cuddled down in its narrow tube, for we suffer with cold and heat against the scientific protests of the best of thermometers. The icicles hung along the "ginger-bread" edging of the upper decks, and, in spite of a glowing fire in the great stoves of the cabin, the heaviest of blankets and spreads were welcome.

Daylight broke on a desolate scene. The waters of the "beautiful river," as its Catholic missionary-discoverers named it, were spread out over double their ordinary width. To the right, still partly under water, lay Lawrenceburg, Indiana, which but recently, for the second time in two years, had been submerged, with scarcely anything but the church-spires left above the waves to keep up the courage of its citizens who had fled to the hills. Indiana and Kentucky now, so far as they were not under water, were under snow. Away up above the steamer's decks, in the ample, square glass house built for his use, the pilot stood, with his thick overcoat-collar up to his ears, turning the big wheel from right to left and back again, as he guided the great steamer, with its valuable cargo and its hundred passengers, through the now deep channel.

In the history of the early Catholic explorers of the interior

of North America the region along this river has much interest. More than two hundred years ago Father Hennepin, a member of that family of the order of Friars Minor known as Recollects, made a voyage down the Ohio, from far above this, to where the city of Louisville now is. Every shore of these rivers of the West saw Catholic priests, intent on "preaching the Gospel to every creature," long before any Protestant had penetrated thus far. There were Irish priests, too, among these adventurous seekers of souls; some of them chaplains to the French military posts that were established along the line from Quebec to New Orleans. Among these was Father Whelan, whose name is still preserved in the corrupt spelling of Wheeling, W. Va.

An Eastern man will hardly fail to notice a great difference between the appearance of things here and at the East. Of course this is more or less a coal-mining country, or a country where the soft, bituminous coal, which makes a deal of smoke and soot, is used. But, allowing for that, the Ohio River towns are most certainly, with a few exceptions, a dilapidated contrast to Eastern thrift and neatness. Nearly everything along here that pleases the cultivated eye is pretty sure to be due to nature rather than to man.

But the Ohio River itself has many picturesque qualities. Standing behind the pilot and his wheel, there is presented, with every turn of the steamer's head through the winding river, some new combination of land and water, of hillside and nestling valley, that has a soothing effect. The formation of its shores has been a favorite study for the geologist. Often for miles there are on both sides unbroken series of round hills—"bluffs" in the river dialect—coming quite close up to the river's bank, and leaving between them small areas of flat, low lands that are apt to be under water at least once a year. This is a good place to remark that the term bluff is applied on the lower Mississippi River to the banks of the river whenever they are sufficiently high, or to the nearest high ground back from the river. But the round and often conical bluffs so frequent on the Ohio are rarely seen on the lower Mississippi.

Social life on a Mississippi River steamer is somewhat similar to what it used to be on ocean-steamers when it took eleven or twelve days to cross the Atlantic, and before the cold British stare was imported into the United States by our New York and New England aristocracy, to be carried abroad by them again. Americans of the West and South for the most part still retain the republican affability that once belonged to Americans in

general. There is no pleasanter man to meet on a journey than a Southwesterner of average intelligence and education. He does not pose, does not speak or be silent for effect. He is simply and admirably natural, and, therefore, companionable. What the ladies of the same region are may be guessed from what the men are. By the time the boat reached Louisville, after two nights aboard, the ladies had made up their minds as to each other. In the meanwhile several lively euchre and whist parties had brought a good many of the gentlemen together, and even those who clustered in the lazy-chairs about the great stove near the captain's office, listlessly trying to read novels or old newspapers, soon fell to discussing politics, crops, or business, or to telling laughter-raising stories.

Two days down the Ohio brought us to its mouth at Cairo. Poor Cairo lay nearly half under water, and as the broad Ohio spread out on one side of the narrow, triangular tongue of low land on which the city is built, and the vast Mississippi on the other, the view in all directions was decidedly damp. But there was already a perceptible increase in the temperature, and wherever the waters did allow any land to be seen there was no snow and there were some vague signs of approaching spring. It was night as the steamer got into the flow of the Mississippi. The shores in all directions were covered with tall forests which seem to rise out of the water, so low are the lands.

"Snags" and "sawyers" are important among the dangers of Western river-navigation. A snag is a mass of entangled timbers—drift-wood and the like—which, after floating down the current, become fixed in position somewhere in the channel because some of the wood has been driven head-first into the sandy bottom. This nucleus of drift-wood soon gathers all the floating material that comes within reach, until a small island of vagrant stuff is formed right across the pathway of steamers. A "sawyer" is a large tree, torn up by the roots during a freshet and carried either from the Alleghany Mountains down the Ohio or the Rocky Mountains down the Missouri, to be floated for a time along the surface of the Mississippi, and then, becoming water-logged in a shallow place, its trunk pointing down-stream usually, is well able to make a bad hole in any incautious craft that runs against it. According to the evidence before a United States Senate committee in 1883, there were that year in the Mississippi River between St. Louis and Cairo alone more than five thousand wrecks of river-craft of all sorts, and, according to the report in July, 1883, of the United States engineering steamer

Patrol, there were below Cairo fifty-three snags dangerous to navigation. It is not difficult, then, to appreciate the responsibilities of a Mississippi River pilot.

A thought very apt to come to the mind on one's first sight of all this lower river-country is: How could any one venture to risk the investment of his life's labor on land which appears to be in constant danger of becoming water? For the uninitiated would hardly notice, until his attention were called to it, that these bottom-lands are more or less protected from ordinary rises of the water by the levées. At a high stage of water, however, the levée looks like an uncertain and very narrow strip of mud, a few feet, or perhaps a few inches only, higher than the plantations or the woods that extend indefinitely inward.

But what a change has been wrought by one night's journey! Yesterday was winter. This morning the birds are twittering about the cottonwoods on shore and are looking early for their worms, and for seeds too, the little rogues! in the ploughed fields over in Missouri. The air is soft and warm, and the sunlight out of a clear sky is shadowed on the surface of the river near the banks by the trees, already in full leaf.

A sudden bend of the river to the left, and the steamer bears down towards a point of historic interest—Fort Pillow, on the Tennessee shore. But the Mississippi is doing its best to obliterate this place of painful or glorious memory, according to the side one took in the fratricidal war, if he took any side. Fort Pillow, an earthwork constructed by the Confederates, stood on the high ground which still bears the name, and commanded the channel for some distance north; but the channel is gaining on Fort Pillow, and from that point down for several miles the high bank is toppling over into the river. This, however, will probably create a new bar that will in turn throw the channel back again towards the Arkansas side.

In fact, there can be little dependence on the channel of the Mississippi anywhere below the mouth of the Ohio. Unlike its upper course, and unlike the Ohio, it has no long lines of bluffs, no high ground for any considerable distance, on either side. Here and there, though rarely, is a short stretch of the bank that rises from twenty to sixty feet or more above the surface of the water; but frequently this happens to be in a re-entrant bend of the river, and it is always of alluvial soil, so that, as at Fort Pillow and Memphis, the river is yearly washing it away. The only respectable ridge or chain of hills close to the Mississippi is the one, on the east side of the river, that begins near Vicks-

burg and reaches to the neighborhood of New Orleans. But this ridge runs for a good part of its course several miles inland, and, therefore, is at but few points of any use as a protection.

Southern plantation-life was now in full sight. Every two or three miles, and especially on the eastern bank, with strips of open forest in the intervals, were large tracts of low, flat land, ploughed and set ready for the coming cotton-crop. Along the river-road there was at each plantation a row of negro quarters, the women folk and the coal-black youngsters and babies gathered about door-steps or sitting on fences, making all manner of signals and salutes to the passing steamer. On deck the breeze caused by the rapid movement of the boat, though not cold, was fresh and strong.

At the starboard side of the "Texas," as the upper deck on these river-steamers is called, sat a grizzly old man, a Tennessean, who had been a river-pilot in that heroic period of our history which we are becoming accustomed to speak of as "before the war." Every bend and reach and striking feature of the mighty river and its banks was as familiar to him as are the lamp-posts on his beat to a city policeman. The distance-card furnished to passengers indicated all the landings on the two rivers between Cincinnati and New Orleans, and as, according to the card, we should have now been somewhere about "Napoleon, Ark.," once notorious as the hardest town on the Mississippi River, I ventured to ask the old man how soon we should be there. "Napoleon?" he replied, in a very sad sort of way, as if he had long ago known the place with delight,—“Napoleon is right down thar, beneath ye. Why, we are passing right over Napoleon now. Do you see that thar clump of cottonwoods yonder? Well, that grows right above whar the United States custom-house used to be.” The truth is that Napoleon, which I had heard of often in my boyhood days, though not often since, has been washed out of existence. The once busy, thriving, bustling, pushing, wicked little city was wiped away by the Mississippi River, which now flows on over where the city stood. Is it any wonder the Indians paid a kind of worship to this terrible Father of Waters?

From the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico both banks of the Mississippi were this spring, as often before, the scenes of wild ruin. Hundreds of square miles of fertile, carefully-tilled lands lay for weeks under water, checking work to be done and undoing work already done. Towns and villages were unapproachable by steamboats from the river and by rail-

road cars from the interior. Families had to pass many days of doubt and fear in the upper stories of their houses, barely able, even if they had money laid by, to supply themselves with food. How many thousands lost all they had will never be rightly known. But the aggregate loss to business in general along the Mississippi River, without taking into account the amount of sickness engendered, must have been very great.

Now, the river that works all this destruction is not merely a Southern highway of travel and trade. It is also a ditch for the drainage of Northern lands. The whole country north of the Ohio and Missouri rivers, between the Alleghany Mountains and the Rocky Mountains, sends its surplus waters down this great drain. It is a great mistake, then, to contend, as many Northern journals do, that the call for Federal help is unwarranted or that it is founded on exaggerated claims. Outside of the reciprocal interest which the States of the republic ought to have in each other's welfare, and outside of the constitutional duty of Congress to legislate for the care of all navigable waters, there is here an equitable claim for damage done by one part of the republic to another. Some Northern papers sneer at all attempts to confine the Mississippi River by levées. They say that there can be no sure relief; that the rich lands of Kentucky, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana, lying along the river-edge, must be left to their fate, as the mighty volume of water which the Northern States send down every spring is too strong for the levées. It is true these levées, as now constructed, are ridiculously insufficient, but it is silly logic which argues from the abuse of a system.

The Ohio River and the northern half of the Mississippi are, no doubt, shut in by bluffs which set some bounds to the channels of these rivers, but the lower Mississippi flows through flats which are certain to be submerged, partially at least, by the yearly rush of this drainage from the North, unless Congress, putting aside sectional prejudices, gives the necessary relief. Yet the Mississippi River is no more terrible or invincible than the North Sea, and the little kingdom of Holland has been able to hold that sea back, and no one has yet been found to sneer at the Dutch dikes. To be sure it will take a great deal of money to build substantial levées in place of the flimsy, funny little tow-paths which the Federal government has not been ashamed to tolerate. But this money ought to be paid, much or little, out of the Federal treasury until Southern agriculturists can lie down at night with some certainty that they will not awake to see

their lands flooded by the surface-drainage of Northern States, and themselves in their houses cut off from all communication beyond.

The sun was now decidedly warm, and, what with the sun and the fresh breeze, that offered a tonic to the heat, complexions were beginning to be browned. Some of the lady passengers already wore thick veils, and others dexterously manœuvred umbrellas against both sun and wind. Interesting groups formed in the shelter of any projection above the "Texas." There was even a "dude" aboard, and a young man whom the passengers styled a "half-dude," though neither of these youths anyway approached the queer specimens that bear these names in New York. In fact, Western and Southern people have rather hastily adopted the word "dude," though the thing it is intended to describe has really not yet reached either the West or the South, apparently. The Western and Southern "dude" is usually a rather manly though still callow young fellow, who, being more or less good-looking, and therefore conceited, goes through the usual chrysalis period of his kind, to develop, under favorable circumstances, into a sensible man at last. Anyhow, our Dude was of the Western species, a fine, strapping young fellow from Cincinnati, with a good head and an intelligent face, from which you felt that the conceited frown would vanish in time; while the Half-Dude, though not so tall, and apparently somewhat older, and not so exacting in his pretensions, was even more likely to recover good sense. Besides, the other passengers remembered, in their favor, that these two persons were in love; and what man in love will pass public scrutiny unscathed? They were in love, it seemed, with two young ladies who were twin sisters, little things dressed in black, of trim figure and very large, black eyes—genuine brunettes of the white-skinned type, travelling under the *chaperonnage* of their widowed mother, who looked young enough to be their older sister. The Dude—let us use the word as a pseudonym for want of a handier—and his lady-love were playing at making a long sea-voyage together. He lay stretched upon a steamship-chair and read to her by the hour.

Up in the pilot-house the Lady of a Certain Age had taken her station. This daring old maid went ashore at every landing, no matter what the chance of getting upon dry land. Each of the two sober-sided pilots who took turns in steering the boat through the devious channel learned to know this dauntless female from Michigan. Her questions were rapidly put, but she never waited for an answer, or heard one if it was given. But the

universal favorite was a keen yet benevolent-faced old physician, who was from a well-known city in southern Indiana. He was a strict Presbyterian, but his successful services to the ailing were eminently catholic.

Nearly all the Arkansas bank of the river was under water from south of the former site of Napoleon. At Arkansas City, a considerable railroad point, passengers intending to go into the interior were unable to land, and had to continue the voyage down the river in the hope of reaching their destination by some other route.

Friday, within less than a week's journey from Cincinnati, Memphis came in sight; and here the action of the flood was painfully apparent, especially in the upper suburb, much of which was washed away altogether. About one o'clock the boat drew into the levée. That leisurely class of citizens, the colored population, had a large committee of reception there for us, to welcome us to Tennessee, some to black our shoes for "a nickel, boss," and some to offer us the accommodation of rickety rock-away carriages. Have you ever seen a Southern colored hackman and his turnout? The driver himself has no conscience, but he has any amount of good-nature, while his animal seems to be all conscience, but lacking in all the characteristics of an ordinary good horse. Most of us went up the hill into town afoot. The Dude, the Half-Dude, with the two young ladies and the future Mother-in-Law, rode "in a chaise."

Memphis is a bright little city, though no one seems to be able to visit it for the first time without thoughts of the yellow fever which scourged it so severely for several successive years. It has five Catholic churches, one of them belonging to the Dominican friars and another to the Franciscan friars. Its Catholicity is of the vigorous sort, too, for it has four parochial primary schools, carried on by the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic, Ursuline nuns, and an American order of Southern origin, the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, founded by Bishop David, of Bardstown, Kentucky, in the early part of this century. The very best test that can, in fact, be applied to the Catholicity of any city in the United States is, not the number and beauty of its churches, but the number and efficiency of its parochial schools. Children of Catholic parents, brought up under the present system of public schools, with their avowed non-sectarianism—that is, indifference to religious dogma—are, as a rule, blighted in faith. Children brought up in Catholic schools, even though these schools may be inferior—which they seldom are—are apt to

keep the faith, and, if they have any intellect worth cultivating, will afterwards, at the proper time, supplement for themselves the shortcomings of their teachers.

Anyhow, a Catholic feels proud of his religion when Memphis first appears to him, for it was here in 1873, and in subsequent years as well, that the divine charity of the Catholic religion was shown in the deaths of numbers of priests and sisters attending the fever-stricken of all religions. A Catholic priest, or a Catholic sister of any order, can always depend on being treated with respect in Memphis.

The Dude had brought an amateur photographic apparatus with him aboard the steamer, and while we were admiring the beautiful palm-trees, live-oaks, and other semi-tropical trees that were all aleaf in full summer glory in the public square, we were astonished to notice that the Half-Dude, the young ladies, and the future Mother-in-Law were there also, some distance in front of us, and that they had struck a picturesque attitude, with a green background, not ourselves but a clump of palms at the foot of which a squirrel sat rubbing his nose in wonder at the group. The Dude himself, some yards still further away, had run his interesting head under the curtain of his small camera, and held his arm stretched out as a caution to his little clique of worshippers to stand firm.

The commercial importance of Memphis has long ago recovered from the damage done by the yellow fever. Its population, in 1880 a little over 35,000, is now estimated at about 60,000. An excellent system of sewerage has been put into operation since the pestilence of 1879, and every resource of sanitary science has been made use of since that awful year in the city's history to prevent any recurrence of disaster. Very strict quarantine regulations, too, are now enforced against New Orleans at the first rumor that the fever has made its appearance there. There is good reason to believe that the confidence which Memphians now have in the security of their city against its former foe is justified by the wisdom of their precautions.

The beams of the setting sun played across the wake of the boat as she ploughed along down the middle of the channel that evening after leaving Memphis. It was amusing to watch the swells that followed in the boat's wake, as they spread from shore to shore, for in every rolling wave the fish were sporting with all the playfulness of porpoises. Though no fish of fine species or fine flesh would be caught in the muddy waters of these great rivers, that finny monster of the Mississippi

called the "buffalo" furnishes as solid eating as either sturgeon or halibut.

One of the striking sights was Terrene, Mississippi. The levée in front of the little town lay completely under water, which was deep enough everywhere to make it necessary for all movement out of doors to be made by boat only. As our steamer approached the wharf-boat one could imagine himself in primitive Venice, or perhaps in Venezuela, as he saw the small craft, log-canoes most of them, shooting out around the corners and bearing down towards the wharf-boat for news and provisions. In fact, the worst of the damage done by the flood was to be seen below Memphis. The history of it will probably never be gathered into readable shape, but will be told in fragments for years to come in farm-houses, cotton-gins, sugar-mills, country taverns, and negro-cabins innumerable, within from five to ten miles on either side of the Mississippi from Cairo to the Gulf of Mexico. As an example of many minor incidents, we passed on the shore of the State of Mississippi a small, two-story frame house entirely surrounded by deep water, which reached to above the second story. The family, consisting of a man and three children, a dog and some fowls, were high and dry on a newly-constructed platform of rough boards, hastily put together, attached to the gable roof of the house near one of the chimneys. The man and the children were making excited gestures to our steamer to keep off, for fear the waves might wash them away.

Sunday morning we awoke early to find ourselves alongside the wharf at the historic city of Vicksburg, which rose, with its steep streets and its houses and church-spires partly hidden in a rich foliage, up the high bluff on which it is built. Though our captain and mates were very satisfactory in other respects, it was impossible to learn from them whether the steamer would remain five minutes or five hours at any place where she put in. The good intentions of the church-going minority of the passengers were, therefore, defeated this morning. But we all took the risk of going ashore and climbing the streets where shot and shell and musket-ball screamed and hissed and whizzed over the luckless inhabitants twenty-one years ago until that memorable Fourth of July, when, the day after the Union victory at Gettysburg, the Confederate general in command surrendered the city to the Union forces. That siege will never be forgotten by Vicksburg, for the new channel, or cut-off, which Grant constructed across the narrow neck of land around which the river bends in front of the city, though it proved a failure for the pur-

poses of the siege, has been scoured out since by successive floods until it has become the ordinary channel, leaving merely a shallow rivulet in front of Vicksburg's wharves, except at an unusually high stage of water.

About noon we dropped down-stream a mile or more to the new landing, brought into use on account of Grant's cut-off, and there the steamer remained until near dusk, taking aboard thousands of sacks of cotton-seed oil-cake. In place of a wharf-boat here was the aged and decrepit ruin of what was once the handsomest and fastest steamer on the Mississippi. A walk up and down the broad staircases and through the ample cabins, now all falling into a dry rot and covered with dust or festooned with spider-webs, brought the usual forcible Sunday sermon to mind that all things decay and perish.

Along the crest of the high ridge that rose parallel with the river were grassy projections which the veteran military eye was not long in discerning as the remains of the Confederate earth-works. The day was very warm and there was no shade on the face of the steep ridge, but the hundred and twenty passengers were soon climbing the heights in groups. The ladies were as enthusiastic as the men, perhaps, as they listened, with an absent-minded preference for the wild flowers which grew in abundance, to the wise criticisms of the male folk of their particular group on the advantages and disadvantages from a military standpoint of the various contours of the ground. At the crest of the ridge the defences of the extreme Confederate right during the siege, with their many angles and winding covered-ways, were reached, and an active little boy soon dug up a minie-bullet, which set all the rest hunting for relics. The outlines of the Confederate works are still, after twenty-one years' storms and rains, quite distinct, and there is no difficulty in following them around without a guide.

Near the wharf-boat, in front of his queer, patched-up cabin, where his careful wife was attending to household duties, a venerable negro, a sort of black Bardwell Slote, treated us to a discourse on practical politics. He was a genuine philosopher of the cynical school. "I des tell ye, gemmens," said he, "dars no rale politics w'at doan res' on bread and buttah. I done lib yer, des yer, w'en my old marster, w'at's dead long time now, was a cunnel up da in de Confedrit lines. Well, do I hab any mo' po'k an' co'n den I done user to hab den? Doan yo' believ it! O' co'se I'm a free man now. W'at's dat? Gemmens, 'scuse me, but de ole lady's done call me, an' w'en she sen' for de boss ye

bettah belieb dars gwine to be no sorter 'ticolah hesubtation." And the white-wooled, wrinkled, black-skinned philosopher disappeared in haste toward the direction from which the impatient call had come.

Monday early, "on St. Patrick's Day in the morning," we awoke to find the steamer "tied up" at Natchez. It was the 17th of March, the day that ranks next to the 4th of July in the genuine enthusiasm that its recurrence arouses in millions of men, women, and children all over the United States. Had we been inclined to forget the day, the sturdy men ashore, sons of the ever-faithful isle, who, with green baldrics across their shoulders, were moving, singly and in groups, to the chosen place of assembly, would have been enough to remind us. Even the bare-footed little negro boys standing in a row along the edge of the wharf-boat, showing the whites of their eyes as they looked up to the steamer, were whistling "St. Patrick's Day," as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do. A trim little fruit-boat, with a tawny-faced crew of "Diegos" from New Orleans or the West Indies, flaunted a green flag with the harp of Erin at its masthead, as if this river were Cork Harbor and these Spanish-Americans were broths of boys from the Cove. The idea of St. Patrick's Day was contagious. The *Lady of a Certain Age* was the first to be taken with it, and, though she was apparently of Down-East stock, she made herself useful at once with a long piece of green ribbon, which she cut up and distributed among all the passengers, who gallantly donned the colors. When we went ashore the people of Natchez must have thought we were an excursion of Land-Leaguers, if not of Fenians.

Natchez is the most picturesque city on the lower Mississippi. The best part of the city is built on very high ground, from ninety to a hundred and twenty feet above the level of the river. There is an inclined-plane railroad leading up the hill from the steamboat-landing, similar to those in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Hoboken. But the main avenue of approach to the city is up a wide street running parallel with the river. Every conveyance at the landing was soon hired. There was not much choice between the dilapidated hacks. Up-hill we toiled behind an aged animal which was almost as stiff in its joints as the springs of our carriage. The fragrance of flowers greeted us on every side. The old-fashioned houses were almost hidden from view by the dense foliage of live-oaks, oleanders, persimmons, pecans, and magnolias. The profusion and variety of beautiful and sweet-smelling

flowers were a surprise to the ladies, just from the regions of frost and snow.

Our colored driver's boy uncovered his head on our passing the cathedral, and the father explained that, while not a Catholic himself, his wife was, and so, he was glad to say, were all his children. He spoke of the sincere admiration which the people of Natchez had for Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, who was for years the bishop of Natchez. It must have been an act of great self-denial on this prelate's part to give up his work in this quiet city for the troubled see of Cincinnati. The parish schools attached to St. Mary's Cathedral, the only Catholic church in Natchez, are in the hands of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart for the boys and of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth for the girls. In addition to these is a separate school for colored children.

The Catholic Church has a great work to do among the colored people of the South. Before the war there was but little Catholicity in the slave States outside of parts of Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and Louisiana. The colored people, where not under Catholic influences, were, so far as religion is concerned, wholly neglected. Yet they are instinctively a religious people. Though they are generally Protestants in name and read the Protestant Bible—those of them who have been allowed to learn reading at all—with a grotesque understanding of the words, they have really been left in a state of nature as to religion and morals.

From Natchez down the main care of the inhabitants of both banks of the river was the levées. There were several great crevasses and there were fears of others. Whole regiments of negroes were from time to time to be seen resting on their arms—spades and shovels—listlessly watching the passing steamers or engaged in horse-play, and certainly not hard at work. At Bâton Rouge the Louisiana Military Institute, which had W. T. Sherman for its president until the approach of civil war forced him to return North to win fame and glory enough for any soldier, was as bright and attractive in appearance as ever. Cotton had now for a space given way to sugar, and between the orange-groves, which grew close to the levée, the sugar-mills on each side could be seen to be not more than a mile apart from one another.

At New Orleans, where we arrived Wednesday noon, ten days after leaving Cincinnati, we parted company with our fellow-passengers, and from some of them with much regret. New Orleans is familiar ground, but it is interesting to strangers nevertheless.

In the opinion of its own citizens there is no place that can compare with it. A New Orleans man away from home and homesick sighs for Canal Street. It is a mixture, as are its people, of English-speaking America and of eighteenth-century France. But it is becoming Americanized and modernized. It is not nearly so French as Montreal, though what French it has is of a different stamp from that of the more sturdy, steady Canadian city. The New Orleans creole is more like the Gascon, the Montreal Canadian like the Norman or Breton.

There were doubts expressed as to the possibility of getting from Algiers, opposite to New Orleans, to Texas by railroad, as the flood had swept in above, through Davis' crevasse, and was rapidly pouring in over the flat plantations along the western shore of the river. But the railroad accepted us as passengers, and we made the venture. The train moved with deliberation but with some speed out of Algiers, when there came a warning toot for the brakes, and then a full stop. For the three hours following, at a speed no faster than a slow horse's walk, we moved west, deeper and deeper into the water, until the ripples washed the steps of the cars and threatened to enter the fire-box and leave us in the midst of the wide stretch of water that now surrounded the train on all sides. Once more on dry land the train sped on, and the famished passengers were consoled, though their appetites were whetted, by handbills that were circulated through the cars, announcing that at Morgan City every sort of refreshment could be had at three o'clock. The handbills described the railroad restaurant at that point as something that any one not having been at Morgan City before would have thought to differ from Delmonico's in no respect except in being cheaper. Alas! Morgan City's elegant restaurant had no bread that was not stale, had no "Berwick Bay oysters," no milk, no coffee, no tea. The men could endure it for themselves, but they were justly indignant to think that a railroad company could manage no better than to force women and children to go hungry from six in the morning till seven at night.

But during the afternoon some forgot their hunger in the interest aroused by the sight of the huge alligators, which lolled on fallen trees, or floated lazily about among the thick water vegetation of the cypress swamps, within a stone's throw of the car-windows. The trees draped in hanging moss gave a gloomy aspect to the surroundings. At nightfall Vermillionville was reached, the one oasis of brightness and comfort in this dreary line of Louisiana railroad travel. A hotel with a small flower-

garden between it and the track cheered the hungry travellers. There was plenty to eat, and of good quality, well cooked, and well served by waiters who pressed us to eat and to call for more—a fact!

During the night the train crossed the Sabine River, the division-line in by-gone days between New France and New Spain, and now the boundary between Louisiana and Texas. Half-past seven in the morning brought us to Houston—a great railroad centre and a keen rival of Galveston. From Houston the train flies over the vast unfenced prairie, sending herds of long-horned Texans scampering off. To the left what seems a small forest is merely the timber skirting Buffalo Bayou, by which Houston hopes some day to share with Galveston the vast maritime commerce expected for Texas in the future.

After three hours' ride the breeze becomes distinctly salty, and there is barely time to descry ships' masts near by, and perhaps, on the far horizon, a line of black smoke from a steamer, when the train enters on the long causeway over which all travel between Galveston and the mainland is done. The train goes slowly over these two miles of piling, but the time appears short, as there is much to interest the eye. The West Bay, over which the causeway is built, is flecked with white and brown-sailed craft. Where the water widens into Galveston Bay the flags of all nations wave from the peaks of stately ships laden with valuable cargoes.

The everlasting colored brother, who, alone of all Americans, seems to have caught the true *dolce far niente* spirit, sits on a precariously narrow projection of a pile bobbing for eels or trying to decoy an unwary crab. The train enters the depot, and, twelve days after leaving frost and snow, you are still at home in the United States, but in the metropolis of Texas, with a summer air and flowers blooming to receive you.

A CRITIC OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

THE following remarks appear in an article in the *Month* (London) for July, 1884, entitled "An Englishman's Impressions of America":

"There is another element of American character respecting which I have often asked myself whether it was on the whole prejudicial to Catholicity or not. The independence and self-reliance of American character is in many respects an admirable trait. There is so much self-respect in every class. The class of 'roughs,' which in England is a very large one, scarcely exists at all. Ruffians there are enough and to spare in the big cities, thieves and bullies and men who live by violence and dishonesty. But one never encounters the boys and young men who are ready to insult the passer-by just for the fun of the thing, and who are the curse of some parts of London on a Sunday evening. It is one of the best traits in America that there is not that barbarous spirit of lawlessness which now and then breaks out in Europe. When there is a riot in America it is a display of popular indignation against some real abuse. It is a protest of the law-makers against those who have, in their opinion, set aside and violated the law. The Cincinnati riots were an expression of the wrath of the people against the judicial corruption or inefficiency which allowed murderers to escape unpunished. But while there is no lawlessness, this is because the laws are the people's laws. It is the uncrowned king respecting his own sceptre.

"Now, the church's laws have a different origin. Though in one sense they are the people's laws, yet they are imposed at the same time from above, by an authority which cannot be called in question by its subjects. American notions respecting law have to be set aside when applied to ecclesiastical law. The American view of obedience to civil law is that the law is the people's law, framed by the people's representatives for the people's good, and therefore I, as a sensible, self-respecting man, must obey it whether I like it or not. I am free to criticise the law and get it abolished, if I can; but according to the Constitution of the United States (which I regard as the most perfect of all constitutions) I am bound to submit to the will of the majority of the people, and I do so as a self-respecting American citizen. But can I apply the same sort of argument to matters ecclesiastical? Is it a safe attitude, in respect to the church's laws, to criticise them and to wish to get them abolished? Are they *my* laws in at all the same sense in which the laws of my country are my laws, framed by me through those who represent me in Congress or in State Legislature?

"Hence arises a tendency to resent, in the church's legislation, her attitude of independence of, and irresponsibility to, her members. The American is not used to it. It is altogether a foreign notion to the American mind. In the civil order law is the voice of those subject to the law, and they can change it when they see fit. In the spiritual order law is in no

way dependent on the voice of those subject to the law, and they cannot change a tittle of it at their pleasure. This makes it much more difficult for them to submit; their independence of mind has a tendency to force its way into a sphere where independence is inadmissible."

We certainly should have preferred to have passed the article from which the above is an extract entirely unnoticed, had not a non-Catholic religious newspaper made it the basis of certain animadversions upon the Catholic Church in the United States. This fact but deepened our own conviction and that of one of the rulers of the church of God in this country, as expressed to us, that, if attention were publicly called to it, it was calculated to do harm. It is to be regretted that persons, well-meaning ones too, will visit a country differing in many respects from their own, and, after a stay that may be counted by days or by weeks, take upon themselves the task of giving public counsel and warning. The desire to publish what one has actually seen and heard on one's travels is not unnatural; but whence arises the desire, after a hurried tour, to deliver public judgment on the whole mind of a strange people, and on such perplexing points, too, as those where politics and religion come into contact? We were recently struck and arrested by a sentence in a spiritual writer which runs as follows: "Nous ne pouvons nous défaire de notre propre suffisance." Perhaps this explains the appearance of our latest critic of the great republic and of American Catholicity.

If the critic's views are correct what is the logical result? Firstly, that the American government is uncatholic in its principles, and, secondly, that the Catholic religion is essentially an anti-American institution. If the spirit of a thoroughgoing American is incompatible with a "safe attitude in respect to the church's laws," then to distrust the American spirit, to escape it, to resist it as far as safe, becomes the duty of the thoroughgoing Catholic. We must not love this government. We must all tend towards the reactionary side of politics. The Catholic religion, as a faith and as an organization, can have no sympathy with our free institutions. If the writer in the *Month* is right the civil and political order of America is at war with our religion; and one cause of the wholesale apostasy (according to him) quietly but certainly taking place is the Constitution of the United States. It therefore becomes the duty of the bishops, as soon as prudent, to condemn the essential principles of our American republic, and for the whole Catholic people to undertake to bring in some other form of government as soon as

practicable. The encouragement of alien and unpatriotic tendencies becomes a duty. If a layman in public life has ideas in harmony with the tone of this writer he must retire from all participation in public affairs or become a chronic irreconcilable—sometimes called among us a “sore-head.” Such sentiments in a private citizen will drive him into the big army of sluggards who grumble and croak about corruption in politics and do nothing to remedy it. If a priest, his preaching and writing and general public conduct will display a religion whose vital principles are alien to our civil institutions; his influence on his people will, if truly Catholic, act upon their minds as a disinfectant of American ideas. How we shall bear ourselves in the era of social politics just dawning, when the law-making power must deal radically with the relations between men and money, between moneyed men and mere men, between corporation and operative, producer and middleman, it is easy to guess. It will not be enough to avoid fanaticism and search a solution in fundamental ethical principles. No. According to this writer’s views we must be all on the strong side; if only to prevent the people from falling into the delusions incident to free politics, the Catholic Church and people must ever train with the party of power—always for the side of the purse or the rod, always for the palace and never for the hovel. At the very best (and here we fancy the writer himself would accept our interpretation of his meaning) we are to look on this whole matter of free institutions in America as an experiment, a dangerous experiment; the duty of Catholics in political affairs is to stand off rather than to take part, for a hearty co-operation might compromise the Catholic name in a failure more or less probable. Meantime foreign Catholic publicists may increase the chances of a respectable flotsam and jetsam for the church, when the final wreck does come, by canvassing the country for subscribers for sound Catholic foreign periodicals.

Such would be the practical effect if the writer’s views were based on actual facts. But they are the merest delusions. Where and from whom did he learn of this defective temper? Was it from bishops and priests? Recent public utterances from distinguished representatives of both orders of the clergy breathe anything but despondency at our present state. Was it among his own brethren of the Society of Jesus? They have been foremost in training our youth, and have ever taught them to love and cherish the freedom of their country. The greatest Jesuit America ever has had—John Carroll, first archbishop of Balti-

more—helped to rock the very cradle of American liberty. The article contains much warning concerning the effects of city life on our people; and this part of it, even though exaggerated, is more reasonable. But from a perverted view of church authority we have suffered nothing worthy of mention these two or three generations—that is to say, since the nearly forgotten church-trustee troubles, and not very much then. Many years of experience throughout every part of the United States, scores of “tours” longer in duration and more widely extended and more leisurely than the writer’s, an intimate personal acquaintance with bishops, priests, and people, an habitual and incessant contact with every class of Catholic Americans—these are our own means of information; we set them against the writer’s single literary excursion. And we declare that the supremacy of ecclesiastical law is not a temptation among our people; we affirm this to be the common sentiment of the American clergy. Perhaps it would be otherwise if ecclesiastical law were made a topic for public debate by the terms of a concordat, or by a law enforcing tithes or requiring the *placet* of the governor or president for the publication of pontifical documents, or giving him the nomination of bishops and parish priests, or requiring the clergy to depend on a party vote for their salary. But as matters actually stand in this country, the church deals directly with her children. Her laws have the tenderness of a mother’s love, unprofaned by the threat of the policeman’s club to enforce them, and our people love the church all the better for it. Indeed, love of the church is about the last virtue a fallen Catholic ever gives up. We are in that state of things (and we deem it a happy one) where there is the least possible admixture of the human element in the church’s dealing with the people. The burden she lays on them is the light one of Christ himself. Self-denial, regular, frequent worship of God, humble confession of one’s sins—these are what make our religion difficult to flesh and blood in America or elsewhere. But these are not the law of the church; they are divine law. The law of abstinence on Fridays and during Lent, of the hearing of Mass on Sundays, of the yearly confession and Easter communion—these and such as these are the most irksome ecclesiastical laws, and they do but designate the times and other circumstances for performing the divine law. Indeed, these laws and other such laws are hardly felt as of the church’s making at all. They are the immemorial and universal methods of all who love the savor of heavenly things, of all bent on obtaining the friendship of God. “Criticising (church) laws,” ques-

tions as to who made this or that law, and by what right, have little to do with the temper of Catholic minds in the United States. The authority of the church is a matter set at rest. Men lose the faith among us, as they do anywhere, when brutalized by sensual vice, or corrupted by the love of money, or carried away by the pride of unbelief in eternal punishment, in the immortality of the soul, in the existence of a deity, and not because they are not permitted to participate in church law-making. The Catholic American who drops off from the church does so because her laws assert the sovereignty of God over his life. And even when he passes into the ranks of infidels and agnostics he still echoes the words he hears even them utter: if there is any God or any way of bringing him down among men, the Catholic Church is the true religion. We challenge anybody to show eight millions of Catholics more loyal to the authority of holy church in the whole world than the Catholics of America.

There is, however, a class of persons among us to whom the status of the church in America is a sore perplexity. They are immigrants from the south of Europe. They come from countries where governments miscalled paternal still exist, or where the evil spirit has managed to set the aspirations of the people and the maxims of the Gospel at variance. They can for the most part neither understand the church nor the state among us. The American idea of civil liberty is that man is free by the gift of God's creation, who made him in the divine image and would rule him by the instinct of the divine Spirit. The idea of human freedom among the class we mention is a false one; it is the license of unbridled sensuality or the humble gratitude of the manumitted slave. Such a frame of mind unfits one to be a good American citizen. These are the ones who make up our little clique of Communists, who by turns annoy and amuse the American public. And, alas! they are the only class of Catholics who readily give up the Catholic name; the bulk of them never go to Mass from the day they land, and they often send their children to Protestant mission-schools. But this class of Catholics took us by surprise, and we hope to be soon in a condition to save even them. They need a conversion of a certain kind, and when they get it they become as good Catholics as we have among us.

It is plain, meantime, that America is no place for immigrants whose Catholicity has been nurtured by a paternal civil government. It is no place for Catholics whose souls have been tainted

by the false liberalism of southern Europe. Nations where in church, state, and family the only praise has been for the one virtue of obedience do not furnish America with the best type of foreign-born citizens, or the church in America with practical Catholics. On the other hand, the immigrants who make the very best Catholics are those whose inmost souls have craved civil liberty in their own countries and have struggled their lives long to obtain civil and political rights. Their church has been with them at home and encouraged their aspirations, and even furnished them leaders from among the priests and bishops; such are the Irish and their children, such the Germans of this generation and their children. Those, however, who come from a Catholic state where civil and religious affairs are so closely allied as to be indistinguishable to the common man (or were so governed before recent revolutions), and where state and church are under the domination of a body of aristocrats some of whom are lords temporal and some lords spiritual—such Catholics are not robust enough for our free atmosphere. They are either too delicately nurtured in their spiritual life for our workaday world or too headlong in their race for liberty to be controlled by our gentle restraints. There is a servile faith as well as a servile fear, a satanic independence and a bovine obedience—all equally unsuitable for both church and state in the United States. On the other hand, the deep loyalty of the Irish and their children all over the world to their spiritual rulers is one of the modern glories of the true faith. Yet from the dawn of reason they have loathed their civil rulers with every noble impulse of their souls, every fibre of their bodies. The Germans who come to us from Bismarck's dominions are men and women of unflinching fidelity to the church's authority, and yet criticism, protest, agitation is the one "attitude" of Catholic Germany in reference to their civil rulers. But in both these cases the civil tyranny has not succeeded in involving the church in its odium.

"The independence and self-reliance of American character is in many respects an admirable trait," admits our visitor. Then why not hopefully add, Let us pray God that it may be sanctified? Nay, why not show how it has been already demonstrated capable of sanctification by the conversion of so many men and women among us of the purest American patriotism, some of them among the heroes of America's brightest epochs? Does he know of any force of heresy or atheism capable of withstanding six or eight millions of genuine Americans possessed

of the true faith and filled with the love of God? The free, manly, independent American spirit—oh! let us see that sanctified and the world will soon be redeemed. And sanctified it must be, and by this very Catholic Church of America. The American will not be crushed into religious shape by any force, lay or cleric, nor wheedled into piety by any tricks of politico-religious statecraft; nor, in displaying a temper docile to the laws of God as interpreted by the church, will he be one whit less manly and independent. Why, the truth makes men free in the highest sense—the spiritual. Can it be possible, then, that civil freedom unfits men for religious truth? If the writer in the *Month* had reminded us that we must seek to make the faith of Catholics in America above all things intelligent, his advice would have been to the point. Here religion will only flourish according as faith grows in enlightenment. Here, therefore, the church will have less to do with emphasizing the external side of even her own divine life, and will not have much to gain from borrowing external aid from the state, but everything to do and everything to gain from the religious education of the people and the developing of their interior life. In proportion as external aids are wanting internal ones must and will be applied. The interior life will be the predominant feature of our Catholicity. Law-making and law-enforcing will in future have a lower place than ever before in the application of religious aids to human aspirations.

And who can tell? There are those who think that the future of America is that of the whole civilized world, and that the destiny of Christianized humanity everywhere is to live in a democratic state. Deep thinkers affirm that there is something in human nature which demands that men who live in a busy world and who can read and write will sooner or later choose their own law-makers in the civil order. Now, friends of the human race should be rejoiced that the difficulties attending the development of this new order of civilization have been successfully encountered in the United States, and that all that is true and just in the aspirations of the proletariat of the Old World may find its safe expression on this continent and relieve the Old World of the instant necessity of revolutionary or despotic expedients. It may be the providential destiny of America to solve in advance the political and social problems of the Old World.

Furthermore, Providence has so shaped our civilization as to force its defenders back upon Catholic principles. Hence the development of the providential constitution of America brings

Americans within nearer and nearer reach of Catholic truth. Whatever future awaits the human race, this much is certain: the march of human intelligence is not towards monarchy and aristocracy. And it is equally certain that religion and humanity will not be divorced. We are fully persuaded that, in its progress towards freedom and independence in material affairs, the human race will become apt for a fuller knowledge and deeper enjoyment of spiritual things. It must not be disputed that the Spirit of God will have a broader field for its influence in proportion to the intelligence and freedom of the souls of men. Yet we suspect that our quondam visitor will admit this only with reluctance. We are not surprised. If one's whole conception of the Christian character is that man is fallen so low that mere obedience is the sole method of sanctification, that mere authority is the best and, for the common run of men, the only influence efficacious for the elevation of the soul to God, he must conclude that aspirations for civil liberty and hopes for the sanctification of dwellers in a free land are alike illusory.

But, after all, our traveller has some excuses. A clever Frenchman once said that not only is England an island, but every Englishman is an island. An Englishman brought up with aristocratical notions must feel very insular indeed in visiting the United States. It seems to be so, as a matter of fact, for no class of European tourists are so much annoyed by our perverse democracy. The partisans of the theory that hereditary monarchy is the best form of government often find it hard to admit that theirs is but one among various opinions, or that it shall be deemed an opinion at all; they would like to insist that hereditary monarchy is *the* Catholic form of civil polity. The Catholic Tory Englishman is addicted to such extravagance. He least of all can conceal his conviction that frequent elections, constant public discussion of all kinds of political questions, a feeling of the responsibility of rulers to the people's will, must be confined to the "aristocracy and gentry." If it is participated in by all classes of the people it is, he thinks, the merest political chaos; and if he is as frank as Englishmen usually are he will add that it is essentially uncatholic. Furthermore, he is annoyed, perhaps enraged, that we ridicule the monarchical side of the British constitution as a puerility unworthy of a great people, and that the British aristocracy is viewed with something like a feeling of detestation. No wonder, then, that a Catholic English Tory readily takes to gloomy prophecy about us. We are only surprised that this sample of a class so thoroughly impregnated

with the persuasion that authority and obedience are the two poles of all stable well-being in church and state has been able to say so much in our favor.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE September day had been close and oppressive, but toward evening a fresh breeze blew up. Little Mrs. Kitchener, whose genteel lodging-house commanded a fair view of Boston Bay from its back attic windows, heard one of the doors on her third-floor landing swinging, with that perpetually recurrent jar of the bolt of the lock against the ward which was a torture to her sensitive ear. She heard now and then, too, a slight cough from the room just above that in which she was occupied with her children, and felt morally certain that one of her lodgers, in whom she took a special interest, was sitting, in his shirt-sleeves and a draught, beside his open window. She knew well that the monotonous noise which wearied her did not come from his apartment, for Louis Giddings was one of the men who remember the trifles which affect other people's nerves, and had, indeed, chiefly commended himself to her affection by a sort of vicarious and sympathetic susceptibility to annoyances which, taken in themselves, affected him but slightly.

"Daughter," she said, in the gentlest of caressing voices, to the elder of the two little ones playing at her feet, "haven't you a mind to save mother a long walk up-stairs? Go all the way to the top landing and shut the door that is ajar. And when you come down you may stop for a little while in Mr. Giddings' room, if he likes to have you. It is time to put Freddy to sleep. But shut his door if you stay there. I cannot have you sitting in a draught."

Lilly got up with great alacrity, her blush-rose face and small but expressive blue eyes lighting with pleasure.

"I can tell him about my birthday; he'll be glad to know I was borned just five years ago this afternoon," said the little coquette, who had begun to "make eyes" before she was graduated from the cradle, and enjoyed few things more than a seat

on the knee of Mr. Giddings and the freedom she enjoyed there of chattering at her ease.

Mrs. Kitchener was by no means the sort of woman one would have expected to find at the head of a flourishing lodging-house in a modest but intensely respectable quarter of the "American Athens." She was not even a Bostonian, nor, for that matter, a Yankee of any of the half-dozen varieties. The daughter of a New York Congregationalist minister long departed, and the sister of another at present settled over a wealthy Brooklyn church, and wealthy himself by virtue of his marriage with a rich and fashionable widow, she had been carefully brought up in the enjoyment of the social consideration which such professional ties usually insure. She married early one of those brilliant ne'er-do-weels of pleasing exterior, charming manners, kind heart, and weak will, of whom even those who suffer most through their instrumentality say, with a sigh, that they are nobody's enemies but their own. At the time of their marriage he had just succeeded to a modest patrimony, and was a lawyer by profession, though his practice was as yet inconsiderable. Lydia herself had nothing but her education, her social position, a loving, warm-hearted, womanly nature, and a pretty face which had worn from childhood a prophetically patient, half-sad expression; so that the match had been thought a good one for both parties. But as the years went by, carrying with them piecemeal John Kitchener's property, which he had neither made stationary by prudent investments nor added to by the practice of his profession—he never practised anything with persistence and success but a guitar and the coloring of successive meerschaums—and bringing little except children, who flourished for a year or two and then faded, stricken, as it seemed, by some constitutional blight, Lydia's face grew thinner and whiter and more pathetic, while her husband's gradually assumed an unpleasantly suggestive flush and an altered contour which were eloquent of a growing vice still more fatal to prosperity than constitutional laziness.

A downward race is always rapid. Changes of abode, which always went from bad to worse; the pitiful shifts of a poverty which still clings fast to respectability; the pangs of an affection to which kind words and caresses are never wanting (for John Kitchener was, in his peculiar way, the most affectionate and thoughtful of husbands), but which hungers for the solid meat of genuine, unselfish, manly care; keener still, perhaps, the repeated wounds inflicted on a heart above all things maternal—all

these things grew so familiar to Lydia Kitchener that at the end of fifteen years of marriage it seemed to her that she had had a century of experience.

Things were going from bad to worse with her then, in all respects but one. She had at last a child who had weathered safely the perils of her second summer, and promised, if all went well, to be as perfect a picture of health as she already was of infantile beauty. The only possible brightness of the future seemed to her to centre about that charming little head, and that was naturally a brightness already attended by its proper shadow, sure to lengthen as the years went on and brought wants which the cast-off baby fineries and other half-kind, half-scornful doles of wealthy relatives would be inadequate to supply. She had often pondered over schemes for helping herself, but had been deterred from trying to put any of them into execution, partly by the fact that their means had not until now been utterly exhausted, and partly by a scruple which possibly did more credit to her heart than to her judgment, but which forbade her to rob her husband of the responsibility of her support and the illusion that he did, in some inadequate manner, provide for it. But latterly the pressure of necessity had forced her into burning her candle at both ends, spending her days in the care of her house and baby and half her nights in fine sewing, and depleting her vital forces much more thoroughly than she filled her purse by the operation.

At this juncture, however, a family council was held, the result of which was announced to Mrs. Kitchener by her brother.

"We have been thinking, Elizabeth and I," he said, "that things ought not to go on in this way any longer. We own a house in Boston, the lease of which has just fallen in, and you may have it, rent free, if you will go there and live. John's shiftlessness and drinking habits are impairing my usefulness very much here; and, besides, I don't want to see you either earning your living or starving under my very nose. The house is in a good neighborhood and has been used for boarders, but my wife thinks it would be easier and more respectable to let your rooms to lodgers. We will all take a hand in fitting you out and starting you, and if you can only manage to keep your own purse-strings after that I don't see why you shouldn't do well. All that John ever turns his hand to here he can quite as well do there, and you will probably be saved from fretting your heart out, as you are pretty evidently doing now. Halloo, little tot!" picking up the crowing baby as he spoke, and starting her

on her road to Banbury Cross, "whose pink toes are these I see sticking out of your shoes?"

In the crisis of domestic affairs which she had then reached Mrs. Kitchener took not many minutes for deliberation. Fifteen days later she was settled in her present quarters, where all things had since prospered with her. Courageous and prudent, and defended by her love for her children from yielding too far to the encroachments to which her wifely affection would otherwise have made her an easy prey, she led a hard, laborious, but not unfruitful life, and had begun to look back with more regret than ever to the little ones she had lost in earlier years. There had been times when the pangs of wounded motherhood were blunted by the reflection that life would have been still more difficult if she had been obliged to dread for her boys weaknesses like his own as their sole inheritance from their father, and to see her girls grow up in the want and shabbiness to which she had herself submitted without a murmur. But now, when the spectre of debt no longer dogged her, when her daily bread, though plain, was never scanty, and for the two little ones still left to play about her knees she seemed to foresee a future of respectability and comfort, she sometimes wept bitterer tears over the memory of the lost than when she first laid them in their coffins. Even after settling here she had buried one, and, though she had borne another, new-comers, welcome as they always were, could never replace their predecessors in that soft, unforgetting heart. How many times had she mused with tears over the history of the patient patriarch, who, after all his trials, died in wealth and peace, the master of flocks and herds more numerous than of old, and with children around him to close his failing eyes—children his very own, the fruit of his loins and the gladness of his heart. Did they ever drive quite out of his remembrance that fatal day when the terror-stricken bearer of ill news crushed him to the earth, saying, "Thy children are all dead, and I alone have escaped to tell thee"?

Mrs. Kitchener prayed daily for her husband's reformation, and told herself that she had never ceased to hope for it; and yet her friendly interest in the lodger to whom reference has been made was scarcely impaired by her belief that they exercised a not altogether salutary influence over each other. Mr. Kitchener entertained an affectionate admiration for Louis Giddings, which the younger man returned, mingled with a half-scornful, half-indignant pity. Yet neither one nor all these shades of feeling were always strong enough to prevent his occasionally lend-

ing the other's weakness the force of a like example. Such occasions were rare, it is true, but now and then, when they had emptied a whiskey-bottle together, and Kitchener had fallen into tearful penitence and Giddings risen to virtuous anger, the one would take high grounds as to the moral worthlessness of a man who could so neglect a good wife, and the other would swear between hiccoughs that Lydia was the best woman God ever made, and that he would have hanged himself from remorse long ago if he had not been sure she would die of grief for his loss. To the poor little wife, always planning ways and means to wean her husband from his habitual vice, the presence of this special lodger, with his brilliant conversational powers and his occasional excesses, sometimes seemed a danger which ought to be averted. But the remembrance of days when no such excuse existed, and the unacknowledged certainty that her husband's fault was the result of hereditary appetite unmodified by principle, and neither whetted by company nor allayed by solitude, came to the aid of a sympathy which was like divination, and which, from the time when Louis Giddings first came to her, had inclined her in his favor. He had fallen ill on her hands shortly after, and by the time she had nursed him through pneumonia, and petted him through the rather long convalescence that followed, she had also taken him completely into her motherly heart.

Somehow or other the conviction had fastened on her mind that what he sought in drink was occasional forgetfulness and not the indulgence of an appetite. If he were happy, she reflected, he would be master of himself for good, as he is now for evil. And seeing him with her children, who adored him, intercepting sometimes the wistful glances with which he followed them in their plays, she had often thought how well he was adapted to the rôle of husband and father, and what a pity it was that he should be postponing it so long. She had even laid little schemes for putting that happiness within his reach—had craftily invited one or two pretty girls on visits from her old home, and kept an observant eye on others in her new one, where, owing to the reputation of her father and the letters she had brought from her brother, her standing had been determined, in church circles at least, more in accordance with her personal merit than her present circumstances. She had her labor for her pains so far as Louis Giddings was concerned. She found that her parlor was a place tabooed to him when there were young girls in it, though at other times his frequent

presence there insured that of her husband so invariably that something of the domesticity of her early married life seemed to have revived with his entrance under her roof. Her wiles were so transparent that the object of them, whose observant eyes lost little that fell within their range, told her at last, in a jesting voice which had, nevertheless, a ring of intension in it which was not lost upon her, that he made of her an exception to her sex, all the rest of which he held in hearty detestation.

"I don't believe it," she answered in the playful way that had been natural to her in her girlhood, and which responded to his own mood in accordance with some subtle law of personality that marked him out among men as one who always evoked either love or hatred, the best qualities or the worst ones of his neighbor, but never left any one who met him entirely neutral. "You haven't the slightest resemblance to a woman-hater. I never saw a man more obviously intended to be the husband of a charming wife and the father of a brood of delightful children."

"It is a clear case of practical atheism, you think," he replied in a tone as light as her own, but rising as he spoke from the table, where he had thrown a heap of magazines and papers on his entrance, apparently with the intention of spending the evening beside her fire. "Come, Kitchener, I have an appointment down-town which I had forgotten. Will you walk?"

And Mrs. Kitchener saw neither of them again until late the next night. She was a woman not at all slow in certain varieties of mental arithmetic, and the result of her putting two and two together in this case brought her innocent matrimonial speculations to a definite end.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE object of all this disinterested and friendly solicitude was, in fact, a man whom most women would at once have regarded with approbation. Masculinity seemed to envelop him like an atmosphere rather than to be expressed by any single trait or collection of traits of face or figure; for, though tall and well made, his appearance was suggestive neither of redundant physical strength nor even of specially robust health. What the word womanly connotes when well applied to a member of the gentler sex—the presence, that is, in a noticeable degree of those mental, moral, and physical qualities which belong to the ideal counterpart and complement of man in his integrity, and recall the

Biblical phrase, "To the image of God he created him, male and female he created them"—that the word manly signified when applied to him. Sanity and just proportion of body, vigor and clearness of intelligence, were what he suggested even to the dull of apprehension. For the rest; he pleased or displeased according to the beholder's point of view. Certainly he had been well hated, and would have earned Dr. Johnson's amity by his ability to return as well as to inspire that sentiment. He was dowered, perhaps, like Tennyson's poet, with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love." It must be said of him that he had too little tolerance for intellectual weakness, coupled with too great respect for merely intellectual strength, and was, like the rest of us, in a liability to mistake the touchstone of personal antipathy for an infallible and generally applicable test of excellence. Yet he was an essentially modest man, not rating himself over-highly, although sufficiently conscious of his own good points to be able to make the most of them on occasion. But his instinctive judgments were so quick and keen, and his carelessness to conciliate good opinion where he did not entertain it was so great, that his brusqueness not unseldom amounted to what he himself called brutality, and earned him a reputation for arrogance not really deserved. But children loved him, and so did the straightforward and the simple among their elders when once they had been able to penetrate through the veil of shyness and reserve in which he ordinarily wrapped himself.

He had entered Harvard at an age a trifle more advanced than usual—a circumstance explained in part by the narrow means of a widowed mother who had strained every nerve to put the object of his early ambition within his reach, and then died before she had the happiness of seeing him attain it. His collegiate career was distinguished, and if he gained a reputation for brilliancy rather than for scholarship, that was due to his possession in excess of the qualities which secure admiration, and not to any defect on the side of solid attainment. He was one of the rare people who always become the nucleus of tradition—their ways, their looks, their attitude toward things in general being apt to strike the average beholder as new and interesting. Stories began to circulate about him from the first, and the memory of him perfumed the class-rooms and lingered in the minds of his contemporaries and successors for many a year after he himself had passed beyond mortal ken. The stories were not always true, perhaps, but they were usually

characteristic—if not actually *vrai*, at least *vraisemblable*. They said of him, for instance, that, being very hard up one year as commencement day drew nigh, he put himself in funds by writing some twenty or thirty of the essays that went up from his class. The professor—an eminent critic in his day—a good deal pleased by the general excellence of the themes, said to himself nevertheless that three or four of them showed evidence of literary skill, clear thinking, and gentle humor which were suspicious in the quarters from which they emanated. Prolonged cogitation ended in his summoning Giddings to his apartment; where, after complimenting highly the particular effort to which his own name was appended, he suddenly sprung upon him the question whether he had not aided in the production of three others, which he produced. The ingenuous candor of infancy looked out of the young fellow's blue eyes as he admitted having given their authors some rather liberal suggestions as to matter and manner, and at the same time insinuated, by his tone rather than by anything less subtle, his sense of the absurdity of supposing that so keen a critic could be imposed on, ever so slightly, by a hand so clumsy as his own. The essays by which these three were replaced gained the praise of being characteristic for their putative sires, and, so they said, a still farther addition to his income for their real author. The tale was probably apocryphal, but the general credence given it testified to the prevalent belief that Giddings could do anything he liked, and that the professors would be no match for him whenever he chose to pit himself against them.

There came over him in the course of his senior year a change so marked that it attracted general observation. The actual facts in the case never became public property; perhaps because the one intimate friend who knew most about the matter took pains to spread a fantastically embroidered version of them; but the story ran that during the previous vacation he had gone up into Canada, where his mother's family originated, and taken a position as teacher, with a view to remedying the chronic depletion of his pockets. There he must have fallen successfully in love, for when he returned in the autumn a new and peculiar sort of interior brightness seemed to shine through him, as if his heart were suffused with a happiness that irradiated him unaware. He was a long-limbed, slender youngster then, of perhaps three-and-twenty, with a face full of noble and characteristic lines, a pair of deep-set, blue eyes under a square, broad forehead overhung by shadowy dark hair, and a wide, full-lipped, resolute mouth,

capable of passion and of tenderness as well as of sundry other expressions less pleasant to consider. The brightness faded as time went on and a correspondence, at first noticeably frequent for one who had previously received few letters, gradually lessened; but the more than customary vigor and purpose with which he had seemed to be prosecuting his work this year did not slacken until some sudden and apparently terrible blow prostrated him. He rose from the bed of sickness, which had nearly proved the bed of death, the shadow of his old self in appearance, and in mind and heart another person. His old geniality had given place to a savage and sardonic humor—or, since geniality would never have been the word to describe a disposition bright, indeed, and peculiarly open to gentle influences, but never prone to what Emerson calls “a mush of concession” in its most indulgent mood, perhaps it would be better to say that his natural shyness had deepened into impenetrable reserve, and a morose and ugly wit, which sent shafts that rankled, took the place of the kindly humor that had usually played as harmlessly as heat-lightning. This change passed, too, with time, as all things do, but that was the affair of years. The permanent alteration was in his will and his ambition, of which the one seemed to be extinguished and the other aimless. A brilliant success in any career which he might choose had been confidently predicted for him, though literature, pure and simple, seemed to be that for which his tastes and his abilities best fitted him. Contrary to expectation, he began reading law and was admitted to the bar; but having occupied his briefless interval with some hack journalistic and magazine work which had gained him bread and so much reputation as was compatible with an invincible disinclination to publicly avow authorship, nature and circumstances had in the end been too many for him, and he was now, if not in his proper place, at least in one not many removes from it.

His old faculty for gaining friends and lovers among his own sex had clung to him. Younger men—he himself was not yet thirty—attached themselves to him with that affection which the royal prophet affirms to be “above that of women,” and which he probably preferred to it, for he not only did not seek but would under no pretence accept any of the ordinary courtesies of society. In entering the quarters where we find him it had not occurred to him that the keeper of a lodging-house could be, in any social sense, other than a sexless creature, whom he would regard much as a Southern lady regarded in the old days the brawny mulatto who waited on her, and in whose veins

there ran, perhaps, the same blood as her own—as having, that is, neither eyes nor ears, neither brains nor heart, except as a beast of burden has them. But it was not in him to resist candor and kindness, gentleness and simplicity, and his nurse and he, after he left the chamber where she had cared for him and where her little ones had brightened his convalescence, were friends as fast as genuine sympathy and an appreciation which on one side was certainly limited by natural capacity, but was, at all events, thorough as far as it went, could make them. But the little girl was the chief attraction of the house to him. Their moods, if it is not absurd to speak of the moods of a child of five, harmonized perfectly, and her flower-like, expressive face; her quick aversions and slow-growing preferences; her genius for what he called hitting the nail on the head; her wilfulness, which matched itself against all obstacles; her stanch truthfulness, which already found a promise so sacred that neither threat nor bribe could induce her either to break or to renew one which she had found troublesome; above all, her love for himself, at once shy and outspoken, capable of feeling jealousy and trying to provoke it, had given her almost as strong a hold on his heart as if she had been his own.

As she slipped down from his knee and vanished from the room this evening, on the arrival of one of his friends whom she had not yet vouchsafed to take into favor, it was with a sense of ownership very like that which complacent fathers feel that he said, with a laugh:

“That is a great little girl, Dick. A dozen years from now, if she keeps all her good points and takes on no bad ones, she will be safe and dangerous at once—if any woman can be.”

“They are too safe when they are safe, and too dangerous otherwise—isn't that your theory? I found one of them when I went home last month, whom I have been thinking more or less about these half-dozen years, as likely to steer true between Scylla and Charybdis. I thought she had, too, when I found her sitting bareheaded under a tree, looking as cool and fresh as a rose, and ready to 'enthuse' about Tennyson. But when I undertook to astonish her young mind and kindle in her breast a benevolent anxiety for my welfare by treating her to an artistic hodge-podge of science *versus* religion and what-not, such as we talk here occasionally, I didn't more than half like to find her receiving it all as coolly as if she had been all over the ground before me. She hadn't taken the consecutive steps, for want of opportunity, but there she was at the end.”

“That is the way with the feminine intelligence, my son.

Lilly, now—she came up to-night to tell me that this is her ‘birfday.’ I chaffed her a little—told her I was surprised that a girl of her good sense should be so unwise as to have a thing she would be sure to regret one of these days. She understands chaff generally when it isn’t too expensive, but she had evidently been cogitating on birthdays in general. ‘Why, I *had* to have one,’ she says; ‘everybody has to have a father and mother and be borned.’ Then she looks up to the sky yonder and adds, in that musing little way she has, ‘Except God. My mamma says he borned himself; and I can’t—*I can’t think* how he did it.’”

Both of them laughed, and then Giddings went on again:

“The kingdom of doubt seems to be a good deal like that other kingdom we read about. The babes and sucklings and ragamuffins of this century find their way into it and establish squatter sovereignty there before the philosophers and *savants* have quite made up their minds about the geography of the route.”

“It is all right, I suppose; but, all the same, I can’t quite reconcile myself to it where girls and women are concerned. I don’t like them too strong-minded or too strong-willed. Kitty Danforth, now—I showed you a picture one day in my room that I made of her when we were both children. It is no bad likeness even now. I used to fancy she would be everything that is charming; ready to go as far as one would take her, and to stop wherever she was told. Her mother was just the sort of wife one would like to dream of growing old by—soft-voiced, modest, intelligent, self-contained, and always playing second fiddle to her husband without thinking of it. He died while I was home, and by an accident my father was present at the deathbed. He came home and told about the scene that took place between her and her daughter just afterward. Miss Kitty stepped down from her pedestal in my imagination without great loss of time.” And the speaker, whom the reader will have recognized already, went on to describe it briefly.

“That displeased you, did it?” asked his friend when he had finished. “What else would you have had her say? If a crisis of feeling or the presence of death does not force the truth out of one’s mouth, you may be sure it is because it is never too near it under any circumstances.”

“Bother truth! I would have liked to see her forget herself entirely and not add to her mother’s trouble in that unnecessary fashion. Why shouldn’t she have told her she would try to please her in every way, and got around it kindly? A woman

whose mind is all angles and straight lines is as bad as a woman with sharp elbows."

"I loved my mother," said Giddings after a rather long pause. "I would have been glad to buy her a year or two more of life with ten out of the middle of my own. She was a good woman, brought up after the very strictest of all religious fashions, but she ran away from school and married my father out of pure love when she was hardly more than a child. They were as happy as two doves together until he was suddenly killed when I was about fourteen. He had no beliefs to speak of and had gradually unsettled most of hers. When she came to die she wanted to go back to them, and I was glad of it, for she was evidently timid. But she called me one day, just before the end came, and put the question plumply. 'You have read and studied more than I have,' she said; 'tell me honestly, do you think there has been any revelation? Is there any certainty of a life hereafter?' What could I say?"

"What did you say?"

"I told her that to the best of my knowledge and belief there was none. She would have had the priest in but for that, and I wish to God she had, for the look in her eyes gives me bad dreams yet. But truth comes uppermost when one is too hard pushed. For my part I would rather run risks with a woman who could speak it in a supreme moment like that than trust to the softness that thinks first of making things easy. Take my advice, youngster, and let them all alone. When all is said and done, what is the best of them but God's concession to man's weakness?"

"That reminds me," said the younger man. "I came here to give you a message that I forgot when I met you on the Common yesterday. It was near slipping my mind again. My uncle was summoned professionally to Montreal the day after I reached Albany, and he stopped there and took me with him. You remember old Jennings, the millionaire, who used to live out near our place? He went back to Canada to end his days, so he said; but the first attack he had of gout in the stomach made him conclude to defer the end as long as possible, and, as a means to it, to send for Uncle Dick, who had pulled him out of several tight places before. He sent for a lawyer, too, and made his will. It was a friend of yours—Crawford. Do you remember him?"

"Yes; what about him? Wait a minute until I light up. It is getting too dark for comfort."

"I happened to get into conversation with him," went on

Norton while the other was fumbling about for matches. "We talked about 'the States,' as they say up there, and the quarter I came from. He asked if I had ever met you, when I spoke of Boston, and when I told him that—well, in short, when I had said the usual thing about you, he asked me to tell you, when I had a chance, that Mary Lawton was dead. The message sounds mysterious, but there it is."

Louis Giddings was crossing the room as this was said, and at the moment passed so close to his friend's chair that their garments touched. Richard Norton was a person exceedingly sensitive to impressions. He said to himself afterward that he could have sworn that he received a shock from an electric machine at that instant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

NARRATIVE OF REV. GEORGE TOWNSEND, D.D., CANON OF
DURHAM.

I HAD ever been most anxious to see the alleged miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. I did not, however, hope to see it now, as I had been informed that it only took place on a Sunday, or at the times when the cardinal archbishop deemed it expedient. To my great joy, I learned that one of the days on which the blood is exhibited is the Sunday which falls next to the Calends of May. This was yesterday; but because it was necessary that one of the royal family should be present, and the king could not attend yesterday, one liquefaction had taken place this morning, when the king was present; and I am told that another liquefaction will take place to-morrow, when the king's brother, the P—— of S——, will attend upon the working of the miracle. It was the anniversary of the time when the relics of the saint had been removed from Pozzuoli, where he was martyred, to Naples. . . .

The blood of St. Januarius is preserved in a rich chapel, called the Treasury. Mr. Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, imputes the preservation of Naples to the intercession of St. Januarius; and Baronius, the distinguished papal historian, assures us that when the blood approaches the head, though at some distance from it, as if impatient of the delay of resurrection, and conscious that it is near the fount from whence it sprung and to which it is desirous to return, it ceases to remain in a solid state, and dissolves and bubbles up, to the great admiration of the spectators. Such

is the testimony of Baronius, a cardinal, though not a saint, who is deemed by many to be deserving of every credit. Mr. Neumann, of Berlin, on the contrary, an eminent chemist, is said to have performed the miracle of the liquefaction of indurated blood with all the circumstances of the Neapolitan experiment. I do not know whether this chemist was a member of the Church of Rome or not. So it was, however, that, whether the liquefaction was to be regarded as Cardinal Baronius or as Mr. Neumann viewed it, I was most anxious to see it. The carriage was ordered early, and we arrived at the cathedral by eight o'clock.

The good, kind canon was waiting for us near the door. It was a festa day. It was the custom at Naples to pay more for a carriage on the festas than on other days. My servant had paid the driver the usual fare and given him the usual gratuity. He did not, however, know that it was a festa. The driver, therefore, followed us into the cathedral and demanded more money. The canon assured me that, though it was a festa, the man had already received more than he was entitled to. The man still, however, persevered in his demand, and I ordered him to be satisfied. I thought the canon would have embraced me in his delight, and said: "We must not mind the imposition now; we are in the church, and the church, you know, is not the place for controversy—*ecclesia non locus est controversiæ*." I mention the anecdote because I believe the circumstance procured for me a better place at the altar to see the miracle than I should have otherwise attained, even with the intended kindness which had promised me admission within the rails.*

The canon then took us to the vestry among his brethren. The P—— of S—— came in shortly after. With many kind expressions we were introduced to his royal highness. After a short conversation in Italian, in which Mrs. Townsend again acted as interpreter, the P—— commanded one of his chamberlains to go with us to that part of the church within the rails where we could most easily observe the process of the liquefaction, and the people, and the whole scene.

The ceremony began with the Mass. The P—— was not at the altar during this service. He keeps the key of the relics. It seemed to me to be a large golden key, richly adorned with emeralds and other jewels. The vial in which was the hardened blood was placed on the altar; the jewelled bust of St. Januarius, adorned with a most valuable diamond cross, the gift, I was told, of Christina, Queen of Spain, was placed next to it. We distinctly saw a hard, solid, round, dark red ball, as if of coagulated blood, move from side to side of a vessel which the archbishop held up to the people. The hardness continued; the prayers continued. The blood did not melt. A litany was begun, in which the names of saints were repeated, and the people took up the chorus, "*Ora pro nobis*." The blood remained solid. The accounts given by so many writers I found to be correct. The

* He appears to have met with kindness and courtesy from all the Catholic dignitaries whom he visited.

people began to scream, to shout, and to raise their voices angrily louder and louder. A French lady, belonging to the P——'s party, was kneeling close to us, overpowered with emotion and bathed in tears. She turned to Mrs. T. and said: "Tell me, tell me, is the good God angry with us still?" She trembled with agitation; she impatiently called to her husband, who was at a distance, to come nearer: "*Venez ici, Henri; vous ne pouvez pas voir la.*" But he did not move. The people still vociferated; the blood did not yet dissolve; it was near nine o'clock. The P—— took out his watch; he looked at the archbishop. Whether I am right in my opinion or conviction that he looked very significantly, and that the look was returned with equal significance, I cannot so positively say that I could affirm it upon my oath; but the watch was taken out and the look given; and by the most marvellous coincidence, which renders it uncertain whether the sympathy of the blood towards the head, mentioned by Cardinal Baronius, or the chemical solution of Mr. Neumann, of Berlin, was the cause of the liquefaction, the red, solid mass did at that moment begin to melt. I had up to this instant seen the hard substance move from side to side, and I now saw the same substance gradually become liquid and flow from side to side. The lady near us was mute with solemn delight; the screaming of the people ceased. The archbishop passed the glass vial, in which was the dissolved substance, to the privileged persons who had been admitted within the rails of the altar. The lady near us, with many others, kissed it with enthusiasm. It was presented to Mrs. Townsend, who put it from her, saying, "*No, no! Sono Protestante!*" She could not believe, as her neighbor evidently believed. The chemist Neumann would have been credited more than the theologian Baronius. It was taken from before her with a gesticulation which implied displeasure. It was placed before me. I could not kiss the vial; I looked at it steadfastly and earnestly. It was removed, I think with another gesticulation, after a short pause, of surprise and anger. It was handed round to others; and I believe it was devoutly kissed by them all. When it was taken quite round the space within the rails, and to the people at the rails, we found, with the P—— of S——, that it was time to breakfast; and the same early performance of the miracle permitted us both to proceed to our meal. We left the church with feelings which I am sure are, and must be, common to many who declare themselves to be members of the Church of Rome. I will indulge in no exclamations on the impossibility of believing the act we had witnessed to be indeed miraculous; I pass by all the thoughts that breathed my horror, and all the words that burned with indignation at the system which, taking away the Bible, and still claiming to be pure in its teachings and divine in its authority, affirms that the Almighty upholds by useless yet by ceaseless miracles its unscriptural doctrines and all its insupportable pretensions. I quote the words of the author of the *Lives of the Saints*, the zealous defender and admirer of the Church of Rome: "That these reputed miracles demand no other assent than that which is due to the evidence on which they rest." If the lique-

faction of the blood of St. Januarius can be resolved into a chemical process there can be no justification, as there is no necessity, for the miracle (*Journal of a Tour in Italy*, pp. 204 and 209).

NARRATIVE OF HENRI CAUVAIN.

The reliquary is made of silver. It is circular, and in shape resembles an enormous watch-case with a crystal front and back. The edges and handle are covered with ornaments in relief, which bear traces of having been gilt. The reliquary seems to belong to the fifteenth century.

In its centre, enclosed between the crystal sides above mentioned, are two flat vials with rounded edges and with short and narrow necks, one of which presents its side and the other its edge to the spectator. These vials are quite similar to those which are found in ancient tombs, and which are designated under the name of *lachrymatoria*. While the officiating priest exhibits the reliquary a priest holds behind it a lighted candle, which gives abundant opportunity to scrutinize closely, and at a distance not exceeding two fingers' breadth, its appearance and contents.

We examined it several times with the utmost attention, and *saw distinctly* what follows: The vial with its side turned towards us was about two-thirds full of a brown substance, solid and thoroughly dried up. The vial with its edge turned towards us was about one-third full of the same substance—the drying up of which, in either vial, seems to have occurred at a very remote period.

After having shown the reliquary, in the state above described, not only to the cardinal and the ecclesiastics, but also to the strangers who surrounded him, the canon came down the altar-steps, placed himself before the chancel, and, elevating it in his hands, exhibited it—pervaded as it was with the light of the candle held behind—to the assembled multitude. He then ascended to the altar, and began in a loud voice to recite prayers, in which he was joined by all the persons present. Afterwards, laying the reliquary on the mouth and forehead of every one around him, he allowed them to kiss it. After twenty-five minutes had elapsed, worn out with fatigue, he handed the reliquary to another canon, nearly as aged and feeble as himself, and knelt, palpitating with emotion, on the altar-steps. The canon who took his place began to recite prayers afresh, and the praying and exclamations of the crowd were increased twofold. At last, at thirty-seven minutes past nine, the officiating priest made a significant gesture, while he raised the reliquary above his head. Then, at, as it were, a given signal, the hymn of the *Te Deum*, intoned by all present, rose in grave and solemnly imposing sound under the vaulted roof of the chapel and the vast arches of the cathedral. A shower of flowers fell on the altar. Hundreds of birds were set at liberty and flew all over the church, filling the air with songs of joy. The miracle had been accomplished.

Although this scene was of a nature to deeply impress both the imagina-

tion and the heart, we are quite certain that we retained all the while our self-possession; and, *with the most scrupulous and intensely scrutinizing attention, we looked, not once but at six or seven different times*, into the reliquary, lit up as it was by the light of the candle held behind it. The vial with the edge towards us gave no signs of liquefaction; but in the other, placed at right angles to it, the transformation undergone by the substance which it contained was undeniably evident. The vial had become full of a liquid having the color, the consistency, and the fluidity of blood fresh and drawn from the veins of a living man.

Sceptics will exclaim that it is an imposture. We confine ourselves to narrating just what we saw. The miracle of St. Januarius is not an article of faith. The reader will form whatever opinion in the matter he chooses; but we can affirm that every part of the solemnity seemed to exclude the idea of fraud or legerdemain. Our impression in this respect was, we can truly say, shared by all the Frenchmen who were with us in the chapel—and among them there were many sceptics. We would, besides, remark that this prodigy has been going on for many centuries back, that it has continued during several revolutions and while Naples was occupied by the French, and that, up to the present day, no *savant* or chemist has been able to point out the process by which the result is effected.

Of course that persistent enemy of the Catholic Church, the *Siccle*, did not fail to controvert and throw ridicule on Cauvain's candid and fair statement, and set one of its funny-editors, Taxile Delord, to work to demonstrate to its readers that the liquefaction was a mere trick of very easy performance. The *Courrier des États-Unis* of October 31, 1856, gives an account of the ridiculous result of this foolish attempt. Taxile Delord sought a Mr. Louis Peisse, employed editorially on the same paper as Cauvain, and who he knew was devoted to the investigation of supernatural subjects, "such as visions, ecstasies, hallucinations, miracles, double sight, magnetism, somnambulism," and was then writing a book on these subjects, and asked Peisse to help him. Peisse, after having experimented before him, in strict accordance therewith gave him the following recipe, parts of which I have italicized in order to save comment :

INFALLIBLE RECIPE FOR THE PRODUCTION OF THE MIRACLE OF
ST. JANUARIUS.

Take ten grammes of candle-tallow and dissolve it in twelve grammes of ether; mix in it six drops of some red coloring substance, such as vermilion or terra sienna, according to your choice. Stir all up in a vessel and pour the mixed contents into a vial *small enough to fill the hollow of your hand*. Allow the mixture to solidify; *take the vial, grasp it tightly with your fingers*,

(you may, if you like, hold it in your pocket). After the lapse of five minutes open your fingers and the trick will have been performed.

The *Siècle* must have felt pretty confident that its prejudiced readers would not take the trouble to get Cauvain's narrative and read it.

NARRATIVE OF REV. J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE.

It does not require any special introduction, the habit of a Jesuit or of some other religious order, not even the profession of Catholicism, to gain admission to the very best place for witnessing the miracle. I do not, of course, mean that it would be easy for a stranger, or indeed for any one else, excepting crowned heads, princes of the church, or others for very special purposes, to have the relic exposed for his own particular benefit at an extraordinary time; but on the ordinary expositions—that is, on the first Sunday in May and daily throughout the octave, the anniversary of the translation of the relics; on the 19th of September, the saint's festival, and daily throughout its octave; and again on the 16th of December, in commemoration of the deliverance of the city from a terrible eruption of Vesuvius—any person who chooses to go into the sacristy half an hour before the appointed time, and to introduce himself as a stranger anxious to have an opportunity of seeing the liquefaction as closely as possible, is sure to be kindly received by the canons and to be placed in as advantageous a position as can be procured for him. Their courtesy to strangers on these occasions is notorious; indeed, it is sometimes complained of they are almost too indulgent in this particular—indulgent to the prejudice of their own fellow-citizens. The first time I went myself I arrived rather late; Prince Borghese and his family had preceded me, and, they too being strangers, I could not get within the altar-rail. The next morning I returned at an earlier hour, and now nobody had precedence of me excepting a French-Canadian bishop and his chaplain; these knelt on the highest altar-step, quite at the end, on the epistle side, and I was placed next to them. The head of the saint, in a large silver-gilt bust, bearing a mitre and covered with a handsome cape richly ornamented with precious stones, had been already placed on the gospel side. By and by the canon came from the sacristy, bringing the *ampulla*. I found it exactly as Mabillon had described it, of the same dull, darkish glass as the *ampulle* of the Roman catacombs. It was enclosed, together with another of the same kind but of smaller dimensions, in a round silver reliquary with flat sides of glass. The greatest width of the reliquary was about four inches; at one end it had a silver handle less than four inches in length, and at the other end it was surmounted by a silver crown and cross. A green cord was either passed through the handle or fastened round it (I cannot at this moment recollect which) and thrown round the neck of the canon; he held it, however, by the handle and in an upright position as he brought it to the altar, and as soon as he had knelt

there for a moment he turned round and exhibited it to the people in the same position, an assistant priest holding a candle behind it, that they might see its solid, congealed state.

The women stationed in the foremost rank without the altar-rails, of whom I have already spoken, immediately began, with most loud and discordant voices, to scream forth the *Credo*, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Gloria Patri*; whilst the canon, accompanied by the other priest bearing the candle, came round to give a nearer view of it to those who were within the rails; there may have been eight or ten of us kneeling on the topmost step, perfectly close to the canon—so close that those in the centre must have been touching his robes, even when he stood with his face to the altar to recite the prayers. He began with the bishop on the epistle side, so that I was the third person to whom it was brought. It was first held steadily before me, then turned upside-down two or three times, so that, the candle being immediately behind it, it was impossible that any symptom of motion within the glass could have escaped my observation. About two-thirds of the vessel seemed to be of a dull, dark-red color, and the remaining portion, though far from being so transparent as our modern glass, was evidently free from any sort of stain, and quite as clear as any glass of that age that I have ever seen. The canon passed it round to all who were kneeling on the step, after which, his assistant having with some difficulty silenced the vociferous old women, he turned to the altar and recited aloud the Litany of Loretto, the people repeating the alternate petitions in the ordinary way. Having read the prayers also at the end of the Litany, he again brought round the reliquary and exhibited it to us as before. The women saw at once that the liquefaction had not taken place, and continued, therefore, in the same harsh, unmusical tones, but with increased vehemence, to repeat the *Credo*, *Gloria*, etc. There certainly was not yet the slightest appearance of a change; and when the canon had completed his round I saw him look at it very carefully himself and shake his head, to denote that it had not commenced. As the women, however, were *au beau milieu* of the Creed, he seemed to think it better not to resume the public prayers immediately, but to wait for a convenient pause. Accordingly he once more exhibited the relic to the bishop on my right; he may have held it before him for a minute, perhaps, certainly not more, when I saw the color rush into the good bishop's face and the tears into his eyes, and guessed immediately that he had detected some change. The canon saw it also, just looked at the relic for a moment to certify himself that it was so, and then motioned to the choir to begin the *Te Deum*. In less than a minute I was looking at it myself, and could distinctly recognize the solid mass slowly moving downwards towards the empty part of the vessel, but it seemed thick and heavy, not unlike the consistency of treacle. In about five or six minutes it had gone the round of the semicircle and returned to the bishop again, and by this time it was as liquid as water; it passed from one side of the vessel to the other freely and immediately as water might do, leaving

the other part of the vessel perfectly empty; it no longer seemed to be either thick or heavy, but was in every respect like natural, fresh blood.

NARRATIVE OF REV. JOHN VIRTUE.

In the month of September, 1849, I visited Naples. Being there at the time of the festival of St. Januarius (September 19), I felt anxious to witness, if possible, the miracle of the liquefaction of his blood; not that I for an instant doubted the miracle, but I was anxious to be able to add my own testimony when an occasion like the present should call for it.

In pursuance of my object I called at the cathedral a few days before the feast, in company with a friend who knew one of the canons. I was courteously offered a place as near to the relic as it was possible to be—namely, on the top step of the altar. On the day of the festival, the 19th, I arrived too late to witness the actual liquefaction, but saw the blood after it had taken place. I was more fortunate on the 21st, and arrived in good time at the cathedral. By the kindness of the canon above mentioned I was admitted within the rails of the chapel of the Teons, as it is called, where the miracle takes place. After waiting some time the silver bust enclosing the head of the saint was brought out and placed upon the altar to the right of the crucifix. I then took my place on the top step of the altar, and was second or third from the right-hand corner facing the altar. Presently one of the canons appeared from the sacristy and went to a tabernacle at the back of the altar to get the vial containing the blood. He came around with it, beginning at the end of the altar where I was, so that I had the first glimpse of it as it came into the presence of the head of St. Januarius. It was held by the two ends of the reliquary, to which was attached a silk cord hanging to the neck of the canon who showed it. His hands were not near the glass vial itself, which, being hung like an hour-glass, had the smallest possible connection with the frame that supported it. As the relic was slowly carried past me it was turned upside-down and every way about. Within the glass tube or vial was a dark-colored substance like dried blood, and which, if it had been liquid, must have moved during the turning-about of the glass. No such result, however, took place. It was carried past me to the other end of the step, and back again the same way. As yet no liquefaction took place. As it passed me the third time I saw distinctly the blood begin to trickle down the side of the glass, and as it went on I followed it with my eyes and saw it increase in fluidity. It was again brought past me, and now I saw it bubbling and increasing in volume, so that it was presently quite liquefied; and instead of, as at first, occupying a small space in the glass, it now more than half filled it. Now, as far as human testimony could go, I had the strongest reason to believe in the reality of the miracle.

Protestants are ready enough to say it is impossible, it must be an imposture, etc. But I would humbly submit, if it is an imposture, how is

it done? That has never been explained yet by any objector. In fine, I would say that viewing the matter, not, of course, as an infidel, who denies the possibility of miracles, but as one examining the matter and according to the rules of human evidence, either it is a real miracle or those who juggle it perform one still greater in succeeding in and maintaining a deception, not for a few years in the so-called *dark* ages, but through several centuries, down to the present epoch of dazzling, or blinding (?), illumination of the nineteenth century.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius has become so notorious that certain parallel cases of the liquefaction of the blood of other saints, claimed to be equally certain and supernatural, though not so perfectly attested, are but little heard of. Rev. J. S. Northcote, in his letter to the *Rambler* from which the foregoing narrative has been taken, gives an account of these, mentioning the testimony which he obtained in regard to them, and which will doubtless be of interest to the generality of readers. This subject is a curious one, about which reliable information is not easy to get.

"It is stated, then, in books, and repeated by persons who certainly have had opportunities of ascertaining the facts, that a portion of the blood which issued from the side of St. Francis and is preserved at Rieti, as well as another portion preserved in the church of the SS. Stimmate at Rome, liquefies annually on the 17th of September."

The same thing is said to happen on the 27th of July to "a portion of the blood of St. Pantaleon, preserved in the Chiesa Nuova at Rome."

"In the church of S. Agostino at Terni, a city within the States of the Church, which was the seat of a Christian bishopric as long ago as the middle of the second century, there is a relic of the blood of St. Peter that is said to liquefy and boil every year from the first to the second vespers of the apostle's feast." According to the testimony of one who saw it in the year 1847, it is contained in a vessel of thin glass "apparently similar to the old glass vessels of the Catacombs"; and his testimony was corroborated to Northcote by that of another person who was present at the same time.

In the church of Sta. Patrizia in Naples the blood of that saint is said to be always solid during every day of the year but the 25th of August, the day of her feast, when it regularly liquefies. In 1847 certain English Catholic priests, friends of Northcote, who had been taken on purpose to see the liquefaction, arrived after it had taken place. The fact of the general solidity

of this relic and its occasional liquefaction is also attested to by Silvestro Petra Sancta, a learned Jesuit, who in the middle of the seventeenth century published a valuable and interesting work entitled *Thaumasia veræ Religionis contra Perfidiam Sectarum*.

"In the Gesù Vecchio, in the same city, there is a small portion of the blood of St. Aloysius preserved in a tabernacle upon the altar of one of the private chapels." On a bitterly cold morning, on the 31st of December, 1849, Northcote, in company with a French missionary-bishop from China, Monseigneur de Verolles, and a party of five or six others, French and English, were witnesses of the liquefaction, of which he gives full particulars.

High up in the mountain, above the town of Amalfi, on the bay of Salerno, and more immediately above the beautiful village of Atrani, is the small town of Ravello, which in the middle ages was an episcopal city of considerable importance with a population of some 35,000 souls. In the principal church of this town is kept the blood of St. Pantaleon, which, from a hard, congealed state, is said to become liquid during the octave of the saint's festival, also whenever the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in its presence or when any relic of the true cross is brought before it. The vial containing the blood is kept in a small, square aperture, closed by a door, in the wall above the high altar, and to this aperture there is access in the rear by a little staircase at the back of the altar behind this wall and there is another door corresponding to the one in front. The vial, which is of darkish glass, is between two strong iron gratings, one in front and one in the rear, both let into the wall. The vial cannot, therefore, be manipulated, nor even touched. "In order to see the relic clearly you light a small taper and pass it through the bars." Early in the month of September, 1843, an English priest, one of the monsignori attached to the Papal Court and who afterwards joined the congregation of Redemptorists in England, went in company with an Italian priest from La Casa to Ravello expressly to see the miracle. The monsignor wrote to Northcote, at his request, a detailed account of the liquefaction, which immediately took place when two relics of the holy cross were brought near to the vial.

I can think of no better or more appropriate conclusion to these narratives than to quote the beautiful lines with which Northcote closes his :

Truly may we conclude with St. Augustine :* "A great testimony does the

*Serm. cclxxxv. In Nat. Martyr. Vincent., vol. v. col. 1631, ed. Paris.

Lord furnish to his martyrs, to those who have borne witness for him, in that he ruled their hearts during the fight and does not desert their bodies when they are dead. Truly, 'precious in the sight of God is the death of his saints,' when not even the corruptible flesh is contemned, though life have deserted it; and though the invisible soul have gone forth out of the visible body, yet the dwelling-place of his servant is preserved by the care of the Lord, and is honored by the faithful among his fellow-servants to the glory of the Lord. For what does God, by performing marvellous things in the bodies of the saints who are dead, but furnish a clear testimony that what dies perishes not to him, and that it may hence be understood in what honor he holds the souls of them that were slain for him, since even their inanimate flesh is made famous by so mighty an operation of the Divinity?"

A TRUE REFORMER—NICHOLAS KREBS.

It is impossible to find any period or any place in the history of the church entirely free from imperfection. The human asserts itself in the country parish as well as in the papal palace, under the purple as well as under the black cassock. From the twelve apostles down, from impulsive Peter and treacherous Judas to the latest imprudent ruler of a see or betrayer of the faith, the human runs alongside the divine both in and out of the sanctuary. This universal fact, obtruding itself on the attention of the contemporary observer as well as on the eyes of the reader of ecclesiastical annals, gives the key to all the heresies, schisms, and scandals in the church. It is a congregation of men, not of angels. The subject and the ruler have both the same imperfect nature inherited from Adam, and, although regenerated by Christ, still bearing the traces of the original fall.

This innate imperfection often leads the subject into revolt and his superior into rashness. Which of these defects works the greater mischief it would be difficult to say. But as the position of a superior is the more important, it is more necessary for him to guard against the weaknesses of his nature and the danger of imprudence in governing his flock. If prudence had always guided the counsels of authority, would scandals have been so many? If patience had always tempered zeal, would revolts have been so frequent?

We are led into this train of thought by reading the life of that celebrated Roman cardinal of the fifteenth century known to polite literature as Cardinal Cusanus, but to his father and

plain German countrymen as Nicholas Krebs, or Nicholas von Cues. He was the son of a Moselle fisherman from Cues, a village near Triers. His character is the type of the true reformer, and if he had found full co-operation in his labors among the clergy and laity of his time the conflagration lit by Luther would have found few materials to burn in Germany.

The fifteenth century was one of scandal. The human element in the church, owing to the interference of the lay power in the sanctuary, was producing its usual results around the throne and around the altar. Nicholas saw the ignorance and saw the immorality. He saw the abuses in the monasteries and episcopal palaces. But he was a true reformer and not a "crank," as we say in modern expressive phrase. Instead of imprudently denouncing or petulantly criticising; instead of ridiculing or sneering, like Erasmus and Von Hutten; instead of turning rebel to authority and thus making things worse by revolt and schism, he piously set to work to remedy the disease under law, under obedience, and yet by radical treatment. He began his work in the year 1451 during the pontificate of Nicholas V., continued it during the reign of Calixtus III., and finished it and his life in the same year in which that other famous scholar, Pius II. (*Æneas Sylvius*), died—A.D. 1464. The principle upon which Von Cues based his reform in Germany was essentially Catholic. He wanted to purify and renew, not to destroy or upset. He insisted that men should not modify sanctity or change the methods of justification, but that holiness should change men. All was to be done under obedience to the powers that be. If they lacked zeal to co-operate he was patient and willing to wait, trusting in Providence to solve the difficulty. If the abuse was crying, rather than subvert authority, the cornerstone of order and discipline, he patiently prayed and waited.

A true reformer, he began by reforming himself. He knew the scandals in high places. Why mince about what was then so plain and public? Abbots and bishops were negligent. In the neighboring city of Strassburg its bishop had not pontificated for years. Many of the clergy were ignorant and the people neglected. Krebs became a model of every priestly virtue. He set an example of residence to the prelates. He remained at home. He preached to the clergy as well as to the people; and his practice was in conformity to his precept. Simple in manner, avoiding pomp or display, indefatigable in teaching, consoling, and edifying, a real father of the poor, he went through Germany, from one end to the other, in years of missionary labor.

The people loved him and contrasted his conduct with that of his disedifying brethren. He reformed church discipline as far as possible. All was done with the consent and approval of the popes. He insisted on a higher education of the clergy; for he knew that an ignorant is but one remove from a scandalous priesthood, and that although learning by itself never makes saints, yet ignorance surely makes sinners. He insisted that the peasants should be instructed in catechism, and organized classes and teachers for the purpose. He compelled the clergy to preach to the people and instruct them in the principles of Christian faith and morals; and he punished the priests who neglected this important duty. He held provincial councils in Salzburg, Magdeburg, Mayence, and Cologne; he made frequent pastoral visitations to the monasteries and convents, and thus awakened religion wherever he went. The evidences of his zeal are still shown in these old cities, most of which have remained loyal to the old faith to this day. He proposed a plan of general reformation to Pope Pius II.; and this writing shows how deeply he felt the abuses that everywhere prevailed, yet how loyal he was to authority and how averse he was to the folly and the crime of attempting to disturb its sacred foundations. The zeal of Krebs took in the Roman court itself as well as the most insignificant convent; but he was loyal and respectful, and never forgot his duty as a priest or his obedience as a cardinal. How unlike the "cranks" who assume to be reformers now! How unlike Curci! { The abbot John Trithemius, writing of Von Cues at the end of the fifteenth century, says:

"Nicholas von Cues appeared in Germany like an angel of light and peace amid the surrounding darkness and desolation, re-established the unity of the church there and the authority of its supreme head, and scattered everywhere the seeds of a new life. A part bore no fruit through the hard-heartedness of men; another part blossomed, but soon withered through the sloth and laxity of many, while a large portion bore fruits which we still perceive and enjoy. He was a man of faith and of charity, an apostle of piety and of learning. His intellect embraced all the domains of science; but all his learning came from God and had no other aim than His glory and the edification and improvement of mankind. We can therefore learn true wisdom from his science."*

"Science and the contemplation of truth with the eye of the mind always give pleasure," wrote Von Cues. "The older a man becomes the more they delight him and fill him with the desire to possess truth. As the heart lives only in love, so the mind lives only in the circle of science and truth. As in all seasons of the year and in all labors of the day the

*Apud Janssen, *Die Allgemeinen Zustände des Deutschen Volkes*, erstes band, p. 4.

bodily eye is guided by the light of heaven, so the eye of the intelligence is ever illumined from the source of the true and the beautiful, and by the teaching of centuries and the lore of antiquity. These should we study, not forgetting, however, the mysteries of matter which surround us in this mundane sphere. But let our study be with humility; for humility alone gives utility to knowledge, humility alone makes us great."

Von Cues especially aimed at reforming ecclesiastical studies. He insisted on the teaching of the great scholastics in colleges, universities, and monasteries, and on the profound study of the Scriptures by every ecclesiastic. He was utterly opposed to the superficial or to the quibble. He attacked false mysticism and unveiled the insidious pantheism of some mystical writers. He urged the study of philosophy, especially of Christian metaphysics—he himself being a profound philosopher as well as a theologian. Yet his method of discussion and polemics was essentially irenic. This appears evident in his great work on *The Settlement of all Disputes about Religion in a Peaceful Way*.* The plan of this work is to give a full view of religious truth and persuade all mankind to embrace it in the unity of the Roman Catholic Church, the only true world-religion (*Weltreligion*).

Von Cues, not content with urging a reform in the theological curriculum of studies, insisted that the clergy should study the natural sciences also. A priest, according to him, ought to be a leader in Israel. His lips should guard wisdom, and the people should be able to seek the law from him in safety. Religion should rule the world; and although he did not deem it essential for a priest to be a great naturalist, yet he wished the clergy to be versed in the natural sciences, so as not to be ashamed or afraid in the presence of their votaries, who are too often, alas! the assailers of Christian faith. He was a distinguished mathematician and astronomer himself. He was the first who, almost a century before Copernicus, had the courage and the knowledge to assert that the earth turned on its axis with continual motion. He wrote a learned treatise on the correction of the Julian calendar. He led the band of astronomers who since his time have explored the realms of the stars and the motions of the heavenly bodies. He was the friend and patron of George von Peurbach and of John Müller, the two founders in Germany of the new school of scientists and the fathers of mathematical and observed astronomy.

Further, he insisted on the study of classic literature. Many

* *Die Beilegung aller Religionsstreitigkeiten auf friedlichem Wege.*

of the monks had grown lazy and ignorant. Some of the secular clergy were deficient in Latin and Greek. Von Cues urged on them the obligation of knowing better the masterpieces of pagan antiquity. He knew that there was nothing in the classics, properly understood, to injure Christian faith, and that the grand thoughts and beautiful style of Homer, Sophocles, Plato, and Demosthenes, or of Virgil, Tacitus, and Cicero, help to cultivate the mind and give side-lights to Christian truth. In Italy he had studied attentively both Plato and Aristotle. Wherever Von Cues could he introduced the works of the latter philosopher, and was inflamed with zeal for the propagation of classical learning everywhere. He helped poor scholars. He urged their zeal when it flagged in the pursuit of knowledge. He collected many Greek manuscripts on the occasion of a voyage to Constantinople, and never tired of studying the grand and sonorous verse of Homer, even though engaged in the sacred work of the ministry. The art of printing, recently discovered, was of great use to him in his literary labors. His zeal for the study of Greek and Latin among the youth of Germany was emulated after his death (in 1464) by Rudolf Agricola.

It is such men as Cardinal Cusa and Cardinal Borromeo who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries refute the calumnies of the sham reformers Luther and Melanchthon, and show us what true reformers should be, and serve as models for them to imitate. A study of their lives and works is the best teacher of those who desire to correct abuses, if there are any, in the church, or whose zeal prompts them to elevate the tone of the clergy and of the laity either in education, discipline, or morals.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. XI. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse.

This volume of Dr. Brownson's works contains essays on subjects belonging to the debatable ground between politics and religion. Whatever one may think of the opinions advocated, he will find here some of the finest specimens of the great author's style. It is, indeed, a model style. The English language in Dr. Brownson's grasp is a weapon to slay and a talisman to raise to life. Never was argumentation made more delightful reading; never did a teacher instruct more by the aid of his pupil's highest faculties. It is, indeed, a most enviable gift to be able to so write, or rather to be able so to think, discern, judge, penetrate, decide concerning the greatest topics of the human understanding, and then to clothe one's conclusions in language as adequate to express as human language well can be. Clearness, force, purity, vividness, loftiness, are terms applicable to Dr. Brownson's literary style. True, besides the higher class of students of fine writing, the general reading public will not study him or any such order of men merely for the sake of his literary excellences. The pleasures of the imagination and of narrative are not to be found in Dr. Brownson. But let one have any shadow of interest in the great questions he treats, and every page displays the possession of a style which is the rarest of literary gifts. For his writing, being colorless of those lesser beauties which catch the eye but to arrest its deepest glances, and absolutely free from the least obscurity, becomes the instinctive expression of a most enlightened mind. It is a magnetic medium uniting the master's personality, the disciple's understanding, and the subject's essence. Cardinal Newman, we may believe, possesses this supreme rhetoric in perhaps even a higher degree, but so much can be said of few other writers of English prose. The late George Ripley, in our opinion the best judge of literature in our country or elsewhere, assured us that there were passages in Dr. Brownson which could not be surpassed in the whole range of English literature.

The editor has prefixed to this volume a preface explaining a change which at one time seemed to have occurred in Dr. Brownson's views on questions whose bearing is both religious and political—a matter which involved him in domestic controversy at times rather warm. Doubtless the explanation is satisfactory, especially for the new generation of readers. We commend it to the attention of all who wish to be acquainted with the pure motives which influenced Dr. Brownson's public life. We do not know how well the editor's labor of love in getting out this work is being rewarded by the Catholic public. But this we know: the priest or intelligent layman who does not buy these volumes will lack one of the best aids to an intelligent comprehension of the first principles of religion and of higher politics. It is, besides, an error to fancy that because one has the old copies of *Brownson's Review* he has all that these volumes contain. The author wrote some of his best articles in other periodicals, and some of the highest flights of his mind only appeared in book-form.

We think that the last essay in this volume, "The Mission of America,"

is one of the finest specimens of English the author ever penned; and it is the free, luminous, vigorous treatment of a subject still of the freshest interest. We cannot help quoting a few lines from it, willing to give the space in the hope that these few drops may but excite such a thirst in the reader that he will go to the fountain itself and drink to his full contentment:

"We insist, indeed, on the duty of all Catholic citizens, whether natural born or naturalized, to be, or to make themselves, thorough-going Americans; but to be Americans is to understand and love American institutions, to understand and love the American mission, to understand and love American liberty, to understand and love American principles and interests, and to use with a free and manly spirit the advantages of American citizenship to advance the cause of religion and civilization. Those who will not be Americans in this sense we disown, we hold to be 'outside barbarians' and not within the pale of the American order. They have no business here, and the sooner they leave us the better. They have no lot or part in our work, no part or lot in the American mission. But whoever does his best to be in this sense an American, whoever is devoted to true American interests and is fired with a noble ambition to promote the glory of America, we embrace as a countryman, wherever he was born or reared; we hold him to be our fellow-laborer, and to him we make our appeal. To all such we say, Here is a glorious work to be done, in which you may perform a glorious part—a work which you will be doing whenever preparing yourself for your part as Catholics, as citizens, or as men; to which every noble sentiment you cherish, every generous sacrifice you make, every disinterested act you perform, every prayer you breathe even in secret, every living word you drop from your lips will contribute. The field is as broad as your activity, the work as high as your ambition, as great as your thought. You may, if you will, add a nation, a nation destined to rule the future, to your church, and to the world a new civilization. You may bring faith to the doubting, hope to the desponding, and peace to the troubled; send freedom to the down-trodden millions of the Old World, redeem long-oppressed continents, and fill with joy the broken-hearted friends of the human race. Let each one work in his own sphere, according to his ability and opportunity, but always with a view to the greater glory of God, and with a firm reliance on him for support, and ultimate success."

The publisher's work has been especially well done in the get-up of this volume.

THE FAITH OF CATHOLICS CONFIRMED BY SCRIPTURE AND ATTESTED BY THE FATHERS OF THE FIRST FIVE CENTURIES OF THE CHURCH. Three vols. 8vo. With preface by the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, D.D. New York: Pustet & Co.

This valuable compilation, made by the Rev. Fathers Berington and Kirk in the early part of this century and recast and edited by Rev. J. Waterworth some forty years ago, has just been reprinted with a preface by Right Rev. Monsignor Capel. The plan of the book is first to state in a proposition a Catholic doctrine, then to give the passages of Scripture confirming it, and lastly extracts from the Fathers of the first five centuries. Doubtful readings and difficult passages are given in the original language at the foot of the page. There has been added an appendix containing Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne's summary of the Fathers on the Immaculate Conception, and also the full text of the Vatican Dogmatic Constitution, "Pastor æternus." Chronological lists of the popes, of the councils, of the ecclesiastical writers of the period complete the work. It has been carefully printed in type and on paper like the last London edition, and is to be published by private subscription at a price a little less than the book was sold for in England. We hail the work as a valuable addition to our Catholic publications. Not only will it be of service to our seminarists, to our teachers, and to intelligent Catholics, but also it will enable Episcopalians to see in form of a compendium the teachings of the Fathers of the "undivided church."

THE CATHOLIC HYMNAL; containing Hymns for Congregational and Home use, and the Vesper Psalms, the Office of Compline, the Litanies, Hymns at Benediction, etc. The Tunes by Rev. Alfred Young, priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. The words original and selected. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This superb volume appears too late for us to give that extended critical notice of it which from even a casual glance at its pages it evidently merits. We know of no such complete hymnal in the English language for the use of Catholics. The first paragraph of its preface may be aptly quoted here:

"Congregational singing is known to be one of the most powerful means of awakening the religious emotions of the people, while at the same time doctrinal truths, contained in the hymns, are deeply impressed upon the minds of those who thus proclaim in public their faith and the devout sentiments of their hearts. If people can be got to sing in praise of any project or principle, it is easy to arouse their enthusiasm in its favor. If they sing about anything, it is because they love it. All agree that if congregational singing were done with spirit it would be a most powerful auxiliary to the priest. It would aid him very much in the work of instruction and exhortation, which, for the want of some such help, he is obliged to supply by extraordinary preaching, numerous instructions, and spiritual conferences.

"All, too, have felt the want of such singing at special Lenten services, during retreats and missions, at Low Masses, and at the meetings of sodalities established in parishes, and in our colleges and convent-schools. The best effort hitherto made has been to have a few hymns suitable for children's use sung by children, to which the older people pay little or no attention.

"The present hymnal, carefully compiled with the aforementioned purposes in view, is offered to the reverend clergy and to superiors of our educational institutions with the confident assurance that it will realize much that has been deemed desirable in a hymn-book for general use."

We learn that several of the hymns, printed from advanced sheets, were successfully taught to, and sung with great enthusiasm by, the people of the Paulist fathers' congregation last Lent.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS. By the Most Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, D.D., Archbishop of Sydney. 12mo, 680 pages. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1884. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The distinguished Irish prelate and indefatigable student who has just been promoted from his native see of Ossory to the archbishopric of Sydney has issued in one volume an amplified edition of his historical sketch of the persecutions of Irish Catholics in the terrible seventeenth century. Dr. Moran's services to the history of his country are only second to his services to the church, and the present book is not the least in importance of the many monuments of his historical zeal. It is mainly a work of original research, being compiled from unpublished contemporary writings and from printed works rarely to be met with. The greater part of it was written as an introduction to the author's *Memoirs of Dr. Plunket*; but it is now much enlarged and contains many new documents.

Dr. Moran anticipates a kind of criticism that a work like this is sure to encounter. He says:

"Though the practice of the Catholic Church and the experience of the past ages show that great edification is derived from the history of those who suffered for the truth, and the faithful are encouraged to constancy and patience in the time of trial by remembering the sac-

rifices made by others in its defence, yet there are some who seem to think otherwise, and who will not fail to condemn the historical sketch now presented to the public. Why, they say, do you occupy yourself with penal laws and the confiscation of property, why record the massacre of so many Catholics? Such unpleasant recollections ought not to be preserved. It is the tendency of the present age to repair the wrongs of past times and to heal the wounds then inflicted—why put yourself in opposition to so praiseworthy a spirit? Why not let past grievances be forgotten?

“In reply perhaps it would not be out of place to examine whether the present age is so liberal as it pretends, or whether the Catholic religion, and the Catholic people in general—and the poor especially—have been treated in Ireland, with such generosity as to make them forget all past grievances. It might also be asked whether the spirit of former times is not still active, and still tending to obtain by indirect and occult means the same ends which were so long sought for by open persecution.”

But, passing over such questions, Dr. Moran observes that motives of prudence or feelings of delicacy did not prevent the early Christian writers from recording innumerable deeds of pagan cruelty and describing the noble constancy and courage of their persecuted brethren.

“Every Christian felt that the propagation or preservation of his religion in the midst of trials and sufferings was a proof of the truth of Christ's promise to be with his church in all ages, and the fear of displeasing pagans or exciting the feelings of the sufferers against their oppressors was not considered a sufficient ground for passing over in silence great historical facts both useful and edifying. . . . Why should not we act in the same way? For do not the sufferings of past times supply us with new illustrations of the power of Christian faith, and with motives of thankfulness and gratitude to God for having preserved our religion? The struggle in which our predecessors in the faith were engaged was a very unequal one: they were so weak that, humanly speaking, they could not have resisted the powers that were brought to bear on them for their destruction; yet, through the mercy of God, their poverty was more powerful than the wealth of others, and in their weakness they preserved the most precious of all treasures, their faith, and transmitted it to their posterity, in whom it is now producing an abundance of fruit in their virtues and good works, and in the institutions with which they are covering the land. . . . Nor is it to be supposed that the memory of past grievances always excites feelings of hatred and rancor. Where the sufferings of true Christians are related a contrary effect is produced. Their patience and resignation to the holy will of God, the prayers they poured out, like our Divine Redeemer on the cross, for their persecutors, serve to make us patient and obedient, and to act in a spirit of charity and forbearance even towards those who afflict and persecute us.”

We make no excuse for this lengthened extract, for it furnishes a splendid argument against a reproach that is too often offered to the Irishman who dwells on the past sufferings of his country. Ireland asks to have her martyrs recognized. The church has always, in every country on the globe from Norway to Japan, searched for the martyrs to the faith, in order that she might revere and bless their memories, or even canonize them. It would be strange that the memory of Ireland's mighty host of martyrs, from her archbishops and bishops down to the humblest peasant who submitted to horrible tortures and death sooner than deny his religion, should alone be neglected. When the martyrology of Ireland is written it will be a record not less glorious than that of any nation in Christendom.

But there are other reasons why the periods of persecution should form a prominent feature in Irish history. It is quite impossible to understand the condition of Ireland without keeping these periods in view. Irish Catholics are frequently taunted with the want of a Catholic literature and with the rags and poverty of their country. They are even told that their ignorance and poverty are proofs of the demoralizing effects of their holy

religion. The rich and flourishing Protestants are pointed to—proofs of the advantages of Protestantism. Such comparisons are made every day; they appear again and again in all the little anti-Catholic tracts so widely circulated at present. Then there is that most phenomenal national sentiment in the whole range of history staring the student in the face—the puzzling, seemingly insensate, but terribly real hate of England that seems born in the bones of the Irish people. To answer the charges, to explain the phenomena, it is necessary to go back to the persecutions and the penal laws. At four different periods the Irish Catholics were supposed to have been utterly exterminated by English law—by law, for the policy of extermination was deliberately planned and formulated in Parliament. They were overwhelmed in war, they were driven off their estates and holdings to the bogs and hills, from the bogs and hills to the rocks, from the rocks into the sea. They were shot down and hanged, their women and babies were spitted on spears. In milder days—to our own day almost—it was a crime for a Catholic to educate his child. What wonder that the Catholics in Ireland are the poorer class? The wonder is there exists a Catholic there at all. But the marvellous energy of this people triumphed over every persecution. The most touching testimony of the intellectualism of this much-misunderstood race was the efforts by which they, committing treason and overcoming a thousand difficulties to secure the prize, sought to slake their thirst for knowledge in foreign lands. To-day, when the penal laws have been relaxed, the same spirit has covered the country with schools, colleges, and other educational establishments, and made faith and learning to bloom there again as in a garden. Thus, to use Archbishop Moran's words, "a reference to past times shows who were the real friends and who the enemies of progress and knowledge."

The apprehension that the spirit of former times is still active on the oppressors' side is justified in more regards than one. The English are not content to let bygones be bygones as to the persecution periods. The passion for misrepresenting Ireland and her Catholicism is too strong and has been too long gratified to die easily. To prove this it would be only necessary to refer to such a work as Mr. J. A. Froude's *The English in Ireland*. But only last month there was issued from the presses of a London publishing firm a book, with the prestige of the same famous historian's name to its preface, the object of which is to show that the Irish had no grievance in those days of persecution; that the English atrocities were only the result of a "feeling of indignation produced in English Protestants by Irish murders"; and that the Irish rebellion was the work of the "Roman priesthood," who had a "Jesuitical" motive in stirring up disaffection. These things are sought to be proved by a selection (chiefly from the MSS. in Trinity College) of depositions made by Protestants which, if they were equally reliable in all their statements, would establish the fact that the Irish were the agents of witchcraft! The book we refer to is *Ireland in the Seventeenth Century; or, The Irish Massacres of 1641-42*, by Mary Hickson; with a Preface by J. A. Froude. (London: Longmans. 1884.) While slanders like this are actively promulgated by the opposite side, is the wronged, the misrepresented, the martyrs' side to remain silent? It is not even once in a century that an honest Englishman and Protestant like Mr. C. G. Walpole will have the moral courage to do justice to the subject,

as he has done in his *Kingdom of Ireland*, and lay the crime at the proper door and make no ghastly palliations.

Archbishop Moran proves very clearly that the atrocities in Ireland were the result of a general proscription of the Irish Catholics by the Puritan Parliaments. As early as the 8th December, 1641, an act was passed in Parliament to the effect that the Catholic religion should never be tolerated in Ireland; and in order to carry this act into execution the lords-justices issued the following order to the commander of the Irish forces:

“It is resolved that it is fit his lordship should endeavor, with his majesty's forces, to slay and destroy all the said rebels, and their adherents and relievers, by all the ways and means he may; and burn, destroy, spoil, waste, consume, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses where the said rebels are or have been relieved and harbored; and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting able to bear arms.”

All the subsequent acts of Parliament and orders of the lords-justices are dictated in the same sanguinary strain; as an instance may be cited the enactment of the Lords and Commons of England on the 24th of October, 1644, “that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman or to any papist born in Ireland.” The acts of Parliament were supplemented by the exhortations of the Puritan pamphleteers, of whose spirit the following extract is a choice specimen:

“I beg upon my hands and knees that the expedition against them (the Irish Catholics) may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our soldiery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say, briefly: ‘Happy he that shall reward them as they have served us; and cursed is he that shall do the work of the Lord negligently.’ Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood; yea, cursed be he that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood—that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their country a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment to nations. Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand be spared, that pities or spares them; and let him be accursed that curseth them not bitterly.”

In the words of the Protestant historian Borlase, “the orders of Parliament were excellently well executed.” Their officers were able to boast, like one Tichbourne, who commanded in Dundalk in 1642, that “there was neither man nor beast to be found” in their districts. The dogs had to be shot, too; for, to quote Dean Bernard, a Protestant dignitary, “they only surviving are found very usually feeding upon their masters, which taste of man's flesh made it very dangerous for the passengers in the roads.” The soldiery of the Puritans did not stop at killing the men and women. In the phrase of Carew, “nits will be lice,” so they killed the children. They hanged pregnant women and murdered women “in their very travail.” One of Sir Charles Coote's troopers carried on the point of his spear the head of a little babe which he cut off after killing the poor mother, “which Coote observing, said he was mightily pleased with many such frolicks.” They knocked children's brains out against the walls at Clonakilty, and a captain who devised the plan of tying Catholics back to back and casting them into the sea was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons “and had thanks there given him for his good service, and a chain of gold of £200 value.” They destroyed every sacred edifice in the country, as they did the beautiful cathedral of Cashel, where “the altars were overturned; the images that were painted on wood were consigned to the flames; those on canvas were used as bedding for the horses or were cut into sacks for burdens. . . . They advanced through the public squares

wearing the sacred vestments and inviting to Mass those whom they met on the way." The leader of the Puritans at Cashel, donned the archiepiscopal mitre and proclaimed himself mockingly archbishop of Cashel.

How all this gloomy page is illumined with the glorious light of martyrdom; how saintly bishop after bishop, priest after priest, Catholic laymen, noble and simple, earned the crown of crowns, enduring horrible tortures, and from the scaffold forgiving their enemies and exhorting their people to be true to their sacred inheritance; how, through persecutions such as only the Chosen People were visited with, the Irish preserved the covenant of faith as the Chosen People did not, neither worshipping the golden calf nor hungering for the flesh-pots—all this is told with wonderful clearness and power by Archbishop Moran.

With all its horrors it is an inspiring book for the Catholic to read, and the student of peoples cannot pretend to understand that country so full of amazing problems and wondrous possibilities unless he has mastered the facts it contains.

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS, ENGLISH AND LATIN, WITH AN APPENDIX. By J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

The Latin department of this cyclopædia of quotations is very poor, but the English quotations are so copious and generally well selected, and the indexes are so unusually good, that they suffice to carry the book. It is easy to find faults in a work of this kind. We miss many things even in the English department that we would like to see there, and we see space occupied by quotations in the style of—

“ ‘It was a fine day.’

—SNOOKS, *The Gloriat*, canto v. line 208 ”

—a style much in vogue with lady novelists, who love to embellish the headings of their chapters with such choice morsels of erudition. By the way, the line from “Locksley Hall,”

“Sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,”

being used by Tennyson between quotation-points as a paraphrase of Dante’s famous “nessun maggior dolore, etc.,” should be described as such and not as if it were original with the English laureate. But to find fault with a work over which such anxious toil has been expended for slips like this, would not be fair. The American who wants a copious, well-indexed volume of English quotations will hardly find one to suit him better than this.

MEN AND WOMEN AS THEY APPEARED IN THE FAR-OFF TIME. By S. H. Burke, author of *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1885.

Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are familiar with Mr. Sarsfield Hubert Burke’s flavor as a historical writer. A delightfully quaint and truly Catholic flavor it is. Mr. Burke has the genuine spirit of historical research, coupled with a quick insight into human character too seldom possessed by the explorers of MS. collections. His work among both the

highways and byways of English history is of real value. The little volume under notice might be described as a series of short rambles among the byways. It is a string of tiny essays and personal sketches, informal, desultory, and charming, stuffed full of information, and mainly the result of original research. The reader may skip from a dissertation on the salt-tax to a graceful account of the poet-Earl of Surrey, from a description of Henry VIII.'s honeymoon to a spirited picture of Queen Elizabeth among the Cambridge scholars. This pleasant little book makes up a really valuable set of side-lights on the life and character of the "men and women of the far-off time."

ACADIA: A Lost Chapter in American History. By Philip H. Smith. Pawling, N. Y.: Published by the author. 1884.

This book, though presented to the public under modest form and unpretending style, is an important contribution to American history. It is singular that a work of such considerable merits and sure popularity should have been gotten up in a country office, with a fifty-pound font of type and an old Liberty job-press, and its stereotyping executed with home-made apparatus after a process developed from personal experiment. There are few if any of our metropolitan publishers that would not have issued it in their best style and under the best auspices. The only thing wanting on the part of the author and his book is an index, the omission of which from any book of even ordinary merits is inexcusable. A book without an index in this age is an anomaly.

The author is entitled to all praise for his industrious and sympathetic study of the beautiful history and sad fate of the Acadians. This book better than any other illustrates the bloody and cruel struggle between France and England for the sovereignty of our northeastern territory—a struggle which extended also along the entire boundary westward and southward of the French settlements.

The free institutions and the mild government of the Canadian-French under English rule in Canada to-day are a result that one would scarcely have expected from the cruelty, injustice, and bitter religious bigotry with which the result was accomplished by the English government of the last century with the aid of the zealous and bloodthirsty bigotry of the Puritans of New England. The loyalty of the Canadians has been the correlative reward of protection, good laws, and equal participation in the offices and administration of their government—a fact which verifies a law of political economy that history has developed from the time of the conquering Greeks and Romans.

But in the case of the Acadians a great public wrong was perpetrated that antagonized all precedents and rules. Puritanism and the Puritans were their deadly enemies—enemies incapable of satisfaction at any result less than their extermination. Religious bigotry and the grasp after worldly aggrandizement were, and still are, features of Puritanism. The Acadians were next-door neighbors to the New England Puritans; they zealously professed and practised the religion the Puritans hated, and they owned and cultivated the lands and crops they coveted. Hence the principle of their every action was, *delenda est Acadia*. Expeditions were fitted out from New England, with Boston as the central field of

operations, against an innocent and quiet people living in their own homes ; midnight attacks upon peaceful communities, upon men, women, and children buried in sleep, were the favorite method of war on the part of the Puritans ; massacre, murder, fire, sword, and indiscriminate slaughter were the usual and favorite recourse, nay, the favorite enjoyment, of these " religious " enthusiasts. Our author, Mr. Philip H. Smith, tells us that the warfare of the Puritans against the Catholics of Acadia greatly partook of the nature of a religious crusade. "*In waging war,*" he says, "*against these papists the provincials thought they were doing God a service.*" It is enough, indeed, to refer to the fact that one of this long succession of bloody tragedies and inhuman butcheries was the martyrdom of the saintly Father Rasles, in order to show the moving and inspiring motive of this disgraceful chapter in our history. Methodism gave aid and comfort to the Puritans, however, in this war against religion, for it was George Whitefield, one of the founders of Methodism, who animated the bad passions of the New England people by his wicked and impassioned eloquence ; and he it was who gave the Puritans their motto or battle-cry in the expedition against Louisburg, "*Nil desperandum, Christo Duce.*" No wonder, then, that a chaplain in one of the regiments carried on his shoulders a hatchet, with the avowed purpose of destroying the religious images in the Catholic chapels. Not only were the Acadians exterminated, with the exception of a remnant, but this remnant were denied the privilege of neutrality in wars between their English conquerors and their friends and kindred in La Belle France ; and the greatest of outrages was perpetrated upon them in being torn from their homes in Acadia and left in banishment along the inhospitable shores of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Mr. Smith does not repeat the historical blunder of Whittier by stating that La Tour was a Huguenot ; but he vividly shows his betrayal by the Puritans, his pretended friends. The sympathies of the author are in the right place, with his dear Acadians. And yet his work is replete with just discrimination, historical research, and strong vindication. In a passage here and there he quotes an unjust aspersion on the French clergy of Acadia, but these embrace rather the views of others. He accords to the Catholic priests of this unfortunate land, in general, the purest motives and the most heroic labors and sacrifices. His descriptions of the home-life of the Acadians are most beautiful and pathetic. Though blotted from our maps, Acadia and the good and gentle Acadians will live for ever in the tablets of a just and indignant human memory.

THE ROMAN HYMNAL. A Complete Manual of English Hymns and Latin Chants for the use of Congregations, Schools, Colleges, and Choirs. Compiled and arranged by Rev. J. B. Young, S.J., Choir-Master of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York. New York : Fr. Pustet & Co.

We are glad to welcome this and every such publication intended to encourage popular common singing at religious services in our churches and schools. It is a good step in the right direction, and we look forward with hope to see abundant fruits to be reaped from the mutual edification and inspiration afforded by the singing of pious and instructive hymns. In this book only the melody of the tunes is given ; other volumes yet to be issued will contain the harmonized accompaniments. The melodies are

also given of all the Masses of the Roman Gradual, but they, as well as the melodies of all the Vesper hymns, are printed in modern style instead of in the original chant notation. In our judgment all such attempts at musical translation have been, and will surely be, failures. The idea of relative time is inseparably associated with modern notes, and this is wholly foreign to the rhythm of Gregorian chant. From long observation and experience we are sure that ordinary and even pretty well instructed musicians not thoroughly versed in the principles of chant will fail to get the true movement or expression of the Gregorian hymns and chants from musical notation. We could also have wished to see an English translation of the Latin in a hymnal for common use; for if the people are to sing anything heartily they must know what they are singing.

One of the most encouraging features in the publication of this Hymnal is the evidence it gives of a reviving taste for real church music, the larger part of the volume being, indeed, devoted to Gregorian chant. We earnestly hope that the congregations, choirs, and schools who may adopt this book as their hymnal will, under intelligent direction, use it with diligence, and thus acquire a taste for the noble, soul-inspiring chant—that sublime melody, “which as one sings,” as says Kenelm Digby, “you hear the whole Catholic Church behind you responding.”

A WONDER-BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With illustrations by F. S. Church. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

Of the very few ideal books for boys and girls Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book* is one. It was a happy thought, and a daring to cast half a dozen of the classic myths into the form of children's stories. What a success Hawthorne made of the idea has been testified to by two generations of delighted children—we think we might add of delighted parents, too. The only great American novelist understood well one fact, the ignorance of which has been the *scæva Charybdis* of nearly every would-be writer of “improving” stories for young folks: children do not need to be *written down to*. In Hawthorne's words, “children possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep or high, in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple likewise; it is only the artificial and the complex that bewilder them.” The volume before us is a new edition, beautifully bound and illustrated, of the *Wonder-Book*. Among the new books, or the new editions of old favorites, in the Christmas market few will be more genuinely relished than this by the youngsters who find it in Santa Claus' stocking.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XL.

DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 237.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES.*

It is a mere truism to say that the colored race is but little known in most of the United States. As a rule the means of knowing them—the minstrel parody, the stage of the low theatre, the opportunities afforded by the popular summer resort—are unfair and untrustworthy. No race can be measured by such standards. When “there arose a new king over Egypt that knew not Joseph,” then it was that Israel had to suffer. As long as the negroes of our land are, in a great measure, unknown, so long will they be misunderstood, so long will their needs be neglected. The Southern people, of course, know their black neighbors well—it could not be otherwise. But the people of the North, though they will argue for him, sympathize with him, give money for his education—in short, freely help him—cannot well, and do not, know their “colored brother.” Indeed, their friendliness is of the sort that asks and requires distance for its exercise. Yet the negroes, numbering over six millions in our midst, merit an intelligent recognition.

It is the purpose of this article to give some notions of the

* *History of the Negro Race.* 2 vols. By Geo. W. Williams, Putnam, N. Y.—*Our Brother in Black.* By A. G. Haygood. New York: Phillips & Hunt.—*Hot Plowshares.* By Albion W. Tourgee. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert.—*Popular Science Monthly*, February, 1883, “The African in the United States,” by Prof. E. W. Gilliam.—*Century Magazine*, April, 1884, “Uncle Tom without a Cabin,” by Walter B. Hill.—*Agricultural Review*, January and May, 1884, “What will become of the Colored Race?” by Dr. Geo. Ben. Johnston.—*Census Reports and Reports of the Commissioner of Education.*

colored race, their standing, the spread of religion among them, the work of educating them, gathered from personal work among them and from the various sources to which reference is made in the note at the beginning of this paper; principally in the hope that the words of Isaias uttered in other circumstances may be realized in them: "That a present be brought to the Lord of hosts from a people rent and torn in pieces, . . . from a nation expecting, expecting and trodden under foot" (Isaias xviii. 7).

The colored population in the United States is considered to be greatly on the increase. The census of 1880 gives it an increase of 35 per cent. during the previous decade, while the whites are credited with a gain of 29 per cent., of which, however, a considerable ratio—some claim 9 per cent.—is due to immigration. And as this census makes the negroes number one-half of the whites in the South, it is safe to conclude, with the increase greatly in the former's favor, that the time is not far off when the blacks will outnumber their fair-skinned neighbors. In two articles, however, contributed to the *Agricultural Review* of New York, Dr. Geo. Ben. Johnston, a leading physician of Richmond, argues against this conclusion. He writes:

"But this [greater increase of the colored] is manifestly an impossibility, and the estimate is only made up by comparison between the census of 1870 and that of 1880—the former being confessedly inaccurate. And so until the census of 1890 is taken no sufficient data will be afforded through that channel to ascertain the relative ratio of increase between the races, and we must for the present look to other sources of information. These are to be found in the health-reports of cities where both exist in numbers near enough equal to form a basis of comparison. It is true that these reports only give the statistics of large towns or cities; but there is no reason to suppose that the conditions of birth and death are materially different in villages and the country from what they are in the cities. The observation of any one who lived in the South and had opportunities of seeing the colored race must lead to the conclusion that their habits and mode of life are pretty uniform all over the South. The same causes that produce a high ratio of deaths and still-births in the city operate in the country also. These are mainly crowding together in small rooms, and ignorance, and neglect of the sick" (January number, p. 28).

Dr. Johnston then gives statistics of births and deaths in the following five cities: Washington, Savannah, Nashville, Charleston, and New Orleans. The results are largely against the negroes. He thus concludes:

"As the death-ratio of the whole population, black and white, is 15.1 to the 1,000, and that of the colored race in the cities named averages 36.52, and the number of still-births is so much greater among the colored race than

among the whites, it must be certain that if the two races were left to themselves, neither assisted by immigration nor depleted by emigration, the whites would gain" (p. 29).

In the May number of the same monthly, continuing his argument, the doctor gives in support of his views fresh statistics—the mortuary reports from Richmond, Norfolk, and Lynchburg, all three in Virginia. These also leave little hope for the negroes. Now, the groundwork of his argument is: "The same causes that produce a high ratio of deaths and still-births in the city operate in the country." But at first sight even, this seems unlikely. The country is generally regarded as healthier than the city; the personal habits of the negroes, it is claimed, however, make any advantages to be gained by country life of no account.

While engaged in writing these lines a colored man of sterling worth, about thirty years old, came to see me. It struck me to ask him a few questions without in any way giving him to understand my motive. Here are his answers: His grandmother had 19 children; his mother, 9; his aunt, 18; his sister, 13; his niece, 6; and a daughter of his aunt, 12. All of these 77 children were born in the country, and of them there was but *one* still-born—a child of his sister. Of the man's relatives living in the city, a sister had 6 children, of whom 2 were still-born; and a daughter of his aunt had 5, of whom again 2 were still-born. Of 77 born in the country 1 was still-born; while of 11 born in Baltimore 4 never saw the light. The disproportion is apparent. Again, of his grandmother's 19 children, all married; of his mother's 9, 7 married; of his aunt's 18 there were 17 who married; of his sister's children the only one of age is married; the children of the rest are under age. Though I may not say, "Ex uno disce omnes," yet this instance is very decidedly against Dr. Johnston's argument. The subjoined table, taken from the *History of the Negro Race* (ii. p. 417), gives their increase for ninety years:

Census.	Year.	Colored.	Colored gain per cent.
First.....	1790	757,208	
Second.....	1800	1,002,037	32.3
Third.....	1810	1,377,808	37.5
Fourth.....	1820	1,771,656	28.6
Fifth.....	1830	2,328,642	31.5
Sixth.....	1840	2,873,648	23.4
Seventh.....	1850	3,638,808	26.6
Eighth.....	1860	4,441,830	22.1
Ninth.....	1870	4,880,009	9.9
Tenth.....	1880	6,580,793	

Up to 1860 the slave-trade was certainly a prime factor in this increase, to what extent no one knows. By omitting the unreliable census of 1870, and remembering that since 1860 the slave-trade has been dead, this fact is patent: from 1860 to 1880—a period of twenty years—the colored race have gained in numbers 2,138,963—that is, a fraction over 48 per cent. And this gain the war in a measure tended to lessen; for nearly 200,000 negroes were enrolled in the Union army (*History of the Negro Race*, ii. p. 301), and thousands more were employed in one way or other by both armies, and often exposed, like their soldier-brethren, to the danger of death. Very few, we think, will venture to deny the greater rate of increase to the blacks. Professor E. W. Gilliam writes:

“This superiority, while it belongs to the blacks as a race, is strengthened for them, 1, as being the laboring class; 2, as laboring under favorable climatic conditions—that is to say, living in a semi-tropical region. The laboring class is naturally the more fruitful class. In the case of a laboring woman the child-bearing period is greater by a number of years than in one more delicately reared. Again, in estimating fecundity the pain and danger attendant upon parturition are factors, and its comparative ease to the laboring woman, contrasted with the profound and long-continued prostration it brings to the lady of tender palms and jewelled fingers, is well known. Again, the African, on climatic grounds, finds in the Southern country a more congenial home. In many districts there, and these by far the most fertile, the white man is unable to take the field and have health. It is otherwise with the African, who, the child of the sun, gathers strength and multiplies in these low, hot, feverish regions. The wide advantage, therefore, in the rate of increase on the side of the African finds its solution in a superior natural fecundity, exerting itself under these favorable conditions” (*Popular Science Monthly*, “The African in the United States,” February, 1883).

This view strengthens the argument in favor of the greater increase of the blacks for this strong reason: the most—ninetenths, perhaps—live in the country.

What is universally admitted by all is that crossing the races tends to impair reproduction.

“It is a well-known fact that females who have both black and white blood in them lose reproductive power just in proportion to the excess of white blood. The pure African is very fertile, the mulatto less so, while the quadroon and octoroon seldom bear many children and are often barren: Not only this, but both males and females of mixed blood, when the white preponderates, have weaker constitutions and less vital force than either race. A man of this description of robust health and sound constitution is an exception” (Dr. Johnston in *Agricultural Review*, Jan., 1884, p. 29).

The immediate conclusion from this is—must be—the mulatto,

the quadroon, the octoroon will die out, but not the pure black, who rather will increase and multiply. The superintendent of the Federal census during the war confirms this by writing :

“ That corruption of morals progresses with greater admixture of races, and that the product of vice stimulates the propensity to immorality, is as evident to observation as it is natural to circumstances. These developments of the census to a good degree explain the slow progress of the free colored population of the Northern States, and indicate the gradual extinction of that people, the more rapidly as they become more diffused among the dominant race. . . . The proportion of mulattoes at the present period reaches but 10.41 per cent. in the slave population ” (*History of the Negro Race*, ii. p. 549).

A little more than a year ago a correspondent, writing from Georgia, asserted in the *New York Sun* that the mixed-bloods were not more than eight per cent. Whichever percentage we accept, it is true that the bulk—nine-tenths—of the negroes are Africans out and out, who, being highly prolific and hardier than the tanned-skinned, are destined to go on and increase.

This brings us face to face with the worst side of the negro problem—the question of race-distinction ; for the blacker the skin becomes the sharper will the lines be drawn.

“ Disappearing in the mass of the population, he [the negro] must lose the African cast and transform himself, by intermarriage and social association, into an actual American ; for he could be no American, however the letter of the law might read, who, after the lapse of a century, should retain the exclusive hue and affinity of a stranger race. But this transformation is impossible, seeing the blacks stand apart from the whites and make a distinct and alien people. Any advancement of the blacks is an advancement of the African as such ; and the advancement of individuals, here and there, above the laboring level is the vanguard of the race's advancement. . . . But what will the upshot be when the black population, advancing on the white, finally outnumber it ? The outlook is most serious. It is a repetition of the Israelites in Egypt—a lower and laboring class gaining in population and numbers on the upper, and, as a distinct and alien race, causing apprehensions to the Egyptians ” (*Popular Science Monthly*, February, 1883, p. 441).

The outlook is, indeed, most serious. For those ebony millions of strong muscles and warm hearts cannot remain at a stand-still. As easy would it be to turn the waters of the river back to their source in the lofty mountains as to make a race stand still. And growing in numbers they will grow in wealth. Becoming ten, twenty, fifty millions, will the yearnings of their throbbing hearts be upwards ? Will their ideals be righteous, chaste, honest ? To lay down answers which would be verified in the future would demand the vision of the seer. But this one

conclusion cannot be rejected: for weal or woe the negro must become a great factor; and if the high hopes of their friends and well-wishers are realized, how much will it militate against the Catholic Church if such a prospectively worthy people be not hers? If their future career, on the other hand, is downward, starting whence they do, what a dreadful scourge they will become!

"This dark, swelling, muttering mass along the social horizon, gathering strength with education and ambitious to rise, will grow increasingly restless and sullen under repression, until at length, conscious, through numbers, of superior power, it will assert that power destructively, and, bursting forth like an angry, furious cloud, avenge in tumult and disorder the social law broken against it" (*ibid.* p. 441).

The social law referred to is the tendency of the industrious laboring class to ascend. Race-prejudice, this writer holds, will keep the negroes, as a race, below the labor line. And should these dreadful evils give signs of their approach, who could stay the downward rush? Who? She alone who changed the Hun, the Goth, and the Vandal into the nations which to-day make up Europe—the Catholic Church. And when will she begin? At the outset? It is well for us all to bear well in mind that the negro is not an Indian. He never can be put on reservations. Legally he is as much as the white man. Both stand on the same footing, and the carpet-bagger's "Fellow-citizens" is more truthful than attractive. The negro can vote, hold office—any, the Presidency included—own property, make wills, etc., etc. To sue and be sued, to give and receive testamentary dispositions, to act and be acted upon, are the colored citizen's right and privilege as well as gain or loss. The attempt to include by law social recognition, though for public places only, signally failed. Declared illegal but a short while ago, the "Civil Rights Bill" from the start was a dead-letter. Such favors the colored race must win. In our land, however, where wealth counts so much in the social scale, its possession may help on the negroes. And wealth, too, is surely going to them.

"Many of the planters attempted to farm their lands as before [*viz.*, before the war], substituting paid labor for slave labor. In such cases it made little difference to the friendly owner that the old negroes on the place should be pensioners on the supplies furnished by him for the plantation. But this system is decaying. The owner of broad acres finds it profitable to divide them into 'settlements' and rent them to the 'hands.' Small farms are the order of the day. Many of the thrifty negroes are acquiring the ownership of the 'patches' they cultivate" (*Century*, April, 1884, "Uncle Tom without a Cabin," p. 859).

The Freedman's Savings-Bank, where the depositors were nearly all colored, is, perhaps, the best proof that the colored people are capable of saving their earnings and willing to do so. During one month—August, 1872—the amounts deposited aggregated \$1,461,207 56, and the total amount received during the few years of this bank's existence was about \$57,000,000. At its failure there were .62,000 open accounts (*History of the Negro Race*, ii. p. 410). The miserable end of their pet institution caused the poor people to look with suspicion on all banks. Beneficial societies, co-operative associations, and such like have, in consequence, become very numerous among them. The wish to save is at the bottom of these organizations, which too often end in fleecing the ignorant members. All drawbacks notwithstanding, they succeed in increasing their worldly resources. In every State they point out tax-payers on real property among themselves. In Baltimore hundreds of them own their little homes. From the Potomac to the Gulf there are not many counties where negroes cannot boast of their acres. Where in cities they select, or are tacitly relegated to, a quarter by themselves—as, for instance, in Richmond—many soon become the owners of their homes.

“In Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, North and South Carolina, and in Maryland colored men have possessed themselves of excellent farms and moderate fortunes. In Baltimore a company of colored men own a ship-dock and transact a large business. . . . On most of the plantations and in many of the large towns and cities colored mechanics are quite numerous” (*History of the Negro Race*, ii. p. 413).

In Richmond I have seen white and black mechanics working side by side, and also a colored barber in the same shop with white barbers, all in the employment of a German. A good lesson that for the trades-unions, so strong in the North, who, while prating so much of the workingman and his rights, find no place for the negro. “Give me a white man's chance,” is the negro's petition. Why not give it to him? And if he be unable to grasp and keep it, out upon him! But, in all fairness, not until he is tried!

AN ITALIAN PESSIMIST.*

“Che senza pro si pente
Qualunque priva sè del vostro mondo,
Bisazza e fonde la sua facultade,
E piange là dove esser dee giocondo.”

—DANTE, *Inferno*, xi. 42-5.

“Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
And sorrows there where he should dwell in joy.”

CARY.

“Wild words wander here and there ;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused.”

—TENNYSON, *A Dirge*.

JUST beyond the city limits, as one leaves Naples and turns towards the west on the road to Pozzuoli, stands the little church of San Vitale, which will attract more than a casual glance when it is recognized as the burial-place of one of the most gifted of those illustrious sons whom Italy has given to the world. Upon the monument erected to his memory by his dearest friend are these words, which, strong as they are, convey but a faint idea of the enthusiastic admiration held for the man whom they commemorate by many of the greatest scholars of the day :

“Al Conte Giacomo Leopardi Recanatese
Filologo ammirato fuori d'Italia
Scrittore di Filosofia e di Poesie Altissimo
Da paragonare solamente coi Greci
Che fini di' XXXIX anni la Vita
Per continue malattie miserissima
Fece Antonio Ranieri
Per VII anni fino all' estrema ora congiunto
All' amico adorato. MDCCCXXXVII.” †

* *Essays and Dialogues of Giacomo Leopardi*. Translated from the Italian. By Charles Edwards. London : Trübner & Co. 1882.

† It is said that the above epitaph was written by Leopardi's friend Gioberti, the implacable enemy of the Jesuits. Our translation mars the delicate finish of the Italian :

“To Count Giacomo Leopardi of Recanati,
A Philologist renowned beyond Italy,
A Writer of Philosophy and of Poetry of the highest order,
Comparable only with the Greeks,
Whose life ended with his 39th year,
After long and most intense suffering,
This monument is erected by Antonio Ranieri,
For seven years before his end united
To his adored friend. MDCCCXXXVII.”

The design is almost severe in its simplicity, being for the most part in straight lines, relieved only by the emblematic carving, which, beautiful in itself, suggests a strange incongruity in connection with the history of him who lies beneath. A butterfly soars upward from the laurel which typifies his fame, as if the soul, freed from earthly trammels, were seeking its real home above. A cross extends its arms of benediction over the letters of his name, eloquent symbol of the Divine Love, and beneath the inscription a burning lamp, upon which stands the bird of wisdom, seems to show the path of a life enlightened and guided, and strong in a strength not of this world. But the reality of Leopardi's course is far different. The soaring butterfly was to him a pretty, fluttering thing, born to flaunt its bright colors for a day and then to sink into darkness; the cross was a myth fit only for the credulity of babes; the light of wisdom was in man himself, and by its rays he read in all the mysteries of the universe the one ghastly assurance that man perishes with the brutes and that beyond the grave is nothingness. He used the glorious gift of his splendid intellect to deny the Giver, and, with an ingenuity positively demoniac, made every gleam of Christian faith and hope appear but the ignis-fatuus of childish ignorance.

The attention given to the genius and the works of Leopardi by scholars at the present time, and the almost unmixed laudation bestowed upon him, seem to demand the presentation of his character from another standpoint, lest in admiration of his surpassing mental endowments the evil that he did be too easily condoned, and that which he tried to do be too lightly regarded. That he was greatly afflicted, that from his earliest years he had much to bear in mind and body, is indeed true; but it is equally true that his own undisciplined nature did more than all the rest to embitter a lot which need not have been wholly dark. He was born on the 29th of June, 1798, of an ancient and honorable family at Recanati, in the March of Ancona. His parents, Count Monaldo Leopardi and Adelaide, Marchioness of Antici, belonged to the old nobility, and the Palazzo Leopardi, the hereditary mansion, seems to have held a sort of feudal importance in the estimation of the country-folk. From the letters of Giordani, as well as of the count and his eldest son, quite a vivid picture may easily be drawn of the mode of life to which the boy was accustomed, and it has many features of interest. The town is situated upon a hill, overlooking a wide and varied landscape which possesses the mingled charm of sea and mountain, the shining waves of the Adriatic stretching away to the east, and on the western side the

Apennine peaks keeping their steadfast watch. In the distance may be seen the towers of Loreto, and the sloping fields near at hand are dotted with olive-trees and vineyards, while the dark cypresses here and there sigh mournfully as the wind sweeps through them. The little river Musone sparkles in the sunshine, and green lanes thread their way beneath pleasant orchard-trees, where on holidays the peasant-folk make *festa*, their gay dresses glancing in and out as the dancers' feet keep time to merry music. Outside the town and looking down upon it are a few villas of the plain architecture so common in remote parts of Italy, but pleasing to the eye by reason of the terraced lawns upon which they stand, and the balconies draped in vine-leaves, which give a touch of poetry to the scene. On the side towards Loreto, four miles distant, rise the arches of an aqueduct, which one early learns to expect as part of an Italian landscape; and in the town itself, as its rightful place, the cathedral stands, a visible token of refuge and protection. Now and then are to be found traces of a long-past time when the place was fortified, perhaps to resist attack, or quite as probably as a centre from which marauding exploits might be safely conducted. Added to all this, Recanati possesses a collection of art-treasures of which a more imposing city might be justly proud. There is something quaint, almost primitive, about the people: a gentle familiarity between master and servant, a frank unreserve in performing domestic offices in the view of passers-by, a patient round of labor fulfilled as part of the immutable order of things by the peasantry as uncomplainingly as by their large-eyed, slow-moving oxen, a kindly tone in their sing-song speech, an instinctive courtesy, and a simple piety, all combining to produce an impression of *old-worldliness* not easily conveyed in words. In mingling with such a people, and enjoying such surroundings as those of Recanati, the home where Leopardi looked first upon the life in which he found so little brightness, one fails to justify his use of such epithets as he applied to it—"a tomb, a very Tartarus." It was his own restless heart that darkened and distorted every element of happiness. Sick with longing for any other fate than that appointed him, panting for what he thought a wider, freer air, he never realized that it was himself of which he could not be rid, and that, therefore, he must be wretched anywhere; for "surely," as old Owen Felltham says, "man is his own devil."*

* *Resolves: Divine, Moral, Political*—lxvi. *Of a Man's Self*. The closing words of this essay are specially applicable to morbidly introspective natures like Leopardi; "A me me salve, Domine! shall be one petition I will add to the litany of my beseeching."

The household of Casa Leopardi would seem to have been ordered with a degree of precision not unusual still in Continental homes. The father was a sincerely religious man, of whom it is intimated that in his youth he had been somewhat extravagant, and had thus reduced the family revenues below the requirements of his rank, entailing the need of extreme prudence in the management of affairs. Whether from self-distrust or as a penance for early follies, or from some other motive, Count Monaldo had denuded himself of all control in money matters, and placed such control entirely in the hands of his wife. This fact was not known to the children until long after they had ceased to be children, and to Giacomo it was the cause of intense bitterness of feeling. Unable to comprehend the absolute poverty of his father, he regarded him as mean and parsimonious, while he saw the state and ceremony with which it was deemed needful to surround the family, and was yet himself denied the only luxury which he valued, the costly one of books, or, as he grew older, the visits of learned men with whom his own works had made him acquainted. But, severe as have been the strictures upon the count for the state of alienation which came to exist between himself and his son, there seems to have been nothing really blamable in his treatment of him, except in the lack of that confidential relation which in our own land is happily common between parent and child. The boy's education was amply provided for, since he was under the care of tutors from his very infancy. Indeed, it would seem that he enjoyed exceptional advantages in many respects, for his father's library was rich in all the best of classic literature, and so large that it was thrown open to the public at all times.* The Count Monaldo himself was a man of far more than average culture, and wrote much upon leading questions of his day.† After his son had become famous some pamphlets by the count attracted attention and were believed to have been written by the younger. They were savagely handled by De Lamennais, who characterized them as an "epitome of absolutism." The father, bred in all the traditions of an older time, might be called mediæval in his views of law and government; the son went to

* The library was doubtless deficient in modern literature, but we do not think with Mr. Gladstone that its merits have been exaggerated by Ranieri because, for example, it did not contain a Xenophon (*Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. ii. p. 87). The fact that Leopardi was able to draw from its contents the hundreds of authors cited in his *Saggio sopra gli errori popolari degli antichi* contradicts the statement of Mr. Gladstone.

† Count Monaldo Leopardi is the author of a work entitled *La Santa Casa di Loreto, discussioni istoriche e critiche*, to which later writers who have treated the same subject are largely indebted.

the very extreme of the so-called modern emancipated thought, spite of every influence to the contrary around him. The elder upheld all that was ancient, exclusive, and aristocratic; the younger, chafing against everything like restraint, would have broken even those needful bonds without which the social fabric must fall to ruin, and among the earliest of his poetic utterances stirred up the spirit of revolution then arising in Italy. Of these verses Montari wrote him in rapturous terms, and declared that they were worthy of the noblest of the Carbonari. It will readily be seen, then, how great a barrier stood between the two natures, so closely allied yet so entirely diverse. To the young Giacomo the whole constitution of things was warped and wrong, and he held himself at war with every feature of his life. With a passionate love of the beautiful, he thought his own person unpleasing, if not actually repulsive—an idea certainly not sustained by the portrait of him given in frontispiece in the first volume of his writings edited by his friend Ranieri.* Eagerly desirous of bearing his part in the great world, feeling in his soul the impulse to brave deeds, Giacomo was physically weak as a woman. Intensely patriotic and writhing under a sense of his country's humiliation, longing to speak in the hearing of men the burning thoughts within him, to arouse others to that struggle for liberty in which he could never join, he felt himself shut in, by the pressure of poverty which he could not understand and by the hated authority of his father, within the limits of a retired village, the very name of which was rarely heard beyond the immediate neighborhood, and of which he wrote, with scornful exaggeration, that the March was "the darkest part of Italy, and Recanati of the March, having for its entire literature the alphabet alone."

Painful as is the picture, it is evident that it was not altogether a *Via Dolorosa*, and had there been upon it the light of faith it might have been a *Via Sacra*, along which many a flower might have bloomed. But for Leopardi, wilfully turning from that light, it faded early into night, and the gloom grew always deeper. Aside from this crowning evil, however, had there been in him the warmth of real affection, had his heart held sway equally with his brain, much that he had to endure might have been borne without embittering his nature. Had he sought to enter into the needs of other souls, instead of making self the centre of all thought, the burden upon his own spirit would not have loomed

* This picture of Leopardi is strikingly like the life-mask of Keats believed by his friend Severn to have been made by the painter Haydon, an engraving of which may be seen in the *Century Magazine* for February, 1884.

so large. But he shut himself away from the kindly offices of home-life in sullen isolation. While yet scarcely out of the nursery he rebelled against the companionship of his tutor as a condition of going about the town, regarding as unbearable espionage what was but an ordinary custom. Without any words about it, he simply ceased to go beyond the gardens, and made companions of lexicons and grammars, of dry folios and musty parchments, instead of birds and flowers and sunshine. The younger children, Carlo, Luigi, and Paolina, were patronized by the dreamy boy, and he felt kindly towards them, as is shown by letters addressed to them in after-years; but there is no evidence of any warmer sentiment towards them than that sort of toleration expressively conveyed in the term family affection. As to his mother, whatever her influence upon the rest of the household may have been, it is certain that she filled a very small space in the regard of her gifted son, between whom and herself there came to be an entire estrangement.*

The intense application to study of this *enfant érudit*, unnatural as it was, did not awaken the alarm of his parents; for it must be remembered that in the beginning of this century physical culture and questions of hygiene were things comparatively unknown. The child himself, by a strange contradiction, delighted in astonishing the friends who were wont to assemble at the family-seat upon festive occasions by the display of his precocious attainments, and never refused to gratify parental vanity in this regard. The love of applause thus early manifested became a ruling passion as the years went by, and in his after-life the only thing like happiness he ever knew lay in the recognition of his genius by the world. This abnormal development of his intellectual powers did nothing towards lessening the loneliness of spirit which was his especial characteristic, and already at ten years old the sense of desolation was so strong upon him that, in a kind of despair such as might have overtaken some broken-hearted, world-weary man, we find him seeking relief from his misery in a new course of study, such as could only be attempted by the few even among matured and practised

* Leopardi's estrangement from his mother has its parallel in the history of the late John Stuart Mill, and contemporaneous evidence shows that such unnatural feeling was as unjustifiable in the one case as in the other. So keen was the indignation at the time of publication of Mill's *Autobiography*, in which his mother is as much ignored as though she had never existed, that it was currently reported that his sisters were inclined, in justice to their mother's memory, to supplement their brother's account of himself. Mill's alienation from his family was then attributed by his friends to the sinister influence of his wife, whom he thus apotheosizes: "Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life" (*Autobiography*, p. 251).

scholars. He speaks of his labors at this time as *matto e disperatissima*, and indeed they must have been, to judge by the result. His knowledge of Latin was so thorough, and he had become so familiar with all that was accessible of its literature, that he could not rest until the Greek should also become his possession. The library in which his young life was daily spent was abundantly furnished with Hellenic lore, but there was no one to unlock its treasures to his longing eyes. In this emergency he took the matter into his own hands, and without aid, instruction, or encouragement, almost certainly without the knowledge of his father, acquired before his fourteenth year such a mastery of the Greek language as many a gray-haired savant would be proud to own.* Like Mezzofanti, he seemed to grasp the genius of language by a sort of intuition, almost of inspiration; † and this, aided by his incessant study, brought him into such sympathy with the antique that, as Ranieri says, "*egli confessava di aver più limpido e vivo nella sua mente il concetto greco che il latino o eziandio l'italiano.*"‡ He studied the laws, the customs, the history of Greece and of Rome, and, in order to comprehend every portion of the vast subject, went through the whole list of authors in chronological order, pen in hand, making notes and comments of his own with unwearying interest. Of French, Spanish, and English he had perfect command, writing in them as gracefully and fluently as in his own beautiful tongue; and he was also a profound Hebraist, with perhaps no equal among the laymen of Italy.

Meanwhile the reticent and secluded manner of his life was become fixed habit, and the boy more and more unfitted for contact with the world, for which he yet longed with intense desire. His one thought was to do something great, to be known among men—in short, to be famous. With all the vast stores of his mar-

* Leopardi's infantile acquirements in the ancient languages are far more remarkable than those of his English contemporaries, Mill and De Quincey. The former says: "I have no remembrance of the time I began to learn Greek. I have been told that it was when I was three years old" (*Autobiography*, p. 5). The latter says: "At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but would converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment" (*Opium-Eater*, p. 18).

† In relating some of the unauthenticated tales of wonder with which certain travellers in Italy were wont to invest the genius of this greatest of modern polyglots, the Rev. Dr. C. W. Russell cites a story which the once popular J. T. Headley gave currency to, and adds that "he goes so far as to say that 'Mezzofanti himself attributed his power of acquiring languages to the divine influence'" (*Life of Mezzofanti*, p. 130).

‡ *Opere di Giacomo Leopardi edizione accresciuta, ordinata e corretta secondo l'ultimo intendimento dell'autore, da Antonio Ranieri*, vol. i, p. xii.: "He asserted that he had more clear and vivid in his mind the Greek conception of thought than the Latin or even the Italian."

vellous erudition, there was yet wanting the stir and movement of modern intellectual life; he must be brought in contact with the spirit of the day, must know those who were moulding and shaping the busy present. To accomplish this there was but one way: since there was no hope of his going forth to claim his rightful place in the world of mind, he would send out his voice from the retreat to which fate condemned him, and men should listen and respond. At the age of sixteen years he had completed a Latin translation of Porphyry's *Περὶ Πλωτίνου Βίου*, with commentary—so remarkable a production that Friedrich Creuzer, the eminent philologist of Heidelberg, availed himself of it to a considerable extent in the addenda to the third volume of his own edition of Plotinus: "*Lui qui a travaillé toute sa vie sur Plotin, il trouve quelque chose d'utile dans l'ouvrage d'un jeune homme de seize ans.*" * The pride and pleasure of Count Monaldo in this effort of his son are shown by his having written with his own hand at the beginning of the manuscript these words: "*Oggi 31 agosto 1814, questo suo lavoro mi dono Giacomo mio primogenito figlio, che non ha avuto maestro di lingua greca, ed è in età di anni 16, mesi due, giorni due.—Monaldo Leopardi.*" † That he loved the boy, and that he would have gladly aided him where conscience could approve, is as certain as that he continually sought to restrain him from evil. For while the studies of Giacomo were in nowise interfered with and he was apparently left to himself, it is evident that there was no lack of interest or of oversight on the part of his father. That the son, in his jealous self-assertion, resented such oversight as arbitrary and tyrannical is to be perceived at a glance from the tenor of his letters to Giordani, to whom he wrote perhaps with more frankness upon personal matters than to any one. Indeed, the utter untruthfulness of his nature is nowhere more apparent than in his correspondence. His pretence of respect and dutiful submission to his father while he was pouring out his wrath and contempt to his friend, and more especially the assumption of religious fervor in writing to the count at the very time that he was directing every energy to overthrow the foundations of Christian faith, asserting over and over his entire disbelief in the truths of revelation, should be enough to cast discredit upon any representation of his regarding the conduct of Count Monaldo. His letter to his sister Paolina,

* Sainte-Beuve, *Portraits Contemporains*, vol. iii. p. 74. "He, who had wrought all his life upon Plotinus, found something useful in the work of a youth of sixteen years."

† "On this 31st August, 1814, my first-born son, Giacomo, gave to me this work of his, who has had no instructor in the Greek language, and is now aged sixteen years, two months, and two days.—MONALDO LEOPARDI."

whom he wishes to persuade into a marriage with a man of evil life because of the worldly advantages to be derived from the alliance, is degrading to himself, as it was heartlessly insulting to the innocent girl; and the fair-minded reader can hardly fail, after an examination into the life of the younger Leopardi, to cast aside the sentiment with which his memory has been invested—through that instinctive homage to genius which often becomes hero-worship—and to admit that the Count Monaldo, whatever his errors of judgment, was by far the more elevated character of the two from the simple standpoint of morality alone.

This comparison, however, applies, of course, to a period subsequent to the production of his Plotinus. Following that work was a most remarkable essay entitled *Saggio sopra gli errori popolari degli antichi*, which Ranieri characterizes as a wonder of profound and vast erudition—*mirabile di profonda e vasta erudizione*. It bears evidence of an almost incredible industry in so youthful an author, the number of authorities quoted amounting to hundreds, and showing an intimate knowledge of patristic as well as classic literature. In it is to be found the only positive defence of Christianity, and of the church as the exponent of the truth, among Leopardi's writings. From it so great a critic as Sainte-Beuve has rather hastily inferred that the loss of Leopardi's faith did not occur until after his majority, the more that he had in his mind the bringing out of a volume of Christian hymns—*Inni Sacra*—during this period. But these facts lose weight as proof in such argument when placed beside the other fact that *Martirio de' Santi Padri del Monte Sinai*, a production worthy the pen of the holiest saint, was put forth in 1826, when Leopardi may be said to have reached the very acme of his hostility to religious truth. It was written under the guise of a translation from an ancient Egyptian manuscript, and the imposition was so perfectly sustained in every particular of time, place, and circumstance regarding these martyrs, who had never lived, as to baffle the keenest scrutiny, no suspicion of its real origin having arisen so long as he chose to conceal it. His father least of all would have been likely to imagine the possibility of such a state of things, and, with his devout mind, would be among the first to rejoice in the discovery of so great a treasure. The story is told in most reverent and touching language by an eye-witness of the faith and patience, the heroic fortitude and final martyrdom of his companions, and concludes as follows:

“Ed io umile fraticello Ammonio, fatto ricordo delle sopraddette cose

in una carta, come Dio volle, tornámene alle parti d'Egitto, non in quello mio primo luogo il quale si chiama Canopo, ma vicino a Menfi in un abitacolo piccolissimo, nel quale io mi rimango e assiduamente leggo le istorie de' valenti Martiri di Cristo, godendo delle loro battaglie e passioni, a gloria del Padre e del Figliuolo e dello Spirito Santo. Io Giovanni prete, come piacque a Dio, trovai questa Leggenda in casa d'uno Eremita vecchio, presso a Naucrante, la quale Leggenda era scritta in lettera egiziaca; e traslata in greco, secondo che di sopra si mostra, come bene intendente della lingua egiziaca, pigliandomi questa fatica a gloria de Santi, insieme colli quali deaci il Signore Iddio parte nel suo regno. E tutti quelli che leggerete queste narrazioni dei santi Martiri, orate per me peccatore. E sia gloria a Dio per tutti i secoli de' secoli, amen." *

Such a piece of trickery, of revolting irreverence and daring blasphemy, indulged in as mere intellectual pastime by one who had ever been even nominally a Christian, would make it appear that Leopardi's outward conformity to usage in the home at Recanati was part of the system of insincerity which characterized his dealings with his father throughout his life. Not brave enough to defy him openly, he cheated him by an appearance of obedience, even when most opposed to his wishes in reality, and by soft-sounding words kept alive in the father's heart some belief in his son's affection for himself until he could afford to throw off the pretence when at length he had escaped from parental control. There is something deeply pathetic in the count's appeals to him in after-years when he fancied he had lately lost the filial love which he never had really possessed.

The imposition of the *Martirio* was not the only effort of Leopardi "jeter une docte poussière aux yeux" of the savants of the day. His "Hymn to Neptune," one of the finest of his shorter pieces, had been still earlier sent forth as a translation of some long-buried Hellenic gem, and so successful was the imitation that the ablest scholars accepted it as genuine, one learned custodian of ancient manuscripts declaring with absolute conviction that the original must have been stolen from his own keeping. In view of such success it is not to be supposed that Leopardi

* *Opere di Giacomo Leopardi*, vol. ii. pp. 210-11. "And I, most unworthy brother Ammonio, have recorded these things in a book, being by the will of God returned into Egypt, not to my former dwelling place, which was called Canopus, but near to Memphis, in a small hut, in which I muse upon and assiduously read the history of the brave martyrs of Christ, rejoicing in their conflicts and their sufferings for the glory of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I, John, a priest, as it pleased God, have found this writing in the house of an aged hermit, near Naucratis, which account was written in Egyptian characters, and I have translated into the Greek, as is shown above, being well acquainted with the Egyptian language, taking upon myself this work in honor of the saints, with whom may the good God give me part in his kingdom. And all ye who read this account of the holy martyrs, pray for me a sinner, and to God be glory for ever and ever, amen."

should long content himself with devices like these, and accordingly we find him claiming the recognition of the learned at home and abroad by openly-published works upon profound philological themes, and being sought out in correspondence by men highest in the world of letters. In spite of the poverty of Casa Leopardi, there must have been means furnished for these objects, although the young man complains continually of the privations forced upon him. Before his twentieth year he had accomplished an amount of literary work the record of which is almost apocryphal, were it not authenticated beyond possibility of question; but he had begun to pay the penalty of overtaxing a delicate organization. A curvature of the spine was the outward evidence of still deeper mischief within, and to the morbid gloom of his peculiar mental temperament there was added a nervous irritability which at times rose to positive torture, making the rest of his days one dreary round of pain and weakness, with rare and short intervals of comparative relief. At one time his sight became so impaired that total blindness seemed to be in store for him, but this danger was happily averted. The burden of enforced idleness, heavy at best to an active mind, must have been almost maddening to Leopardi in depriving him of the one resource on which he had hitherto depended to silence the questioning of his soul upon those deeper mysteries that can never be solved by unaided human reason. To this period in Leopardi's life belongs in the truest sense Ranieri's description of him, as full of sorrowful suggestion as any words that were ever penned: "For no one ever saw more plainly the terrible union of those two principles which gave to man the first conception of Ormanzo and Arimanes—the highest good, the intellect, mingled with the greatest evil, pain. He made use of the first to express the second, and, so to speak, sang of the inferno in the strains of paradise." *

To this period also properly belongs the account of that episode in which there came to him the experience of a hopeless because unlawful love. Among the infrequent guests at Palazzo Leopardi was a young married cousin, to whom his undisciplined heart became strongly bound, perhaps through the kindly offices which his suffering condition would naturally call forth from a gentle and sympathizing woman, and thus there was introduced a new element of pain into a lot already sufficiently embittered. Once again, if not twice, Leopardi was to pass through such an ordeal, for some years later he writes to his brother Carlo from a

* *Opere di Giacomo Leopardi*, vol. i. p. xi.

distant city of the inexpediency of his return to Recanati in terms which seem to intimate the existence of some *affaire du cœur*; and during his residence in Milan, in the least gloomy portion of his shadowed life, he was passionately devoted to a lady whose attractions absorbed his time and thoughts. The abrupt cessation of his continual allusions to her leads to the assumption that this connection, too, came to an untimely end. Ranieri's mention includes only two instances of this nature, but the passage is so naively expressed that it brings a smile to the lips of the reader: "*E . . . amò due volte (benchè senza speranza) come mai nessun uomo aveva amato sulla terra.*" *

Secluded as was the mode of life at Recanati, so remote from the activity of the outer world that it took four months for a package of books sent from Milan to reach the little town, Leopardi was yet familiar with current literature, for his acquaintance with Giordani originated in his having read in 1817 some essay in a periodical of the day, probably the *Antologia di Firenze*, of which Giordani was the editor. Delighted with the sentiments expressed as emanating from a kindred spirit, he wrote to the author, and with the reply to his letter began that fatal influence in the career of Leopardi so well described by the present prime minister of England. "This man . . . for many years," says Mr. Gladstone, "had a monopoly of the rich commerce of his mind; and he was an evil genius to Leopardi, confirming every negative and downward tendency by his own very gross and scoffing unbelief." † Of Giordani himself it need only be said that he was born at Placentia in 1774, being twenty-four years the senior of his young disciple, and had been a member of the Benedictine order, but had abandoned his vows. Some nine years before the acquaintance with Leopardi, while professor of oratory in one of the Italian universities, he had adroitly won the favor of Napoleon by a panegyric upon that grasping tyrant, and obtained the position of secretary of the academy at Bologna. When at length the Congress of Vienna restored the exiled pontiff Pius VII. to his rightful power Giordani withdrew from active life, and thenceforth employed his brilliant abilities in literary work whose aim was directly hostile to religious truth and church authority. The sway which he held over Leopardi seems like the fabled fascination of the serpent. The youth, unloving and unlovely as he has been shown to be, gave himself up to an

* *Ib.* vol. i. p. xxvi. And loved twice (although without hope) as never man had loved upon earth.

† *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. ii. p. 83.

affection really romantic, and the letters between the two become at times almost wearisome from the lover-like trivialities so frequently recurring. The natural result of this intercourse was to intensify to the utmost Leopardi's longing for a glimpse of the world in which his friend was wielding so great power against the follies and superstitions of men, as they both felt; and as a step towards obtaining his freedom he invited Giordani to visit him at his father's house, hoping that the count would be persuaded to entrust his son to so desirable a companionship. But the father read too clearly the character of his guest, and showed his disapproval of the friendship too plainly to render possible such a scheme, and Giordani left the Palazzo with no better comfort than an indefinite hope for some future time when a plan for managing the count could be contrived. The younger Leopardi, crushed by his disappointment, shut himself up more closely than ever, and brooded over his hard fate until he seems to have lost sight of the ordinary rules of right and wrong. Having written to the governor of Macerata for a passport, he arranged to escape secretly in the night, and secured tools by which to break open the count's strong-box, that he might obtain money for his expenses. He then wrote a long letter to his father, which for pathos, clearness of statement, and felicity of expression could not be surpassed, protesting against the longer endurance of so narrow a life, declaring how obedient and submissive he had always been, how he had been brought up without knowing the pleasures of either childhood or youth, and, in short, justifying his present course in every particular. A shorter letter to his brother informs him of what he is about to do, and states that he has not imparted his secret to him, lest he, Carlo, should be blamed for conniving at it. Everything was now ready for the final step. The passport alone was wanting. At length it came, but to the father instead of the son. A terrible scene followed, and it may be imagined that Count Monaldo was less than ever disposed to send into still greater temptation the son who had proved himself capable of such a course of conduct. He demanded a promise to forego such schemes for the future, and Giacomo was ready to concede anything in the humiliation of so mortifying a dénouement. Thenceforth a watch was kept upon his correspondence, which now included many persons famous in the world of letters and representing every shade of political and religious opinion. Aroused to the necessity of some definite aim in life for his son, the count, who was far from realizing the revolutionary sentiments and deadly unbe-

lief which possessed him, desired strongly to enlist in the service of the church those splendid abilities which, spiritually nurtured, might expand into full and blessed fruition. To such a life, for which his confirmed delicacy of constitution and studious tastes seemed peculiarly adapted, the younger Leopardi opposed himself with a determination none the less firm that it was concealed by a system of temporizing which went on in one shape or other for many years. His desire to escape from Recanati, stronger now than ever, led him to conciliation in any form with the hope of inducing his father's consent and aid. His wretched state of health rendered indispensable the comforts of the home which he so despised, but his longing for other scenes where he fancied he would be better continued unabated. It was finally thought best to have him removed from the mountain air, and in 1822 he went to Rome in an interval of comparative strength, having been offered congenial work among the rich treasures of Greek manuscripts in the Barberini library. But the illusions with which his studies of the antique had filled his mind were quickly dispelled when brought in contact with the prosaic realities among which he found himself, and he writes with unmeasured disgust of the stupidity of Rome as being equal to that of Recanati. His poverty barred the way to many enjoyments, the means of the family being, as we have shown, utterly inadequate to the proper support of the eldest son abroad, while there was added another species of annoyance equally hard to bear—the petty malice of a jealous librarian, whom he afterwards satirized under the name of Manzo, an ox. It was during this residence in Rome that he met the historian Niebuhr, whose admiration of him amounted to enthusiasm, and who declared to his successor near the Roman court, the Chevalier Bunsen, that in Leopardi he “had at last seen a modern Italian worthy of the old Italians and of the ancient Romans.”* The annals of scholarship in any age or country afford few examples, if indeed any at all, of a mere boy extorting by his learning alone such magnificent tribute as is contained in these words of Niebuhr: “*Comes Jacobus Leopardius Recanatensis, Picens, quem Italiæ suæ jam nunc conspicuum ornamentum esse popularibus meis nuntio; in diesque eum ad majorem claritatem perventurum esse spondeo; ego vero, qui candidissimum præclari adolescentis ingenium, non secus quam egregiam doctrinam, valde diligam, omni ejus honore et incremento lætabor.*”†

* *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, drawn chiefly from Family Papers.* By his widow, Frances Baroness Bunsen. Vol. i. p. 226.

† *Præf. ad Flavii Merobaudis Carmina*, ed. 2, p. 13. “Count Giacomo Leopardi, whom I introduce to my countrymen, is already a conspicuous ornament of his native Italy; and I

In quitting Rome Niebuhr, who had earnestly endeavored to procure some remunerative position for Leopardi, desired Bunsen to exert all possible influence for the same end, and the latter wrote in August, 1824, that he had "obtained a promise of appointment for Leopardi to the post he most desired—that of secretary-general to the Academy of Fine Arts at Bologna—with a special commission to employ his leisure in completing his Italian translation of a selection from Plato, and in writing a treatise upon it directed *against the materialism of his countrymen*, for which he is to receive an extra allowance in addition to his salary."* The appointment, however, was not made, nor were similar efforts in other directions more successful, the hindrance in certain cases being that only a priest was held eligible to the places solicited. And this point in the history of Leopardi touches the theme upon which such cruel injustice has been done by non-Catholic writers to the elder count—his desire that his son should adopt the priestly vocation. Even the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, with all his breadth of cultured thought, has not been able to rise above that insular prejudice which makes not wholly unpleasing the presentation in an unfavorable light of a man so distinctively Catholic as Count Monaldo Leopardi, together with the reflection upon the church itself necessarily involved in such presentation.† The son is placed in the attitude of a man urged beyond measure towards an uncongenial calling and withheld from its adoption by a lofty and incorruptible moral sense, while the father, from motives of ambition, expediency, or at best of bigotry, continues to press the matter upon him even after he has given unmistakable evidence of his atheism in contributions to journals as well as in the publication of *Bruto Minore*. The facts, however, are against any such conclusion. It will be remembered that Count Monaldo Leopardi had been systematically deceived by his son in regard to his religious opinions—a deception which was carried on to the end of that son's life, as will be shown by the very last letter addressed to his father; that, aided as he was by Giordani, much that he wrote was published in newspapers, of which his father knew nothing; that *Bruto Minore* itself, in its pagan hopelessness, was not put forth as the utterance of the author's sentiments,

pledge myself that he will attain to still greater celebrity. I, indeed, who highly esteem the illustrious youth, not only on account of his singular learning but on account of his ingenuous character, shall rejoice in all his honors and successes."

* *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, vol. i. p. 226. The baron's letter in which the above passage occurs is dated August 18, 1824, the year in which *Bruto Minore* was published. If Leopardi meant the latter to be understood as expressing his own opinions, he would have been placed rather awkwardly in appearing as a writer against materialism.

† *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. ii. p. 84.

but as a poetic rendering of a fragment of ancient history—no more necessarily a test of a writer's opinions than an epic upon the characters of the *Odyssey*; and if any misgiving had arisen in the mind of the count above the anxiety which he had always felt regarding his son's spiritual state, the latter would not have hesitated to assure him of the entire orthodoxy of his belief, as he did long afterwards when his name had become known through all Italy as an atheist of atheists. What wonder, then, that at every opening offered by the events of the young count's life abroad the elder Leopardi should again and again seek to persuade his son to accept what, to his ardent faith, would be the fulfilment of so many prayers? After excuses and delays of every kind the time at length came when the son, forced to a direct answer, wrote that he would willingly assume the office of the priesthood, provided he could be exempted from saying Mass, *on account of his feeble health*, and that he believed such arrangements might be made as would enable him to receive the revenues of a benefice, while the duties should be fulfilled by another person to be employed for such a purpose. At the same time he generously offers to allow his father to administer upon the money which should accrue to him. The overwhelming shock of such a revelation to the deeply religious nature of the elder count may be imagined, and the strongest contradiction to those charges insinuated against him lies in the fact that no further step was ever taken to induce Giacomo Leopardi to become a priest, although there is abundant evidence that the elder count possessed influence which, had he been a worldly or unscrupulous man, he could have used effectively. A few years later a younger son entered the priesthood with the approbation of his father. This passage in the life of Leopardi finds a curious commentary in Madame Bunsen's account of him, wherein she gravely declares that the court of Rome withheld the secretaryship from this young genius, whose accession to the priesthood was so greatly desirable, in the hope of wearying out his opposition, and adds: "*But not the extremest pressure of need could render Leopardi susceptible of a bribe for hypocrisy.*"* This excellent but narrow-minded woman, belonging to that class of Protestants who will admire what is even unchristian, provided only that it be un-Catholic, goes on to excuse Leopardi's enmity to religion by saying that having seen around him all his days "nothing but a system of ordinances and observances, a barrier was interposed between his mind and the consolations of the

* *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, vol. i. p. 227.

Christian faith."* Such superficial criticism as this leaves out of sight the fact which underlay all the darkness and bitterness of Leopardi's unending struggle—that, to a mind clear, logical, and far-seeing as his own, there was no middle course possible between absolute materialism on the one hand and on the other the uncompromising claims of a divinely-appointed authority embodied in the Church Catholic; and that the true barrier in his path was that inordinate pride of intellect which, assuming to be superior to all authority, is yet a very slave to its own gloomy arrogance. Well might his friend Gioberti apply to him the words of St. Augustine: "*Fecisti nos Domine ad te, et iniquitum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.*"

During his first essay towards self-support Leopardi worked unweariedly, with small return as regards money, but his fame was continually widening and his sensitive pride gratified by the attentions which he received, so that at length his first impressions of the modern Romans were so far modified that he admitted smilingly to a friend that he had "become reconciled to Rome." From this time he never permanently resided at Recanati, though frequently forced to return thither by illness or by pecuniary need. But the restless misery of his soul drove him from everything that he had desired when once attained. His constant search for employment brought him many offers. The University of Berlin would have bestowed upon him the chair of Italian literature—an honor never before accorded to one of his countrymen—but he declined it on the score of the uncongenial climate. The University of Parma opened her doors to him through the influence of Signor Tommassini, who had become strongly interested in him while they were as yet strangers. He offered Leopardi a home in his own house, out of consideration for his poverty; but this also was refused, as indeed was every subsequent opening of the kind obtained for him by the efforts of his

* *Ib.* vol. i. p. 228. The late H. T. Tuckerman, like Madame Bunsen, makes some singular mistakes in his essay on Leopardi. The former speaks of Leopardi's birthplace as "*Recanti*," and the latter of his friend and biographer as "*Antonio Ramisi*." But these are insignificant errors when compared with the fact that such writers, under the guidance of popular phraseology, seem never constrained to reduce vague generalities into logical terms which would render it worth one's while to disentangle the absurdities of self contradictory thought. In this way Tuckerman writes of one who says that the *inesplicabile mistero dell' universo* weighs upon his soul: "Christianity, as practically made known to Leopardi, failed to enlist his sympathies, from the erroneous form in which it was revealed, while, speculatively, its authority seemed to have no higher sanction than the antique philosophy and fables with which he was conversant. Had he learned to consider religion as a sentiment, inevitable and divine; had he realized it in the same way as he did love—as an experience, a feeling, a principle of the soul, and not a technical system—it would have yielded him both comfort and inspiration" (*Essays, Biographical and Critical*, p. 271).

friends, the reason given in each case turning upon the question of his health. Although continually apostrophizing Death, "beautiful Death," as the one object of his desire, Leopardi had an absolutely childish fear of it; and he who declared in the *Amore e Morte*, "Whatever the hour in which thy wings shall overshadow me, thou shalt find me brave, armed against Fate and yielding nothing to her," is seen fleeing from Naples, frantic with terror, at the approach of the cholera. But such inconsistency is part of the weakness of our common nature and readily finds excuse in the pity awakened by his long endurance of suffering. What is harder to overlook is his pretence of religious feeling when it suited his purpose, even when he was, although himself unaware of it, in the very shadow of death. Upon the death of his brother Luigi he wrote to Count Monaldo in most exquisite words of sympathy and tenderness, consoling the father's grief and declaring that, for his part, he felt resigned, submitting to the Divine Will. Shortly before his end Leopardi writes to him, asserting in emphatic terms that he had "never been revolutionary or irreligious either in theory or in practice," and again beseeching his father to offer prayers for him, that he may have an early and speedy death, adding, "I call on God to witness my truth in this. He knows how many prayers—*tridui e novene*—I have made to obtain this grace," and that the thought of danger "thrills him with the greatest joy." Place such expressions as these beside the letter Leopardi wrote to De Sinner after having seen an article referring to himself in the *Hesperus* of Stuttgart: "Whatever may be my sufferings, which some one has thought fit to expose, and perhaps to exaggerate in some degree, in this journal, I have at least courage enough not to seek to diminish their weight either by groundless hopes of an unknown future happiness or by a base submission. My sentiments as to fate have been and still are those which I have expressed in *Bruto Minore*. From this same courage it results that, having been led by my investigations to a philosophy of despair, I have not hesitated to embrace it in full, whilst, on the other hand, it is only through the cowardice of men who need to be persuaded of the value of existence that my philosophical opinions have been represented as the consequence of my special sufferings." The last words penned by his dying hand were these:

"Ma la vita mortal poi che la bella
 Gioinezza spari, non si colora
 D'altra luce giammai, ne d'altra aurora
 Vedora è insino al fine; ed alla notte

Che l'altre etadi oscura
Segno poser gli Dei la sepoltura."

In Milan and in Pisa, in Florence and Bologna, at Recanati or at Rome, Leopardi found always some drop of bitterness mingled with every pleasure, his dissatisfaction with the Bolognese in particular consisting in the fact that they surfeited him with praise. In alternate hope and depression his health continued so precarious that at length, in 1830, despairing of recovery, he placed his unpublished writings in the hands of his friend De Sinner, whose apparent interest in the matter greatly encouraged Leopardi, so that he looked forward more hopefully than ever before to the prospect of money and fame, and wrote that, *se piacerà a Dio*, he would soon obtain both. But for some reason utterly inexplicable the trust was never fulfilled; and when Pellegrini and Giordani asked De Sinner's aid in preparing their edition of Leopardi's works published in 1845, he refused it without assigning any cause—*se n'è scusato*, as is stated with rather dry significance in their preface.

In 1830 Leopardi met Ranieri at Florence, and the two men were at once strongly attracted towards each other. This friendship, unlike that with Giordani, lasted to the end, for Leopardi soon went to reside at Ranieri's house in Naples, and ceased altogether to regard Recanati as his home during the five years preceding his death.* The malady which finally terminated his sufferings was dropsy of the heart, but there was in his feeble frame a complication of disorders that made the greater part of his life one long anguish. Not only was he a victim of pulmonary disease from an early period; but of an abnormal wasting of the flesh accompanied by a gradual softening of the bones themselves and by the loss of assimilative power in the blood. He died on the 14th of June, 1837, while a carriage was in waiting to convey the invalid to a country-place where it was hoped that he might obtain benefit from change of air.

* It is evident from a letter of Giordani's that the friendship between himself and Leopardi was broken by the latter. Cantù quotes it as follows: "*Quando il Leopardi cominciò ad essere conosciuto, non mi scrisse più. Quando in Firenze andavo a trovarlo, non mi parlava. Nelle sue scritture ha posto molti, e di me mai una parola. Pare che il cuore non corrispondesse all'ingegno*" (*Alessandro Manzoni: Reminiscenze di Cesare Cantù*, Milano, 1882, vol. ii. p. 55, note). This charming writer is the only one we have met with who recognizes the injustice done to the father of Leopardi by his admirers. Of Count Monaldo he says: "*Tanto migliore di quel che lo dipingono gli idolatri di Giacomo*" (*ib.* vol. i. p. 111). Prof. James A. Harrison, of the Washington and Lee University, in an article on "An Italian Critic" published in the *New York Critic* of the 23d of August last, simply draws on his imagination when he states that De Sanctis "literally discovered Leopardi, and was the first to make him celebrated among his countrymen." Cantù says: "*Idolo del Giordani e in parte sua creatura fu Giacomo Leopardi*" (*Alessandro Manzoni*, vol. ii. p. 55).

Ranieri's account of the final moments is very brief; we are only told that life was stifled at its very source, and that this great man resigned his noble spirit with a smile, in the arms of his friend who loved him and mourns him still: *Oppressa la vita alla sua prima origine, quel grande uomo renette sorridendo il nobilissimo spirito fra le braccia di un suo amico che lo amò e lo pianse senza fine.**

In reviewing the manner of Leopardi's life—the child absorbed in unchildlike study, the youth withdrawing from all youthful pursuits, burying himself among the relics of a dead past, shrinking from intercourse with those nearest to him, contemptuous of the interests of common existence, exalting mere intellect above every quality of the heart, despising the judgments of his fellow-men yet weakly craving their applause, rebellious against rightful authority, ungrateful, insincere, self-conscious and self-tormenting, possessed of mental endowments worthy of the sages of the ancient world, yet using his powers for the most part to tear down and to destroy—one can but read the lesson that it brings: the utter worthlessness of a life unguided by the higher light of duty to God and man. We have been so much occupied with the story of Leopardi's history that time has been wanting for any adequate study of his writings, but we have dwelt in detail upon its circumstances because from these came the peculiar tone and character so indelibly impressed on nearly every product of his genius. And now that his *Essays and Dialogues* have become accessible to the English reader through the translation of Mr. Charles Edwardes, it is important that a practical application of his pessimistic philosophy and its disastrous results should find their illustration in his own unhappy destiny. In that destiny we discover the solution of the problem of life, not as ordained by God, but as wrecked by man. It seems of kin to a Greek tragedy, in which the poet closes his drama by successive strokes of pitiless, implacable fate—a Nemesis which sways the ebb and flow of its checkered course. To the Christian scholar such a life appears to exemplify the retributive power which as surely displays itself in the intellectual and moral individuality of men as in the collective advancement of the race.

* *Opere di Giacomo Leopardi*, vol. i. p. xxvi.



SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.

No. II.

THE OBJECTION FROM SCIENCE IN GENERAL AGAINST REVELATION
—CHRONOLOGY OF THE ADAMIC SPECIES.

OBJECTION FROM SCIENCE IN GENERAL.

THE illogical inference drawn by certain scientists from facts and probabilities of geology, and set up as an argument against the divine inspiration of Genesis, may be stated in a more general form as an objection from natural science in all its extension against the entire system of Scriptural and Christian theology.

Geology proclaims immensely long periods before the beginning of human history. Genesis directs our attention almost from the outset to the history of Adam and his offspring. Its history becomes constantly more narrow and particular, until it runs into a narrow bed of narrative whose stream is continued through the historical books of the Old Testament. The stream disappears under ground at a distance of about six centuries from the epoch of David, reappearing again in the brief memoirs of the historical books of the New Testament, after which it ceases entirely.

Secular science and history, on the contrary, are busied with prehistoric researches, and investigations of the entire realm of earth and man, considered as a kingdom appertaining to the universal world of nature. Moreover, science, in its astronomical branch, rises to the investigation and contemplation of the vast stellar universe. Thus science opens up an extent of time and space as the *when* and the *where* of existing nature and natural operations, in comparison with which the earth and the period of duration covered by historical records dwindle to a point and a moment.

Just here and at this point of view arises the opposition, not of science, but of certain minds bewildered by speculations to which science has given occasion abusively, to the theological doctrine concerning nature, this world, and man, with their relations and their first and final causes.

In these minds the speculation which takes a wrong direction from science creates a pseudo-science that co-exists with the real science which they possess, but is not identical with it and is not in harmony with any of its certain truths or probable theo-

ries. It is a speculation which tends toward, and in point of fact often degenerates into, rank materialism and atheism. At this extreme it substitutes physical nature in its lowest grade as mere matter and its activity in the place of the spiritual part of nature and of the author and ruler of nature, its first cause and final cause—that is, God.

The notion of an indefinitely long time of duration and of an indefinitely wide extension transforms itself into the notion of existence without beginning and without bounds in the minds of these imperfect thinkers, displacing the true idea of the eternal, infinite, self-existing Being. Nature fills their entire intellectual horizon. The idea of God as creator being excluded, and that of nature as the original source of existence and action being put in its place, man is regarded as merely one of its natural products, evolved from its stuff by its active force. Measured by the standard of material bulk, the earth, his abode, is a very insignificant orb in one of the minor planetary systems, and he himself, as a denizen of this small world, whose known history fills such a short period of time, and whose prehistoric origin is supposed to have been most ignoble, is comparatively of little importance. In a word, man is wholly subordinated to nature in this system, and the department of nature to which he is relegated wholly subordinated to that more vast universe in which it is one of the smaller kingdoms.

The Scriptural view is entirely different. It refers everything to God, and to the ideas of the divine mind according to which the divine power creates the world and all genera and species of beings contained in it for a definite end. This is the grand dogma proclaimed by Moses to the children of Israel in the beginning of Genesis. It is, moreover, the grand fundamental truth of natural and rational theology, provable by the light of pure reason, as well as revealed by God and taught by inspiration.

Again, in the Scripture, man, and the earth as his abode, are the centre to which converge all lines of light from every visible point. Man is above nature, and all things are subordinated to him as the prince of the cosmos and in himself the microcosmos. He is the son and heir of God, and therefore, in the view of God and all his intelligent creatures, his history and destiny are that which is of the highest importance in the universe.

That this view is just and in accordance with the reality and truth of things can be, in part, proved by pure reason without recurring to revelation.

As an intelligent being whose soul is a spirit and immortal, man is above all irrational nature, and each individual man is better than the whole universe of bodies. This earth, at least, is his kingdom, and everything in it is subordinate to him. The sun and the other stars are in part, even though they be not exclusively, for his benefit. Moreover, his own mind and the earth as his local habitation is necessarily for him the centre of his own observation of the universe. It is true that he is, by his nature as a rational animal, in the lowest grade of intellectual being, and that, in the present condition of mankind, a great multitude of men are degraded far below the typical, ideal state of pure human nature. Yet generically, in respect to his spiritual part, he is akin to the highest possible order of created intelligent beings. There can be nothing higher than intelligence; and as the universe is necessarily subordinated to the intelligent beings in it, man must have at least some minor share in the high and royal prerogative of those intellectual kings of the universe for whom it has been created and adorned.

By the light of reason alone we cannot go beyond this point. But revelation teaches us that man is the centre of creation. The Eternal Word has chosen humanity as the nature which he has assumed and thereby raised to a divine dignity. His elect among men, especially the glorious and sublime Virgin Mary, share with him in this dignity. And the earth itself, as the cradle of the human race, receives a place of importance in the universe corresponding to the grandeur of the events transacted upon its surface.

Here we are met by another objection, that it is incredible that God should choose such a small world and such an inferior nature for such a sublime end. But this objection is irrational, and even childish. It takes its measure of things from their corporeal magnitude. By such a rule we ought to estimate the title of a kingdom or a city to our admiration by its mere extent, the greatness of a man by size and weight, the value of a book by its bulk, the importance of events by the length of time they have taken in their fulfilment. A great man ought to be born in the largest building of the largest city in the largest empire of the world, and he should be a giant in stature. We have no certain knowledge of any inhabited world except our own, of any other intelligent beings except men, by any natural means of knowledge. By revelation we know that pure spirits exist who are naturally superior to man; that there is a heaven, a hell, and a purgatory. We have no objection against any one's in-

dulging in theoretical speculations about other worlds and other species of intelligent beings, whether incorporeal or possessed of bodies, and making as splendid an hypothesis as he pleases about the physical grandeur of the natural order of the universe.

But the supernatural order infinitely transcends the utmost possible elevation of nature within its connatural order. Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary are at the summit of that order. And, by relationship to Jesus Christ, all glorified men are raised in their divine filiation to God the Father to a place and dignity which makes them equal to the angels and in a certain respect superior to them.

Although man is a late appearance on the earth, and his historical record is a short one, the science which relates to him and his destiny is much more important than geology or astronomy. The chief part of this science is that which immediately concerns his supernatural end and his immortal existence in the future, everlasting state of being. This science cannot be had with certainty and completeness except by the light of divine revelation. It is the object of divine revelation to teach mankind doctrine respecting God and things which relate to God; respecting his own origin, his destiny, his original state and his fall from it, his redemption and the means of restoration. This is the object of Holy Scripture as a medium of revelation—*i.e.*, its object is dogmatic and ethical, concerning matters of faith and morals. Its historical documents are subservient to this purpose, giving that information which is necessary or useful for the religious instruction of mankind. These accessory matters become, therefore, objects of divine faith only in an accidental and indirect manner.

As we have said as much as our space will permit about this topic in a former article, we will pass at once to the consideration of another one of the questions arising out of the coincidence of Scripture and purely human science and history, in the lines which run through this mixed and common department of facts and ideas. This is the question of

THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE ADAMIC SPECIES.

Hitherto we have had plain sailing, thanks to the soundings and surveys of former explorers. But now we come into waters which are at present being surveyed, and we have unfinished charts as our only guide. We must bespeak the

patience and indulgence of the reader for a considerable time while we follow a roundabout course among hypotheses and theories, postponing what partial solution we are able to suggest of the difficulties of the question before us, to a later period.

These theories start from real or supposed vestiges of the human race unearthed by scientific explorers, which have been left by generations existing before the date of the early records of written history. They are theories concerning a prehistoric period whose beginning is put back indefinitely into a remote past. Such notions are not new, for they are found, in a mythical, legendary form, in the traditions and ancient books of several of the oldest nations.

A Chinese gentleman who has received a thorough Parisian education has lately published an uncommonly curious and interesting series of papers upon China in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the course of which he gives a résumé of the teaching of the Chinese sacred books concerning the prehistoric period. We have taken the trouble of translating it, and will insert it here, although it makes a pretty long digression. The author of the articles is Colonel Tcheng-Ki-Tong, military adjutant of the Chinese Embassy at Paris, and we recommend them as well worthy of an attentive perusal. They are contained in the numbers of the Review for May 14, June 1, and June 14, 1884.

“Having proposed to instruct myself in the knowledge of ancient things and to learn the opinion of the scholars of the West respecting the origin of the world, I have consulted the sources and I have ascertained nothing very definite upon the question.

“The first man is supposed to have appeared on the earth about six thousand years ago; his wife drew down upon him the anger of the Creator, and their descendants have found themselves ever since exposed to all the avenging chastisements of Heaven. Men are these descendants. This is the Western theory reduced to a simple expression; it proclaims a creator, God, and a creature, man. But how were arts and manners born? How were all the elements of social life formed? At what epoch was society organized? These are questions upon which only dim rays of light are cast; and as for the principles, they are even denied by certain savants, who treat them as hypotheses or imaginations. Whether criticisms of this sort are well founded or not, whether they are made in the name of science or in the name of passion, I have not to judge; but the Bible has for us a great merit—namely, that it is an ancient book and an Eastern book. At this twofold point of view it is dear to us, and it will be seen from what follows that our sacred history, under some aspects, is not absolutely different.

“The history of China embraces two grand periods—that which extends from the year 1980 before the Christian era to our own day, called the official period, and that which goes backward into antiquity from the date of 1980, called the prehistoric period.

“Our history does not tell how man came into existence, but it teaches that there was a first man. ‘This man was placed between heaven and earth, and knew the distance at which he was placed from the one and the other. He knew the principle of causality, the existence of the elements, and how the germs of living beings were formed.’

“The popular imagination represents this first man, besides, as endowed with a great power and carrying the sun and moon, one in each hand.

“Our sacred books give, as is evident from reading the text which defines the nature of man, an elevated idea of his origin and proclaim the principle of personality. This being, placed between heaven and earth—that is to say, carrying a spirit in an earthly envelope—knows who he is, neither God nor matter, but endowed with an intelligence to which the principle of causality will give inspiration, and surrounded by elements which will come to the aid of the resources of his invention.

“Such is the first man. At what epoch did he appear? An incalculable number of thousands of years ago. The history of this man and his descendants forms the prehistoric period which ran its course within the limits of our empire.

“Every one will take notice of the popular tradition which places the sun and moon one in each hand of the first man. The sun and the moon symbolize among us the masculine and feminine, and it is from their union that the era of the suffering and abandoned humanity is dated. This tradition approaches to the text of the Bible and has some similarity to the adventure of the apple in the earthly paradise. We represent the same catastrophe by the sudden encounter of the masculine sun and the feminine moon. This also, I believe, is a veiled manner of making us understand the original sin, but a little better specified.

“This preface of the history of men precedes immediately the recital of their first essays in civilization, if we may express by this word the first steps of man on the earth and his first conquests over ignorance.

“The notion of a celestial Providence watching over men and fructifying their efforts appears in our history, with a great force of truth, by this fact: that men have been governed by emperors of an inspired wisdom and who have been the organizers of Chinese civilization. These emperors are regarded as saints. History does not assign them any certain date, but it informs us what were their labors.

“The first emperor is called the emperor of the sky. He determined the order of time, which he divided into ten celestial trunks and twelve terrestrial branches, the whole forming a cycle. This emperor lived eighteen thousand years. The second emperor is the emperor of the earth; he also lived eighteen thousand years, and to him is ascribed the division of the month into thirty days. The third emperor is the emperor of men. Under his reign appeared the first lineaments of social life. He divided his territory into nine parts, over each one of which he placed a member of his family as its head. The history now for the first time eulogizes the beauties of nature and the mildness of the climate. This reign lasted forty-five thousand years.

“During these three reigns, which embraced a period of eighty-one thousand years, there is no mention of dwellings or clothes. History tells us that men lived in caverns without any fear of animals, and that the sentiment of modesty had no existence among them.

“What were the events in consequence of which this state of things underwent a transformation? History has not a word to say on this head. But every one will observe that the names given to the first three emperors contain three terms—the sky, the earth, and men; a gradation which leads to the hypothesis of a progressive decadence in the condition of humanity.

“It is under the reign of the fourth emperor, called the emperor of nests, that the struggle for life actually begins. Man seeks to defend himself against wild animals and makes for himself nests in the woods. He uses the skins of animals to cover himself with, and the texts make a distinction between the two expressions: to cover one's self and to clothe one's self.

“Agriculture is still unknown. The fifth emperor is the emperor of fire. It was he who, by observing the phenomena of nature, discovered fire and taught the way of producing it. He taught men domestic life; the institution of barter and the invention of knotted cords for preserving the memory of important facts are due to him. The state of savage life has almost completely disappeared.

“His successor, Fou-Hy, taught men fishing, hunting, and the nurture of domestic animals. He proclaimed the eight diagrams—that is to say, the fundamental principles which contain in essence all the progressive stages of civilization and have given birth to philosophy. During this reign, moreover, property was organized.

“This great emperor, whom our books regard as inspired by Providence to prepare the happiness of men, regulated the greater part of those institutions which actually constitute the customs and manners of China. He defined the four seasons and regulated the calendar. In his system the first day of spring is the first day of the year, which nearly corresponds with the mid-winter New Year's day of the Western calendar. The institution of marriage with all its ceremonies dates from this reign: the wedding-gift at that time was the skins of animals. He taught men orientation by fixing the cardinal points. He also invented music by the vibration of strings.

“The successor of Fou-Hy is Tcheng-Nung, or the emperor of agriculture. He studied the properties of plants and taught the way of curing their diseases. He undertook great works of canalization; he caused rivers to be dredged and arrested the progress of the sea. From his reign dates the use of the emblem of the dragon as it at the present time forms a part of the armorial bearings of the emperor. History mentions the apparition of this fantastic horse as a mysterious event, one of those prodigies which are often enough to be met with in the greater part of the memorials of antiquity.

“The successor of Tcheng-Nung is the Yellow Emperor, who continued the work begun by his predecessors by creating observatories, wind-instruments, costumes, the art of furnishing houses, the arch, carriages, ships, and coined money. He published a book on medicine, in which we read for the first time the expression, ‘to feel the pulse.’ The value of objects was likewise regulated; as, for instance, it is said: ‘Pearls are more precious than gold.’ The wife of this emperor nurtured the first silk-worms.

“Under this reign the administrative division of the empire was organized.

"The group of eight neighboring houses was called a Well. Three Wells formed a Friend, and three Friends composed a Village. The sub-prefecture comprised five villages; ten sub-prefectures made a department, ten departments a district, and ten districts a province.

"The first copper-mines were worked by the Yellow Emperor.

"The reign of this emperor's successor bears a certain date: it is the year 2399 (B.C.), and the emperors who succeeded each other down to the year 1980, the epoch at which begins the official period, are all regarded as saints. Before this date the imperial power had not been transmitted by inheritance. Every emperor in his declining age chose the one most worthy to occupy the throne, and abdicated in his favor.

"Under the reign of the last holy emperor—*i. e.*, towards the year 2000—history mentions great hydraulic works accomplished during extremely disastrous inundations. This is the only fact of this kind which can have any relation with the deluge. It remains to be ascertained whether there is an agreement of date: this is a question I will not undertake to resolve, and which has besides only a mediocre importance, since it has been proved that the deluge was not universal.

"Such is, in a rapid résumé, the summary of our mysterious annals. They have not the seductive interest of the fables of mythology; they simply recount the beginnings of the history of the world, narrating step by step the advances which have been made. It is the primitive life which is described.

"We attach a great price to everything which is ancient, and among the popular traditions which have withstood time there is none more esteemed than the one which represents the teaching of civilization as inspired by Providence. We love to attach our institutions to a principle superior to man; and in like manner Moses reported to his people the text of the laws which he wrote under the dictation of God. The Christian world cannot find our spiritualism very strange, since it is the basis of its own faith."

Scientists will not take it as a compliment if we place some of their extreme theories about the antiquity of man and the length of the prehistoric period on a level with these Chinese myths. Yet they are, in our opinion, about equally credible, notwithstanding the show of scientific phraseology which covers their extravagance. They assign a date of at least 300,000 years before the beginning of the historic period to the first appearance of man upon the earth, as witnessed by his supposed vestiges left in the strata of the tertiary period.

An ingenious Italian writer has made an arithmetical computation of the number of men who must have been existing on the earth at the epoch commonly assigned to the creation of Adam, according to the hypothesis just now mentioned.* The arithmetical expression of this number is composed of 434 figures. The

* *Civiltà Cattolica*, series viii. vol. xi. p. 265. June, 1873.

full import of this statement will not break upon the mind of a reader at once, unless he is very familiar with computations of this sort. A number of men one million times greater than the estimated population of our globe at the present time would be represented by sixteen figures. Every addition of six ciphers multiplies the sum expressed by all the figures which precede said ciphers by a million. Let us follow up the calculation for a short distance, and some vague notion of the incalculable number represented by a unit with 433 zeros following after it will begin to dawn upon the mind.

The calculation of the writer in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, of whose argument we are now making a brief epitome, proceeds on two suppositions: First, that all prehistoric men were the offspring of one pair of progenitors—a perfectly gratuitous concession to our scientific theorists. Second, that the race increases by $\frac{1}{308}$ each year, equivalent in the average to a doubling once in 208 years. This is a moderate estimate, less than the average rate of increase in historic times, so far as it can be reckoned, which is about $\frac{1}{218}$ each year. The suppositions at the base of the calculation are, therefore, made in a manner favorable to the geological theorists.

The population of the globe is estimated at 1,300,000,000. The greatest number it is supposed by any political economists to be capable of sustaining is about ten times the actual number, say 12,000,000,000. Multiply this number by 10,000 and you have the number of square metres on the dry land of the earth, so that 10,000 of these make the allotted portion of each individual when the whole number has reached the sum given above. Increase the number one hundred thousand fold and you will have ten men to each square metre. Suppose the habitable part of the earth extended to the limits of the moon's orbit in a series of stories each one metre in height, and filled with men in the ratio of ten to each square metre of standing-room, and the number will be represented by 24 ciphers. Continue the stories of these towers having their bases resting upon Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America, and Australia, respectively, in perpendicular lines to a distance 400 times greater than the radius of the moon's orbit, and the limits of the earth's orbit will be reached. Accommodation, although very crowded, will now be provided for a number of men indicated by the figure 2 followed by 26 ciphers. Pass the outermost planetary orbit and go on to the fixed stars. Let the distance equal a number represented by the figure 2 followed by 18 zeros. The

the ingenious writer from whom we have been borrowing, at the bottom of the page.*

It would scarcely be worth while to take so much notice of the hypothesis of the tertiary man, were it not that M. Francis Lenormant has given it so large a place and so much importance in a work which is being widely circulated at the present time in an English translation.

M. Jean d'Estienne, a writer on scientific questions of high repute, says of this hypothesis :

"It is an hypothesis and nothing more, and the indications upon which it has been constructed do not seem, at least up to the present time, capable of withstanding a serious and profound examination. We may be allowed to express our astonishment that M. François Lenormant has accorded both in his special and general theories such a large place and such considerable importance to a gratuitous conjecture, sustained to-day, saving some honorable but rare exceptions, only by those scientists who are interested in making science progress in a preconceived direction." †

The scientific congresses of Europe have received with disfavor the evidences brought before them for the tertiary man, and we may therefore dismiss it and turn toward other theories which have more probability.

THE QUARTIER LATIN SINCE THE WAR.

EVIL-SPEAKING people say that Napoleon III. planned the Boulevard St. Germain to have revenge on the aristocratic faubourg for showing his court the cold shoulder. In its immense sweep from the Pont de Sully to the Corps Législatif it was to run right through the precincts sacred to Legitimacy, carrying the bustle and vulgarity of modern civilization under the noses of the descendants of the crusaders, where it did not

$$* \quad x = \frac{\log. a - \log. b}{\log. (1+c) - \log. c}$$

Let x be the number of years sought ; let a equal 1,300,000,000, b equal 8, and $c = \frac{1}{228}$.
Then

$$\begin{aligned} x &= \frac{\log. 1,300,000,000 - \log. 8}{\log. 229 - \log. 228} = \frac{9,1139433523 - 0,9030899870}{2,3598354823 - 2,3579348470} \\ &= \frac{8,2108533653}{0,0019006353} = \frac{82108533653}{19006353} = 4320. \end{aligned}$$

† Art. "L'Humanité Primitive, etc.," *Revue des Qu. Scientif.*, Oct. 20, 1882.

bring down their houses about their ears. The vandalism was accomplished, but not until its putative inspirer had ceased to have any interest in the humiliation of the Legitimist nobility. When the star of the Man of December set at Sedan the serpent had crept close to their door, but its threshold remained uncrossed. It was reserved for the iconoclasts of a Radical Republican municipality to play skittles with the mansions that housed the faithful followers of King Henry V. Baron Haussmann's demolitions left the aristocratic district intact, but they went far enough to initiate a structural revolution in the neighboring "Quarter of the Schools." And the work of the great Alsatian renovator has been carried on by his Republican successors with a vigor which promises soon to leave few landmarks standing that were familiar to the student youth of a quarter of a century ago.

Light and air have been let into old crooked streets and courts where neither had penetrated for ages; towering rookeries which had housed generation after generation of light-hearted but impecunious aspirants to knowledge have crumbled under the pick and crowbar; hostelries and taverns, without which the Latin Quarter would have seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable to its denizens, have vanished from off the face of the earth; the Pépinière of the Luxembourg even has been sacrificed to the rage for innovation, and is now only represented to the pilgrim's searching eye by a number of parallelograms of sward intersected by canals of asphalt. And be it remarked that here are only mentioned the outrages on the old Quarter which can be remembered by young men. Of the ruin and desolation wrought by the great clearance which prepared the way for the Boulevard St. Michel others have written with tear-laden pens. Were the genial Mr. Ledbury to-day placed in the centre of the Quarter which was the scene of his memorable adventures he would feel as much at sea as in Chicago; the Père Goriot would find himself a homeless wanderer in the street which still bears the name of Lacépède, and you might put a quondam student of the healing art within a stone's throw of the School of Medicine with the certainty that he could not find his way to it even with the aid of a pocket-compass.

Want of light, air, and room is said to exercise a depressing influence on the health and spirits of the children of the poor. The absence of these blessings seems in old times to have operated in a precisely opposite way on the student youth of France. In their old, narrow streets, which only got an occasional gleam of

sunshine, they were uproariously gay. Their festivity was not checked by the dimness of the apology for daylight that permeated their cell-like abodes. In tavern-dens over which story upon story towered skywards to the height of a respectable village steeple, where the air was thick with wine-fumes and boon companions saw each other by the light of their pipes, wit flashed with electric brilliancy, and spirits were high enough to provide the materials for many a pretty quarrel that would have delighted the heart of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. The scene is changed. In the Latin Quarter one cannot walk for five minutes without striking a wide, tree-planted boulevard or emerging on a broad, macadamized thoroughfare. But where is the lusty gayety of old? Where are the quaint figures and costumes that once gave the Quarter its air of refreshing originality? Where the long elfin-locks and shaggy beards—in the last respect French youths come early by a man's having—where the brigand hats, the tasselled blue or red Basque *boinias*, the picturesque velvet jackets, and the grotesque promenaders in threadbare swallow-tails and Turkish slippers? You may see them at the *mi-carême* or when the denizens of the Quarter are engaged in celebrating the *réveillon*, but you will search for them vainly at other times. Or if you chance on a whimsical costume on some every-day occasion you may safely lay odds that the wearer is either a disguised *calicot* or a travelling cockney—most likely the latter.

The student of the present day is careful about the cut of his clothes. If his means allow him he rather affects the silken cylinder, but if not he assimilates himself to the multitude with a derby. His shoes are polished, and he wears a turn-down collar when turn-down collars are the fashion, and not otherwise. As the English officer has a horror of being seen in uniform, so the Paris student eschews all signs whereby he might be recognized as an embryo professional man. See him as he nears the School of Law or Medicine, with his books and papers carefully enveloped in a leathern portfolio; and if the scene were changed to the Palace of Justice you might take him for a young lawyer on his way to plead—or make believe he has a brief. By daylight, at least, the Paris student is no longer eccentric; he avoids even the appearance of it as sedulously as if he were going in for a good-conduct prize, to be forfeited for a single breach of the proprieties.

The very poor students, who used to live, and continue to live, joyously on a hundred francs a month, or even less, seem to

have died out. Twenty years ago they used to be plenty as blackberries. To understand the secret of their existence one must have lived their life, partaken with them of their four-course repasts, including a diminutive bottle of wine, for sixteen cents, toilsomely mounted with them the interminable steps leading to their roosts next the sky, and witnessed the genius for finance with which they extracted from their budgetary surplus the utmost value it would yield in the shape of pleasure. Before universal exhibitions had successively driven up the price of everything to high-water mark—never again to sink—lodgings used to be very cheap in the Latin Quarter, especially if one were capitalist enough and provident enough to invest a few napoleons in furniture to secure the dignity and independence of being *dans ses meubles*. And in the sixteen-cent restaurants bread was at discretion, in point of fact constituting the really substantial part of the fare, the exiguous portions of meat, vegetables, and fruit merely serving as relishes to the staff of life. Again, in Paris the customer of a *café* is not expected to justify his presence in the establishment by the constant consumption of liquids, without which in an English public-house or an American saloon he would shortly be voted a nuisance by the proprietor. Once the impecunious student had paid his footing by ordering a *gloria* or some equivalent refreshment he was free of the place for the whole evening, and ranged at will over the whole gamut of its resources—cards, dominoes, backgammon, draughts, chess; the literary reviews, and the political papers. Twenty years ago student-life in Paris at even a hundred francs a month was not without its silver lining. Youth, hope, and the *esprit gaulois* gave their relish to existence and buoyed up the poor student against the weight of many privations.

To-day the Paris student appears to command a much larger exchequer. Parents have become richer or else more generous. The *bouillons* and other restaurants which now board the youth of the schools are decidedly dear on a comparison with establishments of a similar class in other European capitals. On double the old income the student, after arranging for the necessary, has less over for the superfluous. Never very provident, he can now only attempt to emulate the *écartades* of his predecessors at the cost of pinching himself in the department of comestibles. Of course he does so very frequently, and therefore does he often wear a pallid aspect which the innocent might be disposed to attribute to mental effort over the midnight oil, but which really proceeds from imperfect replenishment of the inner man,

combined with vigils held elsewhere than in the companionship of the great minds of old. The solitude-commending Zimmermann warns us against predicating anything positive about large aggregations of human beings which is not common to the whole race. And therefore let us not be taken as wishing to affirm that in the course of a few brief years the Paris student has been radically metamorphosed. But, at least in externals, this has been very largely the case. Foreign observers admit the fact, though they vary in their explanations of it. Some think that as northern races lose their energy in soft and fertile southern climes, so has the Paris student, ceasing to have to contend against an environment of murk and squalor, laid aside the arms by which he rose superior to it.

This is one theory. Another may be ventured which has also a good deal to recommend it. It is universally known that men's characters are largely modified by their dietary; witness the peaceable, rice-chewing Hindoo and his rapacious, beef-eating Saxon conqueror, the sprightly, wine-stimulated Gaul and the phlegmatic, beer-inspired German or Fleming. To the Paris student of old, as indeed to the Parisian of any class, beer was formerly almost an unknown beverage. Now it is everywhere. Under the Second Empire there were two German invasions of France. Moltke commanded in the last, the brewer Dreher in the first. From being established as single spies in the French capital, *brasseries* on the Teutonic model soon came to be counted by the battalion. The social conservatism of the Latin Quarter might have rolled back the tide had not its spirit been previously broken by Baron Haussmann's ruthless sappers. As it was, the Quarter capitulated and was in a few short years completely occupied by the enemy. Blonde and brown beer are now as familiar orders in the taverns of the district as in the Hofbrauerei at Munich. The quantity of both fluids needed to sustain the youth of the schools under the stress of study is prodigious, and if the consumption goes on unchecked it is to be feared that before long the Paris student will become as noted for abdominal rotundity as the burghers of the Bavarian capital.

Misfortunes seldom come alone, and the installation of the worship of King Gambrinus in the Latin Quarter brought with it an institution strange to France and French habits—the *brasserie-à-femmes*. The employment of young females in drinking-places used to be as unknown in Paris as it is repugnant to well-regulated French ideas of propriety. Now, in the Latin Quarter and many another part of the capital, it has come to be considered

necessary to the success of a *brasserie*. And unfortunately the rôle played by these females is not that of the German waitress or the English barmaid. They have to pay for leave to serve—from two to five francs a day—and depend for this money and their own livelihood on the gratuities of the youthful customers. It is their business to engage the latter in conversation and induce them to drink as much as possible. When a girl applies for a situation at such places the only recommendation asked or considered adequate is her ability to fill the house with her “friends.” It need scarcely be said that such a system is productive of frightful demoralization—fatal to the unfortunate females who are obliged to swill beer from the close of evening till past midnight, and seriously detrimental to the health, purity, and prospects of the youths whom it is their office to beguile to excess. Of such establishments there were, at the writer’s last visit to Paris, full fifty in the Latin Quarter, some of the best known being the Café de Médicis, looking on the Park of the Luxembourg, the Cigarette in the Rue Racine, the Brasserie Alsacienne in the Rue St. Séverin, the Brasserie de la Seine in the street of that name, the Tir Cujas in a little street off the Boulevard St. Michel, and the Don César in the Rue de l’Ancienne Comédie.

The *brasseries* are, unfortunately, not the only establishments in which the student is tempted to overstep the limits of sobriety. There are numberless *distilleries*, or liqueur-stores, scattered over the Quarter. By students who have not decidedly entered on the downward path they are only frequented at *l’heure de l’absinthe*—the hour preceding dinner—at which the fancied necessity for an appetizer arises, and those abominable concoctions known as *absinthe* and *amer Picoa* are regularly imbibed by almost every Parisian. But the passion for *absinthe* grows on the consumer like the craving for opium, and the *distilleries* are seldom empty from five or before it in the afternoon till half-past twelve.

There yet, we believe, exists in the Rue St. Jacques, between the Rue Soufflot and the Val-de-Grâce, one of these establishments particularly affected by students, which was known as the “Temple.” A more uninviting den it would be hard to find. A long, low, ill-lighted room, with wooden tables and cane chairs and stools—ill-smelling, unswept, cumbered with barrels of various *liqueurs*. Close to the entrance a short counter, attended by the bloated proprietor or manager, attired in the ordinary working-costume of the *marchand-de-vin*, in a maroon net jacket and blue apron. Here orders were given on entering and the scot paid on leaving, and the amount of money turned in over

that counter in coppers, at the rate of four cents a drink, was wonderful to see. The "Temple" was seldom without tenants from the early afternoon, but its pillars—those who came most regularly and made the longest *séances*—were either not students or had long ceased to have any legitimate claim to the title. Reporters and journalists of the lowest grade, broken-down *littérateurs*, seedy professional men, failures in life of all kinds who had chosen their abode near by for cheapness, constituted the bulk of the *habitués* outside the *absinthe* hour. And a more pitiful company it would not be easy to collect even from among the numberless victims of the struggle for existence with which Paris abounds.

Shabby, all of them, though apparently a few were not without means, to judge by the frequency with which they stood treat when warmed by their favorite poison. The pockets, bulging with books and manuscripts, showed that a majority considered themselves as belonging by some title to the vast, heterogeneous brotherhood of letters. It was a study, at once curious and painful, to watch the moods through which the company passed in the course of a *séance*. Dismal, timid, nervous at their entry, as glass after glass of the venomous green fluid went down they became confident, loquacious, and audaciously critical of the celebrities of the day. At particular points of the process of stimulation a stranger might have fallen into the error of supposing these men to be authors of repute, who dressed meanly and abstained from shirt-collars out of eccentricity. And if such a stranger came along and made anything approaching to a prolonged stay in the "Temple," he was pretty sure before leaving to make the acquaintance of a *habitué* and of one or more of the greasy manuscripts reposing in his pocket through the want of enterprise of the publishers. There were a few men to be seen here who avoided all companionship and drank *en Suisse*, consuming their liquor slowly and puffing their clay pipes without respite—men who came to the "Temple" because a day without *absinthe* would be death to them, whose faces twitched convulsively and assumed horrible grimaces, and whose teeth crunched the stems of their pipes with a sound like the crushing of hard minerals in a mortar. But these were by no means peculiar to the "Temple." The type occurs as frequently outside the Latin Quarter as in it, and perhaps oftener in the working districts than elsewhere. Many of the *habitués* of the "Temple" had been students of professions in their day—had spent a dozen or more years in the vain pursuit of a diploma, and even yet did not

abandon hope, when sufficiently stimulated, of attaining the object of their ambition.

The Latin Quarter is not without its *cafés* of the staid, respectable order, where the proprieties are strictly observed, where excess is unknown, and where sensible students meet and repose themselves after their studies. Of this order are the Café de Musée de Cluny at the intersection of the Boulevard St. Michel and the Boulevard St. Germain, the Café Voltaire opposite the Odéon, and the Café d'Harcourt near the Sorbonne. The Café Procope, the oldest establishment of the kind in Paris, is situated in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. It was formerly a noted resort for students, and in it were spent many of Gambetta's younger days, both before and after his call to the bar. Its fortunes seem to have fallen beyond the possibility of resuscitation. Within the last few years it has been taken in hand and renovated by half a dozen different proprietors, but custom avoids it, notwithstanding the memories that cling around it as the haunt of the "philosophers" of the last century—Voltaire, Diderot, Jean Jacques Rousseau, D'Alembert, and D'Holbach. In an inner apartment of the *café* is still preserved the antique table of mottled marble at which the author of the *Henriade* was accustomed to take his seat, its surface deeply worn by the friction of dominoes rattled by the hands of successive generations of dry-goods clerks from the neighboring stores.

A house of later but still respectably remote foundation, which better retains its original physiognomy, is the Brasserie Jecker, in the Rue Jacob, which has long been a rendezvous of the artistic fraternity. The mirrors which usually cover the walls of a French *café* are here replaced by panels painted in oils, many of them bearing the youthful signatures of artists who in later years acquired national reputation. Here, not unfrequently, the chance visitor finds himself brought into close contact with some of the *sommités* of French art, attracted, perhaps, by an impulse to revisit the scenes of their youth, perhaps by the exceptional qualities of Mademoiselle Jecker's heady Alsatian beer. But in the ordinary *clientèle* the French element yields to the English and American. Art students of both nationalities swarm in the Latin Quarter, and particularly affect this portion of it as an abiding-place, the presence of Young America announcing itself in the neighboring *crémeries* by the introduction of a breakfast dish totally unknown before—oatmeal and milk, or, as the waiters persist in calling it, *hoatmeal*.

Rational amusements, of a nature to divert the student popu-

lation from the dubious attractions of the *brasseries-à-femmes* and the *absinthe* dens, have become rare in the Latin Quarter. The Odéon theatre is closed during a great portion of the year, and when it is open its programme is seldom either varied or enticing. The Cluny theatre scarcely counts, as it appears to be run with special consultation of the low melodramatic tastes of the *calicots* who abound in the neighborhood since the Haussmannic invasion opened it up as a site for monster stores. All the great *café-concerts* are on the other side of the Seine. The open-air sports, which are a necessity of existence to the youth of America and the British Islands, are unknown among the students of Paris. They have, indeed, the gymnasium, but this, however physically beneficial it may be, scarcely affords a much higher species of recreation than the prison-crank Charles Reade discharged a volume against. But then the Latin Quarter has its Bullier, or Prado, or Closerie des Lilas—for by all these names is the great temple to Terpsichore known—which three times a week opens its doors to the votaries of the poetry of motion at the far end of the Boulevard St. Michel, near the spot where Marshal Ney was shot and his statue now stands. Of this immense dance-house it would be scarcely possible to say anything new. Pens innumerable have described it—laughed at it, wondered at it, reprobated it. Miss Braddon introduced it into one of her latest novels, and naïvely made her hero, a Parisian journalist, take his *fiancée* there. The fact is that no decent girl or woman in Paris would be seen in the place. It is dear to the denizens of the Latin Quarter, for the French are as much a dancing race to-day as when Goldsmith piped to them, and Bullier affords them one of the few opportunities of exercising their limbs with the energy naturally desired by youth and buoyant spirits. But the mature on-looker is only disgusted by the tiresome sameness of the scene, its tawdry finery and simulated gayety, the inexhaustible gullibility of its dupes, and the utter ungracefulness of the irregular gambols which pass for dancing.

An article on the Latin Quarter would be incomplete without some mention of the political proclivities of its inhabitants. The Paris students have always piqued themselves on being “advanced.” In none of the revolutions have they failed to furnish a goodly contingent to the ranks of the street-combatants. Even the sanguinary Commune of 1871 drew some of its most conspicuous actors from among them. Raoul Rigault, the hostage-murderer, was a graduate of the Collège Chaptal and afterwards

an assiduous *habitué* of the Brasserie Gläser, in the Rue St. Séverin, where Lucien Combatz, Paschal Grousset, the bravo Lullier, Bauer, and a host of other Radical notabilities made their headquarters during the last months of the imperial régime. Scores of students fell behind the barricades of the Rive Gauche or were shot red-handed by the victorious troops in the Place du Panthéon and the garden of the Luxembourg. The ruthless severity with which the Communal rising was suppressed seems to have had a sobering effect on the successors of the students of 1871. Flighty and over-prompt to jump at conclusions as they may be, they know too much to be blind to the teaching of facts. Marshal MacMahon and General de Cissey mathematically demonstrated the impotence of the old popular system of barricade-fighting against the methods of modern war. Educated youths are not to be fooled into reliance on the supposed miraculous powers of dynamite, which go down with people who fancy that with a pound or a ton of that combustible a city can be destroyed or an army annihilated. Again, France and the Latin Quarter never, until the Commune, had practical experience of what a movement means by which the scum of the population is lifted into power. Educated tyrants in the name of liberty, like Robespierre or Marat, might be tolerated, but men like "Bergeret *lui-même*," who could hardly write their names, were a little too much for the scholastic stomach to bear.

The Commune *disgusted* the Paris students with revolution. They are now Radicals, but constitutional Radicals. They go in for a universal, graduated income-tax, the election of the Senate by direct suffrage, some of them even for a single Chamber and the abolition of the presidency. But they are contented with public opinion and the ballot as weapons, and confidently expect to see the realization of their whole programme at a date when they will probably themselves have yielded to the tendency to conservatism which years seem to bring to all Frenchmen. Besides, their minds are in great measure distracted from internal questions by an engrossing preoccupation. France has got to beat Germany, to have her *revanche*, to win back Alsace-Lorraine. Of the eventual accomplishment of this task they are fully confident, but they are alive to the necessity of earnest and thorough preparation. They read the military papers and gloat over every improvement in artillery, every addition to the chain of defences by which *la patrie* is rapidly making itself impregnable, every gleam of hope held out editorially that the time is approaching when France will again assume her legitimate position

as the *grande nation*—a position which is in their minds inseparably coupled with the preliminary squelching of Germany and the occupation of Berlin by the victorious troops of the Third Republic.

ST. MONA'S LAMBS.

DEEP in the Irish forest's leafy shade
The holy Monacella knelt and prayed:
“Have mercy, Lord, on what Thy hands have made!”

And as she knelt a little, wounded hare,
Sore spent and hotly press'd, came limping there,
While rang the hounds' fierce baying through the air.

One bitter glance the hunted creature threw,
Then, as the pack came straining into view,
Quick to the virgin's pitying bosom flew.

There nestled panting, while the royal maid,
Uplifting her soft finger-tip, forbade
The dogs' approach, and trembling they obeyed.

And I have heard that ever since that day
“St. Mona's lambs” the little children say,
As from their path the wild hare scuds away.

But if pursued, oh! then say pityingly,
“God and St. Monacella succor thee!”
And the dear Saint its advocate will be.

AN APOSTLE OF DOUBT.

PERHAPS the most curious expression of modern religious thought in England is the rapid growth and development of what is popularly called the Broad-Church party, which, withdrawing as far from the Evangelicals on one side as from the Ritualists on the other, forms the third point of the triangle enclosing the whole Anglican Church. Her sister-factions, far from holding out their hands to welcome the new-comer, regard her with horror and aversion, gathering up their robes carefully from her corrupting taint; but all the same she has touched a secret spring in the hearts of men which responds but too readily to the call. The Evangelical demands an absolute faith in the Scriptures, which he will decipher for you according to his views; the Ritualist exacts obedience to a church authority based on insufficient and often unadmitted claims; but the Broad-Churchman appeals to the spirit of universal doubt, and, far from inviting any spiritual allegiance, exhorts his congregation to judge all such matters for themselves, by the light, hardly of inspiration, which is out of date, but of the most advanced modern thought.

Such a doctrine is not merely attractive in itself, but it is singularly hard to combat. You can, Bible in hand, defeat the Evangelical with his own weapon; but the Broad-Churchman meets you with a prompt denial of its infallibility. You can point out to the Ritualist certain unpleasant truths connected with the establishment of the English Church and its early discipline; but the Broad-Churchman replies, in the words of Mr. Haweis, that "apostolic succession, if real, would be of no value," and laughs at the idea of any ecclesiastical fabric being divinely ordained.

A prominent English reviewer, anxious to say something in favor of so unique a system, requests us to bear in mind that the Broad Church is representative in a high degree. "It reflects," he says, "one of the characteristic points of the contemporary mind—that desire to translate the old dogmas which it can no longer hold by into something which it can believe; to give them some shadowy spiritual meaning or recondite interpretation, by which they can still be retained, if in no better aspect,

still as cherished antiquities." This is an interesting as well as a novel plea, but perhaps it is better on the whole to resist than to "translate" these points of the contemporary mind. It was a characteristic point of the contemporary Jewish mind to worship the golden calf, and of the contemporary Cypriote mind to celebrate the impure rites of Astarte, and of the contemporary Puritan mind to burn witches in the market-place; but Moses slew the idolaters without mercy, the prostitution of even a pagan creed reacted in favor of Christianity, and New England did penance in sackcloth and ashes when she awoke from her madness and saw the stain of blood upon her hands.

But in the nineteenth century men like Professor Jowett, Stopford Brooke, and the late Dean Stanley have controlled the religion of England, as the London *Times* controls her politics, by standing with their finger on the people's pulse and reflecting faithfully the restless agitation about them; and working hand in hand with such is the Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis, a man of brighter parts than any of these, and as many-sided in his capabilities as Michael Angelo or Cellini. An able writer and a clever artist, an accomplished musician and a powerful preacher, he drew to St. James', Marylebone, much of the wealth, culture, and fashion of London; regaling them now with a brilliant commentary of Shakspeare, now with a sympathetic description of Whistler's peacock-feathers, and now with an urgent and passionate appeal for his doctrine of religious liberty. If the test of a sermon be its fitness for all minds, then Mr. Haweis has not excelled in his peculiar vocation; for his words are plainly addressed to a congregation familiar alike with Euripides and Metastasio, with the latest scientific achievements and the political questions of the day. Even the very vices he condemns with such vigorous frankness are essentially the vices of the rich. It would be idle folly, in many churches, to inveigh against pigeon-shooting, tight-bearing reins on horses, or the self-indulgent cruelty of eating *pâté de foie gras*.

But though his sermons have run through many editions in London, Mr. Haweis is better known in this country through his secular writings; and *My Musical Memories* has been widely welcomed by those who have read and enjoyed its predecessor, *Music and Morals*. The earlier book is, perhaps, the more attractive of the two, with its sympathetic sketches of great musicians, its charming and valuable chapters on bells and violins, and its despairing criticism of English drawing-room music—a theme which has served as a fruitful field for Du Mau-

rier's pointed shafts. It is written throughout with much power and humor, and is marred only by the author's thinly-veiled contempt for those less fortunate souls who are not capable of his own keen and critical appreciation. He is a musician *par excellence*, and lays down the law with a dogmatic severity which contrasts finely with his serene toleration where merely religious matters are concerned. And how shall the uninitiated support his marvellous "analysis of emotion," symbolized for our benefit by a mysterious array of wavy and jerky lines, and calculated to reduce an ordinary mind to the verge of imbecility by their remarkable and meaningless gyrations?

Such an enthusiast, however, rides no hobby gently, and in *Ashes to Ashes* Mr. Haweis has thrown himself into the cause of cremation with an impetuous ardor which admits of no shadow of compromise. You absolutely must be burnt! He has been wrought up to this point, in a great measure, by the shocking desecration of so many of the old London churchyards—a subject which rouses him again to honest indignation in his *Pleas for the People*. These short sermons, five in number, show him at his best. They are a series of appeals in behalf of the poor, and suggest, in their frank simplicity, those marvellous exhortations of Sydney Smith's, so full of sound morality and excellent common sense, and so utterly devoid of any religious emotion. Mr. Haweis asks for the people, first, air—air in the parks and public gardens, and in the unused burying-grounds, many of which might be turned into breathing-spots for the poor wretches forced by the broiling sun of summer out of their narrow rooms into the seething, grimy streets; next, "dinner for the people," in cheap and good eating-houses scattered throughout the city, so that the workman need no longer snatch a hasty meal, lolling with his back against some sun-baked wall, and then going to a public-house to wash it down with unlimited beer; "alms for the people," entreating the rich to give, not more generously, perhaps, but more wisely, and to take a little more trouble in organizing their charities; "doctors for the people," an appeal for better administration in the hospitals; and, last but not least, "Sunday recreation for the people," a reform nearest of all to his heart.

On this subject he is always eloquent, pointing out clearly and sharply that while in Catholic countries the poor first go to church and then amuse themselves, in England they compromise by doing neither. He has used all his influence to have the museums opened on Sunday, and so provide some more

innocent entertainment than that furnished by the ever-gaping taverns and saloons. In his own church he organized the famous "Sunday Evenings for the People," which rapidly became a London institution, and in which he offered to the throngs of workingmen a simple service, with some sacred music and the sight of a few good pictures. But in this matter he fought single-handed against the combined prejudice and selfishness of English society. The upper circles were carelessly indifferent on the subject, while the middle classes were wounded by it in their tenderest point—the desecration of the Sabbath. And, determined optimist though he be, and inclined always to think well of his country and his countrymen, Haweis now and then grows despairing of success and speaks with unwonted bitterness, thinking in his heart how much joy one-half the world might give the other.

"And all these things," he cries, "remain undone, and the barren, selfish, walled-up, railed-away pleasures of the rich go on, and the long, bloody sweat of a great city's agony distils hard by, unheeded in the outer darkness, whilst those who could watch lie asleep, and the poor of Christ are betrayed into the hands of the traitor Drink."

There is no toleration about this man for the much-condoned vices of the rich, and it is at least to their credit that they should come so perseveringly to hear themselves abused. He is not prepared to turn his back upon the drunkard, and shake hands with those who manufacture and who sell the liquor; to spurn the wretched women lost in dens of vice, but live fraternally with those who own such property and grow rich upon the rents. The sportsman slaughtering pigeons is as bad in his eyes as the costermonger beating his horse; and the dishonesty which goes under the name of speculation or investment is to him no better than its second cousin, petty larceny. He has worked among the poor, in their own homes and in the cholera hospitals amid the dead and dying, he is anxious and ready to befriend them always, but he cannot preach to them. For the wonderful and ingenious tissue of doubt and speculation which is all he has to offer in the way of religion is singularly unfitted to refresh these thirsty souls, whose spiritual needs are often in proportion to their earthly destitution.

A clever writer in *Blackwood's* notes sharply this point while commenting on the sermons of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen. They are, he acknowledges, very interesting, very—for those who care to make a study of the Broad-Church principles—and comprise a great deal that

cannot fail to attract a cultivated and not too zealous audience. But then, as he pathetically explains, "the prosperous and virtuous sons and daughters are not the only portion of the family to be considered. They can seek refuge for themselves, if they will. But where are the spiritually penniless, the wanderers and vagabonds of the world, the poor who have neither time, nor money, nor heresies, nor opinions—where are they to go?"

Ah! where? Certainly not to St. James', Marylebone, nor to St. James', Westmoreland street—Mr. Haweis' present incumbency—for there they will hardly gather either opinions or heresies enough to set them floating in the spiritual world. Their opinions they will be expected to form for themselves; and as to the other alternative, Mr. Haweis says cheerfully, though rather, we think, unnecessarily: "By and by we shall not be in such a mortal fright of heresy." Indeed, by way of helping to banish all such useless fears, he is quite ready to go a step further and avow that "the time has gone by for ever when it is possible for an educated person to declare that Christianity is true and every other religion false. . . . The time has come when Christianity must take its place in the history of the world among other religions, and when it must be recognized as a point, and a turning-point, in the harmonious religious development of the race."

With this platform to start from, the wonder is, not that Mr. Haweis should believe so little, but that he should believe so much. He gives us clearly and plainly the grounds for his doubts, but he neglects to say why he has accepted those portions of Christianity which he continues to teach. Thus, after carefully explaining that the dogmas of the Trinity and the Incarnation are but the result of the Greek metaphysical mind at work upon the Gospel materials, he yet definitely announces, after his own peculiar fashion, his belief in the divinity of Christ.

"There was something," he says, "in the nature of the great, boundless Source of being called God which was capable of sympathy with man. That something found outward expression, and became God, expressed under the essential limitations of humanity in Jesus. That such a revelation was specially necessary to the human race I believe; that such a revelation of God was actually made to the world I believe. More than that I cannot pledge myself to."

This is a confession of faith which we would greatly like to see reduced to a simple and catechetical form. Not, however, that such an effort could be needful, for Mr. Haweis, with true liberality, is by no means anxious that his congregation should

believe as he does. They are equally at liberty to follow him in his views or to form others for themselves. Take, for instance, the often-discussed miracles of Christ. He admits frankly that in his mature age, and after much study of the subject, he is far from thinking that they never took place. But here the natural though perverted honesty of the man involves him in a serious perplexity. If the historical evidence of these miracles is, in his judgment, satisfactory and complete, so are many of the mediæval miracles just as fully vouched for; and denying, as he does, the infallible truth of the biblical narrative, he gives it as his plain opinion that you cannot consistently accept one set of proofs and reject the other. But, in case this be asking too much of your credulity, he hastens to explain that he holds his own mind in "a state of suspense" upon such matters, and that, if you prefer it, you have the option of denying "all miracles whatever as *à priori* impossibilities in any sense." In other words, you are free to accept the records of the Italian saints or to look upon the story of Lazarus either as a hollow farce or a deliberate lie.

"Intellectual unbelief alone," says Mr. Haweis, "never damned a man." And having thus insured his future immunity, he proceeds to show how far a Christian clergyman can doubt. Not that he objects to dogmas in the abstract, for, as he lucidly remarks, "What is dogma? Why, it is doctrine crystallized. And what is doctrine? Simply the clearest statement of what you believe—that is your doctrine." His ideal church is one which can shift her creeds to suit the shifting thoughts and feelings of mankind, and be all things to all people in a new and startling sense. The tenets admirably adapted for one epoch of the world's history are, he maintains, totally unfit for another, and should be altered or cast aside as the advance of knowledge or science renders them untenable for a succeeding generation. Truth sitting in her well is to be covered up with repeated layers of gravel until a firm footing is gained for those who build over her head. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Roman Church, for instance, he considers to have been admirable in its day and productive of nothing but good. But when the world had outgrown the necessity for such leading-strings it was replaced by an infallible Bible, also an excellent institution for the time "when historical criticism hardly existed and the nature of scientific truth was hardly understood." But now he proudly asserts that "the day has happily gone by when, burning with indignation against church authority, in a fit of

Protestant enthusiasm, you are called on to swallow the Bible whole; it will do you no good so." And having cut that ground also from beneath his followers' feet, he leaves them, something like the Neo-Platonites, "safely landed at the bottom of the bottomless, and disporting themselves on the firm floor of the primeval nothing." *

Indeed, the infallibility of the Bible is the subject of Mr. Haweis' most repeated onslaughts. That and the doctrine of Transubstantiation are the two points he combats most violently, as though unconsciously aware of their supreme significance. Yet he is ready to maintain that the Scriptures are inspired, though not infallible, and he defends his anomalous position as a clergyman of the Anglican Church with lawyer-like ability, holding, and not without reason, that the very action of the state in remodelling the forms of faith was a protest against the fixedness of such forms. He does not hesitate to declare that the only ground for church authority is held by the Roman See, and that in breaking away and substituting the authority of the Bible the Church of England once for all sacrificed its claims to any such supremacy. What man has done he believes that man can do again, and perhaps a little better the next time; and so, undeterred by any reverence for his forefathers, he lets loose upon the Thirty-nine Articles the whole force of his satiric humor and absolute disbelief. In regard to the first, which defines the doctrine of the Trinity, he sadly observes that "there was, no doubt, some powerful meaning intended by the framers of this article which to them did not seem opposed to common sense. But they have not, so far as I can see, been fortunate in their attempts to hand that meaning down to us." He would have the whole thirty-nine remodelled, if possible; and if not, gives it as the best substitute to "twist them as publicly as possible. . . . Theology must be modified in the long run to accord with the best obtainable religious feeling and common sense."

These views are hardly calculated to place him high in favor with his ecclesiastical superiors; but the fact remains the same that he is an acknowledged minister of the Church of England, believed by the devout to possess that apostolic succession at which he would be the first to scoff, and the one of all others selected by the late Dean Stanley to preach the "Sermons for the People" in Westminster Abbey. Nevertheless, he gives it as his opinion that "Mr. Spurgeon is much nearer the practice of apostolic times than the Established Church," and startles us

* Charles Kingsley.

now and then with such novel definitions as the following: "Scientific agnosticism is the frank and respectable confession of religious failure"; or, better still, "Rationalism means infinite sincerity, infinite aspiration, and infinite faith." Even the Old-Testament narratives serve to give him impressions hardly shared by ordinary readers, for he asserts that a careful study of the first chapters of Genesis prove Adam to be "an uncultured savage, of low intelligence and feeble will, giving way to the first temptation that crossed his path, and worshipping a fetich in the form of a serpent, such as the lowest savages worship to this day." Which is a view of the subject we wish Milton could have lived to hear.

To the Ten Commandments Mr. Haweis accords a serene and rather condescending approval, though even here he cannot refrain from launching an arrow at the luckless Evangelicals, who, while they have seldom succeeded in converting a Jew, have yet been converted by the Jews in a wholesale fashion to the most rigid form of Sabbatarianism. But now and then, in the midst of much chaff and of much that is hurtful to the religious life, there is sent forth a winged word which may carry its message to any soul that listens; as when it is pointed out to us how strangely prone to sin we are at the very moments that life is fairest in our eyes. "Because you are so happy," says this keen observer sadly, "therefore you will be wicked." And again, in a spirit of honest impatience at the petty calumnies so much in vogue with a certain class of religious writers, he declares it to be "a poor and always a dangerous policy to blacken the character of men whose opinions you consider dangerous"—a valuable hint for many of those who undertake to criticise the Jesuits.

Towards that "great but noble failure of the High Church" Mr. Haweis' attitude is one of determined hostility, unmixed with any shadow of passion. He sees clearly enough that what England had in view at the Reformation was something vastly different from the present Ritualistic movement; and he complains that while the High-Church party are "picking out carefully all the Prayer-Book allusions which bear them out, and standing with one foot on these, they presently shuffle off and stand with both feet on the early Roman Catholic foundation." With that foundation he is familiar enough and often bears unconscious testimony of the truth. But, like many brilliant writers of his class, he is apt to be betrayed by the charms of antithesis into a painful neglect of sober and uncolored facts. Matthew Arnold points one of his keenest aphorisms when he speaks of

Macaulay's "confident shallowness"; and the same phrase might be applied without injustice to much that Mr. Haweis has written. The Albigensian wars have been the subject of so much intricate controversy that it is now almost impossible to clear away the mists from all disputed points; but to say that the Pope of Rome persecuted the Albigenses and Waldenses "for the sole crime of leading better lives than the clergy, with fewer forms and ceremonies," is the most astonishing way of stepping over the difficulties, and as sadly unsupported by the facts of the case as anything Macaulay has ever written.

So, too, it is rather out of date to say that the Roman See opposed science, forbade the translation and circulation of the Bible, or slaughtered the Huguenots; while to brand Leo X. as a pagan is manifestly unjust, and to praise Pius IX. as an "Italian Dean Stanley" is scarcely less fantastic to Catholic ears. Yet in this case, at least, Mr. Haweis' admiration is genuine and often enthusiastic, notwithstanding his Garibaldian proclivities. He cannot sufficiently wonder at the superb method by which the late pontiff accomplished his master-strokes of spiritual diplomacy at the very moments when his temporal power waned fast. He instances the founding of the episcopacy in England, Holland, and Scotland, and "bows in reverence to his simple and supreme disinterestedness." . . . "This," he says, "is the Pope's spiritual strength, whatever else it may have been, that he bears unfaltering witness in a doubting age to an outward and visible church, to a spiritual world, to the immortality of the soul, the real survival of loved and lost ones, to the reality of a communion between God and man; and these messages will have vitality long after our little systems have had their day." These are strong words, but their praise does not say as much as the would-be blame which follows when he laments, as the bane of the Catholic Church, "its failure to recognize that all statements of truth are only approximate and must make way for new ones."

Out of the mouth of her enemies is she glorified, and Mr. Haweis finds in the papacy a power which he is quick to recognize, though slow to understand. He writes of the early popes half in awe, half in love, unable to embrace the largeness of their mission, yet struck with wondering admiration of their fitness to fulfil it. "Theirs," he exclaims, "was the church of Christ built upon the rock of Peter, while the heathen raged furiously in the succumbing struggle, and one earthly dynasty after another crumbled to pieces around the changeless papal throne."

STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY—
A.D. 1570-76.

“Can it be that there is no bright reversion beyond the stars for those who nobly think and bravely die?”

BEFORE entering upon the forgotten or misrepresented incidents of English history I must remark that the most terrible period in the history of the Tower, and that which has been most deliberately falsified, even to the present time, from sectarian motives, was that of the reign of Elizabeth. Amongst the historical records of the Tower of London there are many matters which possess a special interest for Catholics. To the old English Catholic families every apartment, every little nook or corner, in those historic buildings has deep and lasting memories—“half sunshine, half tears.” Not always a prison-house, for centuries the kings and queens of England resided in the Tower at certain periods of the year. The romantic King Stephen kept court there at Whitsuntide; also Henry III., Edward IV., Henry VI., and later sovereigns. Amongst its captives were such men as Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More; likewise the Countess of Salisbury, who was horribly despatched with the axe; and from the Tower the beautiful Lady Bulmer was sent to the flames in Smithfield. She died grandly. “I have come here,” says Lady Bulmer, “to die for the olden religion of England. I have nothing to regret; and I rejoice and thank my God that I am given an opportunity of offering up my life for the true faith of Jesus Christ.”

The execution of Margaret Clitheroe is the most horrible incident in the reign of Elizabeth; yet the English reader is kept in utter ignorance of the rack and Toppcliff’s “new mode of torture.” Mrs. Clitheroe was executed at York.

In after-years the story of Tutbury and Fotheringay “frequently made Queen Elizabeth tremble.” So writes Lady Southwell. Elizabeth in old age had a strong presentiment that her remains would be dishonored after death. Her pictures were removed from the place where they were to be seen in her lifetime. King James “would not permit *any mourning to be got up for her.*” He also released from the Tower several ladies who were imprisoned for twenty and thirty years for the “rights of conscience.” The members of the ducal house of Norfolk were in-

vited to court; also the widow of the unfortunate Lord Essex, who was sent to the scaffold *two hours after the death-warrant was signed*. It was no wonder for the ladies of the court to state that the approaches to the royal chamber on the "last dread night of Elizabeth's life *were filled with fluttering ghosts*."

It is stated by Blanch Parry that in childhood Queen Elizabeth met with poverty; for it is recorded amongst the old traditions once known in Hunsdon that after the execution of Anna Boleyn little Elizabeth *had no shoes for three months, and was in tattered garments like a peasant child*. The Princess Mary, hearing of her condition, caused a search to be made for her, and the child was found in the humble cottage of a gardener named Tom Sparrow, whose wife was very fond of the unknown child. Catherine Parr's little daughter was in a similar condition.

THE NORTHERN REBELLION.

The Northern Rebellion proved most disastrous to the interests of the English Catholics. The projected marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots brought ruin upon those who were favorable to this political union—for a political union it was intended to be, and nothing else.* Whilst residing in Carlisle the Queen of Scots was visited by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, also the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Scrope. Mary Stuart was highly pleased with the enthusiasm of her heroic champions in the field, especially Northumberland; still, she could perceive that both lacked that calm judgment necessary to conduct such a doubly hazardous undertaking as that proposed. The *present* object of the insurgent lords was immediately, or as soon as practicable, to release the Queen of Scots and at once salute her Queen of England—a title to which she had a claim both in law and equity. Then they expected a more general rising. Lord Hunsdon, anticipating this military action, suggested that the royal captive should be removed from Tutbury immediately. Hunsdon writes thus to Sir William Cecil: "For God's sake let the prisoner [Mary] not remain any longer where she is, for the great force of the rebels consists of good horsemen full of courage and daring."† Lord Hunsdon's advice was promptly adopted, and in the dead of night Mary Stuart and her faithful ladies were hurried away to Coventry, where they were closely

* The Queen of Scots was a widow for the second time, and Norfolk had buried three wives

† Lord Hunsdon to Sir William Cecil; Border Secret Correspondence.

confined. The insurgents were within a few hours' march of Tutbury at the time, and the news of this disaster—for disaster it proved to be—cast a gloom over the Stuart party in England. Disappointed in their hopes of effecting Mary's release, the leaders of the movement determined to retrace their steps; and, in their situation, retreat was ruin. Disaffection and disorder followed. Lord Hunsdon's cavalry pursued a number of the insurgents during the night, slaughtering them without mercy or pity. Hundreds of English farmers were *hanged at their own doors, and their wives and daughters outraged in a manner that covers the name of Queen Elizabeth's soldiers with everlasting infamy*. It was only in unhappy Ireland that greater atrocities had been perpetrated by English soldiers. For days, weeks, and months those scenes continued. Burning houses over the heads of women and children was the amusement of the hired mercenaries of Elizabeth. Whether by accident or design, there were ten Catholics hanged for one Protestant on this occasion.

La Motte Fénelon, the French ambassador, in his secret despatches assures the French government that since the days of the Pilgrims of Grace, under Henry VIII., no such wanton massacres of men, women, and children took place in England. At a later period Sir Amyas Paulet stated that "those severities were necessary in order to promote the growth of Protestantism in England." And again, on the morning of the execution of the Queen of Scots, the Earl of Kent addressed the royal captive in these words: "*Madame, your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation.*" To this believer in the essentially political existence of Protestantism Mary Stuart replied: "O glorious thought, that I should be chosen to die for such a cause!"* Long-hidden facts can only reach the Catholic reader through such agencies as THE CATHOLIC WORLD magazine.

To return to the Stuart insurrection. While Queen Elizabeth and her council were exulting over the recent massacres in the north of England a meeting of Scottish nobles and chiefs was held near Linlithgow. They sat in deliberation for several days. This "Council of State" represented nearly all parties in Scotland; Chatelherault presided. Amongst those present were Lords Argyle, Huntley, Atholl, Sutherland, Fleming, and a few influential chiefs. Several outlawed Englishmen took part in the proceedings. Lords Dacre and Westmoreland met with an enthusiastic reception from the Scots. Those brave and chival-

* *Martyre de Marie Stuart.*

rous noblemen assured the council that they joined heartily with their Scottish friends in the struggle to restore Queen Mary. Lord Westmoreland had the imprudence to inform this public meeting that he himself, and many thousands of his countrymen, looked upon the captive of Tutbury Castle as their lawful sovereign, and not the daughter of "wicked Nan de Bouleine." Westmoreland's indiscreet language did much injury to the cause he honestly advocated. The French party were represented at the council by De Virac. Sir John Gordon was unanimously selected by the Scotch council to wait upon Queen Elizabeth and respectfully demand the restoration of their sovereign lady, Queen Mary. They further protested against the violation of their country by English armies, who, by their wanton destruction of life and property, placed themselves beyond the pale of civilized nations.* The excitement caused in Scotland by the conduct of England to the people of that country became for a time of serious interest. Randolph, then residing in Edinburgh, had to retire to Berwick to avoid the fury of the populace.† "The friends of England at Edinburgh," writes Mr. Froude, "were appalled by the vacillation of Elizabeth at this time" (1570). The "vacillation," however, was only apparent; for in the deep recesses of the English queen's heart was evidently written her undying hatred of everything and everybody who sought to uphold the interests, or even safeguard the life, of Mary Stuart. In 1570 there were a number of disaffected English along the Border Countrie, also a few desperate men from Ireland. When Elizabeth became acquainted with the proceedings of the council—and especially with the fact that her "rebel subjects were present and well received"—she stormed in a terrific fit of passion, stamped her foot, and uttered her usual oaths, that the Scots should dare thus openly to insult her by receiving in their councils her traitor subjects and listening unchecked to their rebellious words. "Vengeance is mine," exclaimed the English queen, with blasphemous Biblical familiarity. An army of some five thousand men was quickly assembled at Berwick; the chief command of this force was given to Lord Sussex—a man well acquainted with the art of shooting down and hanging from the trees unarmed men and supplicating women, and then burning houses over young and old. The leading men of the "rebel confederation," as the adherents

* Despatches of the French envoy, De Virac; Proceedings of the Convention at Linlithgow; MS. of Adam Gordon.

† Sir Thomas Randolph to Lord Sussex.

of Mary Stuart were called in the reign of Elizabeth, had escaped and were beyond the reach of the English government or the Scotch regent (Lord Moray); but the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland fell into the hands of Lord Moray by the vilest means that could disgrace the officials of any land. It is affirmed that Queen Elizabeth instructed Sir William Cecil "to do his utmost to decoy Northumberland into England." It is, however, only fair to the queen to state that Cecil required "no promptings" from his royal mistress when a despotic or base action was to be perpetrated in her behoof. So a plan was quickly arranged. Robert Constable, a Yorkshire gentleman, "a near relative and a Catholic—a professing one—and a bosom-friend," as he describes himself, of Northumberland, was engaged to play the character of a traitor of the basest type. Constable crossed the Border, and, after some disguise and treachery, discovered the hiding-place of his confiding and high-minded cousin, Northumberland. He immediately made professions of hearty loyalty to the cause of the English outlaws, and, above all, brotherly love for his kinsman. No suspicion crossed the mind of Northumberland and his outlawed companions. They hailed their visitor as a noble and disinterested friend. The next step taken by Constable was to write to Sir Ralph Sadler, informing him how "far he had got into the confidence of his 'beloved cousin' and the other confederates, whom he had advised to return to England." Queen Elizabeth rejoiced to hear of this intelligence from her secretary. Constable was promised a large sum, to be paid down in gold, if he succeeded in bringing the Earl of Northumberland and his friends within the territory of the English queen. In order to disarm suspicion Constable spent a night at Jedburg, in a house which was the resort of the most desperate men who wandered along the Border Countrie. Those outlaws, as they may fairly be styled, presented a strange mixture of the most opposite characteristics; they were profuse in their hospitality, and it remained a mystery as to where the money came from. No one dared to ask such a question.

THE BORDER OUTLAWS.

A Swedish traveller observes that "thieves, outlaws, rebels, and patriots, of various shades of opinion, found an asylum in the Border Countrie and lived on good terms; but when an English spy became known he was hanged from the nearest tree and his body quickly removed." The writer adds: "The

poorest of this mixed community spurned the gold cautiously offered by the agents of Queen Elizabeth, several of whom were killed on suspicion of tracking English or Irish outlaws. The outlaws of the Border Countrie were very popular with the Scotchwomen, of whom many romantic narratives have been related."

Some of those exiled Englishmen were admirable story-tellers. They had travelled over the Continental cities and towns, and were well informed as to the scandal-gossip of many high circles. They were recklessly brave and well acquainted with fire-arms and sword-exercise. As to religion they were no bigots; some were professing Catholic, others Protestant, but all were true to the brotherhood, and Mary Stuart was their idol. The Protestant outlaws were, perhaps, the most enthusiastic supporters of the Queen of Scots. Pictures and mementos of the royal captive were to be seen in the apartments of the exiles. The name of the high-minded and faithful Jane Kennedy was lovingly toasted after that of the Queen of Scots. The time was passed amidst conviviality and danger, whilst treason-plots were continually progressing with daring courage. Queen Elizabeth had her spies in the Border Countrie, as well as in other districts, but a deadly fate awaited them the moment they were discovered. No mercy was extended, in any form, to a spy or an informer. An outlaw against either the English or the Scotch government was welcome and defended to the death. From what Constable witnessed in the Border Countrie he had not sufficient courage to attempt his desperate scheme of treachery. So it fell through. Another bravo, named Hector Armstrong, suddenly appeared upon the scene. This man was ready to undertake any adventure, ready to commit any crime, for gold. Few, however, even of his employers, trusted him, and Walsingham considered him "a dangerous man." Moray, the regent, having received private information from Armstrong that the Earl of Northumberland was at the house of Mr. Elliott, where a number of the supporters of the Queen of Scots were at supper, a party of men in the interest of Moray attacked the house. The outlaws were instantly roused to action, and they made a desperate fight, several being killed and wounded. The gallant Percy defended himself bravely, but was made a prisoner and carried off; he was subsequently lodged in Lochleven Castle, where he remained a close prisoner for two years. His arrest and detention were opposed to all international law and precedent. A writer upon the "extra-

ordinary doings of the Border men" assures us "that Hector Armstrong, who was comparatively rich before the above events, fell shortly after into poverty, although he received £300 from Moray or Lord Marr for betraying his friend." Universal execration was raised against Armstrong. The "Border women cursed him on bended knees, and the children screamed at the mention of his name." *

During the time Northumberland resided amongst the outlaws he was treated with marked respect and kindness by the poorer class, who were all devoted to the cause of the Queen of Scots. It is stated that either Morton or Moray was present at the capture of Northumberland; but I think this statement is highly improbable, for about the quarter where the earl was arrested resided the deadly personal enemies of Moray and Morton, and it is not likely that either of them would escape death in the "hand-to-hand" struggle which took place on the night of the noble outlaw's arrest. Armstrong was formerly under many obligations to Lord Northumberland when residing in London. But this was the age of base actions. John Knox and Lord Moray corresponded with Cecil as to what means should be adopted to "hunt down the wandering rebels of the Borders."

Whilst negotiations were pending between Elizabeth and the Scotch regent for the "betrayal and sale" of Lord Northumberland the career of Moray was suddenly brought to a close by the well-aimed shot of one of his victims—Hamilton Haugh.

TUTBURY CASTLE.

In this narrative I cannot pass over Tutbury and its surroundings. It is situated on the south bank of the river Dove, which parts the counties of Derbyshire and Staffordshire. The ancient village of Tutbury is about five miles from Needwood Forest, once connected with the ballad lore and legendary exploits of Robin Hood and his fair vanquisher, Clarinda. The Castle of Tutbury was originally a Roman fortress, but had been several times rebuilt and experienced frequent changes of masters. Mercian princes, Norman chiefs, and king-defying barons had in turn made Tutbury Castle their stronghold. It had been connected with the tragic story of the unfortunate Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and associated with the splendor of the haughty John of Gaunt, who founded there his "Court of Minstrels."

* Ratclyff's *Anecdotes of the Outlaws in the Border Countrie*; Ridpath's *Border History*; Crawford's *Memoirs of Border Life*.

The castle was for a long period considered a place of impregnable strength. It was girded with a broad moat nearly thirty feet in depth, surrounded with lofty walls, ramparts, and flanking towers of defence, enclosing three acres of ground, the only access to it being by means of a drawbridge. In this gloomy fortress the unfortunate Queen of Scots was closely confined for nearly fifteen years. The reader can form some idea of the treatment which the royal captive received at Tutbury from the report made by the deputy-jailer to the Queen's Council: "The woman (Mary Stuart) *is well watched by day and by night.* The queen and her ministers may rest assured that the woman (Stuart) *has no possible chance of escape, unless she could transform herself into a flea or a miserable little mouse.*"* Another official states that at this very period no servant of the captive queen could speak to one another unless in the presence of Lord Shrewsbury's spies. The Queen of Scots was not permitted to open her lips to any one of her attendants, unless in the presence of one of the Talbot family. All her letters were in the hands of the jailers; and Mary Stuart's interviews with her physician were also in the presence of spies. *The priest was hunted out altogether.*

Gilbert Talbot, the deputy-jailer, received the "congratulations" of Queen Elizabeth for the manner in which he performed his duties at Tutbury Castle. In the face of the State Papers on Tutbury and its royal prisoner Mr. Froude asserts that the "plot to assassinate Lord Moray was *originally formed in the household of Mary Stuart, if she herself was not the principal mover in it.*" †

THE BETRAYAL AND SALE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

To return to the noble prisoner pining in Lochleven Castle for a period of two years. The Countess of Northumberland—a most devoted wife and a high-spirited and patriotic woman—went to the Low Countries, where, with laudable devotion, she contrived to collect the sum of two thousand pounds as a ransom for her husband. ‡ Lords Marr and Morton accepted the money offered, and next privately communicated with the Queen of England and Lord Burleigh (Cecil) as to what sum they were inclined to pay.

* Gilbert Talbot, deputy-jailer, to the Earl of Shrewsbury, May 11, 1571. This precious document is to be seen amongst the Tutbury Castle State Papers (most secret) concerning the Queen of Scots.

† Froude's *History of England*, vol. ix, p. 595.

‡ At a later period the Countess of Northumberland wandered through Scotland in a state of destitution until aided by the ladies of the noble house of Montrose. The Scotchwomen were always true to the standard of the unfortunate Stuarts.

Burleigh proposed to double the amount already offered by the Countess of Northumberland, whilst the Scotch knaves increased their demand upon the English council to ten thousand pounds, all to be paid down in gold on the day that Lord Northumberland was delivered up to the agents of the English queen. Queen Elizabeth, in her usual style, denounced the proposal as "an extortion; she would pay no such sum." "Then," said Lord Morton in his letter, "your highness will not have the immense pleasure of cutting off the head of your rebel subject." The queen took ten days to consider the matter. At the end of the time named she agreed to pay the sum demanded.

"Even in that ruthless age," remarks Mr. Hosack, "the giving up of a fugitive to certain death was regarded as a heinous crime." In the eyes of William Cecil and Francis Walsingham such a crime became a venial offence, or one justified on the broad ground of expediency. Of all the actors in this infamous transaction, Morton, in the opinion of his contemporaries, incurred the largest share of guilt. It was given out that Northumberland was to be conveyed in a Scotch ship to Antwerp and there set free. He therefore joyfully left his gloomy prison at Lochleven and embarked on the Frith of Forth, as he believed, for Antwerp, where his wife and friends awaited his arrival. To his astonishment and dismay he found that the vessel, instead of putting out to sea, ran down the coast off Berwickshire and anchored near Coldingham. Lord Hunsdon went on board the vessel, when John Colville, a "Scotch gentleman," delivered to Queen Elizabeth's political agent the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland. The gold was then paid down in a business-like manner. Northumberland underwent an examination which lasted six weeks; but he criminated no man, betrayed no one. John Colville, who aided in entrapping the Earl of Northumberland, had originally been a Presbyterian minister. He next took to the "politics of the times, and became a spy for both parties." His treachery was revolting. He was the author of some blasphemous tracts against Christian principles. He was also said to have been the writer of a life of King James VI. Like many of the political adventurers and dagger-men of those times, he died in poverty, abandoned by his corrupt patrons and false friends.

Queen Elizabeth sent her final command, or judgment, to Lord Hunsdon to bring his prisoner immediately to York, where her highness "commanded" that he should die on the public scaffold as a rebel and a traitor. Northumberland had no trial, but was

simply impeached—nothing proved against him, and no witness to make even a false statement. Lord Hunsdon, although a rough soldier, seemed shocked at this proceeding on the part of his royal mistress. He wrote to Burleigh that “he would not lead the noble prisoner to the scaffold; some other person must be found to perform that degrading office”; and, further, “he would, rather than obey the queen’s command in this matter, go to prison at once.”* Sir John Foster—described as “a high-minded knight”—on whom the queen conferred a large portion of Northumberland’s property, undertook the superintending of the execution. In Elizabeth’s letters to Lord Hunsdon she desires that he should hold out hopes to his prisoner of a pardon in case he implicated others amongst the outlawed Englishmen beyond the Borders, and induced them to return to England. But when her highness was assured by Hunsdon that Northumberland was “resolved to be true to his unfortunate countrymen to the death,” she became much excited, and, addressing her cousin, Hunsdon, said: “So this traitor Percy is rather stuck-up and proud, and will not bend before *his* queen. Then, by God, I will *make the remainder of his life as miserable as possible*. I understand that he is fond of savory belly-cheer. Let him have no food but of the *poorest description, and not much of that*; let it be just fit for a roadside beggar. I wish to humble this proud Percy to the dust.”

The queen was disappointed. Percy died in a manner worthy of the descendants of Hotspur. He scorned to beg for his life, and seemed quite unconcerned as to what action the queen might take against him. To his honor be it told, Lord Hunsdon did not in this case comply with his sovereign’s command, for he brought his chivalrous and warm-hearted prisoner to his own table and treated him with all the respect due to a descendant of the Border chiefs.

The Earl of Northumberland knew little of the political intrigues that surrounded him. He was unfitted by nature, study, or general habits to become the leader of a political movement like that of the disaffected English Catholics, who had to combat with difficulties unknown in other countries. The Earl of Northumberland was “merely a country gentleman,” but was immensely popular for his fine social qualities. Lord Hunsdon relates that he found him far more ready to talk of his horses, hounds, and hawks than of the grave charges of high treason

* Lord Hunsdon’s letter to Sir William Cecil is printed in Sharpe’s *History of the Northern Rebellion*, p. 331; also Ridpath’s *History* and Ratcliff’s *Border Anecdotes*.

preferred against him. He delighted in relating anecdotes of the fox or of some favorite huntsman in the by-gone. He was intimate with the principal sporting gentlemen of England, and the famous story-tellers and strolling players were always welcome at his baronial castles, where profuse hospitality "awaited all comers, high and low." The number of guests was considerable, and the servants and retainers averaged three hundred and sixty men and women. In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. the Percy property was far more extensive. Taking "all the surroundings" of this nobleman into account, it is no wonder that he was beloved, and his sad fate lamented by so many of his countrymen and women.

THE EXECUTION OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The 22d of August, 1572, was the day named by Queen Elizabeth for the execution of the Earl of Northumberland. The bloody scene took place at York. The earl ascended the scaffold with a firm step. A spectator says: "His dress was elegant, and his fine person never looked to greater advantage. He advanced to the front of the large scaffold, accompanied by his confessor, Father Talbot, and an Irish Dominican friar named Hubert de Burgh, his physician (Dr. Shadwell), and two gentlemen of his household." Lord Hunsdon had some difficulty in procuring this indulgence from the queen, who was inclined to listen to the suggestion of Lord Leicester—namely, that the rebel earl should not have the "benefit of clergy." The crown was represented by the high-sheriff, Sir John Foster, the executioners, and several officials. A strong military guard of horse and foot was at every point surrounding the scaffold. Father Talbot having held up a crucifix, the murmur in the vast crowd became hushed.* Northumberland appeared to be deeply affected. He gazed upon the crowd again, and then kissed the crucifix. He addressed the people—men and women—in a firm and dignified tone. "He assured them that he regretted nothing that he had done. He wished to tell the people of England that he would die as he had lived, a true and devoted member of the Church of Rome. He considered Queen Elizabeth as a usurper and the illegitimate offspring of Nan de Bouleyn and King Henry VIII. He looked upon the Queen of Scots as his lawful sovereign, being the

* Catholicity was not crushed out of the rural districts at this period—far from it; for it was represented by many brave and loving hearts, men and women, true to the cause as the dial is to the sun.

grandniece of the late King Henry." He next bade all his friends and retainers farewell. After a pause, in which he surveyed the vast crowd once more, he said: "Remember that I die in the communion of the Catholic Church, and that I am a Percy in life and in death. Now, dear friends, I wish you all a long farewell. Pray for me."

Northumberland then knelt down with the priests and his immediate attendants. The people followed the example. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour the final preparations began by the noble victim taking off his coat and stripping his neck. A fresh murmur now ran through the crowd, followed by the sobbing of widows and orphans who were depending on the bounty of the noble owner of Alnwick Castle. The excitement became greater upon the appearance of the headsmen and their assistants, who came upon the scene flushed with carnificial victory from another execution. The "finishing of the law" was conducted in a cruel and disgraceful manner. A blunt carpenter's axe was used, and the executioners were, as usual, in a state of drunkenness. For several minutes they were chopping at the neck of the unfortunate earl, who, in a faint voice, at intervals exclaimed: "Jesus, have mercy upon my soul!" *The blood was flowing in a stream.* At last one of the executioners *held up the convulsed and blood-streaming head to the gaze of the excited multitude.*

The high rank and ancient lineage of the Earl of Northumberland, the disgraceful circumstances attending his betrayal by the Scots, and his steadfast adherence to the olden faith of England created a profound sensation throughout the realm; in fact, all the great cities of Europe felt indignant at the conduct of Queen Elizabeth in this special case, in which her highness set aside the law—even such a show of that arbitrary weapon as she used on other occasions. But worse than all was her purchase of the noble victim from the regent of Scotland for the sum of ten thousand pounds, paid down in gold on the delivery of the prisoner, who, according to the usage of all civilized nations, then as well as now, was entitled to protection and hospitality in Scotland, against whose laws he had not offended. There was no second opinion on this matter throughout Europe, and it hands down to infamous reproach the character of the Scottish regent (Lord Marr), Queen Elizabeth, and Sir William Cecil.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

A COMEDY AND A PLAY.

FLORIAN'S relations with Ruth, he himself had to admit, were not of the most hopeful kind. In two years he had not exchanged words or letters with her, and from the various reports which acquaintances from Clayburg incidentally gave him he could see that she had settled down to the new life with her usual good sense and determination to forget the past. It appeared, too, that she had become literary in her tastes, and was a welcome contributor to many publications. As far as his hopes were concerned they seemed ridiculous, yet absence might have done considerable for him. He knew she once held him dearer than herself, and Ruth was not quick to forget. If he had kept her sweet image in his heart through all the blandishments of metropolitan society and its handsomest and best women, through all the turmoil of political life and the hard study of his profession, was it not more likely that in the noble solitudes of the north, amid scenes the more dear because he had once lived amongst them, with Linda's grave on the hillside to remind her of the dear child's fondest wishes, his image would fade more slowly from her mind and the old love die harder in her heart? Perhaps she was entertaining the same hopes that shared his loneliness, and the quiet study and prayer of those years of separation might have led her so near to the fold that to marry her would bring her safely in. On the other hand, he remembered, with a sigh, Ruth's rigid conscientiousness, which would make it a duty to dismiss every thought of him from her mind until time would allow her to look upon him merely as a friend. She had no claim on him, and that was enough. The dead heart of Linda would not beat more coldly than hers when they met again if this last supposition was correct, and yet he prayed Linda's prayer the more fervently as all these fierce doubts crowded on him, "that we may meet again."

At all events, Florian was beginning to feel that to marry was becoming for him a political necessity. His popularity was increasing too rapidly with the mob to be other than dangerous for

one whose youth, want of wealth, and wide social standing were embarrassing. He did not yet know his own leaders well, and his slowly-extending influence was but imperfectly recognized by them. He did not wish to advance too rapidly. He had no desire to walk to power over the heads of older, wealthier, and envious men, whose power might be used to crush him at the start. His aim was to become a weight, an authority, a support to the party and its representatives, and to disclaim any wish for office until the force of circumstances, the fitness of things, would place a position in his grasp. In the meantime the work of his profession would take up most of his time; he could gather in his shekels for political needs, select and strengthen his friends and supporters, and by his social qualities make and secure the acquaintance of the great of every field.

But social prominence, he thought, required an immediate and advantageous marriage. He cared very little for wealth, and his bride need have for her dower no more than the graces which make a woman popular—beauty, fine carriage, a mind above the average, and respectable birth. Ruth had all these, and what a joy to him if his ambition could follow whither his heart led! But if not, what was he to do? There were other women in the world with some of the necessary qualifications, and Frances Lynch was one of them. Her mother had been a noted belle in her time, and enjoyed the friendship of remarkable men and women. A De Ponsonby keeping a boarding-house was a little irregular, but such a boarding-house! Only the most extraordinary lights of society and intellect gained admittance within its portals; and madame, although guilty of a blunder in marrying an Irishman with some brains, good birth, and moderate fortune, never lost her power in the world of society on that account. Frances inherited her mother's wit and beauty. Now that she appeared to him in the light of a possible wife, he began to perceive that she had made a deep impression on him. She was slight and willowy in form, with a woman's full height, and a grace of manner entrancing if haughty. He remembered how transparent her face was, and how delicate its outline; how the sunlight gleamed through her yellow hair; what a magnificent look the blue eyes could fling; the sweetness of her voice; the beauty of her mouth, teeth, and smile; the gentleness and womanliness of her disposition, and her winning and candid ways. He had to admit that beside her Ruth seemed quite plain. And, moreover, Frances was a Catholic and very devout, to all appearances. What her faults were he did not know, as he

never looked for them. It seemed a little odd, even to his present changed conditions of thought, that before the old hopes died he should thus be looking for an object on which to found new ones, but it was an old trick with his calculating nature, which political habits had intensified. He went off on the spur of the moment to look for her, and study her a little more closely. It was early yet, and she had returned from Mass and was reading in the common sitting-room alone. Her plain-colored walking-dress contrasted very well with the light colors of the room, her light hair and pale face. She looked up with a grave smile of recognition as he entered. Always gay with most people, she had a softer mood for him.

"Your speech of last night," said she, "does not seem to have agreed with you. You are very pale."

"If a man could have a woman's powers for talking!" he replied. "I feel that nature has not been just to politicians and orators."

"Or to women," said she. "It is fair to suppose you have usurped our positions when we have qualifications which you have not for orating."

"You have not all the qualifications," said he. "Will you pardon me for saying that sound and sense should always go together?"

"And will you pardon me for not believing that every male orator possesses the two? Think of all the congressional and legislative talkers! Oh! what oceans of sound, and not buoyant enough to float ten particles of sense!"

He hardly noticed the reply. He was looking into her eyes, at her gestures, her sweet smile, and, seeing it, she prudently turned her back on him by going to the piano. "I have a new piece," said she, "from our own choir-leader, and, as you know the man, you will certainly enjoy it."

"Yes," said he, coming to turn the music. "There will be a furious crash at the start, like the clatter he makes at the opening of dinner, and after it will be mouthfuls of sound, choked partly by his endeavors to stutter out an idea. The finale will be simply awful."

She began smilingly to play a single melody with her right hand, a sweet, weird, plaintive cry like that from a broken heart, and from beginning to end there were no louder sounds than a gentle forte. The finale was the repetition of the opening. She was wrapt in the music and he in the musician, yet his thoughts were off on the great river's shores with that other

girl, beside whom he had stood thus many a time with a lover's proud privilege. When she looked up at him for appreciation his look, fixed on her so intently, almost startled her.

"Why, Mr. Wallace," she began, "are you ill?"

"I did not think the old gentleman could write such music or dream it," he said, recalled to perfect self-possession. "You played it, too, in such a way that it seemed to be part of yourself, and I hardly knew whether to weep over the music or the musician."

Frances looked at him in mock amazement, and laughed a nervous laugh. To him it sounded so very sweet!

"A compliment from the politician," said she. "O Mr. Wallace! you are not true to your colors."

"Always to speak the truth," said a heavy voice at the door, "is the chief virtue of the statesman."

And both looking, saw Peter standing there with his hands in his pockets and a sullen look on his heavy face. It might have been the memory of the night's carouse or some other feeling, but his presence put Florian to flight at once, and Frances would have gone also but that he insisted on her playing "St. Patrick's Day" and the "Minstrel Boy" with variations.

"That's a fine air," said he, with reference to the last, which was his favorite. "It takes Paul to write such poethry, girl. I think he could beat that if he tried. Girls like the boys that write poethry, don't they, Frank?"

"Every one likes poets," said Frances, withdrawing from the room.

"Ay," said Peter to himself, "but not as well as elegant, addle-headed lawyers, when the poets are poor and the lawyers rich; but I'll fix ye both, if I lose a dinner for it."

Peter was in a vicious mood, both from the potations of the preceding night and from another cause, which declared itself wrathfully a few moments later in Madame Lynch's presence.

"I told ye," said Peter, as he sat down familiarly in the easy chair, "that ye never would know how to bring up a child, and that ye never deserved to have one, with yer curls an' pomade, an' poke-bonnets an' furb'laws, an' trimmin's an' nonsense. I told ye, and now yer goin' to reap the reward o' yer sins."

"What's the matter now?" said madame, calmly.

"Matter now!" grunted Peter. "Modesty was a quality of most women I knew, but your daughter hasn't any—a mere bundle of fashions; an' I won't stand it any longer, bad cess to ye! Am I goin' to see her damned and not say a word?"

"What difference will it make to you if she be damned?" said madame, sneeringly. "Wouldn't you like company?"

"Sportin' with that lawyer below, the—the witch! He makin' faces at her an' she softenin' him with music. The omadhaun! that has no more heart than a stone. It's a gizzard he has! An' he won't be a Catholic within ten years, he's such a poor wan now. I tell ye I won't stand it!"

"Evidently you have a grievance of some kind," said madame: "pray what is it? And, if you can, speak plainly."

"I've seen through ye, ma'am"; and Peter leered at the elegant lady. "I've seen through yer daughter too; an' I know yer just dyin' to get the lawyer into the family. But I swear if she tries it I'll blow on yer scheme; I will, be all creation! An' I'll go to him meself an' tell him the whole thing."

"Wait a minute," said madame sternly.

"Wait a minute!" snapped Peter; but he recognized the tone which madame used, and kept growling in a prudent minor key. "Wait! I'll be hanged if I'll wait one second."

"There's a little debt of yours just sent me this morning," said madame, "and I was trying to decide whether it would be better to pay it or stop it out of your monthly allowance."

"Oh!—ah!" said Peter, slightly confused.

"And, then, Mrs. Brown was here this morning to tell me her front room is vacant, and I thought it wiser that you should remove yourself there, for you are getting too coarse for this elegance."

"Elegance be hanged!" said Peter warmly! "What do I care for you and yer elegance? I'll go to Mrs. Brown's, if ye wish me to, or to the devil."

"Don't hurry," said madame graciously; "you'll meet your old friend soon enough."

"But I'll ruin ye, I'll ruin ye!" he stormed. "I'll tell the whole story to the lawyers, poets, and greatneses, I will, and end yer fine plottin'."

"There are some papers here," said madame, "which I will read for you. You need quieting, you dear, foolish old man. And if it is necessary to remove you from Mrs. Brown's front room, your next journey, I fear, will be to prison."

"Oh!—ah!" said Peter, collapsing suddenly. "But sure yer not goin' to send me to Mrs. Brown's; ye wouldn't turn out an old man from such comfortable quarters?"

"You are so boisterous when you drink," said madame; "you make so many threats, you interfere so unwarrantably in the affairs of strangers, that really—"

"I'm not boisterous," Peter asserted, "and I never in me whole life made threats to any wan. Did I make threats?" he added, innocently. "'Pon me honor I was dreamin', an' had no more idea of the meanin' o' what I said than the man in the moon. I'll say nothin'. I'll be quiet as a lamb. I won't open me mouth, good or bad, if ye say so. But, of course, ye'll excuse me anxiety for Paul. It was Paul I was thinkin' of, for I knew he was in love with Frances; and he's such a beautiful creature, an' it isn't fair that the lawyer should have everything, as ye must admit yerself when ye come to think of it."

"Did Paul tell you as much?" said madame, indifferently, plunging into some papers.

"Of course he did!" said Peter vehemently. "Well—I won't say he did, after all; but his actions said it, and then he's a poet an' couldn't help fallin' in love with such a little beauty. No, I don't think he did say anything. I needn't mind going to Mrs. Brown's?"

"Not yet," said madame slowly, "but I shall keep this debt out of your monthly allowance."

"Don't!" said Peter, with gloomy earnestness; but the lady was inexorable, and he went off convinced that whatever he turned his hand to, whether for good or evil to himself or others, was sure to end in a mass of chaotic, bitter ruin.

Madame Lynch was not a little disturbed at first by Peter's manner and information, but on reflection concluded that Paul's love for Frances was a fiction, nor did she apprehend any further trouble from the irascible and contradictory boarder with whom she had so peculiar an interview.

A certain evening of the succeeding week was occupying her attention, for an event was to take place in her parlors of so exclusive and novel a nature that the world of society was ruffled with expectation. The event was the production of an original comedy in two acts, which a genius, as madame assured her friends, had written for her special benefit, and which would receive its first and last production in her parlors. Moreover the genius himself was to be present. To the inquiries as to whether he was old or young, handsome or ugly, madame replied to her friends, "Come and see."

The genius was no other than Paul Rossiter, who, entirely ignorant of the furore his comedy and himself were creating, had just finished surveying his graceful form as it appeared to him in the light of a new, splendidly-fitting dress-suit. Fortune had smiled on him one day in the shape of a request from ma-

dame and Frances that he write them a comedy, for ingenuity was at a loss to invent some form of entertainment for that winter which would be worthy the fame of a De Ponsonby Lynch; and Frances had conceived, while her mother executed, the idea of having the attic poet write a comedy, and then exhibit him to their friends as its author and the lion of the hour.

"Write a comedy?" said Paul cheerfully; "if it will please you I'll write a dozen of them. But you must know I never had any experience in the elaborate work of the stage, and you must tell me exactly what you require."

"Oh! I can do that," said Frances, "and I will make many suggestions as you work. I'm always good at suggestions."

Therefore it happened that Paul and Frances were in each other's company so often, he writing, she suggesting, that Peter's face became the most cheerful object in the whole house, and that other face which so long haunted Paul's dreams began to fade, as every dream must fade before the reality of the living woman's beautiful presence. The comedy became a very elaborate affair before it was ended. Frances was to play the leading part, and she made Paul put in a character for himself, that of a ragged sailor which he had often mimicked for her, and whose queer ways and stentorian voice were delightful comedy. How could he know that this was a bit of strategy to brighten the effect of the entertainment? Society would be so put out to see in the author of the comedy this rough-voiced and uncouth being; and what a surprise afterwards to meet a tall, delicate, golden-haired, dreamy-faced youth, whose physical make-up itself was a poem! So the play progressed, and Paul received a hundred dollars for it, to his utter surprise and discomfiture. He did not think the play was really worth so much, and did not wish to take the money.

"It's the chief feature of our reception," said madame, "and the flowers alone cost that much. You do not know your own merit, Mr. Rossiter."

Mr. Rossiter at once invested in his dress-suit, and surveyed himself with contemptuous delight in the small mirror of his room. At last he was to enter society from the garret.

There was a really distinguished audience present, and in the back seats sat Peter and Florian, the latter curiously reading the programme, and smiling to discover for the first time that the lion of the evening, the author of the play, the impersonator of a minor part, was Paul Rossiter. All concerned had kept the secret well, for he had felt curious to see this new star which

was rising in the society constellation De Ponsonby Lynch. The comedy proved an astonishing success, although weighted a little with the incapacity of amateurs. It was felt to be something more than the ordinary drawing-room comedy gotten up by literary misses for their self-glorification, and Madame Lynch knew from the first act that her little event would be the talk of the circle for weeks to come. Frances played spiritedly and looked her best, and the chill of disappointment which pervaded the assembly on Paul's appearance as the sailor-tramp was simply superb. He looked and acted his part to the life, and if society regretted the physical appearance of the new star, it had to admit his acting was excellent and his singing very fine. People began to congratulate madame at the end of the first act, and literary celebrities were anxious to know how she had discovered the author, who he was, and all about him. When the actors came in after the play was over, and they had donned their ordinary costumes, Frances was highly diverted at seeing the amazement on every face when Paul was introduced by her mother as the author and actor. Mother and daughter were satisfied with their event. Society had known nothing so delightful that winter, and Paul, praised and flattered beyond all his expectations, showered with invitations from all sides, went to his room that night somewhat dizzy with popularity. The cool garret, however, and a few moments' thought brought him to his senses.

Florian, retiring to his room after a sentimental conversation with Frances, was honored with a visit from Peter. He had learned from experience how to deal with this excitable person, age, and was no more than sociable in a distant, sleepy way, which would not understand the manœuvres of coughs and hints, and glances at the wine-closet.

"'Twas a fine play," said Peter; "the b'y has genius, I think. Of course there was some nonsense in it, but he's young. I'll write up a criticism on it for this week's paper. We ought to have him down out o' the garret and make him wet it, or may be ye might do it for him, bein' his friend. It's a fearful cough I have from sittin' so long in wan position—g-r-r-r! Yer dull this evenin', b'y—g-r-r-r! What's good for a cough? A little brandy with an egg an' sugar an' a slight touch o' water used to be a great favorite wid me. See now, what's the use o' havin' a thing in the house when ye don't use it? I know ye have brandy in the closet beyant, an' ye won't give a drop to an' old fellow, an' old grandfather"—he made a face at himself in the

mirror—"that's doin' his best to amuse ye, an' isn't long for this world—only forty years or so."

Florian smilingly brought forth the bottle, which held a feeble wine-glassful. The smile that for a moment illuminated Peter's face at sight of the open closet faded under a cloud of sorrow, and the expression "Oh!—ah!" signified his intense disappointment. But he said nothing as he gloomily wished Florian good luck and drained the glass with a lingering look at its bare, shining emptiness.

"Paul is now the pet of society," said Florian; "and from this time we will hardly get a glimpse of him, so many parties and balls will be thrust on him."

"Parties and balls!" said Peter with contempt. "What would a man be doin' at such places without money? And a b'y that has to live in a garret an' can't afford candles an' wood, an' eats wid the nagurs in the cheap eatin'-houses, d'ye s'pose he's goin' to run to balls, even if he wanted to, which he don't."

Florian listened in some amazement and doubt.

"Do I understand you to say, Peter, that he is too poor to buy candles, and takes his meals at poor restaurants?"

"Have ye seen him at the table in a month?" said Peter grimly.

Florian admitted that he had not.

"Ye don't know as much about him as I thought," said he. "He makes enough money, I think, to pay his board here, but no more; an' he's that stiff an' correct he won't go to them publishers who'd pay him well, if they are a little less respectable than Corcoran an' his kind. Then he supports a half-dozen poor families. An' between them all he has to do without many things an' eat poor food."

From this Peter rambled on into a lengthy description of Paul's troubles with a view to exciting Florian's sympathy in the poet's behalf, and the instantaneous presentation of more brandy on his own; but Florian had learned quite enough for his purposes and was not responsive.

"Divil a heart he has!" Peter went off muttering. "It's a gizzard, an' Paul'll stay in the garret for all he cares."

There was a shade of self-reproach in Florian's thoughts that night, and some humiliation. Why had he not looked a little more closely into Paul's affairs, and where was his boasted penetration, that he had to be told of the many motive-springs in his friend's disposition? He now recalled the absence of Paul from the regular meals, and the fact that he had never been invited to

visit the distant garret; he remembered to have seen a queer specimen of childhood often climbing the stairs to the garret and inquiring solely for Herr Paul; and he had faint glimpses of Paul and beggars appearing and disappearing in poor quarters of the city. This was a different man from his first conception, and it required Mme. Lynch and Peter Carter to give him a true insight into the poet's genius and disposition. He *was* talented, which formerly he doubted, and his charity shone out so strongly after Peter's revelations that all the good Florian had ever done for the city poor grew wan as the moon in the full light of day. In the fifth story the poet was sleeping in his cold, bare room. It was with a feeling of self-contempt that Florian sank into the folds of his own luxurious bed.

It required a stern retirement of two days and frequent visits to the streets of the poor before Paul could thoroughly recover from his first draught of popularity, and at the end of that time, having thrown off the intoxication, he was able to receive with proper coolness the visits and the propositions of a theatrical manager, whose card the servant presented one afternoon as he sat reading in Florian's rooms, with the Fräulein playing on the floor. Mr. Aubrey had heard of the young gentleman's ability in play-writing, the whole city was speaking of his late comedy, and would it please him to write a play suitable for production at his theatre during the next season. Paul hesitated and considered. He hardly understood the extent of his good fortune, and it confused him so much that he hid his nervousness under a show of experienced deliberation. Mr. Aubrey meanwhile poured forth his reasons and persuasions. Finally the poet consented to write a melodrama in his best style, and Aubrey agreed to pay him five hundred dollars for it, and allow him a fair percentage of the receipts.

"O Fräulein!" said he, when the great personage had gone, "do you guess what good luck has befallen me? The mother shall go down to the sea this summer, and all sorts of things shall find their way from St. Nicholas' hands this coming Christmas. We are getting rich, Fräulein."

"Herr Paul feels goot," said the Fräulein, who could not understand much of what he said. That day he resumed his old place at madame's table, and his looks of gratitude towards her were so fervent and marked as to inspire her with distrust of the young man who could look so emphatically at a woman old enough to be his mother. Deeper into the retirement of the attic plunged the poet, his whole soul wrapped up in this new

literary venture, and not even Frances could induce him to join the usual evening circle or accept one of the numerous invitations that were offered him. Revolving all sorts of ideas in his head as to what would make the ground-work of his play, he saw rising again in the rose-colored light of his dreams the face of the girl in the yacht, and felt a sudden twinge of pain that he had forgotten her so long. By degrees a novel thought shaped itself in his mind, and what it was the play itself will disclose.

Through all the summer heats Paul was enclosed in the attic, and nothing could draw him from it, nor could any obtain admission into its sacred precincts save the theatrical manager, who came to read the manuscript, to make suggestions, to amend and criticise. Peter pleaded in vain at the locked door, and heartily cursed the Fräulein, who came daily to the room and went through performances and sang songs that threw Paul into convulsions of merriment. She alone afforded him his recreation. The attic chamber was sometimes stifling, but the morning sun and the midnight moon looked pure and more inspiring from that height, and the waters of the bay shone in the distance. It gave him his best inspirations to see these brilliant silences creeping into his room, and to think with how little friction, worry, and noise they did their great work. And the Fräulein was as good as a variety show, always with some new idea or action that amused him mightily, all the more that it came out in bad English and sweet accent. The night on which the play was produced the whole establishment of Mme. Lynch occupied the four boxes of the theatre, and the front seats as well, and Florian found himself in Frances' company, with her mother discreetly sitting in front. The programmes handed about announced the title of the drama as "The Hermit's Daughter," and all were very much surprised to see in the list of actors Paul's own name set down with a flourish, and the special announcement that the Fräulein Stein, a prodigy of six years, would take a prominent and astonishing part in the play.

"This drama is to be full of surprises," said Frances, "and Mr. Rossiter so intended, I must think; he was so very reticent about its incidents."

"We shall all the better be able to judge it," said madame; "and it will be more pleasant. Indeed, I am more curious to see how his acting will please a general audience than to see the play. He was so successful as the sailor."

The curtain rising put an end to the conversation, and all glanced eagerly at the stage. The scenery was very fine, and

represented a rocky enclosure deep in the woods, with a background of watery vistas seen through innumerable islands. A gasp of astonishment Florian gave as he looked at this well-known representation, and his wonder knew no bounds when from a hut at one side came a living representation of Scott the hermit, leading a little girl who played and danced about him. Paul was the hermit and the child was the Fräulein, who, nothing daunted, was filled with delight at her position, and enjoyed the sight of the audience and the bright lights immensely. She sang and danced and capered as the hermit bade, exactly as she would have done in Paul's own room, and with as much childish grace and abandon, and although the immense applause of the surprised and delighted audience frightened her at first, a word from him reassured her. It was evident from this moment that the Fräulein alone had insured the success of the drama:

When the heroine of the piece came on, after a time, Frances observed that Florian started and, leaning forward with pale face and set mouth, seemed fairly to devour her features, and only when she spoke did he resume his old position with a heavy sigh. The actress was a fair model of Ruth herself, and only her voice could dispel the illusion. Florian did not notice how the hermit's eyes were fixed on him as the lady entered.

These were the only incidents of the play which have any bearing on the story. Except for the accidental resemblance of these two persons to living characters, and of the first scene to his own home, there was nothing in the play that indicated any knowledge on Paul's part of Clayburg and its people. But the play had a bad effect on Florian. He watched its continuance with little interest afterwards, and scarcely smiled when, at the close of the last act, the delighted audience called for the author and heaped upon him their mighty applause. Nor did he ever visit the theatre again, although the successful play ran for three months. It aroused an overruling emotion in his heart. His love for Ruth at the sight of her apparently living before him awoke the old slumbering passion, and had a dangerous effect on his disposition for many a month afterwards.

CHAPTER V.

RUTH.

WHILE the years were passing with tumultuous flight for Florian, one woman was enjoying in Clayburg a peace of heart none the less assured and real that it had been won after much

suffering. When Florian went Ruth had found the loss of his presence a very keen, almost unendurable pain. She would perhaps have found it impossible to bear but that the battle had been fought and won long before their actual separation, when it had first become plain to her that she could not accept the Catholic faith. Both had agreed that to marry under such circumstances would be folly, since Ruth was as convinced as he that it would be a violation of her conscience to permit her children to be brought up in any other faith than her own. She was very calm in announcing her determination to Florian, because the scene had already been enacted in imagination many times, but after his departure she fought a new battle with herself, winning quietly and passing into a life of gentle calm that nothing seemed able to disturb. As Florian had supposed, her strict conscientiousness had swept from her heart every vestige of himself and the love she once had for him. His appearance to-morrow in Clayburg, with or without a wife, would have been a pleasure to her, not an occasion of regret and expectation, as it would have been for him. He had fallen into that ridiculous position which a rejected lover finds it so hard to assume, that of the trusted friend of the woman he would have made his wife. Often she visited the grave on the hill, and wept bitter tears over this one sorrow of her life. It seemed so hard to believe Linda was dead, the spirit so bright that she seemed to have been the immortal nymph of the place. The whole scene was instinct with her presence. Hers had been the earliest laugh to greet the spring, and hers the first tears that bewailed the death of the flowers and the coming of the long and dreary winter. Even when she had been dead two years many said, "It seems odd that Linda Wallace is not here to see this or do that; she was always first and always gayest"; and it hurt Ruth the more. But who would have disturbed the sweet sleep of the girl? and who would have called thee back, Linda, from the smile of God, even if they had the power?

The report which reached Florian that Ruth had devoted herself to literary efforts was true, and of late she began to reap so much success and profit from her venture that a new idea had been presented to her by an outsider for consideration which took her fancy very much. A relative and her husband had visited Clayburg the previous summer, and urged on Ruth the propriety of coming to New York during the winter, or at any time that suited her convenience, and making the acquaintance of the literary celebrities of the day.

"We have them all at our receptions," said Mrs. Merrion; "and we are so gratified to hear them speak of you in terms of high praise. You will receive an ovation, and think of the pleasure and profit it would be to you to hold sweet converse with them."

"Well, Barbara," said Ruth, who thought her relative's adjectives a little silly often, "your offer is tempting, and I shall consider it during the winter. But I could not think of leaving Clayburg at present. Next year, perhaps, I may go down to hold *sweet* converse with your literary stars."

And Mrs. Merrion perceived from the unnecessary emphasis on "sweet" that Ruth was laughing at her. However, Ruth thought deeply on the matter and finally proposed it to her father, who was delighted with the idea of being in Florian's neighborhood for a time, and suggested shutting up house at once and setting off on their journey. But Ruth suggested the advisability of consulting some of their friends, and the squire was for consulting the whole city, so that she found it necessary to name Mr. Wallace and Père Rougevin as a council of advice.

"That's it," said the squire. "I'll arrange a whist-party for this afternoon and invite them over."

A party of that description was a dreadful trial for Ruth, who had the hardest part of the work to perform and was not enamored of its pleasures, whereupon she announced her intention at dinner of making some calls during the remainder of the day, and of leaving the management of the party entirely to the squire. He was relieved, perhaps, for, his congenial soul went often a little beyond the limits of prudence, and the mild reproach in Ruth's eyes was hard for him to endure. The prospect of a clear field cheered him; and he was kind enough to recommend that she might take tea with Mrs. Wallace, and he would drive over after her at nine o'clock. To which Ruth consented and went away early, spending a few minutes with Mrs. Winifred while waiting for the stage which crossed daily to Wolfe Island. Mrs. Buck was there, and Mr. Buck, as immaculate as to his linen as ever, and a junior Buck with so strong a resemblance to his father and such an enormous head that people would laugh at the child, and say witty things about his taking the pulpit some day and no one being the wiser for his father's absence. The members of the family were on very good terms while Billy was absent, and called on each other amicably during favorable intervals. But there were many awkward departures on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Buck when Billy, suddenly return-

ing by the front door, forced them to hasty flight by the back door. He was bitterly opposed to Sara and her husband still, and had called his grandson a "divilish little heretic" on meeting him with his nurse. He might have been won over, perhaps, had Mrs. Buck remained faithful to her religion, but Sara found it more convenient to sit under Mr. Buck's ministry and have her children baptized in the Episcopal communion, for it was *such* a bother to have some members of the family going one way and others the other, and what did it matter in the end since they were all bound for heaven? Mrs. Winifred, placid as ever, yet with a sad, hungry look in her pious eyes, and a waving uncertainty in the perennial smile, took matters as usual and never allowed one hair out of its place on either side of her head. She was not so self-possessed as formerly, however, and often looked a little wild at mention of Linda or Florian, often rang the bell for dinner and waited forgetfully for the gay laugh and light steps that sounded for so many years in the outer hall. It was fearful to hear Billy on such occasions. His own grief was bitter enough, but to be reminded of it so forcibly was to endure it over again, and his rage whistled and snapped about Mrs. Winifred like the rush of the wind through a dead tree. Sara always spoke affectionately of Florian. Not that she was capable of very deep feeling or any lasting feeling, but he had behaved so properly when he could not help himself, not rushing with uplifted axe on his brother-in-law nor making any scenes. She had named her boy Florian in honor of him, and thought what a pity it was with his fine talents he should be so bound by his religion. "For in this country," said she, "he can hope for no real advancement so long as he remains a Catholic. Now, Anglicanism was so much like the Catholic faith, there was so little real difference in the two, save a mere trifle of acknowledging a pope, that if he could be persuaded to look into the matter and see how much to his advantage it was to become an Episcopalian she was sure he would. And then with father and mother to join them, and Linda in heaven, it would be a veritable end of a romance. Why, Florian might even believe in the pope and say nothing about it to any one."

"That's silly," said Mr. Buck mildly.

"So are you, my dear," answered Mrs. Buck gently; "and you are no judge."

"Seemingly Mr. Buck wished to insinuate—" began Mrs. Winifred.

"He shouldn't insinuate, seemingly," said Sara.

"Of course not, my dear," assented the mother meekly.

Mrs. Buck was evidently monarch of all she surveyed, her father being absent.

"I never could understand," said Sara, "how it just ended between Florian and you, Ruth?"

"I couldn't acknowledge the pope," said Ruth gravely, and Mr. Buck hid a smile behind his mother-in-law, leaving it there, apparently, to be resumed at leisure.

"How foolish, dear! It would have been so pleasant for you and me to be living here together, married. For the life of me I can't see why people make so much fuss about religion. I never could."

"So Florian told us," said Ruth; "he said you were always of that gay disposition that would wear a cross as gracefully as a bible, and be happy with a Mormon or a Mussulman."

"Just so," Sara replied, impressed with such a compliment and desirous of letting Mr. Buck see her indifference. "Florian was a good judge, too. I always feel sorry that I acted so cross with him. I think it wore on him."

"Very much," said Ruth, and Mr. Buck resumed his smile and deepened it into a laugh, which he pretended was for baby.

The stage came along at that moment, and stopped at the door. Mrs. Winifred had been invited to accompany Ruth on her journey, and, after excusing herself to her family, put on her wraps and departed.

"I am going to visit the hermit. Usually I bring father with me, but he was engaged this afternoon," Ruth explained.

Mrs. Winifred grew very uneasy and fidgety for some moments after this announcement, but soon recovered and expressed her willingness to favor Ruth similarly at any time. It was a bitter cold day, and the open sleigh in which they were seated afforded a fine view of the vast stretches of ice that lay away from them for miles, and of the islands between, sullen and gloomy like life-prisoners in Siberia. When they reached the island they left the stage at the house of a friend, and procured another conveyance to take them eastward to the narrow channel opening into Eel Bay. They crossed the ice on foot to a dark wood, where a few maples with dead leaves clinging to the bare branches made a great stir like the chuckling of many skeletons. Through this they went by a path evidently frequented of late, and so beaten down as to make the wood passable, and finally they came out on a bluff which showed them the hermit's house a short distance off, with a light in the win-

dow. It was a cloudy and gloomy day, and Scott was at home, with a bright fire burning in the chimney-place and his solitary candle lit, while Izaak Walton lay open at a well-thumbed page that brought back a fresher memory of the brightness and sweetness of what had once been before the gloomy winter. He was surprised at the appearance of the two women, but politely invited them to sit down and remove their wraps, while he put a fresh log on the fire and showed a bachelor's feverish desire to set things in order. Ruth was in the habit of calling on him as often as she thought her presence would not be too intrusive, but she had never disturbed his retreat during the winter, and perhaps he thought this visit a mere freak of inquisitiveness. Mrs. Winifred was uneasy, and made most wretched attempts to seem commonplace and ordinary, looking about her with the air of meek terror that used to provoke the anger of Linda and Florian because of its ludicrous side. Ruth and the hermit paid her no attention.

"It was a mere notion, you know," the girl was explaining to Scott, as she sat in the blaze with her hands clasped over her knee, "for I could have waited until you came to town and explained it to you then; but an idea seized me like an apoplexy, and I must down without delay. I have not seen you in a long time, and I was and am thinking of going to New York." She was looking at him very closely as she said this, for she was sure the hermit would accuse her in thought of going after Florian, and would look at her once with his keen blue eyes. He was as interested as if she had stated her destination to be Timbuctoo.

"It's a fine place, New York," he said quietly; "but why need all the blood rush to the heart?"

"It must all pass through it," said she, taking up the figure with a smile, "or else be cast aside! And do you know, at this very hour the squire, the père, and Mr. Wallace are playing whist and discussing this matter at home?—for if I go father goes too."

"Sartinly; you'd scarcely go alone. I guess they'll be apt to settle your goin' very well, if there's much punch in the matter."

"Seemingly," ventured Mrs. Winifred, "there are none of them hard drinkers"; for she wished to remove any bad impression from the hermit's mind, and she looked at him sideways timidly. But he never turned his eyes toward her.

"You see," said Ruth, "I would not go to stay, but only to make a few friends among the great thinkers and writers and poets. It would be something to know them, would it not?"

"O yes! it does one good to meet a great person, I think; but, then, they needn't be all bookish folks. There are great people in the garrets and cellars of a big city, an' in the workshops."

"You were never in a great city," said she, and repented of the words immediately, for she did not see how much like a question it was until it was uttered. "Pray do not answer that," she broke in. "It was not meant to pry into your affairs. It was an accident. But what do you think? Is it wise for me to go? I have won a little fame by writing, and I would so like to know great minds. Then there are great doctors of theology and eminent Catholics there. Who knows but that I might get some light from them."

He shook his head, and smiled a little.

"I understand," said she. "I know to what you refer. Well, I *have* prayed and prayed, and yet light will not come. I have tried to be content with Methodism and I can't, nor can I find rest in any other faith."

"It is a time of doubt with you," said the hermit, "and that means change. I dunno as great minds 'ill help ye much; mostly it's the little minds do God's work, an' bring peace an' rest."

"Well, I'll visit the garrets and cellars, and hunt up little minds, and see the great people too."

"Them fine writers an' thinkers," said Scott seriously, "have a mighty high opinion o' themselves, an' look at a religion pretty often in queer ways. They kind o' handle it as a jew'ler handles a watch. They've got the secret o' the thing, an' don't think much of it. They give ye a doubt about it sometimes, unless ye get the 'umble ones, that thinks more o' their neighbor than they do o' themselves. I've met some of 'em fishin', an' they were too green for anything. They didn't like to be told so, either."

"Then, would you say go, Scott?" she persisted.

"Would I say go? Well, if great minds is the only trouble, an' religion, why, yes, go."

Somehow she was not so satisfied with his answer, and sat staring into the fire, wondering. Was there anything else that should trouble her save religion and the great minds? There was the rush and whirl of polite society, but it never could entangle her, and then—Florian. She looked at Scott. He was reading Walton, and Mrs. Winifred was watching him shyly as a curiosity. Why should he have put in the *if*? Did he think the old trouble would begin again? She was not afraid of herself; but then what security was there for Florian? She had often

wondered if he had given up the old love as completely as she had, and, knowing his fond disposition, feared he had not. Would not her presence excite it more violently and more hopelessly, and was this what the hermit meant? The silence grew so profound that Mrs. Winifred felt called upon to say something.

"From what I've heard of big cities," said she, "seemingly nothing troubles the girls there but their dress and beaux."

"Yes," said Scott, looking at her with an expression of severe reproach in his eyes, which puzzled Ruth, "beaux?"

"Do you think my presence, Scott, would annoy Florian?"

"I do," said the hermit, as if he had been expecting the question. "I think he never got over losin' you, an' it would kind o' stir him up to see you agin'."

"Is that a good reason for me to remain away from New York or any other place?"

"Not if ye care nothin' for him." And seeing she did not perceive what injury her presence could be to Florian, he went on a little hurriedly, as if it annoyed him to speak of these things: "I know he's kind o' hoped agin' hope that ye'd come to him some time, as he'd like, an' make up. It's been a help to him a long time, an' kept him out o' harm perhaps, or leastwise from gettin' away from the right. Politicians," he added, seeing that her look suggested a doubt as to Florian's getting off the path an inch, "get right an' wrong so mixed up with their own likin's, that they don't allus do right even when they mean to. When he finds out yer not in love with him any more, there won't be any holdin' to him. God only knows when he'll stop."

"I don't think you are quite correct in that," said Mrs. Winifred, with a boldness that frightened herself. "Florian, seemingly, was always one of the strict kind."

"Mebbe," said the hermit, resuming his book, while Ruth looked her absolute doubt of Scott's inferences eloquently.

"I hain't no pretensions to bein' a prophet," he said after a silence, "but it'll surprise me if Flory don't propose to ye agin' down thar, an' offer to take ye jist as ye stand, atheist or Protestant, an' git mad enough to do wild things when ye refuse."

"How do you know I'll refuse?" said Ruth, saucily.

"That's so," smiled Scott. "You can't know a woman two minutes at a time, an' I'm no wiser than other men, for all o' my solitude."

"Well, I'll follow your advice"—the hermit had not given any, and looked at her—"and go. I'll avoid Florian, and see the

great and the little minds of the great city, and pick up, perhaps, some grace that's lying for me there like money in a bank."

The hermit studied her attentively with his great blue eyes.

"Did it ever strike you," said he coldly, "that you might be playin' with grace, just as a man does with a stubborn fish amusin' hisself?"

"No," she interrupted loudly, and with such indignation that Mrs. Winifred uttered a faint cry. "Do not accuse me of that, Scott—never, never, accuse me of that."

He resumed his air of meek indifference at once.

"Yet, how do I know," she said, humbly, "what sins I may or not be guilty of? But in this matter I have been so much in earnest, so very much in earnest, and except in my methods I can find no blame."

She had no more to say, and Scott read his book in a way that politely invited their departure.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?" said she; "I am going to take a view of the river from the boulder before I go."

She went out and stood on the spot where Florian had knelt and prayed of mornings during his retreat, and dreamed and chatted of evenings with Scott or alone. The scene was like the buried beauty of that happy time, risen from its grave in white and ghastly cerements, and the weird wind-moan through the evergreens gave a voice to the forlorn ghost of wild and dismal melody. Would it ever look otherwise to her again? Could she ever gaze upon the summer scene that in time would banish this pale spectre of the dead with the same calm and joy and sweetness as when beside her stood Florian and Linda?

"If I cannot," said she, with, oh! such a heavy sadness, "then change of heart will not be for the better."

When she came back, after ten minutes' of looking and thinking and sighing, Mrs. Winifred was putting on her wraps, a trifle pale and tired, and very confused and frightened from her tête-à-tête with the hermit, and Scott was standing with his back to the fire and his hands behind him and his chin in the air, as if an inspiration had seized him. But Ruth put no emphasis on such things, and bade him good-by with a promise of seeing him again when she had come to a firm and conscientious determination. He came with them across the river and through the wood, with its chattering and shivering maples, and over the channel to where the horse and cutter still stood, and, as was his custom, stood facing them under the shadow of the wintery sky until they were out of sight.

"Can you conceive anything more lonely than such a sight?" said Ruth; "that solitary man standing in such a solitude and going back through that gloomy wood to his lonely home. How does he stand it?"

"I think him a saint," said Mrs. Winifred so emphatically that Ruth looked at her in surprise.

On their way across the bay a cutter came skipping along at a fierce rate, and from beneath a pile of buffaloes and furs Père Rougevin's smiling face looked out as he stopped to greet them.

"Nothing decided in the council yet," said he, "except that the supper was exceptional and that I was invincible in whist. A sick-call took me away early, leaving the squire and Mr. Wallace to the enjoyment of the liquids; but I shall visit you some time for a talk, though matters must be pretty well settled by the time a lady mentions such a thing to her friends." And he drove off laughing.

Mrs. Buck had tea on the table when they returned, and was ready with all sorts of questions about their drive and business, which Ruth eluded for an hour and which Mrs. Winifred laughed at without answering at all, while Mr. Buck was snubbed for endeavoring to put a stop to the flow of his wife's questions. Sara's perseverance would have succeeded in eliciting every particular of the afternoon but for the unexpected appearance of Billy from the whist-party in a state of speechless delight. There was a beaming smile lodged in every wrinkle of his countenance as he opened the door and appeared among them, waving his hand as if to accompany unuttered speech and looking oceans of benevolence on every one about him.

Mrs. Buck and her family vanished like mist before him and went speedily home, and Ruth felt a strange misgiving as to the total results of the afternoon's council when a part of it was so speechlessly affected. Billy mumbled and waved his hand through the room to the delight of Mrs. Winifred, who translated his speech very aptly for Ruth.

"Yes, yes, my little man, seemingly you've settled it all to the satisfaction of every one. Didn't I tell you so? That's right. Bring down your fist on the porcelain; the crash and the cost will strengthen the argument."

Billy sat down with his face in a muscular uproar. He had several ideas all struggling to express themselves—mirth, rage, triumph, and war; but not a feature would obey, and the winking of eyes and the lifting and falling of eyebrows, the puckerings of the mouth into severity and then relaxation into a benevolent

smile, soon wore out all efforts and Billy's face settled into a blankness of the vastest kind.

Ruth thought it best to return home afoot, and did so in time to receive the squire's blessing and paternal command to start for New York that night and leave him to his fate, as he was under the impression that the executioners of the rascally governments were without thirsting for his head, and were only prevented from rushing in upon him by his own wakefulness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHAKSPERE AND HIS ÆSTHETIC CRITICS.

IT is matter of very frequent complaint that our critics and commentators read into Shakspeare much more than they read out of him. But if they find it there, who shall, after all, gainsay them? Why should not poets build better than they know? What else is it that gives what is called immortality to human work? What we have to guard against, I think, is not so much an over-æstheticism as a tendency to demand from the text of Shakspeare so many propositions as to the man Shakspeare of which the world is yet in reasonable doubt. The paper, "The Delicacy of Shakspeare," in a late issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, is so notable and admirable an instance of how loving and ardent study of the glowing text can at once contribute to its hermeneutics, and avoid insistence on dogmatical or debatable conclusions therefrom, that it deserves the highest praise. There is altogether too little of such work extant. And what is it we have instead? Let us see.

In the trial of a question of fact in a court of justice reliance is had on two sorts of evidence: first, circumstantial, or, as it may be called, narrative or historical evidence; and, second, expert—that is, "self-regarding" or "opinion" evidence. Questions of literary authorship are to be decided in like manner by two sorts of evidence, corresponding exactly to these; viz., external evidence (the date, surroundings, and circumstances under which the composition of which the authorship is sought was produced), and, second, internal evidence—that is, the manner and style and text of the composition itself. Now, this internal evidence is itself of two sorts: first, comparative criticism, and second, textual criticism. The first, as its name implies, is to be considered by simple comparison, the problem being simply:

given a literary work known to be by a certain author, to discover if another work is also by that same author. But this class of evidence is not absolutely reliable. To quote the words of the late accomplished Mr. James Spedding: "In passing upon questions of authorship by means of internal evidence the critic must always be allowed to judge for himself." That is to say, it is found to be absolutely impossible to remove from the criticism of any one man that personal equation, or "point of view," which arises imperatively from the education, temperament, and tendencies of the comparative critic himself. A notable instance of the failure of comparative criticism was in the Ireland Shakspeare-forgery cases, where the work of a mere lad was accepted as Shakspeare until, from outside circumstantial evidences, the young forger of the style of the world's greatest poet was surprised in the act of forgery and confessed to the whole. Another well-known case was that of Mr. Collier's alleged discoveries, in 1852, of corrections in the Shakspeare text. No amount of comparative critical acumen (and every Shakspearean critic in England and America worked at them) was able to decide as to their genuineness. But by and by it occurred to the authorities of the British Museum to go to work with microscope and acids, when they speedily exposed the emendations as of very recent manufacture indeed, scarcely antedating their production by Mr. Collier himself. Thus it appears that, unassisted—especially at remote dates from the fact—the chances are very largely against an arrival at the exact truth by unaided comparative criticism. For example, supposing, in the twenty-second century, a body of comparative critics should be given the official report of the Berlin Conference and the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield, whose tactics in that great parley were singly and alone able to confront an empire in the flush of victory, and to force it to relinquish a prize it had been struggling to possess for centuries, which it had just won by sword and battle; supposing this same body of critics were then presented with a copy of *Lothair*, and asked, from internal, comparative evidence only (they having no records of the nineteenth century and no life of Beaconsfield before them), to say definitely whether the same individual who defied and dominated Russia by his statesmanship also wrote the novel. Can we doubt what the verdict of these comparative critics would be?

Second, textual criticism, on the other hand, is capable of being made reliable, but only negatively. It can demonstrate, for example, from the employment of words that were unin-

vented or unused before certain dates, the age and period earlier than which certain compositions could not have been written, and thus exclude all authors earlier than that age or period. But to pronounce positively as to who was, as well as to who could not have been, the particular, identical author it is quite as powerless as any other sort of critical evidence. Hence it follows that since even documentary, historical, and circumstantial evidence is fallible, no one single class of testimony ought to be relied upon; and that in literary questions, exactly as in those submitted for judicial determination, all sorts, classes, and kinds of evidence must cumulatively be availed of in order to set out with any hope or chance of reaching exact truth.

Putting aside any questions as to the authorship of the Elizabethan English works so universally credited to William Shakspeare; leaving Baconians, editorialists, and pro-Shakspeareans to submit propositions, make postulates, and riddle each other's theories and corollaries to their hearts' content by means of all the evidence, historical, circumstantial, textual, and comparative, it is proposed in this paper to examine a new candidate for favor which the present century (and the last quarter of it) has developed. This new testimony is called ÆSTHETIC CRITICISM. I do not mean that the invention is of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It was known before. But earlier it was called merely eulogium, encomium, or, perhaps, panegyric. So far as can be discovered, it is only very recently indeed that it has claimed to be actual evidence—actual and undebatable proof as to the actual man Shakspeare, his moods and tenses, his fortunes, follies, hopes, and fears.

To begin with, these marvellous works are like a bank of clouds in a brightening sky. Every beholder will for himself happen to see some semblance somewhere in their profile which he may describe in words, but which, seeing that he has no bearing by which to indicate it, he cannot hope to point out to his fellow-gazers. So in the Shakspeare works one will be attracted by a figment of the poet as a whole, another by a detail thereof. As for example, one will be moved over the picture of dishonored Lucrece sitting lonesome, with full heart, awaiting her husband's return and the moment when her own suicide will be appropriate, while another will wonder at the knowledge of human nature which makes her, in the very depth of her misery, discover herself admiring a picture on the wall. One will see in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" only a beautiful romance, while his co-reader will find in it the touches

of a hand used to theatrical business, in that he allows the clowns to play their interlude only until the fun is exhausted, when he makes them omit their epilogue and substitute a dance instead. And so on. Nothing is more natural, therefore, than that each one should, in dealing with the works, write of that which Shakspeare is to him. But when the writer goes further, and insists that the William Shakspeare whose name is associated with these plays was the embodiment of that which he himself, this particular reader, finds in the works, and that the whole world shall so consent to understand Shakspeare—in other words, proposes to write the biography of the man out of his own inner reading of the text of the works before him—this matter of æsthetic criticism becomes not only incontinent and inconsistent, but leads at once into all sorts of irregularities and absurdities.

The modern and present exponents of this æsthetic criticism, used as a method of writing an author's history from the text of his alleged works, are principally the members of the New Shakspeare Society of London. It would never, of course, have occurred to these gentlemen to write the life of the late Mr. Robertson out of the pages of his comedies, "Caste," "School," "Ours," or "Play," or the life of Mr. Boucicault out of "London Assurance," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun," or "Formosa"; but, all the same, they have given us a beautiful history of William Shakspeare out of his plays alone. Without undertaking to follow the voluminous papers of the New Shakspeare Society, a brief notice of the labors of Mr. Furnivall, its president, and Mr. Fleay and Mr. Dowden, his coadjutors, will sufficiently illustrate their methods.

"It is Stratford," cries Mr. Furnivall, "which has given Shakspeare the picture of the sweet country school-girls working at one flower, warbling one song, growing together like a double cherry," etc. "The wail of Constance for the loss of her boy could only have been written by one whose feelings had been lacerated by the loss of a beloved child," cries Mr. Dowden. "Some sacred voice whispers to him [Shakspeare] that the privilege of immortality was annexed to every line he wrote." "I now believe that this strange and difficult play [Troilus and Cressida] was written when Shakspeare had ceased to smile genially, and when he must be either ironical or take a deep, passionate, and tragical view of life."

Mr. Ward, in his elegant *History of Dramatic Literature*, assures us of William Shakspeare's diffident and shrinking nature (proved from a passage in the plays); and we could easily cull

several volumes of this mental biography from the æsthetic works of enthusiasts like the above-named gentlemen. But, unless that word possess a meaning unknown outside of the New Shakspeare Society, this is hardly "evidence" to an exact mind. Still, admitting it to be "evidence," it would hardly prove an exclusive Stratfordian authorship. For there is certainly the same internal evidence that William Shakspeare was born in Epidamnus or Rome or Troy as that he was born in Stratford. There is certainly much more in the plays about Italy, Rome, and Greece than about England. For two comedies whose scene is Warwickshire there are twelve whose action is outside of England. And certainly no more familiarity is shown with Warwickshire customs than with those of Venice, or Scotland, or the Roman Forum, or the ways of the Cypriotes. And, again, there is precisely the same evidence that Shakspeare had murdered his wife, like Othello, and his rival, like Macbeth, and had been driven from home by his daughters, like Lear, as that he had "buried a beloved child," like Queen Constance, or experienced intimations of immortality, or was of the "diffident and retiring" disposition asserted by Mr. Ward.

No man, as a matter of fact, ever led a jollier life than William Shakspeare. The records, at least, of his jokes and his gallantries survive him, and he died in a frolic. The late Mr. Bardell was knocked on the head with a pint-pot in a cellar. But Sergeant Buzfuz preferred to throw the glamour of pathos over his end by describing it as "gliding imperceptibly from the world and seeking elsewhere that tranquillity which a custom-house can never afford." I am afraid the most that can be said for Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Dowden, and Mr. Ward is that they are no whit behind the eloquent sergeant in gush over their hero. But perhaps Mr. Furnivall is striving to elude these entanglements of "internal evidence" when he exclaims: "I wrote the introduction to the 'Venus and Adonis,' and thought I had really persuaded myself that it really was Shakspeare's first work. But on turning to 'Love's Labor's Lost' and the 'Comedy of Errors' after it the absurdity was too apparent." Or again (forgetting that "Titus Andronicus" was, as a spectacle, much more to the taste of Elizabethan mixed audiences than the bloodless dialectics of Hamlet and Brutus): "'Titus Andronicus' I do not consider. . . . The play declares, as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakspeare's; my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not and never were his.'" "About the sonnets, . . . in addition to Nos. 8, 11, 16, 18, 20, and 21, I sup-

pose that 10, 13, 14, and 15 are not his either. About No. 19 I doubt. That 'to sin and never for to saint,' and the whole of the poem, is by some strong man of the Shakspeare breed."

It would seem incredible that the New Shakspeare Society should be willing to leave the reasonable doubts and difficulties as to a Shakspearean authorship, which for the last twenty-seven years have been growing more and more emphatic, to mumble and roar about their ears, and solace and coddle themselves with little purrings of mutual confidence like the above—to rest the whole pro-Shakspearean case, that is to say, on mere expressions of personal whim or taste, and to meet all the historical and documentary considerations by simply looking in another direction. But there appears to be no escape from just that conclusion; to wit (I quote from my friend Mr. Rolfe's introduction to his "Pericles"):

"In the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Fleay's paper on 'Pericles' before the New Shakspeare Society, May 8, 1874, Mr. Furnivall remarked: 'I hope the fact I am going to mention will render all further discussion as to the Shakspeare part of the "Pericles" unnecessary. When I first saw Mr. Tennyson . . . he asked me whether I had ever examined "Pericles." I had to confess that I'd never read it, as some friends whom I considered good judges had told me it was very doubtful whether Shakspeare wrote any of it. Mr. Tennyson answered: "Oh! that won't do. He wrote all the part relating to the birth and recovery of Marina and the recovery of Thaisa. I settled that long ago. Come up-stairs and I'll read it to you." Up-stairs we went, and there I had the rare treat of hearing the poet read in his deep voice, with an occasional triumphant "Isn't that Shakspeare?" "What do you think of that?" and a few comments, the genuine part of "Pericles." I need not tell you how I enjoyed the reading, or how quick and sincere my conviction of the genuineness of the part read was. The parts read by Tennyson were almost exactly the same that Mr. Fleay has marked as Shakspeare's; and,' Mr. Furnivall adds, 'the independent confirmation of the poet-critic's result by the metrical test-work-er's process is most satisfactory and interesting.'"

Now, it must have been a rare privilege indeed to hear the laureate read his favorite passages. That they were the finest passages in the play the testimony of Mr. Tennyson ought to satisfy us; and it is gratifying to know, too, that Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Fleay both agreed with Mr. Tennyson that those passages were "Shakspeare" (that is, what every man means by that phrase—viz., whatever is matchless and sublime in literature). But if evidence, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, of anything, this story about Mr. Tennyson is evidence of what anybody reading Mr. Furnivall's and Mr. Fleay's writings can see—viz., that the quantitative-analysis process of the metrical enume-

rators invariably gives all the great, noble, and admirable parts, not to the abstraction we call Shakspeare, but to the identical, historical man of that name. In other words, the New Shakspeare Society leave the question just exactly where they find it. After circumambulating their circle they assert that the eloquent passages are Shakspeare's (which is precisely what the world believed before these gentlemen were born), and that if William Shakspeare of Stratford did not write them they can't imagine who did. But while nobody, of course, will disagree with Mr. Tennyson that the parts he read are the finest in "Pericles," is the fact of his admiration of certain parts of that play to pass as evidence unimpeachable that the manager of the Globe Theatre wrote those parts, and employed outside aid to write all the clowns' and prostitutes' parts, all the badinage and sparkle of wit, all the *double-entendre* and small-talk of some thirty or forty more, while he, William Shakspeare, only walked in the stately buskin of tragedy himself? I am sure I don't wish to be disrespectful to the New Shakspeare Society, but it seems to me that all their mighty discovery as to stopped and unstopped lines amounts to is that there is no arbitrary rule as to structural forms of tragic and comic poetry, pathos and doggerel—merely this and nothing more! The New Shakspeare Society were certainly not the first discoverers of the fact that the world uses the term Shakspeare as a synonym for what is most sublime and eloquent in literature, and not as the name of any particular rhetorical form.

Again, if there are words in the English language strong enough to assert, and demonstration from internal evidence delicate enough to prove, that many hands and many brains were concerned in composing the works we call Shakspeare, surely Mr. Fleay uses those words and conducts that demonstration in his *Shakspeare Manual*, and I read his conclusion to be that of thirty-nine plays not an orthodox Shakspearean ought to accept as canonical the list of thirty-six plays those innocent partners, Heminges and Condell, supposed to be Shakspeare's; that only twenty are "certainly" or "undoubtedly" Shakspeare's. And of the remaining nineteen any one having patience enough to tabulate the results of Mr. Fleay's demonstration (pages 22 to 56, the *Shakspeare Manual*, Macmillans) will see that William Shakspeare à la Fleay can only retain about two-fifths! So that, whoever William Shakspeare was, according to the New Shakspeareans, it is not sacrilegious to show up poor Shakspeare stripped of about half the feathers which Greene declared three hundred

years ago that William had wrongfully beautified himself with, provided the stripping be done regularly—that is, by means of “stopped” and “unstopped” endings, and so that the name of Francis Bacon is not brought anywhere into the neighborhood of the discussion.

Up to date, then, the external and internal evidence seems to agree in this: that the plays can be separated into text and stage-setting, and that the author of the text, while also author of the poems, was certainly not one and the same individual as the stage editor who set these plays for his boards. So far, at least, Mr. Furnivall's demonstration of the numerous distinct prose and metrical styles (which he calls “periods”) in the plays, and Mr. Fleay's demonstration that between these two there was at least one shrewd enough to know the public taste and turn the knowledge to gold, are not conflicting. The only difference between Mr. Fleay and myself I can draw from the *Shakspeare Manual* is that I am not sure that Mr. Fleay's man of shrewd and ready wit who made these plays available for revenue was not the very man we are after, William Shakspeare by name, while Mr. Fleay believes him to have been a partner of Shakspeare's whose name is, so far, undiscoverable. I am inclined to believe that he was, because every record and every tradition as to William Shakspeare shows such to have been his character. Wayward, lovable, clever, brilliant was William Shakspeare, boy and man; and that he became rich as well is matter beyond dispute.

Ben Jonson's plays were stuffed even fuller of classicisms than Shakspeare's, but they would not pay for a sea-coal fire. We may be very sure that it was Launce and Trinculo, Barnardine and Boult, the drunken porter in Macbeth, young Gobbo, and the like, who, by catching the ears of the groundlings, paid Shakspeare's running expenses. Had these plays emptied the theatre of the rabble then, we need not be ashamed to believe, because it is the historical fact, they would scarcely have survived to be studied by scholars now.

It would not be fair to Mr. Furnivall to conclude without crediting him with his own views on the Baconian-authorship theory. In his introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare (p. 124) he remarks: “The idea of Lord Bacon's having written Shakspeare's plays can be entertained only by folk who know nothing whatever of either writer, or are cracked, or who enjoy the paradox or joke. Poor Miss Delia Bacon, who started the notion, was, no doubt, then mad, as she was afterward proved to be when shut up in an asylum. Lord Palmerston, with his Irish

humor, naturally took to the theory, as he would have done to the suggestion that Benjamin Disraeli wrote the Talmud. If Judge Holmes' book is not meant as a practical joke, like Archbishop Whateley's historic doubts or proof that Napoleon never lived, then he must be set down as characteristic-blind, as some men are color-blind. I doubt whether any so idiotic suggestion as this authorship of Shakspeare's works by Bacon has ever been made before, or will ever be made again, with regard to either Bacon or Shakspeare. The tomfoolery of it is infinite."

In other words, Mr. Furnivall assures us that a man to whom, from the records, not a day's schooling can be assigned, and whom the highest heights of Shakspearean fancy have never credited with more than one or two terms passed in childhood at a provincial grammar-school of the sixteenth century, could write in a score of different literary styles; while Francis Bacon, foremost classical and contemporary scholar of his time, author of the *Essays* and the *Novum Organum*, could only have had one literary style, and therefore could not have anything to do with aught that was not frozen into the sententious mould of his acknowledged works.

But if Francis Bacon could not have written the plays, how could the William Shakspeare with whom by this time we have become so intimate have written them?

The genius of William Shakspeare appears to have been anything but poetical. He elbowed his way from abject poverty to exceptional affluence. He found the play-house a tabooed thing, a vagabond pastime to be enjoyed by stealth. He made it a profession honored by the court and protected by the throne. He captured the populace and brought the city into his theatres. First to occupy the field, he held it alone and amassed a fortune. His successors had no such monopoly. For the next one hundred years in London no manager achieved an income like William Shakspeare's. The plays he mounted were prepared to catch all ears and enchain all tastes. They contain specimens of all known rustic English dialects of the periods they cover, put into the mouths of appropriate speakers. William Shakspeare and his family and neighbors spoke Warwickshire dialect. The condition in life implied by a man's employment of one *patois* would seem to shut out the probability of his possessing facilities for acquiring a dozen others. No allusions to classical, philosophical, or antiquarian lore were necessary to make these plays "draw"; were rather inclined, had the allusions been recognized, to injure them. No practical stage-manager

would have put them there; though, if pressed for time or not recognizing them himself, he might not have weeded them out. Had William Shakspeare, a practical stage-manager himself, thought them necessary, not being a scholar he would perhaps have used a work of reference and so inserted them accurately. But the ripe scholar who wrote the text of these plays tossed in his learned allusions with lofty nonchalance, christened his characters with Greek and Hebrew derivations that only ripe scholars to-day recognize as apposite, and perpetrated the boldest and most astounding anachronisms with airy contempt for the mixed audiences in the pit and the rabble in the gallery. And withal nothing is clearer in the context than that in every breath he breathed and in every syllable he penned this writer was patrician, with the scorn of a Coriolanus for the mob who gave him their suffrages. But such a man, indeed, William Shakspeare was not. Of the two, then, is it not anti-Shakspeareans who best recognize the law of cause and effect, and the improbability of its having been suspended for fifty years to cover the life of the original of the Droeshout portrait? It is fashionable for Shakspearean biographers to cloud over the stubborn facts in their hero's life by complaining that we know so very little about him. As a matter of fact don't we know all about him? Of what other private subject of Elizabeth do we know a hundredth part as much? And yet commentators who load down their editions with "historical sources of Shakspeare's plots," accounts of where this overworked man of affairs, pressed with daily care of his investments, leases, rentals, and his two theatres, borrowed plots wherever hands could be laid on them, will not allow us to conjecture that, however pressed, he ever condescended to borrow a dialogue or a speech from a scholar who stood at his elbow.* But so it is that, while the New Shakspeare Society ransack history for, and crowd their publications with essays upon, the most meagre details concerning any individual who can be ever so remotely connected with William Shakspeare—Greene, Nash, Middleton, Marlowe, Marston, Cyril Tourneur—but once mention the name of Francis Bacon, and they touch their foreheads and cry "sacrilege" and "lunacy"!

It is said that William Shakspeare once played before Queen Elizabeth. There is no record of it in the court minutes, though we cannot find that any of that period have been lost. There is a record, however, that Francis Bacon did. February 8, 1587, cer-

* It has even been conjectured that Holofernes was William Shakspeare's good-humored burlesque of Bacon himself.

tain gentlemen of Gray's Inn, Bacon among them, performed before her majesty a play called "The Misfortunes of Arthur." The play is not one of the list known as "doubtful" or "spurious" (of which were "Pericles," "Edward III.," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and about a dozen others not included in the first folios), but no one can read it without being impressed with its resemblance to what men call nowadays "Shakspearean" gait and movement. We are told, however, that it was written by Thomas Hughes, William Fulbecke, Nicholas Trott, Francis Flower, Christopher Yelverton, John Lancaster, and a person named Penrودocke, "and that Francis Bacon devised the dumb-shows" with which its royal representation was accompanied. That Francis Bacon, a tireless and prolific writer—who was to be described as the very acme of the learning and literary expression of his time—should have allowed seven young lawyers, never heard of before or since, to have written the entire play, and contented himself with merely preparing the pantomime, is incredible—certainly hard to believe by anybody who knows anything of the habits of literary men, particularly of the imperious moods of Francis Bacon! In our feverish appetite for a single Shakspearean fact, why not work such circumstantial data as this? For how much longer will our libraries of Shakspeareana pass completely over everything external and devote itself exclusively to esoteric criticism, to transcendental analysis after the German, to mere *ad libitum* scheme-work like Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines* (a title rather suggesting the Rev. Mr. Cream-cheese's sermon on "The Maidenhood of Lot's Wife"), or to metaphysical questions as to whether Hamlet was sane or mad or only feigned madness, whether Macbeth was incited to murder Duncan by the witches or had conceived the plan before meeting them, or to the microscopical amenities of the New Shakspeare Society?

HOME-LIFE IN COLORADO.

To those whose ideas of life west of the Missouri River are chiefly derived from the performances of Mr. Buffalo Bill or the thrilling Western drama, in which the six-shooter and the corner take the leading parts, a short sketch of Western home-life may be useful by way of antidote.

The ranch of my friend Mr. Sutcliffe is situated some ten miles from the county-town of Castleton, in Colorado, and is a

good example of all that a Western home might be. Castleton is a town of some fifty wooden houses, amongst which are a court-house, school, newspaper-office, and four or five saloons. The population is chiefly engaged in farming land in the vicinity of the town. The predominant standing of the gentlemen is that of judge, owing to the fact that they are supposed to have occupied that responsible position "back East" before they came to Castleton. There is, indeed, one admiral there, strangely placed so far inland, but this is accounted for by the fact that he came there a retired first lieutenant, and has received his promotion since at the hands of the settlers.

Leaving Castleton, the track to the ranch of Mr. Sutcliffe winds amongst the hills, gradually ascending until it suddenly emerges on the brow of the "Divide." Here a magnificent panorama is spread before the eyes of the traveller. In front is a verdant, undulating valley of great extent, intersected at intervals by little streamlets or creeks, which take their rise in the foot-hills beyond, their course marked by the thick growth of pines and cotton-woods, and an occasional gleam of silver where the sun lights up the rapid water. At one end of the unbroken chain of foot-hills Pike's Peak rears his venerable head, silvered with frost, and far to the right of the landscape Long's Peak, shaped like a gigantic pyramid, towers in snowy magnificence.

Nestling in the valley is the house of my friend. It is a good-sized frame house, of which the architect and builder, a local genius, known in these parts as "old man Grant," has every reason to be proud. In front of the house stands that most useful invention, the windmill, by which the breezes are constrained to pay toll in kind and keep up the supply of fresh, pure well-water, and a little to the right of the house is the wood-pile, where the hungry tramp must labor for a time before his wants are attended to.

Mr. Sutcliffe is an Englishman, and twenty-five years' residence in Colorado appears only to have brought out more strikingly the national characteristics. He is a stout, hearty man of about forty, on whose face a life of incessant work has left the stamp of honesty and keenness. He comes of a good old farming stock in Derbyshire, where his family have farmed the land time out of mind. Mrs. Sutcliffe is also English, and a glance round the house will make it clear that here comfort and cleanliness reign supreme. The parlor, on the right of the entrance, is a large room, well lighted with three windows. There is a large, open fire-place, and on winter's nights, when the red curtains are

drawn close and the pitch-pine fire roars up the chimney, you may sit in warm slippers before the cheerful blaze and have only an increased feeling of comfort from the thought that Jack Frost is squeezing the mercury into the bulb of the thermometer outside or screaming enviously round the corners of the house. At the back is a cosy little room devoted to the ladies of the family. Here, amongst other things, are a piano and a sewing-machine and in the long evenings work and music go merrily together. The hall is adorned with a magnificent pair of antlers, a trophy from one of Mr. Sutcliffe's hunting expeditions. Up-stairs are the bed-rooms, where the spotless linen and shining furniture invite repose. Such a house as this is not a very common thing to meet with amongst the settlers in the West, and it is easy to see that it is appreciated, when in the summer-time the stream of tourists begins to pour along the Pueblo road, from the number that seek for a night's lodging here and the earnestness with which they pray to be admitted.

The family consists of a boy and three girls, all of whom take their share of the house-duties. The girls, amongst other cares, milk some twenty head of cows twice a day, churn the milk, make the butter, assist in the cooking, and attend to the welfare of the poultry and calves. The boy helps his father with the farm-work, collects the milch cows, and is always in readiness to ride anywhere, at his father's commands, on his fleet-footed pony. Work is never slack on such a farm. In the winter's mornings, when there are sun-dogs at dawn, and the air glitters with minute particles of frost, and the mercury stands far down below zero, Mr. Sutcliffe will draw on his warmest coat, and, mounted on his favorite mare, her shoes well sharpened, will sally out on a tour of inspection. Every beast, down to the latest arrival, he knows, and his practised eye can discern at a glance exactly how each is bearing the cold weather.

Expeditions in search of beef-steers to be fed and kept fat until the price of beef in the Denver market rises are made in the winter-time. A snow-storm may come on on the evening of the expected return. Then the resources of the larder are taxed to the uttermost, and the table, covered with a snowy cloth, groans under a surprising display of good fare. The heaped-up logs roar and crackle in the wide fire-place, and a welcome change of garments hangs toasting in readiness. Suddenly the watchful eye of Mrs. Sutcliffe discovers a dark patch moving towards the house through the curtain of snow, and a distant bellow announces the approach of the wanderers. Then there is a hurrying to

and fro, and the girls run out to open the corral-gate and take charge of the tired horses, so that father and brother may get the sooner to the welcome warmth of the house. Never does house look more cosy or food more enticing than to the tired ones on such occasions.

But when the snows have melted and the silence of winter gives place to the hum of returning spring, then comes the farmer's busy season. The crops have to be put in and stock branded up and turned out on Uncle Sam's big property, still requiring continual attention.

The change from winter to spring in Colorado is very strange in its completeness. In winter the grass is dried up and yellow after the summer's heat, the ground is hard with frost, and not a sound breaks the icy stillness except the occasional howling of a wolf or the chattering of a magpie. But when the winter breaks the soft, green grass springs up as if by magic, the air is filled with the voices of countless birds of gay plumage, and the ground is covered with a wealth of wild flowers unequalled in any country.

Summer and harvest-time follow quickly on one another in Colorado, and not many weeks elapse from the appearance of the tiny spears of rye above the ground before the "waves of shadow" chase each other across the golden fields and the crop is ready for harvesting.

All times are busy with the settler's wife. But during the haymaking, and when the threshing and the harvesting begin, then she must be well endowed with those qualities which Dr. Robert Collier sums up under the title of "clear grit" to bear the strain which is laid upon her. Breakfast takes place by lamp-light, dinner in the fields at noon, and at sundown the men return with the neighbors who have been lending a helping hand—some ten or twelve, perhaps—hungry, tired, and dusty, to have their wants supplied. To each must be given a cheerful word of welcome, and for each a plentiful meal must be prepared.

Farmers in Colorado are to be congratulated that the seasons there are not so fickle as elsewhere, and if they be blessed with as happy a temperament as my friend Mr. Sutcliffe, and with such an untiring helpmate as he has got, I can safely predict their home-life in Colorado will be healthful and happy.

An example of a Colorado house of a different kind is the next ranch up the creek. It is a genuine old-style log cabin. The owner, Mr. D—, was an Irish barrister, but ill health would not allow him to continue his work in the old country.

The ground-floor is divided into parlor and kitchen. The parlor is a square room, supplied with a couple of windows and a door, so constructed as to let the breezes wander at their own sweet will through the house. The chief ornaments on the whitewashed walls are a collection of guns and rifles. There is, in fact, nothing to suggest the barrister in this room. At the top of a steep staircase, however, is an ingeniously-contrived den which presents a somewhat different aspect. Here a table strewn with writing materials, a well-filled book-case, an easy-chair, and a reading-lamp hold possession. Ranch affairs do not penetrate into this *sanctum*. Calculations as to the price of beef and arrangements for the slaughter of the fattened hogs are rigidly excluded from this Colorado Parnassus, where such topics might be uncongenial to the distinguished company always present. For ranged against the walls are Homer, Horace, Shakspeare, and a number of sages and philosophers whom it is rare to encounter on a ranch in the West. In their company Mr. D—— may sit and soon forget that he is not in some cosy nook of the temple, within easy reach of Simpson's.

"Baching" in Colorado has its disadvantages as well as its charms, and as dinner-hour approaches visions of Simpson's may rise for a moment when the old steer which has been slaughtered for home-consumption proves a trifle tough; but a day's work irrigating, putting up fence, or driving cattle sharpen a man's appetite wonderfully, and the food, if not dainty, is plentiful and the cooking good. "James," a Sligo lad who takes the place of the "neat-handed Phillis" in this bachelor's establishment, is an excellent cook and always in the best of spirits, but the busy woman's hand is missed and shirt-buttons are at a premium. The situation of the little house is one of the most beautiful in the neighborhood. It is close to the foot-hills, which rise behind it, clad to the summit with pine-trees. Two of the hills directly behind the house bear an odd resemblance to old Sugarloaf and Corragoona in the County Wicklow. The main product of the ranch is hay, and when the meadow is standing, and the sunflowers and wild flowers of every hue peep out through the long, waving grass, a prettier spot could not well be imagined.

For occupation, the buying and feeding of cattle in winter and the getting-in of the hay in summer furnish plenty. Then Mr. D—— has opened a "law-office" in Castleton—more, I suspect, as an excuse for a day or two of quiet study in the week than from any hope of a lucrative practice. The county judge

is by profession a house-painter. His knowledge of law he acquires in court. Legal training is considered rather an impediment to a man obtaining the office of county judge, on the ground, presumably, that such training might bias him when deciding on law-points.

Farm-life does not present very many striking novelties, but the time passes with wonderful rapidity and a store of health is quickly laid in.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IF the first blow were really half the battle, as the misleading proverb says, the impulsive and the ignorant would be crowned with victory oftener than is actually the case. There was certainly no lack of vigor in the effort which Mrs. Danforth and her daughter instinctively made to ward off what they felt to be disgrace from the name of their dead, and their acceptance of poverty for themselves in its place was willing if not cheerful. But Mrs. Danforth had not only miscalculated the extent of her own forces, but had no just appreciation of those drawn up against her. Her life had lain hitherto in a little round of peaceful domestic duties, untroubled by grave responsibilities, and apparently as far removed from anxiety for the future as from want in the present. She was one of those fortunate people whose horror of debt is not based upon humiliating experience, and whose sensitiveness on the score of pecuniary honor seems to be hereditary and instinctive. Personal pride, which so often masquerades as principle, had been in her case its powerful auxiliary. She had been a pretty woman, and as aware of it and as willing to make the most of it as a modest woman may be; yet, girl or matron, she had never seen the day when to owe for a ribbon or a gown would not have seemed to her an intolerable disgrace, beside which mere shabbiness must have sunk into comparatively small importance. Still, she had seldom been called upon to make the choice, even in the early days when prudence counselled strict economy; and of late years, although she had been saving and simple in all her household ways, she had been so through choice and custom and with no thought of any ulterior good to be attained in that manner.

Even now the privations entailed by narrow means would in themselves have signified little to her. Her husband's death, though unaccompanied by the present disaster, would probably have been the signal for a contraction in her expenditure which she would have explained to herself and others by saying that, as there was nothing more coming into the house, there was all the more reason why less should hereafter go out of it. The true explanation, however, was to be looked for in her nature rather than in her circumstances. She had an instinct for saving and going without, for pinching here and sparing there, and, in general, trying to make the half do the work of the whole, which bore as little apparent reference to any real or anticipated personal need as do the accumulations of a magpie. If to the trait which ill-natured people had sometimes called stinginess there had been added the faintest suspicion of self-seeking, Mrs. Danforth's character would have been an unamiable one. But her closeness in little things was more than outbalanced, if not by generosity in great ones, then by justice, so far as she understood it, to all the world and a complete unselfishness toward those she loved. Though she looked long at a sixpence before parting with it for what she called *supérfluities*; though she was fond of saying that enough is as good as a feast, and of reminding impatient Kitty that man's imaginary wants are far greater than his real ones, yet it was always she who bore the chief inconveniences of her small economies, and she was at least as lavish of her time and strength in the service of others as she was sparing in the use of money. The range of her sympathies was somewhat narrow and her exterior cold, but the channel of her affections was by no means shallow.

The action by which she hastily despoiled herself of all that was her own under the stress of mingled pride, anger, and aversion, while more impulsive than almost any other of her life, was not uncharacteristic, although it represented what was least worthy in her. Nothing had been definitely ascertained as yet concerning either the amount of the firm liabilities or the extent of the available assets. There was still some reasonable ground for hoping that the defaulter might be traced and compelled to unload his booty. The law's delay imposed the usual restraints and afforded the usual protection to debtor and creditors alike, and justice demanded that one of the latter should not be preferred to another in case it proved that all claims could not be paid in full. Such considerations, and others which he thought not less important, Mr. Warren had resolved to press once more

upon Mrs. Danforth's attention when he again visited her after an interval of a week or two which was intended to mark his sense of her unwisdom in rejecting counsel. Though he had heard her express her intention of parting with her private property, and knew she meant it at the moment, he thought it not unlikely that she would listen to reason in the end, and certain, in any case, that her determination was one which would require time to carry into effect. It happened, however, that an offer had been made for her house some months before, which her husband had decided to reject on the ground that the property was growing in value every year. Under the sting of pride, wounded by what she had resented as an imputation on his honesty, Mrs. Danforth recalled this proposition and wrote at once to invite its renewal and express her wish to make the transfer without delay. The natural consequence came in the shape of a lowered offer, nicely adjusted to the anxiety indicated by her note, but Mrs. Danforth closed with it at once. Mr. Warren found the affair already terminated, the importunate creditor paid in full, and the widow quite unconscious that she had been imprudent or unjust toward either her husband's creditors or herself. She admitted her haste and folly when once persuaded that advantage had been taken of her need and her ignorance of business, but she could never be brought to see that she had failed in justice.

"Since it was my own," she said, "I surely had a right to do what I liked with it. I don't see that any one else is wronged merely because Peggy Smith's mouth was stopped now instead of eighteen months from now."

"Peggy Smith's mouth was safe enough," grumbled her brother-in-law, "without your emptying your own and Kitty's to fill it. I didn't know you were so fond of that gossiping old granny. I shouldn't have thought her your sort at all."

"Fond of her! She would never have been paid at all if my liking were the measure of her claim. I knew her long tongue of old, and I never wanted James to have anything to do with her money. He has been paying her eight per cent. on her five thousand dollars for the last six years, because she made such a poor face and said she couldn't manage to live without getting as much as that. It was pure charity on his part. I have heard him say her account was twice as much bother as it was worth, for she was always coming to fuss about it."

"Charity of that sort is what I call arrant nonsense! And then to see you crown the whole thing out of sheer pride! I

wouldn't have believed it of you. If it had been Anne, now—but, to do her justice, though she wastes five dollars to your one she would know her own interests better than that. The truth is, Eliza, you don't seem to realize your own position at all. If Deyo can't be caught and squeezed everything James owned will have to go, and it is doubtful whether the claims can be fully settled even then. There are new ones coming in still. I have nothing to say against that, though he was as clearly victimized as anybody. But it is all the more reason why you should have held on to all you were entitled to. It is very easy to talk about living on nothing a year, refusing the rent from Kitty's house and selling it as soon as possible; but what good will it do? If everything could be cleared up in that way it might be different. But how are you and she to manage? Is she fit for anything? Has she even finished her schooling yet, supposing she thinks of preparing herself for teaching? One thing you may rest assured of, and that is that I shall use the authority given me under her father's will to prevent her income from being disposed of except for her benefit. Do use your common sense. A month ago I would have said you were as full of it as an egg is of meat, but here you go about like a madwoman, mopping up debts with which you have no more concern than I have, and which, as a matter of fact, you have no right at all to pay until the whole business is straightened out and every one put on an equal footing."

Mr. Warren spoke in a tone which nothing but his habitual respect for his sister-in-law and his real sympathy in her bereavement saved from being a snarl. Mrs. Danforth hardly noticed it. What he had been saying, though not really new to her, for he had urged it in less forcible terms before, seemed for the first time to assume significance in her mind. Her ignorance of affairs beyond the limits of the four walls of her household was what one would call almost childish in these days when women assume and carry without difficulty so many more burdens than of old. But she belonged to an older generation—the generation in which, while man and wife were one in the eye of the law in all that regarded money, the man was the one assuming all responsibilities, controlling all income from whatever sources it might arise, even when it was the woman's inheritance or the product of her daily labor, and at liberty to divert it to his own purposes by his pleasure during life and by his will after death. Neither Mr. Danforth nor his wife had ever questioned the justice of the law in this regard, she because she had never suffered from its pres-

sure, he because he was accustomed to take things as he found them, without investigating very closely what seemed to have no special personal bearing. His wife had nothing when he married her, and when, after her sister's death, the whole modest income arising from her mother's property fell to her share, he had drawn it, invested it, and kept no private account with her, simply because they were actually one in mind and heart as well as by virtue of the legal fiction, and had no divergent interests. Her acquaintance with business forms up to the last week, when she had suddenly enlarged it at her private cost, had been limited to what she called "signing off" on various occasions when her husband had wished to dispose of real estate. This would be an ideal state of things if men were always just, women always reasonable, and death never uncertain. Otherwise it has its drawbacks.

"You seem to forget," she said, after a meditative pause which the nervous working of her fingers showed to have been an anxious one as well, "that I have something from Aunt Jane's estate; I thought we ought to be able to live on that. There is the house, you know, besides the money. This one is larger than we need, and, besides, it isn't ours. He talked of buying it next May when the lease runs out. I shall move up on the hill then."

"I didn't forget it; but what does it amount to, after all? Who assures you that you will live until next May? There is absolutely nothing now that you can count on for Kitty except the house you declared the other day you wouldn't accept the rent of and would sell the moment you were able, unless everything could be cleared off without it. I don't say there wouldn't have been a sort of unnecessary justice in that, since, after all, it came from James. At all events, I shouldn't have disputed much about it with you if you hadn't gone and upset everything by putting out of your hands the most valuable piece of real estate you had, and the only one that had absolutely not the shadow of a claim upon it. Commend me to your unreasonable sex for undoing whatever man can do to protect you from yourselves."

Mrs. Danforth made no immediate answer. She was trying to adjust her mind to the new horizons which were opening out before it. Life was evidently to be less plain sailing hereafter. Her first venture into the open sea of business, with no other chart than the apostolic injunction, "Owe no man anything," seemed to have been disastrous. She had accepted as true, and

acted upon to her own loss, statements which, as had just been shown her, must have been intentionally misleading. Fresh from such a lesson as had been taught her at her husband's bedside, she had taken counsel of pride rather than of prudence, and run the risk of leaving her daughter empty-handed on the threshold of young-womanhood rather than bear awhile the sting of an imputation that she knew to be unfounded. To tell the truth, she was, perhaps, judging herself over-harshly now, for the thought of herself or of Katharine, except as guardians of the dead man's honor, had not so much as occurred to her up to this moment, partly because the effects of the life-long habit of being cared for had not yet had time to wear away, and partly because of an ingrained belief which, if it had taken shape, would have done so in the words: "I have been young, and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." But Mr. Warren's manner, never aggressively amiable, and his words, which seldom lacked directness and were in this instance expressly intended to put a stop to any further independent action on her part, were just now a sort of embodied conscience, which made articulate certain misgivings as to her motives which had made themselves felt from the first, but had been silenced by an appeal to general principles which had commended itself to her mind without justifying itself to her instinctive self-knowledge.

"What am I to do, then?" she asked, breaking a silence during which her companion had been measuring the length of the parlors with impatient strides.

"Do? Nothing at all. If any one else comes bothering here with bills and claims refer them to me. You have money in hand; you know pretty well what you can count on. Cut your coat according to your cloth, and wait until affairs are settled. What do you propose to do with Kitty? She is likely to have to earn her living in the end, as far as I can see. I have nephews and nieces on my own side of the house, and I don't know that there is any one else to look to. 'No,' he went on, interrupting with a gesture the disclaimer he read on Mrs. Danforth's face, "you don't need to tell me you never expected anything from me. Is she to keep on at school? Teaching is all she will probably be fit for, unless she marries."

Mrs. Danforth sighed.

"Little good her schooling has done her thus far. He would have it, though many a time he was told it was an injury to her. But I don't see what else she can do now but go on and finish."

Mr. Warren understood the mother's sigh and had a partial sympathy with the feeling that extorted it. There had never been much love lost between him and his niece. She had regarded him from childhood as a sort of domestic tyrant who very often spoiled by his fretting and fault-finding the pleasure she would otherwise have taken in his household; and he, whose good points did not include tenderness to women or fondness for children, had been passively cognizant of her verdict on him. He had been present also on the night of her father's death, and the reply that had been wrung out of her then by her mother's appeal had shocked and at the moment almost terrified him. Though not a professed believer in times of health and prosperity, he was a potential one at all times, and very near the verge of actuality in that regard whenever sickness or death approached him nearly.

"I don't approve of so much learning for women myself," he said. "If she had been mine I never would have given it to her. But you can't come to a halt in the middle of a bridge. School has begun, hasn't it? I see the girls going by the house in the mornings now."

"Yes, last Monday. Anna went up to be examined, but Kitty hasn't been yet. I hadn't made up my mind what to do about it, and then she didn't seem to want to, either. She has been moping around so ever since—" Mrs. Danforth sighed again and left her sentence unfinished.

"Better send her at once, then, and get her mind off her trouble. And talk things over with her first, or let me do it. Somebody has been telling Anne that she has never half worked at school. Let her know that it isn't for her amusement you pay her bills now, but that she must consider that she is learning her trade."

"And have I really nothing to do?" asked Mrs. Danforth, rising from her seat in the corner of the sofa as her brother-in-law picked up his hat. "I thought I was one of the executors of the will. There was a man here yesterday afternoon when I was lying down, but Kitty did not call me. He left word that he wanted to speak to me about buying the mill, and that he would come again."

"James Thomson, I suppose. I heard he was thinking of it. Send him to me. You are joint executor with me, but I think it would be safe to confine your share of the duties to signing your name when it is necessary and taking your percentage when things are settled. —Your lawyer and I will attend to all the rest.

You don't seem to shine as a woman of business. And you need rest," he added in a softer tone, as, coming out into the porch, the daylight struck upon the widow's face and revealed the changes in it.

She had been a young, fresh-looking woman a month before, bearing her fifty years so lightly that everybody would have credited her with a decade fewer. But now grief and anxiety had already graven deep lines in her forehead and about her eyes; her cheeks were thinner, and her hair, where it waved back from her temples under the cap—which, except for its altered material, was such as she had worn for twenty years—was grizzling fast.

"Take care of yourself," he said, pressing her hand lightly, "and remember that you stand now between Kitty and the world."

Poor mother! That was the one fact with regard to the immediate future which it would have been well for her peace of mind that she should forget.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEEKS and months went by, and life with Katharine and her mother slipped gradually into newer grooves. As the business was wound up the outlook for the creditors grew brighter, and even promised to be less absolutely disastrous for the family than was feared in the beginning. Mr. Deyo had been neither a long-premeditated rascal nor, as we count greatness in such matters nowadays, a great one. Though no trace of him was ever come upon, and Mr. Warren never enjoyed the longed-for pleasure of making him feel what he called the edge of his tongue and causing him to pay for his roguery in person if not in pocket, yet the latter could hardly have been sufficiently well lined to insure that his life should compensate in some fashion by its evident outward prosperity for its interior dissatisfaction. "What exile from his country can fly himself as well?" is a line which, if not expressly invented for absconding defaulters, at least fits admirably those minor knaves whose consciences have been quickened by their training and associations, and whose opportunities to violate them have borne an inconveniently small proportion to their inclinations.

The final settlement, however, was still far off when Mrs. Danforth began to put in operation certain changes in her way of living which her exaggerated fears as to the situation seemed

to her to render necessary. Anna Germain was soon chafing against them with a visible and growing irritation, and even Katharine, who sympathized with her mother's motives without fully comprehending all of them, thought them overstrained and needless. Their tenure of the house they occupied was too near its term to make it worth while to share it with another family, as Mrs. Danforth at first proposed; but the head of faithful Hannah, who had been with her for many years, fell straight-way into the basket. She begged to stay at lowered wages, but her mistress, in the first access of her economic fever, refused to listen to the proposition.

"But I have almost nothing to do," she persisted in replying to her daughter's early entreaties that she would spare herself. "There are only three of us, and you two are away the best part of nearly every day. You may help me in the mornings and evenings, if you like, but I cannot afford Hannah's keep even, much less to pay her wages."

And to Anna, who undertook some time afterwards to demonstrate to her by dint of figures that her income would cover the actual outlay, even were the latter increased so as to include this expense, she replied, with a touch of irritability that was new to her:

"I don't care about your arithmetic. I never kept accounts myself, and I never mean to, but I know enough to put the quarter's money into my bureau-drawer and take good care that it isn't all gone before the next comes in. It is all very well for you children to talk. He that knows nothing fears nothing. The more I can save the better I like it."

"But why, mother?" urged Katharine, when they were alone together later on. It was near the holidays; Anna was spending the evening with the Whites, with whom she had quickly cemented an intimacy from which she apparently derived much pleasure, and the mother and daughter were sitting on either side of a not very brisk fire built in the dining-room grate. "Can't we really afford to light the furnace-fire and have some one to attend to it? Anna is vexed, I know, about that and other things. She says the parlors are so cold always that she is ashamed to take people in there when they call upon her. And then she does not like to study down here. It makes no difference to me—I have always been used to doing my lessons beside you; but she told me the other day that she thought she paid enough to have a right to be made comfortable."

"I thought we might avoid that expense this winter," an-

swered the mother, with a despondent accent. "And what does she want with so much company—she that pretends to be a school-girl still? I don't like those Unitarians coming to the house, anyway."

"They are pleasant people," said Katharine, "and her relatives; you can hardly shut the door against them. It isn't her comfort I am thinking of so much as yours. Hannah went away cross, but she would come back at a word, I am sure. You ought not to be here alone all day, and I cannot help you as I would like because I have a great deal to do in school this year."

"I don't need Hannah. With a woman to scrub and wash and iron, what occasion is there for another pair of hands and another mouth? When all is done my time still hangs so heavy on me that I should be glad if I were able to undertake everything."

"But," insisted her daughter, who had been primed that day with arguments from various sources, "I am afraid it is wearing on your health. Do you know that you are actually beginning to stoop a little and that your hair is almost white already? I met Uncle Horace out by his door this morning. He gave me the money for my school-bill, and told me he was going to pay the taxes on the Pearl Street house, and would come to-morrow to give you the balance of the quarter's rent. Aunt Anne came out, too, after he had passed on; she thinks you are wearing yourself out."

"Oh! Anne, indeed! What does she know about it? Thank Heaven, I was never one of her sort—groaning and grunting at death's door one day, and up and gadding the streets the next! There is no use in talking about it, child. We don't know yet how things are coming out. The Pearl Street house may have to go after all, and then there will be nothing but what little I can lay by to make up to you for the one I sold last fall."

"Ah!" said her daughter, kneeling down on the rug before the fire and putting her hands upon her mother's where they lay idle in her lap, the fingers working nervously, as was their habit nowadays, "you talk as though you were sure of living for ever, or as if I were likely to need what you can save. I shall be able to earn something for both of us in a year or two. Prof. Mitchell says I must keep on and take the post-graduate course, if I think of teaching."

Mrs. Danforth sighed again, but made no answer. Her thoughts were travelling so far into the future, and her anxiety

to live for her child's sake was so great, that the burden of responsibility and nervous worry was really wearing on her to an extent of which she was quite unconscious. She had always enjoyed singularly good health, but she had owed it, in a measure of which she was naturally unaware, to the peaceful and even tenor of her way of life. She had neither muscular strength nor powers of sustained physical endurance, and, though the household tasks she had now assumed for the first time were not heavy in themselves, they were adding the little strain under which she might some day suddenly succumb. But of this neither she nor her daughter had any suspicion. The latter, although her solicitude was real, still spoke under the impulse of affection rather than of actual fear, while the mother, rightly attributing her frequent languors to their first source in her anxiety and grief, knew too little of herself to suspect that her mental troubles were reacting on her body, and that she was abetting their insidious attack upon her vital forces by the slight but constant privations to which she daily subjected herself. But when she fell down in a dead faint one morning in Christmas week, just as they were about to sit down to a late breakfast, the family doctor put his hand at once on the real difficulty. Both she and Katharine had been alarmed beyond measure, each of them seeing a "stroke" in the attack, though neither owned her suspicion to the other.

"Not a bit of it," said the doctor; "there is nothing in the world the matter but nerves and stomach. What do you eat nowadays? Bread and coffee, bread and tea, gingerbread and pickles and preserves! These girls don't owe their red cheeks to such trash as that, I'll be bound. And how often do you take this hearty food? Humph! I thought so. Where is Hannah?"

Katharine explained the situation. The doctor, an old-fashioned practitioner, who had not yet given in to the custom of written prescriptions, weighed out a dose or two from the wallet he always carried, and then beckoned the girl to follow him from the room.

"From all I can make out," he said, laying a heavy, kindly hand upon her shoulder as she stood beside him in the lower hall over the closed register, "there is no necessity for your mother's either starving or worrying herself into her grave." He pushed aside the grating with his foot as he spoke, and a blast of cold air came rushing up. "Freezing herself too, eh? Well, there is no need of it—but that is what she is doing. She is nothing but a bundle of nerves, and those of her stomach are

very properly rebelling against her treatment of them. She has no occasion for medicine, though I have humored her with a taste of rhubarb and magnesia. What she wants is beefsteak, regularly and often. She is growing too old now to begin playing tricks with herself. And it seems to me that Hannah would come cheaper in the end than another tombstone."

Thoroughly alarmed as to her health on one hand, and somewhat reassured on the other by the reports brought by her brother-in-law, who had been able to dispose of the mill property on unexpectedly advantageous terms, Mrs. Danforth gradually relaxed her rigors. Hannah reassumed her familiar place, and, although the house was still the house of mourning, it began to put on a more cheerful air.

It had seemed to Katharine, in the first few weeks after her father's death, that life could never again wear so bright an aspect as before. Until he was gone she had never realized how intimately he was bound up with her existence. The wrench seemed at first to tear her heart in twain, and afterwards to deepen and make more painful the doubts and fears which until then had possessed only a speculative interest. What had become of her father? Where was he? He had believed in and hoped for a life beyond the grave, but his belief was in itself no warranty, and he had failed in his effort to communicate it to her. The fountain of her tears was sealed up by the weight of her agony as she beheld him in the death-throe, but it began to flow again when she awoke from her first troubled slumber afterwards. Urged by an irresistible longing, she arose from her bed and slipped noiselessly, lamp in hand, into the room where they had laid him. The watchers were drowsing in the adjoining parlor, and the folding-doors between the two were closed. The cooler airs of approaching dawn breathed through the bowed window-shutters, and the faint chirp of a half-awakened bird came in now and then from the garden, but it was still dark. The daughter stood alone beside her father, regarding through her streaming tears the face stiffened and contracted into the painful unfamiliarity of death. And her heart first, and then her lips, called him, begging vainly for light on the great mystery:

"If there is another life, and you are able, come back and tell me!"

As she said it she sank down on her knees beside the stretcher on which he had been placed to await the undertaker's visit in the morning. Her voice did not rise above her breath, but she waited after she had spoken, half fearing, half hoping for an

answer. There passed through her mind at that moment a familiar verse from St. Luke's Gospel: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rise from the dead." Then there came a strong gust from without, the forerunner of a rising storm, which in another moment broke overhead with sudden violence, and the flame of her lamp was extinguished. An instinctive, unreasoning fear fell on her, and she fled to her chamber, chilled through with terror, although the summer night was warm. It was an experience which, naturally enough, she never spoke of, but it haunted her memory and for a long time colored all her thoughts with a sombre hue entirely new to them. Sometimes she awoke suddenly at night to find herself in a state of hushed and awed expectancy, as if the stillness were on the point of becoming vocal, or had just been disturbed by a voice that called her and then sank back into silence. But by degrees these feelings wore away. Youth reasserted its empire, and gradually she reconciled herself to the altered aspect of life and began to take new interest in it. She would never forget her father, for her heart, which seemed inconstant elsewhere, paid a homage to the great natural ties as unerring as that which a stone yields to the law of gravitation. But youth seldom lingers long beside a grave, even when it is the grave of kindred and beloved youth. To that of age it brings regret and love and memory, and passes on.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CONTEMPLATIVE saint of the middle ages, favored with an abundance of divine revelations, says that there was but one among them all which she was inspired to commit to writing, as having, presumably, a wider than merely personal bearing. It was to the effect that God will take away his light and grace from those who, being brought immediately to their internal Master, are so ungrateful as to forsake him and betake themselves to an external one. It would seem natural that in this crisis of her experience, when her heart, softened by grief and longing, felt more than ever the need of some adequate support and consolation, Katharine should have reverted to her earliest attraction, the chief obstacle in the way of following it being now removed. Had it returned she might probably have done so, but it did not return. The short and easy road to peace had been opened to her youth, and she had thought herself justified in delaying to enter it. Now, if she ever reached that goal, it would be by the path of difficulty and danger.

The winter which followed Mr. Danforth's death was naturally a quiet one. It had, nevertheless, certain distractions which made it seem almost gay to Katharine, who had hitherto led a nearly solitary life at home. Her cousin's presence alone, had that been all, would of itself have made a sensible difference. But Anna, who knew that her stay in the city was measured by a few brief months, did not feel that she had a sufficient share in the family trouble to make it either necessary or becoming that she should avoid society. Her relations with Mr. White's family were such as to gain her an easy access to a circle of cultivated people with whom she exchanged calls and visits. The Unitarians were, like the coneys, "a feeble folk" in point of numbers, but they believed themselves to possess, and were, indeed, generally credited with, an amount of intelligence and general culture which would have amply "furnished forth" several orthodox congregations, if divided among them in the ordinary proportions. "It is not numbers but weight which tells," was a favorite aphorism of the Rev. Arthur White when he surveyed his own meagre audience or beheld the crowds which sometimes poured out of an evening from a shouting revival meeting. "If one is to count noses," he sometimes reflected further, "the hodmen and coal-heavers and servant-girls that throng the cathedral, even on a rainy Sunday morning, would put us all to shame. Quality, not quantity, is the test where brains and influence are concerned." Mr. White was a small, fair man, with a refined, intellectual face and a head disproportionately large—his "bodily presence," indeed, like that of a far greater man, with whom nevertheless he flattered himself that he possessed some other points in common, being somewhat weak, though his speech, in the matter of fluency, grace, and plausibility, was by no means contemptible. Had he been the most orthodox of the orthodox his personality would still have colored his reflections on delicate topics where brains and muscle fell or seemed to fall into opposite scales. Perhaps this is as good a place as any to remark that Anna Germain, a tall, well-made, though rather exuberant brunette, sympathized entirely with him in this respect, as in some others. She shared, for instance, to an extent that surprised Katharine the first time she had an opportunity to observe it, his doting, parental admiration and fondness for his motherless daughter, a badly-spoiled little creature of some three years old, to whom his widowed sister, who was likewise his housekeeper, played the part of temporary mother.

Mrs. Danforth, whose sense of decorum and whose feelings

would alike have prompted her to keep her house shut up and her parlors shrouded in funereal gloom, in which the rare, infrequent caller would have felt subdued to hushed tones and melancholy smiles, was not at all pleased to have this programme interfered with. As a matter of fact Anna's visitors were not sufficiently numerous nor their visits frequent enough to have called for much remark had their quality been different. That was a point on which Mrs. Danforth was as sensitive as the Rev. Arthur White himself, but their standards were naturally different. She had a horror of Unitarians, as she had a feeling very near akin to contempt for Universalists, and that her door should ever be darkened by a minister of either objectionable sect was a bitter dose to her. She felt herself powerless to interfere after her first essay to do so, the manner of her young cousin, which ranged between extreme though somewhat condescending gentleness and a brusqueness which was almost rude, having effectually deterred her. But she promised herself that no real or fancied family duty should ever again induce her to take a stranger within her gates. She was not the first person who has thought it worth while to shut the stable-door after the horse has been stolen.

At first Katharine rarely met her cousin's friends. But the girls occupied adjoining chambers, their talks at night were frequent and took a wide range, while the books that Anna brought to her notice were of a sort that greatly interested the younger girl. She had read much rather than widely hitherto, poring over her favorite authors until she knew them by heart, and longing to make the acquaintance of others who as yet were only names to her. Mr. White's library, which was well stocked on very liberal lines, and to which Anna had unchecked access, enlarged her horizon in various directions, even while as yet she knew it but by hearsay or by occasional volumes which her cousin borrowed. Had the Browning Society been in existence at that time she would have been a thoroughly qualified candidate for admission a month or two after her first acquaintance with *Men and Women* and *The Blot on the Scutcheon*, though she fell from grace in that regard later on. She made acquaintance, too, with Channing and with Martineau, and developed a tendency to grow sentimentally pious from the top down—a tendency which did not last long and was quickly superseded by a long-enduring admiration for Emerson's essays and an enthusiasm for the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, whose *Thoughts* became her pocket-companion and were to her much

what George Eliot describes the *Imitation* as having been to Maggie Tulliver. They made their appeal, however, to her intellect and to her aspirations. Goodness of the Stoic type became her ideal, and she made great plans for crushing out selfishness, mastering emotions of which she had as yet only the vaguest notions, and walking manfully over heated ploughshares, if need be, toward the goal of a purely theoretic perfection.

Toward spring her curiosity overmastered her disinclination to give her mother unnecessary pain, and she began visiting Mr. White's church and his library on her own account. The latter was by far the most attractive place, for the preacher, when he abandoned the graceful elocution with which he discoursed on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, and kindred topics of a sort to which his new hearer was unused, and descended to logic and argument in behalf of the hybrid theology he had undertaken to set forth, made much the same impression on her as the teachers to whom she had listened all her life. She told him so one day, some weeks after their first acquaintance, when he found her poring over Strauss' *Life of Jesus*, and advised her that it might be dangerous reading. Katharine was fast growing into a very pretty girl, with a face full of animation and of charming color. She lifted her head as he spoke to her, tossing back the loose curls from her forehead with a gesture very usual, and looking at him in a way that drove the little lecture he had meant to read her quite out of his head and deprived her answer of its sting. A sting, indeed, she had neither suspicion nor intention of administering, her candor being still in that transparent stage in which she thought that truth, at least in matters of that sort, could have no personal bearing.

"Do you really think any book on the subject dangerous? I was in church last Sunday morning and heard your sermon on the miracles in the Gospels."

"Didn't it please you?" he asked, with a smile. "You seem to have a criticism to make on it."

"Oh! no. But I don't understand the distinctions you lay down between them. Some of them you seem to think are true, some possible but not probable, some owing to a sort of self-deception on the part of him who wrought them or on that of the beholders, and some absolute fabrications. And yet you call yourself a Christian! It is more straightforward, it seems to me, to take a steady line and follow it, as Strauss seems to be doing."

They were very good friends, nevertheless, as a man of thirty and a bright but not coquettish girl of eighteen may be, and Mr.

White, who had a natural desire to gain intelligent recruits to his society, made his house and himself as attractive to her as possible, half leading, half following her in whatever direction her daring speculations led her.

"The trouble with you thus far," he had said to her at the close of their first long talk, "is that you have lived always with people on an intellectual plane below your own. We will try to remedy that hereafter. I quite understand your first attraction to Catholicism. Given the premises on which Protestant orthodoxy tries to build, and the most ordinary intelligence ought to see that the superstructure it has reared is an absurd failure. With the Trinity and the Incarnation at the bottom you can have only a cathedral and a tiara on top. An orthodox meeting-house, crowned with a codfish and a pumpkin by way of a weathercock or a symbol—take them which way you will—is simply laughable. But the bottom is as bad as the top. We will change all that one of these days, though perhaps it behooves us to be gentle yet awhile with the elder generation. It has taken three centuries, you know, to get them even to their present level."

Mrs. Price was some years older than her brother, fair like him, but larger in feature and of buxom, matronly proportions. Her experience during her marriage and widowhood had been somewhat checkered, and she was a rather less enthusiastic believer in the perfectibility of her species than she had been in former years.

"Keep clear of fads, whatever you do," she said one day to Katharine, who had been an amused spectator of one of little Fanny's tantrums. "I wonder what Aaron Carew would think now of her prospects for growing up a saint and becoming the wife of our first black president! He advised holding that up to her as a reward of merit when he was here last week with Susan Anthony—quite serious he was about it, too. I begin to believe that there is nothing in the world like a well-grown whim for blinding the eyes and darkening the understanding. I began with them myself, and if poor Price and our baby had lived perhaps I should have been working on that line still. But seeing is believing, isn't it? This child's education began, you might say, before her birth, for my sister-in-law took such a course of gymnastics, and limited herself so entirely to oatmeal, wheaten grits, and tasteless messes of that sort in order to insure that the baby's bone and muscle should be of the most approved description, that she never lived to see the result; while as to

Fanny, the grits seem to have got into her temper instead of her arms and legs, don't they? Now we are supposed to keep her on bread and milk and vegetables, without any salt except what she may absorb through her bath, and with no sugar. I shrewdly suspect, however, that her fondness for black Dinah in the kitchen has some secret connection with the chronic depletion of the sugar-bowl, though I close my eyes so as not to behold the iniquity. But when her father is worsted in a struggle with her, as he was just now, he takes refuge in testing and weighing her food, making sure that she has flannel next her skin and no pillow in her crib, and consoles himself with the certainty that if these essentials are attended to everything else will right itself in due course of time. What does Miss Germain think about it, by the way?"

It was Katharine's first visit to the nursery—a casual one, which followed an accidental meeting with Mrs. Price near the latter's own doorstep—and Anna was not with her.

"My cousin?" she answered, innocently enough. "I haven't heard her express an opinion. I have a notion, though, that she thinks children rather troublesome comforts."

"Ah! There's one of her views, then, that she won't be likely to be called upon to change later on. You don't happen to know any of the Carews, do you? No? She is as like them as two peas in everything but looks. She favors her father's people there, I suppose. They take life with tremendous seriousness, and after a cut-and-dried pattern of their own that is amusing to witness. Lizzie reminds me of a geranium in a pot—a self-conscious geranium, endowed with the power of snipping off its dead leaves, grubbing up about its own roots, and administering at the proper intervals the precise quantity necessary of tepid soap-suds. To see her get up at this hour and go to bed at that, read so much goody nonsense out of this book in the forenoon and do so many lines of introspective diary in the afternoon, and keep an eye on herself all the time to make sure she isn't straggling too far from the straight line of duty, is as good as a play. I'll wager she turns over in bed according to some preconceived idea as to the best way of doing it, and I know she carries a compass with her when she goes away from home, lest the aforesaid bed shouldn't lie due north and south. She is afraid of being depolarized, or something of the sort, if she should get out of the electric current."

Katharine laughed a little at the picture, which was a slightly exaggerated copy of some things she had been watching at home,

sometimes with a suspicion that a more earnest desire for perfection on her own part would induce a more persistent imitation of them than she had yet achieved, but oftener in a mood not unlike that of the present lively critic. Mrs. Price looked at her rather closely as she ran on after a moment's pause :

"It will happen one of these days as sure as preaching. She will forget her compass, or have a bad dream and mistake the foot of the bed for the head, and there will be the whole labor of a life undone in the twinkling of an eye. I hope you will take every care that no such catastrophe happens to Miss Germain while she is under your roof. The consequences would be more disastrous in her case than in Lizzie's, I fancy, for she seems to have inflammable materials in her make-up, while a genuine Carew is three parts oatmeal and the rest milk and water."

That some serious intention underlay this chaff was evident, but Katharine, having as yet no clue to what it was, looked so serenely unconscious that Mrs. Price dropped the subject.

"The best thing I know about the Carews," she went on again, returning to a different head of her discourse, "the only thing that shows real spontaneity and naturalness, is just the one that my brother likes the least. They have taken up with spiritualism."

"Yes, I know," said Katharine. "Anna used to tell me a great deal about the *séances*, and the communications she received while at their house, but latterly she rather scoffs about it."

"Oh! she is soundly converted to better views, I know. Arthur will have it that all that is not fraud in the matter is pure self-deception, but for my part I know better. Have you ever seen anything of it?"

"No; but I have a lively curiosity and an equally lively scepticism."

"Oh! so had I. There isn't a doubt of it that Arthur is quite right about there being an infinite deal of fraud in all the public performances and most of the professional mediums. What converted me was finding out that I was a medium myself. If I were a writing medium, now, there would be some use in it—that is to say, I could practise by myself for my own edification. But you can't regulate those things. I go into trances when I sit down at the table with any one who is sympathetic, and they tell me I say quite wonderful things. Of course I don't know anything about it myself."

"I wonder if I am sympathetic?" said Katharine, with a rather shamefaced eagerness.

"I am sure you are. I saw it in your eyes the first time I looked at you. Would you like to try? If you don't mind my saying it, I had that in my mind when I begged you to come in this afternoon. We had a few sittings up at Dr. Lord's, and there were some quite wonderful things happened; but my brother is so opposed to it, and ridiculed the mediums so much, that for shame's sake none of his congregation will have anything to do with it before him."

She drew up a little sewing-stand as she spoke, and, having taken the precaution to lock her sitting-room door, the two sat down opposite each other and the proceedings began. Katharine was quite in earnest and a little more anxious for results than she would have been willing to avow. Her heart beat at a more rapid rate than usual, and she was distinctly nervous during the rather long interval in which they faced each other solemnly and in silence. Presently Mrs. Price leaned back with her head against the wall, her figure took an easy attitude, her hands gradually slipped from the table, her eyes rolled upward with a rapt expression and then closed. The great moment was evidently at hand, and Katharine's inward trepidation was redoubled. She waited in a growing anxiety, but the revelations were delayed; Mrs. Price remained motionless and her eyelids ceased to flicker. Then her lips fell apart, and after perhaps a quarter of an hour of intense expectancy the long-wished-for sound issued from between them. The listener's ears tingled sorely when they caught it. It was the faintest, the most lady-like, but, alas! the most unmistakable of snores.

"Was I unsympathetic or was she sleepy?" she said to herself, with a smile, as she slipped softly out of the room, leaving her hostess to her slumbers. The absurdity of the situation tickled her fancy so much that for a long time it was the most effectual of barriers against further efforts at investigation in that direction. In the end this sitting turned out to be only the first one of a series, but, as far as results went, it was not by any means the least interesting or important.

CHAPTER XX.

SCHOOL was to close about the middle of June, at which time both of the girls expected their diplomas. It had been arranged the previous summer, during Katharine's brief visit, that she was to accompany Anna home and be present at her Cousin Mary's wedding. Circumstances had changed the face of things

so much since then that very little had been said about the project. Occasional reminders of it came in Mary's letters to her sister in the earlier part of the year, but Anna grew more and more thoughtful and silent as vacation drew nigh; her home-letters seemed to cause her some annoyance, and she no longer read out extracts from them, as had been her habit. Katharine, although not very observant on such matters, had a vague impression that her visits to Mr. White's residence grew less frequent, and that, while her own relations with Mrs. Price were as cordial as ever, a cloud had come between the widow and her cousin. On the other hand, Mr. White himself often dropped in of an evening, and Anna's attendance at church and Sunday-school, where she had taken a class soon after her arrival in the city, was too faithful to admit of interruption from either sun or storm. But she observed great reticence about her private affairs, and Katharine was so much occupied with her own preparations for commencement-day that the last week of their life together had arrived before the subject of the visit was again touched upon. A letter in Mary's handwriting came by the last post one day, and Katharine, who was standing in the porch when it arrived, carried it up to her cousin's room.

"I wonder how a girl feels," she said, with a smile, as she threw it into Anna's lap, "when she reflects that she is signing her own name for nearly the last time? It must be an odd thing to sink one's own identity so completely as a woman must when she gives herself to a husband. I wish we were going down to the wedding, but mother has another touch of rheumatism coming on. If it lasts as it did in the spring we won't be able to leave home. Ten days from now, isn't it?"

Anna looked constrained, and for a moment made no answer. She fumbled absently with the letter, but made no attempt to cut open the envelope.

"You might come down with me," she said at last, after a silence which was growing awkward. "I wish you would—but—the fact is that Mary's wedding is put off again."

"Again? Poor Mr. Asbell! His name ought to be Jacob instead of Jonas. His Rachel is certainly worth waiting for."

"I don't know why you should pity him so much," said Anna, with a touch of irritation in her voice; "they see each other every day, and have done so for years. He makes a great ado about being asked to wait a little longer, but some people never think of anybody but themselves."

"What is the matter this time—or is it a family secret?"

"You will have to know it one day or other," Anna answered, with a perceptible embarrassment. "I may as well tell you now as any time, I suppose. I—to tell the truth—I am going to be married myself early in July. I thought we might have a double wedding," she went on with great precipitation, "but Mary has so many whims and old-maidish ways. You might as well try to unwind a clock as alter her mind when once she has got it all arranged to suit herself. She had laid out the next year or two for me as if she had been Fate itself, and when she found I was not going to carry out the programme nothing would answer her turn but to wait at home another year and train my younger sister. It is simple nonsense! My father could find a housekeeper—or a wife, for that matter, if he chose. Anyway, I don't see that I am called upon to wreck my own happiness or interfere with Arthur's plans merely because Mary refuses to give up her whims."

"Arthur! Then you are going to marry Mr. White?"

"Where have your eyes been? We are going to sail for Europe on the fifth of July, and won't be back until September."

"My eyes?" said Katharine. "In my pocket, I fancy. And Mrs. Price and Fanny?"

Anna's face, which had relapsed into serenity after the fading of a very becoming blush, clouded up again.

"That is another nuisance! Mrs. Price has made herself excessively disagreeable. She thought she was snugly settled down for life when Mrs. White died and left that poor, dear little thing behind her. Arthur told her that our marriage would make no difference, but she has chosen to make herself so unpleasant that I think she will find two can play at that game. She isn't fit to have the management of a sensitive, delicate creature like Fanny in any case. Fancy! Arthur actually heard her threaten to slap her one day to make her stop crying. We shall leave her here with her aunt for the present, but I shall devote myself to her education when we come back."

"But poor Mary! And Mr. Asbell! Of course I congratulate you, and all that, but it *is* too bad. I'm sure you must think so. After all these years!"

Anna had torn open her letter while her cousin was speaking. It was very short, but Katharine could see by the failing daylight that her face darkened and grew troubled as she read it. She held it for a moment as if about to tear it; then, changing her mind, she passed it over to her cousin.

"It is her own fault!" she said. "If it were not I should

be sorry for her. She has worn out even his patience at last. I always knew he was selfish, though. He would hardly speak to me last summer after it was arranged that I should leave home for a year. Some people never think of any one but themselves!"

"Dear sister," the letter ran, "my father wished to write to you himself, but I have persuaded him that it is better to let me do it. I showed Mr. Asbell your last letter on Sunday night, and told him that while my father was in such feeble health and the two little ones still so young I could not think it my duty to leave them to entire strangers. He made me very little answer, and was married on Wednesday to Sarah Frisbee. I hope God may forgive him and you, and that you will both be happy in your new homes is the prayer of your affectionate sister,

"MARY GERMAIN."

Katharine's eyes were moist as she looked up from the paper, but her heart was very indignant.

"May I never give any one occasion to make such a prayer for me!" she said. "I should be afraid to have it answered."

"Do have common sense!" her cousin replied imperturbably. "In the first place, she is well rid of a man who could act in that way, and, in the second, don't you think it more important that a man like Arthur White should be able to carry out his plans and settle down to a life of quietness, in which he will be able to do his best work and bring out all there is in him, than that a country farmer like Jonas should insist on marrying to-day instead of to-morrow? He is only twenty-six when all is said. I don't blame him half as much as I do Mary. I can't help it if she chooses to throw herself down before Juggernaut. My father ought to have prevented it. I talked the whole thing over with Arthur."

"And he would not wait another year himself? I am disappointed in him."

"Well—yes—he would, I suppose, if I had been very stiff about it. But he really needs this European trip, and the congregation insisted on his taking it. I think the doctor has prescribed it for his throat-difficulty. He would have gone alone—but—well, he thought, as I do, that Mary's carefulness is overstrained. A man with my father's money can always hire what help is needed, and Mary was to be close by in any case. Why should we have waited? I might never have had such a chance for culture offered me again. Of course I didn't believe things would take quite this turn. One comfort is that Jonas will sup sorrow for it. If ever a man was absurdly in love with a girl, he

was with my sister Mary. I'll wager he has repented every minute since."

"But you are frightful!" said Katharine, rushing to the door. "Poor Mary! poor Jonas! I'd rather be in either of their places than in yours!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GLENRIBBON BABY.

I.

THERE was a sound of horses' feet in the *borheen* outside, and immediately the three small children in the cradle ceased rocking and pricked up their ears to listen. For right well they knew that the sound meant nothing less than apples, rosy apples, and good old Larry Jot a-horseback! And Larry, indeed, it was who presently rode up to the half-open door and shouted, while the youngsters tumbled madly out of the old cradle to meet him, "Come out here, cloorikeens! Here's an apple in Lar's pocket for Tommy, an' one for Johnny, an' one for little Tim." "Mammy she's gone to de town," volunteered Tommy, the blue-eyed eldest, when he and the others had had a delighted "shake-hands" with their old friend and taken their prizes, "an' I'm mindin' de brudders." "That's the boy, Tom," said Larry Jot approvingly; "you're able to take care of 'em like a man. I heard you singing 'The blackbirds an' thrishes' for 'em when I was coming up, an' as soon as ever you'll learn your *a b c* I'll go to Ballyhooly fair an' buy a grand song-book for you. I will so—a grand sixpenny song-book; for I'm very fond of you, Tom, you're such a good, sinsible boy." Larry's steed ambled gracefully away, and the children, first laying aside one of the apples for mammy, huddled into the cradle again and proceeded to divide and eat the others. That was at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at four, when the milkwomen were going to town, they heard Tommy drowsily singing for the now rather querulous and sleepy brothers, who droned a fretful accompaniment to his song. "Oh! wisha, listen to 'em," said Nelly Marooney, one of the women; "wouldn't it put an ache in your heart to hear the little craichurs, an' the poor mother slaving in the town to keep the roof over 'em? Tommy," she said, going up to the door, "here's the milk, a-clureen, for mammy. Put it on the dhresser,

darling." Tommy, withdrawing artfully from sleepy Johnny and Tim, took the milk and placed it as Peggy directed, and then once more sought the warmth of the cradle. There was no further occasion for singing, for the babies were fast asleep, and as Tommy's drowsiness was now all gone he had nothing to do but to watch through the little window—he had shut the door upon the cold—at the gray October mist creeping up the woods on the opposite side of the glen. High above the fog and the trees, its gentle, steady radiance deepened by the blue of the sky in which it was set and the earthly vapors that rolled up but could not reach or obscure it, shone the evening star. Somehow it reminded him of the way his mother used to look when, seated on the doorstep at her sewing in the summer evenings, after her day in the town, they clustered about her as if they would never let her go again, and listened to her telling about the daddy who was now up there beyond the stars and the sunset. But this was not summer, and it was damp and cold in the wood through which the mother's homeward way lay. She would be tired and chilly, and her cloak and dress would be wet from the dripping trees. If Tom could only have a bright little fire waiting to welcome her, and the kettle singing over it so cosey—wouldn't that be nice for the poor mammy! But the firing? The small store of carefully-hoarded turf in the loft was, of course, not to be touched, and there was not a fragment left of the last *brusna*. The part of the woods where fagots might be gathered was so well scoured by the children that he was hopeless of finding a solitary stick there. But it had been windy that morning, he remembered, and some stray branches may have been blown down with the leaves. It was dark in the wood, but the good, kind star would be overhead and he would not be afraid, for while groping for his *brusna* he could look up often and see it. The stream ran through the cabbage-garden at the side of the cabin; so, taking the kettle out, he filled it and left it ready to hang over his fire when he should return.

It was lonely enough in the *borheen*, but the high-road and bordering wood, when he came there, looked utterly deserted and forlorn. A wild pigeon now and then made mournful sounds among the tree-tops, and there was sometimes a sudden twitter and folding of wings in the high boughs that was inexpressibly lonesome, for the star could not be seen, and the sounds seemed to say, "Ah! Tommy, Tommy, isn't it an eerie time for you to be in the wood? *We're* safe up here with our mother." And there was never a branch to be found. Search and

search as he might, nothing met his hand but the damp grass and bracken, and now and then a slimy, horrid frog. Further down, though, where the firs grew he knew that there were "tory-tops," as he called the cones, which would make a merry blaze. It was a dark, funereal place, which his mother had always been unwilling for them to visit, but in this case he would just pick his pinafore full of tories and then run home as fast as could be. Notwithstanding the darkness, he made his way to the firs, which he knew by clasping the rough, branchless trunks around. The wind had been busier here than among the oaks, for the ground was strewn with cones, and he soon had as many as he could carry in his pinafore. Rejoicing in his success, and glowing with the thought of how the mother would exclaim at the unexpected warmth and light, and how the "brudders" would laugh and clap their hands at sight of the flames dancing among the pretty tories, he made the best of his way in the direction whence he thought he had come. But running down hill unburdened was different, poor Tommy found, to toiling up heavy-laden. It had grown, if possible, darker, and the stones, which he had not noticed coming down, seemed now strangely plentiful and sharp. They cut his feet and bruised them; but that was nothing, for he would soon be home with the mammy and Johnny and Tim. These two would be in her lap, and Tommy would sit at her feet, and there, snug and safe and happy, she would tell them again about the little leprechaun shoemaker hammering under the fairy rath at his "buskins for the fairy prince and shoes for his son." She would sing for them, too, and oh! what a sudden faintness of heart seized him, how heavy and gruesome seemed the sad, dark wood, as he thought of the lark-like voice singing of the upland, and the sun, and the fresh, free wind above the heather. Stumbling on over the rough ground, where the stones were like dull knives under his flayed feet, and where, now that his hands were occupied, the briars stretched out long, venomous claws to rend and tear and startle him, the words of his mother's song kept repeating themselves to him like a cheerful, comforting voice:

"There sings a bonny linnet
Up the heather glen;
The voice has music in it
Too sweet for mortal men.
I never can pass by it,
I never da'ar go nigh it,
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glen."

The break in the trees through which he had entered from the oak-wood seemed still unaccountably far off, and it was growing late, and he would not have the fire ready after all if he did not hurry. But hurrying was sad work, what with the rocks and thorns and the load of tories. Once or twice, too, he lost his footing and rolled down steep places into other cruel briers, out of which, still holding fast to his precious load, he found it hard and painful to escape. The fog had by this time turned into a dense, saturating rain, and the wind was beginning to rise again. Tired and bleeding and blinded, he struggled on, desperately anxious now to get home; for the mother would have arrived ere this, and she would be frightened at his absence and think the tinkers had taken him away. A tribe had passed the house a few evenings before in the half-light previous to the mother's return, and Tommy had covered up the brothers under the cradle-clothes and then stood trembling against the shut door for half an hour. She would run distracted out when no Tom was there to welcome her and to wake up Tim and Johnny with the glad news of her arrival, and, wet and cold as she would be, would cry her heart out on the lonesome road. Tom had never seen her cry but once—for she was a light-hearted poor mother—and that was when he and the brothers had brought in a *brusna* from this same fir-wood. On being told where it had been gathered she turned white and sick, and then said, with a flood of uncontrollable tears, "Ah! darlings, take it away, and don't go near the fir-wood again. 'Tis a lonesome, lonesome place!" And to-night if she knew that Tom was out here in the rain in the eerie, unfriendly dark! He was crying now himself, without knowing it. The picture of his mother's grief, the pains in his bones, and the tortures of his torn hands and feet, added to the numbing misery of the cold and wet, were waging a hard battle with his courage. "O mammy, mammy!" he cried, "I'm down here in the wood an' I can't go home." But his childish voice, even if unweakened by suffering, had little chance of being heard from such a distance. As it was, the shrill wind drowned it as it rose, and no human ear heard the moans, growing feebler and feebler, of the lost child in Glenribbon.

II.

It was a woeful figure that the police-sergeant on the Skoogh opened the barrack-door to that evening at eight o'clock. Drenched with rain and splashed with mire, she had, after searching

and calling through the house and garden and *borheen*, hurried up to the police to get them on the track of the kidnappers who, she was certain, had taken her boy away. Tom had not exaggerated the grief she would feel; so pitiful was it that Sergeant Dogs, as he was called by the nickname-loving Skooghers, felt a pain somewhere inside him that hurt and astonished him deeply. "Well, widow," he said, "don't give up like that, you know. He may have gone to one of the neighbors, for children are restless and hate being in the house. I fwouldn't say but he might be home before you. Cheer up, ma'am! At the worst we'll do our best for you." She had provided against his return, forlorn hope as she felt it was, for Tom would not leave the brothers, while she was away, for friend or neighbor. The door was unlatched as she had left it, but the light of the sputtering rush-candle showed only the babies still asleep in the cradle and no sign of the little stray. At Nelly Marooney's no one had laid eyes on him since Nelly gave him the milk that afternoon, nor had the Donovans seen him, nor any of the household at Cyprus Collins' of the great farm. The neighbors were all grieved and mystified by the strange disappearance, and some volunteered to go to Kilcrona to leave word with the police there, while others, Larry Jot among the number, went to the adjoining towns for a like purpose and to make unavailing inquiries as to whether such a child had been seen that day or evening with the strollers who passed through. The police noted the description of the boy and promised to make active search, and the magistrates who were applied to for advice and help in the matter agreed to offer a considerable reward for any information concerning him, and to have placards to that effect posted in their several districts as early as the following day. In Kilcrona, the race-week being on, the town-crier went ringing his bell for four days after, proclaiming his desolate tidings: "A child lost! a child lost! A four-year-old child in a plaid dhress, with fair, curling hair and blue eyes, of the name of Tommy. A child lost! child lost!"

But though the tinkers and wandering ballad-singers and travellers of that kind were narrowly watched in all the towns and country places within the province and in the next one, there was no trace of a child answering to the description of little Tom. No froth on the river ever seemed more utterly lost and vanished than he. Every day the heart-broken mother, growing more and more wan and sunken and anxious-eyed as the hope of tidings died away from her, came in to her work in

the town. Sergeant Dogs, whose bark—a very loud and bullying one where the Skoogh drunkards, for instance, were in question—was, after all, very much worse than his bite, confessed to his Kilcrona fellow-officials that the desolate creature's face and questions morning after morning were like a stab to him. It was a sad, sad thing to have to meet the half-hoping, half-despairing inquiry, "Is there e'er a word, sergeant, dear?" with the same hopeless answer, "Not a word, ma'am."

The town children stopped their play when she approached, and, in their deep sympathy and anxiety to comfort her, asked after Tim and Johnny. "They're well, darlings," she would answer drearily; "but Tom—little Tom!" Those children are grown now, but that sad time is ever renewed for them in the heavy weather of late autumn. Never was a more sullen October than that memorable one in Kilcrona. The Glenribbon forests, always sombre, stretching away darkly for miles and miles, were more than ever suggestive of "the ghoulish-woodlands of Weir"; the river, fed by a hundred bursting upland streams, flowed with leaden, treacherous quiet over all the green inches, and the rain came down as hopelessly and heavily as a mourner's tears above a grave. In those times the Kilcrona children were haunted by the thought of the mother in the ballad and her "plaintive calling"

"O'er the mountain, through the wildwood, where his childhood loved to stray,"

for the boy whom the fairies had stolen, and some of the grace of that poetic and most tragic figure fell, in their imagination, on the bereaved Glenribbon widow.

III.

And so October passed away, and All Souls', the mournful festival of the dying year, the day set apart amid falling rain and withering leaves, brooded over by gray, sad skies and chanted to by banshee winds, came around once more. Up on the *raes** people lit the long All Souls' candle early and sat sorrowfully by its pale light, thinking of their dead. In the old churchyard in Kilcrona the mounds were grown over with rank grass and nettles, and few were the flowers to be seen in that city of the absent. But warm in the hearts of those they left behind were the occupants of those neglected graves. Remembrance, hot, quick

* Moors.

tears, and aching, passionate prayers for a happy reunion were the rue and rosemary and blossoming white roses that garlanded the resting-places of the beloved.

The candle in Nelly Marooney's window threw a long lance of light out across her yard to the dark *rae* beyond, making her cabin, on its high perch, a kind of light-house to travellers, if any there were, on the mail-road. It was late, and the rest of her household, a widowed sister and her children, were asleep; but Nelly, with her heart stirred to keenest recollection by the anniversary and the doleful sobbing and crying of the wind about the house, could neither sleep nor rest. The ray of the candle pointed straight to the fir-wood in Glenribbon when she looked out into the night, and she stood there, her eyes fixed gloomily in that direction. All day long, in town with her milk and up here at her work, her thoughts had been back to a time when instead of the gloom of the firs and oaks the country-side smiled with pleasant farms. But the owner of that fair estate had been seized with a hatred of the sight of his fellow-men—a life of riot and good-fellowship ending in sour misanthropy—and nothing would please him but to shift as far off as possible all signs and tokens of human neighborhood from around his dwelling. To wish with the autocrat was only to have his desire obeyed, no matter at what cost; and thus in less than a twelvemonth every one of the homes in Glenribbon was laid low, and in five years the owner was surrounded by the desolate but acceptable loneliness of miles of young forest. It was twenty years ago to-night since the first stroke of the crowbar was laid at the pleasant homes, and on the site of the old village the firs, from what she could hear—for the place was accursed and few visited it—were great trees now. Nelly's reflections were interrupted by a sound of disturbance from the shed where the cow and the hens were housed, and she went out to see to matters there. When she returned to the house her sister was sitting up in bed and trembling violently. "O Nelly!" she said, "I'm fairly, fairly killed from listening to little Tom Corbett all night. To hear the crying of him, an' I couldn't see him at all! O Nelly, Nelly, poor little Tom! I thought we were at home in the old place down the glen, and that I was inside, an' I heard him going around an' around, crying as if he was lost, but I couldn't see him when I went to the door—there was never a light in the house—an' I couldn't call out to him, although I tried. O Nelly, poor Tommy, poor little Tommy!" The influence of the dream was still so strong on her that it was only by a violent effort she

quieted herself and listened and tried to believe it when her sister told her it was the sound of the wind that put the fancies about Tommy, of whom they talked a good deal, in her head. But the dream made a deep impression on Nelly herself, and when she lay down to rest the thought of the lost child wandering and weeping around the old home pursued her even into her dreams. She was once more sitting with her mother at the fireside, waiting up for her father and brothers, who were at the fair, but whose graves under the abbey wall in the churchyard she remembered through it all. They were long in coming, so long that the wind had time to change into a sound that resolved itself into the moaning of a grief-worn child. With a finger raised and a listening look in her infinitely tender eyes, her mother—she died in the frost and snow of their first winter on the *raes*; the earliest victim of the cruel change—waited for a repetition of the sound, which was more mournful than the first. Running to the door, they both peered into the thick darkness, but no moving creature was visible, although the moaning voice was quite near. “Come, a-gilibeg,” said the mother coaxingly, “come here to us out of the cold! Come, darling, come!” But pleading was vain; the waif, crying desolately, kept up his unseen wandering about the house. They followed, led by the voice, but nothing met their arms, when they stretched them out to shelter and rescue the child, only formless air. “O darling!” said the mother again, and her voice, it seemed to Nelly, would have drawn the dead to her, “if you are lost we’ll take you home. We’ll take care of you and love you.” They had retreated into the house as she said this, so that the child might take courage to enter. The flame and glow of the fire had died down by this time and nothing remained but a bed of gray ashes on the hearth. While Nelly was kindling the turf anew a small figure passed in and seated itself, with its face to the wall, at her mother’s feet. It was still moaning piteously and rejected, with a despairing movement, all their efforts at comforting it. When the flames were high again they could see that the child’s dress, soaked with rain, was of plaid, and in his pinafore were tories from the fir-trees near the *borheen*. Do what they would, they could not comfort it or cause it to turn its face towards them. It held its pinafore tightly and seemed absorbed in its sorrow, while Nelly was tortured by a dim, haunting remembrance of its identity. . . .

It was not yet daylight when the mooing of the cow awoke Nelly out of her painful dream, which she could not convince

herself, at that ghostly hour, was all a phantasm. An irresistible impulse was drawing her down to the long-shunned fir-wood, and she could not rest until she had seen the place, which, fire-lighted and with the walls and roof and belongings of old, was so vivid to her during the night. My God! if all that had happened since long ago were a dream, that the father and brothers had not broken their hearts trying to wring a living from the barren *rae*, if the mother were still untouched by the blight of the mountain winter, that the forest above the site of the old homes were but a dreadful nightmare! She must have been half-dreaming still when, dressing herself and drawing her cloak about her, she closed the door and took her way to Glenribbon. Ah! but the awakening came soon. The sullen, silent woods stretched grimly along the glen and hillside, and there was not a sign of former human occupation within them, except the scattered stones that had once formed part of the homestead-walls. In the depth of the fir-wood Nelly knelt, with bitter tears, on the spot where she had seen her mother sitting last night. Under the moss and grass was still a portion of the old flagged fireplace, which she passionately kissed. When, after a while, she lifted her face, the gray dawn had broken, bringing out each separate feature of what had been dense black shadows half an hour before: the white tombstone, not far away, of him to whom the forest owed its origin—for the crowning shame of having their destroyer buried, according to his will, among their ruined hearthstones had been inflicted on the banished people—the clumps of laurel glistening with the night-mist, and the briars and bracken dropping sodden, yellow leaves upon the grass. Covering up the old fireplace again as if it had been a disturbed grave, Nelly moved aside a straying brier-branch. Ah, my God! my God! what was this?—this little dress of faded plaid, this torn pinafore full of fir-cones and clasped tightly by a poor, dead baby-hand, this little face turned downward?

And so they came to know in Kilcrona that neither tinker nor stroller had stolen the Glenribbon baby, that the tragic fate that lay before him on the day Larry Jot promised him the "grand new song-book" was to die less than half a mile away from home, of cold and grief and terror, in the artificial solitude created by a monster whose existence had been so depraved that the sight of his fellow-men was unendurable to him.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REASONS WHY WE SHOULD BELIEVE IN GOD, LOVE GOD, AND OBEY GOD.

By Peter H. Burnett. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1884.

Mr. Burnett is an old gentleman seventy-eight years of age, residing, after a long, active, and variegated life, in patriarchal prosperity and peace at San Francisco, surrounded by a large family of children and grandchildren. He was born in Tennessee, and has spent his life partly in that State, but also for considerable periods in Missouri, Oregon, and California, everywhere a pioneer, and showing a most energetic character and the highest moral rectitude. He went to California in 1848; in 1849 he was elected the first governor of the State, and in 1859 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court. In boyhood he had but a short allowance of the plainest common-school education. He was admitted to the bar after six months' reading of law, and afterwards took advantage of six months' seclusion, on account of ill health, to devote that time also to the study of his profession. He is, therefore, a self-made man, and seldom has one made such solid attainments in various important branches of knowledge, and educated himself so well, with such limited advantages. He has been by turns lawyer, merchant, banker, and legislator, besides having gone through all the hard manual labor which fell to his lot in youth. The large and vigorously written book which he has now sent to the press, and which has been published in a handsome style by Mr. Kehoe, of New York, shows that he still possesses the robust strength of manhood, although almost an octogenarian.

In 1846 Mr. Burnett, who had belonged to the sect of the Campbellites, became a Catholic. He gave the reasons of his faith in an able plea for the Catholic Church contained in a large volume entitled *The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church*.

The present work treats of Natural Theology and the Evidences of Revelation, with expositions of some special doctrines in the way of removing objections based on these doctrines.

Mr. Burnett, in his *Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer* (p. 85), quotes from a Protestant writer the opinion that lawyers, more than any class of men, have shown clearness of judgment and ability in weighing and marshalling proofs in respect to this great theme of the evidences of religion. Mr. Burnett accounts for this, by himself accepted fact, from the logical talent necessary to success at the bar, the superior mental training of the profession, and the habit of referring to decisions of judicial tribunals.

He himself is a specimen of this class of writers, and his book is a specimen of the kind of writings on theological topics in which legal and judicial skill in argument, in the array of testimonies, and in the formation of analytical judgments is employed with powerful effect.

As an impartial critic we are bound to point out, nevertheless, that in respect to one of the topics of Catholic doctrine handled by Mr. Burnett

his exposition does not fully express this doctrine in its whole extent. This is, namely, the absolute supernaturalness of the cause, the principle, the motive, and the nature of the assent of divine faith. "In some comparatively rare cases," writes Mr. Burnett on p. 541, "where the worthy inquirer possesses superior intellect and ample opportunity, he may, by long, careful study, profound reasoning, personal experience, and close observation, come to the conclusion that God truly made the Christian revelation, and that it is impossible for him to lie. This case, however, is quite exceptional. The great mass of men, either by choice or from necessity, *arrive at true faith* in a different way. Our Lord said: *Ask and it shall be given to you*, etc." In this extract and its context the distinction is not clearly enough marked between the preamble of faith and faith itself. The conclusion reached by reasoning is a rational conviction. This rational conviction does not require such exceptional conditions as those which are mentioned. Even children and illiterate persons must have a rational motive for the judgment of their minds that God reveals the truth which the church proposes to their belief. The grace of God is *absolutely necessary for every one* in order that he may rise above a merely natural conviction to the assent of divine faith by an act of the will made by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, yet freely made, which determines the mind to a supernatural assent to the truth which God reveals, because he reveals it, who cannot be deceived or deceive. And this assent of faith, produced by a divine light and inspiration in a human subject elevated by grace above his merely natural condition and operation, is not merely "a faith which, *in most cases*, is greater than that which the evidence of the truth of Christianity would produce in their minds independently of the grace of God," but one which surpasses in firmness, and transcends in certainty, *in all cases*, every merely natural assent.

Again, in respect to mysteries, the distinction between truths which transcend *comprehension* and those which transcend *understanding* is not sufficiently expressed. The truth that God is the self-existing, most perfect Being is intelligible by its intrinsic reason to the natural understanding, yet it cannot be comprehended. The mysteries of faith are above the scope of reason, they are not evident to the understanding even when proposed to faith by the divine revelation, and are believed purely on the divine veracity. This is the doctrine defined by the Council of the Vatican. The being and perfections of God, the credibility of his revelation, the divine institution and supreme authority of the Catholic Church and many doctrines not above reason, can be demonstrated so completely that there is no reason for a prudent doubt. It is, moreover, evidently reasonable and obligatory to assent to the truth of mysteries revealed by God, on his veracity. There are harmonies between these mysteries and the truths of reason which a mind enlightened by faith can discern in an imperfect and obscure manner. This is the *Ultima Thule* of the human mind. The region beyond is the object of faith, which is an obscure light, and cannot become evident except in the clear light of glory.

Mr. Burnett has given an excellent demonstration of the preamble of faith, and his two solid essays taken together furnish ample proof to any intelligent and candid mind that it is the height of reason to be a Catholic and the depth of folly to be an infidel or an atheist.

MODERN SCIENTIFIC VIEWS AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES COMPARED. By Rev. John Gmeiner, Professor in the Theological Seminary at St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., Wis. Milwaukee: J. H. Yewdale & Sons. 1884. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

We have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this little work. Of course, in two hundred and twelve small octavo pages we dare not hope for exhaustive treatment of the difficulties to be met with in astronomy, geology and paleontology, biology, psychology, and the theory of evolution. But more will be found than we dared hope for, and we should be at a loss to point out in English a better discussion in a few pages of the questions which arise in psychology, especially on the distinction between sensation and intelligence. The opposing theories, with the foundations on which they rest, are clearly stated and the scholastic theory explained in an admirably exact manner and as fully as is compatible with the vastness of the field Father Gmeiner has undertaken to cover. This chapter, together with a recent article of Mr. St. George Mivart, "A Limit to Evolution," in the *Nineteenth Century*, will be of great service to the many who are interested in the question of evolution. We can heartily recommend this little work as one well calculated to be of great service in showing that religion has nothing to fear from truly scientific research and investigation. From the religious standpoint Father Gmeiner shows that there is no conflict; from the scientific standpoint the same thing has recently been affirmed in the best and most authoritative way by the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Lord Rayleigh, in his address at the recent meeting at Montreal. His words are so important, not only on account of their author's high position among men of science but also of their own intrinsic excellence, that, though somewhat lengthy, we shall quote them in full:

"Many excellent people are afraid of science as tending towards materialism. That such apprehension should exist is not surprising, for unfortunately there are writers, speaking in the name of science, who have set themselves to foster it. It is true that among scientific men, as in other classes, crude views are to be met with as to the deeper of things of nature; but that the life-long beliefs of Newton, of Faraday, and of Maxwell are inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind is surely a proposition which I need not pause to refute. It would be easy, however, to lay too much stress upon the opinions of even such distinguished workers as these. Men who devote their lives to investigation cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, and endeavor instinctively to clear up, and not, as is too often the case in business and politics, to obscure, a difficult question. So far the opinion of a scientific worker may have a special value, but I do not think he has a claim superior to that of other educated men to assume the attitude of the prophet. In his heart he knows that underneath the theories that he constructs there lie contradictions which he cannot reconcile. The higher mysteries of being, if penetrable at all by human intellect, require other weapons than those of calculation and experiment. Without encroaching upon grounds appertaining to the theologian and the philosopher, the domain of natural science is surely broad enough to satisfy the wildest ambition of its devotees."

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1885 (seventeenth year). With calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

Seventeen years is a long time in the life of a periodical publication, but the *Illustrated Catholic Family Annual* does not look its age. Its issue for

1885 is brighter, fresher, more *alive*—to use an expressive word—than any of its predecessors. Years have only brought it strength and ripeness (perhaps the right thing to say, then, is that it does look its age). Its one hundred and sixty-eight pages are packed full of information which no American Catholic can afford to be without, and with bright articles which make it as readable a little volume as one could take up in a leisure hour. Nearly every distinguished Catholic who died within the past year has a carefully-prepared biographical notice and a well-engraved portrait. Thus among others are noticed Bishop McMullen, of Davenport, Iowa; Archbishop Perché, of New Orleans; Bishop Quinlan, of Mobile; the Rev. Henry Formby (author of the illustrated *Bible and Church History*); Archbishop Vaughan, of Sydney; the two Abbés de Ratisbonne, of Jerusalem (the conversion of one of whom from Judaism is attributed to a miracle), and many others. Nor are these notices confined to distinguished ecclesiastics. Such Catholic laymen as the late Richard Doyle, the caricaturist, and Hendrik Conscience, the Flemish novelist (whose portraits, by the way, and those of the Abbés Ratisbonne and Archbishops Vaughan and Perché, are perhaps the best of a strikingly good collection), receive a similar attention; and articles are devoted to Catholic laymen like the Hon. Eugene Casserly and Judge Gaston of North Carolina, whose lives are special examples to American youth. Places of American historical interest are described and illustrated, and one of the most interesting things in the book is an account of old St. Peter's, in Barclay Street, the first Catholic church in New York, whose hundredth anniversary will be celebrated in November next year. Capital articles are those on the Propaganda, the castles of Wartburg and Canossa. Among the lighter contributions a leap-year idyl by Mr. Maurice F. Egan, which is made the subject of ten illustrations, is specially good. The excellent account of Father Junipero Serra and his work should also be mentioned. We have named here but a small portion of the contents of this excellent little publication, whose compilers seem to have striven to give it the accuracy of a book of reference as well as the attractiveness of a Christmas annual.

LUTHER: An Historical Portrait. By J. Verres, D.D. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

An indirect but none the less real and important effect of the recent glorification of Luther has been to direct the attention of Catholics to the Reformer's life and works. We noticed a few months ago the exceedingly valuable little pamphlet of Father O'Connor, in which, with the utmost care and accuracy, were exhibited in Luther's own words the genuine doctrines of this "second founder of Christianity." We have now to call our reader's attention to a larger work on the same subject, written with the like scholarly attention to accuracy and complete mastery of the subject. The object of Dr. Verres has not been to give a complete and detailed life of Luther. His desire has been that the Reformer should describe himself, his character, and his work in his own words. At the same time the author has not omitted what was necessary in the way of historical elucidation; and readers of the work will find many things of great value in this part. The main interest, however, lies in the opinions and views of Luther as he

himself enunciated them. We shall be much surprised if these opinions and views will not excite the abhorrence of many who glory in the name of Protestant. While they will find much to gratify their dislike of the pope, they will learn that in the opinion of the Reformer there was one more worthy of detestation—namely, the prophet of whom our Lord was the antitype: “The Lord will raise up to thee a prophet of thy nation *like unto me*” (Deut. xviii. 15). This is the way in which Luther speaks of this prophet, Moses: “If you are prudent send that stammering and stuttering (*balbum et blesum*) Moses with his law far away from you, and be not influenced by his terrific threats. Look upon him with suspicion, as upon a heretic, excommunicated, damned, worse than the pope and devil” (p. 137). Extracts of a similar character might be multiplied giving Luther’s judgment on many other doctrines which we are fain to believe good Protestants nowadays would agree with Catholics in regarding as sacred. Students of politics also will find much to interest them in the treatment accorded to the peasants in their revolt: “A rebel is not worthy that one should answer him with reason; he is not accessible to them; the fist has to answer such jaws, until the blood spurts out from the nose” (p. 241). Again: “I, Martin Luther, have during the rebellion killed all the peasants, for I have commanded that they should be killed” (p. 240). Even if it is possible to understand how the most militarily organized of nations in modern times can look up with reverence to such a teacher, it passes our comprehension how citizens of countries with free institutions should make a man of this stamp an object of regard. Lovers of “urbanity” in controversial literature will scarcely find a model in one whose habit it was to call his opponents “liars,” “sows,” “stupid-heads,” “mad-brains,” and other names with which we dare not sully our pages. Yet people glorify this man, and those who glorify him are the enlightened and cultivated, the promoters of progress, pure religion, and civilization, and his opponents are obscurantists and reactionaries and enemies of the Gospel! God help us! After the appearance of this book, however, and others of a similar character which have lately been published, there can be no excuse for the dense ignorance which has hitherto been common. Very few, doubtless, have access to the original editions of Luther’s works, or the time to wade through them. But any one who wishes can find in the present volume enough to make him thank God that he and such a man cannot be classed under any common religious name; or, if he has that misfortune, to make him ask himself whether he cannot find a way of removing that blot from his soul.

LIFE OF VEN. PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA. Translated from the Spanish of Father Palon by Very Rev. Joachim Adam, V.G., Los Angeles, Cal. San Francisco: P. E. Dougherty & Co. 1884.

The story of the Franciscan missions in California is the most delightful chapter in the religious history of the North American continent, and this work gives the only full and authentic account of the founder of these missions, Father Junipero Serra, justly styled the Apostle of California. It was written a hundred years ago at the Mission Dolores, San Francisco, amid the scenes which it describes. Its author, Father Palon, was the pupil, friend, and companion of Father Serra in life, and he it was who

closed the great missionary's eyes in death. The narrative is simple and direct, like a chronicle of the olden time; the facts and incidents of Padre Junipero's saintly life and heroic labors are agreeably told, and it enables us besides to form a very good idea of the Pacific slope and its inhabitants when the tide of Spanish conquest first touched its distant shores.

The Very Rev. Joachim Adam, to whose industry and research we are already indebted for much important information relating to the early missions of California, has in this instance done more than the work of a mere translator, for he has filled in the gaps and rounded out the narrative and made the relation complete. The value of the publication is still further heightened by its rarity, there being only a few copies now extant even in the original Spanish.

The translation is fittingly dedicated to the venerable Archbishop Alemany, who for four-and-thirty years has emulated the missionary labors of California's first apostle, and who, a son of St. Dominic, has watered the cross planted by the sons of St. Francis until it has become a great and flourishing tree.

We would earnestly recommend the perusal of this plain, unvarnished record of a noble life spent in the service of God and man.

A SERMON AGAINST DRUNKENNESS. By Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a sermon against drunkenness, and no mistake. It attacks the vice most vigorously, and pictures the degradation of the victim with an eloquence seldom equalled. It is the sketch of a master's hand who is intensely conscious of the reality of his work and seeks to give it full expression, and, although so forcible in its treatment and intense in its earnestness, it is the plain, simple truth; there is nothing extreme or exaggerated about it. The malice of the sin of drunkenness and its consequences are stated in the usual way, and the remedies suggested are moderate and practical.

Sermons of this character frequently preached from our pulpits would, we think, do much to restrain a vice that is the fruitful source of almost every evil against which we contend. And is it not somewhat strange that in a country where the evil of drink is so widespread and soul-destroying so few sermons, comparatively, are preached directly against it, and the lecture-platform is left to do the most important work of the pulpit?

DE DISPENSATIONIBUS MATRIMONIALIBUS JUXTA RECENTISSIMAS S. URB. CONG. RESOLUTIONES. Auctore Zephyrino Zitelli, S.T.D., LL.D., etc. Romæ: Apud Typogr. de P. F. Pretio Libell. 2. 1884.

Monsignor Zitelli, as a prelate of the Roman Curia and enjoying all the advantages of the counsel and supervision of the highest Roman authorities, is plainly one unusually well qualified for the task he has undertaken under the auspices of Cardinal Simeoni. Every priest will see by the title how practical and valuable is this *brochure* of one hundred and fifty pages, which is a succinct and summary epitome of the ecclesiastical law on dispensations, with juridical forms and a reprint of the most important constitutions and instructions of the Holy See.

UBALDO UBALDI. *Il Libro di Giobbe Tradotto e Spiegato dal Signor Ernesto Renan. Estratto dal periodico La Rassegna Italiana.* Roma. 1883.

L'ECCLESIASTE, etc.

IL CANTICO DEI CANTICI, etc.

The members of our clergy who are Italians, and all others who have been educated at Rome, know well the merits and reputation of Dr Ubaldi. Indeed, we may extend this remark to all Catholic ecclesiastics who are versed in the study of the best authors on the Holy Scripture. Dr. Ubaldi's visit to this country in the company of Monsignor Roncetti and Count Mirafoschi, when the dignity of cardinal was conferred on the venerable Archbishop of New York, has left a very pleasant memory of his genial qualities in the minds of all who had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. The three short treatises which he has sent us are worthy of his learning, and each one of them contains an admirable refutation of the pseudo-criticism of Renan on its respective topic.

VOCAL AND ACTION-LANGUAGE. By E. N. Kirby, Teacher of Elocution in Lynn High School. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885.

Elocution is growing more into favor with educationists. But it is still far from being thought so much of as the Athenians or the Romans thought of it. Public speaking in our day has been regarded too much in the light of a natural gift and too little as an art—except in the seminaries of the Catholic Church, where the art of teaching how to preach is given its right place. Let a man be natural, they say, and if it be in him he will prove an orator. This is a grave mistake. It is very difficult for some men to be natural in the sense meant. A man may be a "born orator" and yet be unable to produce nine-tenths of what ought to be his full oratorical effect, simply because he has not cultivated the art of oratory. Demosthenes was the greatest of the orators, but Demosthenes was howled off the hustings by the Athenian populace time after time when he began his career. Satyrus, the actor, showed him his mistake, and Demosthenes shaved one side of his head so that he might not be tempted to leave his study until he had made himself a thorough elocutionist. We are glad to see the number of handbooks on elocution increasing. The one before us claims to broach no original theory; but it presents the whole subject, from the proper culture of the voice to the art of proper expression by voice and action. Its instructions are thoroughly practical and sensible.

THE "AVE MARIA" SERIES: No. 1. *Francis Macary, the Cabinet-maker of Lavour*, by Henri Lassare. No. 2. *Rosa Ferrucci: A Memoir and Letters*, by Henry Perreyve. Notre Dame, Indiana: "Ave Maria" Press. 1884.

This pair of pure and charming little stories, both translations from the French, seem to be the first of a series which the publishers of the *Ave Maria* are about to issue. It is a very commendable project; and we congratulate the publishers on the taste with which their opening issues are got up. These two small volumes in their plain covers and clear type are a pleasant contrast to the vulgar and gaudy little prints that too often come under the notice of the Catholic reviewer.

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XL.

JANUARY, 1885.

No. 238.

A SHADOW OF CHRISTMAS.

RESINOUS odor of forests
Filleth the snow-chilled air,
Where, o'er the city's curb-stones,
Prisoned, but strong and fair,
Rise the green fir-trees, waiting
Santa Claus' symbols to wear :

Waiting the shining baubles
Gladdening the little ones' eyes—
Light unto light uplifted,
Sparkling in sweet surprise,
Dancing with joy as in child-hand
Gift of the Christ-Child lies :

Waiting to lend their dark beauty
Unto the altar of God,
Unto the little Child-Shepherd
Off'ring earth's honor and laud—
Chorus of deep-hearted city,
Silence of hill-top broad !

Out of the near gray heavens
Fall the fine crystals of snow,
Starring the cross-boughed fir-trees
Soon with the Christ-lights to glow,

Filling the steps of the passers
Hurrying to and fro.

Over the city's dulled clamor,
Mire-stained snow of the street,
Mine is a vision of mountains,
Sound of a chorus sweet—
Rivers that sing to the valleys
Clasping the great hills' feet.

Odorously breath of the balsam
Beareth afar my thought
Where, of the sunshine of summer,
Earth's golden days are wrought,
Where with the peace of the mountains
Swift-winged hours are fraught.

Green are the forests about me,
Morning's blue heaven o'erhead,
Snow of the Alpine blossoms
Over the uplands spread
Where the white mists, untiring,
Climb with their noiseless tread;

Song of the thrushes mingling
Sweet with the murmur of rills
Voice of the west wind calling
Unto the heart of the hills
That, in its deep rock bosom,
Unto the music thrills.

Mine are the pathless forests
Strewn with the autumn's gold;
Cliffs of the wind-swept ridges,
Jewels the rude rocks hold;
Echoes of sweet human voices
Hollow and hill-top enfold.

Odorously breath of the balsam,
Lead not too far my thought;
Not of the mists of the mountain
Life's daily duty is wrought,
Though with soul's earnest endeavor
Strength of the hills be fraught.

Fair are the upland pastures,
Peace for the peoples they keep
Where soft the little Child-Shepherd
Leadeth His wayward sheep,
Ever, where fall His footsteps,
Growing the way less steep.

But if He calls from the valley,
Shall not our feet descend,
Unto the way He showeth
Willingest heart to lend?
So with the dust of the highway
Peace of the hill-top blend.

Odorous breath of the balsam,
Be thou pure incense of prayer,
All a heart's grateful outpouring,
Counting the days most fair
Under the shadow of mountains
Cleaving the rare, blue air ;

All a soul's holiest duty
Offered at earthly shrine,
In its strong faith with its brothers
Serving its faith divine,
Marking each hour as it passes
E'en with the cross's sign.

Incense-wreath'd boughs of the balsam,
Grown in the sign of our God,
Unto the little Child-Shepherd
Lift ye hearts' love and laud,
Holding, so, deep-hearted city
Peace of the hill-top broad.

THE FALLS OF WEND.

A LEGEND OF NORTH WALES.

IT was Christmas eve, and Sir John of Wynne lay dying, as unconscious of the holy season in his last hours as he had been unmindful of its lessons during the long years of life. Without the stars shone frostily in the blue-black sky and nature slept girdled in ice and snow; within the lights burned dimly and the watchers nodded drowsily as they waited—waited for death to come and carry off the last of an ancient line. It seemed strange and hard to believe that he who two days before had ridden home in the conscious strength of manhood should now be lying as helpless as the clod of earth he was so soon to enter; that he whose name had struck terror into the hearts of many should now have sunk so low that none were left to fear him. He had fallen speechless upon his own threshold, struck by some swift and sudden malady which no leech could fathom. In hot haste one had been summoned, and at first, under his ministrations, the baron seemed to rally; his eyes grew conscious for a moment, and his lips strove to utter words whose meaning none could catch. Then came a violent change, and for nineteen hours he had lain gasping and unconscious, waiting in that dim border-land whose only egress is the door of death.

A message had been sent to the monastery of St. Kentigern, and the horror-stricken abbot had mounted Brother Anselmo, the sacristan, upon his own sleek white mule, and had despatched him to the castle with words of ghostly comfort for the dying sinner's ears. But all in vain the monk had held his crucifix before the glazing eyes and had striven to catch some whisper of repentance from the half-open lips. After that one feeble spark of intelligence had fled Sir John gave no sign or token to show that he understood aught that was passing. Hour after hour dragged heavily along and still he lay unchanged, drawing each breath with a manifest effort terrible to listen to, yet showing by the length of the respiration that life was still strong within his powerful frame. Now and then he would break suddenly into thick, short gasps, and then nurse and leech and priest would hastily approach the bed, believing that the end was near. But always, after a brief struggle, the longer, heavier respirations

would return, the staring eyes still gazed vacantly into nothingness, and the gleam of white teeth inside the handsome mouth looked like a cruel smile. Who shall say through what scenes the soul passes during those long hours of waiting? Who shall say whether or no it is conscious of its deadly peril—whether those dim eyes see, and the ears hear, and the mind imprisoned in the slowly chilling clay flutters and beats to the end? Who has come back from even this sad stage to tell us anything?

In the meantime what was most apparent to the watchers around the couch was that Sir John was very long a-dying. The leech shrugged his shoulders as he turned from his patient's side back to the glowing logs: this might last half the night. The nurse shivered, and pushed aside the hanging tapestry for a glance into the peaceful night. Even Brother Anselmo heaved a quiet sigh as he thought that this was Christmas eve, and that in a few hours his comrades would be kneeling in the dim chapel chanting the midnight Mass. With a great longing he desired to be back among them now, in the tranquil safety of the monastery walls, and away from this heavy atmosphere of sin and horror. He heard in fancy the first notes of the "Kyrie" float through the air, and tears started to his eyes. Of what use was he, after all, to the senseless lump upon the bed? Then, struck with sudden penitence for the selfishness of his devotion, he detached his heavy rosary, and, kneeling in the coldest corner of the room, prayed long and fervently for the departing soul.

But human nature is weak, and our bodies respond but poorly to the higher demands of the spirit. A weight of sleep seemed hanging on his drooped eyelids, and his head nodded drowsily over the wooden beads; the other watchers dozed in their more comfortable quarters, and the dying man was left to face the end alone—alone, for wife and child were dead, and there were none to weep for him now or later; alone save for the spirits, good and ill, who struggled still for the mastery. And the stars shone brightly over all, and the crisp snow lay smooth and unbroken on the hills, and the pines whispered to one another in the silence that the birth-night of the Lord had come.

Suddenly a sound from the bed broke the dead stillness of the room. A voice—was it the baron's or another's?—said distinctly, "The Falls of Wend"; and, startled and dismayed, the watchers hurried to the couch. It was too late! White as a marble mask upon his pillows lay Sir John of Wynne, his lips sealed in death, while into the gray sky crept the first faint blush that hailed the Christmas morn.

With rude pomp the last of a noble race was borne to his grave; and when Brother Anselmo told with a troubled heart the story of that strange death-bed, the abbot, knowing full well the golden merits of silence, sealed his lips for ever on the subject, bidding him pray much for the departed and gossip neither of the living nor the dead. But the other two who had heard were not so reticent, and little by little vague rumors floated about, gaining form and color as they passed from mouth to mouth. The beautiful Falls of Wend, which in summer leaped flashing from rock to rock, hiding in still, deep pools and brawling over shallow, pebble-lined basins, now hung bound in icy chains. But underneath the hidden waters panted and struggled to be free, and in their murmuring voices the peasants grew to recognize a strange yet familiar sound. Sometimes they lingered in midday to listen and whisper to one another their beliefs and fears; but when night fell they hurried breathless by the spot, for then, borne on the wintry wind, came appealing moans for help and freedom from the imprisoned soul. And when the summer sun melted the snow-wreaths, and the waters dashed fearlessly down their rugged banks, their call, once bright and joyous, had grown wailing and bitter; for even then the reluctant waves held fast their captive, and every ripple that broke upon the stones carried with it a cry for deliverance.

So wide-spread became this belief that the tale was carried over the whole country and grew into one of those traditions that cling to a land when creeds have grown cold and generations have passed into oblivion. To this day the student of Welsh folk-lore may learn how the soul of the master of Gwydir, imprisoned under the Rhaidr y Wenol, did penance for the oppressions of his lifetime. And if the innocent waters became an object of terror to those who once loved their beauty, yet there was a secret sense of justice satisfied; and the peasants of Bettws y Ceod, who had suffered sorely from his exactions, felt that their wrongs had been avenged. They trembled, it is true, and muttered many a hasty prayer for his relief, yet were not unhappy to believe that he was suffering. Custom goes far to reconcile us to the ills of others, and the old women and young girls, even while breathing their petition, were conscious of no great distress that it should be needed.

All but one, and in her soul fear and justice were alike swallowed up in a great and enduring pity. Like that Eastern woman, dear to Buddha's heart, who stands waiting, waiting always by the gates of Paradise, purified herself, yet unwilling

to enter while one unhappy soul wanders forsaken in the darkness; so this child, unlearned in the mystery of sin, wept with unwavering charity over its requital. The moan of the troubled waters, which others heard with a half-pleasurable sense of terror, filled her with passionate distress. She remembered, too, that once she had sat by their side, weeping with babyish sorrow for the flowers which had slipped from her little hands into the glancing waves. And while she sat bare-legged and bare-headed under the summer sun Sir John of Wynne had ridden down the green slopes of Gwydir, and seeing that the child was young and fair, and that she turned her troubled face appealingly to his, he had reined in his horse and rescued for her the dripping roses, smiling alike at his own folly and at the little maid's delight.

It was the impulse of a moment, and in another moment was forgotten; but when, after a year, he died, and those whom fear had kept silent during his lifetime now wagged their tongues freely over his misdeeds, one peasant child alone remembered that he had done her a kindly action. And as years went by, and the story of his doom was told by every fireside, and the curse hung unlifted over the Rhaidr y Wenol, her childish pity grew and strengthened with her growth. In the hot brightness of the summer noon the falling waters sounded fitfully in her ears; when winter storms raged all night long, and the rough wind howled round the cottage door, her heart beat fast to think of the angry falls all white and foaming in the darkness. It seemed so terrible to lie in her warm bed and hear the despairing soul sobbing in the furious elements! When she went to Mass, and the priest, knowing how small a share of happiness comes to the poor on earth, expatiated for their comfort on the joys of heaven, the image of Sir John of Wynne floated between her and the pulpit. Life was hard and bread was scarce, but what was trouble, after all, in comparison to this unutterable woe? How could the sun shine and the flowers bloom while on the clouded earth rested the burden of unpardoned sin?

So ten years passed and Morna was sixteen, a tall, pale girl, as fair-haired as the child of five who wept by the water-side over her lost roses. For ten whole years the Falls of Wend had guarded well their prisoner, and still by day and night went forth that bitter cry for help. It was again a Christmas eve, and in the still coldness the whole world seemed wrapped in an enchanted slumber, ready to waken at the angel's voice. Morna,

looking out upon the night and thinking over her old sad thoughts, could not forbear to give them voice for once. The ancient grandam with whom she lived was not a ready confidant; but she had no other, and so turned instinctively to her for help in her perplexity.

"Grandmother," she said softly, "will the Falls of Wend always moan as they do now? Do you think the curse will never be lifted nor the dead forgiven?"

The old woman raised her head from the embers, and a dangerous light gleamed from her sunken eyes. But she controlled herself and said shortly: "It is not for you nor I to answer. The judgments of God are just."

"But there is mercy always in heaven," persisted the girl, "and the years are so long, so long! Surely his atonement is completed and the day of his deliverance is at hand."

As she spoke she held up her finger and listened softly for a minute; then her eyes clouded with wondering sadness. "If only it were over!" she murmured, and hid her face in her hands.

Her grandmother arose and looked at her intently, then turned trembling back to the fire, the ready comfort of old age. "Why should you weep over the punishment of sin?" she said bitterly. "Sir John laid a heavy hand upon all his vassals, but none have suffered more than you. Your father's hot blood rebelled against his lord's exactions, and he fought fiercely in defence of the labor of his hands. Three of the baron's men-at-arms lay dead before he fell, pierced to the heart, upon his own bloody threshold. Your mother, lying in childbirth, sickened and died, leaving you, a helpless baby, to my care. Poverty and loneliness have been your portion; a childhood without love, a girlhood robbed of all that makes the happiness of youth. This is your debt to Sir John of Wynne, and you can find naught else to grieve over than that it is repaid!"

The girl listened with pallid cheeks and quivering lips. "If this be true," she whispered, "and if we forgive him freely, surely God will pardon him at last."

Her grandmother muttered something and would have turned away; but Morna flung herself passionately at her feet. "Only think," she pleaded, "for how long he has suffered! My mother and father forgive him now for all, and you will, too, for this is Christmas eve."

The appeal rang pitifully through the darkened room, but the woman who heard it stood like a block of stone. "I had but

one son," she said slowly to herself. "He suckled at my breast, and grew tall and strong. I put him on his feet, and he stood erect as a young sapling, asking help from none. When he lay last in my arms my breasts were smeared with his blood and his dying eyes looked up fearfully into mine. My wrongs have consumed me like fire, and children cry forgive!" She paused and looked down at the trembling girl. "You are young," she said, "and heaven lies very near you; but I am old and have suffered and sinned. Go to your bed and leave me! Your father was fierce and dark, my own son; but you are fair like your mother, and no grief of mine can pierce the coldness of your heart. When you lay a baby in your cradle I knew you were a thing apart from me, and that there was no tie save that of blood between us. Be off and leave me to myself!"

Terrified and distressed, Morna arose and groped her way into her little bed-room. There, crouching by the window, she recalled her grandmother's words, and with a fast-beating heart pictured to herself that last, fierce, hopeless struggle and her dying father prone on his own hearth. Then her thoughts strayed to the Falls of Wend, and once more she saw Sir John of Wynne riding down the sunlight, and the smile, half-kind, half-scornful, on his handsome lips. For one brief moment her soul was torn with sudden passion, and the white, hard face turned to the glittering stars told how bitter was the inward strife. But through the stillness of the night a faint sound floated to her ears, and she knew that it came from the Falls of Wend, where the unquiet waters beat hard against their icy chains. As she listened hate weakened and died, and the infinite pity that had filled her heart so long regained its old mastery. It was so terrible to think that on Christmas eve, when choirs of angels thrilled earth and air with melody and nature's pulse responded throbbing to their joy, this one unpardoned soul should call in vain for mercy. Unless he were forgiven now in this holy season of peace and reconciliation there could be no hope for him in all the darkened future.

Moved by some powerful impulse, she wrapped a cloak around her and stole out into the night. It was very cold, but not a breath of wind stirred in the haggard, leafless trees; the snow lay deep and smooth, and far off the pale radiance of the Northern Lights shone faint and clear upon its untrodden purity. As she hurried by the sound of her soft footsteps rang with unnatural loudness through the utter silence, and only when she neared the falls there came sighing forth that muffled

moan which had haunted her troubled heart so long. Under the starlight the hanging masses of ice and snow gleamed with a ghostly whiteness, and, kneeling close by the rocky bank, Morna held her breath and listened. The imprisoned waters underneath panted and strove, and the girl's face grew whiter, and her eyes more hopeless, and her whole soul sick with pity. Carried beyond herself, she was conscious neither of the cold nor of the lonely night, and the hopes that burned in her heart fell in broken words from her pale lips, more like self-communings than a prayer.

"It has been so long!" she whispered always. "He has suffered so long, and thou art merciful, O Lord!" And again: "He was not all bad; he was hard, but not cruel; and thou, dear Christ, didst forgive even the Jews who slew thee. Have mercy and receive his soul!" And then over and over again: "Have mercy, Lord! have mercy!"

And as she prayed the cold stars looked down upon her—myriads of golden eyes watching in tranquillity her passionate sorrow and pain; the cold snow spread itself like a giant winding-sheet on every side; the cold night wrapped her in its chilly shroud. But Morna, gazing into the vaulted heavens, pierced through their veil, and saw in spirit the hosts of angels hovering over the manger of Bethlehem. The earth seemed holy in its solemn joy, the darkness was radiant with flashes of white light, the air trembled with glad hosannas to the new-born King. The gleaming wings of triumphant cherubim outshone the virgin snow, and when the far-off peals of heaven-born music grew faint and dim the whirl of their bright pinions filled the silence with soft cadences of sound. Yet ever and anon from out the ice-bound falls that other voice called pleadingly, and as she heard it the hope in Morna's soul sickened and died. Benumbed with the cold, she knelt motionless as a figure carved in ice, and, looking ever upwards, knew nothing but the intensity of her own desires.

"They say that I have suffered most," she murmured softly; "but I forgive him from my heart. And all the others he has hurt would gladly forgive him, too, if they could know how terrible it is to be dead and yet shut out from heaven. No pain that he has caused can be like this. And to-night, when all the blessed souls are doubly happy in the Saviour's birth—it must be that to-night he will be free."

She covered her face for a moment, and it seemed to her that the moaning of the waters had given place to another sound,

sharp and clear, that died away whenever she bent her head to listen. And the skies were growing brighter with a strange, sweet radiance, and the stars shone less frostily, and the dark night felt less un pitying and unkind. A faint perfume as of summer roses filled the air, and she thought she saw the Falls of Wend flashing in the midday sun, and a fair-haired child reaching over the water, while, dark and strong, Sir John of Wynne rode by. Then all vanished, and in their place lay the child Jesus sleeping in his manger, watched by his Mother and attendant angels. The Virgin smiled upon her, yet raised a finger warningly, as if to say, "Break not my Baby's slumber!" The angels gave her silent greeting, and, trembling with devout awe, she laid at the Infant's feet a branch of dripping roses. Then she was back in her own poor home, and her grandmother's dark eyes were fixed upon her in stony wrath. She tried to utter some word of supplication, but a deep current was bearing her fast away; a roar of waters sounded in her ears; a wave of crimson light dazzled her eyes; there was a passing glimpse of green fields and flowers; and then, as she sank upon the snow, there came to her as in a dream the thought that she was dying—dying at midnight by the frozen falls, with no word of love or comfort, and no watcher save the silent stars.

For a minute the consciousness of approaching death carried with it a great wave of bitterness and fear. Her life had been far from happy; but she was young, and as the world slipped from her grasp it seemed very bright and fair, and Azrael's awful eyes looking into hers chilled her soul with terror. What mortal has gazed without a tremor into their inscrutable beauty, or has followed them into the unknown darkness, without one backward glance at the brief sunlight of the past? But in that moment of dread and loathing there flashed across her failing mind, like a single note blown from an angel's trumpet, the thought, "For him, dear Lord—I give my life for him." And as though the words were carried on high by thousands of heavenly voices, there rang through the air a cry of joy and triumph; and with a mighty sound the sharp ice cracked on every side, and the waters dashed madly down their rocky bed with dancing foam-wreaths and eddying ripples, rejoicing that the curse was gone. And white and cold beside them Morna lay, while her spirit mounted higher, higher, through the gleaming paths of light, to plead for the ransomed soul before the throne of God.

SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.

No. III.

CHRONOLOGY CONTINUED.

A MORE moderate theory of the antiquity of man, which nevertheless assigns him a much longer period of existence than the six or seven thousand years of the common chronology, is now generally adopted by geologists, some eminent men of science who are Catholics being included in the number.

We cannot do better than to quote what one of these latter says about this theory. The basis of it is laid in the discovery of artificial utensils and fossil remains of human skeletons in deposits assigned to the quaternary ages :

"The earliest evidence which can be certainly authenticated, of the presence of man on the earth is attached to these ages. Not only detached flints which are not shapeless and unfit for use, like those of Thenay and Otta, but artistically fashioned into hatchets, punches, and scrapers, are met with in the quaternary deposits of all countries (Europe, America, Syria, India, . . .); but also human bones, together with remains of great mammals of the period belonging to species now extinct, are found in a great many of these layers, at least in Europe.

"Moreover, M. de Quatrefages establishes, by an examination of skulls collected from the deposits of this time, that the human species was already composed of distinct races. . . .

"It appears, then, to be a proved fact that man was already dispersed over the greater part of the surface of the globe *at the time of the later glacial phenomena.**

"Let us admit that these glacial phenomena had as their principal and determining cause the great cosmic winter brought about by the coincidence of the aphelia with the vicinity of the winter solstices of our hemisphere. The grounds of this theory are well known, and M. l'Abbé Hamard has explained them in a brilliant manner in the second edition of his *Gisement du Mont Dol*.

"The line of the apsides of the earth's orbit making a revolution around this orbit and therefore passing through all the points of the ecliptic in 20,900 years, there is a moment when the aphelion coincides with the summer solstice of one hemisphere and at the same time with the winter solstice of the other.

"The eccentricity of our orbit, as every one knows, is scarcely percep-

* These last two paragraphs have been transposed, in order to make a more immediate connection with what follows.

tible; but still the earth's movement of translation is slackened at the aphelion, the times of this movement being proportional to the surfaces traversed by the radius-vector. The consequence of this is that the hemisphere whose summers correspond to the aphelia receives much more heat by the increase of their duration than it loses by the greater distance of the sun. Reciprocally, the opposite hemisphere, whose winters are lengthened by the same number of days, undergoes a loss of heat much greater than the feeble gain of heat received by the nearness of the sun in the summer. The difference of the length of the two seasons is a decade of days when the apsides coincide exactly with the two solstices, which occurs for each of them, as we have said, once in every 20,900 years. The length of each one of the two seasons of the cosmic year is therefore 10,450 years. When the apsides correspond to the equinoxes the two seasons of the ordinary year are rigorously equal; from this moment the inequality increases constantly, attaining its maximum at the end of 5,225 years, when the line of the apsides coincides anew with the two solstices, to return again to zero in 5,225 years, and so on.

"Six hundred and thirty-four (636) years ago the aphelion coincided exactly with the summer solstice of our hemisphere, and 10,450 years before that date—*i.e.*, 11,086 years ago—it coincided with our winter solstice; 5,225 years before that, or B.C. 14,427, the apsides corresponded to the equinoxes, and since that epoch the summers of the northern hemisphere have been shortening and the winters lengthening. It is plain that this inequality, for a long time imperceptible, since it takes above 500 years to amount to 24 hours, could not make the effects of its accumulated refrigeration felt until after the lapse of a long series of ages. It is even probable that their maximum was not attained until several centuries after the coincidence of the aphelion with the winter solstice, B.C. 9202, just as the maximum of heat or cold in our annual seasons generally occurs some days, even weeks, after the solstice. The glacial period would have resulted from the greatest sum of cold, or, more correctly speaking, from the maximum of the loss of heat combined with an increase of evaporation realized during the summers by the small surplus of heat determined by the nearer approach to the sun when they are at the shortest length; although this little surplus, being compensated during the winter through the increased distance of the sun, would not affect the mean annual temperature.

"From these data we infer that we may with probability place the grand development of glacial phenomena at an epoch near to or after the year 9000 B.C. It being admitted that the first snows and ices began to make short appearances during the winter months at the pole and on the summits of the highest mountains which were thrown up during the tertiary ages, no sooner than the pliocene ages, what a series of centuries must have been required for the formation of that enormous icy skull-cap which covered the pole permanently and came down as far as the latitudes of Scotland, and of those immense shrouds of snow and frozen water which enveloped all the mountainous regions and extended far into the plains!

"It is conformable to theories admitted by the generality of competent scientists to make the quaternary ages begin after the first appearance of cold and frost on the surface of our globe. Were these first cold

seasons brought on solely by the slow shortening of the summers of our hemisphere? We can presume that they are independent of it, and that they proceeded more likely from an increase of the inclination of the terrestrial axis, provoked by the latest orographic upheavals. It is certain that the angle of this inclination is an essential function of the variations of temperature, for if it were made equal to zero the displacement of the major axis of the terrestrial orbit, although it could act on the climates, would be devoid of all influence upon the seasons, since these would be always equal to each other; say, rather, would not exist at all. It is nevertheless reasonable to admit that the two orders of phenomena—viz., the demarcation of the seasons by the inclination of the axis, and that refrigeration which was the special resultant of the displacement of the aphelion—may have begun almost simultaneously. According to our hypothesis, then, the quaternary epoch may have commenced at about the epoch of the correspondence of the apsides with the equinoxes—that is to say, about 14,500 years before Christ. The grand glacial phenomena not having had time to attain their full magnitude until after the year 9000, we see that there remains a margin more than sufficient for the appearance of mankind on the earth, their multiplication, and division into races which have left their imprint upon all parts of the globe. Ten centuries would be amply sufficient, and we would have fifty at our disposition.”

Let us, then, assume a hypothetical date of about 12,000 years before the present time for the creation of Adam and Eve, the progenitors of the human race. The calculations previously given show that the actual population of the globe will not permit the supposition that the human race has gone on increasing in an uninterrupted and normal manner for more than a few thousand years. Yet as M. d'Estienne's hypothesis furnishes in the glacial phenomena a way of accounting for a wholesale diminution of the human race during their continuance, and as we have the undoubted historical fact of the Noachian Deluge which made a new beginning for the Noachides at least, if not for the human species universally, we may admit provisionally the computation of 12,000 years as the period of the history of the Adamic species to be one of the theories worthy of consideration.

But what we are aiming at is to answer the question whether the chronology of early human history is determined by the authority of the Holy Scriptures. We say decidedly it is not, at least in the present doubtful state of that portion of their text on which chronological computations have been founded.

The common short computation has been made from the text of the Latin Vulgate, which is a version of the Hebrew text. It is obtained by adding the intervals between the birth of the patriarchs in the Mosaic genealogies and the birth of their next following successors in the line, from Adam to Abraham. These

intervals are different in the Septuagint, and in the Samaritan Pentateuch they differ from those of both the Hebrew and the Greek texts. It is doubtful which of these texts correctly represents the original, and it is not certain that either of them is exactly correct. If we suppose, therefore, that the original text contained the data for an exact chronology of the period between Adam and Abraham, we must nevertheless confess that we have no certain knowledge of these data, so that our chronology is floating and undecided, as the following table will show :

	Greek. Years.	Hebrew. Years.	Samaritan. Years.
From Adam to the Deluge.....	2,262	1,656	1,307
From the Deluge to Abraham.....	1,172	292	942
From Adam to Abraham.....	3,434	1,948	2,249

We are not obliged to follow the reading of the Vulgate. The chronology of the Septuagint has always been received in the Greek Church, it was admitted during six centuries in the Latin Church, and it has been retained in the Roman Martyrology, which places the creation 5,199 years and the Deluge 2,960 years before Christ.

"In fine," says M. d'Estienne, "the systems of biblical chronology repose on such uncertain foundations that we know, at the present day, of more than two hundred of them, counting only the principal systems!*" It is clear that, in the presence of such a diversity, the figures comprised in this part of the history of the world have no longer any more than a relative value; they give us no warrant of their integrity or authenticity."

But more than this: it is possible that the original, authentic text of Genesis never contained the data for a complete and exact system of chronology. The construction of a system of chronology from tables of genealogy must assume that there are

* Dessignoles mentions above 200 different computations of the period between Adam and Christ, the shortest 3,483 years, the longest 6,984 years. Julius Africanus makes it 5,562 years, Eusebius 5,300, Origen 5,000, and Petavius adopts in round numbers the computation of 5,000 years.

Chevallier, by a new system of calculation, peculiar to himself, based on the hypothesis of two different modes of reckoning years, one civil, in which the year contains 365 days, the other religious, in which it contains 7 lunar months—*i. e.*, between 206 and 207 days—brings the chronology of the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Greek codices of Genesis into harmony with each other, and gives as one result of his ingenious system the following dates :

1. From Adam to the Deluge.....	Years. 1,656
2. From the Deluge to the birth of Jesus Christ.....	4,293
Total.....	5,949
From the creation of Adam to A.D. 1885.....	7,834

Moigno says of Chevallier's theory that it can scarcely be called probable, but rather conjectural, and yet leads to astonishing results in solving difficulties and reconciling apparent contradictions, and may possibly be true (*Splend. de la Foi*, vol. ii, pp. 611 and 612, App. E, p. 61).

no gaps or omissions in these tables. This is an hypothesis which cannot be absolutely proved, and there are reasons derived from the Scripture itself which are thought to militate against it. St. Matthew, in his genealogy of our Lord, leaps over three generations between Joram and Ozias, merely for the sake of symmetry. St. Luke inserts the name of Cainan, not found in Genesis, in his genealogy. The use of the verb "to beget" admits, therefore, of a large and mediate sense, and it can be applied to a grandson, or to the grandson of a grandson, as well as to a son. The Abbé Vigouroux, who is one of the most eminent scholars in sacred science of the age, has therefore reason when he says:

"The sacred chronology has been constructed artificially by the addition of the age of the patriarchs, proceeding from the supposition that the list of generations is complete; wherefore if this hypothesis be false, and if Moses has omitted one or several generations, it is easy to see that it is impossible for us to know what time elapsed, for instance, from Noah to Abraham" (and equally from Adam to Noah); "it follows also that all the chronologies heretofore constructed are too short."*

Sylvestre de Sacy long ago wrote: "There does not exist any biblical chronology." The Abbé Le Hir says: "The biblical chronology floats in an undecided state; it belongs to the human sciences to recover the date of the creation of our species." Father de Valroger expresses the same opinion. Father Belynck, S.J., writes in that extremely learned periodical, *Les Études Religieuses* (1868): "There does not exist any chronology in the Bible; the genealogies of our sacred books from which some have deduced their series of dates sometimes have gaps in them."

Mgr. Meignan, on the last page of his celebrated work, *Le Monde et l'Homme Primitif*, writes:

"One may always question whether the chronology of the first chapters of Genesis has not been altered by the negligence of copyists or disfigured by their systems. Those signs which express numbers are easily alterable. The word of God has been perpetuated across the ages by the labor of copyists who have been undoubtedly carefully watched over, and it is certain that we possess a biblical text admirably preserved *considering its antiquity*. Nevertheless God could permit that it should suffer from the injuries of time in its least important parts."

Eusebius of Cæsarea expressed very much the same opinion in the fourth century.

Dr. Schaeffer and the Abbé de Foville extend the range of these very just and wise reflections over the entire collection of

* *Manuel Biblique*, t. i. p. 430.

historical books which are contained in the Bible, and add some others which cast light upon the general subject of Scriptural chronology :

“ Many of the numerical data of the Scripture have not come down to us in their primitive integrity. Even if all of them did deserve our confidence from a critical point of view, we could not draw from the Bible any system of chronology, because the sacred book has a totally different object which respects higher ends.

“ The alterations introduced into the sacred text by means of transcriptions bear in an altogether special manner upon the numbers; and thus the little security of the chronological data can be at once concluded from the great uncertainty which reigns over the other kinds of numerical designations. Sometimes in two passages relating to the same object we find different numbers given instead of identical ones. According to 2 Sam. x: 18 David destroyed 700 chariots of the Syrians, and according to 1 Par. xix. 18 he destroyed 7,000; according to 2 Sam. viii. 4 David took 1,700 horsemen prisoners, and according to 1 Par. xviii. 4 he took 7,000; etc. In other cases numbers which are only once given excite suspicion by their very magnitude; thus, for instance, the number of 30,000 chariots which the Philistines are said to have sent against Saul may very probably be thirty times too great. . . .

“ There is another class of numbers the integrity of which is beyond the reach of criticism, and their *relative* exactitude such that we cannot call it in question, and yet the larger proportion of which cannot be of any service in establishing an absolute chronology. . . . The frequent recurrence of certain round numbers—for instance, the number 40—suggests doubts of their arithmetical exactness. The symbolical use which was made of them from a very early period had brought in a habit of often employing them in an approximative sense, as we do with the number 100. The four judges Othniel, Ehud, Barak, and Gideon procure, each one, 40 years of repose to their land; the oppression of Israël by the Philistines lasts for 40 years; the judgeship of Eli and the reign of Saul fill each 40 years. Take note, besides, that in no case is the exact date to which a book of the Bible goes back indicated to us, and that often we cannot determine it by any combination. This ignorance extends to the writings of the New Testament, and although we possess fourteen epistles of St. Paul, and find in the book of Acts many details concerning this great apostle, the problem how to frame an incontestable chronology of his life has never yet been solved. . . . There are a few lines of Father de Valroger in which the veritable object of the chronological indications of the Bible is perfectly marked out.”

“ The Bible indicates, in a measure *which suffices for its divine scope*, the chronological order of the facts which it relates. But, the Holy Spirit not having inspired it in order to found or to cast light upon the science of chronology, we should not seek in it *a detailed and precise chronology, a complete system of dates accurately indicated, methodically connected, and perfectly preserved.*” *

* *Rev. des Qu. Scientif.*, Oct. 20, 1882, pp. 504-534.

We finish this part of the subject with a sentence of Cardinal Manning, who is much better known to most of our readers than the foreign authors we have quoted, and whose judgment has deservedly very great weight with all English-speaking Catholics: "No system of chronology is laid down in the sacred books." *

The inference which M. d'Estienne draws from all these premises is "that every Scriptural criterion for measuring *doctrinally* the age of mankind by the sacred books is wanting to us; so that, consequently, the greatest latitude is left to believing scientists for putting back this age as much as their theories require." He is not alone in maintaining this thesis. The Abbé Bourgeois was one of the zealous advocates of the miocene or tertiary man, and he was permitted to defend his theory in the *Rev. des Qu. Scientif.* of Brussels (October, 1877). In regard to the conciliation of this theory, and in general of prehistoric geology and archæology, with the Scripture, this learned priest declares that he takes his stand upon the ground of *fact* :

"Without entering on the road of explications, the text of the Bible" (he adds) "is brief and obscure; prehistoric geology and archæology, notwithstanding some truths which have been acquired, are not less obscure in respect to many essential points. Why establish premature concordances, and not rather wait for light with a well-founded confidence that scientific truth can never be opposed to religious truth?"

We have seen that some who reject the hypothesis of the Abbé Bourgeois and a few other scientists that mankind was upon the earth during the tertiary period, arguing from the evidences of their existence during the quaternary period, put back the date of human origin to 10,000 years before Christ. They even theorize freely of a possible earlier date verging towards 20,000 B.C. The theory of the tertiary man requires a still further recession into antiquity. Nevertheless it does not demand the extravagant computations of Lyell and others. And the Abbé Bourgeois, with all his hardihood, does not give them any countenance.

"I will not say" (he writes) "that I am disposed to take into serious account the fantastic calculations of Lyell and other archæologists who give to the human race hundreds of thousands of years, for the chronometers which they use appear to me altogether defective. I pretend only that if science, which is a means of interpreting the Bible when the church has not spoken, obliges us to put back the beginnings of mankind, there is no occasion for getting into a fright about it."

* *Temp. Miss. of the Holy Ghost*, p. 165 (Eng. ed.)

Certainly not. Let the supposed fact be proved to be a real fact, let it be proved that science obliges us to accept some evidence of the existence of man on the earth during the earlier part of the quaternary or during the tertiary period as conclusive, and there is no other rational attitude possible except that taken by the Abbé Bourgeois. We must stand upon the fact and the scientific truth. If there is an apparent opposition between these certainties and other certainties belonging to faith, we must, if possible, remove this appearance, not by violent but by fair explanations, or else we must hold both at once in spite of their apparent discrepancy, and await further light.

Thus far we have not seen any plausible reason to put back the beginnings of the human race to an earlier period than 10,000 years B.C. We are firmly convinced that a concurrence of proofs from all branches of science bearing on the subject, Scriptural exegesis included, requires the admission of a date for the creation of the human species at least 10 or 20 centuries earlier than the vulgar era of 4004 B.C. How many more centuries can be added on before we get into a serious difficulty in respect to the interpretation of Genesis we will not pretend to determine positively. Neither will we attempt to define precisely the limits of that latitude in theorizing which can be justly conceded to the claim advanced by writers already quoted and others of a similar bent. The Abbé Bourgeois characterizes the calculations of Lyell which run back for hundreds of thousands of years as "fantastic," and M. d'Estienne qualifies the hypothesis of the tertiary man sustained by the Abbé Bourgeois as "conjectural or problematical," although we suppose it does not demand more than 30,000 or 50,000 years; and M. d'Estienne's extreme limit of theorizing extends only to about 20,000 B.C.* Our principal question, however, relates to the dogmatic and doctrinal criterion. Is there or is there not such a criterion? If any one should be captivated by a "conjectural" or a "fantastic" theory, can he indulge his conjectures or fancies, *salva fide*, subject only to the censure of sound science and common sense?

We have already shown that there is no positive and definite doctrinal criterion in the shape of a biblical system of chronology. It is certain that there is a great latitude conceded by good theologians to theories and systems. Some respectable Catholic authors, as we have seen, openly advocate theories respecting the antiquity of man in comparison with which the longest

* That is, as we understand his not very clear statements. Perhaps his *maximum* number is less.

chronology ever proposed by any Christian scientist, before our time, is short. Thus far there has been no judgment, censure, or interference by ecclesiastical authority. We cannot, therefore, fix a limit by any sure and authoritative rule beyond which it is unlawful for a Catholic to stretch the antiquity of man.

The grand dogmas and doctrines of faith, revealed by God, contained in divine scriptures and unwritten traditions faithfully transmitted from the beginning of the human race until now, declared or defined by the infallible ordinary teaching and solemn decrees of the church, and by her proposed to our belief, in so far as man's origin and antiquity has any connection with faith, are these: First, God created all things, out of nothing, in time. Second, God created the human species in one pair, Adam and Eve, with a constitution of original grace, righteousness, and integrity, but subject to probation. Third, Adam fell by sinning from this original estate, involving all his posterity descending from him by natural generation and under the ordinary law in original sin and its penalties. Fourth, God provided, and from the beginning of this fallen state promised to the Adamic race, redemption through a Saviour belonging by his conception and birth to the same race—a Saviour who, by the fulness of revelation, was manifested to be the eternal Son of God as well as the Son of man, Jesus Christ our Lord.

In so far as the whole creation, exclusive of the Adamic species, is concerned, no theory, however conjectural it may be, respecting the length of time which has elapsed since the creation comes into collision with the revealed truth. All things have had a beginning and a progress. Sound science confirms this truth, and, in so far as the present order of our solar system and of the stellar universe is concerned, it indicates that all calculations must be restricted within a few millions of years. In respect to the flora and fauna of our globe scientific theories demand only some hundreds of thousands of years, which can be granted to them without hesitation.

When we come down to man the science of anthropology is confronted with other dogmas besides that of creation in time—viz., with the other three lately specified. The most extravagant of all the theories which have been broached in the name of science—viz., the one which assigns to the human race an antiquity of 300,000 years—does not directly contradict the substance of the doctrines of revelation. It is plain that one who maintains that Adam was created before any definite given date

does not thereby deny that he was created, constituted in original righteousness, that he fell, that all his posterity fell with him, and that the whole Adamic race has been redeemed by Jesus Christ. The question which arises relates to the conciliation of theories of human chronology with that which belongs incidentally to faith and is in some way connected with the substance of dogma.* And here we may distinguish between hypothetical prehistoric men in the quaternary or tertiary period who are pre-Adamites, and those who belong to the Adamic species. Theories about an extinct species resembling the existing human species do not trench upon the domain of sacred history or sacred science. The Holy Scripture deals only with Adam and his race and with angels. In respect to possible beings in another category, whether of a purely intellectual nature or of a mixed rational and animal nature, it is silent, affirming nothing and denying nothing. Some writers, even Catholics, indulge in conjectures and speculations about rational creatures inhabiting planets of our own system, and planets which are supposed to revolve like our own around the fixed stars. They incur no reproach on the score of orthodoxy by so doing. For the same reason it is allowable to propose an hypothesis according to which any traces of the existence of beings similar to ourselves which are proved or conjectured to belong to a prehistoric period are referred to one or more species of the human genus appertaining to creations prior in time to the creation of Adam. The Abbé Bourgeois and Father de Valroger actually proposed this hypothesis in a conjectural form. It cannot be called a probable theory. In order to give it a foundation of scientific credibility it would be necessary to establish two things: first, that the prehistoric man really existed; second, that the date assigned to the beginning of his existence by certain science cannot be reconciled with certain facts of the history of the Adamic race made known through revelation, or otherwise. Neither of these affirmations can be positively made and sustained by conclusive evidence at present. The nations of the old time have their prehistoric periods, but the earliest period of the human race is more properly called dimly historic than absolutely prehistoric, unless we give in to the extreme theories of Bourgeois and Lenormant. Those respectable Catholic writers whom we have quoted whose theories are more moderate do not put back

* Quæ ad fidem pertinent dupliciter distinguuntur. Quædam enim sunt *per se* de substantia fidei, . . . quædam vero *per accidens tantum*, in quantum scilicet in Scriptura traduntur (S. Thom., 2 *Dist.* 12, q. 1, a. 2).

the beginnings of man to such a very remote antiquity as to evidently and necessarily antedate the period of dim history. All of those who reject the hypothesis of the tertiary man, so far as we know, proceed on the supposition that the most ancient traces of man on the globe appertain to the actually existing human species, and put the creation of Adam at the beginning of their chronology.

According to the Abbé Moigno, the fundamental question concerning the antiquity of man reverts to the following term: "Does the existence of Adam remount, not to some thousands of *years*, but to some thousands of *ages*?" Even the Abbé Bourgeois, who is at one extreme, as well as those Catholic writers who are at the other, maintains the negative side of the question. It is a question of more or fewer thousands of years, from six or seven to eight, ten, and conjecturally somewhat more, but always far short of the extravagant supputations of such writers as Lyell, or even of the most moderate one compatible with the theory of the tertiary man.

We will let the subject rest here for the present, intending to resume it in a future article.

THE HÔTEL BELLECOUR DURING THE SIEGE.

THE Count de Kergalon was no admirer of the empire, neither was he of the republic; but he was one of the purest, truest, and most steadfast of Frenchmen. He was convinced in his patriotism without being Chauvinistic, and ready to make quiet sacrifice of his life for any cause he held to be righteous. And the cause of France stemming the tide of foreign invasion he held to be righteous, albeit he did not run into hysterical bellowings of the "Marseillaise" or look upon Bismarck as synonym for Beëlzebub.

He was a Breton. That in itself conveys that he was brave and stubborn—one not merely to rush to attack with impetuosity, but to be obstinate in following up the attack and slow to retreat. Being a fervent adherent of Legitimacy, he had held aloof from the Tuileries during the luxurious heyday of Imperialism, preferring to reside in his lovely ancestral seat on those wild, remote Atlantic-beaten shores where Chateaubriand saw the light—the shores from which Jean Bart and Robert Surcouf sallied forth to dispute the mastery of ocean with all comers.

In agriculture and the chase he passed most of his time; and being a Breton of *la Bretagne bretonnante*, he was passionately devoted to the old language and customs of the province, attended the pardons, danced at the wedding-feasts, considered the shrill noise of the bagpipes the sweetest music in the world, and took a share with the long-haired peasants in the Celtic game with the *horell*. He was a model country gentleman, popular for his fine social qualities, respected for his lineage, and pointed to as a paragon of modern chivalry and genuine piety; for the count had worn a private's jacket in the Pope's Zouaves, and paid his annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Guingamp.

His mother, who resided with him, was very proud of her boy, and was anxious that he should contract an alliance with the daughter of a noble family at Morlaix—a family whose flag, like hers, was not the tricolor, but the time-honored *drapeau blanc*; whose favored flower was the lily, not the violet. Émile was perfectly willing, for Berthe de Menars was a charming creature, modest, winsome, gentle, and accomplished. She had been educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Vincennes, where she had met the daughters of the best people in France—undoubtedly the best in stock and probity and manners—those who seclude themselves in their mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain, who know nothing of that frivolous Paris which calls itself society, but live apart with an exclusiveness which is dignified without being arrogant. Wealth cannot procure the coveted entry into those saloons; but the visitor provided with the proper introduction is cordially welcomed, even though he may walk to the massive doors or drive up in a hackney-carriage instead of in an equipage with prancing team and liveried servitors. Pedigree and worth count more there than gold or new-fangled titles. The descendant of somebody whose head was cut off on the guillotine or who was cast to cruel death in the *noyades* of Nantes is thought more of than a prince of finance or the wearer of a coronet invented by the first Napoleon. Yet these people, with all their ever-present consciousness of race, are possessed of a sweet gravity of bearing, so simple and sincere that the stranger under their roof at once feels himself at his ease.

The marriage had been fixed to come off at Paris in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires—it was there the Countess de Kergalon had worn the bridal veil—in the first week of September, 1870. Berthe and her aged father, green and sturdy still for his age, were in the capital on a visit to a friend, who

was only too willing to play the host. The Marquise de Bellecour had been a prized acquaintance of the venerable M. de Menars when he had been a gay officer in the body-guard of Charles X., and had been at school with his wife. Her late husband and he had been comrades, and her granddaughter had been at school with Berthe; consequently the Morlaix family was on a footing of the most tender intimacy at the Hôtel Bellecour, which was close to the Rue de Rennes, the very core of the quarter of the ancient nobility.

The Countess de Kergalon was away in the château in Morbihan, superintending those preparations which only a woman can understand to make the place more fitting for the reception of the expected young mistress who was to be the future *châtelaine*. As it was in Brittany—at home, in fact, the dearest and wisest and wholesomest of resorts—the honeymoon was to be spent, the matron had set her heart upon putting everything in apple-pie order, so that the brown, mournful-looking building, wrinkled by the weather-stress of centuries, might wear an air of cheerfulness and comfort. She desired to give the couple which was so closely knitted to her affections a smooth start in housekeeping, well knowing that so much of the happiness of married existence depends on the way in which it begins, and that a spirit of peace and content is to a great extent created and controlled by surroundings. It was delightful to see her, with eyes lively under their spectacles from fond excitement, her gray hair lying in soft plaits across her brow, bustling about, keys at girdle, as if the weight of years had been removed, making this suggestion and that devised by thoughtful kindness, planning one surprise of prettiness or other in picture, flower-vase, or embroidered screen. There are those who pretend that there are no such words as “home” or “comfort” in the French vocabulary. They were never admitted to a French household who say so; assuredly were never inside a French château presided over by a motherly hand directed by a cultivated taste. Because a house is artistically furnished it is not the less a home. And because a reliquary is more valued than a racing-cup, and a stainless genealogical tree than a big rent-roll, it does not follow that those who have reverence for tradition and pride of pedigree are less ripe in robust beauty and sense of enjoyment than the pretentious lovers of sport who are turgid with conceit when they hear the rattle of their gold coins. Because a lamp is trimmed in an oratory, and bells tinkle for devotion as well as for dinner, it does not follow that the inmates

of the household are fanatical or lugubrious. There were reliquaries and an oratory, a genealogical tree, and many out-of-date and out-of-fashion articles in this worn old Château de Kergalon; but when the hedges were clipped and the walks freshly gravelled, the turf shorn and a coping put to the ruined balustrade at the other side of the moat, it did not seem an ill-suiting spot to have chosen for the festal season after marriage. The bride who would not have been satisfied at the sight of the great brown pile of masonry, with its gable fronts, its lattices, its gargoyles and armorial shields hewn out of the stone, as it peeped from amid a plantation, would have been hard to be pleased. It was stately and handsome and unique. Besides, there was a terraced garden, an orchard, and an avenue bordered by limes and orange-trees in large, square green boxes.

"Be sure that the smoke curls from the chimneys and that you have music and bonfires when the count and the new countess come back," said the dowager-countess in prospective to Crépin, her steward; for she intended to go to Paris to be present at the marriage ceremony, and to remain there, like a discreet, good-natured woman, for a few months until her dear young couple had settled down.

And the count, where was he? While his mother was full of domestic concerns he was immersed in higher affairs. He had accompanied a deputation of nobles who believed as he did on a visit of what he considered duty to another count—the count exile at Frohsdorf, in Austria,—count to whom he bent the knee and whom he saluted "Majesty." Very affable Henry V., King of France *in nubibus*, was, and the partisans who had relinquished the allurements of a court, had made many sacrifices and were ready to sacrifice all for the cause, were ecstatic at his royal condescension when his majesty limped over to a piano and played them a German sonata. This, surely, was more than recompense for having travelled so far. But his majesty would do no more—the hour for action had not yet arrived.

De Kergalon, having acquitted himself of his debt of allegiance to the king beyond the borders, hastened back to Paris to pay his devoirs to the queen of his heart.

But in the interim the hour for action for Napoleon III. had arrived. While the young Breton was lost somewhat in the shadows of impossible politics, and much more in the distracting mazes of love's young dream—for his was to be a marriage of affection as well as of judgment and arrangement—great things had been happening. One of the hinges upon which history

turns was being forged. The day he got out of the train at Paris on his return there was a strange animation in the streets. Men chatted excitedly in groups; there was much shaking of heads, and now and again an unthinking laugh or a shout of triumphant joy.

War with Germany had been declared!

II.

The count, it has been stated, was no admirer of the empire, but he loved his country and had the inherited warlike instincts of his race. He was puzzled to know what course he should take in this crisis forced upon France, and adopted what was a prudent plan, perhaps the best plan, under the circumstances. He consulted his intended father-in-law.

"This is no quarrel of the nation," said M. de Menars; "it is a quarrel of the emperor. The Napoleon knows that a *coup d'état* cannot be made twice in a reign. He has no alternative but a war with the foreigner in which he may gain prestige and make the throne safe for his son for a time, and a domestic uprising in which he would be compelled to deluge the boulevards with blood. On that blood he might float—but only for a time. With the astuteness of the Corsican, he has chosen the lesser evil. Your course, my son, is to assume the policy of masterly inactivity—do nothing; await events."

Events did not leave him long to wait. They marched at the double-quick at that era. Within a fortnight of the formal proclamation of hostilities the Germans had won three signal victories; within a fortnight later came in quick succession their further fortunate encounters at Courcelles, Vionville, and Gravelotte. By the 16th of August Bazaine was virtually beaten; by the 2d of September MacMahon followed suit. The war, as far as any valid prospects for the French went, was over; the emperor was vanquished and a prisoner. In the very week appointed for the marriage of the Count de Kergalon the republic was ushered into being—thank God! without effusion of blood—amid frantic hosannas and every outward manifestation of popular rejoicing. The aged countess was advised to remain in the Morbihan. The marriage was postponed. Affairs of family had to give way to the affairs of that larger family called the nation.

The count, it has been stated, was no admirer of the republic, and some of the earlier antics of the third French republic con-

firmed him in his natural prejudices against that system of government.

On the 5th of September he went to dine in one of the restaurants of the Palais Royal. The waiter, determined to prove the sincerity of his attachment to the new order of things, forgot to address him as monsieur.

"Have the kindness to bring me a Maintenon cutlet," said the count politely.

"Yes, citizen," answered the attendant.

"Citizen! What do you mean?"

"We are all equal under the republic; every man is as good as another man."

"Good! It seems to me, my friend, every man is better than every other man."

"Jack is as good as his master" was one of the absurd fundamental principles of these neo-republicans, who fancied, in their simplicity or ignorance, that equality before the law meant social equality.

When the count had finished his dinner he rose, paid the exact amount of his bill, and quietly said to the waiter, who held out an optative palm for the *pourboire* :

"Good-evening, citizen; I am too sound a republican to insult an equal by offering him a gratuity."

The haste and indecent exultation with which the legend *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* was smeared in large black letters across the fronts of the churches gave a shock to his sentiments as a Catholic. Although he had no tinge of Imperialism, he could regard only with unutterable loathing the legion of time-serving tradesmen who had toadied and intrigued for the permission to mount the imperial coat-of-arms over their stores with the notification that they were purveyors to the court of this or that merchandise by appointment, and who were now dragging them down with simulated readiness, as obsequious to the clamor of the mob as ever they had been to the patronage of the wealthy.

There was one consolation, not unmixed with surprise, for him in this terrible topsy-turveydom—this descent, as he conceived it, from the frying-pan into the fire: the governor of Paris, Trochu, was a Breton, and so was the prefect of police, De Kératry.

Thus while the enemy was coiling, with a grim premeditation, for the final spring—preparing to environ Paris in his embrace and crush the fair, heedless city—the "patriots" were active tear-

ing away the emblematic eagles, trampling on the emblematic bees, and picking the emblematic "N's" from the walls and bridges.

De Kergalon almost regretted the empire and rejoiced that the poor, pale empress had got away in safety, owing to the ingenuity of an attaché at the Italian embassy, Chevalier de Nigra, and the ready aid of an American dentist, Dr. Evans.

Again he consulted M. de Menars.

What was to be done?

"The invader is on our soil for the third time in my life," said the Breton veteran. "Our duty is plain. There are no more distinctions of Legitimist, Orleanist, Imperialist, or Republican: we are all Frenchmen; we must protect the mother-country, whose children we are. The Prussians will invest Paris—here I remain; I can still handle a musket, I am strong, a good shot, an old soldier. I may be of use—at least my presence here may be useful as example to others."

"And Berthe?"

"Where there is fighting there will be wounds. We do not expect our womankind to fight, nor even to make bow-strings of their hair; but they can tend our wounds."

And so when the "useless mouths" were warned to quit the doomed city, and the Marquise de Bellecour left for England at the earnest persuasion of her friends, Berthe remained behind, and the Hôtel Bellecour was turned into an ambulance and the white flag with the red cross of Geneva was hoisted over its entrance. M. de Menars joined the One Hundred and Sixth Battalion of the National Guard, the crack battalion of the aristocratic quarter, and the ex-officer of the royal body-guard did his duty on the ramparts uncomplainingly in the uniform of a common private. There were clerks and grocers, who knew no more how to set a squadron in the field than the babe in arms, masquerading in the silver lace and epaulettes of majors and colonels.

A regiment from Kergalon's own department of the Morbihan was among the contingent of the provincial Garde Mobile brought up to the capital. In physique and spirit these rustics were all that could be desired: strong, patient, healthy, and amenable to discipline—the stuff out of which a good soldiery is made; but the stuff wanted working up. They were the cream of the youth of the country, bigger men than the average infantry of the line, and more intelligent, but they lacked drill, that experience of embodiment together which gives cohesion

and the requisite professional training in the majority of their officers, who were at best militia officers. The count was at once appointed to a captaincy in the Morbihan corps, and accepted the trust with gladness. Some of these Bretons he had served in the ranks with in Italy; many were his near neighbors, all knew his family. M. de Menars was elated beyond measure when the stout Armoricans arrived, and still more when he heard that the outlying forts were to be manned by seamen-gunners, most of whom had come from the ports of the western seaboard from Cherbourg to Rochelle.

"Ah! there is some hope now," he said; "these are better than your brawling street politicians and your pursy bourgeois with their chest-protectors."

He was right. They were the backbone of the defence.

There was a tendency to laugh at the clownish Bretons with their strange speech, their long hair, their wondering stares, their old-world respect for religion and their social superiors, their singular bagpipes—ay, even their chaplain. The Parisian is a born scoffer, but he has a reverence for courage. The Bretons soon learned to cut their hair and manipulate their chassapots; they did not grumble at their fare or lodging; and at Châtillon, where the first serious contact with the enemy was outside Paris, they held their ground when make-believe Zouaves and a scratch battalion of the line were seized with panic and rushed from the field, never crying halt until they were safe within the bastioned walls. The regiment of Morbihan saved that rapid retrograde movement from degenerating into a disgraceful wholesale rout. The Count de Kergalon, all, ay, even the chaplain—for he was in the midst of his children, smiling and collected—distinguished themselves. Had the Germans been in sufficient force they might have pressed in through the gates at the heels of the French that day and taken the city by surprise. But the Bretons would have stood to their post until they were killed to a man. Perhaps it were better so.

Châtillon had one good result. After that the proverbs "drunk as a Breton" and "dirty as a Breton" were no longer heard. Now they were heroes and pets.

The siege was wearisome. The process of leaving the Parisians to "stew in their own gravy," as Bismarck elegantly expressed it to the English newspaper correspondent, Alfred Austin, was allowed to go on with a remorseless regularity. The cooks outside waited in steady satisfaction, smoking their pipes and grunting approval as they heard the hiss of simmering and

felt that the joint would soon be ready to be dished. But the simmering was slow, very slow. Month after month passed; no army of relief appeared; the gloom of a dull despair settled on the once light-hearted capital. Funeral convoys were too frequent. The aged, the delicate, and the very young died off like flies. Provisions and fuel ran low; the weather was intensely cold. The stars in their courses seemed to conspire against Paris. Trees were cut down and park-seats torn up for firing; the streets were lit with straggling oil-lamps—gas was too precious; it was used to inflate the balloons by which communication was kept up with the outer world. While the Prussian cannon were booming outside and the Prussian spiked helmets ringed the devoted city, discontent was seething within, and the partisans of the red flag—that flag which, as Lamartine said, “had made the circuit of the Champ de Mars in blood”—plotted to overthrow the government of defence.

The attempt with that fell object on the 31st of October was put down principally by the stern fidelity of the Bretons and the National Guard of the Faubourg St. Germain. There were some men who were still true to the ancient French device of “honor and loyalty.”

The women behaved nobly in this purgatorial time. They bore their privations without a murmur, none with more fortitude than the gently nurtured. Berthe de Menars gave herself no leisure to fret; she moved about among the patients in the ambulance of the Hôtel Bellecour, sympathy in every tone of her voice, solace in every touch of her hand. When she entered the wards it was as if a ray of cheerful sunshine had entered with her. Who could prepare a cooling draught so skilfully, who could arrange a pillow so smoothly, who could fold the plies of a bandage so delicately, who so ready with whisper of hope and encouragement? There was balm and healing in her very presence.

The Count de Kergalon seized every available occasion when he could be spared from the front to visit his friends in the Faubourg St. Germain, and he generally managed to bring with him some little luxury—potatoes, the materials of a salad, or a head of cabbage, for they were luxuries then—to add to their store. M. de Menars would have none of them.

“What!” he would exclaim, “feed like a sybarite while my comrades have not even garlic to flavor their black bread?”

Berthe accepted the gifts—strange gifts of a lover—and dressed them with care. But they went where the fine wines

from the cellar of the Hôtel Bellecour had preceded them—to the sufferers in the ambulance. It was one of the tenderest of idyls, this courtship on short commons.

A curious incident happened the count one day. He was passing along the Boulevard des Italiens when his attention was drawn by a group around a kiosk. There were hung round it a collection of caricatures of the filthiest nature, gross daubs putrid with blasphemy and obscenity. Trochu was represented as a Capuchin in a confessional, the empress as a camel; and worse—pictorial atrocities too hideous to be mentioned here. And the group, jeering and grinning and nudging each other, passed their criticisms.

The young Breton flushed with indignation. "What do you ask for your entire stock?" he demanded of the crone who sat inside the kiosk.

"Five-and-twenty francs, *mon capitaine*."

Kergalon counted out the money, took the caricatures, rent them to shreds, and trampled them under foot.

There was a silence of amazement in the sordid group, and then one beetle-browed churl in the uniform of a *franc-tireur* approached him and said roughly:

"You are one of those accursed reactionaries! Why did you do that?"

"I have the right to do what I please with what I buy."

"You are a Jesuit or an Imperialist disguised in uniform."

"I have not the honor to be the one nor the misfortune to be the other; but you—no uniform would disguise you as a soldier. A soldier fears God and honors the sex of his mother."

The fellow raised his foot to kick Kergalon in the face, but the Breton was quicker than he reckoned on. He drew back suddenly, caught the ruffian by the heel, and hurled him violently on his back several yards off. His skull came with a crack on the hard pavement, where he lay stunned. The populace is capricious. A shout of approbation burst from the group. It was neatly done, and was proof that the Breton had not wasted the hours he had devoted to practice with the *horell*.

When the story was told to M. de Menars the old man's glee was almost schoolboyish. He laughed and crowed, and asked De Kergalon to tell it to him again, and said he felt happier than if he had drained a bottle of the best vintage of Champagne.

"You did well, Kergalon," he cried. "I wish I had been there. 'The soldier fears God and honors the sex of his mother'—the saying was worthy of Chateaubriand! As if these

Parisians, with their cowardly *savate*, could stand before our Breton muscle. How I long to tell them of it at Morlaix!"

The gloom was deeper than ever. The cloud of despair thickened. It was getting colder and colder still, and provisions were getting scarcer and scarcer every day. One gleam of hope was kindled. A great sortie under Ducrot was to be made, and Ducrot had sworn that he would return dead or victorious. He did neither. For three days the unequal fight was waged at Champigny, and then it was admitted that the great sortie had failed. The gleam of hope died out. To all reasonable men it was clear that Paris was lost.

III.

Christmas in beleaguered Paris will not be forgotten by those who had the unenviable privilege to be trapped there. The entire population was rationed on meat, which was distributed, to those holding tickets, at the nearest butcher's stall every three days. That meat was horse, and the ration was so small—counted by ounces—that it was common for those who had just received it to eat their three days' portion raw before reaching their own doors. Beef was not to be had for love or money. Milk was jealously reserved for the lying-in hospitals. Eggs were displayed in the jewellers' windows. The flesh of ass, dog, cat, even of rat, was publicly sold. The day was at hand when the wretched bread, in which there was more bran and sand than flour, would have to be rationed. Tobacco was the only thing which held out. News had begun to filter in through carrier-pigeons, but all of it was colored with sadness. The Germans were victorious everywhere. No one would move to the aid of France. Every man, to the street-hawkers who pestered you to buy *La Femme Bonaparte, ses Crimes et ses Orgies*, was in uniform; every second woman was in black. The frivolous city was forlorn, most drear and melancholy, and shivered with bitter cold and hunger bitterer still. The only music was the blare of bugles and brattle of drums. Santa Claus was empty-handed. Instead of carillons of joy there was the muffled roar of ordnance. The "Adeste Fideles" was replaced by the vacuous "Marseillaise" or songs of ribaldry.

Nevertheless they managed to keep the festival with some show of subdued gayety in the Hôtel Bellecour. De Kergalon was off duty; Mass was celebrated in the *salle d'honneur*, and in the evening M. de Menars was persuaded to take share of a

bottle of generous wine. He drank but one toast—"To France out of the toils and regenerate." Before the darkness had come down Kergalon had to buckle on his sword, don his great-coat, and pick his way over the slippery thoroughfares, in the biting inclemency of the hardest winter experienced for years, to his remote quarters on an outpost beyond the walls. The agony was approaching.

On the afternoon of January 5, 1871, a shell fell in the Rue Lalande, in the Quartier du Maine, and wounded a turner at his work. *The bombardment of Paris had begun.* Shells soon pitched all over the fourteenth arrondissement; tombs were shattered by fragments of missiles in the Montparnasse cemetery; projectiles came hissing and bursting in the gardens of the Luxembourg. One night the Germans had the noble inspiration to cannonade the city by moonlight. Shells smashed and crashed into hospitals, lunatic asylums, churches, and almshouses. In the Refuge for the Youthful Blind five children were killed by one truculent bolt.

"There is nothing left for us now, Berthe, but to die," said M. de Menars.

"God is still just. He will not desert us. If we are to die we can die like Bretons, with faith in his mercy!" said the brave girl.

"Thou hast spoken well, my child," returned the old man. "I wish all had your heroic spirit."

Then a clamor arose that Trochu was not serious in his plan of defence; there were men in Paris who had never seen the enemy; it was unheard of, impossible, that a stronghold so formidable and wide-spreading as this should be ceded to an inferior force; a sortie *en masse* should be attempted.

Trochu knew that a capitulation was inevitable, and he wearily gave way to the clamor, feeling that this people would still retain the belief in their invincibility until they had proved what a cool, vigorous, remorseless enemy had them in his iron clutch. Some whispered that the general had even said: "Let them have a blood-letting, if they will insist on it; it will do them good!"

The 19th of January was fixed for the final sortie, which was to be made in the direction of St. Cloud. An order came from headquarters to have additional beds prepared in the ambulance of the Hôtel Bellecour.

"We shall have warm work, my child," said M. de Menars, as

he kissed his daughter before leaving with his battalion on the previous evening.

“Go, my father; God keep you!”

De Kergalon, with the regiment of Morbihan, was to join in the same sortie, but was stationed at the other extremity of the front of battle, which extended four miles. His division was under command of Ducrot, and was to attack the château of Buzenval on the right. The crack battalion of the Faubourg St. Germain was on the left with Vinoy, and had assigned to it the hazardous rôle of retaking the redoubt of Montretout, which commanded the high-road to Versailles.

How anxiously Berthe passed through the racking hours of that day of trial! When she was not moving by the bedsides of the patients she was kneeling before the Holy Sacrament on the altar in the *salle d'honneur*. Every percussion of artillery echoing over the house-tops in the raw January air sent a sharp pain to her heart. In the evening came rumors of success. That night was one of suspense tinged with hopefulness. In the morning came the dread awakening to the truth. When the *Journal Officiel* appeared there was first a note by pigeon-messenger telling of Chanzy's crushing defeat at Le Mans, and next an admission that the final sortie had failed. An armistice of two days was to be asked for, and the black-robed Christian Brothers were already on their pilgrimage to the scene of action with litters and mattocks to pick up the wounded and bury the dead.

When the casualties came to be reckoned there was seen what a current of rich blood had been spilled—uselessly spilled—in that ill-conceived, ill-executed sortie of despair. Amongst the dead were Henri Régnault, the glorious young painter of “Salome, the Dancer,” she who demanded the head of the Baptist as the price of her steps; Gustave Lambert, the intrepid Arctic explorer (the snow whitened his pall), and the gallant Rochebrune, formerly chief of the Polish Zouaves of Death under Langiewicz, slain by a bullet from a Pole of Posen. Amongst the wounded were Victor de Lesseps, son of the baron of Suez Canal fame, hit through the thigh; Seneste, a beardless actor of the Comédie Française, who lost a leg, and—M. de Menars!

The veteran had been struck by a splinter of the same bomb which had killed the Count de Montbrison, one of the noblest names in France.

He was carried to the Hôtel Bellecour, pale, with drooped lids, in a swoon of exhaustion from anguish and loss of blood,

and was received at the door by his daughter. For hours he remained insensible; the doctors said there was no hope for him but in amputation, and even then they would not answer for recovery at his age. If he had been only twenty-seven, indeed! But at sixty-seven!

Berthe sighed a sigh of resignation and looked upwards, as if she could send her pleadings through the painted ceiling, studded with rosy cherubs, to the feet of God's throne.

The first words of M. de Menars when he came to himself were, "Where is Kergalon?"

There were no tidings from the captain; his regiment had performed prodigies of valor, but had been overwhelmed in the common fate.

"I wish to see him," murmured the old soldier.

"He will be here later," ventured Berthe.

"I know he will; I feel that he is safe. Wake me when he comes." And he turned off to sleep.

"If he is to bear the operation we must rouse him," said the surgeon-major.

A smile flitted over the old man's wan lips. His dream was a dream of peace.

"I have not the heart to wake him," sobbed Berthe. For now that her father could not detect her tears she lost her self-control. "Let him sleep on; God's will be done!"

The surgeon passed on to another patient.

By and by there was a noise of a jingling scabbard in the courtyard, and Berthe, stirred by the presentiment of love, moved over towards the window. It was Kergalon. He caught sight of her; his face was radiant with happiness.

She rushed to meet him.

"Berthe, my affianced," he cried, "congratulate me. I have won the red ribbon." There was something in her manner which struck him. "I know," he stammered, "it is—it is out of place to rejoice when we are beaten, but it is not my fault nor the fault of my braves; and—the cross—the cross!"

"I too have my cross," she said quietly, and led him to the bed where her father lay.

The old man opened his eyes, smiled, and said with a strangely strong voice, "I have been expecting you, Émile. Give me your hand; now yours, Berthe." And he linked them on his breast, and said: "Take her and guard her; she will be the treasure of your heart. And you, my daughter, always cling to my Émile; he is worthy of your love and pride. I have not long

to live, but my last hour is peaceful. I have my recompense. God bless you both!"

And they knelt at each side of the bed and received the benediction of the gallant old gentleman—marriage benediction from a dying couch.

The Viaticum was administered shortly after, and he relapsed into a slumber, his beloved children watching by his side. After a time he woke, murmured farewell, and with the beautiful words syllabled on his lips, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit," he breathed his last—dying like a true Breton.

Berthe stooped and kissed his forehead, and then, following the impulse of her nature, she kissed the Count de Kergalon and cried: "My beloved, now I have but thee left."

And the serenity of the chamber of death was broken in upon by a drum-beat and a hoarse cry of "À bas Trochu!" from the streets. It was a half-drunken section of the National Guard reeling towards the prison of Mazas to set free M. Flourens and other leaders of the enemy within the gates.

M. de Menars was fortunate in the time of his death and fortunate in the manner of it. He died like a soldier and a Breton, shedding his blood for his country, strong in the confidence of a Christian, happy in the love of those he loved and in the promise of their happiness. His last days were not embittered by the grief of Paris surrendered, by the degradation of the Commune.

The Count and Countess de Kergalon had no wedding feast at that stately château in the Morbihan, but they reside there in peace and affection with the dowager-countess, respected by their neighbors and idolized by the veterans of the war with Germany. The Hôtel Bellecour, which was devised to the count by the marquise at her death, is a splendid mansion, one which many envy him, but he prefers quietude among the friends of his boyhood in dull but honest Brittany to all the fascinations of brilliant Paris.

THE TIN SOLDIERS.

It was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas. The sun had already set, leaving a dull red glow in the west, while the new moon showed a slender crescent of faint silver against the pale sky, and one or two stars were beginning to twinkle. The snow had fallen heavily all the morning, covering everything with a thick white mantle, and the cold wind, which had driven away the storm before it, was piling up the snow into drifts wherever it could, and was filling the air with fine, frozen spray—a sort of horizontal after-clap of the storm. The trees stood out like black silhouettes against the background of snow and sky, and their naked branches creaked and whistled in the wind. The ordinary rattle and noise of the city streets were hushed and deadened, but there were sounds that broke the stillness. The snow-shovellers were busy cleaning the sidewalks, and one could constantly hear the sharp scrape and metallic ring of their shovels against the pavements. Every now and then a sleigh dashed by with a bright jangle of bells, the horses scattering the snow in little clouds before them as they went; and at regular intervals came the patient, monotonous tinkle-tinkle of the car-bells as the steaming and panting horses slowly dragged the heavily-loaded street-cars along. Moreover, there were the children, and the combination of small boys and snow is never a quiet one.

Main Street was thronged with people. It was the principal business thoroughfare of the city; on it were situated those big retail stores which offer the greatest attractions to shoppers. And the streets are sure to be crowded on Christmas eve, some people hurrying along to buy, some leisurely enjoying the crowd, and some carrying home their bundles—bundles whose mystery, not to be solved until the glad untying of the next morning, is a fascination and delight to every well-regulated child. Is there any one who has not felt that delicious thrill of expectation caused by the sight of those neatly-tied-up packages brought home by father or mother on Christmas eve—packages which, because they may contain anything, do for the time being contain for us everything?

Of all the shops from whose windows the light streamed out on the snow y street and passing crowds the most brilliant and

fascinating was the large toy-store of "Black & Co." Its windows, lighted by many rows of gas-jets, contained everything that the heart of boy or the soul of girl could want. There were large toys and small toys, cheap toys and dear toys, imported toys and toys of native manufacture, toys to be used and played with and toys to be looked at and admired, toys masculine and toys feminine, mechanical toys and domestic toys—in fact, it was a sort of "Great International Toy Exposition." They were the kind of windows in front of which youngsters will stand by the half-hour, eagerly disputing among themselves as to the comparative merits of certain of the contents, and trying to decide which of all the articles there exhibited they would rather have; each one of them being perfectly sure that if some kind fairy or generous uncle would only give him his choice from that window, he would not want a single other thing to make him perfectly happy.

So, at least, thought one little fellow who was flattening his nose against Black & Co.'s big window that afternoon. After a long and serious consideration, and a deliberate balancing of the attractions and merits of the different toys, he had at last decided that the one thing in all the world needed to make his happiness complete beyond expression was the possession of a battalion of tin soldiers who, with two brass field-pieces, were marching there on dress-parade. The decision had wavered for a time between them and a train of cars with a locomotive that could be wound up like a clock and would then go of itself; but the military instinct overcame the mechanical, and his choice fell upon the soldiers. Of all that that window contained they were the brightest and best.

Having made up his mind on this point, did he boldly march into the store and buy them? No, indeed; one need only look at him to see that he was not one of those who can buy things whenever they want them. His clothes were not ragged, but they had been patched and patched again until they were really marvels of needle-work. His coat-sleeves stopped before they reached his wrists; his trousers did not come down to his ankles. Coat and trousers had both grown tired of trying to keep up with his growing limbs, and were now taking a deserved rest after their efforts in that direction. His hat and shoes were whole and warm, but they were far from new. For he was a poor, shabby little boy. So there he stood, enduring the cold to feast his eyes on that little mimic army, until he felt that it was time for him to go home. "Grandma may want me to go on

some errands for her," he thought, and, giving the soldiers a last, lingering look, he turned away. It was hardly possible that he should ever see them again—some one would be sure to buy them; and remembering a picture he had once seen of General Washington bidding farewell to his officers, he was sure that Washington must have felt then just as he did now. There was a certain consolation in that thought, and he went off bravely, throwing his shoulders back, his chest out, and his chin well up, as a soldier should.

Turning down a side-street, he soon came to the house where he lived; it was in a poor but decent part of the town. He ran up the stairs to the top floor, and, scarcely waiting for the "Come in" that answered his knock, opened the door and went in. The room was very plainly furnished: there was no carpet on the floor, and a stove, a couple of tables—on one of which stood a lamp—a little bookcase, and a few chairs were about all the furniture it contained, while through an open door there was a glimpse of a bed-room which seemed to be about as sparsely furnished. Everything was as neat as wax and as clean as a new pin. There was a perfect harmony between Jem's clothes and his home, or, rather, both were pitched in the same key of decent, self-respecting poverty. The lamp was not lighted, but there was a fire burning in the stove, the flickering flame of which gave all the light there was in the room. Near the stove, in the one rocking-chair, sat an old, gray-haired man. He it was who had said "Come in" to Jem's knock, and he was now looking at the place where he stood with that peculiar, steadfast gaze only seen in eyes from which the light has been taken; for Jem's grandfather was blind.

"Well, Jemmy, boy, is that you?"

"Yes, sir, it's me. Hasn't grandma come home yet? I'm awfully hungry."

"Not yet; but she will be here pretty soon now. She must have been through her work before this, for I heard the church-clock strike six a little while ago. May be she has gone down town to get something for us. That would be nice, wouldn't it? But where have you been all the afternoon? First put a little coal on the fire—not too much—and then come here and tell your poor old grandad all about it."

Having filled the stove, Jem sat down on the floor, with his head resting against his grandfather's knee and his feet stretched out towards the fire. The old man's hand caressed the boy's curly head as he talked, and as the evanescent blue flames began

to creep up through the fresh coal they flashed faint gleams of light every now and then over the two. Jem went on to tell how, after school, he had played for a while with the boys and had borne a creditable share in a glorious snow-fight, in which "we fellows just licked that Hamilton Street gang clean out of their boots"; and how, after they had driven their adversaries off the field in great confusion, he had gone down to Main Street to look at the shop-windows, and how in Black & Co.'s he had seen the most splendid tin soldiers that ever were. He would give anything if he could have them; they would be immense to play with. But then he supposed, with a sigh, that they must cost heaps of money.

"Poor little fellow! If I could get them for you, Jem, you'd have those soldiers this very minute. But your grandad can't get things for you as he'd like to. I'm an old man now, and people don't want me any more, because I am blind and feeble, and it's about all grandma can do to get enough for us to eat and to keep us warm. She has a hard life of it now: who would ever have thought it could come to this? But I'll tell you what, Jem: let's you and me pretend not to mind it, and act as if we had everything we want, so she won't feel sorry about it."

Already Jem was looking forward with longing ambition to the time when he could come home some night and tell grandma that he was big enough to work now, and that she could stay home with granddad, because he had got a place where he would earn all the money that was needed. How surprised and pleased she would be at that! Presently he asked:

"Granddad, were we always poor like we are now? When you were a boy used you have lots of things and good times at Christmas? And when father was a boy like me used he? Or were things then as they are now?"

Then his grandfather told him that when he was a boy, and when Jem's father was a little chap, they used to be pretty well off; they lived in the country then. And Jem said he could just remember when they lived in the country; they had a big white house with trees around it, and he thought he remembered that there was a cow. Yes, the old man said, that was all so; he was surprised at his remembering it, for he was only a little bit of a boy, not in trousers yet, when they came to the city. Well, in those days they used to have grand times at Christmas. The house was decorated with evergreens, and they hung wreaths and stars of holly wherever they could; and

then there was always a Christmas-tree. He—grandad—always cut that tree himself and hauled it to the house. It was so tall that it almost reached the ceiling, and he and grandma hung it full of presents and stuck lots of little candles in the branches. Of course most of the presents were for Jem's father, but then there were always some for grandma and him, too.

Jem knew all about Christmas-trees, for he had seen a beautiful one himself only last year. It happened in this way. He was going along Forrest Street one evening in the holiday week on an errand, and on his way passed a great big house where they were having a Christmas party. They had not drawn down the shades, so the people in the street could look in. Jem climbed up on the newel-post of the railing, and from there he had a fine view of the parlors. In the centre of the room was a big Christmas-tree all ablaze with lights and brilliant with the colored glass globes and other pretty things hung on it. It bore also a fine fruitage of presents and cornucopias filled with candy. Around it was a swarm of little children dressed in the prettiest clothes he had ever seen, the blonde heads clustering there thickly with the dark ones. Each child, on getting a present, shouted for joy and showed it to the others, making a glad confusion. In the back part of the room were some grown-up people. The man who took the presents from the tree and handed them around was dressed all in furs; he had a pipe in his mouth and a long white beard, looking as if he had just come in out of a snow-storm. At some of the things he said everybody laughed heartily. He was Santa Claus; Jem knew that. After he had gone away the children grew a little quieter, and then some one whom he could not see began to play on the piano, and all the children sang a carol about the dear Lord—how he was born on Christmas eve long ago in a stable, born of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our sweet Mother of Mercy, and was cradled in a manger; how the angels sang for joy at his birth to the listening shepherds, and how he always loved little children, because he too had once been a child. After that Jem had to go on, but he remembered it all very distinctly.

Then his grandfather went on to tell about the dinners they used to have on Christmas—roast goose with apple-sauce, all sorts of vegetables, and as much cider as they could drink. The dessert was always mince-pie and plum-pudding, the latter brought on blazing away as if it was on fire. Yes, they used to have fine Christmas dinners in those days.

That was about all Jem could stand. It wouldn't have been

so bad if they had always been poor ; but for every one else to have had good times and all they wanted, Christmas-trees, toys, good things to eat, and everything, and he to be compelled to go without—it was not fair or just. I think myself it was the having mince-pie and plum-pudding together that was too much for him. But, be that as it may, a big lump came in his throat and almost choked him, his lips quivered a little, and he couldn't see very distinctly. Indeed, if his grandmother hadn't come in just then I am afraid he would have disgraced himself by crying. But she did come in just in time to prevent that. She was a stout, vigorous old lady, and when once you had seen her you understood in a moment why the room was so neat and clean and why Jem's clothes were so scientifically patched. Dirt and torn clothes never existed long where she was ; she waged an unceasing and ever-successful war on them. This evening she had a big basket on her arm, which she put down on the deal table, and then, hanging up her bonnet and shawl, she poked the fire until it blazed briskly, and lit the lamp.

She was so bright and cheerful that in less time than it takes to tell it Jem had swallowed that lump in his throat and had forgotten the feeling of being unjustly treated. Melancholy and discontent could not stand her presence any more than the darkness could remain after she had lit the lamp. Besides, Jem remembered how he and grandad were going to pretend that they had everything they wanted. Always in good spirits, to-night his grandmother was especially happy. Mrs. Bassett, the lady for whom she had been sewing, had insisted on giving her for a Christmas present that basket full of good things. Jem was an interested spectator as she unpacked it. It was a wonderful basket, almost inexhaustible. It made him think of a hat out of which he had once seen a street conjurer take so many strange things. She took enough things out of it to almost cover the table—there were packages of tea, coffee, and sugar, a bag of flour, some butter, and a turkey. None of your tough old roosters this, but a genuine, tender turkey. Then all the chinks and crannies had been filled with apples and oranges ; and, best of all, there was a round, flat parcel done up in white paper, which on being opened turned out to be a pie—a mince-pie.

She sent Jem out to get some sausages for supper, and in a little while they were ready on the table, sizzling hot. Jem enjoyed that supper hugely. To be sure there was nothing remarkable in that, for always, at any hour of the day or night, he was ready to eat, being a very valiant trencherman. But this

especial meal was peculiarly delightful to him, in that it was a sort of earnest of the dinner he would have on the next day; the good things he had just seen unpacked and an orange his grandmother gave him were witnesses of that.

After they had supped, and the dishes had been washed and put away, grandma produced an oddly-shaped package, which she gave her husband as her Christmas present. It proved to be a pipe and a paper of tobacco. It had been a long time since he had had a smoke. Although it had been a life-long habit of his, when he couldn't earn any more money he gave it up, for he felt that they were too poor for him to keep on spending money on a pure luxury. If you are a smoker yourself you will know without my telling you how he felt when once more he had his beloved "pipe and 'baccy" in his hands—they were bought and paid for, and so must be used—and if you are not a smoker no words of mine can describe it for you. In either case it would have done your heart good to see him nestle down in his chair, stretch his old legs out towards the fire, and, shutting his sightless eyes, puff luxuriously away at that new pipe. Enforced abstinence had doubled the pleasure of indulgence. When his wife watched him with the smoke curling about his head I don't think she felt a bit sorry that she had bought him the pipe and tobacco, although the money they cost would otherwise have gone towards a little sum she was saving up for a new dress.

After a while Jem asked if he could go out to look at the shop-windows again; and, as his grandmother had her own reasons for wanting a chance to work when he was not by, she said yes. So he hurried off to see if those tin soldiers were still in Black & Co.'s windows. When left alone the old couple began to talk of the times before Jem's father had left them, after his wife's death, to seek a fortune in the far West. They lived in Hydeville then. After he went away everything went wrong: the crops were poor, the cattle died, and times were hard. At last the bank where all their money was deposited failed, and the mortgage on the farm was foreclosed. They were too proud to live as poor people where they had once been well to do, so they came to the city. For nearly a year before they left their old home they had not heard from their son. His letters, which had at first been regular, suddenly ceased, and they never heard of him again. The father felt sure that he had died; but his wife, motherlike, never lost her faith that some day he would come back to them. The years went by, but he never came. In the city they did pretty well until he lost his eyesight, and then they

grew poorer and poorer. She worked hard and patiently, but what can a woman, and especially a woman well on in years, do? She was just able to make both ends meet.

This Christmas eve their talk naturally was about their boy. She could not give him up; she still clung to her belief that he would even yet come back to them. Her husband did not contradict her, but in his heart he knew that he would never hear his son's voice again until they met in that happy country where the inhabitant never says, "I am weary," where there is no more sorrow nor any crying, but where the Lord God wipes away all tears from off all faces. There his eyes would be opened and he would see his boy. Then they talked of the holy Christmas time, of the blessed Babe and his glorious Mother, strengthening their sad hearts by their consoling faith.

II.

Mrs. Bassett's big house was full of visitors. She believed that Christmas should be the happiest time in the whole year, and so, when it came, she filled her house with her friends and made the holiday season one of unalloyed jollity. In her care of her guests she did not forget those to whom Christmas does not mean a time of plenty and rejoicing. Her object was to add to the pleasure of the poor as well as of the rich, and if she had been compelled to choose between the two it would have been the poor instead of the rich who should thank her. Her own dinner that day was always sweetened by the knowledge that she had generously provided for some who were unable to provide for themselves. To-night her house was brilliant and gay. They were busy preparing the tree for the children on the morning. Some were stringing popcorn to be hung about the tree in long festoons, some were fastening candles on the boughs, some filling cornucopias with candies. Every one was talking and laughing. There was a bit of mistletoe hung on the chandelier, and its presence did not tend to lessen the jollity and the noise. As Mrs. Bassett said, they carried on and chattered like a flock of hungry magpies.

Among her guests was a Mr. Stanton, from Colorado—a tall, sunburnt, rather taciturn man of about five-and-thirty years. He had a large cattle ranch near Cheyenne. Now, not six months before Mrs. Bassett's brother, a Mr. Boynton, who lived in Cheyenne, had died, leaving an only child, a girl of twenty, named Amy. He had lost his wife some years before, so his death left

her an orphan. The Boyntons and Stanton were good friends; indeed, Mr. Boynton had given him the start in his business that enabled him to succeed. When Mr. Boynton was taken ill he was at their house, and stayed with him until after the funeral. During that sad time he did what he could for him and her. He shielded her as far as possible from all trouble and annoyance, in her sorrow proving himself a considerate and efficient friend. Mrs. Bassett, as soon as she heard of her brother's death, offered his daughter a home with her. This offer Amy accepted; but she was detained in Cheyenne until late in November by some law business connected with her father's estate, of which Stanton was the executor, and when she came on East he came with her. Her dead father's kindness to him, his own gratitude, the many little services he had been able to render her, their constant companionship, all combined to bring them closer together. When Mrs. Bassett heard of Stanton's kindness she asked him to make his home at her house during his stay East. This he declined, saying that he had business to attend to which might necessitate a good deal of travelling; but he gladly accepted her invitation to spend the holidays with her.

He had arrived that day, and was astonished and pleased to find how much brighter and more cheerful Amy had become during her few weeks at Mrs. Bassett's. The change in her surroundings, the absence of all that could recall painful associations, and the affectionate home-life at her aunt's had done wonders for her. She was like his old friend, with a certain subdued element in her manner that was very attractive. He himself had altered, as she quickly saw, but in the contrary direction. Always quiet, he had become almost saddened, and there was a pained look in his face. She wondered what could be the cause of it, and determined to discover, if she could, and help him if possible.

Mrs. Bassett happened this evening to catch them looking at each other, and immediately jumped at a theory which explained both his depression and Amy's sympathy. That good lady had the faculty of what she called putting two and two together. This operation sometimes produced equations that would have confounded a mathematician, such as $2+2=3$, or $2+2=7\frac{1}{2}$. On this occasion we need not trouble ourselves about Mrs. Bassett's sum in mental arithmetic any more than to say that the result she came to made her execute a little manœuvre, intended to give Stanton, whom she liked, "another chance." She conveniently remembered that there were no presents for the Ferris

twins—she had forgotten them. Now, if the Ferris twins should be passed over in the distribution of gifts on the morrow there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, for the twins were mighty in lung-power. Calling Amy to her, Mrs. Bassett explained the situation and asked her if she would be kind enough to go down to Black & Co.'s and buy them some toys. "Mr. Stanton will be glad to escort you down and back; won't you, Mr. Stanton? And I shall be so much obliged to you both!" And in a few minutes Stanton, with Amy on his arm, was making his way along crowded Main Street. Kind Mrs. Bassett!

Amy wanted to ask him what was troubling him, but before their talk gave her a fitting opportunity they had reached Black & Co.'s. As they went in she determined that she would find a chance, or make one, to do it on their way home. The store was full of buyers, and they crowded their way up to the counter and were soon busy in selecting the toys which should bring joy and gladness to the hearts of the Ferris twins, and so make peace a possibility to the rest of Mrs. Bassett's guests.

Jem was outside of the window looking at his beloved tin soldiers. They had not been sold. There was the colonel on his prancing white horse, bravely waving his sword; the color-sergeant proudly carried the stars and stripes; the well-disciplined platoons of men stood in company front, ready to follow wherever led, and on each flank was a cannon ingeniously made to fire death-dealing peas. Jem formed the resolution to go to Mr. Black on the day after Christmas and offer to work for him as cash or errand boy all the holiday week, if he could have those soldiers for his pay. The more he thought over this plan the more likely it seemed to him that he would get them in that way, and he was beginning to look on them as his own, when, alas for him! they caught the eyes of Miss Amy Boynton. They would be just the thing for her little cousin Ralph; so, forgetting the presents she had already bought for him, she bought these at once. In a twinkling they were swept up and packed, and added to the bundles Stanton was already carrying.

When Jem saw his army carried off, horse, foot, and artillery, in one fell swoop, his heart was almost broken. He had planned such splendid fights with them, assaults with bayonet, stormings of forts, through all of which the flag should be carried triumphantly; he would have been so careful of them. And now they were gone, and would probably be given to some careless fellow who would break them all to bits, or to some boy who didn't

care for such things. Well, it couldn't be helped; and, sad at heart, he turned away to go home. He noticed that it had clouded over again and was snowing softly and heavily. As he passed the store-door out came Amy and Stanton. She was so very pretty that Jem forgot his good manners in his good taste, and stopped to look at her. Seeing the falling snow, Stanton said:

"Will you excuse me for a moment? With all these bundles and you to look after, the snow will be too much for me. If you'll wait here a second I'll get a cab." And then to Jem: "Here, boy, do you want to earn a quarter? Just hold these parcels until I come back. Keep close to this young lady." And he started off after a carriage.

Jem stood there with his arms full of bundles; in one of them were those tin soldiers. In a flash the temptation came to him to run with them. He saw that the lady was all wrapped up in a long, heavy cloak, and he knew that he was a swift little runner. But what would grandma say if she knew? Need she, then, know? But he would have to tell Father Currier. He knew how wrong it was to steal; but he did want them so badly! It was a terrible temptation. Moments come to all of us when our power to resist temptation is put to a supreme test. Such a moment had come to little Jem. He happened to look at Amy just then, and it occurred to him, "What would the beautiful lady think if she knew I wanted to steal her things?" But what would the Beautiful Lady, the Queen of Heaven, think, to whom Jem had been dedicated, and for whom he cherished a most intense devotion? That settled the fight in the little fellow's breast. His angel guardian had conquered. And so when Stanton drove up with his carriage, there was Jem, with his arms full of bundles, talking to Amy as if he had known her always. She was soon seated in the carriage, and Stanton turned to take their purchases from Jem. Something in his face impelled him to speak to him.

"What's your name, my little man?"

"Jem Stanton, sir."

"What?"

"Jem Stanton."

"How old are you?"

"Going on eight."

"Where's your father?"

"I don't know, sir. He went West after mother died, ever so long ago. Grandad says he is dead; but grandma, she says

she knows better than that. He'll come home some day, she says. I live with grandma near here."

"Have you always lived here?"

"No, sir. We used to live in Hydeville, but we moved here a good many years ago—about four, I think."

Stanton took the bundles and piled them on the front seat of the coach; he said, "I am going home with this boy. Will you excuse me if I leave you to ride home alone? I shall be back in a little while, and should like very much to have a chance to talk with you to-night. Don't retire too early, please." Then he shut the door and gave the coachman Mrs. Bassett's number. Amy was not a little astonished at this sudden desertion; she noticed how excited he was and wondered what the matter could be, for she had not overheard the talk between the other two. But she would find out that night when Stanton came home, she knew that. When she got to Mrs. Bassett's she told her that Mr. Stanton had gone home with a poor little boy who had held their bundles for them—a piece of information that astonished that lady considerably.

Meanwhile Jem and Stanton walked off rapidly. Jem wondered who this strange man could be who spoke so kindly to him and held his hand so tightly; he wondered, too, if he had forgotten all about that twenty-five cents he was to pay him for holding the parcels. As they went along, the little boy almost trotting to keep up with the big man, Jem told all about himself and his family—how he was in the fourth reader, how grandad was blind and couldn't work, how good Mrs. Bassett had been to give them such a bully Christmas dinner, and how he meant to work when he grew up.

Before he came to the end of his story they had reached the house where he lived. When they had climbed the stairs the strange gentleman held him back for a moment and went into the room before him. The lamplight showed the old couple sitting side by side before the fire, he smoking his new pipe and she knitting industriously at a gray worsted comforter which was to be Jem's Christmas present. They made a pretty picture; so the stranger thought, at any rate, for he stood there a moment watching them without saying a word. Jem slipped past him and was on the point of introducing his new friend when the old lady looked up.

What she saw astonished her greatly, for she sprang to her feet, dropping her knitting on the floor. With a quick, nervous movement she took off her spectacles, wiped them, and replaced

them without saying a word, never taking her eyes from the tall figure that had now come a little nearer to her, so that the lamp-light fell on him. One would have said that she did not trust her own eyesight.

"What is it, Mary?" asked her husband. But she paid no attention to him; indeed, she did not hear him. Coming still closer to Jem's new friend, she said in a low, frightened voice:

"Who are you? Who are you?"

He opened his arms and said: "Mother, little mother, don't you know me? Have I changed so much as that?"

In another moment she was in his embrace, kissing him again and again, her face streaming with happy tears. "My boy! my boy!" was all she said. Then turning her face towards the old man, who had risen from his seat and stood there trembling, she cried: "Father, it's Jim! It's Jim come back to us again. Oh! I knew he would come some day, and now he is here. My blessed boy!" And she led him up to his father. "Jemmy, lad, this is your father—your father who went away so long ago. He has come back. Go to him; tell him how glad you are to see him, and how much you love him. Oh! tell him all. I cannot. God be praised that I have lived to this night!"

Then they all sat around the fire, Jim, with his boy on his knee, holding his mother's hand in his, telling the story of the years that had passed. She first told him of the family misfortunes, and that when his letters stopped, and they heard no more of him, his father feared that he was dead. "But I knew better than that, didn't I, John? I knew that though you had gone forth in sorrow you would come back rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you, dear—bringing your sheaves with you."

Then Stanton told them all about his adventures. At first he had had poor luck of every sort; things went from bad to worse, until at last he fell sick of a terrible fever which laid him up for months and left him as weak and helpless as a new-born infant. That was why his letters stopped. When he was well and strong again, and his memory had come back to him—for it was a good while after he began to get well before he could remember anything, even his own name—he wrote home to them the first thing. He didn't receive any answer to his letters, so he wrote to the postmaster at Hydeville, asking him what had become of them. The postmaster wrote that the farm had been sold and that they had gone away, no one knew where. He came East and searched and searched, and could find no trace of the loved ones anywhere; so he returned to the West again with

despair in his heart. Then things prospered with him. He got a start in the cattle business and made a good deal of money. And now he said that he was spending the holidays with Mrs. Bassett, and told how he had met Jem on the street that night and how Jem had brought him home. Now that he had found them, they would never be separated again—never. They must go back to Colorado with him next month and live on his ranch, and Jem should have a little pony of his own to ride.

They sat there, happy in each other's new-found society, talking over both the past and the future, until the church-clock struck eleven. Stanton remembered then that he was Mrs. Bassett's guest, and also that Amy Boynton had promised to wait for him. So he jumped up and said that he must say good-night and leave them or Mrs. Bassett would lock him out. As he was leaving the room Jem called out :

"Father, who was that young lady with you? My! isn't she awfully pretty."

Somehow or other Stanton, singularly enough, had made no mention of Miss Boynton in his account of his Western life, and now when called upon to stand and deliver, as it were, he was a trifle confused. He stammered a little and said that she was a very dear friend of his who had lived near him in Cheyenne, and with whom, in fact, he had come East. She was a niece of Mrs. Bassett's. His mother, who had watched his embarrassment, and who herself had seen Miss Boynton, smiled a little, and whispered as she kissed him good-night :

"Give her my love, dear."

When Stanton reached Mrs. Bassett's he found that nearly every one had gone to bed. But among the late ones was Amy. She was in the music-room singing; he heard her voice as he came in the house and went directly to her. She was alone, and he waited at the door until she had finished her song. She sang :

"One morning, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease.
'Twas the Thrush sang in the garden ;
Hear the story, hear the story :
And the Lark sang, 'Give us glory,'
And the Dove sang, 'Give us peace.'

"Then I listened, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
To the murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the dove.
When the Nightingale came after,

'Give us fame to sweeten duty,
When the Wren sang, 'Give us beauty,'
She made answer, 'Give us love.'

"Fair is April, fair the morning, my beloved, my beloved;
Now for us doth spring's bright morning wait upon the year's increase.
Let my voice be heard, that asketh
Not for fame and not for glory—
'Give, for all our life's dear story,
Give us love and give us peace.'"

At the last chord he spoke to her and she turned on the piano-stool to meet him. In a moment he was beside her and was telling her why he left her in the carriage, where he went, and whom he found. And now that he had it told, he said, now that a weight that had lain upon his heart had been removed, he wanted to tell her something that, ever since he saw her first, he longed to tell her.

Just then the clock in a neighboring church-spire struck midnight, and at once the air was filled with the music of chiming bells.

"Amy," said Stanton, "it is Christmas morning. I wish you a very merry Christmas and many of them. You spoke of giving my boy a present. I am going to ask one for myself."

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The next morning Jem found beside his plate at the breakfast-table a package, which on being opened proved to be his tin soldiers, at last come to their destined general. On the top of the box was a Christmas card, on which was written:

"Dear Jem, from his new mother."

He didn't understand it at first, but grandma did, and she was not a bit astonished, when Stanton came in the forenoon, to see him lead Amy into the room and present her as her new daughter.

LILIES AMONG THORNS.

I.

THE snow, which had begun to fall about four o'clock in the afternoon, came down swiftly, whirling in the wind and destroying itself on the lighted window-panes. It was now six o'clock. Under the track of the Elevated Railroad the roadway was comparatively clear; everywhere else the white carpet lay. People who had started out in the morning under a blue sky stamped energetically as the cold snow melted on their shoes. In spite of the closing of day, which ought to be sad; in spite of the whirling snow, through which the gas-lamps peered dimly; in spite of the blast, that pierced light coats and tried to tear away thin shawls, the time was cheerful.

To many it was cheerful because work was over; to many because it was near Christmas time.

The young women coming into South Fifth Avenue from the down-town factories and work-shops, each with her novel and lunch-box clasped close to her bosom, had much to say, in loud and sprightly tones, of festivals, past, present, and to come: how one had assisted at the sociable of the Rosebud Coterie on Monday and at the assembly of the Select Six, and how another expected to appear in a new gown and compete for a prize for waltzing on the succeeding Monday. "Says I's," "says he's," and "says she's" were as frequent as dropped *h's* in the streets of London. Young male persons on various street-corners raised their hats in mock politeness and expressed their opinions, in stage-whispers, of the passing damsels. Thereupon there was much giggling. Cheerfulness reigned, principally because it was Saturday night. South Fifth Avenue, dingy as it is, looked quite gay when well covered up with snow.

Beyond lay Washington Square—a *tabula rasa*, a great, white sheet of yet untrodden snow, silent in the bustle around it.

In that lively French quarter of which Washington Square is the upper boundary is the *charcuterie* of L. Marquette. L. Marquette's veal-pies, sausages, arrangements of ham, elaborate and mysterious, are as well known even outside the French quarter as the *table-d'hôte* of his friend C. Martel in Bleeker Street, where innumerable courses, a half-bottle of wine, and

conversation on all the leading topics of the day may be had for the moderate sum of forty-five cents lawful money of the United States.

Aurore Marquette finished a moss-rose as the clock struck six, and descended from her little work-room over the back part of the shop to join her father and mother. Aurore was the daughter of "L"—otherwise Louis Camille Jacques. She made artificial flowers in the little back room, while her father and her young brother Jean managed the *charcuterie*, and her mother carried on a laundry in the basement. "Each to his talent," Madame Marquette often said.

L. Marquette always closed his shop at dusk. He had imperative engagements, he said, on Saturday nights. He had dressed to fulfil one of these engagements. He was leaving the house somewhat crestfallen, for madame, who did not approve of this early closing, had attacked him on the subject of religion.

"*Tais-toi!*" cried madame. "Thou hast no more religion than a pig."

"I am a Catholic," answered her husband reproachfully, "but of the liberal school—of the school of progress."

"Thou art too liberal with thy tongue. *Va!*" cried madame.

Monsieur felt these insulting words more deeply than usual. He felt himself to be a very important personage this evening, for he was about to preside over a dinner of the Cercle Voltaire at the restaurant of C. Martel, where free thought was poured out abundantly.

Madame Marquette was not very religious; like many of her class—she came of a race of Burgundian peasants—she looked on priests with a certain terror because they reminded her of death.

Aurore was different. She never missed Mass; she approached the sacraments frequently; her father paused in his abuse of religion while she was present, Madame approved of this. She believed that religion was good for young women; and of course, when one became old, very old, and had nothing else to do, one ought to be devout. That went without saying. But the laundry and the accounts of the *charcuterie* took all her time; besides, if one went to the priests, the priests were likely to come to one for something. Madame worked hard for Jean. She loved Jean; one day he should go back to Burgundy, live on the land she would buy him, and be a gentleman. So far Jean was abominably American; but, though disappointed, madame felt that this might be overcome. She was very indulgent to Jean; Aurore she kept with a tight rein. She adored

—in the French sense—the performances of opera-bouffe, but she would have swooned if Auroré had entered a theatre. Auroré had much less freedom than the young girls around her. Having lived in a tenement-house during a great part of her life, she knew more of life than girls of seventeen are supposed to know. She was good and pure. She had been sent to a parochial school, taught by sisters, for two years.

After that, there being no room in the laundry for her, she was set to the moulding of caramels in the small factory of her uncle, Napoleon Champfleury, in Houston Street. But again madame said, *Chacun à son métier*, and Auroré went into the artificial-flower business with success.

The Marquette household was much more comfortable than many of the households near it. The principal reason of this was that Madame Marquette owned the house she lived in, so that there was no landlord to be reckoned with, and a great deal of the combined earnings of the *charcuterie* and the laundry were put into bank by madame with a view to Jean's future aggrandizement. Madame tolerated her husband, respected Auroré, and worshipped Jean. Hard as a rock in her dealings with the world at large, she could refuse him nothing. The future, when her beloved son should be a proprietor in her native commune, adding land to land, was real to her. She thought of it, planned for it, every day of her life. She was indefatigably industrious. When other people could barely make both ends meet Madame Marquette could make them lap over.

Her husband and she were materialists. He, echoing his favorite Paris orators and journals, believed that liberty meant entire freedom from restraint; that the flesh and the world were to be cherished as the only existing things; that the devil was an invention of the priests. He held that religion was good for young girls and old women, but he often said, with the applause of the Cercle Voltaire, that a woman's husband should be her only confessor. And yet when the sharp point of a skewer had run into his side he had howled and yelled for a priest, and blasphemed horribly because the priest was slow in coming. When the priest did come the brave Monsieur Marquette had discovered that the wound was trivial, so he apologized, and, as it was Friday, invited "Monsieur le Curé to dine off a ravishing haricot of mutton." He was superstitious. He was sullen all day when anybody upset the salt. Once, when he found he had dined with twelve other men at the Cercle Voltaire, he went home and lay sick for a week.

Madame had her "feelings" about religion. Once, when Jean had the scarlet fever, she went to church to pray. She fasted rigorously on Good Friday, eating only tripe, although the other Fridays were nothing to her, and she crossed herself whenever she spilled the salt. She would cheerfully have sent Aurore to the Protestant Episcopal mission-school, but both Jean and Aurore had been insulted by a tract-distributor who offered to give them new clothes, so they had been sent to the parochial school of St. Alphonsus.

Louis Marquette was never weary of uttering foul threats against "the enemy," the priest.

"*Tais-toi!*" cried madame. "It is true that they take our substance and give us nothing in return; but thou shalt not abuse them in thy loud voice in the shop. The Americans do not understand thee. They think thou art a fool, and some day an *Irlandais sauvage* will break thy head. To hear thee talk one would think that thou art a pagan, that thou hadst never made thy First Communion."

"I am not an animal!" answered Marquette, stung by the insinuation about the First Communion.

It seemed strange to the Americans who knew this pair and others like them, so utterly earthy and so ill-instructed, that a Catholic country could have produced them.

To eat, drink, work, sleep, to attend occasionally a *café-concert* in Fourteenth Street or the Bowery, to spout at the Cercle Voltaire, to be seen with madame at the annual ball of the Société Industrielle, was the life of this human being. A short, stout, bull-necked man, with a close-cropped bullet-head, white-skinned, with sharp, black eyes and plump hand, was Marquette. He generally wore a cook's cap and apron.

Madame was short in stature, blonde, not yet fifty, good-natured, but firm and a thorough woman of business. Manette and Ninon did the work of the laundry. Madame saw the customers, kept the accounts, and marked the "pieces" with red silk threads.

Aurore had the smooth, delicately pink-tinted complexion which seems to us essentially French because we always find it on the covers of the old-fashioned Paris *bonbon* boxes. The good boy, with a stiff white rosette and a prayer-book in his hand, in these works of art, always has it. She had large, black eyes, bright and alert, a slight figure, neatly dressed. She was not permitted to wear the gilded ornaments which gave her acquaintances such fictitious glory. When Aurore was not

making artificial flowers she was knitting. Aurore was a good Catholic; she had become used to her parents' manner of life, but she was not influenced by it. Although very much of a French girl, it seemed "foreign" to her.

Most of the working-girls of Aurore's acquaintance spent their days in hard work and their nights in revelry. They lived in their work-shops; spent a few hours in the tenement-houses where they lived; the rest was dancing and gaslight-assemblies in the winter, picnics in the summer.

Jean Marquette, Aurore's brother, was no stranger to this social revelry of which one-half the world of New York knows so little. He ran wild. Jean had no sympathy with the views of his father, who was "French," and consequently, in Jean's progressive eyes, imbecile. Aurore spoke a kind of *patois* with her father and mother; Jean rarely condescended to anything but the slang of the Bowery. Jean was a taller, slimmer edition of his sister, with a rougher skin, but with similar large, alert eyes and an indefinable air of New York "knowingness."

While the snow fell and the trains on the Elevated Railroad thundered through it, while Marquette uttered ribaldry over his *chasse-café* at C. Martel's, while the Bowery, further down, began to flare and glare, while God waited almost deserted on the altar of St. Alphonsus', while careless laughs sounded from the crowds on their way to the theatres, madame dozed in the little office of the laundry in the basement over her pint of Beaujolais, Aurore knitted, and Jean pitched a penny in a corner. A whistle, quick and sharp, sounded outside. Aurore hoped that Jean had not heard it. She knew it was the usual Saturday-night signal. It meant the gallery of a theatre with a boon companion and a night of anxiety for her. All night she would lie awake fearing that her father would discover that Jean was out, fearing, above all, that Jean would drink whiskey. Aurore, who would have seen with perfect equanimity Jean drink glass after glass of claret or Burgundy, had an inexpressible horror of whiskey.

The whistle was heard again. Jean raised his head.

"Ha!" he said in a dramatic whisper. "'Tis he! I must dissemble! We may be happy yet. Farewell, Aur-o-r-r-re!"

"Don't go, Jean. Stay with maman and me. Just this once! Do!"

Jean put his finger to his nose derisively. "What do you take me for? Mom's asleep and you're not much fun. See you later! Ned Barnes is waiting for me."

"Stop, Jean! Bring him in. Let me see what kind of a boy he is."

"Can't. He's boss, but he's shy. And the old lady would raise the neighborhood if I brought a boy in here. Good-by. Wait up for me this once and let me in. I'll go to confession next week, I swear."

"Ah! Jean, you've promised before."

"Yes, I will—I will, Aurore, just to spite the old man."

"Don't say that, Jean; you don't mean it."

"*Tu paries ta douce vie!*—you bet your sweet life I do! I'm off, Aurore. I've got seventy-five cents. Wait up now, like a daisy!"

"O Jean! I will, if you promise not to drink the whisk-ee!" Aurore cried imploringly. To this Jean answered by forming his hands into the shape of a cup and drinking with much apparent gusto.

The whistler without struck up a lively melody. Madame awoke, and Jean slipped out. Madame raised her glass to her lips and looked around.

"Dame!" she said, "where's Jean?"

"Gone out, maman."

"Aurore, you should have kept him in. He is becoming like the Americans, an infidel, a spendthrift, a *vaurien*, respecting neither religion nor his parents. I shall take him back to France soon for his education. America," said madame, with a solemn shake of her head, "is a bad place for boys. They grow careless. They ought to make their First Communion and marry well. But here," sighed madame, "there is no *dot*; they cannot marry well."

"I hope Jean will not drink the whisk-ee," sighed Aurore.

"Bah!" retorted madame. "The boy must have his *fre-daine de jeunesse*; he must amuse himself. He came home the other night smelling of the whisk-ee, and I said, 'At whose wedding have you been?' and I scolded him well. He begins young. It is the way of the Americans; but it will be the sooner over. Thou wouldst make a little priest of him," cried madame fiercely, dropping into the patois, "with thy confessions and scapulars; but I want no priests here. I would strangle him if I thought he would wear a beretta. No money of mine shall ever make a priest, Aurore. Bah! Let the boy alone!"

Aurore smiled a little at the idea of Jean as a priest.

"No," said madame. "*Ni l'homme, ni femme, prêtre.* No priest shall ever handle *my money*, Aurore."

Aurore sighed and went on with her knitting. Madame turned to speak to a customer who had entered.

Jean met his friend.

Ned Barnes' hands were thrust into his pockets; he wore no overcoat, and this partly accounted for the vigor with which he whistled and danced clog-steps on the sidewalk. Ned was a rough-looking boy, for he had just come from work.

"Halloo, Johnny!" he said. "Thought you'd never come!"

"You're early. Had your supper yet?"

"No."

"So much the worse for you. Which shall it be, Niblo's or the Grand Opera House? There's a boss show at the Grand Opera."

The boys shuffled along aimlessly, making a shrill duet of the popular "Voici le Sabre," and exchanging snow-balls at various corners with friends or enemies. Jean had a copious vocabulary of slang, which he used unsparingly.

"Haven't seen you out at night lately, Ned. What have you been doing? Did your mother bar the door?"

"Been studying."

"Studying?"

"Yes; Latin."

Jean gave a prolonged whistle. Ned turned up the steps of St. Alphonsus' Church.

"What's that for?" asked Jean. "Let us turn back. Why are you going in there?"

"Because I think I ought to go and you ought to come with me."

Jean hung back. "Say, Ned, don't let us go to-night. Some other night. I've got the chink and we can have a good time. Besides, I'll get blazes if I go; I have not been for an awful long time."

Ned gently pushed him up the steps. Once inside Jean said to himself that he was "dished." The boys entered a pew and knelt. Jean's heart felt like lead, and he looked longingly towards the door. Ned had thoughtfully taken possession of the end of the pew. The perennial light burning before the tabernacle seemed to Jean like an eye watching him. The dim lights and the sight of bowed forms waiting for their turn to enter the confessional made him gloomy. But the tranquil influence of the place gradually benumbed his restlessness. There was an old prayer-book lying in the pew. Jean, seeing by Ned's position that there was no chance of escape, picked it up and be-

gan to read. It happened to be one of those volumes, translated with more zeal than discretion from the French, which contain a most varied, minute, and scrupulous "examination of conscience."

"I an't so bad, after all," he whispered to Ned. "I've never done more than half of them things." There was a little of the pharisaical in the tone in which he added: "Human respect? What's human respect? Is it a sin?"

"Mind your own sins, Johnny, and don't be looking after other people's."

"*He'll* give me h——; oh! blazes, there's another cuss-word!" Jean knelt down again and beat his breast vigorously. "Say, Ned, let's put it off for to-night. I can't remember anything. And there's an old crow just gone into the box. She'll keep the priest all night. Come!"

Ned was immovable. Jean nudged him in vain. For a time Jean listlessly watched the light before the tabernacle and the shadows of some kneeling figures, veiled in semi-gloom, waiting for a confessor who had not yet come. He found it hard to contemplate the dreadful task before him without a tremor of the nerves. He recalled several important transgressions; he said the Act of Contrition; but a phantasm of the theatre, with its Saturday-night crowds and glittering lights, arose before his eyes. A priest, from whose confessional the old woman—aluded to in expressive Bowery dialect as the "old crow"—had come, opened the door, looked over a group of kneeling women, and beckoned to the two boys. Jean shrank back. Ned pulled and pushed him. Hardly before he knew it Jean knelt in the dark box before the grating. The slide flew back and the priest spoke in an encouraging voice. It was all over in a few minutes.

Jean was soon kneeling near Ned in the pew.

After a while they stood on the steps and simultaneously drew a long breath.

"It's awful easy when it's over," said Jean.

"Was he hard?"

"I should smile," answered Jean. "I feel as clean as a whistle!"

Jean ran home, all thought of the theatre gone. He told Aurore, and she kissed him.

II.

Ned Barnes, after leaving Jean with a promise to meet him on Sunday afternoon, ran for some distance along South Fifth Avenue until he came to a dingy shop-window. There were ancient pistols in it, labelled with low "cash" prices, a collection of unpolished silverware, diamonds in settings more or less damaged, a shawl or two, a big Bible, a little child's frock, all marked with a price in black and white. It was a pawn-shop. The space in front of the counter was filled by anxious, dragged women and unwashed men, just from their work, exchanging tickets for necessary articles they had pawned during the week.

In one case it was a good coat; in another, pillows and sheets; in another, a woman's gown. The only luxury drawn out while Ned was there on this Saturday night was an old violin. Ned waited, jingling some coins in his pockets, until it came to his turn. He gave his ticket for a bundle which contained a blanket shawl; then he left. The crowd of eager applicants increased. Those who were waiting to redeem articles were generally sad-looking people, but not dissipated. Those who came to deposit things were wretched and dissipated. It was plain from their faces that the pittance thus gained would be spent during the night in drink.

Ned stopped at a shop to buy some sausages, a loaf of bread, and a little tea.

Whistling cheerfully, he plunged into a narrow street where the snow melted on sidewalks encrusted with the dirt of many summers and winters. On the coal-box at the corner of this street three young men—two keeping in a sitting position the third, who was drunk—were singing. Two young girls waiting at the same corner joined their voices in the song, and then accepted the invitation of the young men to enter the grocery for a drink. This grocery-shop was evidently a resort for the neighborhood; people with baskets were entering, but more—especially children—carried pitchers and cans. The principal traffic of the place was not in solids.

Ned paused at the door of a tall house. His entrance was intercepted by the body of a woman, whose tin can lay empty beside her. She had evidently fallen in the act of going to get it refilled. A young man was trying to pull her into the hall. She was a middle-aged woman, the mother of the man. She resisted stupidly, trying to seize the handle of the can.

"Halloo, Barnes! Give us a hand. Mom's on another spree

and I want to get her into the hall. I've got an engagement down town and I can't afford to fool away my time here. We'll move her inside. She'll be sobered off by the time I get back."

"All right, Mack," said Ned.

Together they lifted the woman—or the semblance of a woman—into the hall. Her face was distorted and bloated; she opened her lips, and from them issued a strain of foul imprecations, mingled with the smell of stale beer.

Neither Ned nor her son noticed this. They were used to it. Mack, when the woman had been put in a sitting posture against the wall, invited Ned to join him in a "racket" at the ball of the Grand Moguls. Ned shook his head and ran through the hallway to a court in the rear of the house. This court was filled with piles of ashes and refuse, mercifully whitened by the snow. There was another house, a six-story building. Each story had what looked like a small balcony with an iron railing. Each of these fire-escapes was filled with flower-pots, cooking utensils, old pieces of carpet floating in the wind. They gave the house a very ragged appearance. In all the windows of all the six stories lights shone. The house seemed as full as a bee-hive. There was a great deal of noise, showing that the inhabitants were active.

Against the background of a bed-post a man could be seen shaving himself in one window, stopping occasionally to refresh himself from a beer-can. Children, some of them shivering and half-dressed, were climbing the stairs, pitchers or cans in hand. It was Saturday night, and the beverage of Gambrinus flowed—the milk and honey of this miserable, unknown land. The dreadful dirt and dilapidation of this rear tenement-house were masked in the day-time by the house in front of it.

It was Ned's home. He ran up the narrow stairs with a light heart. There were sounds of laughter and of wrath; evil words and curses came from out open doors. From other rooms came savory odors and a clatter of dishes. A young girl, dressed in light silk and gauze—for few of these people were too poor to have gay clothes when occasion required—was being admired by a group of neighbors on a landing, she holding a kerosene-lamp over her head. Two women on the landing above were fighting about lighting the corridor. The place was a Babel; yet it was Ned's home, and it is the home of many like him, where lilies grow and bloom in the company of poison-bearing weeds.

Here Virtue and Vice jostle each other, meet each other on

the stairs, speak to each other day after day. Here the libertine is one of the household with the pure of heart. Strangers breathing corruption and contamination live within these gates; and here Vice becomes so familiar that Virtue does not even blush in her presence. The little children learn the language of blasphemy before they can utter their own names; and to the young those things which Christians veil in mystery are as open books. Here the prayer and the curse are heard side by side, and the saint dies in the room next to the despairing sinner. It is a wonderful microcosm. And those who ought know so little of it! The animalculæ that exist in a drop of Mediterranean water are as unknown to some of us as those people who are forced by poverty to have such strange companions.

Ned knocked at a door on the fifth floor. It was opened at once by his mother. Her face, which was pale and stamped with the imprint of many trials, brightened as she kissed him. He gave her a hearty smack in return, and stepped back into the passage to shake the snow from his shoes. She watched him with a look of the deepest affection in her dark blue eyes—those Irish eyes that are never without sadness after the first sparkle of mirth has passed out of them. She was not old, and yet she seemed old. There was no gray hair in the brown bands smoothed over her wrinkled brow, and there was a look of serenity in her face as her eyes rested on Ned, and at this moment it was plain that she was not much over fifty; but trials and privations had made her old-looking and frail.

“I’ve brought your shawl, mother.”

“Dear boy!” she said, closing the door and filling a basin of water for him to wash with. “I can go to Mass now. How I missed that shawl!”

She wore a faded but scrupulously clean calico gown, with a little collar of the same stuff at the neck.

Ned plunged his head into the basin with a splash.

“Suppose you had not been paid to-night, Ned, what a difference it would have made to us! And Monday Christmas, too. I could not have gone to Mass in this dress; it would kill me in this weather. I wonder if the people who pay for work ever think what a difference *the time* of paying out a little money makes to the poor?”

“The people around here wouldn’t have so much beer to-night if they hadn’t been paid,” said Ned out of the folds of the towel.

“Poor creatures!”

She set about frying the sausages and some potatoes at a cooking-stove. The well-trimmed and scrupulously clean kerosene-lamp lit a room which was sparsely furnished, yet cheerful. Ned had a bed in a sort of closet off the room. The floor was white; it had been scrubbed and rescrubbed. The walls were white, too; a picture of the Sacred Heart over the lounge which served for Mrs. Barnes' bed, and a scarlet geranium in the window, showing against a white shade, were the only patches of positive color. There was a patch of worn carpet in the centre of the room, and a packing-box covered with muslin, surmounted by a scrap of looking-glass. A table, two chairs, and a stool completed the furniture. Ned's face was cheerful and ruddy as he took down a few pages which had been torn from a book, and began to study them, while his mother prepared supper.

Years ago Mrs. Barnes had come from Ireland in possession of all the good which fortunate young girls get in the nuns' schools in Ireland. She was deft, industrious; she was intelligent and well instructed. She served in a family as half housemaid, half seamstress; then she married Tom Barnes. Tom Barnes was a giant of a North Carolinian, long-bearded and long-legged. He had come to New York because he knew that skilled labor commanded the highest wages there. Having nothing to do on Sundays, he wandered into Catholic churches, and in a year's time entered the Church. He saw his future wife in St. Peter's one morning at Mass. He asked the priest to introduce him. The wooing was not long a-doing. It was a very happy marriage. Tom lived in a populous neighborhood. He was open-handed and open-hearted. He was a machinist earning good wages, and there was nothing niggardly about him. He was of such a sunny temperament that he could not foresee a rainy day. When he died there was intense grief in his neighborhood. His wife's countrymen were particularly sorrow-stricken. He had been a good friend to many of them.

"Many's the job of work he's got for me," said one of them, "and if I spend my last cent I'll follow him in a coach to Calvary the morning."

And he did spend his last cent, and more too; for the family clock found its way to the pawnshop, and was not redeemed until several months after Tom Barnes' grand funeral.

It *was* a grand funeral. The priest of the parish permitted only ten carriages at any funeral; but seventy-six, by actual count, kept around the corner. The wreaths, anchors, crosses,

scythes, etc., done in flowers, had to be drawn in a separate carriage to the grave. It was generally said that Tom Barnes' friends had done their duty most handsomely.

A little more than a year had passed since this great ebullition of gratitude and admiration, and Mrs. Barnes pawned her shawl to help pay a month's rent which would not have reached the sum paid by sorrowing friends for two of the carriages in that now-forgotten cortège! "Tal es la vida!" said the Spanish woman across the passage, who remembered the great floral display.

Ned was "general utility" in an office down town. His mother sewed when she could see; but her eyes were not always to be depended upon. Ned's education had stopped short when his father died. He had learned to read, write, and cipher. It was intended by both his parents that he should have a great chance. And this great chance they talked of, dreamed of, but said little of it to Ned. They hoped and prayed that he might one day become a priest. How closely the mother watched him; how happy the father was when he found Ned, when a little boy, imitating the chant and swinging an imaginary censer! Nothing was said to the boy about it; but the father and mother prayed much.

Ned was a cheerful, boisterous boy, always ready for fun, never still, not particularly fond of study. He had never missed a baseball match, if he could help it; but no day had passed, since he had been taught to say it, that he had omitted his rosary. He was outwardly a rough-and-tumble fellow, ready with his tongue and his fist, but also ready to say or do a kind thing, and never afraid to do what he thought was his duty.

The office-work, after his days at home and school, was hard. But he "pitched into it" with all his might. It was a great blow—he felt it more and more every day—to lose a hope which of late had become more and more defined. This was the hope his parents had secretly cherished—the hope of becoming a priest. He had served Mass and he knew the pronunciation of Latin: He had found, among the waste paper that fell to his share at the office, a few leaves from a Latin grammar. They contained only the declensions of "mensa" and "dominus," with other nouns and notes. But he made the most of them. These leaves were treasures to him. He pored over them every night. His mother was obliged—a delightful obligation!—to hear him recite them over and over again.

He must work. His mother was dependent on him. Work,

work, work stretched out before him until death. He could not be idle a day; the rent must be paid, food found. Should his work fail his only friend was the pawn-shop. Yet nothing, he said over and over again, was impossible to God. His mother had guessed—what secrets of their sons' hearts do not mothers guess?—his aspiration. There was now no need of secrecy, and they talked it over often. These were happy hours, as they sat near the little cooking-stove and made this loving plan for the glory of God. What if the house shook at times with the mad and drunken revelry of the tenants around them? Here was an oasis of peace and hope.

Ned had a good appetite. His mother smiled as she filled his plate a second time; she asked him cheerful questions; but, nevertheless, this Saturday before Christmas had brought her a great disappointment. In one of the second-hand book-stores she had seen a Latin grammar. For months she had made little economies to surprise Ned with this longed-for book on Christmas morning. But Ned's employer had gone out of town the week before and forgotten to pay him his weekly five dollars. The rent came due that week, and to pay it—for the landlord never waited for very poor tenants—she had been compelled to sacrifice her little hoard and to pawn her shawl. It was a sore disappointment to her.

Ned told her how he had got Jean Marquette to go to confession. She was pleased.

"It will bring a blessing on you, Ned."

"Just think, mother, the poor fellow had not been to confession for two or three years! It's because his associations are bad."

Mrs. Barnes smiled a little. What were Ned's associations? A quarrel in the passage between a man and a boy, each calling the other unutterable names, answered her thought. The mother and son said the rosary. To-morrow was Sunday, and after that would come Christmas, so they could afford to chat long into the night.

"Mother," said Ned, "I think you'll have to take a run out. Mr. Marston gave me an extra dollar to-day, and I want you to buy yourself a Christmas present—something you don't want: a bit of lace or a ribbon. I want you to be extravagant just this once—at Christmas, you know." He pressed a silver dollar into her hand. Her eyes moistened. It was so like his father!

"What would an old woman like me do with ribbons or laces, dear?" she asked in a low voice. "O dear boy! I wish

you had a chance; I'd wear a calico dress all the rest of my life, and be happy to shiver with cold, if I could see you on the way to being a priest of God. If you had only a few years at school before your father died! If you were only fit to try for the seminary I'd be willing to give you to God and go—yes, I would, Ned—go into the almshouse myself."

"Hush, mother!" Ned said, with singular dignity. "Don't talk that way. There's no hope of one, and no fear, while I have my health, of the other. God knows I pray every day for 'the chance'; God knows I believe I can best do his will as a priest of God. This has grown stronger on me since father died. It seems to me I was such a young boy before that. Don't you remember what the Jesuit father at the Mass said the other day, 'Obedience is better than sacrifice'? Let us be obedient, mother, and wait."

His mother rocked herself to and fro with a sigh that was very like a sob.

"Sure, Ned, we want so little and we want only the good, and look at the people that work only for the devil and have so much. Why, the least part of it would be more than enough for us. It's hard to be patient, Ned, although I'm an old woman and have seen your brothers and sisters die one by one. And there's nothing like death to teach a woman patience. I don't complain of the dirt and the vileness of this place, Ned, though it's far from what I've been used to; but you—*you*, dear boy—"

She put up her fingers to her eyes and sobbed aloud.

Ned threw his arm around her neck and said: "And is it richness we want at Christmas time, mother dear? Isn't that queer at such a time, when He was born in a stable? Come, dear old mother, let's go out and buy a Christmas gift, to make you young again."

She kissed his red, rough hand and put her shawl around her. "No, Ned, I'll go alone. There's no fear that anybody will run away with *me*."

Ned humored her, and she left the room.

Would it be gone? Would some other anxious mother have seized it before she could get it? She need not have feared so; the inhabitants of that district did not thirst after Latin grammars any more than they thirsted after fountains of water.

She almost ran through the court and hall into the street, murky, snow-filled, and almost deserted now. She soon reached the book-stand. It was closed! No, there was the keeper relighting his torch, which had just gone out. It flared

up again. She read the legend: "Any book in this row for fifty cents": *The Art of Cooking, Tricks with Cards, Charlotte Temple, Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It had been *there*. Where was it? Mrs. Barnes turned anxiously to the man.

"I change 'em every three days," he said; "that is, I take out the unattractive ones." And he gave her the Andrews and Stoddard's *Latin Grammar* from a pile of "reduced—forty cents." Unattractive! How foolish the man was! Who could find a Latin grammar unattractive? She paid the money, took her change, and almost ran homeward. She noticed the sky was red in the direction of South Fifth Avenue. She heard the clangor of a steam-engine and then of another. The tenement-houses, both front and rear, were all alive. Excitement of any kind was a boon to their inhabitants, and they made the most of a fire.

"God help the poor folk this night!" murmured Mrs. Barnes as she hurried up-stairs with the precious book in her shawl. How glad and surprised Ned would be! She pushed open the door softly. The fire burned, the lamp was lit, his leaves lay on the table; but he was gone, and the horrible clangor of the fire-alarm filled the street. An undefined fear took possession of the mother.

III.

When Jean had come into the little office so unexpectedly early Madame Marquette wanted to know why.

"I've been at church, *ma mère*, scraping the skillet," said Jean, taking an old checker-board from the closet. "Play, Aurore?"

"Bah!" said madame, "I ignore your *banalités*. I understand not the scraping of the skillet. What is it, Aurore?"

"Jean has confessed this evening; he will be a better boy."

Madame shrugged her shoulders. "He is good enough," she said. "But he might be more careful with his money. I don't want him to be a church-mouse, Aurore, like you."

"It would be better if I were more like Aurore. Say, Aurore, I saw James Connor at church. His hat was on the floor at the end of the pew. I'd have hidden it, if I could; but I hadn't time. You'd have liked to see him, wouldn't you, Aurore? I tell you, he is a craw-thumper. He prayed like a steam-engine!"

Madame frowned.

“Don't talk to your sister of that *Irlandais sauvage*. He is nothing; he is poor, and the *dot* of your sister shall not be wasted on him. And I want her,” continued madame, pounding the desk emphatically with her fist—“I want her to be more civil to Pierre Roulé, who is rich, and most eloquent, your father says, at the Cercle Voltaire. He shall be her affianced. We have arranged.”

“He is a mummy!” said Jean. He would probably have added something exceedingly impertinent; but he recollected himself. Aurore's face flushed and she bent her head over the checker-board.

Jean became restless. Checkers was a stupid game after the diversions he was accustomed to. It was too early to go to bed. There was nothing in the room to read, except a copy of the *Courrier* and a dog-eared novel, *Les Belles Amies du Diable*, a favorite of madame.

He yawned. “I think I'll take a walk, Aurore.”

Aurore trembled. If he went out alone in the gay streets what might not happen?

“May I go, too?” she asked timidly.

“Why, certainly,” he said, quite gently. At other times he would have laughed at such a proposition. Aurore put on her hat and cloak. She never thought of the snow. It did not inconvenience her at all. Madame made no opposition. She was lost in thought. She was building her castle. Her father's farm at home arose before her. Oh! to regain it, to possess it, to add to it; to see Jean reign rich and powerful among the rich relatives and neighbors who had slighted her! To have him take a wife from the proudest of them, to have them sue for him, flatter and caress *her* son!—the ingrates, the upstarts who had despised her! Madame had the French peasant's mania for land, but only for the land in France, in her native province.

If Marquette would let her sell the house—she knew it would bring a good price—she would draw a good round sum from the bank and start with Jean for France in a week's time. Aurore and Marquette could stay among the Americans for a while. But Jean was becoming spoiled; he hated to speak French; he was an American *gamin*. It must be stopped. Oh! if Marquette would only consent to sell the house she could buy the old farm and add another to it at once. But Marquette was obstinate; she knew that she could not move him on this subject. He cared very little for French land. Madame got angry thinking of it. She thrust out her hand and hit the desk in a passion; the

lamp, which stood at the edge, fell over with a crash. Madame sprang to her feet. But only the chimney had broken; the lamp was safe: it had fallen on a heap of unwashed linen. Madame picked it up with a strange feeling. What if it had set fire to the house? Marquette was out, Jean and Aurore were out, the bachelor tenant on the fourth floor was out; the two servants of the laundry had gone to bed, but they were within call. If—? Madame lit a candle and laid the lamp among the clothes. The house was heavily insured. If—? The money in hand in spite of Marquette, and away with Jean to France! She examined the shutters and the door; then she replaced the lamp on the desk, lit it, and, getting the can of kerosene, poured the oil on the linen and on every inflammable object in the room. She flung her shawl around her and put on her bonnet. But she took the latter article off again; it might look as if she had premeditated. She thought of Marquette. Could he by some chance have come home earlier, letting himself in with his latch key as usual? No; it was too early. As to Manette and Ninon, she would call them. It was all she could do without risk.

“Manette! Ninon!” she shrieked.

There was silence. And again she called.

“What, madame?” came back faintly.

“Fire!”

Madame overturned the desk. The lamp was dashed to pieces by the force of its fall. Instantly the flames leaped from the heap of clothes, like young serpents from a nest. Madame rushed into the street, the two servants following her, one of them singed a little. The house was old, the woodwork dry. With some satisfaction, yet with fear in her heart, madame saw the fire almost in the twinkling of an eye envelop all the lower part of the house. She shrieked and wrung her hands. The neighbors swarmed around her. She acted well the part of a frenzied woman. The devil seemed to have taken possession of her. Her screams were appalling; she would not leave the street, in spite of the efforts of kind neighbors to force her into a house. When the engines arrived the whole front of the Marquette house was covered by the flames, which quivered and waved in the wind like a fiery veil. At times the gilt letters, “L. Marquette,” of the sign seemed to grin in derision through the fire. The firemen got to work with almost superhuman quickness.

Jean and Aurore stood near madame, stupefied by the sud-

denness of the calamity. Ned Barnes, who never could resist an alarm of fire, stood near them, ready to help, if possible.

Suddenly there was a sort of groan from the crowd in the street. A man had appeared on the fire-escape of the third story. It was Louis Marquette. His face—the face of a man sobered as to his mental faculties by danger, yet physically drunk and helpless—wore an awful expression of horror. It was the look of a man who saw a vision of death in the air—the look of a man in the presence of his Judge. He crouched down on the narrow platform. The flames hid him from view for an instant. Madame looked at him, and then stood up rigid and silent.

There were a hundred cries from the street, which were as nothing to Marquette. The firemen shot up their ladders. In vain! The horrified man clung to the railing of the fire-escape.

Jean had disappeared. He ran to the back of the house.

A cheer burst from the people below as his face appeared beside that of his father. Madame now seemed possessed of seven devils. She swore, she tore her hair, she tried to rush into the fire. The scene below was as horrible as the scene above.

The chief gave an order to clear a wide space around the building. It was about to fall. The firemen renewed their efforts to save the neighboring houses.

Jean was seen trying desperately to detach his father's hands from the iron railings; which he held in a maniac's grip. Was it the flames that wavered this time, or the house? People ran away and covered their faces. It was the house! It trembled, and then, amid crushing sounds and crackling smoke, fell on its own foundations; and with it sank Jean Marquette and his father to death.

A low murmur ran through the crowd of lookers-on, whose faces were for a moment made visible, as in the light of day, by the torrent of fire that swept down with the falling house.

Madame, who had been dragged away, and who was held back by strong men, struggled and tried to bite like a wild animal.

When the house fell a horrible cry, the like of which the listeners had never heard before, rang out:

“Jean,” she cried, “my son, my son—I have killed him!”

Then, like a heavy weight which the men could not hold, she sank face foremost upon the trampled snow of the sidewalk.

They carried her into the nearest house, and among those

that followed her was Mrs. Barnes. She had come out in search of Ned. Aurore, attracted by her kind, mild face, clung to her. Aurore felt herself to be friendless, for when she approached her mother, madame, with a convulsive motion, waved her away.

So all the dreary hours of that night, while the house smouldered and flamed at intervals, and the jets of water sent up by the steam-engines fell in icy spray, Madame Marquette lay on a bed in stony, sullen silence, watched by Aurore and Mrs. Barnes; the rest of the neighbors withdrew from the room, which at intervals was reddened by bursts of flame from the opposite side of the street. Only once madame spoke. Mrs. Barnes had said :

“ Thank God ! the other houses are safe at last.”

“ What matter ? ” asked madame in a harsh voice. “ Jean is dead, and I have killed him.”

Mrs. Barnes and Aurore looked at her with pity, and the former said :

“ It’s no wonder she is out of her mind.”

Mrs. Barnes once or twice had been inclined to envy the Marquettes, and particularly the prospects of Jean, of which madame continually boasted to all her customers. But now—*now!* Mrs. Barnes shuddered and thought lovingly of the dear boy at home, perhaps even now bending over that cherished Latin grammar.

When the morning dawned neighbors came one by one to ask for the stricken woman. She would not speak. A doctor, who had been sent for, found her with her face turned to the wall. She tore her hand from him when he tried to feel her pulse.

Once she moved and spoke again. It was after Mrs. Barnes had left, promising to return. Aurore had tried to take her hand. She dashed it against the girl’s face.

“ Go ! ” she said, with horrible bitterness. “ Go ! I would it had been ten such as thou instead of my boy Jean. Go, miserable ! ”

Aurore shrank back, sobbing :

“ O mother ! O my mother ! ”

In the quietness of early morning Aurore heard a manly voice she knew asking for her mother. It was that of the “ *Irlandais sauvage*,” Pierre Roulé’s rival, James Connor. It gave her comfort ; and, worn out, she sank kneeling beside her mother’s bed in sleep.

When Mrs. Barnes came, having been refreshed by the sight of Ned and his Latin grammar, and been kissed over and over

again, with many rapturous exclamations appropriate to Christmas eve, having prayed very hard that morning at Mass, she stepped lightly into the room. Aurore still slept the deep sleep of weary youth, which sorrow and the presence of death itself cannot break. Her head lay against the bed, but it was empty.

Mrs. Barnes tapped Aurore on the shoulder. The girl started, bewildered; and then, as the horror of the night arose before her, she closed her eyes again and shivered.

“Where’s Madame Marquette?”

This question was never answered. A policeman had seen her near the ruins of her house—or somebody like her. Had she wandered to the river and drowned herself? Nobody ever knew. Her bank-book with some pages torn out, and a handkerchief marked with Jean’s name, were found on a dock.

Afterwards an acquaintance of the late L. Marquette said he had caught a glimpse of madame hurrying towards the wharf from which a French steamer was about to start, having been delayed over Saturday. Nobody believed him, as he said this after the insurance people began to suggest suspicions of arson. But these suspicions, as well as madame’s death, remained unproved. The insurance companies in time handed over to Aurore the sum for which the house was insured. Aurore was quite an heiress now. A change had come over her. She trembled at the slightest sound; her delicate color had faded; in her dreams she saw madame, with the face of a demon, smiting her on the face and crying, “Va, miserable!”

She clung to Ned’s mother, and persuaded her to go to a neat little cottage in Harlem with her.

It did not take Aurore long to find out the desire of the hearts of this mother and son. Ever since Jean’s death she had tried to find some way of showing her gratitude to Ned, who, under God, had saved Jean’s soul. He, too, might have died in his sins—sins only too easily committed in the corruption around him. But Ned had saved him and he had died in the grace of God—Jean, her own dear Jean, for whom she would have given her life. Not very learned, not very much given to deep thought, not even very refined in the conventional sense of the term, Aurore had simple faith and deep gratitude. One day she went to the bank and to a lawyer. A few days later she went again, and, waiting until the mother and son were together in the cosy sitting-room, she kissed Mrs. Barnes on the forehead and put a packet and a roll of parchment on the table before her.

The packet was a roll of bills; the parchment a deed conveying a life interest in the pleasant cottage to Mrs. Barnes.

"I gave it not to you, but to God," Aurore said gravely.

After that there was no office-work for Ned, but much study; and one happy day he entered the seminary at Troy.

Later in the summer evenings, when the terror of that Saturday before Christmas had somewhat faded out of Aurore's life, James Connor, honest, faithful, and affectionate, was often seen on the porch of the cottage. And when he asked a certain question with some impatience again and again, Aurore always gave him the same answer, which was invariably followed by another question, "When *will* Ned be ordained?"

The time came at last. After it was all over, with the joy of ecstatic love and its awful solemnity, an old woman lay in the quiet church, alone, before the high altar. Her bonnet had fallen from her head and the light from a stained window bathed her in purple and gold. She lay there in the attitude that Madame Marquette had taken in the snow years ago, with her face against the floor. Ned's mother had said her *Nunc Dimittis*.

Aurore's gift had indeed been given to God, and it was a fruitful gift. The young priest who "saved Jean's soul" has saved many others. He knows the people among whom he works. He has all the firm faith of his Irish ancestors and all the practical insight and readiness and acuteness of his American life. Authority and reason form in his mind that synthesis by which faith shall yet add a new world, not to Castile and Leon, but to Christ and Rome.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

AVE GRATIA PLENA.



POISED on the well's mossed brink the unfilled ewer;
 And one dropp'd lily at her whiter feet
 Unnoted. Does she listen? What sound so sweet
 Her soul from out the bosom's coverture
 Into those raptur'd eyes could so allure?
 Or with some vision unfolded there where meet
 Wan sands and sky-line is her sense replete?
 Nay, but not these, but lo! God's time mature!

Lo! the lit air, the sudden glory poured
 And fragrance shed; and from the splendid space
 Forth-issuing, as a passion-freighted chord
 Midst some vast minster's echoing arches waking,
 A voice, in wave on wave of sweetness breaking
 Upon her spell-bound soul, "Hail, full of grace!"

FIAT MIHI.

What tremor of delight thrills earth and sky,
 And wakes the nested birds, and turns the air
 From violet to gold? and hark! what rare
 Sphere-music mingles with the numerous sigh
 Of wind-swayed palms? and mark how crimsoned lie
 The lone and glimmering sands. Ah! grown aware
 Of God, the quickened earth is loath to fare
 Into the joyless night. Thou shalt not die,
 O crown of all days risen! for ne'er since broke
 The primal dawn when the stars of morning heard
 God's voice and sang together, ne'er since woke
 Its myriad life, has Nature so been stirred
 To the great soul's deeps as when this maiden spoke
 And in her womb incarnate lay the Word.

ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI.

Handmaiden—but queen crowned and throned above
 God's kingdoms and all hearts—hence, nevermore
 Shall one in dreams the hidden realms explore
 Of absolute loveliness and know not of
 This perfect face now radiant with new love,
 Thy rare face unrecorded—and before
 Thy beauty shall not all his heart outpour
 Transfigured, even as now, beneath the Dove
 Beside thy ewer, beside the brimming well,
 The bending palm o'erhead, and at thy feet
 In the well's imaged heavens one tremulous star;
 While at thy heart that song oracular
 Gathers to fulness, and inviolable
 Sweet maidenhood and motherhood first meet.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

STRANGERS YET.

ALTHOUGH Ruth began to talk of her trip to the city in mid-winter of that year, she made no preparations until midsummer. They had heard previously of Florian's election to the legislature in the fall and were all elated over the event, while the squire fretted a little over their separation, because it would have been such a pleasure to face the rascally government as a father-in-law of one of its representatives. When Ruth was finally ready to leave Clayburg it was so early in the season that, instead of setting out at once to Mrs. Merrion's, they passed through Brooklyn and went to a quiet resort on the ocean, where they stayed until late in September. By that time the Merrions had opened house for the fashionable season, and Ruth was received with open arms by the vivacious Barbara.

"The first thing I shall do," said Mrs. Merrion—"and oh! how fortunate you came along as you did, Ruth, for I was making my head ache with plans for something new and striking for my first event, and couldn't find anything to suit—the first thing I shall do is to have a music-party and make it the earliest and best of the season. How can it be otherwise with such a star as you, so unique and so new?"

Ruth looked at Mrs. Merrion to see if the lady was in earnest in using such language, and found that she was. In earlier days, when Barbara Merrion was a girl at Clayburg, she had been noted for her beauty, brilliancy, and boldness. It was the possession of these qualities which had won for her as a husband a wealthy nonentity in the shape of Mr. Merrion, whose dull faculties had been quickened under the spell of the girl's dashing presence. Although a relative, Ruth had no affection for her of a lasting nature. There seemed such a want of thoughtfulness, and even of good principle, in her disposition that no amount of respectability and correct conduct could make up for it in her eyes. And yet Mrs. Merrion was a model of behavior and very popular. How any one could pretend to be the star of an assemblage with her petite figure and shining face present Ruth could not understand. Barbara's features were small, but

of so fine and exquisite a type that they seemed unreal at times. The delicate nose and dark eyes showed a high spirit and reckless though trained disposition. Beside her Ruth felt like a slow, heavy being, a robin beside a humming-bird, and felt, in looking at herself in the glass, that a plainer woman never entered a ball-room. While preparations were being made for her *début* the squire set out to look for Florian and bring him over to afternoon tea, if possible. Mrs. Merrion was not acquainted with him, the squire discovered to his own intense disgust and astonishment. She had known him in a distant way as a good-looking boy in Clayburg, whom she had never patronized or spoken to, simply because he was a boy of her own age and not "eligible."

"Pshaw!" said the squire, "you don't mean to tell me that you've lived ten years in Brooklyn and are unacquainted with the handsomest and smartest fellow in New York City? Now, I didn't think it of you, I didn't."

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, *qu'en voulez-vous?*" She had a silly habit, but a very pretty one in her mouth, of using French phrases to any extent.

"Kan vully-vo!" repeated the squire. "What nonsense! Don't be flying yer nasty French at me. I say it's queer—don't you, Ruth?—not to know Florian, the best, the smartest—"

"How can I know them all?" said Barbara plaintively. "There are so many clever, *désirable* people come and go, and these cities are so large. But if you will bring him to lunch at three or dinner at six I shall be happy to know him."

"Of course you will," said the squire, with a loud sneer. "But I won't bring him; you won't know him, since you didn't look him up before. Why, he and Ruth were going to be married once."

"Why, father!" said Ruth, with an emphasis that startled the squire into such a consciousness of his blunder that he got angry.

"Are you ashamed of it?" said he.

"No; but then it's unnecessary to speak of such things to every one," said Ruth disdainfully.

"Jest as you say," snapped the squire. "But I'll bring him over, Barbery, and you can see jest what a fool Ruth can make of herself once every five years."

"Not oftener?" said Ruth maliciously. "Now, if Barbara could see—"

"What a fool I can make of myself once a day, you want to say? Well, say it, and be hanged," said the squire. "But I know

a good man when I see him, and I'd hang on to him if I was a woman. So I'll bring him, Barbery, shall I?"

"By all means," said Barbara sweetly; "and perhaps we may arrange matters so that Ruth may not be so hard-hearted another time."

Florian had long been aware of Ruth's intention to visit Brooklyn, although he had not yet learned of her presence in the city. After Ruth had packed her trunks and stirred all Clayburg to its depths by her calm announcement of being absent a year or two, Mrs. Buck gave her reverend husband no peace until he had arranged a business trip to New York for himself and family. They had numerous invitations from clerical brethren there, and the bishop's wife in particular had urged Mr. Buck to bring Sara into the spiritual circles of New York, because of the edifying effect a Catholic convert would have on the general brethren. Mr. Buck, knowing the exact calibre of his convert, was not anxious that his friends should get too close a view, for Mrs. Buck was given to disclosing details of domestic life that reflected sadly on his rightful position in his own household. However, he felt obliged to grant her this favor, and they transferred themselves in August to New York, and were domiciled at his lordship's residence very pleasantly. She called on Florian in state the very next day after her arrival, and was received so kindly, and even tenderly, and was so delighted with his very fashionable boarding-house and madame and her daughter, that it went deeply to her heart not to be able to accept his invitation to remain. However, she dined there with her husband, and Florian found himself very high in the estimation of certain of the boarders when it was known that he had a sister an Episcopalian by conviction and the wife of a minister, and that he seemed to think so highly of her and her husband and his bright nephew. He felt a little pleasure in it, too. It gave the family the appearance of being liberal and added so much to his popularity. Then he dined in turn at the bishop's and was treated with the highest distinction; and although it was nothing new to him to receive such treatment, it was at least new in that quarter. Sara was there a week before she thought of Ruth.

"Oh!" said she suddenly one day, "have you seen Ruth since she came here? I haven't, and never thought of her."

It was such a shock to Florian to know that she was in the city that his color came and went like a school-boy's and he was unable to speak for a moment.

"She left Clayburg at the beginning of August to come to Mrs. Merrion's. She said she was to be gone a year or two. Ever since she got literary notions and wrote a book or two nothing would do her but New York, it seems; and the squire was willing to humor her, and didn't object himself, for he likes a good time and thinks of getting it here without having every soul in the town aware of it."

"And so Ruth is here," said Florian meditatively.

"Yes, yes," said Sara, "and she is to make her appearance in polite society, her *début*; and now I am sure she will create a sensation beside that chit of a Barbara Merrion with her bold ways. Ruth's eyes were always grand, and she looked one through and through. Then she was so truthful, and it will be splendid to see those big, truthful eyes piercing some little liar of a flirt looking for a favor."

"Your language—" said Mr. Buck reprovingly.

"Oh! nonsense, Dunse." Mr. Buck was christened Dunstan, and Sara thus abbreviated it. "We are in New York now, and the warden's ears are miles away. I do envy her. Oh! to come out once, to make a *début* in pink silk, lace, roses, and diamonds! I hate the humdrum life of Clayburg! I thought to get out of it by marrying, but Mr. Buck will die there, and I too, I suppose."

"And so Ruth is really here," said Florian, with a heavy sigh.

He was face to face with his destiny, and it was not inviting. He had not heard Sara's chatter.

"Why, yes," said the minister's wife, "she's here, though why the squire has not been over is a mystery. He thinks so much of you. And he has the idea that this trip is to bring about your marriage with Ruth."

"Pshaw!" said Florian, smiling, and oh! so pleased. "That matter is dead and buried; and monumented long ago."

"But this is a world of resurrections," said Mr. Buck cheerfully.

"You are not such a bad fellow, after all," thought Florian.

"And you're not the same Florian," said Sara. "Oh! you can't imagine how you've changed for the better. But Ruth has changed, too, and when she has society running after her, the great and the handsome and the rich, you will find it hard to overtake her. Lose no time, Florian, at the start, and look and act and speak your best." At which advice Florian smiled.

"She isn't such a match for a great man like you, Florian, after all," she said, "when you can have your pick, as Madame Lynch told me, of the greatest and finest ladies; and then you're

not rich, and women mostly take the rich men and leave the poor ones for tight corners. I wouldn't be a tight-corner husband for the whole world."

And she looked vindictively at Mr. Buck, who cowered and trembled at her refined personality.

"But every one knows how much you did think of her, Flory," continued Sara as she prepared to leave; "and it wouldn't be any surprise to know that you married her. Indeed, some think she came down on purpose to arrange the matter, but I know better. You wouldn't mind her religion now, of course. You've got over *that*, as I always told Dunse you would when you got older and saw more of religions that weren't your own."

Florian felt that this chatter was cutting him deeply somewhere and bringing blood, but he said nothing, and he was glad when his visitors were gone and he could think over the matter alone. Ruth was in Brooklyn, then? What was he going to do about it, and why should his heart beat faster with a feeling of dread and delight mingled? Her coming had no meaning for him, as he had long ago determined. But he could not help thinking of her, and picturing out the details of their first meeting, and weaving visions of days to come. What a new thing his life would be if the persuasions of old days should prevail with her and their lives go on, as he had dreamed, together! He was not able to reason the matter calmly just at that time, and when he happened to meet Frances in the sitting-room on his return was more gracious to her than he had been since the production of Paul's drama a year ago. This was because of his own exaltation of soul. There was a subdued brilliancy in his manner and conversation, and he felt like the opium-eater, just raised above the common things of the world, and yet seeing all through so rare and beautiful a medium. Ruth was the medium, and because of her this young woman of delicate feature and common mind seemed exalted into an angel. He remembered, too, that she was Ruth's alternate. If Ruth failed him—and was it not likely?—he would make an effort for this girl's heart and hand.

Inquiry showed that Ruth was not in the city and the Merriens had returned from a summer tour only a day or two before. He could not hope to see her for a month yet, and in the press of business he began to recover his old calculation and was soon roaming over the ground on which he stood. It was not safe. What did Ruth care for him now? And how could he with any consistency think of a marriage with her, a Protestant, whom he had rejected once because of her Protestantism?

The latter question he did not discuss with himself, because it depended so much on the first, and really he did not think it a matter of as much importance as formerly. It was done every day among his fellow-Catholics. It was a sort of local necessity, so few were his co-religionists and so many the other side. He had been a little stiff and severe in these matters when in the backwoods under Père Rougevin's direction, and Ruth herself had been no better. He really thought the question beyond discussion. Custom had already settled the matter. The real difficulty was Ruth's own feelings. Did she any longer care for him? He was a different man from the young fellow of three years ago, more polished, more cultivated, influential, looked up to and flattered. These things might have an effect on Ruth, and then she would see how faithful he had been in spite of his surroundings, how true to the old love, how hopeful; and love begets love, the poet says.

The squire, coming round in late September, found him in the midst of a cloud of unsatisfactory thoughts.

"How do, boy?" said he, poking through the half-open door his red, jovial face, and speaking as unconcerned as if he had seen Florian an hour past. Florian jumped as if shot, and paled, while the squire roared and squeezed his hands again and again, and turned him around to look at him, and was full of delight and surprise at the changes he saw. The noise the old man made attracted another red, jovial face to the door.

"Friends, b'y?" said Peter, recognizing some affinity in the squire. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," said the squire. "Friend of yours, Flory?"

"Yes," said Florian, vexed, but glad of the intrusion, too. "This is Peter Carter, journalist, a great man in his way."

"Not at all, man," said Peter, wringing the squire's hand fiercely, while Pendleton said:

"You've heard of old Pendleton, if you're a journalist—got mixed up with the two governments in Mackenzie's rebellion."

"Didn't I report the whole thing?" said Peter with enthusiasm—"the pursuit, the capture. Why, man, your life hung on a thread."

"Hough! yes," cried the delighted squire, hugging his thick throat with both hands; "but here was the thread, my boy—here was the thread."

"Right ye are, me hearty!" roared Peter in return, "an' I'll warrant there's a throat inside that won't stand drought long—hey, b'y?"

"Right, by all creation, right!" said the squire, seizing Peter's hard hand again; "you're the right sort, I see. But then I am temperate, you know—strictly."

"Any one ud say so to see ye," said Peter, "and the same o' me. Would ye mind taking a drink at Florian's expense?"

"Jes' as you say, sir." And Florian placed the bottles on the table, rejoicing to hear the fearful coughing in which the two old men indulged before scorching their throats with the brandy.

"Here's to ould Ireland," said Peter, raising his glass. "May her blood never get thinner than *her* potheen."

"Good!" answered the squire with a roar; "and here's to old England and be damned to her!"

"Better yet, begorra. Florian, this is quite an Irishman ye have for a friend, if I might judge from his sentiments—hey, b'y?"

"Irishman!" said the squire. "More Irish than *he* is with his cool, political blood that'll stand anything and smile. I've known that boy, Carter, since he was born, almost, and he was jes' as cool then as he is now. Not enough blood in him to like anything weaker than liquid fire, and that only heated him. I tried to marry him to a daughter of mine once, but she wouldn't stand it—no, sir, wouldn't stand it."

"'Twas a great pity, now," said Peter seriously, for it struck him as being a handy way of getting rid of Florian's pretensions to Frances. "He might be raisin' a family for the service of the state by this time, and securing votes for himself when he runs for the Presidency in twenty years or so. Ye missed it, b'y, didn't ye, now?"

"Rather," said Florian, with an inward groan. "Let me fill your glass again."

"But never mind, Carter," said the squire, with a knowing wink of the highest confidence—"never you mind; I can arrange matters when I take 'em in hand, an' I'm going to take 'em."

"As Mr. Pendleton has but just arrived," said Florian in despair, "and I have some matters to discuss with him, would you mind leaving us alone for a while?"

"Nonsense, b'y!" said Peter gaily. "Never leave the bottle half-full. It's not lucky to put back the cork until evaporation ceases, an' I'm sure ye wouldn't send away an old friend in the middle of the fun. Ye never had the heart for such a thing."

As there was no help for it, Florian put away the brandy with a smile, and with the remark that at any time they would

be pleased to see Peter, and Mr. Pendleton would be happy to improve his acquaintance.

"Happy!" said the squire, "delighted! Haven't met your equal, Carter, since I came to New York. You shall have an introduction to my daughter, and an invitation to Mrs. Merrion's music-party! We'll get in some quiet room and play whist and drink punch till morning. Why do you say?"

"Yer heart's in the right place, me b'y," said Peter, "and yer throat too, an' both guide yer head. Same way with Peter. I accept; I'll go if a thousand stood in the way, and I'll help ye mend matters, an' give ye the benefit o' my experience in the town; an' if ye' want a hand in the little matter—"

"Good-morning," said Florian abruptly, almost pushing Peter outside the door, where he stood for some time indignant, and thought of going back to fling defiance in Florian's face; but as that might peril his chances of improving the squire's acquaintance, he refrained and withdrew.

"A first-class character," said the squire, "a real surprise. Where did you pick him up? A sort of Irish exile, hey?"

"Yes; but rather a spongy sort," said Florian, who was not at all as patient with Peter as the poet was.

"Spongy—that is, receptive. Ah! I understand. I'm glad to hear it. But then you're to come over to lunch, Mrs. Merrion said, and you must be introduced to get a bid to the musicale, you know. Ruth's just dying to see you, and so is Barbery, because she's surprised to know there's a famous man in New York that doesn't bow down to her and attend her parties. Skittish creature—you recall her when she married Merrion, before she got into long dresses—but almighty nice if she wants to be. And now, Flory, I just ache to see you use your points well. Ruth's tired of things generally, and if you try rightly you are going to win this time, *if you want to*. Why, I swear I never thought of asking you that, but then of course you do—of course you do."

"It's not well to think of it," said Florian, who did not wish to give the garrulous squire even a hint of his own feelings. "I am a politician; love does not enter into my calculations of marriage as it once did."

"No, I s'pose not," said the squire dubiously and grief-stricken; "but then I might have known you'd be changed and more particular, now that you're famous."

"It isn't that," said Florian—"oh! no, not that. I think very much of Ruth, but then I would not trouble her over again with a suit that would not be to her liking."

"If that's all we'll arrange it to her liking, my boy."

But for all his cheerfulness the squire felt more doubtful about his pet project than he had at any time since its conception. They went at once to Brooklyn, and arrived in time for lunch, and the meeting, which in Florian's mind was to have been a masterpiece of subdued emotion and passion, turned out as ordinary as could be desired.

"How do you do, Ruth?" said the handsome politician, with some relief in seeing how little changed Ruth was.

"I am very well, Florian, but I find it hard to recognize you," was the frank reply as she pressed his cold hands with her warm ones and gazed so calmly into his twitching face. "It is Florian," she said again, "but oh! how changed. Barbara, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Wallace. Florian, Mrs. Merrion."

He hardly saw the beautiful fairy that bowed to him, but the fairy saw him with all her eyes and pronounced him a perfect man; saw, too, what simple Ruth did not, that he was agitated at this meeting, and judged, from the squire's beaming delight and Ruth's ordinary manner, that the romance blurted out by the squire was long ago ended much against the wishes of these two men. But Ruth was susceptible, and Florian was society's idea of a model man—cold, impassioned, beautiful, and polished, and a genius, perhaps with a great destiny. What might not come of a new understanding, and the new lives that both had entered on? Never was a meeting of old friends so ordinary. The lunch had no brilliancy, save from that which Barbara lent to it, and Florian's eyes were feasting on Ruth and his ears drinking in her words, although he did not fail to pay that attention to Mrs. Merrion which habit gives to the true society man. It piqued Barbara a little, and gave her the usual resolution which the disappointed coquette makes on such occasions, that Florian should pay with interest at some future time for his neglect of her. When he was going he received his invitation to the musical party.

"And there is a poet-dramatist in the same house with you," said Barbara, "that you must invite also. We leave out no celebrities."

"Paul Rossiter," said Florian. "Do you know him?"

"No," said Barbara archly; "I depend on you for an introduction."

"And there's Mr. Carter in the same house," said the squire—"a noted journalist. I must have an invitation for him."

"By all means," said Barbara. "Madame Lynch has a faculty of getting around her the most unique people. I wish I had it."

"Good-morning," said Florian, and went away sad and disappointed, and with a feeling that, in spite of fame, influence and wealth, and increased beauty, Ruth was farther from him than ever.

CHAPTER VII.

INTRIGUE.

"YE can't come in, Paul; no use in knocking, me b'y. I'm in the middle of me toylet for the musy-kale, an' I'm not to be disturbed for an hour," said Peter's shrill voice in a high key. "Bedad, but that's an elegant turnout for a journalist." And he balanced himself carefully before the glass with the ardor of a savage and the delight of a child. The knocking still continued, for the person without could not hear Peter's mutterings.

"Well, come in," said he, "if ye'll have it so." And he presented himself in the door with his mouth crescent-shaped from the effort of a smile. "Come in, b'y—oh! bedad, it's a girl! Hey, Frances, what d'ye think of the old man now?"

Frances uttered a cry of astonishment and delight.

"And are you going to the music-party?" said she.

"To the musy-kale," said Peter, correcting. "We don't condescend to English on occasions of this kind. I am going to write the thing up for the dailies, an' in the topmost line I'll have 'Mr. Peter Carter, your correspondent, was present and engaged the attention of a great number of young ladies by the charms of his conversation and the power of his singin'.' Hoop-la!" And Peter executed a dainty flourish, pirouetted, and bowed with a roar of laughter that drove Frances' hands to her ears.

"You mustn't laugh like that with such a nice costume on," said she; "people would be surprised to hear anything so vulgar from so nice-looking an old fellow."

"And d'ye think I'm nice-looking, now?" said Peter in his tenderest tones. "D'ye think they'll take me for the Grand Turk or the Prince of Wales?"

"You can't believe how it improves you," said she, alarmed at this sudden manifestation of feeling, and moving off. "You look very much like a gentleman. And mamma wishes to see you before you go out. She doesn't know you're going to the music-pa—musicale."

"Allow me, madame," said Peter, offering her his arm with a low bow, and she, taking it with much seriousness, was escorted down to her mother's private parlor, and seated with a flourish of bows and polite sayings. Frances was really surprised at the grace of the queer old man.

"You must have done this often," said she, "or you never could do it so well."

"I was born and brought up to it, me dear," said Peter, "as yer mother can tell ye, an' not a soul in New York has as good a right to put 'gentleman' after his name as Peter Carter, Esq. See, now, won't the lady that I take to supper feel proud to see herself so neatly tended, with stylish boys on all sides falling over their ladies' trains?"

"Oh! but there's no supper at a musicale," said she.

"Ye'r right," said he, "and sure I had a right to know it; but there's a good deal of lunch, Frances, and that's the best part of the music, I think. But where's your ma?"

"She was to be here directly, but I will go to look for her, since you are in a hurry. Are you going with Mr. Wallace and Mr. Rossiter?"

"Is it me go with them sprigs? Nonsense, girl! I'd be ashamed o' meself to be caught in such company at a musy-kale. An' then when men are head over ears in love with people they're poor company. Whist! Frank dear, an' I'll tell ye a secret. The whole party's got up by Mrs. Merrion just to please a young lady that's stoppin' wid her, an' that Mr. Wallace is crazy after."

Poor Frank's head drooped slightly at these words and her face grew a little pale.

"Oh! where do you get so much gossip, Mr. Carter? You are always so full of it."

"From her father, to be sure," said Peter cautiously. "Florian and she were engaged to be married wanst, an' got mad an' broke off the match, and now the father's patchin' it up again, for they're just dyin' o' love for one another, an' their looks ud just freeze ye, ye'd think they were so cold. Didn't ye notice how queer Mr. Wallace acted ever since she came to New York, that was two weeks ago?"

"Yes," said Frank faintly, "I did."

"There's the whole cause of it, then," said Peter, "an' I'll tell ye there's goin' to be fun to-night at the musy-kale, an' nobody's goin' to enjoy it more than Peter an' Paul, the two apostles."

“What is Mr. Rossiter to enjoy?” said Frances helplessly, and wishing to run away from this terrible old fellow, who had stabbed her so cruelly at a moment when her hopes had been very high.

“Just as if ye didn’t know!” said Peter, with a wink. “Just as if ye didn’t have his yellow hair and blue eyes, as well as his poetry, by heart! Ye deceivin’ girl! Just as if ye didn’t know that he stands lookin’ at ye by the hour, an’ sighin’ an’ dreamin’ about yer pretty face an’ yer prettier foot—”

“Mr. Carter,” said she, with sharp indignation, “what do you mean? Of whom are you talking?”

“Of Florian, to be sure,” said he jocularly.

“Florian!” she faintly gasped, feeling a sudden thrill of delight.

“No, no; Paul, of course,” said Peter glibly. “Florian, is it? That man with nothing but a gizzard? I’d shoot him if he looked at ye. Oh! no, he’s safely landed at the feet of Ruth—Ruth—what the divil name is that she has—oh! Ruth Pendleton.”

“I hope you’ll have a good time,” said Frances, with as much gayety as she could command; and she fled away to hide her sorrowful heart in the darkness.

Peter rubbed his fat hands in delight at the success of his intriguing, and pirouetted once more before the mirrors, bowing and scraping, until he became conscious that Madame Lynch had entered and was surveying him with no little surprise and unmistakable scorn.

“So you are entering society,” she said, so coolly that Peter saw his allowance frozen to death almost with every word. “What is the idea of your crazy brain at this present moment?”

“Fun, to be sure, ma’am, an’ none o’ yer impertinence,” said Peter, settling into one of his sullen moods, when his eyes grew more like the eyes of an angry bull and his throat swelled beyond his collar.

“I have a little business for you to do,” madame said, “but I suppose it must stand over. I would prefer that you leave off such notions as this musicale must give you; otherwise your allowance must suffer.”

“I won’t give ’em up,” said Peter, “an’ my allowance won’t suffer, madame. An’ I want ye to understand that the quicker ye get the nonsense o’ marryin’ Florian Wallace out o’ your child’s head the better for her. It will never take place as long as I live!”

Madame took up her accounts and began to examine them with an air that cut off all further discussion; and although Peter felt disgusted with himself, he was too bitter at that moment to think of allaying his temper by soft words.

"I'll tell ye wan thing," he said as he was going out. "In a few weeks Florian will be married. He is going to-night to meet an old flame, and they are to settle past difficulties. So give up, wanst for all, yer manœuvres in that direction."

And he went out leaving madame considerably moved and astonished. For, to tell the truth, she had dreamed of an alliance between Florian and Frances, and had so much hope in the matter as to encourage in her daughter's heart her incipient love for the politician.

Paul Rossiter was also bound for the music-party that evening, much against his will, for he was hard at work on a new play, and there were matters of another kind demanding his attention which Paul would not lay aside for an audience with kings. Florian had brought him to see Mrs. Merrion, and the little lady had pressed him so hard, and had made such extravagant promises with regard to the new beauty whom she was to introduce to society, that he consented at last. Ruth was not at home that day, and his surprise was to be reserved until the evening of the musicale. The two young men went off in the same cab after a cursory view of Peter standing in the hall in the full majesty of evening dress and looking unutterably respectable. That reminded Florian of the old fellow's invitation to the musicale.

"Would you like to share our cab?" said he. "There is more room than either of us needs."

"What!" cried Paul, "art thou, old reveller, bound to the haunts of Terpsichore? When didst thou leave underground bar-rooms and the shade of oyster-saloons to dance attendance on goddesses like Mrs. Merrion?"

Peter looked at both gentleman with undisturbed countenance.

"Thank you," he said stiffly. "I have already engaged a carriage."

They replied with a shout of laughter, and Peter withdrew into the next room with an air of dignity and without a word. But it occurred to him that a carriage would cost a dollar and his allowance was small. He ran out into the hall again with his hat and overcoat in his hands, shouting:

"All right, Paul, I'll go, b'y." But the carriage had rolled

from the door. "I guess I'll walk," said Peter then; "yez needn't mind waitin'." But his inward comment on himself was, "Yer a great fool, Peter, an' ye have only the consolation o' knowin' that there are greater fools in the city than yerself."

"I rather think," said Paul when they were moving off, "that if we wait a little Peter will come running after us. It's his way."

"Having a carriage of his own, it's unlikely," said Florian, and they went on their way in silence. Paul asked once if he knew who the *débutante* of the evening was, and Florian stiffly believed it was a friend from his own native district who had never been in New York before, and partly because she was talented, and partly because her country ways had a delicious freshness and charm about them, Mrs. Merrion was glad to bring her out and have the credit of introducing to society a real wonder. Paul began to think of the face that had so come and gone in his dreams and wound itself up in his thoughts like a fantastic repetition in frescoing, and while he was dreaming they had arrived at their destination and were entering the great hall of the Merrion mansion, and a sound of a singing voice was echoing from the rooms in a sweet new way that took Paul's ear by storm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TIRED HEART.

DEAR Lord! if one should some day come to Thee,
 Weary exceedingly, and poor, and worn,
 With bleeding feet sore pierced of many a thorn,
 And lips athirst, and eyes too tired to see,
 And, falling down before Thy face, should say,
 "Lord, my day counts but as an idle day,
 My hands have garnered fruit of no fair tree,
 Empty am I of stores of oil and corn,
 Broken am I and utterly forlorn,
 Yet in Thy vineyard hast Thou room for me?"
 Wouldst turn Thy face away?
 Nay, Thou wouldst lift Thy lost sheep tenderly.

“ Lord ! Thou art pale, as one that travaileth,
 And Thy wounds bleed where feet and hands were riven ;
 Thou hast lain all these years in balms of Heaven
 Since Thou wert broken in the arms of Death,
 And these have healed not ! ” “ Child ! be comforted.
 I trod the wine-press where thy feet have bled,
 Yea, on the Cross I cried with mighty breath,
 Thirsting for thee, whose love was elsewhere given ;
 I, God, have followed thee from dawn to even,
 With yearning heart, by many a moor and heath,
 My sheep that wanderèd !
 Now on My breast, Mine arm its head beneath.”

Then if this stricken one cried out to Thee,
 “ Now mine eyes see that Thou art passing fair,
 And Thy face marred of men, beyond compare,”
 And so should fall to weeping bitterly,
 With “ Lord ! I longed for other love than Thine,
 And my feet followed earthly lovers fine,
 Turning from where Thy face entreated me ;
 Now these grow cold and wander elsewhere,
 And I, heart-empty, poor, and very bare,
 Loved of no lover, turn at last to Thee ”—
 Wouldst stretch Thine hand divine
 And stroke the bowed head very pityingly ?

“ Shall not My love suffice, though great thy pain ? ”
 “ Ah, Lord ! all night without a lighted house,
 While some within held revel and carouse,
 My lost heart wandered in the wind and rain,
 And moaned, unheard amid the tempest’s din.”
 “ Peace, peace ! If one had oped to let thee in,
 Perchance this hour were lost for that hour’s gain ;
 Wouldst thou have sought Me then with thy new vows ?
 Ah, child ! I too, with bleeding feet and brows,
 Knocked all the night at a heart’s door in vain,
 And saw the dawn begin ;
 On My gold head the dews have left a stain.”

— by Wm. Seton —

BARBARA REDWOOD.

NESTLED among the sand-hills on the north shore of Barnegat Bay, and about a mile west of Mosquito Cove, was a queer little cabin patched with pieces of wreck: there were ribs and knees and strips of keel; to some of these pieces barnacles still adhered, and in every nook and corner lingered the subtle odor of the sea.

It was here that Barbara Redwood lived. Barbara was an orphan, and when she was twelve years of age had been adopted by Polly Browning, the widow of an old skipper, who, albeit herself a hard-praying Baptist, never twitted the young woman for what she deemed her outlandish religion—for Barbara was a Catholic. At the time our story opens—April, 1777—Barbara was probably the only member of the true church on the New Jersey coast. But among the colony of whalers who had moved hither from Nantucket—for the coast in those days abounded in whales—she was very much liked, and Ben Winslow, a skilful harpooner, declared that the Popish Church could not be so bad since Barbara Redwood belonged to it.

From her window Barbara could see the spot where she was born. It was at the head of Mosquito Cove; and she often wondered why her dear father had been willing to sell his beautiful homestead to the thrifty Dutchman, Hans van Hooven, who, be it said, had lately taken a great fancy for Barbara, and was never so pleased as when Polly Browning sent her to him for butter and eggs. Strange things were whispered about the big wooden mansion in which Van Hooven dwelt, surrounded by wide-spreading sycamore-trees. Since he had come there the fish-hawks in the trees had abandoned their nests; it was now a shadowy, silent place. Yet Barbara's memories of her former home were all bright and cheerful. Her mother, a native of St. Mary's County, Maryland, had succeeded in making a Catholic of her husband; they had never breathed anything but words of love to each other; their only child had been tenderly nurtured; and once Barbara almost quarrelled with Ben Winslow for telling her that the house where she had spent her happy childhood was haunted. "Well, I promise not to say so again," spoke bluff Ben, who would not have hurt her feelings for all the world. "Still, it cannot be denied that sometimes

when not a breath of wind is blowing—not a breath—down Van Hooven's cavernous chimney the dense smoke pours until one's eyes water; I know mine did yesterday when I went there with a mess of fish. And whenever this happens the Dutchman turns quite pale, for along with the smoke come moans and rattling sounds." "Why should he turn pale? Is not his conscience at ease?" inquired Barbara, stopping her spinning-wheel.

"Ah! that's more than I can answer," said Ben, twitching off a peg an eelskin garter and twirling it round and round his brown forefinger. Then presently he added: "We only know that your father and mother disappeared ten years ago while you were on a visit to friends up the country. When you returned you found Van Hooven in possession of what had been your home. You could not find your parents anywhere; every trace of them was lost. But Van Hooven showed a paper signed with your father's name, which he declared was a deed of the property to him. And that's all anybody knows about the matter." After Ben had done speaking Barbara dropped her forehead in her hands, and when by and by she looked up her eyes were moistened with tears. "Well, I own," she said, "that I do not like Van Hooven, and I cannot bear to see him living in the old house. But his son Jack is a great improvement on the father." "Yes, Jack is a good enough fellow," returned Ben. "But he is so completely under his father's thumb; yet Jack is twenty-four. And I sometimes suspect that the old man, who is a Tory, sends him to General Howe with news of what we water-dogs are doing in this remote region." "I don't believe Jack is a Tory," said Barbara. "I do," said Ben. Here he replaced the eelskin garter on the peg, then, taking up his spy-glass, pointed it toward the sea. After gazing through it a moment he said: "There are two frigates to-day, instead of one, watching Barnegat Inlet."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Barbara. "Well, 'tis fortunate that they draw too much water to get in, or they'd quickly destroy the pretty schooner you are building, and which I hope may carry the stars and stripes even into the British Channel." "Alas!" sighed Ben, "I'm afraid my schooner will never be finished. It has used up all my money to complete the hull; she isn't painted, she isn't rigged, nor have I one eighteen-pounder to arm her with." "Don't despair," said Barbara. "Don't despair." Then, taking the glass out of his hand, she too surveyed the enemy's frigates. After she had gazed at them long enough Ben said: "I must go now; time to haul in my net,

and if before evening you receive a big blue-fish you will know who sends it."

"Thank you," said Barbara. Ben moved toward the door. But he had hardly reached it when Polly Browning entered with a basket on her arm. "Look, Barbara," she said, "look what Jack van Hooven sends you."

Barbara peeped into the basket, and lo! half hidden in some fresh grass at the bottom, lay three beautiful trout. While Barbara was admiring them Ben passed out of the cabin muttering: "Humph! I guess you'll not care now for my blue-fish."

"Oh! don't say that," exclaimed Barbara. "Why, these trout will do for supper, and your fish for to-morrow's breakfast." The young man made no response, but went away looking somewhat downcast.

Barbara Redwood possessed many winning qualities. She was full of sprightliness and wit, yet she never indulged in uncharitable remarks of other people, and she was quite as popular with the women as with the men. Nor was she at all vain of her large, hazel eyes and of her slender, graceful figure. Yet Barbara could sail a boat and swim better than any fisherman's daughter on the bay. She was likewise something of a scholar, at least for those days, and in winter-time she taught the village school. When a copy of the Declaration of Independence was received in July, 1776, it was Barbara who had been chosen to read it aloud, which she did in a clear, melodious voice, standing on a whale-boat turned bottom up for a platform and surrounded by a crowd of weather-beaten listeners. Then, before she descended from the whale-boat, she spoke a few encouraging words, telling her audience to stand by the noble men who had signed the Declaration of Independence, one of whom, she was proud to say, was a Catholic—Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Her little speech had wrought a deep impression on Ben Winslow, who that very day made up his mind to build a privateer.

"Well, it is too bad I can't finish my schooner," thought Ben as he hauled in his net. "If I could only put to sea and perform some daring exploit Barbara might accept me." But presently he determined to pop the question without much more delay. For he knew that Jack van Hooven was also one of Barbara's suitors, and she was strongly attached to her old home, and it was natural that she should wish to live there again; while Jack's father, for some reason or other, had become in the last few years very fond of the girl.

The sun had set, and Barbara was in her room reading by a

whale-oil lamp, when Ben appeared at the cabin-door with a five-pound blue-fish. "Glad you've come, for she's given away Jack's trout," spoke Mrs. Browning as he entered the part of the cabin which served for kitchen and sitting-room. "Indeed! Given 'em away!" exclaimed Ben, his countenance brightening. "Ay, she gave 'em all to the bed-ridden woman beyond the Pine Knoll. But I'll make sure that this here fish isn't given away. Charity, of course, is a virtue; but I always calculate it begins at home." At this moment Barbara made her appearance, holding a little book in her hand which Ben had often seen her reading: it was Thomas à Kempis. "Oh! what a magnificent fish," she exclaimed, as Ben held it up before her.

"Well, please don't give *my* fish away," said Ben. Barbara smiled and glanced at the widow, then promised that she and Mrs. Browning would have it for next morning's meal. "But, Ben," she added, "I have met with quite a misfortune since I saw you: I have broken my crucifix." "Indeed! Broken your crucifix!" said Ben. Then, after a pause, "Well, Barbara Redwood, I am glad of it." At these words, so unexpected and cruel, her cheeks crimsoned with indignation; then, as the blood faded from them, a sad expression stole over her face and she murmured: "How can you say such a thing to me?" Ben shrugged his shoulders, and, muttering something about superstition, he turned and walked out of the cabin. "He's hard set against popery, though he pretends he isn't," spoke the widow after the door had closed with a slam. "And, Barbara, if I were you I'd be wise." "And do what?" ejaculated Barbara, who was almost ready to cry. "Why, I'd not keep young Van Hooven any longer in suspense. His father likes you; the old man owns a good many acres of land. Be wise and favor Jack."

Without answering, Barbara withdrew to her sleeping-chamber, and, picking up the shattered crucifix, she gazed upon it long and mournfully. Ben's rude speech had wounded her feelings more than anything had done in many a year. Had the new preacher, who had lately come to Mosquito Cove, prejudiced him against her religion? She knew that he had warned the young folk against being too much in her company. But Ben had such a good heart and so much common sense; it was difficult to believe that he had been in earnest when he spoke. She was still musing over what had happened when she heard the outer door open and a voice cried out: "Ho, Barbara! come and see what I've brought you." Barbara recognized at once

Ben's lusty tones, and in another moment stood before him. She found him in a fit of laughter, perhaps at Polly Browning, who had retreated as if scared to the bottom of the fireplace, while he was thrusting toward her a brand-new crucifix at which she was making big eyes. "Why, it can't hurt you, dame," he said; "it can't hurt you." Then, turning to Barbara, "I've been working at this for the past five weeks, off and on. I have made it expressly for you, and that's why I said awhile ago that I was glad the old crucifix had got broken, for it gave me the very chance I have been waiting for. Now my present is a glorious surprise." "Well, say a glorious present; but it's scarcely a surprise coming from you. Why, you are always doing me kindnesses," answered Barbara, whose visage was beaming with delight, and she could not repress what was bubbling up from her innermost heart. That night, before Barbara went to sleep, she stood a few minutes by her open window. The full moon was shining on the bay, and she could distinguish Ben's schooner resting on the stocks at the water's edge half a mile distant. It was a beautiful, peaceful scene. The stillness of the night was unbroken save by the faint murmur of the surf on Squan beach and the shrill cry of some belated fish-hawk that had not yet gone to roost. While Barbara lingered by the window she wondered how she might be able to get to Philadelphia so as to perform her Easter duty. There had been no difficulty last year in driving the sixty miles. Polly Browning and herself had easily managed the skinny old nag, fed on salt grass, and which had never tasted a grain of oats; and the widow had considered the journey a wholesome change from her monotonous life among the sand-hills. But things were very different now from what they had been a twelvemonth since. The feeling between Tories and patriots had grown very bitter; a lawless spirit was abroad, and travelling would hardly be safe for two unprotected women.

How, then, was Barbara to go to Philadelphia?—where was the nearest Catholic priest, good Father Farmer, who once a year went on horseback as far as Boston, disguised as a Quaker and practising medicine.

Barbara fell asleep asking herself this question, and by and by in her sleep she had a dream about Ben's schooner. She saw the *Dolphin* sailing toward the Inlet flying the stars and stripes; and just as a British frigate started in pursuit Barbara awoke. To her surprise it was already daybreak; the fish-hawks and snipe were all astir, and before long she heard the widow calling to her to get up and go to Hans van Hooven's for some eggs and

honey. "For, Barbara," she said, "I know you're fond of honey, and our jar is empty." Barbara's toilet was soon made, and, after kneeling awhile before her new crucifix, she sallied forth on her errand. Early as it was, Jack was already in the fields ploughing when she arrived, and so she did not see him. But his father, who had not slept well of late, was still indoors. Barbara found him in the spacious room on the ground-floor—what happy hours she had passed in this very room! Where the old man was now sitting in the high-backed chair she used to sit listening to her father telling stories, while the rain pattered against the windows and the watch-dog whined to be let in.

Van Hooven's hands were clasped, his eyes were glued to the hearthstone, when Barbara entered. At the sound of her voice he started to his feet; then with a frightened look he motioned her away.

"Are you ill?" inquired Barbara, stepping backwards as he advanced hurriedly toward her. "Ill? Ill? Oh! yes, I am." And as he spoke he struck his forehead with his palm. Then closing the door behind him, "But, Barbara Redwood," he added, "perhaps you may drive the horror from me. Perhaps you may bring back my sleep. Come often to visit me: Give me as many occasions as possible to be kind to you."

Barbara, who felt awed by his singular expression, told him briefly what she had come for, and she was very glad when in a little while her steps were turned toward the sand-hills again. Yet she could not help thinking that the old Dutchman was anything but niggardly: he had not charged her a penny for the eggs and honey, and he had urged her to come back soon for more. When Barbara had gone about a hundred steps she entered a meadow spangled with dandelions. In this meadow she had often chased butterflies and watched her dear father mowing. And now she paused to gather a nosegay of these little flowers; for she loved them on account of the memories they awakened. They had not much perfume, yet she pressed them again and again to her nose, and, shutting her eyes, fancied for a moment that bygone days had come back.

"Barbara," cried Jack van Hooven from the other side of the fence, "good-morning! I've been running hard to overtake you."

"Well, you have caught me, thanks to these dandelions," answered Barbara, looking round at him with a smile. As soon as Jack had climbed over the fence he said: "Barbara, I have come to ask if you would like to go to Philadelphia. I remember that

last year, and year before, you went to church there at about this time o' year; and I have a saddle with a good pillion to it. You might ride behind me very comfortably, and if we set out very, very early we could reach the city by nightfall."

"You are exceedingly kind," answered Barbara, her own face growing serious. "I have indeed been wondering how I might get to Philadelphia this spring, and—" But here she paused, for coming toward her with giant strides through the clover, and swinging his spy-glass—he always carried it, and made good use of it too—was Ben Winslow, somewhat out of breath, for he had been running nearly the whole distance from the water's edge.

"Well, I am sure our friend Winslow would say that there was no danger in such a journey," continued Jack, innocently appealing to his rival, who, the moment he recovered his breath, asked him to explain what he meant. "Humph!" answered Ben presently, when Jack had explained himself—"humph! there was a murder on the high-road a week ago, you know. These are troublous times, and there's no telling when a bullet mayn't whiz by one's ears."

"Well, I should go armed," said Jack, his broad, Dutch face turned earnestly toward Barbara, who made believe that she was a little timid, and when she glanced at Ben the latter said: "Barbara, if you wish to go to Philadelphia I'll take you and Polly Browning there in my sail-boat; we'll keep nigh the shore, just outside the breakers, and you'll say when you get back: 'What a jolly voyage we had up Delaware Bay!'"

"Well, you remember that a small boat like yours was cap-sized lately on its way down the coast," observed Jack.

"But I wasn't sailing her," answered Ben. "And I can swim," put in Barbara, smiling. "Well, well, it's time to go back to the plough," said poor Jack, with downcast mien. And so saying he turned and walked away. But after going a few steps he halted and said: "Barbara, I hope you may have a favorable wind going and coming, and may the sea not be rough." The girl smiled and waved her hand to him; at the same time she inwardly murmured: "O Jack! what a noble fellow you are."

When Barbara got back to the widow's cabin the latter, after a hasty glance at the eggs and honey, took her hand and asked how she had found Jack van Hooven. "He was in good spirits, wasn't he? And what did he say to you, Barbara?" "Why, how do you know that I met Jack?" inquired Barbara, faintly blushing.

"Oh! I could tell by the way Ben Winslow was pointing his glass in that direction," replied Polly Browning, "as well as by the speed he made toward Van Hooven's farm; ay, I knew by those signs that Jack and you were together." Then lifting her forefinger, "O Barbara!" she added, "Ben is a sly fellow; he follows you everywhere with that long glass of his'n. But, Barbara, be wise. The whaling business has gone to the dogs since this dreadful war began, and Ben 'll never be half so well off as Van Hooven's son. Only think how pleasant it would be to go back to your birthplace, and to have lots of chickens and cows, and to be mistress of by all odds the biggest house on Barnegat Bay!" "I have pledged my hand and heart to Ben Winslow," said Barbara, in a voice which betokened that she was thoroughly in earnest.

"Have you, indeed?" This was all the widow said; then her jaw dropped. Presently she fetched a sigh and wondered how many more eggs and how much more honey Hans van Hooven would let her have for nothing. "Alas!" she murmured, "here is the brightest lass in this neighborhood going to throw herself away on a young man who has been fool enough to begin a schooner which he hasn't the money to finish. But even if Ben did launch her and sail away his privateer would be gobbled up in no time by one of those fine frigates that keep watching our Inlet as cats watch a mouse-hole."

Three days after Barbara's betrothal to Ben Winslow the news of it had reached the loneliest hut on the bay. Nor was anybody surprised, for all admired the girl, while Ben's manly looks and his fame as a harpooner had made him a great favorite with the fair sex. But when Van Hooven heard of it he grieved very much and passed a whole night wandering about the farm. And when morning came his son observed his haggard looks and said: "Father, father! what is troubling you? I am beginning to be sleepless myself since you cannot rest peacefully in bed."

"My son," answered the other, "I am a wretched being. More than tongue can tell I am suffering. Only one thing might have lifted the burden off my soul: Barbara Redwood has not chosen to help me."

Jack did not understand what his father meant, and when he asked to be enlightened Van Hooven began to moan anew, while at the same time a big ball of smoke issued from the chimney, accompanied by an odd, rattling noise. Immediately Van

Hooven clutched Jack's arm and drew him into the open air, where, after trembling a moment and wiping the dampness from his brow, he betook himself to a distant corner of the farm, and in this remote spot strove to chase away the thoughts which haunted him by working at the plough. At the same time in another field Jack commenced to sow rye. But while he was thus engaged he discovered two people standing under a beech-tree not very far off, and he paused to watch them; it was Ben and his betrothed. The former seemed to be cutting something on the bark of the tree; and so he was, and long years afterward the letters "B. W.—B. R., 1777" were still to be seen upon this ancient beech. "Well, never mind," said Jack, sighing. "If Barbara will not marry me, at least she can never make me forget her. I will love her truly all my life." In a little while he espied the lovers sauntering toward him, and quickly Jack hid himself behind a clump of cat-briars, for he felt shy and did not like to meet Barbara so soon after she had refused him.

As the happy couple walked by his hiding-place he heard Ben lamenting that his privateer was not yet launched. "Over the whole Atlantic I'd carry our beautiful flag," said Ben; "and where the British least expected me, there my cannon should be heard. Oh! would that I could finish my schooner."

"Pardon me for having overheard what you were saying," exclaimed Jack, suddenly emerging from behind the briars. Then, while Ben and his fair companion were staring at him in wide eyed amazement, he went on in a lower tone, as if he feared lest unwelcome ears might be listening. "I'll give you my last dollar, Ben Winslow," he said, "to fit out your privateer. Only don't tell my father where the money comes from. And you, too, Barbara, keep as mum as a tombstone about it."

"Are you in earnest?" said the latter, who was utterly taken aback at so much generosity; nor was Ben less surprised than herself. "Well, come either of you, or come both together, to the bee-hives back of our orchard to-night before the moon rises, and I'll prove that I am in downright earnest," answered Jack. Still Ben could not but believe that he was jesting, and, twitching Barbara's sleeve, "Come, come," he said impatiently; "'tis too grave a matter to make sport of. He cannot dupe me. Come along!" And with this he and Barbara pursued their way, leaving poor Jack crestfallen.

"Well, now, I am going to that place by Van Hooven's bee-hives to-night," spoke Barbara, when they returned to the widow's cabin. "Who knows but Jack may have meant what

he said? And if he isn't there I'll go in search of him, and I'll remind him of his promise."

"Well, be careful not to let the old man see you," said Ben, "for we must not get Jack into trouble. His father is a violent Tory."

That evening, while Polly Browning had gone to a gossips' meeting, Barbara was hovering round Van Hooven's house, hoping that Jack might come out of the firelit chamber where she saw him sitting. But he did not appear, and Barbara finally turned her steps homeward. Presently, as she was stealing through the orchard, a dull, hollow sound reached her ear. She paused, and in a moment she heard somebody digging. Advancing cautiously in the direction of the sound, she again halted and peered into the shadows.

"Who goes there? Is it you, Jack?" cried the keen-eared Van Hooven. While Barbara was hesitating what to do Van Hooven came rapidly toward her. "My God! Is it you, Barbara Redwood?" gasped the conscience-stricken man, dropping on his knees and seizing her gown. "O Barbara Redwood! stay. Do not run away. Have pity on me!" Believing that Van Hooven had gone mad, Barbara was trying to escape. But his grip was the grip of despair, and he held her fast. Then he went on to tell her a tale which made her blood run cold, and had she been in possession of a dagger she might, before he got to the end, have plunged it into his heart. But at last pity for the remorse-stricken wretch took the place of vengeance in her bosom, and when the harrowing story had been all told Barbara and Van Hooven were weeping together. "Rise up; I forgive you," she said, after a long, tearful silence. "But now tell me where you buried my father and mother. Is it anywhere on the farm? Or did you cast their bodies into the sea?"

"Spare me from answering that question," said Van Hooven. "One day you may discover their last resting-place. But from this time forth you must call this property yours, for it does of right belong to you. And the buried treasure, which I dig up twice a year to count, is all yours too."

"Well, you and Jack—Jack, who has always been a good friend of mine—must not quit this place immediately," replied Barbara. "Let it continue to be your abode for some time longer. The terrible secret which you have just revealed shall never escape my lips, and I will pray Almighty God to restore to you your lost peace of mind."

That night the murderer slept better than he had for a long

time, and his son was surprised and delighted at the change in his appearance the following morning. But Barbara scarcely closed her eyes. The ghastly confession which Van Hooven had made to her kept ringing in her ears for hours, and there were moments when she half-regretted that she had forgiven him. "One word from me," she muttered, "one word, and dire would be the punishment meted out to him. But no, no; I will not break my solemn promise. I will not reveal what he told me." Then, shading the moonbeams from her eyes, she began to think of poor Jack, and wondered what would become of him when by and by his father surrendered the property to her. Where would Jack go to?

Several things happened during the coming fortnight which caused Polly Browning and her sister-gossips to open their eyes very wide and to make certain guesses which were far from the truth. It had been given out that Ben Winslow was to take his betrothed in a fishing-smack to Philadelphia, where, for one Sabbath at least, she might pray in a popish meeting-house. But although the weather was fine and the wind propitious, to everybody's surprise Barbara mounted a pillion behind Jack van Hooven and rode away with him to Philadelphia, after giving Ben a kiss in the presence of the widow. And during her absence work was resumed on Ben's schooner: from some mysterious hiding-place a good many Spanish doubloons were brought to light; Ben had suddenly got plenty of money.

And when Barbara came back, looking never so handsome—having performed her Easter duty, as well as thoroughly enjoyed her brief visit to the big city—the first person who greeted her was Hans van Hooven. "I told you my Jack would take good care of you," he said. Then, dropping his voice, "But the whole settlement is agog to discover where Ben Winslow got his money from. O Barbara! I implore you—" "Fear nothing," interrupted Barbara in a whisper. "Nobody shall ever wring the secret from me; and I repeat, you and Jack must not quit the farm just yet." "Noble girl!" ejaculated Van Hooven in accents faltering with emotion. "Thanks to you, life is now worth living; and while I deeply regret that you are not to be my son's bride, I wish you every happiness, and Ben Winslow too."

From this time forth Barbara and Ben made frequent visits to the Dutchman's house, and Polly Browning inwardly said: "The girl has thrown a wonderful spell over the old man; her refusing to wed his son seems to make no difference in his feel-

ings toward her. He still gives her eggs and butter and honey for nothing, and he always begs her to come back for more. Verily, Barbara is a great charmer."

From his treasure-place at the back of the bee-hives Van Hooven continued to unearh as much gold and silver as Barbara said would be needed to fit out the privateer, which the British frigates could espy from a distance. He was now, seemingly at least, a heart-whole patriot, and the widow maintained at every gossips' meeting that it was Barbara who had converted him to the cause of independence. A month later the schooner, which had been christened the *Dolphin*, was ready to put to sea at the first favorable opportunity. It was Ben's intention to steer first for Marblehead, where he would arm her with two eighteen-pounders, after which she would spread her sails for the English coast.

"Well, I'll remember you night and morning in my prayers," spoke Barbara when Ben came to bid her good-by. "And, dear boy, you must pray too. Often kneel before the crucifix which I brought you from Philadelphia, and ask Almighty God to bring you safely home to me."

"I will, I will," Ben solemnly promised. "And unless I'm under water you'll have me back for Christmas."

The evening Ben weighed anchor a fleet of small boats might have been seen making for the south end of Squan beach; for the denizens of Mosquito Town were all anxious to see the *Dolphin* escape through the Inlet. Barbara and Polly Browning went in the same skiff with Van Hooven and Jack; and the old man took a seat next to Barbara, who talked with him in undertones and put him in such good spirits that when they reached the landing-place the widow could not help saying aloud: "Barbara, everybody is in love with you." On which Jack, who was helping his father out of the boat, leaned toward her and whispered: "You speak what is true, Dame Browning." The widow returned him a smiling glance and thought to herself—for she always kept an eye open to windward—"Well, if anything happens to Ben—and 'tis an even chance if he ever returns—Barbara will have Jack van Hooven ready to wed her; and Jack will inherit a good many acres."

The day after the enemy's cruisers disappeared from the offing; and ere long several whalemenn manned their vessels and ventured out in quest of whales. But whenever any of them returned to the bay they eagerly inquired for news of the *Dolphin*. In the meanwhile, thanks to Hans van Hooven, Barbara

received a good deal of information about the Continental army, as well as about the movements of the British : he told her how General Burgoyne with a well-appointed force was marching from Canada to Lake Champlain and the Hudson. But Barbara did not despair, and it was said that more than one fisherman's son was persuaded by her to leave home and enlist under the American general, Philip Schuyler, who was endeavoring to check Burgoyne's advance. Even the fanatic preacher ceased at last to inveigh against the popish religion when he discovered how ardent a patriot she was.

While Barbara was mourning for her absent Ben she outwardly maintained a cheerful countenance, and it afforded her not a little consolation to have Jack ask her questions about the faith ; the visit which he had made to Father Farmer when they were in Philadelphia had wrought a deep impression on the young man. "And who knows," she would say, "what the grace of God may bring forth?"

Of his own accord, too, Jack would sometimes speak to her about Ben Winslow. "Whenever it blows hard I always think of him," he would say.

"So do I, and the wind makes me tremble," Barbara would answer.

Indeed, she and Jack were so much together after Ben's departure that Polly Browning began to hope that something good might come of their intimacy. For she did not believe that the *Dolphin* could escape the many ships of King George, and were Ben taken prisoner short would be his shrift.

"Ben will be home for Christmas ; he said he would, and I never knew him to break his word," spoke Barbara one stormy day toward the end of September, as she and the widow stood by the little cabin-window which fronted to the sea.

"Let us hope so," answered Dame Browning. Then after a pause, "But look," she added, handing Barbara the glass, "look how the breakers are pounding on Squan beach. This must be the equinoctial. I never saw such breakers." "Well, give her plenty of sea-room," said Barbara, "and the *Dolphin* would weather even worse tempests than this."

That day, when the storm had sensibly abated in its fury, she sallied forth to Hans van Hooven's in quest of some sweet potatoes.

At a short distance from his house the path ran close to the north side of the barn, and as she tripped past it Barbara heard loud voices within ; it was Jack and his father. She was too late

to hear what the latter had been saying; but his words had evidently aroused his son's indignation. "No, no, father," spoke Jack. "I will not hope that Ben Winslow may be taken prisoner; on the contrary, I hope with all my heart that he may escape every danger and be back for Christmas, as he promised he would."

"Dear, noble Jack!" murmured Barbara, when in another moment she opened the barn-door. "How few there are like you! How few!" And when presently the young man began to fill her basket with his father's largest sweet potatoes a pang shot through her breast at the thought that mayhap in another twelvemonth he would have moved to a distant part of the country; perhaps she might never see him again.

"But, alas! what can I do?" sighed Barbara. "This property belongs to me, and when Ben comes home I want him to give up the sea and take to raising corn and pumpkins on this dear farm where I was born." When the basket was filled Jack would not let Barbara carry it. "No, no," said he, "let me take it. It isn't heavy, and I have something to tell you as we walk along." Accordingly they bent their steps toward the sand-hills; but so slowly did they proceed that one might have thought they were trying to be as long as possible making the distance. The wind by this time had changed. Out of the blue nor'west it was now coming with a loud, cheery whistle, sweeping before it the angry clouds, while innumerable flocks of wild-fowl—shaped like gigantic V's and W's—might have been seen far overhead, flying in the direction of the bay. They were new-comers from the Arctic Circle, and as soon as Jack perceived them he said that cold weather was near. Whereupon Barbara clapped her hands and smiled, for cold weather made her think of Christmas. But Jack's countenance fell, and when she asked him why he looked so serious, "Because," he answered, "I had determined to go away as soon as the storm ended, and now it is ended."

"Going away!" ejaculated Barbara, stopping short and staring at him. "O Jack! where are you going to?" "To join the Continental army." "Indeed!" Here Barbara took his hand in hers, and, pressing it, she added: "Yes, yes, go and fight for independence; and, if my prayers can bring you safely back, you will surely return covered with honors."

"And if I pass through Philadelphia I will call on Father Farmer and give him your regards," said Jack. "Ay, by all means," answered Barbara. "And before you bid the priest adieu ask him for his blessing."

"Verily, Barbara Redwood," said the widow a few days later, as she and Barbara were seated in the big room on the ground-floor of Van Hooven's ghostly dwelling—"verily, you wield a mysterious power over folks: you got Ben the money wherewith to launch and arm his privateer; you persuaded Tory Jack—though you say you didn't—to enlist with the Continentals; and now you have secured a comfortable home for yourself and me in this roomy house." "Well, I am glad to be here once more," said Barbara. "And I am never going away again—never."

"What! Do you intend to abide here always? Really? Truly? Why, Barbara, what has happened?" "Before Jack departed he urged me to come and keep house for his father—that is all," replied Barbara, who was sorry that she had told as much as she had to the inquisitive dame.

"No, no, that is not all," said Polly Browning. "There must be something else that you haven't told me." "Well, are you not pleased to dwell here with me?" inquired Barbara, who hoped to turn aside the widow's thoughts. "Pleased? Oh! yes, indeed I am. But I'd be much better pleased if we were all alone by ourselves. For haven't you observed the singular change that has come over Van Hooven since his boy left him? What a wild look he has!"

"His sleeplessness has returned," said Barbara, shaking her head. "And he ran out of the room awhile ago," said Mrs. Browning, "as if something was chasing him. And yet you and I couldn't see anything." "Poor man!" sighed Barbara. "Poor man!" "Well, they say this house is haunted," continued the other, dropping her voice. "Do you believe it?" "It is a falsehood!" cried Barbara. Then, after a moment's silence, "But hark!" she added. "How the wind is howling! 'Twill be a rough night at sea. Oh! I wonder where dear Ben is to-day?"

"Well, the last news we had of the *Dolphin* said that she had sailed clear around England," replied the widow, "and that the saucy schooner had captured a merchantman within sight of Bristol." "O Ben, Ben! don't be too venturesome," murmured Barbara. Then, after crossing herself and breathing a prayer, "Well, even if he is now a thousand leagues from me," she said, "Christmas will soon arrive, and Ben will be home for Christmas." "If he isn't hanged," spoke a hollow voice behind her; and, turning round with a shudder, Barbara discovered Van Hooven standing in a dusky passage-way which led to the rear

of the building. He held a flickering lamp, which trembled in his hand; his gray hair was dishevelled, and he looked ten years older than before his son left him. "And my Jack, too, may be hanged," he went on. "And then, O Barbara Redwood! then I—I may swing from a gibbet too; and then how many ghosts will haunt this house! Oh! how many." Here the unhappy man made Barbara a sign to approach.

"Don't go," whispered the widow, clutching her sleeve. "His face is unearthly."

"I am not afraid," said Barbara, rising up. And presently she followed Van Hooven into the dim hall, where in undertones he again besought her to faithfully keep the promise which she had once made him. Whereupon she bade him anew not to fear. "Nobody besides myself," said Barbara, "shall ever know of the murder. And I will pray for you every day—every day."

At this moment Polly Browning uttered a shriek and ran out of the room, pursued by a dense cloud of smoke, and her face was as white as Van Hooven's face. Nor did she pause in the hall, but hastened into the open air by the rear of the building, still shrieking.

"She has seen it!" gasped Van Hooven, and with this he drew Barbara out of the house, nor would he answer her when she said to him: "What mean you? What has Dame Browning seen?"

But the latter did not stop when she got out o' doors: through the orchard and fields she sped, not once daring to look behind, nor did she stay her headlong flight until she reached her cabin, where in awe-stricken accents she said to her friends: "I have seen the ghost in Van Hooven's house. With my own eyes I have seen it."

An hour later, most surprising to relate, Polly Browning might have been seen returning to the haunted abode with her arm locked in Barbara Redwood's.

"Well, there's nobody in the whole land, except yourself, could persuade me to go back there," spoke the widow, whose voice had not yet recovered its wonted composure. "But I vow not to enter that gloomy chamber again; therefore don't ask me to. The very thought of that ugly, skeleton hand sticking out of the chimney makes my heart quake, and I don't wonder Van Hooven looks so wan and troubled." "Well, you may stay in my little apartment in the second story," answered Barbara. "Let us abide there together, where my crucifix is and vase of holy water."

"'Tis what I'll do," said the widow. "I shall feel safe with you. The ghost will not molest me if I am with you."

And so saying they continued their way arm-in-arm to Hans van Hooven's.

The anxious days which followed would have been even more trying than they were to Barbara Redwood except for her industry and religious devotions. From cellar to garret she tidied and put things to rights; her spinning-wheel was often humming, and Van Hooven declared that she was the best house-keeper he had ever known since he left Amsterdam.

"Dear Ben, where are you?" was a question which Barbara often asked herself as the autumn months passed away; and sometimes at night, when the wind blew very hard, she would lie awake praying for Ben.

"They say our poor soldiers are suffering terribly in their camp at Valley Forge," spoke Barbara. "God help them in such weather as this!" These words she addressed to Van Hooven on the afternoon of Christmas eve, while a furious storm was raging.

"Well, it makes me cry to think of Jack," answered Van Hooven, bowing his head. "I do wish I could send my boy a supply of food and some blankets. Like enough he'll freeze or starve to death."

"Well, don't despair. Jack, too, may come home to-morrow," said Barbara, who, unlikely as it seemed, still cherished the hope that Ben would be with her on Christmas day. Not for several winters had there been such a tempest as this. Even the land-locked waters of Barnegat Bay were covered with dangerous white-caps, while across the narrow beach which separates the bay from the ocean the waves were running mountains high.

"Hark! didn't somebody rap on the door?" exclaimed Van Hooven, presently rising to his feet. He had scarcely spoken when a veteran whaleman entered, his shaggy beard covered with icicles, and hugging a spy-glass under his arm.

"I've come to tell you," he said, addressing Barbara—"I've come to tell you that there's a vessel off shore that may be the *Dolphin*. Good as my glass is, the scud's so thick it's only now and then I can catch a fair glimpse of her; but I do believe it's the *Dolphin*. Her mizzen-mast's gone—a fine spar it was; I cut it myself—and she's trying hard to reach the Inlet. And she may reach it—she may." "But if she doesn't?" said Barbara, turning pale. "'Twon't do to contemplate what may happen if the *Dolphin* gets ashore in such weather as this," answered the

whaleman solemnly. Barbara now hastened to the topmost story, followed by the others, who were speaking in undertones to each other; and, sure enough, about half a mile outside the breakers—only half a mile—she perceived a one-masted vessel rolling as if she might roll bottom up; and the waves were sweeping clear over her. At the wheel stood a man; it might be Ben! "Well, whoever he is, he's lashed fast," spoke the whaleman. "And if he doesn't freeze to death, and if the jib isn't blown to ribbons, he may be able to keep out of the breakers—he may; but she's drifting mighty close to 'em."

"And the Inlet is ten miles down the coast," said Barbara, wringing her hands.

"Ay, ten miles. She can hardly make it," said the other. "Well, mightn't Ben anchor?" asked Barbara, clinging to this last hope. "No. A dozen anchors couldn't hold her in this gale."

Here Barbara crossed herself and murmured a prayer, and while she was praying the whaleman, who had taken the glass from her, exclaimed: "By the Eternal! I saw an immense breaker just now roll clear across the beach. Look! look! there goes another."

"Not possible!" ejaculated Polly Browning. "Why, Squan beach is a good quarter of a mile wide over yonder."

"Well, look for yourself," he answered, handing her the glass. The widow put it to her eye; but the scud had suddenly thickened and Squan beach was no longer visible. "Alas! what can be done? She may drift ashore. Oh! I'm sure it's the *Dolphin*," cried Barbara, trembling with excitement.

"Well, I'll get a boat's crew and row over to the beach. But as for saving any lives in those breakers—" The whaleman did not finish the sentence, but shook his head and hurried downstairs, followed by Barbara in tears; and Dame Browning, too, was weeping, for she liked Ben Winslow for Barbara's sake; and Van Hooven, who came last, was muttering to himself, "Jack, dear Jack, what are you doing in this terrible weather? Are you really freezing and starving at Valley Forge? O Jack! come back to me."

The skipper had been gone only a few minutes when a sledge drove up to the door, and lo! who should be carried into the house, wrapped in a blood-stained blanket, but Jack van Hooven. His father tossed up his arms, uttered a wailing cry, then tottered toward him. A painful scene followed. The young soldier had received a mortal wound while escaping from some Hessian troopers; but he was still able to whisper a few words.

"I am come home, father, to die," he murmured; "kiss me." "Oh! would that I might die, too!" ejaculated Van Hooven, striking his forehead. "But I'll not live without you. No, no!" Here he turned and looked toward the chimney. His expression frightened Polly Browning, who immediately quitted the room. But Barbara stayed, and after drawing Jack closer to the fire she took one of his icy hands in hers and commenced to pray. "There is a crucifix round my neck," said Jack in a scarcely audible whisper. She understood what he meant, and, taking it from its hiding-place, she pressed the crucifix to his lips. "I am happy because I die near you," he said as he fixed his dim eyes upon her. "And, Barbara, I die a Catholic." The tempest in the meanwhile had increased in violence; the building was shaking as if it would fall to pieces, and, with a mien of horror, old Van Hooven continued to gaze at the chimney. Of a sudden there came a terrific crash, and Barbara could remember nothing more.

When she again opened her eyes Barbara found herself in another house, in Polly Browning's humble dwelling. There was a bandage tied round her head, and who should be standing beside her couch but Ben Winslow! "Dear Barbara," he said, with a joyful smile, "you recognize me at last. And you look dazed and bewildered, as well you may, for what do you think happened?"

"O Ben, Ben! is it really you?" ejaculated Barbara, rising on her elbow. "Well, Ben, what did happen? Do tell me; was it all a dream?" "Why, just as darkness was coming on," said Ben, "and as the *Dolphin* was being blown ashore, where the awful breakers would have pounded the life out of me and my crew, lo! the ocean in the very nick of time—it was like a miracle—ploughed a channel right through Squan beach; it did, upon my honor! Don't smile; I'm telling the downright truth. And through the new inlet thus formed the sea swept us safely into the bay." "Well, is to-day Christmas?" inquired Barbara. "Yes, to-day is Christmas. I kept my promise, didn't I? And, Barbara, I am come home to you a Catholic. I can't tell you now all my adventures, my narrow escapes; but after leaving the British Channel I steered for 'Bilbo,' an old town on the coast of Spain; and there one day I strolled into a church—a church large enough to hold twenty of our meeting-houses. And while I was admiring the beautiful altar the spirit moved me to go and see a priest. I went; he baptized me: and this, Barbara, is the Christmas gift I have brought you." "You

could not have brought me a more precious gift," answered Barbara, smiling and stroking his sunburnt hand. Then after a pause, "But Jack," she added, "where is Jack? Did he die, or was that a dream?"

"Alas! poor Jack van Hooven is dead. And within a few feet of him, on the broad hearthstone, his father was found dead, too; bricks from the fallen chimney had crushed his skull."

"Then the chimney fell, did it?" exclaimed Barbara. "Yes, and the whole house is pretty badly shattered; 'twas a terrible gale." "Well, tell her what else tumbled down the chimney besides bricks and stones," put in Polly Browning, who was standing on the other side of the couch. "O Ben! is it any wonder that the chimney smoked and groaned as it did, when such horrible things were hidden up it?" Ben threw the widow a frowning glance which she understood, and she did not again interrupt him.

As soon as Barbara recovered from her injuries she and Ben made a visit to Father Farmer, who united them in the holy bond of wedlock. After which, having refitted his privateer, he sailed on another cruise, leaving his young wife in the care of Polly Browning, who was no longer afraid to inhabit the big mansion at the head of Mosquito Cove; for the new chimney sent down no mysterious puffs of smoke, it gave forth no rattling, moaning sounds. The draught up it was perfect. The fish-hawks, too, came back to their nests on the sycamore-trees, and bands of children used to visit Barbara's home, where they made every nook and corner ring with their merry voices.

When the War of Independence was brought to a happy end Ben turned husbandman and succeeded very well at raising corn and pumpkins. But he always had a hankering for the sea; and once he and Barbara went by water to St. Mary's County, Maryland, where Barbara's mother had hailed from. Several times a year they rode to Philadelphia to assist at Mass; and the honest folks on Barnegat Bay used to say that papists could not be so bad, since Ben Winslow and his wife were papists.

Before we end our tale let us say that the new channel which the ocean made through Squan beach in December, 1777, was called Cranberry Inlet. It remained open until the war of 1812, when it was closed as suddenly as it had been opened.

"No wonder," an old surfman once said to us—"no wonder we beachmen's a trifle sooperstitious. There's changes in these sands book-larnin' can't explain; they're soopernatural."

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CAMP in the New York wilderness. A clearing some fifty or sixty feet square, fringed on three sides by pines, spruces, and a variety of hard-wood trees, and extending on the fourth to the brow of a rocky cliff, at whose base lie the smooth, lustrous waters of a mountain lake. The ground is brown and fragrant with the accumulated leafy *débris* of countless autumns. Two rough log shanties, which, by dispensing entirely with front walls, manage to obviate any necessity for doors and windows, stand at right angles to each other, but with a spacious interval between. The rays of the afternoon sun, striking the inner side of the birch bark with which they are lined and roofed, turns them a soft red, and lights up in one of them the shining barrel of a rifle and some tin cups and other utensils flung carelessly in a corner. A huge rock in front of this one serves as a fireplace, and not far from it a couple of planks, nailed fast to four tree-stumps left at convenient distances apart, show that the camp has at some time or other been tenanted by sybarites unable to dispense with that luxury of civilized life, a dinner-table. A fire of hickory logs has been allowed to sink into a mass of glowing coals, and a haunch of fat venison suspended above it from cross-poles gives out an appetizing odor, responded to amicably by some speckled trout and potatoes sizzling together in company with a slice of salt pork in an immense frying-pan with a long handle. A battered and blackened coffee-pot of generous dimensions flanks these on the other side of the rocky hearth, and the guide, a short, heavy, loose-jointed 'York State Yankee, seated on a stump at the entrance of the shanty, has a tin basin on his knees, in which he is vigorously beating up with a wooden spoon a mixture of flour, water, and saleratus, to which, when fried, he gives the name of choke-dogs. Part of the carcass of a deer, enveloped in its skin, hangs from a neighboring branch, and a couple of hounds, tired from the chase and gorged with the results of it, are lying in uneasy slumbers to windward of the fire.

In the other shanty a young fellow of some two or three and twenty is stretched upon a bed of evergreen boughs, with a

folded gray blanket by way of pillow. He came in an hour ago from a successful hunt which began before daylight, and his heavy breathing shows that the volume of anatomical surgery to which he virtuously betook himself on his return, and which still lies beside him with the two forefingers of his right hand inserted between its leaves, has speedily acted as a soporific. An older, yet still young, man, in a Scotch tweed suit and a broad-brimmed, soft felt hat drawn down over his eyes to shelter them from the slanting rays, stands at the edge of the cliff, with his back against a superb yellow birch, regarding the scene before him. The serenity, the loneliness of the virgin wilderness brood over it. A mile or so to the northwest the long arm of Indian Point stretches into the lake, its thinned-out timber and a little, deserted clearing near the extremity showing that man has at some time essayed to subdue it; but on the farther shore, beyond the Point, the sombre, unbroken forest ascends from the water's edge to the undulating sky-line formed by distant mountain-tops. Plane after plane of varying blue and gray and rose, they fade into a sky so full of light as to be almost colorless. In sheltered coves beds of lily-pads lie dark in shadow or flushing into opaline tints where the light glances on their broad leaves. The multitudinous murmur of bird and beast and insect, which makes the silence of the woods vocal and audible to sensitive ears, alone breaks the stillness.

Presently the guide leaves his place near the fire and also approaches the edge of the cliff, inclining his ear to the left, as he does so, with the look that denotes intense attention. In another moment he raises it with an air of satisfaction.

"Thought I heard the dip of an oar while I was settin' yonder," he says. "They're comin' round here at the left of the island."

His companion, whose senses have not been sharpened by woodcraft, also inclines his ear, but some seconds elapse before he catches the sound.

"Who is coming?" he asks.

"Seein's tellin'. Hold on, though! That's Bill Wood's voice, if ever I heard it. That means petticoats, I'm afeard."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He took old man Warren up into the Black River country last week. He comes once in a while by himself, the old man does, to look after lumber, but this time he's got two of his women folks along. I reckon Bill counts on finding this camp empty."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Crowd up! There's plenty of grub and plenty of room. We don't stand on ceremony at this hotel. I camped sixteen once in these two shanties." Saying which he returns to his venison. The other stands frowning, with eyes bent in the direction from which the rhythmic splash of the oars is now plainly audible, until the boat, sweeping into sight around the end of the island on which the camp is situated, shows that the guide's penetration has not been at fault. He turns back then, with a hasty movement, into the cabin where his friend is still lying.

"Wake up, Dick!" he says in a tone which opens the sleeper's eyes at once. "Of all unlooked-for nuisances here is the worst."

"What is the matter now?" asks his friend, yawning and stretching his limbs, but not yet rising.

"Get up and look down yonder at the landing. I move we take the boat, row over to Wood's to-night, and go back to Palmer's and civilization to-morrow."

"Before we have been here two days!" exclaims the other, now thoroughly roused and springing to his feet. "That would be rather too much of a good thing, it seems to me. What's up?"

The boat is beaching as he speaks, and as he looks down the decline leading to the landing his eyes fall upon a party of three whom their guide is assisting to disembark. All have their backs turned to him, but the cause of his friend's displeasure is evident. One is a buxom, comfortable, middle-aged matron, if one may judge from her ample, well-corseted contours; another a tall, thin gentleman, whose rasping tones are heard in some distinctly marital remarks addressed to the lady concerning the absurdity of carrying hooped skirts and long petticoats into the woods; the third is a slender, graceful, girlish figure in a short waterproof gown and a broad-leafed straw hat, with a bundle of shawls strapped across her shoulders and a leather wallet in one hand. She turns and glances in his direction while he is looking, and her familiar voice floats upward to his attentive and astonished ear.

"I'm afraid there's some one here, Wood. I see smoke and smell meat roasting."

"That's nothing," drawls the guide, a fac-simile of his brother up above, only a trifle taller, a trifle heavier, a trifle more like a grizzly bear in his shambling, loose-jointed gait and the impression he gives of immense muscular strength. "There's lots of room to pitch the tents, to say nothing of the shanties. Hullo!

Mought that be Lon Wood up yonder? Lend us a hand here with the duffle."

"'Duffle' is vernacular for their traps," says Richard Norton to his friend. "Come down and make yourself useful. I know that party. There will be no occasion for running away on their account."

He is down on the landing himself in another minute, his friend following more leisurely and after a pause, with an air half-reluctant, half-indifferent. There is a rapid interchange of greetings, the freemasonry of the wilderness making that of the elders less stiff and formal than it would have been elsewhere, while that of the two young people is unembarrassed gayety itself.

"Kitty!" Richard says when he turns to her again after these are over, and offers to relieve her of her burdens, "if ever by accident I find myself at the antipodes or wrecked on an iceberg near the pole, I shall at once turn around and begin to look for you."

"No," the girl answers, with a laugh and a shake of the head, "take auntie's things, if you like. Mine are strapped too tight to make it worth while; and as to my bag, it really does not incommodate me in the least. Uncle Horace's shoulders are stiff. He took the oars at the last carry, so that we should be able to get into camp here before nightfall, and he has been aching ever since."

While Norton is possessing himself of Mrs. Warren's light *impedimenta* his friend approaches and he presents him. Some accident of the ascent brings the latter into line at Katharine's side just as a projecting bramble, pushing out from the thick underbrush, catches in her drapery and impedes her progress. They have barely interchanged a word, or more than a passing glance, as yet, though each has heard the other's name with a certain interest born of reminiscence; but now, as he stoops to free her from the tangled mass of greenery, their eyes meet full, and for an instant rest each in each with a candid, unconscious self-revelation from which both draw back with the quick certainty that something new and unexpected has befallen them. Katharine's emotions have been rare thus far, and, though they have comprised both joy and grief, they have always worn familiar, well-known faces. This one is wholly new, and she is not given to self-analysis, although she broods much on other things. No thought formulates itself at all, but she feels that her life has somehow broadened all at once, and that the present

is, and the future will be, something entirely different from the past.

Louis Giddings, too, to his immense surprise, has suddenly felt the stroke of the enchanter's wand. Certain springs that have been frozen or dried up within him overflow again with the ripple and chime of youth, or, rather, new ones open and clearer waters flood all his being. But he is a man and past his first youth, taught by bitter experience, and given to observation of others as well as to much self-depreciative introspection. What had been written for a moment on her ingenuous face, as innocent and unguarded in its first response as Eve's might have been when Adam looked upon her in the garden, or as if they were two disembodied spirits meeting in upper ether, has graven itself on his mind and heart at once, and he keeps it there, wholly without vanity; with some sadness rather, and a touch of quick remorse. But his tone is light as he finally tears away the bramble with its clinging thorns, and then holds out his hand for the wallet, which the girl resigns as naturally and readily as she had just refused it to the friend of her childhood.

"This is an enchanted wood, Miss Danforth," he says; "the spirits of it are already putting out their arms to bar your entrance."

"What a pity!" she answers. "I hoped it was to keep me in it."

In front of them Mrs. Warren is toiling up the path with some difficulty and many sighs, unburdening her mind as she does so to a listener who is certainly new, and whose sympathy, therefore, though doubtless problematic, may for the moment be taken for granted.

"We go to Saratoga usually," she says, punctuating her remarks with much audible respiration, "and Mr. Warren's sister Clarissa goes with us. But he has been coughing some lately, and the doctor persuaded him that camping out would be good for his lungs. There couldn't be a more foolish notion, it seems to me. Sleeping out of doors in all sorts of weather, tramping about and carrying loads like a mule, eating out of tin plates, and putting maple sugar and no milk in your coffee! How that is to do any good, unless it is good to get your bones full of rheumatism, I can't make out. Clarissa wouldn't go, and that's where she showed her wisdom. So we asked my niece, for I couldn't bear the thought of being all alone here with guides and that sort of people. She is as wild as a hawk about

it, though what pleasure she finds in it is more than I can see. Thank goodness! we start for home to-morrow."

"So soon?" answers Norton, with a touch of genuine regret in his voice. "Why not stay here a day or two longer, when the weather is so perfect? As you say, solitude is too good a thing to be shared entirely with guides, though ours is an amusing fellow in his way."

"Did I say anything about solitude? I couldn't have meant it, I am sure, for I never could bear to be alone. As to the guides, I suppose that depends on what you find amusing. Ours has kept Mr. Warren and my niece laughing. I must say I couldn't half the time make out what it was about. It sounded to me much like the 'crackling of thorns under a pot.'"

"That is severe," says Richard, with a laugh. But Mrs. Warren has apparently forgotten the other end of her quotation and is plainly innocent of all malice in its application.

"We brought good appetites with us," Mr. Warren remarks as dinner is ending. "It took us a day and a half to come through the Eight Lakes to the Roquette, and we could not have done it even in that time if we had stopped to make a fire and do any cooking on the road to-day. I don't pretend to be an old Camper from Campersville myself, though I have slept in a tent once or twice before, but my wife is just no woodsman at all."

"When I was a young 'un," says the elder of the two guides, depositing a final platter of steaming choke-dogs on the board, "my mother thought nothin' of rowin' down from here to First Lake, to spend the day with her sister, and comin' back before night. When she crossed the carries she strapped me on her back, took the boat on her head, and slipped the stockin' she was knittin' in her pocket."

"How can you tell such shocking stories, Wood?" remonstrates Mrs. Warren. "Why, there are eight of those lakes and seven carries, some of them over a mile long!"

"Fact, mum," retorts the guide solemnly. "That makes sixteen lakes and fourteen carries between night and morning, don't it? She was one o' them strong women they tell about in Scrip-ter. Her name warn't Sapphiry, neither."

Propped against a convenient stump after dinner, an air-pillow intervening between it and her own well-cushioned shoulders, Mrs. Warren loses her sense of general discomfort in one of present ease. Flaming pine-knots light up the faces of the group against the dark wall of forest. The dogs bark in their

sleep, pursuing a phantom deer through dreamland. Katharine is close beside her aunt, the most silent member of a circle where all are gay and given to ready laughter.

"What ails you, child?" Mrs. Warren asks. "You have kept us all alive until now, and here you are as still as a mouse just when the rest are beginning to enjoy things a little. If we had had such a lively party as this, Mr. Giddings," turning to the young man as he approaches from the other side of the fire, "I don't say that I might not have liked camping pretty well myself. But how you and Mr. Norton can manage to content yourselves all alone here with rough fellows like these guides I can't imagine."

"They are not such a bad lot when you come to know them," he answers. "I'm not sure I haven't enjoyed Lon almost as much as I have the lake and the mountains. When he puts on that air of preternatural gravity he is assuming now the odds are that he has something to say worth hearing. Have you noticed him, Miss Danforth?"

"Yes," she answers, with a smile. "He has been on the watch for an interval of silence for the last five minutes. There! he has it now. He has been waiting for uncle to finish talking with Mr. Norton."

"I dunno, squire," the guide begins, shifting his pipe from his mouth to his hand and spitting into the middle of the fire, "whether I ever told ye about the man I met up in Maine when I was lumberin' thar—the man that whistled? No? He had a curus little whistle, like the wheep o' one of these 'ere chippin'-birds—used to spit it, like, out o' the corner of his mouth 'tween every two or three words. He was a sort o' solemcolly-lookin' customer, too—didn't use to speak much 'cept when he was spoken to. I was sittin' in the tavern all alone one night when he came in an' planked himself down in a chair in a corner, an' tilted it back an' sat with his head agin the wall, sayin' nothin' to nobody. Bimeby I asked him to take a drink. 'Well, stranger,' says he, 'I [*wheep*] don't care if I do.' So we liquored up, an' then I says, 'My friend,' says I, 'what makes you whistle so when you talk?' 'Didn't you ever [*wheep*] hear 'bout that?' says he. 'You see, when I was [*wheep*] young I used to [*wheep*] stutter. Well, I [*wheep*] fell in love with a girl named [*wheep*] Sarah, an' I asked her if she'd [*wheep*] marry me, and she said [*wheep*], "No!" I was mighty [*wheep*] cut up 'bout it, an' I [*wheep*] asked her [*wheep*] brother if he knew why she [*wheep*] wouldn't, an' he said, "'Cause you [*wheep*] stutter so." Well, I

couldn't [*wheep*] stay 'round any longer where [*wheep*] she was, so I went [*wheep*] West into the [*wheep*] Rockies. I met an old [*wheep*] Indian chief thar one [*wheep*] day, an' he says to me, "Friend" [*wheep*], says he, "if you'll gimme a [*wheep*] bottle o' [*wheep*] whiskey I'll cure you o' [*wheep*] stutterin'." So I give it to him, an' he [*wheep*] says, "Every time you want to [*wheep*] stutter you [*wheep*] whistle." So I tried it an' I got [*wheep*] cured. Then I started back [*wheep*] home. Sarah was thar still an' she wasn't [*wheep*] married. So I paddled [*wheep*] right up to her [*wheep*] house, an' I says [*wheep*], "Sarah, I don't [*wheep*] stutter no more. Will you [*wheep*] have me now?" An' she says [*wheep*], "No! I think your new [*wheep*] habit is a [*wheep*] thunderin' sight worse than the [*wheep*] other one."'"

In the general burst of laughter that greets the end of this story, told with an inimitable droll gravity, the positions of the group change somewhat, and Richard Norton finds himself for the first time by Katharine's side.

"I haven't yet got over my astonishment at seeing you here," he says. "We called—or rather I called—at your mother's house one day last week, but she was out: gone to class, Hannah said. The old girl looks as young as ever, don't she? She told me you were out in the country with your uncle and aunt, so I gave up all hope of seeing you, not supposing you would return so soon. My vacation is rather limited. I want to stay here as long as possible, and I must give them a day or two at home afterward. We shall see you then, perhaps?"

"I hope so. We go home to-morrow. I doubt whether your surprise at seeing me is as great as my own at finding myself here. The whole thing was arranged so suddenly, at least my part of it and auntie's. And then it is all so strange and so charming."

"You find it so?"

"Don't you?"

"The fishing and the hunting, yes. But you do neither, I suppose. No more does Giddings, who also finds the life agreeable. I approve of it on sanitary grounds, and I gratify an old passion of my boyhood, when I longed in vain to be a hunter with a rifle and leggins, like Leatherstocking. But it has a thousand discomfords. What pleases you about it?"

"Oh! everything. Our camp last night, for instance, was pitched so that it faced a pile of mountains rising from the opposite shore—much as they lie over yonder, only that the sun came up behind them. I woke very early, while the sky was all

gray and cool, and the mists rising off the lake and curling into the hollows of the hills, and burning up afterward when the dawn came. I lay still and looked until all was in a rosy flush, and could hardly persuade myself that I was not yet dreaming."

"One's dreams are seldom quite so pleasant. Must you really go back to-morrow?"

"I really must, not having any option in the matter. We coaxed Aunt Anne through from Fourth Lake to-day on the solemn promise that she should have only one more night to spend in the woods. Besides, I am anxious about mother."

"She was quite well last Wednesday, Hannah said."

"Yes, but still she needs and misses me. She has grown old very fast since last summer. The thought of her is the one thing that interferes with my pleasure here, and the most astonishing part of the whole affair is that she ever consented to what seemed to her an utter absurdity in the way of an excursion."

"She took pity on me," says Aunt Anne, "knowing that I was quite of her mind about it and unable to help myself. Kitty! would you mind going into the tent and seeing in what manner of shape Wood has disposed our pillows and blankets? You can't trust him," she adds to Mr. Giddings, who has been sitting on her other hand, "with anything but rowing, and carrying loads, and cooking, and things of that sort. When it comes to a question of real comfort you have to attend to it yourself."

The tent is on the other side of the clearing, opposite the shanty which the friends have occupied and which Mr. Warren will for this night share with them. As she leaves it Katharine turns toward the water-side. The full moon is midway in the sky, and the night is as bright almost as the day. The group around the fire is breaking up, and as the good-nights are being said Louis Giddings once more approaches her.

"And so your life in the wilderness comes to an end to-morrow," he says, after a word or two evoked by the scene before them. "I have an old friend who must be living near you."

"Yes," with another unconscious self-avowal Katharine answers. "He married a cousin of mine this summer. I know him very well."

"Ah! Norton has been telling you about him?"

"No," says Candor, suddenly self-conscious, and turning back to Mrs. Warren with a blush that the moonlight only half-veils. "I have heard my cousin speak of you herself."

It is late that night before Louis Giddings throws himself down beside the others on their bed of fir-twigs. He paddles

about in the moonlight for a while, watching the drops of light fall from the oar-blades as he lifts them, listening to the loons calling through the silence, listening, too, to the voices of his heart, his memory, and his conscience, as he has not often listened of late years.

“‘Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments,’”

he muses half-inaudibly as he stands at last on the edge of the clearing before turning in. He is not given to quotations, either in public or in private, but this snatch from a favorite sonnet matches just now with his mood.

“What eyes the child has!” his thoughts go on, although this time they do not reach his lips. “If ever I saw a soul look out from behind its prison, I saw it when I caught them first below there. What gave my own the right to meet it? For that it did meet it, and was recognized, I know as I know that I exist.”

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. FRANK RECTOR, late junior of the firm of Crawford & Rector, flourishing solicitors in the city of Montreal, but now sole heir to the honors and emoluments arising from several years of joint practice, was sitting alone in his private office in St. Francis Xavier Street one morning about a week later than the incidents just recorded. He was a middle-aged Englishman of the florid type, with a high, aquiline nose, a pair of prominent, blue, short-sighted eyes, smooth, round cheeks to which no persuasion of the razor had ever been able to bring a beard, although his upper lip boasted a rather straggling moustache, and a general appearance of *bouhomie* and generosity which had a curious way of wearing off on prolonged acquaintance, and was said to be frequently belied by the nature of his business transactions. The time was drawing toward noon, and he was beginning to think of deferring further study of the brief he was preparing for an eminent Queen's Counsel until after breakfast. He had married a French lady not long before, and adopted from her the fashion of calling by that name the second of the three substantial meals which agreeably varied the monotony of his days. He was still occupied with his papers, however, when his clerk entered, bearing a visiting-card, and announcing that the owner of it was awaiting an audience in the outer office.

"Show him in," he said, rising himself and meeting his visitor near the door with an effusive air of cordiality which met with a rather cool response.

"This is a curious coincidence, Mr. Giddings," he went on, bringing his greetings to a close, and offering a chair near the desk, at which he immediately resumed his own. "I was considering only yesterday what steps I could take to learn your whereabouts."

"Mine?" returned the other, with a look in which unmistakable surprise was blended with another less easily read, which might be disappointment or irritation, but was certainly not pleasure. "They are easily ascertained. I don't live incognito. Could not Crawford have told you?"

"Crawford is in China. Didn't you observe that the firm name was changed?"

"I noticed it, of course, which is why I inquired for you. What is he doing in China? Is there any special occasion for forensic eloquence among the mandarins just now?"

"Oh! Crawford is one of those people who are always falling on their feet. A poor devil like me can plod on all his days at his desk, but he had a judgeship in Shanghai offered him, with a fat salary and opportunities for making money outside of his profession, without any great risk, they say, of soiling his ermine. He hesitated, too, about accepting it. I only wish such a piece of luck had fallen to my share."

"When did he go?"

"Early last spring. Can I be of any service to you in his absence?"

"I don't know," Giddings answered with a slight hesitation, as-if balancing something in his mind. "You had some business with me yourself, I inferred from what you said just now. What interest had you in learning my address?"

"To be sure; I was forgetting it. Absolutely none for my own part, but one of the fathers from the college round in Bleury Street was in here, yesterday to inquire for it. He had been advised that you were a friend of Crawford's, and thought he might find here some means of communicating with you. I drink confusion to the Jesuits every 5th of November," he went on with a laugh, "but on all other days of the year I have no manner of unwillingness to do any good turn that lies in my power for them. This one didn't, and so I told him, much to his regret apparently. *Mais, vous voici!*"

Louis Giddings looked completely mystified.

"He gave you no hint as to what he wanted of me?"

"Not the slightest. They keep their own counsel, those priests. You are not going, surely?" he went on, seeing the other preparing to move. "Come home to breakfast with me. Our acquaintance was of the slightest, but I knew you pretty well through Crawford. You haven't told me, by the way, whether I can do anything for you."

"I think not—unless, perhaps, you could tell me where to find the Lawtons. There is no trace of them in their old quarters."

"You might possibly find the old lady in the cemetery at Joliette, but hardly in presentable condition. She moved out of town some five or six years ago—shortly after her daughter went away—and died and was buried there later on. We had her affairs on hand—have them still, for that matter, though they are nearly settled now. The daughter is dead, too."

"Also at Joliette?"

"No. I don't know where. I had nothing to do with the matter personally. It was Crawford's affair, not mine. He had always been on friendly terms with them."

"But you are certain she is dead?"

"Well, live people don't usually allow all their inheritance to be handed over to charitable institutions, and that is what has been done with hers—a better disposition, I don't doubt, than what she would have made herself, if all the stories told about her were true."

"I wasn't aware she had any. They were poor enough six years ago."

"Yes, but they belonged to a good family on the other side. A very considerable estate fell in to the old lady about six months after Miss Lawton's disappearance. When she came to make her will she told Crawford that the girl had been dead for several years. The news surprised him, I know, because he made some further inquiries and was in no great hurry at first about bringing things to a close. I believe he was quite satisfied about it in the end, however. The hospitals and orphan asylums have been the gainers, and McGill College got a very fair slice into the bargain. Here! we shall be late for *déjeuner*. Come up and see my wife and baby, and give us the latest news from the States."

But this hospitable invitation was refused, under the plea of an engagement and the need of leaving the city before nightfall.

"You had better go around to Bleury Street, then," Mr.

Rector advised as they parted. "Or shall I send Père Baptist your address and let him communicate with you by letter?"

"Oh! I will go and interview him. Whom must I ask for, by the way?"

"The superior, probably. Show him your strawberry-mark and tell him you are the long-sought-for. Do you know any of the fathers?"

"Never met one in my life."

"Take my card, then—here, I'll make an introduction of it. I don't know them very well myself, but it is always safe to look up a Jesuit who has put himself out to make inquiries for you. They don't usually trouble themselves for nothing. Sorry you won't go home with me. *Au revoir!*"

The priest who presented himself in the parlor of St. Mary's when Mr. Giddings called there an hour or two later in the afternoon was a person who gained at first glance the latter's instinctive liking, and that in spite of a well-marked predisposition against all men of his cloth. He appeared to be about midway between fifty and sixty, his thick gray hair, surmounted by the black beretta, giving him an appearance of age greater than would have been inferred from his robust, upright figure and smooth, unwrinkled face. Beneath a good but not noticeable forehead shone a pair of mild, sympathetic, kindly eyes, their irises curiously mottled with infinitesimal light specks which just saved them from being black, though they could lay claim to no other color. The face was strongly modelled, the lower part giving unmistakable tokens of that firmness of will to be looked for in one who had learned both to obey and to command in the school of St. Ignatius. That was a reflection, however, which certainly did not occur to his present visitor as he arose to greet him. Louis Giddings was a man open to impressions and sensitive to an unusual degree to the slight tokens which betray character. His morning's encounter with the lawyer, not as satisfactory as he had hoped in other respects, had been, on purely personal grounds, thoroughly the reverse of pleasant.

"I detest the fellow's fishy eyes and his wet hands," he had said to himself as he left him. "Eat with him? I would as lief take dinner in an aquarium."

Father Baptist spoke very fair English, beginning conversation in that tongue, but afterward relapsing into his own when he found it understood.

"Properly speaking, though," he said, "I have no language nowadays that I can claim to speak well. I am a French Swiss

by birth; but I came over to the United States so long ago that for years my French fell into disuse. I never studied English—picked it up as I could among my flock, Irish and German for the most part. I have taught very little in our colleges, having been set most often to more active work, so that my Latin is also somewhat rusty; and now since I have been here in Montreal I find my French is considered to lack some academic graces. We shall perhaps be able to understand each other by resorting to a medley of the three."

Mr. Giddings laughed. He found himself thoroughly at his ease, not a little to his surprise. For an hour or more he had been looking forward to this meeting with an irritation which seemed now to have been absurdly misplaced. Even his curiosity as to what it could possibly signify had yielded to a present feeling of well-being which for the moment did not look beyond itself.

"We are not likely to deal in abstractions, I suppose," he said.

"With them; perhaps," the priest answered, with another laugh. "You will pardon me if I question you a little, but I have a matter of identity to settle first of all. Mr. Rector's card and your own are proof enough that you are the person I was seeking yesterday, but there is something back of that. Do you know anything of your mother's family?"

"Not much beyond her name. She married my father when very young. I was born here; perhaps it may interest you to know that I was baptized here also—in this very church of yours, in fact, I have heard my mother say. But she removed to Massachusetts shortly after with my father. She seldom spoke of her own people."

"And her name?"

"Marie Gascoigne."

"That is sufficient. I have had occasion already to examine the baptismal register concerning the affair, and your account tallies with it sufficiently to make further questions needless. There is nothing more to say except that a certain sum of money has been forwarded to me with instructions to pay it over to your mother's son. In what shape will you take it?"

"You come to the point with admirable brevity," Giddings answered, holding out his open palm. "If it isn't too burdensome I might take it in small change and drop it in your poor-box."

"It won't overload you with this world's goods, I hope,"

Father Baptist retorted, with a smile. "But you will hardly enrich our poor-box with it, either. It is ten thousand pounds."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Absolutely. The money is deposited at present to my order in the Bank of Montreal. I have no further concern with it but that of transferring it to yours."

"I beg your pardon, but it seems to me that you have one other duty in the matter—that of explaining to me what all this means. My mother had no expectations that I knew of, and after my father's death she lived, as she died, in a condition not far removed from poverty. Where does this money come from? Is it a case of restitution?"

"So much I can answer," said the priest, "but nothing further. It was sent to me by one of ours in England, as a debt of justice from one of his penitents. Such things are not absolutely uncommon, as you probably may know. When they do occur it is quite safe, I think, to accept them without further question. Men are not apt to despoil themselves in that manner except under the prompting of an imperative sense of duty. You look dissatisfied."

"I am too old to enter fairyland," the other answered, his face clearing up, however, as he spoke, "but the fact is that I seem to have been under the spell for a week or so. Fairy gold, if I recollect right, has a way of disappearing when the sun shines on it."

"I don't warrant this from disappearing if you give it time enough, but for the present I think you will find it available for ordinary uses. If you are pressed for time I can go to the bank with you at once. If not, perhaps you will like to visit the church and go over our house and grounds with me. The young men are away at present, but classes reopen next week."

"You dismiss an important matter very lightly," said Giddings, relapsing into perplexed gravity. "I cannot accept in this manner a gift as unexpected and as unreasonable as if it had dropped out of the skies. I must, for the sake of my own self-respect, insist upon some further explanation."

The priest shrugged his shoulders and spread out his two hands in front of him with a significant gesture, as if casting off all further responsibility.

"I can show you, if you like," he said, "the letter which conveyed my instructions, but if you can learn from it more than I have told you your perspicacity is greater than my own. I was to search out the son of Marie Gascoigne, born in Mont-

real of Louis Gascoigne and Marie Lesœur, and married thirty years ago to John Giddings. You haven't told me, by the way, if that was your father's name?"

Giddings nodded, and the priest went on :

"In case this son could not be found, were dead, without heirs, or refused for any reason to accept it, the money is to be applied to charitable bequests, the chief of which regards our house here in Montreal. You see," he ended, laughing, "I have no further interest in persuading you. If your scruples are insurmountable I can assure you that we shall prove less delicate. Take to-night to think it over, if you like," he added, seeing that the other's hesitation was not yet dispelled : "*la nuit porte conseil, vous savez.* Meanwhile come into the church with me. The high altar is not finished yet, for funds come in but slowly. Your money, if you leave it in my hands, will be likely to go a long way towards its completion. Your devotion will not, perhaps, carry you so far?"

They were passing through the long corridor leading to the recreation-grounds as he spoke, leaving them afterwards for the church, which they entered by the door of the sacristy.

"My devotion is a minus quantity, I fear," Giddings answered, as lightly as the other had spoken, "and on other grounds I don't know that I should care to assist in church-building. Your order has a rather shaky reputation as to taste in architecture, I have been told. I don't pretend to be a judge myself."

He took off his hat as they entered, and while the priest left him, to kneel for a moment before the altar, he stood near the chancel, looking about him with an air of not specially engrossing interest. The church was large and light, with immense pillars, rather bare-looking in the afternoon glow, which fell on empty pews and illuminated just at his right hand a picture representing a youth receiving the Holy Communion from the hands of an angel. Here and there in the side aisles small knots of women were seated near the confessionals, and two or three were kneeling near the altar. One old man, poverty-stricken and in tatters, was making the Stations of the Cross—a fact which Giddings observed, but for which he knew no name. A certain look on the man's face as he prayed before the nearest Station bore its own interpretation with it. He remarked on it when, after making the round of the building, they again emerged into the grounds. They had passed the man once or twice while engaged in their examination, and each time he had

looked at him with an interest more personal than was awakened by anything else which met his eyes.

"The old man looks as if he had found it," he said, with an abruptness which to any one who knew him well would have marked his instinctive sense that he would be understood without need of further explanation. Father Baptist, who had been observing him with the comprehension born of natural sympathy, responded at once, going as directly to the point as Giddings himself had done.

"Peace, you mean?"

"Perhaps—repose, satisfaction, at all events. You will pardon me if I suggest that money might be as profitably spent in exchanging his rags for something more presentable as in adding further to the decorations of your altar."

"Very well," answered the priest, smiling; "give him the money, if you cannot decide to keep it for yourself. I warn you, though, that it will probably amount to the same thing in the end. He is our pensioner in the present, it is true, but he has been our most generous benefactor in the past, and both conditions were the result of the free election of his own will. You look mystified, from which I conclude that in spite of your baptism you are not of our faith."

"I am of my century," returned the other. "Faith of any sort is an exotic nowadays, and certainly I was not reared in yours."

"But your mother was a Catholic?"

"Like myself—by baptism. By early training also in her case. But the plant, as I tell you, is exotic. You may cultivate it in hot-houses with some success, as I am very willing to admit on such evidence as I have seen here to-day. Hers got into the open air and died there."

"Poor woman!" the priest said, with a sigh which was echoed by his listener. "She was not the happier on that account, I fancy."

"As I recollect her in my childhood and up to the period of my father's death, I should call her the happiest person I have ever known. She had the true womanly faculty of merging herself completely in what she loved. My father and I apparently filled her existence to its limits. She was as gay as a bird and as light-hearted."

"And afterwards?"

"What would you have? If you cut a man he bleeds. You can't avoid the knife in any case. Some of us can pretend we

have not felt it—some of us, no doubt, have such tough hides that no stroke goes very deep. Truth is the best plaster in any case."

"Drop metaphor," said the priest, "and tell me, did she never regret her lost belief?"

"I don't say that she did not. I tell you only that her eyes had been opened to see both good and evil, and she was not able to resume her bandage. Frankly speaking, I regretted it for her sake."

"Ah! yes," said Father Baptist, with another sigh. "When our eyes are opened in that manner the angel and the flaming sword are close at hand to drive us out of Paradise."

They had reached the front entrance as he spoke, and as they parted he said, with a return to his lighter manner, "To-morrow at eleven I shall be ready for your visit. Your hesitation becomes you," he added, smiling, "but I will have your check all ready for you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INFLUENCE OF SCHOOL-LIFE ON EYESIGHT.*

It would be but sheer platitude to indulge in reflections on the importance of the sense of seeing. We all admit, in the abstract at least, that our eyes perform most important work in the economy of life; that seeing is the most valuable of all the senses, and that by its means we acquire most knowledge. Nevertheless it is true that no members of the human body receive less intelligent care than those which are exercised in this important faculty:

The casual observer in the street or at any public or private entertainment cannot but notice the very large number of persons of all ages wearing spectacles or eye-glasses. The greater number thus equipped must undoubtedly need the help, while the few silly ones thus encumbered for style are more than outnumbered by those who, from a variety of causes, need glasses but do not wear them.

Those whose memory extends back twenty years or more will recall how few, relatively speaking, wore glasses then.

* Read before the Medical Society, Yonkers, N. Y.

Those few were as a rule foreigners, or at least considered such. This suggests a question: Why are so many now obliged to wear spectacles or glasses, when formerly the number was so few? Has this great change taken place only in our midst, or has it affected the whole civilized world? I propose to show that we are not so badly off at present as some of the older nations, but that, at our present rate of progress, we shall equal them in the near future.

We have all read how the wealthy class in China treat the feet of their young females. When but mere infants the feet are tightly bandaged, and this compression is kept up for years, until the desired result is obtained—small feet; so small that as a means of locomotion they are to their possessors of little or no service. The theory of education most favored in this country is a Chinese shoe. As our bodies grow, so do our eyes, and we must look for any changes that take place in eyesight to causes operating for good or evil on the eyes during their period of development. It is the schools that are chiefly responsible for impaired eyesight.

Education has been turned, in the United States, into a species of Moloch, and every year a hecatomb of young victims are sacrificed on its altars. In the eagerness to perfect education tasks are multiplied for the pupils until the last straw is often laid on the load, under which the unformed organization totters. Cast-iron systems are devised in good faith, and all are expected to toe the mark, large and small, the strong and the weak, the precocious and the dullard.

There may be a certain grim comfort in the fact that many of the older nations are worse off in this respect than we are. Germany, for instance, stands forth prominent as an educated nation and at the same time as a spectacled one. In no other country is the percentage of persons wearing glasses so large, and at the same time nowhere else has the subject of impaired sight in schools received so much attention. Schools of all grades, from those in the villages attended by peasant children to the universities, have been thoroughly examined with regard to the effect of study on the scholars' eyes. The following are the results found: Peasant schools showed 99 per cent. of normal eyes and only 1 per cent. near-sight. This 1 per cent. gradually increases in the higher schools, where labor is proportionally greater, until the universities are reached, where in some classes only 20 per cent. normal eyes were found, and 80 per cent. of all the pupils had near-sight.

The examinations in other European countries agree in the main with the statistics given—viz., a steady increase, from the lowest to the highest classes, of near-sight.

In this country examinations have been made in several cities of the school-children's eyes. The highest percentage of near-sight—viz., 50 per cent.—was found in some classes of the New York College.

In 1874 I examined the eyes of the scholars attending two negro schools—over 500 pupils. Their ages ranged from five to nineteen years. One of these schools showed $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. near-sight, the other only $1\frac{1}{2}$ near-sight. The first school was a superior one as to teachers and requirements, and still only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of impaired eyes was found; the latter school did not rate so high and was only attended by a local constituency, while the former drew pupils from all over the city. From a report which I published at the time I quote the following :

“The selection of colored scholars was not made without good reasons. Heretofore nearly all the examinations have been made in Germany, and, needless to remark, on whites. It is to most of us familiar, that there is a very large percentage of myopia amongst the students in the gymnasia and universities of Germany, the percentage being much greater there than in the other countries of Europe. The Germans acquire myopia by long years of study, having perhaps inherited a predisposition to it, or inherited it already developed and increased it in attaining their manhood. Our colored brethren as a rule never did enjoy a thorough system of education. The present generation in New York may be said to enjoy as thorough as the city affords, but their forefathers did not; neither have they been raised to such pursuits as demand a very close application of the eye, such as engraving, etc. *Cæteris paribus*, the negro's eye should approach nearest to a natural eye—i.e., normal eye. The very best material for examinations of this kind could be obtained in the Southern States, where, until of late years, the negro was unjustly debarred the luxury of spoiling his eyes—i.e., a modern education.”

There exists a very general idea that the human eye ought to stand any amount of work and not suffer any ill effects. Persons with indifferent health are surprised that their eyes sympathize with their bodily ailments. The gravity of near-sight is unfortunately but little understood and appreciated. A near-sighted eye is a diseased eye. Near-sight is that condition when all distant objects are indistinct, and clear sight confined to a few feet at best, often but a few inches. Such an eyeball is too long. The cerebro-posterior diameter is longer than normal. The affected part of the eyeball is hidden in the orbit, and consists in a thinning of the membranes that make up the posterior

walls of the ball. By means of the ophthalmoscope we are able to see these changes. It is during the growing period of life that the eye changes most, when the tissues are soft and pliable. Up to the twenty-fifth year a near-sighted eye gradually becomes more short-sighted, even when used but moderately; that is the natural tendency. On the other hand, when such an eye is severely taxed a dangerously high degree of near-sight is developed, and vision itself may be reduced to mere light-perception. A near-sighted eye remains always so. All human eyes undergo senile changes, and when the majority of persons with normal eyes reach their forty-fifth year they are obliged to resort to glasses in order to enable them to read with ease and comfort. The near-sighted eye has likewise undergone senile changes, and the object is not held quite so close to the eye as formerly; but to say such an eye had improved would be as fallacious as to say that the persons taking to glasses in their forty-fifth year had better sight than when younger. The changes brought about by age on the eye are loss of transparency in the mean and a hardening of the lens; rays of light entering such an eye are not refracted to the same extent *as in the youthful eye.*

What is the proper age to admit children to school? The legal age for the public schools varies somewhat in the different States and Territories. Children are eligible for school in Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, and Montana, Utah, and Washington Territories, when only four years old. The remaining States and Territories make five or six the age for admittance. It is safe to say that a child of four years of age should not be admitted to an ordinary school. Five years should be the youngest age for general admittance, and only then if the child physically represents its years. Six is young enough to begin study. (In this connection we do not include the schools arranged on the Kindergarten system.)

School-teachers are not dry-nurses, and it was never intended that schools should be converted into nurseries. The majority of teachers are in accord that children who have not been sent to school too young, when they do enter are very quickly on a par mentally with those who entered in advance, with the very great advantage of a better physique. School-attendance up to the eighth year should not exceed three hours daily, with a "recess" of five to ten minutes at least every hour—better every half-hour—gradually increasing the hours for school attendance in accordance with the age of the pupils. In some quarters all recesses are done away with,

and wonderful results are given as to greater application of scholars on account of this step—no interruption to steady work, etc. No doubt these enthusiasts would increase the school-hours, were they not thus punishing themselves. Thus history repeats itself. We have all read how the silly fellow in *Æsop's* fable attempted to have his horse live without eating, and as he thought his experiment was in a fair way to succeed the horse died. Such will be the experience of those who now advocate the doing away with all recesses during school-hours. In this connection I will quote Dr. L. B. Tuckerman, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was requested to make an examination of all the pupils who withdrew from the Cleveland High-School, leaving their term unfinished. He reported as follows :

“Whole number entered in Central High-School during term beginning September, 1880, and ending June, 1881: boys, 316; girls, 440—total, 756; withdrawn during the year: boys, 56; girls, 108. Fifty per cent. of the boys were in poorer health than when they entered; thirty-three per cent. were compelled to leave on account of impaired health; while seventy-five per cent. of the girls who withdrew were obliged to do so on account of poor health.”

These figures speak for themselves, and comment is unnecessary. Were similar examinations made in other large cities I doubt very much if any better results would be found.

Much depends on the construction and the appointments of schools. It is the exception to find a school-building constructed according to our present knowledge of sanitary matters. The ventilation, heating, and light are too often made subservient to a poor economy. In country districts it is an easy matter to secure a location with proper soil, elevation, drainage, and light. In a large city the problem is a much more difficult one. The erection of very large apartment-houses close to schools sadly interferes with both light and ventilation.

Heating and ventilation are problems that are anything but easy of solution. If our climate were mild and equable, not presenting the contrast of an arctic winter and a tropical summer, the task would not be so difficult. School-houses are ventilated by the opening of doors and windows—a crude and unsatisfactory means. The heating is by stoves or portable furnaces, and occasionally steam. Imagine a school, full to overcrowding, heated by furnace or stoves, and the weather too severe to permit either doors or windows open, the atmosphere filled, perhaps, with coal-gas and the expired air from the children's lungs, and this continuously breathed for hours! This is far

from being an overdrawn picture of the condition existing in many of our schools, at least during the winter season.

Schools should be so constructed that there are no dark rooms for class purposes. The light should come from the left of each pupil when seated at the desk. In this way no shadow is cast by hand or arm in reading or writing. Each pupil should have separate desk and seat, the seats and desk corresponding to the varying heights of the pupils. Desks should have tops inclined at least twenty degrees. When the angle is too great objects slide off. There should exist no space between a seat and the corresponding desk; a small overlapping of the vertical line is even better. The seats should be so constructed that the back of each scholar be sustained in an easy and comfortable manner. With suitable seats and desks the bending forward of the head is avoided. This bending forward congests the head and eyes, and at the same time interferes with the free play of heart and lungs.

The type used in text-books should be of good size and never small. In the books published fifty years ago the print was of good, large size; and at the present day there should be no difficulty in obtaining from publishers the proper type, owing to the competition in school-books.

Artificial light is a source of great danger to the eyes. When possible there should be very little work done outside of the school. Preparing and reciting lessons properly belongs to the school house. When, however, as under existing circumstances, work must be done at home, the two illuminating agents in general use are gas and petroleum. The former gives the best result when consumed in an Argand burner. A single fish-tail jet is not enough light to read or study by. The light should be at a convenient distance, not to exceed eighteen inches, from table or desk. The lights from a chandelier are too high to be used for any length of time with safety to eyesight. Petroleum prepared for illuminating purposes and with a flash-test of 115° Fahr. affords an excellent light when burned in a good form of lamp. The light is clear and steady, and not too hot to be unpleasant. A poor quality of oil is explosive, and untrimmed wicks speak for themselves. The greatest objection to the use of petroleum is the trouble in keeping the lamps in proper condition, but as a light to read or study by I consider it much superior to gas.

We must all admit that education is very necessary both for the individual welfare and the continuance of good government.

Taking for granted that all must be educated, what should constitute a common-school education? Here we enter upon debatable ground. Is the standard of the common schools too high or too low? Are the proper methods pursued? In other words, are our children physically and mentally prepared in the best manner to care and provide for themselves in the future and exercise the prerogatives of good citizenship? To this I answer, No. Too much is expected from the scholar. The tasks are more than the immature mind can grasp. The subjects studied are too numerous and varied, so that but little is thoroughly mastered and retained. So far as mental and physical training is concerned, the result is not fortunate. Were the youthful body and mind proof against overwork this system might be indefinitely continued.

To my mind the remedy would be not to attempt so much. Teach in our schools that which is most useful for the scholar and which will enable him to gain a livelihood when employed at some useful occupation. The "three R's" thoroughly taught, besides history and geography, especially of our own country, is as much as the state should provide. I would sum up by offering the following suggestions as helps to the preservation of eyesight and general health in schools:

1. No child under six years of age to be admitted to a school.
2. All studies, when possible, to be made in school; the less work at home the better.

3. Frequent recesses.

4. Teach elementary subjects and have pupils thoroughly master them; no cramming or rote-teaching—in other words, teach the pupils how to study; for the most complete system consists in nothing more.

5. Medical inspection of schools should be insisted upon with regard to overcrowding, ventilation, light, heating, plumbing, and school furniture.

6. Instruct parents as to the dangers of near-sight; that such eyes are diseased; that virtually the near-sighted person is heavily handicapped in life's race; that many avocations are cut off from such a person.

7. Remembering that at school the vision is the most exercised of the senses, see that the pupils' eyes are tested at the beginning and end of each term. The testing can easily be done by the teachers when furnished with cards of test-type published for that purpose.

8. Advise parents not to send their children back to school

too soon when convalescent from any of the exacerbescient or severe types of illness, as the eyes are especially weak at that time.

9. If reforms in school-life can be brought about it will be mainly through the efforts of physicians. School commissioners plead economy and lack of funds, and at the same time insist on a general lifting-up of the school curriculum, spurring up the teachers to do a little more cramming, so that their respective pupils may excel in their competitive examinations.

10. "The aim of a true education is a sound mind in a sound body—*mens sana in corpore sano.*" This golden rule should be constantly kept before the eyes of teachers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEIO, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN. From the Italian of J. P. Giussiano. With Preface by Cardinal Manning. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884. 2 vols. 12mo.

"Every saint," writes Cardinal Manning, "represents some ray of the mind or life or work of our divine Master. St. Charles represents the Good Shepherd; and this it is which has given to St Charles a place of special authority. He is the saint of the Holy See, the source of all pastoral authority; of the episcopate, which is the pastoral body; of the priesthood, which shares in all the world the pastoral care of the episcopate. The name of St. Charles, therefore, reigns in the hearts of bishops and priests."

The *Life* of St. Charles which has now been published in an English translation, under the direction of the Oblate Fathers in the diocese of Westminster, was written by a priest belonging to the household of the saint, and it is a minute and accurate biography of St. Charles during the period of his episcopate, preceded by a more succinct history of his earlier life. There is a striking and correct portrait of the great cardinal at the beginning of the first volume. Cardinal Manning's preface contains a graphic portraiture of the period, the character, and the special mission of St. Charles, with an application to the present time, on that line of thought which he so frequently and so forcibly is wont to pursue: viz., the necessity of perfection in the priesthood as the great means of effecting spiritual renovation and progress in the church and in human society at large.

THE MIRACULOUS EPISODES OF LOURDES. By Henri Lasserre. Continuation and second volume of *Our Lady of Lourdes*. Translated from the seventeenth edition, with the express permission of the author, by M. E. Martin. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

M. Lasserre's first book has had an immense circulation. It has been

translated into English, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Breton, Polish, Hungarian, Slavonic, Chinese, and Tamoul. There are two English translations, one by Father Sisk, published in England, which we suppose is a good one; another, published in New York, of very inferior quality. A third, prior in time to the other two, exists in the earlier volumes of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and is in every respect excellent. One-half of it was made by the late gifted and lamented Father Rosecrans, C.S.P., a son of the celebrated General Rosecrans, and the rest by an equally competent translator. But unfortunately this translation was never published in book form.

The history of the apparition at Lourdes and of many miracles which have been wrought there, or by the use of water brought from the miraculous fountain of the Grotto of Massabiella, is one which challenges and defies scrutiny and criticism. Nothing has been brought forward against it except gratuitous denials, supercilious sneers, and silent abstention from recognition of, and attempts to account reasonably for, the well-authenticated and attested facts in the case.

This second volume by M. Lasserre supplements and completes the history of his own miraculous cure, which led to his becoming the historian of Lourdes. He now informs us that the Protestant friend at whose instance he determined to apply the water of Lourdes to his eyes was M. de Freycinet, late prime minister of the French Republic; that the young Polish Count Wladimir with whom he had formed such an intimate friendship was the late Cardinal Czacki, sometime papal nuncio at Paris; and that M. Dupont, of Tours, had a share in obtaining for him from God the signal grace with which he was favored.

The histories of four other miraculous and remarkable cures are given, and every one of the narratives is fortified with authentic and indisputable attestations. Among these are certificates of several medical gentlemen. The several accounts are minutely, graphically, and charmingly written. The book is one to be read with great pleasure and profit, and we most earnestly and cordially recommend it to all our readers, wishing that it may have as wide a circulation and do as much good as its predecessor.

ANNUS SANCTUS: Hymns of the Church for the Ecclesiastical Year. Selected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. Vol. I. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This collection comprises translations from the Sacred Offices with modern original and other hymns and some earlier versions of ecclesiastical hymns. Some of these are anonymous. The names of the rest of the contributors, alphabetically arranged, are as follows: Prior Aylward, Rev. G. F. L. Bampfield, J. R. Beste, W. K. Blount, Miss Bowles, Alfred Lord Braye, Matthew Bridges, Miss Caddell, Robert Campbell, Father Caswall, Father Collins, Dryden, J. E. Earle, Faber, Lady G. Fullerton, R. S. Hawker, Provost Husenbeth, Charles Kent, Mrs. F. G. Lee, H. W. Lloyd, D. Florence MacCarthy, R. Monteith, Miss Mulholland, Newman, Oakeley, Justice O'Hagan, Rev. H. N. Oxenham, Lady C. Petre, Ambrose L. Phillipps, Prof. Potter, Adelaide Procter, Father Rawes, Father Russell, S.J., Father H. I. D. Ryder, Rev. F. Stanfield, Aubrey de Vere, Rev. A. D. Wackerbarth, Dr. Wallace, R. Dalton Williams, W. F. Wingfield,

The enumeration of these names is more than an entire series of eulogistic sentences. We are pleased to see that only the compositions of Catholics have been admitted into the collection. Some of them are now printed for the first time, and others have been rescued from oblivion by being now reprinted. Besides the translations there are also many original hymns. The preface is full of interesting information. The editor has had two main objects in the publication of this volume—which is to be followed by another—one devotional, the other literary. He has done his work well, and a great many of the hymns he has published possess a high degree of poetical merit, besides other titles, belonging more or less to all of them, to preservation and the appreciation of Catholics.

GASTON DE SEGUR: A Biography condensed from the French Memoir of the Marquis de Segur. By Father J. M. A. Partridge. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884. (Quarterly Series, vol. 47.)

Monseigneur De Segur is one of the most admirable and fascinating characters in the group of illustrious French Catholics who adorn this century. The condensed memoir now published in English is a welcome addition to our biographical literature, and, like the other volumes of the excellent Quarterly Series edited by the indefatigable Father Coleridge, is both delightful and instructive reading.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR: Suited for the Practice called "Quarter of an Hour's Solitude." Edited by Rev. R. Baxter, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benzigers. 1884.

Archbishop Gibbons calls this a "previous book." It is a very old one, having been written in Latin by an English religious in 1639, translated in 1669, and very much prized and made use of by English Catholics during the age of persecution. Father Baxter's edition was published in the United States in 1822, and the actual editor of this new and handsome edition, which has been carefully revised, and as it now stands is free from the peculiarities of the old English manner, is Father Neale, S.J., of St. Inigoes, Maryland. There is no need of saying more than that it is an excellent book for purposes of meditation and spiritual reading.

A PHILOSOPHICAL CATECHISM FOR BEGINNERS. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S., etc. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

The *Philosophical Catechism* is small in size, but it is a *chef-d'œuvre*. A tiny German girl once said: "Ich bin zwar klein, aber Ich habe den vollen Verstand." This little book has enough in it to give full understanding of most essential things to those who can exhaust its contents. It is the most difficult of all tasks to compose a perfect catechism. A catechism of philosophy is something new and perhaps more difficult of execution than a catechism of religion. We have heard an able philosopher express the opinion that a short, simple, easy philosophy for beginners cannot be written. We can fancy that Father Harper would look on a catechism with scorn. Mr. Mivart has done the task, and *ab actu ad posse valet consequentia*. The writer of this notice has taught philosophy for several years. He acknowledges cheerfully that he has learned something from this catechism, and may venture to advise all, even teachers, not to disdain

to study it and learn from it, though it is a book for beginners. Particularly we earnestly recommend it to all teachers who have classes of the older pupils in schools, either of boys or of girls, who are studying the elements of philosophy, for their own use, and also for such of their scholars as can profit by it. We recommend all others in general to make an act of humility and rank themselves as among the "beginners" of Mr. Mivart's catechetical school.

The *Catechism* is worth far more than some text-books of philosophy, and in some respects is better than the best of them. This is true especially in this sense, that its doctrine is more sound than that of a great many philosophical treatises, and that it puts the truths taught in the best text-books more intelligibly before the modern English mind. One marked success achieved by the author is that he has shown most briefly but most lucidly that the denial of his principles knocks the bottom out of all physical science. No one can understand the excellence and utility of this little book without reading it attentively. It could be expanded into a larger volume which would just meet a great want which no one has hitherto supplied.

MONTCALM AND WOLF. By Francis Parkman. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1884.

This important and valuable book is one of Mr. Parkman's series of historical works entitled "France and England in America." The present work is worthy of the series to which belong *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Jesuits in North America*, *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, *The Old Régime in Canada*, and *Count Frontenac and New France*. In this list of works the period between 1700 and 1748 has been passed over; it is no doubt Mr. Parkman's intention to fill this *hiatus* with another book, and this will complete the continuous history of the French occupation in America and its extinction.

The labor bestowed upon the present work, and the amount of new materials secured for its preparation, have been immense. The public offices in England and France have been ransacked for materials, and the archives examined with unflinching industry, and a vast amount of new and heretofore unpublished matter has been used. The author has also visited in person the scenes of the great drama he portrays, and verified on the spot all local and topographical descriptions. This first volume fully sustains Mr. Parkman's reputation for learning, research, and general impartiality. The style is in his best vein, and we feel that little we could say can enhance the appreciation of his countrymen for Mr. Parkman's labors and their splendid results. We will look for the second volume with interest.

We notice that in this volume the unfortunate Acadians play a conspicuous part. Mr. Parkman is not without sympathy for their sufferings, but says much towards justifying the course of England as rendered necessary by the heartless and selfish policy of the government of Louis XV. He thinks that modern writers of New England have done injustice to their ancestors. "New England humanitarianism," he writes, "melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe, has been unjust to its own." One would scarcely agree with this view after reading the recent book of Mr.

Philip H. Smith, who reproduces the original documents and tells the story of the Acadians from them. That religious bigotry and hatred of the Catholic Church was the leading motive of the Puritans of New England in wiping out Acadia and the Acadians cannot fairly be denied. Mr. Parkman may show the necessity for English political thoroughness in meeting the counter policy of France, but it cannot be denied that humanity was outraged in the wrongs inflicted on the Acadians, nor that the Puritans were the willing instruments of the disgraceful tragedy. It is on such topics as this that Mr. Parkman's impartiality seems to fail him and the cause of humanity.

MARYLAND: THE HISTORY OF A PALATINATE. By William Hand Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1884.

It is only five years since Mr. Scharf's elaborate *History of Maryland* in three large volumes appeared. All that is historical in Mr. Brown's new book is also to be found in that of Mr. Scharf; and yet we regard the former as an acceptable contribution to the historical literature of the country. It is one of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "Commonwealth Series," and it presents the essential and leading historical facts in a small compass and at a comparatively trifling cost. For the general reader it is ample; for the exact student of the history of Maryland it is too general and discursive. On disputed questions it scarcely goes sufficiently into detail. And yet on the much-mooted point as to the religious faith of a majority of the passengers in the *Ark* and *Dove* in 1633—a question much discussed in Mr. Bancroft's last edition of his *History of the United States* and in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD—Mr. Brown expresses the probable opinion that most of the twenty "gentlemen adventurers" were Catholics, and most of the laborers and servants Protestants. At the same time, in a foot-note at page 22, he adverts to the fact that Watkins, the London "searcher," only found one hundred and twenty-eight emigrants to take the oath of allegiance, and he suggests that if these were all the Protestants, and the rest, who embarked at the Isle of Wight, were all Catholics, in that case it is "probable" that the Catholics constituted a majority of the entire body of emigrants. It was shown in THE CATHOLIC WORLD'S reviews of Mr. Bancroft's books that as the whole company in the *Ark* and *Dove* amounted to about three hundred, and possibly three hundred and twenty, even if we grant that all who took the oath from Watkins were Protestants, the Catholics were certainly in the majority; but it was further shown that it was not by any means certain that the one hundred and twenty-eight to whom Watkins administered the oath of allegiance were Protestants, because there was nothing in the oath itself which a Catholic might not have submitted to under such circumstances. Mr. Brown dismisses the question as uncertain.

The style of the work is pleasant and easy, being rather the style of an essayist than of an historian. Indeed, Mr. Brown frequently verges on levity, though he generally manages to be caustic and piquant. He gives an interesting narrative of the lives and characters of the proprietaries, and, in fact, the book is merely the history of the Palatinate of the Lords Baltimore. This noble family first appears prominent in the illustrious and

honorable persons of George and Cecilius Calvert, and continues its line of succession without reproach or dishonor until it unfortunately ends with the disgraceful apostasy and immoral life and selfish administration of Frederick, the sixth and last Lord Baltimore, and of his illegitimate son, Henry Harford, whom he made his testamentary heir.

Mr. Brown gives full praise and honor to the Catholic founders of Maryland for "The Freedom of Worship Bill" which they enacted, and for the religious liberty which from the beginning formed the established custom and rule of practice of the colony. He shows, too, in a most striking manner, how Catholics in the very home which they made free to all became the victims of religious persecution at the hands of the very sects which they had in their day of power permitted to enter the colony and enjoy freedom of conscience. It is a credit to the Protestants of Maryland, ever since the Revolution of 1776, that they have sympathized with the persecuted Catholics of the colonial period and condemned the intolerance of their own Protestant ancestors. Mr. Brown is an honorable exponent of this sentiment.

THE CENTENARY OF CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY. By Hon. Ben. J. Webb. Louisville: C. A. Rogers. 1884. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The value of a book like this, which consists of biographical and historical details belonging to local history, consists in the minuteness and accuracy of its narrative. It is evident that Mr. Webb's quite bulky volume does not lack minuteness and thoroughness, and we suppose that it is accurate. Much of it has a general importance and interest, but for Kentuckians, especially those who are Catholics, and for the relatives and friends of the numerous persons mentioned, and all those who are acquainted with the places and scenes described, all its details must possess a vivid interest. There are several striking portraits of distinguished clergymen and laymen, particularly one of M. Henri de Gallon, a French emigrant of 1806, from a crayon drawing by the celebrated John James Audubon.

LIFE OF ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND. By Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews. Translated from the Latin by William Forbes-Leith, S.J. Edinburgh: William Patterson. 1884.

The memoir of St. Margaret of Scotland by Bishop Turgot is one of the most interesting pieces of personal and historical biography extant. No more beautiful character ever sat upon a throne than Queen Margaret—she through whom the blood of the old Saxon dynasty was destined to pass into the veins of the descendants of the Norman conqueror. "It was," says Mr. Freeman, the historian, "a good day for Malcolm and for Scotland when Margaret was persuaded or constrained to exchange the easy self-dedication of the cloister for the harder task of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. Margaret became the mirror of wives, mothers, and queens, and none ever more worthily earned the honors of Saintship. Her gentle influence reformed whatever needed to be reformed in her husband, and none labored more diligently for the advance of temporal and spiritual enlightenment in her adopted country. . . . There was indeed no need for Margaret to bring a new religion into

Scotland, but she gave a new life to the religion which she found existing there. She became the correspondent of Lanfranc, and her life was written by the holy Prior and Bishop Turgot." It is this life by Bishop Turgot which Father Forbes-Leith has translated from the Latin and issued in the handsome volume before us.

Turgot's memoir of St. Margaret, as he says himself, is "especially trustworthy, since (thanks to her great and familiar intercourse with me) I am acquainted with the most part of her secrets." The narrative is pervaded by a placid air of truthfulness which there is no mistaking, and it has borne every historical test to which it has been submitted. It ranges over all the events of that beneficent reign in which Margaret had been specially concerned. It gives a notable account of the state of the Scottish church and kingdom at the time of the Norman conquest, and it admittedly supplies "the first really authentic history of Scotland after the notices in Adamnan and Bæda, *The Pictish Chronicle*, and the *Book of Deer*."

Father Forbes-Leith's translation is done with scholarship and literary skill, while as a piece of book-making his volume is a gem. It is bound in white boards, printed on toned, rough-edged paper, and accompanied by several illustrations reproduced by an expensive process.

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, PRINCIPALLY CATHOLIC. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, A.M. Oct., 1884. Pittsburgh: Myers, Shinkle & Co.

This handsomely-published quarterly magazine of Pennsylvania history is in every respect most creditable to Father Lambing, and deserving of support and encouragement.

PHILIPS' HISTORICAL READERS. England: Four Books. Boston: Boston School Supply Co. 1884.

The aim of this series of readers, according to the publishers, is to "present clearly and accurately all that children can well understand of the events which led to the founding and making of the English nation." The publishers' portion of the work is certainly well done. The illustrations are the best we have seen accompanying so cheap a series, and have the merit of being really an educative help to the text. For the rest the books are written in a fresh and simple literary style which suits itself to the child's comprehension without being "written down to" it. The narrative honestly endeavors to be impartial, and in the main succeeds, though it does not always escape untainted from the distorted versions of important events with which English history abounds. The author is evidently an ardent Anglophile without being an Anglo-maniac, and he sometimes goes so far as to speak of "our" policy (as in Zululand, for instance) when he means the British policy. He refers to the people of Ireland as "that unfortunate people" who "unhappily" do not receive English concessions in the proper spirit—notably the concession of the Land Act of 1870, which, he says, gave "security of tenure and moderate rents to the tenants, and may be said to have made them part proprietors of the soil with their landlords." If the Land Act of 1870 did all this the Irish indeed were wrong in being discontented; but where, then, was the necessity for the Land Act of 1881? In a note this act is casually

alluded to as an "amendment" of the act of 1870. It is not; it is a separate act of far wider scope and graver importance. In spite of such inaccuracies as this the spirit of this historical series is commendable; and we could wish to see a set of readers compiled for Catholic schools on a similar plan.

AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN. A novel. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

The admirers of Mr. Marion Crawford have reason to complain. They said he was "producing too fast" when, a few months ago, he discharged a fourth novel at them. What will they say now? In that most entertaining of all his books, his *Autobiography*, Anthony Trollope mentions the disgust with which a firm of publishers told him of an author who "spawned" upon them three novels a year. Mr. Crawford evidently has not the fear before his eyes of having his literary fecundity thus characterized. Nor does he seem to dread that his poor admirers may one day be brought to regard him in the light of that most dreaded shade from the literary Hades, the man who wants to read a manuscript to you. Mr. Crawford's friends ought to warn him. The interesting young writer is in great danger.

His latest "novel," *An American Politician*, is a grave symptom. When reviewing his *Roman Singer* we expressed high hopes for Mr. Crawford, notwithstanding the discouraging evidences of a "fatal facility for production." We never thought it would come to this. As to his previous novels, it could be indulgently said that he at least wrote because he had some screed of a story to tell. Now he has deliberately set himself to write because he has to tell a story. Worse: he has laid himself open to the charge of writing on the merest catch-penny principles. His "novel" with the catching title, *An American Politician*, appears suspiciously in the height of the excitement of the Presidential election. The nature of the thing itself strengthens the worst suspicions. It is the poorest, tawdriest, most shameless penny-a-lining, spun out to the requisite number of pages without skill or care—a book "knocked up" for the sole purpose of exploiting the sensation of the hour, just as publishers of a certain class get out "lives" of Sarah Bernhardt when that actress is starring in the country—a book for both the publishers and the author to be ashamed of. It is not even an honest attempt to do the author's best hastily. The incidents, the dialogue, the love-making are eked out with the stock-properties of the "story"-factory. Even the "international episode," because it has had a recent vogue with Henry James and his genus, is resorted to. The wretched thing is beneath contempt. Its perpetrator, if he have any regard for his reputation, ought to bury it and all trace of it out of sight like a crime.

But perhaps Mr. Crawford has already "produced" the best that is in him. Perhaps he means *An American Politician* seriously. If so, that settles it, and we beg his pardon if we have said anything disparaging of his legitimate occupation.

MAURICE TYRONE; or, The Fair Saxon. A novel. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. New York: D. & J. Sadler & Co. 1884.

This is a handsomely bound American reprint of *A Fair Saxon*, which

is undoubtedly the best of Mr. Justin McCarthy's novels. Mr. McCarthy as a novelist has a pleasant, lucid manner, a considerable power of picturesque description, and a skill in delineating characters that do not startle by excessive originality or dramatic contrasts. Maurice Tyrone, however, is a figure of unusual interest—that of the descendant of Irish chieftains carrying the hierarchical sentiment of his race into these degenerate days and into the English Parliament, where he finds, disguised in the methods of the nineteenth century, duties, prejudices, and temptations confronting him essentially like what his forbears had to face in the days when political questions were settled by hackbut and battle-axe. It is a figure romantic, picturesque, and—Irish; qualities which appeal to all that is strongest in the Irish romancer, and which so few of Mr. McCarthy's heroes or heroines possess. The story through which Maurice Tyrone moves is strongly conceived, and the minor characters are happily contrasted, and are drawn with an excellent touch. The American widow and her son are truthful sketches. The heroine is fresh, pure, and lovable; and the novel is pervaded all through with that healthy tone which gives Mr. McCarthy's novels their highest claim to be admitted into the family circle.

THE MOWBRAYS AND HARRINGTONS: A Novel of American Life. By Mary M. Meline, author of *The Montarges Legacy, In Six Months, Charteris*, etc. Baltimore: The Baltimore Pub. Co., 174 West Baltimore Street. 1884.

Miss Meline has written several readable stories, of which this is thus far the latest. The literary style of the author is pure and good. She has the knowledge acquired by personal experience of that class of society in which her chief *dramatis personæ* are supposed to move, and they are distinctly-outlined, individual characters. In this story two of our old friends, the late Archbishop Purcell and the late Mrs. Peter, are portrayed in a very recognizable manner. Perhaps some of the other characters also are drawn from real life. The plot and the interest of the story mostly turn upon the not infrequent occurrence of the intermarriage of Catholic with Protestant, with the domestic and social sequences of conversions, and other events not so desirable. There is a vein here which has been frequently and assiduously worked since persons of the two religions have come into closer contact than formerly, and it does not seem to be yet exhausted. We wish the author ample success, and hope many of our young readers will find pleasure in reading her story, as we did, although not young.

JOHN BULL'S DAUGHTERS. By Max O'Rell. Translated by F. C. Valentine. New York: Richard A. Saalfield.

John Bull and his Island, though displaying much ignorance and flippancy, was well worth reading. The author wrote it because he had something to say. He put into it the outcome of many years of cogitation on the features of English life which most strike a foreigner by their divergence from the Continental standard. He gave John Bull in it not a few well-deserved raps over the knuckles for failings which are pretty apparent to all the world but John himself. But in *John Bull and his Island* the writer who calls himself Max O'Rell said all he had to say on his subject, or at

least all he had to say on it that was worth putting into print. His present work is given to the world because the first was a great pecuniary success. The publishers felt that the *nom de plume* Max O'Rell would sell any book, good or bad, that might be issued in connection with it. They encouraged the author to try his hand at making bricks without straw, and the result is that *John Bull's Daughters* is a failure. The title, to begin with, is misleading. Through the greater part of the work Max O'Rell seems to be merely trying to add a number of new chapters to the book that made his fame. He appears to be conscious himself of deserting his proper theme, and he makes frequent abrupt attempts to return to it. He has really very little to say about John Bull's womankind, and that little is mostly libellous. Smart Max O'Rell is, but it is not hard to be smart at the expense of truth. And worse than the falsities of the book (which may, after all, be due to imperfect vision) are the flagrant indecency which marks some portions of it and the mockery of holy things in which the author elsewhere seeks the elements of piquancy. The translator has been obliged to alter some passages to make them printable in America. The American publisher would have been better advised if he had altogether excised a couple of chapters which are distinctly immoral, and left the readers of the French edition the monopoly of the section in which the Salvation Army are introduced into heaven.

THE THREE PROPHETS: Chinese Gordon, Mohammed-Ahmed (El Mahdi), Arabi Pasha. By Colonel C. Chaillé Long. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, paper, 236 pp.

Colonel Long was Gordon's chief-of-staff in 1874, and was in Alexandria during the massacres and after the bombardment. His knowledge of Egyptian affairs is extensive. In the progress of events he sees the occult policy of Great Britain. The three prophets, according to him, have been the automata with which she has sought to conceal her purpose to annex Egypt and the Soudan and thus found an African India. When the author writes as an eye-witness his narrative is interesting, and the book, although disjointed, is full of facts. His theory, however, seems to be a product of a bold imagination. Evidently he believes in four prophets, Gordon, the Mahdi, Arabi, and Colonel Long—the last the greatest of them all.

CATHOLIC CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN UNBELIEF. By the Rt. Rev. J. D. Ricards, D.D., Bishop of Retimo and V. A. of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benzigers. 1884.

It is very curious, and significant of the progress of events, to receive a book from South Africa, accompanied by several critical notices of the South-African Press, extracted from no less than eight newspapers. It is evident from these notices that Bishop Ricards is highly esteemed and that his volume has been well received at Cape Colony. He is an Irishman, and has been for thirty-five years a laborious missionary. His argument is plain, straightforward, logically and clearly expressed, and well adapted to do the good which the author has intended to those who will read it carefully.

THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS HEALTH: A text-book for schools, having special reference to the effects of stimulants and narcotics on the human system. By William Thayer Smith, M.D. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. 1884.

The value of an intelligent general knowledge of the principles of physiology and the laws of hygiene as a portion of a good education is becoming more widely appreciated. Several text-books dealing with this branch have already appeared. The above-named is one of these little books, and it seems to fulfil its purpose well. The author says in his preface:

"I have tried to give to the student a definite impression, in outline, of the structure and functions of the human body. To this end I have tried to omit all statements that would confuse the picture by overloading it, and all statements that could not be understood by those who will be its most numerous readers. I have not told them, for example, that the reaction of the saliva is alkaline, and that of the gastric juice acid, because for many of them that statement would have no meaning. I have not mentioned the names of many of the muscles, because it is difficult and unnecessary to remember them. The laws of hygiene are given in connection with the facts of anatomy and physiology from which they are derived. Learned in this way, they will remain in the mind as guiding *principles*, and not simply as the dicta of authority."

The author has the proper qualifications for his task: he is associate professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth Medical College. A special feature of the book is the demonstration of the injurious effects of stimulants and narcotics on the human system; and next to the methods of religion we do not know a better way of making intelligent temperance recruits than the diffusion of the knowledge thus conveyed.

THE TRIBUNAL OF CONSCIENCE. By F. Druzicki, S.J. (Quarterly Series, vol. 48.) London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

This is a small treatise by a distinguished Polish Jesuit of the seventeenth century, containing rules and instructions for the general and particular examination of the conscience. It was written for the use of religious, and will be specially useful to that class of Christians, but it is recommended by Father Coleridge as also a work of general utility.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION CONSIDERED IN ITS BEARINGS ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF PRIESTS. A Discourse delivered by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, at the Cathedral, Baltimore, Sunday, November 16, 1884. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1884.

This eloquent discourse relates to a topic of great importance and interest. We trust that practical and energetic measures are about to be taken to carry into effect a projected work which is so earnestly recommended by Bishop Spalding. We should like to see put upon paper by one or more competent hands a distinct and detailed conspectus of the courses of study which ought to be followed in a theological college of higher studies, as well as of desirable improvements in the studies of seminaries, colleges, and preparatory schools.

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XL.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 239.

THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION IN ENGLAND.*

THE question of national education in England, as in other countries, is one that is becoming every day of more and more vital importance. The necessity of education as a means of improving both the present and future condition of the masses has long been recognized by practical politicians of all shades of opinion; while the utter inability of the poorer class of parents to provide for the efficient instruction of their offspring has rendered it imperative that that education of which they would otherwise be deprived should be supplied at the expense of the state. This theory is but just, and, taken in the abstract, is simple enough. But the issues involved in imparting this education are surrounded by innumerable and apparently insurmountable difficulties. The consideration of some of these difficulties, which are engrossing the attention of all serious politicians, is the object of this article.

The first decisive step in the direction of state education was taken, as is universally known, in the year 1870, when Mr. W. E.

* The lines of explanation and defence of the "school question" in Great Britain are nearly identical, if not the same, as in the United States, though the circumstances of the two countries are very different. England, led by a few despotic and infidel agents, is departing from denominational education and favoring the exclusive secular system which now mostly reigns here. Let us hope that the religious sense of our people will soon see the baneful influence exerted by the exclusive secular education of our so-called public schools, and favor the other. This would be favoring religious liberty, equal rights, and fair play, and would be more in harmony with the spirit of Christian civilization and the genius of our republican institutions. There is much in the zeal and self-sacrifice of Catholics in England, in their struggle for religious liberty, which might serve us as an example.—EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD.

Forster, on the part of the Liberal government, which was then in power, introduced the now historical Education Act. This measure, which naturally gave rise to a lengthy, though by no means exhaustive, discussion, having passed through its various stages in both Houses of Parliament, became law on August 9, 1870. Its more sanguine and optimistic supporters saw, or imagined that they saw, in it the final and complete solution of all difficulties, and therefore hailed its advent with no little enthusiasm.

The more thoughtful and far-seeing critics of the measure, however, while recognizing its undoubted good qualities and the unmistakable demand there was for legislation on the subject, were forced to acknowledge that there were many and vital questions with which it utterly failed to cope. An experience of fourteen years has proved this view to have been a sound one; for, so far from being a *fait accompli*, the education question in England is still harassing the very centre of the social system and is demanding the immediate attention of Parliament.

The act of 1870 was, necessarily, an experimental measure. It could hardly have been expected that a question of such vast social and political importance, affecting, as it did, every class and section in the community, could possibly be decided off-hand by a single act of Parliament. Such an expectation would have been both futile and unreasonable. A government, in attempting to decide the difficult and knotty question of state education, undoubtedly assumes for itself a grave responsibility. Its labors are big with the fate of future generations. Its legislation, if just, may be productive of much good; but if unjust, unnecessary, or indiscreet, it may be the cause of immense and incalculable harm. Now, we do not in the least pretend to assert that the Education Act of 1870 was unnecessary. On the contrary, it was most necessary and was imperatively demanded. Nor do we hold that it was wholly unjust. In many respects it was, we admit, a good and reasonable measure; but a thing that is intrinsically good may be rendered evil in its results if carried to an undue excess. And we contend that the educational system in England is, in some points, being carried to an excess which is altogether unnecessary and may prove in the highest degree prejudicial to the interests of society; while in other respects which are of far greater and deeper importance the system is actually suffered to languish and stagnate. We refer, in the first place, to the lavish expenditure of public money by the School Board authorities and to the excessive over-pressure exercised in

many of the schools; while, in the second place (and this subject is of such infinite consequence that it reduces the other to comparative insignificance), we refer to the momentous and all-engrossing question of religion. With the last question only we intend now to deal.

In referring to the subject of religion we have sounded the key-note (or what should be the key-note) of every civilized system of education. The supremacy of religion, and the necessity of its influence as the groundwork of all secular instruction, has been a recognized truth since the earliest days of Christianity; and this doctrine (which is but the doctrine of common sense) was promulgated and this system rigidly enforced all through those times of enlightenment which, in the present days of arrogant agnosticism and overbearing pedantry, have been paradoxically designated "the dark ages." The system that was practised in those ages of darkness, and even up to a recent date in this era of enlightenment, is still supported and approved of by all who regard religion with any degree of respect. But Liberalism, which is fast degenerating into Radicalism, sees no necessity for the bond of union. It acknowledges the necessity for education as the best means of ameliorating the temporal condition of the present and future generations, but it sees absolutely no necessity whatever for religious instruction; and, therefore, the link of connection has been severed and religion and education have been divorced. The baneful results that will be brought about by this insane disunion are but too painfully evident to all who have the interests of morality at heart. It is, therefore, with persistent and unswerving energy that the religious population of England are striving to avert what, in the existing state of the law, appears to be inevitable. And the Catholic body, headed by Cardinal Manning (who has done more, perhaps, than any man living to further the cause of religious instruction), are in the foremost phalanx of the army of attack.

The Education Act of 1870 was brought forward to meet a want the existence of which no one, we believe, is prepared to deny. But, whether it met that want or not (and we do not intend now to argue the point), it is a fact that the measure, if it did not actually create, certainly increased and aggravated, another want of a far more pressing and urgent nature, which now demands to be supplied. Previous to the act in question the education of the country—that is, of course, the education of the poorer classes of the population—was derived entirely from those voluntary schools which were from time to time established by

the various religious bodies in the country, and whose maintenance depended solely upon the subscriptions of the members of such bodies. And in the schools thus carried on the dogmas of Christianity were instilled into the minds of the children together with the ordinary branches of education. There were, of course, numerous small private institutions (such as, for instance, the dame schools) started by the proprietors, partly, it may be, in furtherance of the ends of philanthropy, though chiefly as a means of subsistence; but in all of these, however meagre may have been the amount of learning imparted, the homely truths of religion were never neglected or forgotten. The system was an insufficient one, certainly; but, such as it was, it was based upon a stable foundation. It familiarized children from their earliest years with religious doctrines, and thus formed the groundwork of their moral characters. At one time, no doubt, this system may have been sufficient, but long before the year 1870 it had become quite inadequate and utterly incompetent to meet the pressing demands of the times. The wide increase of the population and the rapid progress of the age called for a more extensive and far more comprehensive system of education. The duty of providing instruction for those who were unable to pay for it themselves had been left for far too long a time to the unassisted hands of charity. The voluntary schools, though at the best only struggling and hampered institutions, nevertheless provided instruction for considerably over a million of the children of the country. Yet the scope of their labors was but small compared with the vastness of the population. Indeed, by far the greater portion of the children were beyond the reach of the voluntary schools. Thus it will be seen that legislation on the subject of education, which was not provided until 1870, had been urgently demanded long before that year.

It cannot, then, for a moment be questioned, even, we imagine, by the agnostics of the present day, that the voluntary schools (putting aside the good they have done in the cause of religion, and regarding the matter from a purely secular point of view) have been of inestimable service to the country at large. But for them education, even of the most rudimentary and superficial character, would have been almost entirely withheld from the lower classes of the community; and thus the intellectual progress of the masses would have been hopelessly retarded. Indeed, Mr. Forster himself, in introducing the Education Act, bore testimony to the good service done by the voluntary schools.

“While alluding,” he said, “to voluntary zeal I must be allowed to state

that I think no one could occupy my office without being fully aware of what the country owes to the managers of the schools at present in receipt of government grants. Both before and during my tenure of that office I have had many opportunities of seeing those gentlemen at work, particularly ministers of religion of all denominations, though perhaps it has been my lot to see more of the clergy of the Church of England than of others. I have seen them at their work and tried to help them occasionally. I know the sacrifices they have made, and not for a moment do I believe it possible that any one who considers this question will disregard what they have already done or will wish to do without their aid in the future."

Remembering, then, the benefits that these voluntary schools had bestowed upon the country in general at a time when it was denied all other assistance, and bearing also in mind Mr. Forster's words, it was surely not unreasonable to expect that, pursuant of the dictates of common justice, not to mention any natural sentiments of gratitude, in whatever legislation might be proposed on the subject the interests of the voluntary schools would be jealously cared for, and the claims of those who had hitherto been the sole instructors of the poor would at least receive every consideration. But no. Experience is a hard school, certainly, and in it must we learn how to measure man's sense of gratitude or justice. So far from what we have suggested being the case, so far from the professions of Mr. Forster being carried into effect, the voluntary schools are now placed in a far more difficult position than they were previous to the passing of the act. They are laboring under the severest and most unjust oppression. Instead of being assisted by the legislation of 1870 they are, as a consequence of that legislation, threatened with ultimate and total extinction; and it is only by the unabating zeal of the members of the various religious bodies in the country and the self-denial of religiously-disposed individuals that the voluntary schools still manage to maintain a struggling existence.

The difficulties that the government had to encounter in framing the act of 1870 were certainly not few. And we are fully convinced that they entered upon those difficulties with the best possible intentions, and whatever evils have resulted from their measure (and we are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that they are many) are due not so much to a want of sincerity on the part of the government as to mistaken motives and an utter absence of foresight. Education, irrespective of creed, had to be provided for the whole of the poorer class of the community, who were as yet beyond the reach of the existing system. The chief difficulty, therefore, that presented itself to the framers

of the act was the question of religious instruction. They could not establish a system of national education under which children would be instructed in the doctrines of religion in a form that would not be in harmony with the views of the parents, or would be, perhaps, positively distasteful to them. Such a step would have been greeted with public disapproval as a direct violation of the much-boasted principles of civil and religious liberty. Nor, on the other hand, could they possibly provide separate religious instruction for the children belonging to each of the various sects attending their schools. Both courses were equally objectionable, and, if adopted, would have raised a strong feeling in the country. What, then, did the government do? There was yet one other way out of the dilemma, and it is certainly strange that it did not present itself to the flexible mind of Mr. Gladstone, who seldom fails to see three courses open. The advocates of religious education would naturally have been the first to object to any proposition for establishing a system in which one form of religious teaching would have been enforced indiscriminately upon all children alike. They were equally alive to the impossibility of providing in the state schools separate religious instruction for the children of every denomination. This, they knew, would be impossible and impracticable, even though it were needed. But was it needed? The whole aim, or at least the professed aim, of the act of 1870 was to complete the system already in existence, or, as Mr. Forster put it, "to fill up gaps." Why, then, should there be any difficulty about religious instruction? Surely the duty of the government was clear enough? They could carry out their own theories, if they liked; they could establish the school-board system and preclude from it religious instruction of any kind whatsoever; but while forming a purely secular system of education they should at the same time have provided for the religious convictions of the people by treating the state schools and those belonging to the various religious denominations with a perfect and unbending equality. They would thus have given a rigid observance to the principle of religious liberty, while at the same time they would have preserved intact the Christianity of England. This was the third course that was open to the government, and the course which they ought in justice to have pursued. Nevertheless the idea did *not* present itself to the cabinet of 1870, or, if it did, was wholly and unaccountably disregarded. Feeling, or professing to feel, keenly the difficulties of their position in regard to religious instruction, and believing themselves to be hampered and

hemmed in all round, while in reality they turned their back on the only conscientious mode of exit and escape, the government adopted a neutral course which placed religious education in England in a scarcely less degraded position than it now holds in France. In France religion is openly assailed by the government; in England it is treated with a contemptuous indifference and is regarded as a thing of only secondary importance. Religious instruction is entirely excluded from its national schools. It is true that the Bible is read in many institutions, but anything in the shape of dogmatic explanation is strictly prohibited, so that children are left to put their own construction upon the doctrines it unfolds. The very fact that allowing the Bible to be read is a concession made subsequent to the passing of the act only serves to prove that the English people are in favor of religious instruction. Religious teaching, then, being prohibited in school, the duty of providing it is thrown entirely upon the parents, who, by reason of their occupations, or perhaps from an indifference inspired by the evil example of the state, neglect to fulfil it. Another cause also that renders the teaching of religious knowledge after school-hours almost impossible is that, having been shut up in the school-room for the greater part of the day, the children are naturally eager, on being released, to devote what little leisure they have to their well-earned though scanty amusements. In most of the schools, too, home lessons are set, and in this way the already feeble chance of imparting religious knowledge after school is hopelessly diminished.

Thus the majority of the children educated at the board schools grow up in comparative ignorance of the truths of religion, or, if they manage to learn anything of its doctrines, they learn also, by force of example, to treat them with indifference if not with contempt. We cannot believe that the originators of the act of 1870 had any idea that the present deplorable state of things would be the natural outcome of their measure. Indeed, Mr. Forster, in his speech introducing the scheme, betrayed a commendable anxiety respecting the question of religion. But there is a wide and striking difference between that speech of Mr. Forster and the legislation that has grown out of the bill it introduced. "We must take care," said the member for Bradford in 1870, "not to destroy in building up—not to destroy the existing system in introducing a new one." "Our object," he declared, "is to complete the present voluntary system, to fill up gaps, sparing the public money when it can be done without, procuring as much as we can the assistance of parents, and wel-

coming as much as we rightly can the co-operation and aid of those benevolent men who desire to assist their neighbors." How many of these fair promises have been fulfilled? The question is a simple one to ask, but it is a difficult one to answer. For the government measure, so far from assisting, has cast a thousand obstacles in the way to impede the progress of the voluntary schools. If by the phrase "complete the voluntary system" Mr. Forster meant to imply that the government intended to "finish" it, or, in other words, to bring it to an end, then we must own that they have certainly done their utmost to achieve success; and if their endeavors in this instance have been baffled and frustrated, we may truly say (and it is, perhaps, the only thing in connection with the bill of which the same may be said) that the failure is due to no fault of theirs.

One passage in particular in Mr. Forster's speech was most ingeniously constructed, and doubtless had the effect of silencing the scruples of many honorable members. It ran thus :

"I confess that, on further examination of the question, we did not think it right—as the House will perceive from the provisions I have already explained—to insist on the School Board assisting the present schools. We give them, however, power to do so if they please. They have a certain educational destitution to supply. They may do it either by setting up their own public elementary schools or by assisting the present public elementary schools; those schools, I need not remind the House, being efficient up to a certain standard of secular efficiency and having the Conscience Clause, as I have described. They may either provide schools themselves or assist the present schools, or they may do both. But there is this condition, that if they do go on the principle of assisting they must assist all schools on equal terms."

Were we not already convinced of the sincerity of Mr. Forster we should at once set this passage down as a shrewd and subtle artifice, a discreet and deceptive stroke of political legerdemain. As it is, we can only wonder at the hopeless want of forethought and the apparent ignorance of the merest rudiments of worldly knowledge betrayed by Mr. Forster and his colleagues. To place the voluntary schools at the mercy of a corporate body of men whose chief aim is naturally to secure their own interests, and to expect them, at the sacrifice of those interests, to vote assistance to the voluntary schools, speaks either of a callous indifference to facts or an utter inexperience of men and public bodies. The idea of placing the religious schools under the protection of the School Board was, no doubt, good in theory and answered the purpose of removing, to all appear-

ance, from the shoulders of the government the responsibility of neglecting the interests of that class which had hitherto been the sole instruments for educating the poor. But the idea, good in theory, was utterly incapable of being carried into effect, and the power that was given to the School Board has proved in every way damaging to the interests of the voluntary schools. For instance, a religious school may have been established in a certain district that was hitherto destitute of the means of education. It may, perhaps, by reason of the unflagging energy and perseverance of the religious body to which it belongs, have so far prospered as to have collected sufficient funds to enable it to erect a school-building. The new building, however, is not large enough to meet the requirements of the place. The School Board perceive the deficiency, and, instead of assisting the voluntary school, take the matter into their own hands, and relieved, by reason of the large sums of money at their disposal, of all those irksome delays and anxieties which never fail to harass the promoters of voluntary education, are able in a very short time to build a large school and thus become, not the assistants, but the rivals, and in the majority of cases the successful rivals, of the voluntary institutions.

There is yet one other passage from Mr. Forster's speech which we cannot refrain from quoting here. It is pregnant throughout with a painful significance. It sounds more like a reproach hurled at the existing educational system than an argument brought forward in support of the government measure. This is what Mr. Forster said :

"We all know that ignorance is weakness, and that weakness, in this hard-struggling world, generally brings misfortune—often leads to vice. Let us, then, each of us think of our own homes, of the villages in which we have to live, of the towns in which it is our lot to be busy; and do we not know child after child, boys or girls, growing up to probable crime, to still more probable misery, because badly taught or utterly untaught? Dare we, then, take on ourselves the responsibility of allowing this ignorance, this weakness, to continue one year longer than we can help?"

We have certainly no intention of dissenting from Mr. Forster. His words, if we give them their true and full application, are undeniable; in fact, they very accurately sum up the case of those who advocate religious education. But unfortunately Mr. Forster did *not* give them their full application. They were uttered by him in support of a system which was practically to deprive children of the means of acquiring religious knowledge, and therefore were intended to apply exclusively to the secular

branches of education. Regarded, then, in this light, his words are entirely deprived of their force, or rather they are invested with a new and far greater significance and become nothing less than a sweeping condemnation of the policy they were intended to uphold. There is, perhaps, a certain amount of truth in the assertion that secular education alone would, in some cases, prove an antidote to vice. In some cases, certainly, it might have the effect, by adding power to the intellect, of lessening the more animal faculties. But while such cases would doubtlessly be few, there would be a far larger number in which education, if unaccompanied by religion, would have precisely the opposite effect. In bringing children up in comparative ignorance of God we allow them to grow in the impression that worldly prosperity and success are the great objects of life; while by suppressing religion we stifle conscience and shatter for ever those nicely-balanced scales that tremble between right and wrong. Secular education may and will lift the intellectual status of the country, but secular education, unassisted by the teachings of religion, cannot possibly improve or elevate the moral condition of the people. On the contrary, a state cannot but suffer from the enforced exclusion of religion from its schools.

Thus the Education Act of 1870 has already been disastrous in its effects upon the Christianity of England. Unconsciously and unintentionally, it may be, the originators of that act have given a considerable stimulus to those baneful materialistic and sectarian principles which are now, unhappily, pervading every section of society. What wonder if sentiments of scepticism which were formerly professed only by a clique are now adopted by a considerable portion of the population? What wonder, either, that a man has only to come forward and publicly proclaim himself an atheist, and give utterance to the foulest blasphemies, to be hailed with enthusiasm by the populace? We do not at all pretend to say that the principles of atheism are the outcome of the act of 1870, for such a statement, if it were nothing worse, would at least be a serious anachronism. Neither do we consider the lamentable spread of those principles to be entirely owing to the passing of that act. The whole tendency of the age, as is well known, is directed towards agnosticism and unbelief; and the first duty of all Christian states, therefore, is to arrest the spread of those pernicious doctrines. Now, the charge that we do bring against the act of 1870 is that it has not only failed and refused to check but has actually stimulated and

encouraged the evil tendency of the age. It has given, on the one hand, every assistance to the cause of unbelief, while on the other it has repressed and considerably diminished the counter-acting influence of religion. The state is surfeiting the rising generation with intellectual knowledge, while it allows it to languish in a most degrading ignorance concerning the very alphabet of religion and morality. While strengthening the minds of children with every kind of mental acquirement it allows conscience to slumber or sink into weakness and decrepitude. How do the words of Mr. Forster come home to him and to his colleagues now? "Dare we," he said in 1870, "take on ourselves the responsibility of allowing this ignorance, this weakness, to continue one year longer than we can help?"

We have spoken at some length of the educational system as it exists in England under the board schools, and from what we have said our readers may, perhaps, have been led to imagine that English children are entirely deprived of religious instruction. Though this is, happily, a misconception, or at least an exaggeration of the present state of things, it is practically true so far as the government is concerned. There is still, however, a large amount of that individual zeal among the religious bodies in England upon which the people had formerly to depend for their education, and to which we have already referred; and those bodies, stimulated by threatened extinction, have strained every nerve in order to extend their influence. So far, indeed, have they succeeded in their aim, although laboring under the severest injustice, that it is a fact, and an encouraging fact in these days of secular teaching, that the number of schools in which religion is taught has considerably increased. It is all very well for the authorities of the Education Department, when expostulated with by the advocates of religious instruction, to take credit to the Education Act for the progress that has been made by the religious schools. Mr. Mundella, in moving the educational estimates in the House of Commons this year, declared that, so far from the introduction of secular having prevented the spread of religious education, evidence showed the reverse to be the case; and he contended, therefore, "that school boards had done more for religious education in this country than any other institution which had been set up, for without them the children never would have been forced into the voluntary day and Sunday schools, which they were now filling." Though we admit that Mr. Mundella's assertions are partially correct, they prove little, if anything, in favor of the existing system. The introduction

of a method of education which was directly opposed to the religious convictions of the country may have stirred up and invigorated the zeal of Christians, but surely that fact can in no way prove that the system which produced it was a good one. A peaceful state may view with consternation the advent of a hostile army; the knowledge of impending danger and threatened destruction may awaken the dormant energies of its people and call forth a band of patriots and heroes to do battle with the approaching host. But does the fact of the zeal and patriotism it has inadvertently, unwittingly invoked for a moment justify or palliate the evil intentions of the invader? Christianity flourished under oppression and rose triumphant from the fiercest and most malignant persecution; but was the oppressor for that reason less culpable, his deeds less odious and repulsive? In fact, it would be almost as absurd to look upon such men as Nero, Decius, or Diocletian as champions for the propagation of Christianity as it would be were we to express our gratitude to the Education Department for the progress that has been made in the cause of religious education. The arguments of Mr. Mundella are in every way deceptive. The real effects of a system such as the present system of education cannot possibly be seen while the generation which saw its introduction (a generation brought up in the teachings of Christianity) is still in existence. The work of demoralization is in this case slow and, to the majority, almost imperceptible. The alienation of a Christian and a God-loving people from a belief in Christianity and a recognition of a God is a work that one, or even two, generations cannot possibly effect. But that it is the end that is looked for by many of the Radical supporters of the system is unquestionable. Were it not, indeed, for the belief that religion would ultimately suffer from it, the system would hardly have gained the eager support and approval of that ever-increasing class of men who consent, with a degrading cheerfulness, to be locked in the fetters of "free thought."

Let us now turn to a more practical discussion of the question; and in order to do this it will be necessary to expose the gross injustice under which the voluntary schools are struggling. Previous to the passing of the Education Act of 1870, and dating as far back as 1838, the voluntary schools throughout the country were in receipt of a yearly grant from the Consolidated Fund; and, while this grant afforded them a meagre assistance, they were otherwise entirely dependent for their support upon voluntary effort. Now, upon the formation of the new system in 1870 the

board schools were made to participate equally with the voluntary schools in the benefits derived from the government grant. So far—and *only* so far—are the two systems placed on an equal footing. But let us see where the inequality begins. Whereas the voluntary schools are solely dependent for their existence upon charity, the board schools are raised far above the necessity of trusting in so precarious a source of revenue. By the Education Act a rate was levied upon the taxpayers throughout the country, and thus a large sum of money is yearly placed at the disposal of the School Board. With the extravagance of the board authorities and the unnecessary outlay of public money we do not intend now to deal, for it is a question irrelevant to the subject in hand. But we think it necessary to say in passing that that extravagance is rendered even more pressing upon the people than it would otherwise be by the fact that their money is squandered upon a system of which a large portion of them cannot conscientiously take advantage. Now, Mr. Forster said in 1870:

“In taking money from the taxpayer to give his children secular education we have no right to interfere with his feelings as a parent or to oblige him to accept for his children religious education to which he objects. Therefore, in voting public money or making public provision for elementary schools we hold that they ought not to be schools from which the public would be excluded.”

This is another of the many instances in which the professions of the government have been belied by the measure they introduced. In spite of the anxiety betrayed by Mr. Forster in the last portion of the passage quoted, the system established by the act of 1870 is practically and emphatically a system of which a large number of those who contribute to its support are absolutely precluded from availing themselves. As to the truth of the first part of the passage cited—namely, that in taking money from the taxpayer the government have no right to enforce upon his children *religious* education to which he objects—we have no objection to offer. But may it not with equal truth be said that the government have no right to take the taxpayer's money in order to support a system of *secular* education which is repugnant and offensive to his moral feelings, and the acceptance of which would be a direct violation of his conscience?

Having, we believe, thus clearly demonstrated that the religious population are unable to avail themselves of the system established by the Education Act, it is almost superfluous to say

that they are therefore compelled to fall back on the old system of voluntary schools. But if these institutions were poor before 1870, what must they be now? The exacting rate levied by the School Board has to a considerable extent drained the educational resources of the country. Taxation comes first and *has* to be complied with, and there is but little room left afterwards for charity. And yet, remembering that the members of the various religious denominations have to contribute to the support of *two* systems, the fact that the voluntary schools are increasing in number and efficiency is one which redounds to their honor. So far, indeed, from the originators of the secular system taking credit to themselves for the spread of denominational schools, the fact should be to them an everlasting and silent reproach. Let us turn now to another phase in the unfair and needless disparity that exists between the condition of secular and religious schools. Both systems are, as we have said, entitled to receive the government grant; but though in this they are, nominally and to all appearance, placed on an equal footing, the inequality is practically as great and immeasurable as in any other aspect of the case. And for this reason: The government grant is allowed to all schools alike, but on two conditions—namely, that they should have attained a certain stipulated standard of proficiency, and that they should have accepted what is oddly enough designated “the Conscience Clause.” Now, in the first place, it is perhaps needless to say that a system that possesses an almost unlimited source of revenue has a great advantage over, and can easily outstrip, its poorer rival, which has to rely on a very limited exchequer. And as a proof of this we may mention the fact that, while the board schools are able to obtain a better class of teachers by paying an average salary of £250 a year, the voluntary schools can with the greatest difficulty manage to pay £150. Thus the schools that have a superfluity of money have every facility accorded to them for obtaining more, while the voluntary schools, which most need assistance, are placed at a great and unfair disadvantage. But this is not all. The government, not satisfied with having excluded the religious schools from the education rate, must go yet further; and the Conscience Clause, without compliance with which they are unable to receive the government grant, practically reduces the voluntary schools to the condition of the board schools by prohibiting religious instruction during the stipulated school-hours.

There is yet another inequality in the existing system, and it is the one, perhaps, that most deeply affects the cause of religious

education. The School Board, as we have seen, possesses the power to erect one of their schools in any district where, in their opinion, there is an insufficient accommodation, and the inequality complained of is that, a board school having once been opened, no new voluntary school can be formed without the permission of the board. Taking advantage of this privilege and of their large resources, the School Board are buying sites in numerous places that are as yet uninhabited, so that they will thus be in possession of the field when the districts are built over, with power to exclude all other schools.

Having pictured the difficulty as it exists, we will now consider the best means of solving it; and to do this we will quote the words of Cardinal Manning, who is the one person most competent to speak with authority on the question. His eminence proposes to relieve the voluntary system of all injustice and to remedy the existing inequality in this way:

"1. Let a school rate or tax be levied over the whole population as a part of the general taxation of the country.

"2. Let all schools, with or without religious teaching, partake of the school rate, as they partake now of the grants of the Consolidated Fund, under all the conditions of the statute law and of the minutes and codes of the Committee of Privy Council."

This proposal is simple, yet at the same time it is complete. It would relieve the religious schools from the trammels that now hold them back; it would insure a fair and equitable division of the moneys raised by the education rate, as well as of the benefits derived from the government grant. The system of "payment by results" could be carried out quite as extensively as, and with far greater equality than, it is at present. If the education rate were fairly divided among all schools, whether secular or religious, then the taxpayer would be receiving a fair and just return for the money he has expended.

There is an objection, however, that may be, and we think has been, made to this proposal by certain unthinking persons—namely, that if one denomination possesses more schools than another it would claim a larger share of the rate, and in this way a Baptist or Methodist taxpayer might be contributing, although indirectly, to a Catholic school, or *vice versa*. Now, this strikes us as a very flimsy objection; for if there be more Catholic schools than those belonging to other denominations it only proves that the Catholic demand is greater and the Catholic population more numerous; and as, in the majority of cases,

where there are children there also are the parents, it may safely be assumed that the Catholic body have paid a greater proportion of the rate and are, therefore, entitled to a larger share of the profits. Thus, in the same way, may it be said of the Baptists, the Wesleyans, or any other of the innumerable dissenting creeds in England.

But there is another proposed solution of the difficulty which may, perhaps, appear more simple to the comprehension of those who think that by Cardinal Manning's plan they would be supporting the schools of other denominations than their own. The proposal we refer to is this: that every taxpayer in paying the rate should specify to which class of school he wishes the money to be given; so that every member of each religious body would be supporting his own schools, while those who profess no religion at all would be supporting the purely secular institutions. In theory and on paper this scheme appears to be the one that is most directly to the point, but we very much doubt whether, to say the least of it, it would be practicable. Remembering that there are now in England considerably more than one hundred and fifty known forms of religion, it is not improbable that the scheme we have mentioned would leave things in a somewhat chaotic condition. Moreover, if there are now one hundred and fifty *known* religions, how many more hitherto *unknown* religions would this scheme bring to light? The satellites of each of those numerous individuals who station themselves at the corners of London streets on Sabbath evenings and proclaim their well-meaning though erratic doctrines would doubtless raise themselves to the dignity of "a religious body," and the "Thompsonians" and "Smithites" (although, perhaps, boasting of scarce half a dozen members) would be laying equal claim to the rate with the Catholics and the more prominent of the Nonconformist bodies. Therefore we think that the proposal of Cardinal Manning is the right one both in the logical and the practical sense.

Having detailed the grievance under which the voluntary schools are suffering, and the schemes suggested for removing it, let us now, in conclusion, cast a glance at the prospect they have of obtaining redress. Though we should sincerely regret it were this question of the voluntary schools to become a party question, it is nevertheless gratifying in every way to find prominent politicians (though for the most part, unfortunately, men belonging to the same party) taking the matter seriously in hand. The first, we believe, of the leading public men to own the justice

of the claim made by the voluntary schools was Lord Randolph Churchill; and the supporters of religious education are to be congratulated on having gained as a champion a man who is certain to play an important part in the political history of the future. This is how Lord R. Churchill expresses his views:

“I am of opinion that the cost of popular elementary education should be borne entirely by the state, and that all schools, whether voluntary or board schools, should be entitled to be paid in full from the imperial taxes expenses incurred by them for the diffusion of the rudiments of knowledge.”

After going into other details which are foreign to the subject now under consideration, Lord R. Churchill continues:

“Under the system which I have endeavored to draw the outline of voluntary schools would flourish and increase. Their methods and the associations, historical and sentimental, inseparably connected with them are, I am convinced, far more pleasing and attractive to the English mind than the precise, cut-and-dried, rigid, and somewhat tyrannical ideas which seem to animate our school boards and to be dear to the hearts of the educational ‘Gradgrinds’ of the present day. I submit that the plan I have ventured to suggest is intelligible, comprehensive, and broad. . . . Let the voluntary schools and the school boards continue their efforts in the cause of national education independently of and competingly with each other, the state awarding to each with the utmost impartiality those pecuniary endowments which either may honestly and fairly earn.”

From this it is evident that Lord R. Churchill has, to a great extent, grasped the difficulty of the situation; and when we find the question also engaging the earnest consideration of Lord Salisbury and other prominent men, we think the advocates of religious instruction may look not without hope into the future. But they should not be satisfied with having obtained this external support. There is yet much to be done by internal organization, and the Catholic body in England, under the guidance of Cardinal Manning, has set an example to members of other denominations by establishing a society called “The Voluntary School Association” for the purpose of promoting the cause of the voluntary schools. Could the more important of the Non-conformist bodies, together with the members of the Established Church, be induced to follow this example, hope would be changed into certainty. Could bigotry be mastered and long-rooted prejudice subdued; could Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, Wesleyans, and all the other religious sects in the country forget for once their old dissensions and work in harmony with the Catholic body and with each other, then the demand of the

voluntary schools could not long be ignored and their aim would be soon achieved. Let them sink fanaticism, and, while they remember that the cause they all have at heart is practically identical, let them remember also that, as they share in the struggle, they will also participate in the good fruits of success.

WIKWEMIKONG.

ONE afternoon in last August we left Collingwood, Canada—a place at the head of the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron—on a pretty little steamer, a propeller, with a very high prow (for the waves of our inland seas are sometimes very high indeed). After coasting along the south shore and calling at several places for passengers and freight, we struck across the lake, lost sight of land, and were at sea. The weather was just agreeably cool and calm. Next morning we began to come in sight of some of the twenty-seven thousand islands which Captain Bayfield's survey noted in these waters. Talk about your "Thousand Islands" in the St. Lawrence!—which was for us, as it is doubtless for many, a mere figure of speech. Here was something real and outside of all metaphor. Large and small, barren and wooded, rocky and high, or flat and green, they present themselves ahead and abaft, to port and to starboard, endlessly succeeding one another, in beauty of form as various as their number is endless. You have besides far more than twenty-seven thousand bays and sounds and channels, of every shape that the eye delights to rest upon, all the wondrous beauty of wood and stream surprising you at every turn; the great blue mountains stretching away back on the distant mainland; the cool, fresh water deep in the steamer's channel, shallow on the low bars joining neighboring islets; and dark-green trees springing from clefts in the iron rocks, bending down to kiss the waves and shade the retreats of the monster sturgeon or the sparkling trout. Skilful indeed must the pilot be that guides us safely through this more than fabled labyrinth. Except an occasional light-house or a surveyor's mark on a headland, and sometimes an Indian wigwam or the tent of a camper-out, no signs of human life met our gaze, but the sea-fowl in myriads seemed to possess these beautiful abodes in peace. Nearing Killarney about noon, we saw a bark canoe, paddled by its single occupant, leaving the

village, and our curiosity was at once excited to the highest degree and almost as completely satisfied; for word went round that the solitary sailor was none other than the man whom chiefly we had come all this way to see, the successor of those apostolic men who during the last two hundred and fifty years have ever been foremost both as explorers and as heralds of the Gospel in that vast region comprising Canada and the Western States, and formerly known as New France. Need we name them? "Not a cape was turned, not a bay was entered, but a Jesuit led the way," says Bancroft. O noble Frenchmen, flower of the church's chivalry! Truly the mantle of the apostles has fallen on your shoulders. When will that Homer arise who will depict your immortal deeds in fitting manner, that the race of man may be lifted once more to a realization of the greatness whereof it is capable?

All eyes were fastened on the canoe and its occupant. He swings his paddle slowly, for the labor of years has told on him, and the snows of seventy winters whiten the thin locks that hang down on his curved shoulders. A large straw hat covers his head, and beneath it the silvery beard makes striking contrast with the full bronze of his weather-stained countenance. As he looks up to return our salutation the gentle gray eyes beam sweetly forth and a smile like that of childhood illumines his face. His dress is that consecrated by the sons of Ignatius and Xavier in every clime, while the loss of its original color, and its threadbare look, tell of the spirit of holy poverty that fills its wearer's heart. Common moccasins completing his attire are visible as he passes, seated Indian or Turkish fashion in the narrow, eggshell-like craft, which tosses violently in the rollers caused by our steamer. As he disappears on his watery path, to visit some of the score or so of stations where his red and white children reside, either in permanent settlements or in the transient pursuit of fish or game, our eyes still follow and our heart-felt admiration. "Those canoes are very shaky things to navigate," says one of the passengers; "I wonder how Father D—— can travel in them without risk." "Oh! he's a man of God," replied a Protestant minister; "there's not water enough in Lake Huron to drown him!"

Touching at Killarney, on the north shore of Huron—a place appropriately called after the proverb of Irish scenery, and which is a fishing station of a couple of dozen houses and as many Indian wigwams posted on the rocks and islands thereabouts, the inhabitants being of Irish, English, Scotch, Canadian, and abori-

ginal blood, and nearly all Catholics, and having a neat little church—we entered later on one of the great bays of Grand Manitoulin Island, the “home of the Great Spirit” (Manitou). Our place of landing was Manitouaning, a Protestant white settlement, on reaching which we entered a miserable-looking sail-boat manned by Indian ferrymen, and, with genuine American fellow-passengers, set out alone for the Indian village which was our destination. Our course was across the bay to the peninsula which alone exclusively remains in the possession of the Indians, the greater part of the beautiful island having been ceded to the whites. The Canadians have escaped the danger and disgrace of savage wars in their dealing with the Red Man, but they are not the less surely conquering his territory, and the plebiscites of Ontario may rank with similar exercises of popular voting in more advanced regions. Of those tribes which thus “voluntarily” ceded the Grand Manitou, as well as Penetang, etc., every individual, or at least every male adult, receives an annuity of four dollars, which gives many of them a grand opportunity for an annual spree, the whites pushing their settlements to the very line of division, and, despite the positive prohibition, selling whiskey to their foolish, improvident neighbors. The first object that attracted our notice in this ferry-boat was an old Indian, drunk and dirty, who carried a half-filled bottle of liquor in his daughter’s market-basket. The team that received us on the opposite shore was in the main good, the wagon being a sound one and the ponies very spirited, but their harness patched and eked out with various pieces of rope and twine. Scarce a word of English or French could we get out of these red Stoics. Indeed, they are too proud to speak these languages, as we afterwards understood, for they feel that they are being gradually but rapidly swindled by the whites, and bury their feeling of inferiority to their sharper white brethren in a reserve that cannot be called sullen, simply because it is so impenetrable. It is only when they get drunk and noisy that their acquaintance with those idioms shows itself, and then in very voluble curses and name-callings, for which they have no equivalent, as we were assured, in their own simple, *straight* tongues, the briefest, plainest declaration sufficing for interchange of thought amongst themselves.

A fair road of five miles brought us to the great naked cross, about twenty feet high, which told the stranger that he was entering on the immediate bounds of the *Mission*. It was truly a striking feature in the landscape, and we ourselves, as well

as our dumb companions, saluted it in silence. Hail, holy Cross, sign of redemption, standard of civilization, type of progress, symbol of that self-subjugation which is the necessary condition for subduing depraved human passions and advancing in true liberty to universal brotherhood and the enjoyment of the equal rights purchased for us all by the Son of God!

The Church of the Holy Cross, with the school rebuilt a couple of years ago by the alms of charitable New York, the residence of the priests, and the convent further up on the slope, are the most prominent edifices in the village of about one hundred and fifty frame and log houses, that stand on the sides and at the foot of beautiful Wikwemikong—*Beaver Bay*—which gives the place its name. Hospitably received by the pastor and his little community, we spent ten days very agreeably at the mission. On the Sunday following our arrival we sang Mass with the accompaniment of an Indian choir, which, aided by the people, rendered one of Lambillotte's compositions with much energy and devotion, but without any of the graces of execution demanded by professional taste. We preached to the congregation also, but with the conviction that, apart from the *Nameless Sisters* who were in charge of the girls' asylum, of the Jesuit Brothers, and one Scottish-American boy—the only white one in the male school—our sermon was almost wholly unintelligible, and we were fain to make up in gesticulation for the obscurity of our speech. The children sat to the front, the chiefs in raised pews at the rear, the men and women on either side of the spacious, gaudily-painted, and many-stated church. All were attired in plain, dark-colored, and inexpensive dress of the pattern of the whites'. We were forcibly reminded then of a somewhat similar experience in Nova Scotia years ago, when we innocently accepted an invitation to address a Gaelic audience, the thought never entering our head that they "had no English." After preaching to the best of our ability, and with additional fervor, perhaps, on account of the strange congregation and the presence of several clerical hearers, what was our astonishment to see the pastor get up and tell his flock what we had been talking about!

While we attended to the needs of the home church at the Indian village the pastor took advantage of our presence to set off for Killarney (having first said Mass at six o'clock at home), in order that that settlement might have the blessing (an occasional one for them) of the Holy Sacrifice and the sacraments. The journey was seventeen miles by water, but, as the wind was

favorable, he set out. On the way the breeze went down, and the still fasting priest did not reach his destination till eleven o'clock. Having finished his duties there, he set out to return, but, the wind again failing, he and his Indian companions, as well as two children coming to the sisters' school, were obliged to endure the inconvenient accommodation of the ill-smelling fishing-smack for five hours. As they passed one of the other boats they cried out for some assistance in the way of provisions, for their healthy appetites craved satisfaction. Two fine fish were at once heaved over the side, and the second boat sped on its leeward way. "Now we're all right," said Father ——. "Make for one of the islands, and we'll have an excellent Sunday dinner, although without table-service and neither bread nor salt." As the craft was headed for the shore the priest searched for his match-box, preparing to light a fire on the beach, and already anticipating the exquisite flavor of the freshly caught fish. With some little consternation he found that he had for once forgotten it at home, and hastily asked the others if they had any. Not a match, as it happened, was to be found, and the hungry travelers were obliged to forego their needed banquet, and arrived, wearied and hungry, late at the village. This dining *al fresco*, however, is quite an ordinary occurrence with the missionaries, who are sometimes for months engaged in the visitation of their scattered flock, and always go prepared not only to cook a hasty meal but to camp out wherever the setting sun may find them.

Next morning we said Mass at the convent, and were edified by the sight of those wonderful women who, bound by all the vows of regular observance, nevertheless in their humility forego the customary name of sister and content themselves with the appellation of friend; but, what is of far greater account, wear no sacramental *habit*, but dress each according to her own taste, but in the plainest manner, in the ordinary garb of persons in the world. One could not conceive a more exquisite plan for subduing all self-conceit and feminine vanity. Little known as they are, they are the seniors in point of foundation of many or most of the religious orders of women in America, dating from the French Revolution—a time when the monastic as well as profession dress was proscribed.

The children, chiefly orphans collected by the missionaries from a vast extent of country and many tribes, sang hymns during the Mass, in Latin, English, and Ojibway; and while their voices were little musical, their innocence and simplicity were most affecting. There were forty-two of them, besides thirty-

four others who live in the village and attend the school daily. Besides the ordinary English branches they are taught washing, sewing, knitting, cooking, weaving, and spinning. They are exceedingly timid, like young fawns lately caught, and their literary ability seems to be far inferior to that of white children; but much of their dulness must be attributed to the fact that they are obliged to learn in English according to the government regulations—a language which of course is very obscure to those who never use it except at school. Take them in woodcraft, however, ask them, in their own tongue, of the beaver, the meadow-lark, the wild goose, the sassafra, the canoe, or the fish in the lake, and their eyes sparkle with interest and intelligence.

One of the nuns, Miss X— (thus they are known to outsiders), told us of one of their huckleberry gatherings; and we think the account will interest you almost as much as it did ourselves. A troop of girls set out in one of the fishing-boats, stowing themselves miscellaneously over and under the half-deck, crowded together, but full of delight at their excursion, and, sailing with their teacher twenty miles across Lake Huron, reached a point where the fruit grows in a plenty and excellence unknown to more southerly latitudes. Like deer let loose in their native pastures, the little ones cast aside hats and shoes and joyously scattered through the copse. Having filled their cans and baskets, they at once improvised a tripod with branches of trees, upon which the pot was hung, and their dinner soon was cooking over a blazing fire, while the pleasant sunshine beautified the scene and the waves on the beach danced and sparkled. After eating they amused themselves with various games, and performed feats of swiftness and agility with which their white sisters could not compete, and which would no doubt slightly shock their notions of propriety. Meanwhile it was time to return, and Miss X— was for gathering the little ones, who seemed willing to remain for ever in the woods. As it happened, however, the wind had gone completely down, and their Ojibway sailor informed her that it was useless to try to get home that night. This was embarrassing news for the lady, who had never camped out before; but her little companions were enchanted with the prospect, and, after further play and a joyous supper, the younger ones sat about the fire and listened to their mistress, or told her their legends of spirits of wind and wave and forest, while the elders set about making a wigwam for her. It cost them little trouble. A few young trees cut down by the Indian

and set up like a stack of muskets, and this covered with leafy branches and a shawl or two to keep off the wind, made the edifice complete. This was Miss X——'s shelter, other branches forming her bed, while the stars shone in through the opening at the top. As for the girls, after night-prayers they simply tucked their dresses about them and lay down under the trees near the fire like so many rabbits, and at once were sleeping under the glorious firmament of God. Next morning Miss X—— was awakened by the rising sun, and found that the girls had already risen and were cooking breakfast. She tried to make us sharers of the exquisite sensations accompanying the opening of one's eyes in the fresh, clear air in that delightful spot, and having no walls about or no roof overhead; but, alas! civilization had made us such strangers to nature that we could hardly realize how pleasant it must have been.

The boys' school numbers about thirty boarders and as many day-scholars, and is taught by two Jesuit scholastics and one lay brother. They also sing Latin, English, and Chippewa hymns, and pursue the same studies as their sisters. In the building occupied by them they also learn trades: shoemaking, weaving, and tailoring, besides blacksmithing, carpentry, and wagon-making, as well as all the craft of the farmer, for which the well-stocked lands of the mission give full opportunity. They, too, are very different from their pale-faced brethren. The elder boys prefer to sit and talk rather than play; the younger ones cannot be taught the mysteries of base-ball, but amuse themselves in less systematic ways. All the children go to Mass every day, plunging through the snow in winter with a recklessness that regards neither clothes nor health. The elder boys, moreover, are all well acquainted with the management of sail-boats, and go out frequently for fish and berries, like the girls.

The mission is supported by its farm-produce, as well as by the alms of the Propagation of the Faith and other charitable sources, and by a government allowance for every Indian child. It is on a limited scale indeed, and yet, if we may believe Senator Vest,* it succeeds better than those splendid establishments

* On Monday, May 12, 1884, the Indian Appropriation Bill being under consideration in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Vest, of Missouri, said:

" . . . Now, as to education, in all my wanderings in Montana last summer I saw but one ray of light on the subject of Indian education. I am a Protestant, born one, educated one, expect to die one; but I say now that the system adopted by the Jesuits is the only practical system for the education of the Indians, and the only one which has resulted in anything approaching success.

" When the senator from Massachusetts, the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, said the other day that the reason of the success of the Jesuits, more than any other sect, with

at Hampton and Carlisle, which we visited with much interest. Why is this? The senator gives several reasons. Several others will suggest themselves to Catholic readers. For our part, we think that one essential point of difference, one of the highest practical importance, lies in the fact that these Jesuit schools are on the spot, right in among the people to be educated. Half the pupils go home every night to their families; the rest associate with those, and constantly reside among their own, and when they go forth from the school are not at all strangers to the clothing, food, language, nor manners of their people. We have always held that a day-school is generally better than a boarding one for forming the character of children, more than half whose education is lost if they are taken away from home. If such a system has a very marked influence on white children, how much more must the Indian be demoralized if, taken from

the Indians was that they devoted their whole lives to the work, he struck the key-note of the entire situation. Take a Protestant clergyman and send him to the West. I do not care how active and zealous he may be, he goes there with his family ties; he goes there looking back to civilization; he goes there half devoting himself, from a sense of duty, to this ungenial life. Take a Jesuit, and what does he do? He is a semi-military preacher. He belongs to the Company of Jesus. He owns nothing but the robe upon his back. If he receives an order from the commander of the company to arise at the dead hour of midnight and go to Asia, he goes without a question. He is a number, he is not a man. He is segregated from the world. I talked with Father Ravalli at Saint Mary's Mission, who had been forty-two years among the Indians in Montana, had devoted his whole life to them, had been sent there from Italy, an accomplished physician; and when I visited him at his little room in the mission he was lying there, having been bed-ridden for five years, and still administering medicines and performing surgical operations on each recurring day. This man's whole life was given up to the work and what is the result? To-day the Flathead Indians are a hundred per cent. advanced over any other Indians in point of civilization, at least in Montana. Fifty years ago the Jesuits went amongst them, and to-day you see the result. Among all those tribes, commencing with the Shoshones, the Arapahoes, the Gros-Ventres, the Blackfeet, the Piegans, the River Crows, the Bloods and Assiniboines, the only ray of light I saw was on the Flathead Reservation at the Jesuit mission schools, and there were boys and girls—fifty boys and fifty girls. They raise cattle; the Indian boys herd them. They have mills; the Indian boys attend them. They have blacksmith-shops; the Indian boys work in them. When I was there they were building two school-houses, all the work done by the scholars at the mission. They cannot raise corn to any extent in that climate, but they raise enough vegetables and enough oats to support the whole school, and I never saw in my life a finer herd of cattle or horses than they had at that mission.

"Five nuns, sisters, and five fathers constitute the teachers in the respective schools. We had a school examination there which lasted through two days. I undertake to say now that never in the States was there a better examination than I heard at that mission, of children of the same age with those I saw there. The girls are taught needlework; they are taught to sew and to teach; they are taught music; they are taught to keep house. The young men are taught to work upon the farm, to herd cattle, to be blacksmiths and carpenters and millwrights. Here is the whole of it in one single sentence: I asked Father Van Gorp, the father in charge of the mission, to give me his experience as an Indian teacher, and to state what had given the school its remarkable success. He said that for twenty years the Jesuits had only a male school. I call the attention of the senators who are interested in this question to this single point. He said when they had educated the boys and graduated them at the school they went back to the tribe; they were immediately received with jeers and reproaches, told that they had

the half-wild, natural society of his own, he is placed near the habitations of cultivated ladies and gentlemen, dressed like them, given a palace to live in, and gardens to stroll in. All this is verified as little as may be in the prairie missions.

Add to this the fact that at Hampton, for instance, his ideas of religious authority and moral unity are very likely to be disturbed rather than developed; for though the president of that beautiful institution is a Congregationalist (if we err not), the service is conducted by an Episcopalian, against whose High-Church practices one of the masters (belonging to still another sect) seemed indirectly to protest. Religious training of such a kind may leave the pupil worse than it found him. He hears, too, about the peculation in public office, about the divorces in Connecticut and Indiana, about the honor and influence enjoyed by the do-nothing rich, about the perjury of the Custom-house and the ballot-box, the scandalous stories circulated regarding candidates for the highest places in the republic; above all, he knows by experience the luxury and opportunities for money-making in the East. How can you be surprised, then, if he will not consent to live again with his people, or becomes ashamed of them, or if, excluded from the advantages of white society, he should even take to "horse-thieving" for lack of other chance to *make money*? For conscience—that is, an enlightened, sure conscience—and a fixed and pure rule of faith and code of morals are things that Hampton and Carlisle cannot give; and

white blood in their veins, that they talked like the white people, that they dressed like the white people, and that they were apostates to their race. The result was that the Indian, in order to maintain his position with his fellows, became a worse barbarian than he had ever been before.

"I do not want to say anything against the schools at Hampton or Carlisle. I undertook on that expedition to use one or two of those scholars as interpreters. All, it seemed to me, they had advanced in was to deplete the plains of running horses, and General Sheridan agreed with me that they were the most expert horse-thieves on the top of the earth. They go back, and, instead of teaching the other Indians, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they relapse into barbarism.

"I do not speak with any sort of denominational prejudice in favor of Jesuits. I was taught to abhor the whole sect; I was raised in that good Old-School Presbyterian Church that looked upon a Jesuit as very much akin to the devil; but I now say, if the senator from Massachusetts, the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, will find me any tribe of 'blanket' Indians on the continent of North America—I do not speak of the five civilized tribes, because they got their civilization in Georgia and Alabama, and by immediate contact with the whites—but if he will find me a single tribe of Indians on the plains, 'blanket' Indians, that approximate in civilization to the Flatheads who have been under control of the Jesuits for fifty years, I will abandon my entire theory on this subject. I say that out of eleven tribes that I saw—and I say this as a Protestant—where they had had Protestant missionaries they had not made a single, solitary advance towards civilization, not one. And yet among the Flatheads, where there were two Jesuit missions, you find farms, you find civilization, you find Christianity, you find the relation of husband and wife, and of father and child, scrupulously observed. I saw that one ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory at any time, and this I say and know."

without them his other acquirements are worse than useless—they are hurtful.

How different the surroundings of the Indian boy in a mission like Wikwemikong, in the heart of his own race, with not a white man except his teachers in the whole territory, and those teachers speaking his own tongue and living and dying as if they were members of his people; with shelter, food, and clothing little better than that he will be able, when he leaves school, to earn by honest labor; with girls of his own race receiving a training to qualify them for sharing his home, his toil, and his enjoyments; with a religious education, above all, and consecrated advisers in whose counsel there shall be no variety, who, by their voluntary poverty and obedience and life-long exile from native land, encourage him to bear the cares of existence, reconcile him to his simple state, and guarantee him friendship and paternal assistance throughout his life.

There are about seven hundred Indians at Wikwemikong, all Catholics. They are poor generally, but are improving in their buildings, farm-implements, stock, etc., and if the whites did not sell them whiskey and invade their fishing-grounds they would probably continue to increase and to become more and more independent and at length entirely civilized. But the whites do both these things, despite the law; for the Indian has no vote, hence no friend, except some priest or sentimental layman. *No vote!* Have we stumbled on the solution of the Indian question? We have no space to discuss the matter here, but will simply say that a man or a class or race of men in the United States or Canada that has no political representation is very likely to be left out in the cold. We hailed with satisfaction the news, lately received from a Seminole Baptist preacher of the Indian Territory, that there is a project on foot to organize all the tribes of that rich and fair region into a State, and, as such, to demand admission into the Union. We welcome this idea. The glory of our constitution and our age is in the recognition of the equality, brotherhood, and freedom of all those men, at least, who make their home under the stars and stripes and are willing to identify themselves with our country and its fortunes. What a shame it is that we have not tried heretofore to bring the noble savage into our circle of human fellowship! Is it because we cannot forgive those whom we have wronged? But we have pardoned the African. Let us hope and pray that the American may be rescued in time from the condition of disunion and anarchy in which he is still found, so that he may be enabled to

make a last and successful stand against the waves of progress that threaten, speedily and finally, to engulf him, unless he be ready with his "ship of state" to ride victorious and peaceful on their crest!

ECCLESIASTICAL SURVIVALS AND REVIVALS.

No well informed biologist would venture to affirm that any kind of animal or plant which had once become extinct could ever be again evolved. No competent politician would deny that any attempt to restore a past social state must be but a waste of energy. Yet there have been many so-called restorations—as with the Stuarts, the Bourbons, and a hundred other instances. The fact is that in either science it is often difficult to discriminate between a new existence and a mere survival. It was long thought that scorpions and efts were creatures, geologically speaking, of yesterday, and that certain tertiary fossils were relics of the earliest members of those races. But it now turns out that such rarely preserved individuals were but modified survivors of a prodigious past, extending back to the periods of deposition of many of our primary rocks, wherein the remains of their ancestors are found to lie entombed. So it is with social institutions which seem at first to be new creations or sudden restorations. Careful study will generally show them to be instances of survival with modification due to a combination of old tendencies and novel circumstances. In the case either of the Stuarts or the Bourbons there must, of course, have been a great survival of old sentiments to render the so-called "restorations" possible, while circumstances necessitated such differences between what was really old and what was said to be "restored" that no such so-called "restoration" could be a *real* one. Continuity combined with continuous change is the necessary condition of all that lives upon this earth. Apparent "restoration" is the proof of the past existence of unnoticed "survivals," as apparently sudden "destructions" are themselves sufficient evidence of the past unnoticed existence of efficient modifying agencies. De Tocqueville has taught us how the French Revolutionists, when they thought they were reversing the spirit and action of the *ancien régime*, were in fact but carrying out certain of its principles and practices to their more complete development. Thus nothing

really persists unchanged, and nothing which has in fact passed away even truly reappears.

It is none the less true, however, that there are wonderful differences between the powers of survival possessed by both different social and different animal organisms. How vast a procession of varying kinds of life must have passed over this earth during the existence of the still surviving nautilus or the lingula of our New Zealand seas! During that long lapse of ages innumerable shoals of dolphin-like reptiles first came into the ocean and then finally died out within it. During that time the air began and ceased to be agitated by the wings of innumerable pterodactyls of all sizes, and forest lands saw both the advent and the departure of dragons more strange than those of fable. Coming near our own times, the vast megatheria and mylodons of South America had their little geological day, and came and went like huge ephemera. Yet the nautilus and the lingula still live!

Parallel, though indefinitely less extensive, inequalities are presented by the durations of human societies. The civilization of China has left its relics within some of the most ancient monuments of Egypt. It saw that most lovely product of human nature—Attic culture—bud, blossom, and decay. When our British ancestors were only known but as barbarian inhabitants of the tin-islands in the world's remotest corner it went on flourishing, and it still flourishes while the children of those islands have made their tongue the universal language of commerce, in anticipation (according to De Candolle) of its becoming the tongue of civilized mankind.

There are similar diversities with respect to the endurance of social habits and customs. Some of these, as many forms of salutation, are but local; others, as many fashions of dress, are notoriously but of short duration. From the nature of the case certain customs are exceptionally wide-spread and continuous. And such must be the case with all that directly concerns the wants of man's animal nature. His higher nature has also its universal requirements, and there is no race of man which is destitute of language. Again, man is also almost universally a religious being—using that term in its widest possible signification. Whatever may have been his mode of attaining to such conceptions, man has almost universally some curiosity, suspicion, or belief respecting supernatural existences, and observances connected therewith are very widely practised.

It is religious practices, whether of the rudest or most highly

developed kinds, which supply us with some of the most interesting cases of survival and unsuspected continuity. It is in religion especially that we meet, on the one hand, with forms which are taken to be novelties, but which are in truth but modified survivals; and, on the other hand, with supposed "restorations" which are, in fact, but the carrying further onwards of incipient processes of change. It may probably surprise not a few Christians to be told that at the institution of the Lord's Supper Christ did not introduce a new rite, but gave to an old one a new significance. He only continued that practice of the solemn blessing and distribution of bread and wine which had existed with the Jews from time immemorial, which was connected with the sacrificial rites of the Temple, and which is continued to this day, on the eve of each Sabbath, in every pious Hebrew family.

The study of Jewish ritual, combined with that of the most ancient Christian liturgies, serves to show how mistaken modern Dissenters are in thinking that their bald and unceremonious communion is a return to the practice of the early Christians—a mistake into which no evolutionist could possibly fall. An opposite error leads some Catholics to suppose that a much greater change in public worship was made in the time of Edward VI. than, in fact, took place. They suppose that up to the death of Henry VIII. the service in English parish churches was like that which may be seen in any Catholic church to-day. Whereas, in fact, the service consisted then, as afterwards, of Matins, Communion (Mass), and Even-song. Until of late years, on the other hand, very many Anglican churchmen supposed that the "Prayer-Book" was the invention of the Reformers, and never suspected that, with some trifling exceptions, its "Matins" and "Even-song" were but translations of English pre-Reformation breviary services. The Prayer-Book is a survival, and a most noble and fortunate survival, of "common prayers" which elsewhere in the West, as in the East, have unhappily all but disappeared. Love for these services is, however, far from extinct amongst the Catholics of England and America, though their opportunities of enjoying them are scanty indeed—a fact in great measure due to the poverty of the clergy, the paucity of their numbers, and the overwhelming calls made upon their time by their pastoral duties and pecuniary needs.

The co-existence of this love of breviary services and the scanty means existing for its gratification has an important bearing on a certain question of religious survival and revival

which requires to be considered from a point of view taking in as wide a prospect as possible.

Putting aside the less developed sections of mankind, we cannot deny that amongst the higher races many individuals have aspired to live a much more religious life than the bulk of their countrymen and contemporaries, and have yearned after a closer communion with what they deemed holiest, practising to that end different degrees of asceticism and self-denial.

Such aspirations have peopled and continue to people the many Llamaseries of Thibet and underlie the marvellous austerities of the devotees of Hindostan. A more developed spirit of the kind changed what were at first the "solitaries" of the Thebais into crowds. Somewhat later it became a powerful agent in effecting the cultivation, material and mental, of western Europe, while it still continues to replenish the solitudes of Mount Athos and Mount Carmel.

But the Reformation dispersed the convents and emptied the monasteries of northern Europe. May we not, then, expect that the spread of enlightenment will also empty by degrees such monasteries as yet remain, and render impossible any new embodiments of the old ascetic spirit?

Experience so far hardly justifies any such expectation. Even in the United States analogous aspirations have given birth not only to new institutions, such as "Brook Farm," "Fruitlands," with other more recent and more eccentric experiments, but also to communities practising either the oldest forms of Western asceticism or the quite new ones, such as the Paulists of New York.

In Europe, on the banks of the Danube and in the mountains and cities of Bohemia, ancient monastic institutions yet survive possessing much of their ancient wealth and handing down towards the twentieth century the traditions of the tenth. But these *material* survivals are but a trifling index of the survival of the old *spirit*. That is shown by the many new institutions of the kind which have arisen in Belgium and in France, and are arising even in Italy, where their dissolution dates but from yesterday.

In France they were in a state of vigorous growth when arbitrary government dispersed their members; and there can be but little doubt that as soon as the first and most fundamental of all freedoms—freedom of conscience—is restored in that country they will once more reappear. For no such communities could have thus spontaneously arisen, had they not supplied a need

and gratified cravings of the heart strong enough to persist through many a man's lifetime. Not only has the choice of such a state of life been in each case voluntary, but nothing hinders its abandonment by any who chooses to follow the example of Père Hyacinthe. The existence of the supply demonstrates the pre-existence and continuance of the demand.

Experience also makes it evident that it is by no means only disappointed men, who feel that their careers have been failures (whether from adverse circumstances or misused opportunities), who enter these retreats, though it is surely well that such havens of refuge should exist for some such men! Not a few souls embrace such a career in the generous ardor of youth and persist in it throughout manhood's vigor and the decay of age. This is a phenomenon which no rational mind will seek to ignore, and the study of it as it exists at present must be one of our best means of understanding monasticism as it existed in the past. Unquestionably in such a life there has been and there is a subtle charm, hidden to many eyes. What is that charm, and what are the probabilities as to monasticism in the future?

The Rev. Dr. Jessop has recently given us* much correct and interesting information respecting life in a mediæval Benedictine monastery, such as one of those which nestled in so many a shady and well-watered valley of old England. Have such really gone from us for ever, as Dr. Jessop would have us suppose, or may we hope to look upon their like again?

Now, as before pointed out, all absolute restoration is utterly impossible. Never again can any abbot and convent of any monastery be quite like those of five centuries ago or fill a precisely corresponding place to theirs in English life. Still, as has just been shown, religious establishments, in the main similar to the old, have reappeared in several countries in Europe, and, indeed, such is the case in our own also; so that the *possibility* of some degree of revival cannot be denied. As to whether the sort of order to which Dr. Jessop has referred is more or less capable of such revival than other similar institutions is another question.

We have already noted how unequal has been the power of survival possessed by different organisms, both animal and social; and similar inequality has been shown by experience to have existed in religious orders apparently not very dissimilar. The Knights of the Sword endured but for a few decades. The grand order of Knights Templars fell with the first ebbing wave

* In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1884.

of the receding tide of Christendom's theocracy, while the Knights Hospitalers, in a modified form, continue to exist. Some orders, like our "Little Sisters of the Poor" or the "Marist Fathers," date from but yesterday, whilst others may lay claim to ancestors of very early centuries.

Amongst all the orders none is so distinguished as that of St. Benedict, none can boast a continuity so unbroken. Stretching back into the fifth century, the most venerable monastery of Monte Casino was in existence long ere St. Augustine visited England, yet it continues to exist still—a fact partly due to our present Prime Minister's generously-exerted influence in its behalf. The Benedictines have ever retained a savor of learning, and not only have they never been mixed up with the Inquisition, but have a deserved reputation for breadth and liberality. Our last actual abbot of Westminster, Feckenham, withstood to the best of his ability the tide of Marian persecution and befriended the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. There are besides special considerations (as we shall see) of history, ritual, and art which endear this order to great numbers of Englishmen. What wonder, then, if such an order revived amongst us once more? But, indeed, there is no need of "revival," for our old English Benedictines have never entirely died out. Before the last of those expelled from our old abbeys were laid to their rest fresh novices had joined themselves to the expiring "English congregation," and the very names of the old dignitaries have been retained. There are still titular abbots of Westminster, Glastonbury, and St. Alban's, and flourishing communities at Downside, Belmont, and elsewhere dwell amongst us. But they yet further represent to us the ancient past. By the action of the late pope the ancient hierarchy of England ceased, in 1851, to exist in the eyes of the whole Catholic world, not a few of whom felt many a pang at such extinction. But the Benedictines *continued* to maintain the older titular archiepiscopal designations. They, at least, still belong to the two "provinces" of "Canterbury" and "York." Their right thus to perpetuate cherished memories of former days has been, of course, contested, but has nevertheless been successfully and definitively maintained. There are considerations of ritual also which help to endear the Benedictines to Englishmen of more than a single communion. Dr. Jessop has made one great omission in his paper. He has said nothing as to the services of the monastic church save the misleading expression, "Matins Mass." It may be well to try here to supply this defect by saying a few words as to breviary

services generally, and those of the Benedictines in particular. To do this may throw some light on one of the many hidden charms of monastic life.

As has been said, Anglican churchmen have the privilege of joining, if they please, in a noble form of "common prayer" elsewhere too generally altogether abandoned. But that form of prayer is a mutilated survival of the far richer "common prayer" of the older church, which failed not, seven times a day, to present its common praises, thanksgivings, and supplications to the Almighty. As most Catholics know, the seven services were and are: (1) Matins and Lauds, (2) Prime, (3) Tierce, (4) Sext, (5) None, (6) Vespers, and (7) Compline. Many persons, both Catholics and Protestants, however, do not know that the "Matins" of the English Prayer-Book are formed mainly from the Matins and Lauds of the breviary. In both we find the "Venite exultemus," Psalms, Lessons, the "Te Deum," and the "Benedictus." The Anglican service of Evensong is formed by an abridged combination of Vespers and Compline with a few additions.

How glorious must have been the sevenfold service in England's earlier days, when Wells had its ninety vicars choral and when hundreds of canons, in person or by deputy, filled our cathedral stalls! Of such noble worship the existing service of our national cathedrals affords no doubt a faint and distant reminiscence.

Of the various religious communities of men which now exist, it is by no means all which say or sing breviary services in common. Jesuits, Redemptorists,* Oratorians, and most other more modern societies of the kind, say it singly and in private, like secular priests. It is almost exclusively the orders which date from mediæval times which recite it together in choir, and only a few of those sing it in a solemn manner. Speaking broadly, it is only members of the great order of Benedict †—including its Cistercian offshoot—who represent fully in our own day what was once so customary in our land. These were the monks who filled our now ruined abbeys and priories with sweet melody and not only with daily but also with nightly singing of the divine praises.

Some of our readers may perhaps care to know that those praises are still so sung in England. Already in two places the

* This is a mistake. Redemptorists recite the office in common.—ED. C. W.

† The Carthusians recite only part of the office in choir. The rest is said by each monk alone in his own cell.

old choral worship fully lives again such as once was at Cluny and at Citeaux.

The actual monastic life may be studied in full vigor in central and in southwestern England and in the United States. In Leicestershire* we have true Cistercians staining the white wool of St. Bernard with their honorable labor. In Devon the black-robed monks of St. Benedict have labored and laid bare the foundations of the ancient abbey of Buckfast, on the Dart, and now its venerable walls are once more fast rising on the old lines, with the hope that ultimately their abbey church may rise again and be filled with choral harmony.† The life led at Buckfast Abbey is passed as follows: At two o'clock each morning the monks rise to recite their service of Matins and Lauds. At four they rest again till six, when they rise for half an hour's silent meditation in choir before the solemn office of Prime. After Prime they proceed to their temporary chapter-house to hear the martyrology and part of their rule, to publicly confess infractions thereof (for which penances are similarly imposed), and to listen to exhortation, reproof, and encouragement from the prior. At a quarter-past eight is breakfast (when it is not a fast-day), and at half-past eight Tierce is solemnly sung, followed by Mass. Then study and labor occupy the time till midday, at which hour Sext is sung; then follows dinner—always without meat, and with water or milk and water for drink—and at one o'clock None. At half-past two come Vespers, then labor and study till six, when meditation in choir precedes supper, followed at eight (or half-past eight, according to the season) by Compline, after which all retire to the common dormitory.

Such is the daily round of services. How tedious, how insufferably monotonous a life! not a few readers will exclaim. And so it would be to all but those who feel a special attraction for it and enjoy therein a foretaste of the perpetual worship they look forward to as the summit of their future felicity. The present writer remembers a few years ago to have been present alone in the church of St. Bernard's Abbey, Leicestershire, before the service of Prime began. Scarcely the faintest hint of dawn glimmered through the eastern windows, and the single lamp of the sanctuary hardly revealed the outlines of the choir. Suddenly a peculiar and shortly-reiterated sound aroused his

* St. Bernard's Abbey, founded by the late Ambrose Phillips De Lisle, and built by Augustus Welby Pugin.

† The worthy prior to whose enlightened zeal the happy inauguration of Buckfast Abbey is due has now left for America to carry on the same good work in the United States. His name is Father Thomas Depérou.

curiosity. It proved to be due to the incoming of an aged monk, dragging along his partly paralyzed limbs with the help of crutches. Fifty years had passed over his head as a Cistercian religious, and yet that life was not adopted by him before the mature age of thirty-four! Here is one instance of the persistent charm of such a life for certain natures. One need not be a believer in Christianity to understand that many a man who does believe in it may continue to feel the charm of a life given wholly to direct communion with his Lord, and to repeating again and again, day after day, those venerable praises and thanksgivings of the Hebrew Psalmist which have for so many centuries given articulate expression to the highest emotions of the best men of so many nations. There surely is, then, some solid ground for believing that England may see again a few religious houses in the main resembling, though in some matters differing from, those which were in our land in pre-Reformation times. It is but a few such houses, however, which can live again, for the need for them is unquestionably far less. The process of the division of labor, which has been carried so much further since the tenth century, would account for this, even if all England were in communion with Rome. At one time all who desired a life of study, or of quiet repose, or of artistic culture were driven to the cloister. Our doctors, our lawyers, our men of letters, our poets, and our artists were almost necessarily monks. Still, though so many fields of uncloistered activity now exist which once were not, there are, and, as it seems, there will long be, certain stirrings of the soul, certain yearnings of the heart and convictions of the intellect, which find their satisfaction only in the realization of the monastic ideal. Generous minds who desire that all legitimate aspirations should obtain their satisfaction, who would give to others that liberty which they demand with justice for themselves, cannot but view with satisfaction the opening once more of an old English monastic house for centuries suppressed. Long a desolate and useless ruin, it now affords an opportunity for practical acquaintance with a mode of life and a religious ideal which has played so great and so continuous a part in the past history of our native land. Those persons, moreover, of whatever "obedience," who desire to witness, if not to join in, the richer and fuller "common prayer" of the olden days, must feel a real satisfaction in the opening of one more Benedictine house—a house of that order which has preserved to our own time so much of the past, and whose breviary, free from many of the changes introduced into that of Rome, is still enriched by

many a lovely mediæval hymn which elsewhere has disappeared. Such a ritualistic revival is also a survival which recommends itself to the poet, the artist, the antiquary, and the historian, no less than to every Christian to whom the solemnity and dignity of divine worship are especially sacred and precious. Nor is it for the Christian or the antiquary alone that such an institution may have charms. The non-Christian theist, the pure agnostic, may gain a not unwelcome repose through a visit for a few days or weeks to such an institution. There, far from worldly interruptions, in the very abode of contemplation, he may find time to think out to a profitable issue some of the deepest of life's many problems—problems which, while they remain utterly unsolved, tend to chill the heart, to fetter the intellect, and to sadly weaken the will. Men who have not tried it can have little idea of the soothing charm of such a home of peace, or of the benefit to be sometimes obtained—all religious controversies apart—through a short residence in one of these revived embodiments of the still vigorously surviving spirit of mediæval monasticism.

FANCHETTE'S FRIEND.

FANCHETTE stood in the market-place under the shadow of the cathedral. The white-capped little French girl looked as neat as a daisy; nobody could have guessed how sad a plight she was in. But under that dainty white head-dress, and under the shade of her black hair, there was a too delicate clearness about the brunette face, a darkness about her wistful eyes, a piquancy in the features, as if they were not only fine but somewhat pinched. Poor Fanchette! For many days she had existed half-starved, warding off hunger with sou after sou; and here she was, out in the early morning, looking round her, bewildered, homeless, friendless, almost hopeless, with only one franc in her pocket. Only one coin in the world! Where was she to hire shelter to-night? And how could she venture to change her only coin to break her fast with a cup of coffee and a morsel of bread? So there she stood, envying the market-women selling their wares and emptying their baskets of green vegetables; envying the busy housewives who were out betimes marketing, cheapening everything, as the sellers expected, and carrying off purchases pleasantly after much noisy haggling; envying the

small shopkeepers in the little sheds and shanties that nestled round the cathedral's base—envying everybody who had work to do, no matter how hard. Why, even the *chiffonnières*, who had gone round at dawn with their big baskets and their pointed sticks to search the dust and pick rags—even they were better off than this sweet and trim little maiden. They had work; they would not starve. But she, poor child of fifteen years, had no means of earning her bread. She had neither father, nor mother, nor home, nor employment since she was sent adrift when her old employers left the town. It seemed impossible for her ever to find a situation again. Who could have imagined that this pretty figure was such a child of misery? A white cap, a little shoulder-shawl, and a blue short skirt and peasant apron may make up a picturesque rustic costume, and a young brunette face may look romantic under snowy muslin, but poverty and hunger are more real than the picturesque and the romantic, and Fanchette, who had never dreamed of costume and beauty, was all awake to the hard facts that the coin in her pocket this morning was the very last, and that she was weary, hungry, and frightened of the great, strange world, with nothing to eat when this coin would be spent, no chance of earning any more, no roof to shelter her to-night.

She went wearily up the cathedral steps after much bewildered thinking, and the lonely, white-capped figure disappeared through the dark portal under the carvings of the Gothic doorway—under the stone angels, the dragons and the monsters' heads, and all the gray and hoary multitude of figures that had guarded the sacred entrance while four centuries of worshippers were wearing the threshold stone away.

The morning light was filling the chancel with all the glory of the eastern windows, and poor Fanchette knelt down on the pavement among the simple townfolk—among the multitude of the weary and heavy burdened. There was a sense of rest and home. It was her Father's house.

Suddenly a thought troubled the mind of Fanchette. This was the one day of the year when, ever since early childhood, there had been a Mass said at her desire for the holy souls. Long ago her mother had given into her childish hand each year on this very morning a franc to carry to the curé of their village church; and afterwards out of her own earnings she had kept up the custom faithfully. But here she was with only one franc in the world. How could she get a Mass said to-day? That poor little pocket of her apron would be quite empty at last.

There would be no money for a taste of coffee, and she was already weak and faint; there would be nothing but homeless starvation.

The little maiden's hand stole into the apron pocket and began to feel the solitary coin while she was thinking. The dark eyes became more wistful, softened with a liquid brightness; but in that pair of dark eyes there was a certain ardor of purpose, and in the young face, for all its piquancy, a natural expression of confiding, childlike simplicity. One saw in the peasant girl's face the end of the trouble and struggle of those few moments, the destiny of the last franc. Generous and simple heart! The hand came out of the poor little apron pocket and left the pocket empty. The small wooden shoes went as lightly as they could, making straight for the sacristy-door, and their next course was away to a side-chapel where the Mass was said, while a few worshippers gathered to kneel there. When the Mass was over the little white-capped maiden tripped away down the cathedral steps, feeling somehow lighter-hearted, but trying very hard to keep the tears out of that pair of dark eyes.

Not knowing where to go in her utterly destitute state, she wandered through the quaint old streets of the little town, under wooden walls and carven gables, almost stumbling in her weakness over the round stones of the pavement. She had wandered thus for a long time, unable even to think how to find work, when a gentleman stopped her with the question:

"Are you in want of employment?"

"Yes, sir," said poor little Fanchette eagerly, looking up at him.

He was a man of some thirty years, with a marked dignity and gravity about his whole person, and with a dark olive face so grand in features and so noble in expression that to see him once was to remember him always. There was something business-like in his courteous manner; he did not speak in a hurry, but he did not wish to lose time. His very tone was kind—so kind that the helpless girl added to her brief answer the further plea: "O sir! for the sake of the good God, tell me how shall I get work to do?"

"That is why I spoke to you," he said quietly. "Go at once to the Rue de la Porte Vieille, to the last house in that street on the right-hand side—a house with gray stone pillars to its courtyard."

Fanchette thanked him with a word warm from her heart

and a look all tearful with gratitude. And then she hurried away as fast as the wooden shoes could carry her over the paving-stones—away without losing a minute to the Street of the Old Gateway, and to the last house on the right-hand side. She found it easily. It was an old house, with a courtyard wall hiding it from the road. But just as she reached the first gray pillar of the courtyard door the clamor of a rough, angry voice almost startled her, and a servant-maid burst out into the road in a whirlwind of rage, scolding all the way like the roughest of market-women, and banging the door after her till the Street of the Old Gateway echoed again.

Fanchette, weak and nervous, stood there frightened till the woman was gone out of sight and hearing. She was almost afraid to ring after so startling an incident at the gate with the gray pillars. But fortunately an old woman opened the courtyard door to look out into the street.

"Ah! well," said this stooping, gray-haired dame, nodding her hooked nose and chin, after she had looked down the street in vain from under the screen of a wrinkled hand, "if you *would* go, Barbe, there was no stopping you. You won't find such a mistress again, wherever you go; but it will be ten years added to my life to have heard the last of that tongue of yours. The last of it, indeed! It is in my ears yet as it used to sound in the kitchen all day—like all the rusty knives in the world sharpening their edges at once. What a still day! We shall hear the clocks ticking now." Then all at once she caught sight of the timid face of the girl, who had stepped forward to speak. "What house do you want? Can I tell you your way?"

"I have been sent here to look for work," said Fanchette. "I thought there was a servant wanted at this house. Is it so?"

The old woman, with sharp eyes, looked at her from the white cap down to the little *sabots*. "How lucky! Come in and see the mistress. Our maid, Barbe, has just gone off with herself in a red-hot temper. We did not want a servant till this minute. But we do want one now. Come along!"

They crossed the courtyard and entered the house. The girl was told to wait in the square, oak-paneled hall while the old dame, with jingling keys at her side, went away to seek her mistress. From the seat in the broad hall Fanchette had a full view into a large room with windows opening on a garden terrace. On the wall of this room, full in the light, and evidently in a place of honor, there was the portrait of the gentleman who had told her to come here.

"I hope they will take me," she thought; "he will be a kind master in the house."

And, in truth, it was a most winning face, at once so gravely earnest and so full of sympathy. It was the face of one of those men who are brilliant and learned before the world, but above all lovable at home. The little peasant girl could not read all this in the portrait, but the same impression came to her: the master looked kind, and she hoped she would be taken. Yet the picture could never have told her how kind he was but for that look of his, that unforgotten look, when he met her in the street.

"Come this way," said the voice of the stooping old house-keeper suddenly in the midst of Fanchette's reflections, and she hastened up the broad, polished staircase to where the old woman stood beckoning. She was ushered into a little room with a window looking upon the courtyard; and there she made a deep curtsy to a white-haired lady, and was left alone to answer the questions of the mistress of the house.

"You have come to offer yourself as a servant. It is fortunate for me. But how did you know I wanted one?"

"The master met me in the street, madame, and told me to come."

"The master!" with a smile.

"Yes, madame. A gentleman met me."

"But there is no gentleman here. You have made a mistake, my good girl, and you have come to the wrong house. As it happens, you have come where there is a servant wanting, for our maid went away this morning suddenly without giving me any notice."

Then followed a few questions. How old was Fanchette? Fifteen! Very young for this situation. Had she served in any other place? Yes; for a year, since her mother's death. Where was her father? He, too, was dead. "Fifteen is very young for my house," said the lady gently and with regret.

"But, madame, do take me. I am so anxious to work."

"Poor little girl! Well, suppose you come after to-morrow, and then if I cannot take you I shall try to get you a situation elsewhere."

Tears came into the homeless girl's eyes, and her voice trembled. "Oh! is there no work that I could do here to-day? Madame, I have nowhere to go, I have no money, I have no friends, I have had no food."

"My poor girl, you are nearly fainting!" exclaimed the white-haired lady, rising suddenly in pity and fear at the sight

of the blanched face and tearful eyes. "Of course I could not have dreamed of this. You must have your breakfast before I say another word about working." She led her down the staircase, talking all the way. "And so you had not anything this morning to buy a bit of bread. God help us, what a world!"

"Yes, I had money," stammered Fanchette, with a blush of faint color, "but—but—"

"But what?"

"I thought it better to—it was necessary—I couldn't help—madame, it was only a little, and I gave it away!"

The mistress of the house stopped suddenly on the stairs. "Gave it away! What! How was that?"

"It was one franc, madame." And, under pressure of questions, poor Fanchette—with blushes and assurances that she felt as if she could not help it—stammered out her story.

The lady with the white hair laid her hand on the little peasant's shoulder, and seemed to whisper to herself something that sounded like "she, of her want, hath given all she had." Then she said kindly: "Never fear; you shall have a situation. I will take you as my servant. We shall not leave it till tomorrow; it is settled now. I have no doubt but that you will work well. And, after all, as to your age, child"—with a pleasant laugh—"why, that is a thing that will improve every day."

"Ah! madame, how I thank you!"

"No, not now. It is not the time for thanks now. It is the time for your breakfast. Come quickly. What is your name?"

"Fanchette."

"Very well, Fanchette, the first order I give you is that you shall eat heartily and then rest all the morning, while my house-keeper explains to you what your duties will be. You will work all the better afterwards."

Down-stairs, as they passed the open door of the large room into which Fanchette had seen from her seat in the hall, the lady noticed that her new maid turned for a moment and looked in at the picture.

"What do you see there, Fanchette? Why do you look so puzzled?"

"Pardon me, madame. I was only looking at that picture. It was your friend who was so good as to send me here; he must have known you would want a servant."

"My friend! What friend? What picture? Where?"

"Well, madame, if there is no master of the house, it must

have been your friend, who thought you might want me. And when I saw his portrait I knew I had found the right house."

"Come in here!" The lady led the little maid into the room to look at the picture before passing on. "Now see your mistake, Fanchette. Look again. That could not have been the gentleman you met in the street."

Fanchette looked up at the picture with irresistible truth in her grateful eyes, and in her simple voice she repeated slowly: "Yes, madame, I am quite sure: he met me in the street this morning; he sent me to you."

Silence for a few moments.

"You shall not be my servant."

Fanchette looked up, startled, grieved.

"That is the portrait of one who died ten years ago," said the white-haired lady, with tears in her eyes and with a voice trembling with emotion. "It is the portrait of my son. No, you shall not be my servant."

Fanchette looked up, still in amazement and in sorrow. But the arms of the mother were around her. Had not this starving girl out of her poverty given *him*, perhaps, this very day the heaven of heavens? Had *he* not sent her to his mother's roof? At last the voice could speak to the wondering girl held yet in a close embrace: "Poor homeless little one, come to my heart. You shall not be my servant: you shall be my child."

From that day Fanchette had a home in the Rue de la Porte Vieille. Her peasant dress was laid aside, and she entered upon a new life with a new name and a happy future, the daughter of the house.*

* The above story is true in all its main incidents—the last franc, the apparition, the occurrences at the house, the portrait, and the adoption.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MARRIED PEOPLE.

A MOST interesting brief biography of Marian Evans has lately been published by Mathilde Blind. A generous tongue has herein told of the struggles, early and late, of that sensitive spirit. The fervor of the Methodists, contrasted with the decorous, solemn, yet unexciting ritual which she ever had been accustomed to hear, attracted her mind even in childhood. Among the Methodists of that day many of the preachers were women, of whom one was an aunt of this thoughtful child. As she grew older the contemplation of one and another, that seemed to her an extravagance, whether of dogma or deportment, drove the friendless orphan to suspect that ever-sustaining and ever-continuing religious hope was neither in the form of faith that she had renounced nor among the Methodists nor any other organization with which she had any acquaintance. Alas! then, whither must she resort for the support without which such a spirit must famish in despair?

It is a great misfortune for a thoughtful, earnest mind to lose the form of religious faith in which, even though in early childhood, it had humbly, lovingly, and hopefully trusted, and yet find no other on which to rely as the journey to the grave, especially in the midst of saddening circumstances, draws nearer and nearer to its end. If ever there was a spirit that evinced special need of training in an authoritative discipline of religious faith, a discipline that is competent to save both from defiance of religious obligations and from despair when they have been violated, it surely was Marian Evans. For her own happiness, for all the important exigencies of her own being, it would have been better had she been less gifted, or more prone to the tendencies of feebler natures, and with less of charity—the sort of charity that she had for the wants of the needy and the lapses of the frail among mankind. As it was, besides being the greatest of her sex her aspirations were for the highest attainable good in all government, in civil, social, and domestic life; and her charities were so large that they included not only the most squalid and abject of the human race, but lesser animals which man sometimes, as if for no other cause but having received the gift of reason, loves either to wantonly destroy or whimsically maltreat.

Marian Evans was a woman who not only gave of her slender purse as much as it could spare for the alleviation of human suffering, but she would have stopped a traveller upon the highway and begged permission to put her handkerchief or her mantle under the collar that galled the shoulder of his jade; and she would have gone to the woods to fetch a green bough and extend it to a worm that, the winds having blown away from its native tree, she would find writhing its frail, moist body in the sand.

Such a girl was she when, now twenty years old, she went to her new home near the old town of Coventry, and, while giving lessons in several departments of education, occupied what leisure time she could find in translating the *Leben Jesu*, by Strauss.

It is entertaining to read the account given by her generous biographer of this sojourn and the subsequent removal out of the society of the Brays to the coterie of free-thinkers that used to meet in the editorial rooms of the *Westminster Review*. These were rooms wherein a man might exist and appear to thrive. But they were no proper resort for a woman, especially one with the spirit and what once had been the yearnings of Marian Evans. Yet this was all she had, and it was the best, as she believed, she could obtain; and out of the society of the positivists whom she met there habitually she must get, what was obliged to be gotten from some source, the intellectual and religious sustenance without some portion of which such a being must lapse either into inanity or desperation.

Yet the habit of free-thinking had begun quite before she repaired to the society of its great leaders in London, and already, and upon a subject on which it is unfortunate for all, but fatal for a woman, to make mistakes, her mind had come to a judgment that was sadly prophetic and that made her access to the *Westminster Review* sufficiently natural and easy. Some years before she had read that intensely serious and exciting novel, *Jane Eyre*, and with a bounding heart she had dwelt upon the recital of the misery and the shame of the poor governess when she found that the Rochester who had conquered her heart had a wife who was yet alive. "They had the right to marry, in the circumstances," exclaimed Marian Evans, and these bold words showed how far she had wandered from the faith of her fathers, and even from respect for her country's social laws and those of all civilized countries. If she could thus believe respecting the obligation of the marriage-bond when the wife, by the

visitation of Heaven, had been rendered unfit for the behests of conjugal union, it was not difficult to foresee her conclusions when such incompetency would be produced by dishonorable action.

Among this coterie of free-thinkers in the rooms of the *Westminster Review* was George Henry Lewes. He was not an Adonis nor an Apollo. He was not even a gifted Rochester, who, from mourning for his maniac wife, turned for relief to the petite governess and dreamed and dreamed how he might make her supply the place in a heart left destitute. No; George Henry Lewes was the very ugliest man that had ever been in those rooms, so defiant as they had become in all the solemnest and most beautiful concerns of humanity. George Henry Lewes was the very impersonation of ugliness. He was, or seemed to be, of the race of the satyrs, half-man, half-goat, for whose origin even mythology never undertook to account, and to whom mankind, in horror of what evils they might inflict upon them, were accustomed to offer the first-fruits of the earth. Men did not say of him that he had the horn of a rhinoceros, but they did say that he had the head of a dog, and that of a dog one of the ugliest of its kind—a Scotch terrier. Yet we know that some of the satyrs won the love of women in one way and another.

George Henry Lewes, however much like a Scotch terrier, had persuaded a woman to marry him. The wife that had borne him three children ruined irretrievably both herself and him. Then he spurned from his house and his breast one whom he never ought to have taken to either, and invited Marian Evans to assume her place in both; and she, now thirty-five years of age, consented. At this union there were none even of the conditions that attended the unhappy Dido when, driven by the resistless influences of the two goddesses, she fled with the Trojan to the grotto wherein

“Pronuba et Tellus et pronuba Juno
Dant signum : fulsere ignes, et conscius æther
Connubiis ; summoque ulularunt nymphæ.”

But it was yet more emphatically a “day of death” because of the deliberateness with which it was entered into and the defiant casting out of all remorse and all shame. This man and this woman, regarding not what God had forbidden, and regarding only those forms which the laws had enjoined from violation, came together with as little ceremony as the beasts that mate

in the forest; and perhaps they had persuaded themselves that such a union was as innocent.

Yet be it known that this woman, who fortunately was to bear no offspring of her own, if she did not become warmly attached to the children of her predecessor, made them attached to her, tended them in health and sickness, and at the dying-bed of one of them watched and waited with a devotion that the child never had had and never could have had from the poor creature who had given him birth; and she ever seemed as faithful to every behest both of wife and mother as any upon whom the blessing of the church had descended at the nuptial altar. Marian Evans believed, or she imagined, that the bond with which she was bound to this man was of more binding obligation because it was one that, without the sanction of Heaven and her country's laws, had nothing to hold it sacred but her own plighted word. Then this man with the face of a dog and the shape of a satyr showed the affectionateness of a grateful lover, and, sooner than she did, found out where lay the greatest gifts of her who had made such sacrifices to join her being with his own. Until he told her she had not suspected that she was able to write a novel.

"My dear," said he one day, "I think you could write a story." She made no answer the while. But, partly encouraged by these words, and partly obeying impulses of which thitherto she had been unconscious, she broke forth suddenly into describing "Scenes of Clerical Life" for *Blackwood's Magazine*, using the *nom de plume* of "George Eliot." Before this essay she had believed, and so expressed her opinion, that no Englishwoman was capable of anything like a great intellectual creation; and in contrasting English with those French literary women who had felt and evinced the courage of their sex, and so, when they wrote, "their books became the fullest expression of their womanhood," she was wont to ridicule the former, dubbing their endeavors in that line "usually an absurd exaggeration of the masculine style, like the swaggering gait of a bad actress in male attire." Remembering what she had said, and perhaps from the consciousness of a sort of masculinity of intellect and character, she was led to assume the name of a man when she went forth upon the task of rivalling the distinguished women of France. At all events, the whole world was astounded, as well her publishers as the rest, when it was discovered that the George Eliot who had aroused a greater interest in the reading public than any other person of her generation was a woman.

By this time she had wandered, except in instinctive feeling, entirely from the religious faith of her childhood. Such must have been the case, otherwise every moment of her waking existence must have been beset by fears that would have received little relief from such a society with any person of the male sex, however gifted he may have been in the graces that win the love of women. Among the things in her experience that she remembered, and upon which her mind habitually dwelt with fondness, was the first visit which she made to the Continent. What was most pleasing of the reminiscences of this visit was a sojourn on the Lake of Geneva, wherein she read over and over again that wonderful book, the *Confessions* of Rousseau. It is bad to have read this book of one who next to Voltaire, and in some respects beyond even him, was the most reprobate of all the men of genius whom the earth has produced; but in a woman it was audacious to have confessed to a pleasing recollection of the almost incredible foulnesses which it contains. Not that George Eliot had a love of foulness in action or in words, but she drank into her being without painful reluctance all the foulness because it was in the same cup that contained the voluptuous sentimentality which distinguished above all mankind this strange, wayward being.

Such reading, together with other agencies, had led her, some time before her connection with Mr. Lewes, to entertain strange and rather independent views of married life, and that there was a liberty and a happiness to which, in spite of word of priest and sanction of the church, a brave spirit, striving ever with singleness of heart and integrity of purpose, might aspire. This is apparent from an article written for the *Westminster Review* in 1854, when she was only five-and-twenty years of age. It was about Mme. de Sablé. Discussing what was alleged to be the "laxity of opinion and practice with regard to the marriage-tie in France," she said:

"Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defence of French morals, most of all in reference to marriage! But it is undeniable that unions formed in the maturity of thought and feeling, and grounded only on inherent fitness and mutual attraction, tended to bring women into more intelligent sympathy with men and to heighten and complicate their share in the political drama. The quiescence and security of the conjugal relation are doubtless favorable to the manifestation of the highest qualities by persons who have already attained a high standard of culture, but rarely foster a passion sufficient to rouse all the faculties to aid in winning or retaining its beloved object—to convert indolence into activity, indifference into ardent partisanship, dulness into perspicuity."

These words were a prophecy destined to fulfilment ten years afterwards.

The man that wrote to her his request, who was without any sort of religious faith himself, had none of the apprehension that an anxious, true-hearted, honorable lover feels when he does not know, but can only hope, that his suit of a modest, shrinking, blushing, lovely woman will be graciously received; nor was his mind disturbed by any fears of resentment on account of a proposal so sounding in dishonor. He had long known the temper and the tone of the woman whom he sought, and that her decision would be guided by reflections mainly upon the "inherent fitness" of acceptance or rejection. Her mind for years had been taking on preparation for that condition wherein it is probable that she preferred the kind of union now proposed to one that had any other sanction than that of her own heart. Of such a union the fruit must be bitter in the lapse of time. We shall see some of this bitterness at the last.

It is interesting to follow a literary career thus begun with the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. How they did set the world to reading and thinking and sympathizing in this provincial life, so different from that of London, yet so fraught with unexpected interest, as well to the indwellers of the city as those of the province! It was seen full soon that the author had not much admiration for the mild-mannered country clergyman, neither hot nor yet notably cold, who punctiliously complied with the written demands of his office, got for himself as comfortable living as possible, and addicted himself in private to a moderate dalliance with the flute. But they heard far different words when the novelist came to talk of those spirits who, however fanatical, were believed by her to be striving after a more earnest spiritual life than that which they beheld in their midst. Few can read the exhortations of Dinah Morris without feeling that such words came from the mouth of one who felt intensely that some becoming worship of God was of pressing importance, and that her spirit was wailing in the anguish of uncertainty in regard to what were the appointed ways, if any, in which such worship should be rendered. The mind of Marian Evans was eminently, passionately serious. The exquisite humor that appears with sufficient frequency in her writings, instead of subtracting from the evidence that the serious predominated over the sportive in her being, as it did in that of Shakspeare, enhanced it. For humor goes hand-in-hand with sadness in minds that are most gifted and sympathetic, and these are the only minds that

are able to create interesting concretes out of the lives of mankind.

Marian Evans, serious in childhood, more serious in young-womanhood, was to become most serious now, when, after having parted from what she had known of religious obligations and hopes, she entered upon an existence that cannot bring peace in this world, except that sort of peace that may come to those who are destitute of all religious faith other than a faith that excludes all idea of responsibility for personal conduct and all thought of judgment upon it hereafter. Such a person, indeed, was the man to whom she had given herself, and there can be no doubt that as long as he lived she endeavored to persuade herself that the life that she was leading, if regarded by Heaven at all, was regarded, if not with favor, at least with forgiveness, and that the first wrong, if a wrong, was condoned by a fidelity that the lawful wife had dishonored, and that could not have been more sincere had every requisite of legitimate marriage been observed. Yet this man could never lead her entirely away from religious convictions. The doubts that in youth had so beset her mind were not followed by any contemplations that were more cheerful, and the shadows upon her spirit became only deeper and deeper.

Among the Wesleyans were near relatives. Prominent among these was an aunt who had been a preacher, but who, when women were allowed no longer to speak in public, had left the society. In the year 1859 Miss Evans gave an account of this aunt in a letter to a friend. After telling of some things that led to the creation of the character of Hettie Sorel in *Adam Bede*, and other things, she concluded thus :

"You see how my aunt suggested Dinah; but it is not possible you should see, as I do, how entirely her individuality differed from Dinah's. How curious it seems to me that people should think Dinah's sermon, prayers, and speeches were *copied*, when they were written with hot tears as they surged up in my own mind!"

Of all married lovers that we have ever read of in books those of George Eliot are least to be congratulated. It is as mournful as it is wonderful to contemplate the sarcasm which she poured upon married life. Her husbands and wives generally intermarried in greater or less want of consideration for that "inherent fitness" of which she was wont to speak with such confidence in the *Westminster Review*, and with greater or less ignorance of the imagined superior purposes of matrimony

compared with those simple purposes of God, comfort and fruit, with such preservation of honor and love as is possible to an estate so fallen. Except in the case of the Poysers and their likes, she has generally made them petulant, exacting, suspicious, and, wherever possible, oppressive.

For the purposes of this article the *Mill on the Floss* is the most interesting of George Eliot's novels, for, according to the *Biography*, it contains a history of the author and her family. In *Maggie Tulliver* we read the life of Marian Evans' childhood and young-womanhood, and we foresaw that something out of the usual course was to attend the career of a girl who was wont to keep in an attic, with its worm-eaten floors and rafters, "a fetich she punished for all her misfortunes," and drove nails into the head of a hideous wooden doll in imitation of the vengeance of Jael upon Sisera. *Maggie Tulliver* has been styled "the most adorable of George Eliot's women." True to the author's views of such matters, she gave to this young woman so adorable a vulgarian for a lover; and of the adorable woman herself she wrote that, with all her charming qualities, she had "more affinity with poets and artists than with saints and martyrs," and that she yielded her heart to an "attraction lying entirely in the magnetism of passion." Strange words for a woman to write about one of her own creation, who was to be styled the most adorable of them all! What would have become of *Maggie* had she not died we can only conjecture by considering the fate of the girl she represented, and who, unfortunately for herself, did not die in her youth.

And now as to the married experiences of the three Dodsons, *Maggie Tulliver's* mother, and her two aunts, Mrs. Pullet and Mrs. Glegg. In all literature there is nothing so ludicrous and yet so melancholy. It is sad, in the midst of the gushing laughter in which we are made to indulge, to think of the lesson that we are expected to learn or the moral that we may deduce. Mrs. Pullet, whose claim to extreme gentility was founded mainly upon the delicacy of her health, must try, and try in vain, to find in her husband the "inherent fitness" so needed by a woman of extreme gentility. Instead of marrying a man this delicate creature found that she had married a little old maid. In this couple there was little disposition on the part of either to prey upon the other, and if there had been there was nothing upon which to prey, or even to pick. But what shall we say of Mrs. Glegg, with her dictatorial ways, her small economies, her anxiety to make a handsome figure in her will, and her invariable

reference to what was "the way in our family"? But Mr. Glegg was not like his brother-in-law, Mr. Pullet. He was possessed of a salutary sullenness that sometimes served the purpose of the power of aggression which he lacked. When the wife of his bosom had put upon Mr. Tulliver indignities upon indignities, until he at last, like a worm that has been teased ruthlessly and beyond endurance, made a feeble, resentful stroke at his persecutor, she went to her husband, not for sympathy, but in order to have his forces joined with hers for the sake of effectually crushing the little insect. Now, Mr. Glegg had not the heart for any such warfare. One may read (twelfth chapter), in a scene at the breakfast-table, a specimen of a considerable portion of the conjugal life of this aunt which will not be forgotten. As for Maggie's parents, let us see what were the prospects of the holy state of matrimony with them. The description of this lady is briefly given on the occasion of a remark she made to her husband after the quarrel with Sister Glegg, and while the poor debtor's wife, troubled by the fear of his being called upon to pay, was affectionately endeavoring to suggest a more prudent course than giving up to resentment:

"Mrs. Tulliver had lived thirteen years with her husband, yet she retained with all of the freshness of her early married life a faculty of saying things which drove him in the opposite direction to the one she desired. Some minds are wonderful for keeping their bloom in this way, as a patriarchal gold-fish apparently retains to the last its youthful illusion that it can swim in a straight line beyond the encircling glass. Mrs. Tulliver was an amiable fish of this kind, and, after running her head against the same resisting medium for thirteen years, would go at it again to-day with undulled alacrity."

If the young life of Marian Evans was like that of Maggie Tulliver among these parents and these aunts, no wonder that she grew up with the free opinions that led to such free action. As for her courtship by Stephen Guest, it was like that of the savage for the unprotected girl whom he chanced to find wandering too far from home—lower, indeed, because to the pursued was imparted some of the fierceness of the pursuer which made the former sometimes almost wish to be overtaken. The poor girl was saved from ruin by accidental death. Perhaps, indeed, we almost think that she who indited her history sometimes wished that she also in youth had gone down beneath the flood.

As the married lovers of George Eliot grow in intelligence, in the opportunities of culture, in the occupation of higher social

positions, they are made to illustrate seriously, as those we have described illustrated ludicrously, the author's ideas of the insufficiency of marriage to produce the happiness which it always promises. It makes the heart sick to read of the disappointment of Dorothea in the lofty yet innocent expectations she had indulged from the society of such a husband as Casaubon, wherein every religious aspiration of her heart is turned back upon and made to rend it. Then the punishment of Lydgate, who, though a gentleman born and bred, took to wife a woman who had nothing to commend herself except physical beauty—how such punishment tends to make a gentleman recoil with fear from women who are notably beautiful! It seems like cruelty to read in this wonderful book how this woman knows so well both to drive her husband almost to despair from shame for her selfishness, meanness, and duplicity, and then lure him back again by presenting in new phases and attitudes the charms that, in spite of his great manhood, had won him at the outset, and still preserved, though ever trifling with and abusing, their sway.

It is specially remarkable in the married lovers of George Eliot that they are made to refrain from violation of the letter of the bond which has bound them, although the spirit may have long been broken and hopeless of amendment. This fact saved her from being one of the vilest of the teachers of mankind. She did not mean to be an evil teacher. Her heart was too charitable and, according to her ideas of purity, too pure for that. So she made her married lovers faithful to the letter of their bonds. In reading *Middlemarch* we are constantly expecting Dorothea, ardent as religious, to leave the vain, pompous, jealous autocrat—who, though not bloody-minded like Bluebeard, has no more, if as much, regard for a wife's individuality—or Lydgate to withdraw from one so wholly unfit for the society of a good, brave man. No. There is that fatal bond which, unlike Shylock, these obligors interpret against themselves and wait for death or madness to release them.

One of the most affecting scenes illustrating this characteristic is that wherein is told of the meeting between Mrs. Bulstrode and her husband, whose early knavery, unsuspected during twenty years of married life, is at last detected, and the uncovered felon sits in his study and awaits, as a murderer awaits the announcement of the verdict of a jury, the conduct of his wife, who in her chamber above is reflecting upon the news she has just heard and upon what sort of bosom her trusting head has rested so long. We do not envy the one who without tears can

see that proud woman, after having put off the finery in which yesterday she had flaunted in disdain of the lesser women of her acquaintance, and put on the plain things she knows she is doomed to wear henceforth, she descends, goes to her husband bowed down with shame and terror, and, standing over him awhile in silence, at last calmly says: "Nicholas, look up."

Now, what could have been the motive of this strange woman to pay such respect to an institution which in her philosophical writings she had sneered at, and whose behests her own life had dishonored? She had read over and over, and many times over, the *Confessions* of Rousseau. Then she had admired eagerly the female novelists of France who had felt and exerted the "courage of their sex." Yet she could not pass to the point of the boldest among these, and make marriage a covert for the resort of unlawful loves instead of a sweet, clean bower for the lawful, or at least a shelter for the sorely tempted. She must follow these precedents as far as a mind that, though perverted, was yet generous and kindly could follow without doing violence to instincts that were ineradicable and to traditions of home and country that could not be wholly ignored. Here she must pause. Her married lovers are not happy. The most cultured and interesting among them either are miserable or they have grown to despise themselves for having had so little forethought as to bind themselves irrevocably to those whom they have found to be more unfit than any others would have been for the superior purposes for which union with them was sought and consummated. Yet they forbear from violation, the possible results of which seem as evil as the present and only more horrible. These husbands and wives are alternately like the lepers who, while they saw death for themselves in the city from which they had been cast out, see death more terrible among the enemies who were advancing in wrath against their whole nation. They are made to shrink from violation of the marriage-vows, as well as to hate it for its inadequacy to fulfil its promises. The marriage-vow is like the oath by the Styx, the dark, slow-moving river of hell, from which neither men nor gods could absolve. Men and women may forbear to make it, and hold on to the freedom from which how perilous it is to part George Eliot will tell them in words and pictures that make one sometimes shout with laughter and sometimes shudder to hear and behold; but when one has entered upon that estate one has gone upon a bourne almost like that from which no traveller returns.

Thus it is that, in spite of her own free-thinking principles

and her own eccentric life, the creations of George Eliot's imagination, like the curse of the weak, unfaithful prophet, become a blessing in so far as they evince that in the great heart of humanity the assurance is ineradicable that marriage is an institution of God and that its bonds are indissoluble by human means.

We had often suspected that this gifted woman had such purpose, among others, in view while engaged in her wonderful work, as if impelled, by the instinctive delicacy of her sex, to hope thus to make some compensation for what, in her heart, she must fear to have been a mistake in her own career; and we are confirmed in this view by the fact of her marriage after the death of Mr. Lewes. It has been said that on that occasion she was prostrated by grief nigh unto despair. That such a woman, had she been young, had married would have been most natural. When such a loss occurs, the more anguishing its recollection the more apt a despairing heart to look around for the means of support; and of all such means the most natural is the diversion to another love. Of all seasons for a lover, if he be both delicate and artful, to approach the object of pursuit, that is most favorable when the beloved object is forlorn with the sense of bereavement of a love that is dead and buried in the grave. "The Lady of Ephesus" in the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter is a satire, but it was founded upon a principle of our being that Heaven implanted there for purposes not less wise than benignant. Extravagant as are the things told of the Roman soldier and the young widow watching by the bier of her husband, yet some of the thoughts therein described are far more natural and more common than a lifetime yearning for the dead and refusal to be comforted by the living. Seldom, indeed, does this seem to be the case with women, except the young or those not past the period of middle age; for, besides that love with them has been a greater part of existence than with men, they are in greater dread of the charge of levity, are generally more religious-minded, and therefore more able to endure misfortune and more capable to find resignation. But how often do we see an old man, who has been bereft of the companion of all the years since the inception of his manhood, after the first season of wailing given to the sense of overwhelming loss, suddenly rise from his lowliness, straighten his bent shoulders, trim himself in youthful garments, and strive to move with easy gayety among women of whom he might have been the grandfather! Such deportment, ludicrous as it appears to the young and reprehensible to the aged, is an assertion of the instinct of

self-preservation which is common to all periods of human life, and, instead of indicating disrespect for the dead, is often, pitiful though it be, the most convincing evidence of how dearly the dead were prized while yet alive. To Hebron "Abraham came to mourn for Sara and to weep for her. And Abraham stood up before his dead and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying: I am a stranger and a sojourner with you. Give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight." And in the same chapter it is written: "Then again Abraham took a wife, and her name was Ceturah." Some persons may say, "Alas, that this is so!" but thousands upon thousands, after saying so, have done likewise, and thousands and thousands who will make such ejaculation hereafter will do likewise. The very best men, even more often than the worst, after having lost those whom they loved better than life, have thus sought, when it was not possible to restore, to simulate a condition that during its continuance was so fruitful of good.

This seldom happens with women who are advanced in life. The great apostle in his letters puts widows among the poor and the afflicted. Not that women need companionship less than men, but that, especially in advanced age, they are less subject to be led astray by deceitful promises of this kind, and so are usually left in the desolation that has befallen them. In one case impulses sometimes may be as strong, but they are also more under control.

Now, what of this woman, who at sixty years of age was left to a widowhood perhaps more desolate than if she had had a right to him whose name she bore? Upon her face, even in youth, had never been a single trace of the beauty that delights men's eyes. Now she was wrinkled with age and sickness and sorrow. Why must she marry? Ah! we must ask that question of Heaven. Only Heaven knows all the thoughts and the longings of such a spirit. Only Heaven can answer why, in the being of woman, young or old, is the undying sense of necessity to lean upon some support external to herself. It may be the church. It may be one of the multifold charities which none so well as she know how to dispense to the suffering of all conditions. If not here she can find the support which she needs, then she must lean her head upon the breast of a man. And yet—and yet can we suppose that this old woman, broken down with sickness and disappointments and incurable griefs, hoped to have her youth renewed and put into a condition of felicity that in its prime it had never known, by placing orange-blossoms

among her gray, withered locks, going tottering along the aisle in St. George's Chapel in Hanover Square, and having the symbolic ring put upon her wrinkled finger by a young man, her junior by thirty years? Had she become so superannuated as not to know that old December can neither impart nor receive the sweet influences of the young May? Ah! no. In the case of Marian Evans, we doubt not, there was a wish, when dying, to seek another name with which to descend into the grave than the one she had usurped from another of her sex who, in spite of all else that she had forfeited, was entitled to this until death had put an end to the claim. For even with the most abject of earth there are belongings that are as sacred as any property of any others until death.

With such views of Marian Evans we are led to compassionate whenever we think of her strange, unhappy career. Aside from our gratitude for the delight we get from her almost matchless creations, we must be profoundly touched by the contemplation of what must have been the sadness of her who could not believe that happiness was to be found in the married state, and who had no experience of happiness without, and who, though without any ascertained principles of religious belief, and with an ineffaceable blot upon her own life, yet shrank from imparting any precept that would have led others to their ruin. It is pleasing to notice her sympathy with every form of suffering and her perpetual desire to alleviate it. It was as if she would make all possible amends for the errors of her own life. She had undervalued the sacredness of marriage, and, in her condition, perhaps it was impossible to describe it otherwise than it appeared to her own eyes. Yet if unwittingly or unintentionally she paid her reverence to that state of life, she taught that there was no hope of escape from its miseries on this side of the grave. She made her husbands and wives dispute and quarrel, inflict and suffer, until death put an end both to infliction and suffering; then at last, when youth and strength and health were gone, and what had once been plainness of feature had lapsed into the wrinkles of old, when she had laid aside her work and in the solitude of her spirit looked back upon the past and forth upon the future, it is touching to contemplate how, when aged, tired, alone, she yearned for an honorable name to be written upon her tomb. Mme. de Staël concealed from the world the marriage that had been consummated in her old age, both because she was afraid of the ridicule and of any subtraction from the name that she had made so renowned. It was not until

her will was opened that the fact was made known that she had taken to her aged bosom a Genoese boy, when the ridicule that must follow, following late, made no impression upon the "dull, cold ear of death." How unlike her was the Englishwoman who piteously desired that the blessings she had not sought in life heretofore might descend upon her grave! To bind herself in old age with the bond she had desecrated, not expecting, perhaps not even desiring, the good the hope of which impels the young to take its obligations, seemed to her the only apology she could make for the wrong done both to herself and the world. The world accepted it gladly, partly sympathizing with the motive that prompted it, and partly in consideration of her excellent greatness.

Doubtless it was well for Marian Evans that the man who had ruined her life died before her. Henceforward, though inexpressibly sad, yet it is consoling to contemplate how she tried to expiate the past. The companion who had gone before could never seduce her from all religious conviction, and now, when his voice was no longer heard and his example was removed, perhaps her awakening concern for her own immortal interests was enhanced by regretful memories of the wrongs done by him to which herself was party, without condonement of which, even by repentance, he had gone upon his last journey. The marriage of herself with another man would at least seem to consummate the severance that death had already made. If such were her motives for this last action, in it there is a pathos like that when *Œdipus* was led to Athens after the suicide of *Jocasta*, where he was to "turn the goal of wearisome existence," and where, seated in the grove hard by the temples of the gods, lifting his sightless eyes towards heaven, he prayed for "some accomplishment and end of life."

SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.

No. IV.

LIBERTY OF THEORIZING ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN—UNIVERSALITY OF THE DELUGE—THE CONFUSION OF BABEL—THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC METHOD—CONCLUSION.

LIBERTY OF THEORIZING ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

LET us recall to mind the precise point at which we left off in our last number, and restate the exact question we are considering. It is, briefly, whether there is, doctrinally speaking, a boundless liberty of theorizing respecting the antiquity of the Adamic race, or a liberty which has limits. We have seen that this liberty is claimed in general terms by some respectable writers whom we have quoted. Other writers of greater name and of established reputation as authors in sacred science have been referred to as giving their sanction to the thesis that there is no biblical chronology, and that consequently it belongs to the human sciences to ascertain the date of the appearance of man on the earth. From this position the inference is drawn that "the greatest latitude" must be allowed to theory, and that "every Scriptural criterion for measuring *doctrinally*" theories of the sort referred to is lacking.

For this inference we do not think such authors as the Abbé Le Hir, Cardinal Manning, and others of similar authority can be held responsible. It is too wide and general for any premises which are sanctioned by their authority. Any appearance of a general consent of the authors whom we have quoted, in favor of this unlimited latitude in theorizing, which may present itself to the minds of our readers is illusory. What is really established with great probability by weighty reasons and the concurrent judgment of a number of competent scholars is, that there is no *complete* and *detailed* chronology in the Scriptures, especially in the present condition of their text, and therefore no *precise* and *exact criterion* for measuring doctrinally the systems of chronologists. This is not to say that there is *no* chronology at all to be found in Scripture, and that it furnishes *no* chronological data whatsoever, and no, even negative, doctrinal criterion. Father de Valroger, in a passage quoted in our last number, makes a statement which seems to express the intention of all the authors

alluded to, one in which Dr. Schaefer explicitly concurs: "The Bible indicates in a measure *which suffices for its divine scope* the chronological order of the facts which it relates. . . . We should not seek in it *a detailed and precise chronology.*" This is the view which we hold to be the correct one in respect to the original and authentic indications of the chronological order of events in the earliest history of mankind. Obscurity is cast upon these authentic indications by the doubtful state of the present text. Yet, so far as the text is not obscured, or can be by sound criticism partially cleared from obscurity, we can avail ourselves of the certain or probable data which it furnishes.

When we inquire what is the measure which suffices for the divine scope of the Bible, and investigate in a more particular manner the divine scope itself of that part of the Bible which is contained in the earlier chapters of Genesis, we find a wide field opening before us. We cannot attempt to traverse this whole field, yet we must take some survey of it, or else keep silence altogether about the measure or criterion of chronological order in the Scripture. So long as we confine ourselves to the direct and principal scope of the earlier part of Genesis, which is that portion of the Bible with which alone we are immediately concerned, there is no difficulty and no difference of opinion in our way. It is to teach what St. Thomas calls the doctrine which *per se* belongs to faith. But there is also an indirect and subordinate scope, the teaching of what *per accidens* belongs to faith; under which head some things are found concerning which, as the same doctor says, "holy men have held diverse opinions." * In a general way we may say that the subordinate divine scope of the Scripture is to teach us the history of God's providence over the human race in respect to those essential matters of faith—viz., the creation, the original state, and the restitution of man. Christianity is an historical religion. So was Judaism. So were the pre-Mosaic and pre-Abrahamic and pre-Noachian dispensations. The historic stream has carried on its surface and floated down to us the divine doctrine and law. The written tradition, which is an outcome from the larger unwritten tradition, is therefore largely historical and prophetic. Its source must be traced to Noah and Adam, one the restorer, the other the founder, under God, of the patriarchal church. They cannot, therefore, either of them be relegated to an absolutely prehistorical antiquity, without cutting off the stream of sacred tradition, which is the bearer of the divine doctrine and law received

* In 2 *Dist.* 12, q. 1, a. 2.

from God by revelation at the beginning, preserved in pure and uninterrupted continuity, increased by the oral and written teaching of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, prophets, and inspired men, down to St. John, the last of the apostles.

It is our conviction, therefore, in which we are sure of being supported by the sanction of all Catholic theologians of the highest class and many non-Catholic scholars of eminence, that any theory of the antiquity of the Adamic race which destroys this continuity of historical tradition is irreconcilable with the truth of the Sacred Scripture. We cannot admit that there is *no doctrinal criterion whatever* for measuring such theories. The chronological indications which sufficed for the divine scope of the inspired book of Genesis must have been known and understood in their genuine and authentic state when the book was first promulgated. That relative value, at least, which the best scholars who deny an absolute value to numerical figures in the sacred books in many cases ascribe to them, must have attached to these figures in the genealogies of the patriarchs. We will not attempt a complete exposition of the whole import of this notion of relative truth and value which occurs in some of the passages we have quoted in the course of these articles. But a part of its meaning is certainly this: that an approximative, if not a precise, notation is given, which answers the writer's purpose. An inspired writer's purpose is one suggested and controlled by the Holy Spirit in view of the divine scope for the sake of which he was moved to write. The divine scope of the genealogy from Adam to Judah, and thence to David and his royal line, is evidently, first of all, to give the genealogy of Jesus Christ. Besides this another end can be assigned, as Bossuet and the eminent modern scholar Delitzsch insist with emphasis—viz., to show in the succession of patriarchs the validity and credibility of the tradition which came down through them to Moses. They accredit Moses; Moses and the prophets accredit Jesus Christ, who accredits the apostles and their successors to the end of time. The church received and preserves the apostolic writings and traditions, the synagogue had the scriptures and the traditions which went back to Moses. What had Moses and his predecessors to fall back upon? Tradition of the primitive revelation given to Adam, most undoubtedly; and of later revelations to the patriarchs; and, probably, written documents in which these revelations, together with historical registers and genealogies, were recorded. We do not fancy that the Holy

Spirit dictated to Moses that early part of Genesis which covers several thousands of years before his divine legation, word by word and sentence by sentence, as an author dictates to his amanuensis. It is far more reasonable to suppose—indeed, for our own part we have not the least doubt—that the inspiration of the Holy Spirit moved him to *arrange* and *edit* ancient documents and reduce to writing unwritten traditions, so as to prepare and hand down an epitome or summary of the sacred memoirs of the people of God and their chief patriarchs, thus bridging the vast chasm between himself and Adam. The earlier part of Genesis gives evidence, which to our mind has been convincing ever since we began to study it more than forty years ago, of being a collection of distinct, archaic documents whose antiquity is lost in the night of time. We are disposed to refer the first of these to Adam himself as its author and the relator of a divine revelation made to him—perhaps in a vision, perhaps by some other mode of intellectual illumination—concerning the creation of the world. This is the opinion of Dr. Schaefer.

The genius, education, and position of Moses gave him, moreover, the best opportunities and the most admirable fitness for acquiring all the knowledge attainable, at the time when he lived, of the past history of the world; that is, of the world which is included within the scope of the sacred history. Apart from his inspiration, the value of the historical records which he compiled into the book of Genesis far excels that of any memorials of the dim period before the deluge, or next following that great cataclysm, which have survived among other nations. It is not reasonable or a truly scientific method of procedure to put in a plea in bar against the Mosaic documents, when an attempt is made by means of the sciences to recover the date of the beginning of the human race on the earth, and the chronology of its history from Adam to Abraham. They should be taken into the account, even in regard to their human and historical authority, among the other data from which the investigation is made.

The “higher criticism,” indeed, attempts to pull in pieces the Pentateuch and the entire Old Testament. But the sentence of Edgar Quinet on this “higher criticism” is just :

“At first sight everything seems to be changed by its discoveries; but when you recover from the shock and really look into it you find such a medley of visionary conjecture and reckless theorizing that you despair of founding anything thereupon.”*

* Quoted from *Le Génie des Religions* in Lilly's *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, p. 276.

After the "higher criticism" comes the highest criticism, which despoils its predecessor of whatever it has worth taking, and rehabilitates the sacred books.

Virchow, the eminent modern scientist, has made another protest against "the arbitrariness of personal speculation which is now rampant in the several branches of physical science." *

Those who think to escape from difficulties and obtain scientific certitude by throwing over the divine and human authority of sacred history will find that they have drifted out of a sea with land in sight on all sides, though veiled in mist, into a boundless ocean.

If the divine scope of the book of Genesis required that the chronology of the facts related in it should be given with sufficient exactness to serve that divine scope, there can be no doubt that the control and assistance of the Holy Spirit guided the mind of Moses to the knowledge of the truth, guarded it from error, and determined him to make an accurate written record. That scope may have been partly temporary and long since fulfilled. Certainly it was not so important to future ages to have the numerical figures in the original text accurately and certainly preserved that God should supernaturally secure them from alteration. Having had, in the authentic text of Moses, only a relative value—*i.e.*, one which gave a sufficient approximation to a chronology to answer the doctrinal scope—they have now only a lesser relative value, on account of accidental or perhaps also intentional alterations. Gaps in the succession of generations, from Adam to Noah, and from Noah to Abraham, in the original text, would certainly deprive the genealogical tables of an absolute value as a foundation for a complete chronology. The omission of some names by transcribers, and the change of letters having a certain numerical value for other letters of a different value, through the same fault of transcribers, would equally detract from the worth of the table as a rule of chronological measurement. The suspicion of other changes which may have occurred renders the measuring rule still more uncertain.

Notwithstanding all this, we venture to express the opinion that the gaps in the genealogical succession cannot have been out of all proportion to the names mentioned. Neither can we, according to the laws of probability and the rules of sound criticism, suppose that accidental or intentional alterations in figures have made an extravagant divergence from the authentic text in all three recensions in matters of grave importance. Conjectural

* The same, p. 282.

emendations of the text, ingenious as some of them are, cannot be taken into serious account. After making all due deductions the remainder which is left as a factor in calculations based on all accessible data, respecting the antiquity of the Adamic race and the creation of Adam, has the character of a doctrinal criterion, in a large sense, because and in so far as it comes within the scope of the divinely inspired Scripture.

In view of all foregoing considerations, we prefer to say that "a great latitude," rather than "the greatest latitude," must be allowed to theory. We will not pretend to say what is its extreme limit. So far as we know at present, all biblical chronometers, all chronometers of profane history, and all geological chronometers leave the chronology of the human race in a floating and undecided state. Probably it never will be and cannot be determined with precision and certainty. It may be, however, that a closer approximation to definite certainty will become possible hereafter than is now within the reach of science.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE DELUGE.

The ancient and common opinion that the deluge of Noah was universal, in the sense of extending over the surface of the globe and destroying all animal life except what was preserved within the ark, is still maintained by respectable Catholic writers. It cannot be either proved or disproved with positive certainty by scientific arguments. As a merely historical topic there is nothing in any ancient documents or monuments to determine with certainty whether the deluge was universal or partial in its extent, unless such clear and unmistakable information is contained in the book of Genesis. This is the question we are proposing now to consider. First, and chiefly, we have to inquire whether the thesis that the deluge was absolutely universal is one belonging to faith in respect to ourselves—*i.e.*, is a part of the dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Church. Then, if we find that the question of the true sense of the language of Scripture on this head is left open to discussion and difference of interpretation, we may inquire into the probable reasons alleged for and against the universal extent of the deluge, in respect to the surface of the earth, in respect to animals, and in respect to the human race. Admitting the universality of local extent, universality in respect to the destruction of animal and human life necessarily follows. But if this universality is denied it may still be maintained that all men and animals perished except those

which were saved in the ark of Noah. For it can be asserted that only that part of the earth which was submerged was at that time inhabited. And, again, it can be held that the earth was generally inhabited by animals, but not by men, so that all men, eight only excepted, perished in the flood, but not all animals. It is in this modified form that the theory of the universality of the deluge has been in recent times and is now generally advocated—viz., that it was universal in respect to the human race, but not in any other sense. The inquiry at once suggests itself whether, if we are free to doubt or deny the universality of the deluge in those other respects, we are still bound to believe it to have been universal in this modified sense, or are at liberty to question even this without infringing upon doctrine; and may hold the opinion, if we see cause, that the deluge was partial even in respect to mankind. Several Catholic authors of good repute have of late advanced the opinion that the deluge in point of fact destroyed only one portion of the human race. The real interest of the matter is concentrated upon this point, and the only important part of the discussion concerning the universality or non-universality of the deluge relates to man, the other parts being quite indifferent except in so far as they have a bearing upon this one.

Looking at the various theories which have been and are now advocated by men who are sincere believers and are also devoted to the study of sacred and secular science in their doctrinal aspect, it is easy to show that the universality of the deluge, in a general sense, is an open question. It is, moreover, not difficult to show that the question is open in respect also to the total or partial destruction of the human race.

Among many names of Catholic authors who have maintained the non-universality of the deluge in respect to its extension over the surface of the globe, it suffices to mention Pianciani, Belynyck, Glaire, Vigouroux, and Schoupe. M. Lamy, who is a professor of Sacred Scripture in the University of Louvain, the author of a text-book in high repute, and a strong defender of the theory of universality, admits, as do the generality of good authorities, the tenability and orthodoxy of the non-universal theory:

“ A good number of interpreters of the Scriptures teach that the deluge did not extend over the whole earth, but only to the portion inhabited by man, and that those only of the animals which lived in the regions occupied by the posterity of Adam and were mixed up with their criminal life per-

ished in the cataclysm. But, admitting this opinion, all the difficulties opposed by the incredulous vanish of themselves." *

Voss was complained of to the Congregation of the Index for maintaining the local non-universality of the deluge. He was defended by Mabillon, and the complaint was dismissed.

The language of the Holy Scripture is, however, just as strong in asserting the local universality of the deluge as it is in asserting the extension of its destructive action to the entire human race. That kind of exegesis which demands a strictly literal interpretation of its universal expressions cannot make exceptions. On the other hand, if one part of these expressions can be interpreted of a relative universality, there is no reason, so far as purely verbal criticism is concerned, why all may not receive the same interpretation. The one and only question is, Can they fairly admit such an interpretation? If they can it follows, not, indeed, that such an interpretation must be the true one, but that it may be held as probably true, if there are good reasons for it, with a safe conscience, so long as there is no ecclesiastical decision to the contrary.

So far as the mere terms are concerned, it is perfectly certain that there was an elasticity of thought and language among the Hebrews which permitted great latitude in their use, in respect to their extension and restriction. "The whole earth," "under the whole heaven," "all nations," "all men," "all living creatures," and similar terms, may be absolutely universal, may be indefinite, may be definite but limited, according to the scope and intention of the writer, which must be determined by various considerations and not by the lexicon alone. A few examples will prove this conclusively :

"The seven years of scarcity, which Joseph had foretold, began to come : and the famine prevailed in *the whole world*."

"And the Lord said unto me (Moses) : This day will I begin to send the dread and fear of thee upon *the nations that dwell under the whole heaven*."

"Their sound (the sound of the preaching of the apostles) went over *all the earth*, and their words unto *the ends of the whole world*."

"Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of *every nation under heaven*." †

In order to estimate the absolute or relative sense of the terms of universality contained in the written record of Moses, which we are convinced was received by him through Abraham and his ancestors directly from Noah himself, we must first determine the horizon and the point of view of that great patriarch.

* *Introd.* t. 11, p. 49.

† Gen. xli. 54. Deut. ii. 25. Rom. x. 18. Acts ii. 5.

His heaven and his world, with all the men and animals under that heaven and dwelling on the surface of that world, in a religious and moral aspect, was a universal and a whole, with which the deluge was co-extensive; whether physically and numerically universal or limited to one portion of the globe and its inhabitants. We may take either side of this last dilemma without infringing upon the doctrine of faith.

Mgr. De Harlez, of the University of Louvain, one of the first scholars in Europe, has given his judgment to this effect, and it carries great weight :

"1. It is certain that the Bible in nowise directly favors the opinion which restricts the destruction of mankind by the deluge to the race of Seth; the other opinion is evidently the safest. But I am bound to acknowledge that there are no texts which put an absolute barrier against the thesis of the non-universality of the deluge. The arguments opposed to this thesis are not decisive. . . .

"2. The opinion which holds for the non-universality has its origin from desires and sentiments which are very Christian, and not from a spirit of innovation or rashness. Therefore it is not reprehensible in itself.

"To say that the church keeps silence solely from indulgence, while nevertheless tacitly reprobating the opinion, is to assume the very point in question. Not only laymen but theologians have sustained this opinion and there are many who do so. See on this subject M. Hamard's article, *Controverse*, Dec. 1, 1881.

"As for tradition, the unanimity of which I was the first to signalize, the case is identically the same with that of the miracle of Josue or of the age of the world. It is, namely, the case in which a constant and universal tradition is modified by the consequences of a discovery; the particular object is of small importance. Moreover, the tradition is only negatively contrary.

"The supposition of the non-destruction of the race of Cain has something in it which is very suitable in this respect, that God should have reserved to our times the confirmation of the veracity of the Mosaic narrative concerning the first fratricide, and that it would explain the singular degeneracy of the black race, and its state of inferiority to the other races, as the discoveries of geology attested the authenticity of the first chapter of Genesis, and anthropology has placed that of the fourth in a clear light. The cursed race of Cain had already received its punishment, and the destruction of the race of Seth might be a sufficient lesson.

"I expose these reasons, not because I adopt the opinion which rejects the universality of the deluge in respect to man, but because, in my eyes, it is the duty of a theologian not to strangle by his own private authority, and on account of his own doctrinal preferences, an opinion which can be very useful to apologetics and to the salvation of souls. It would be very unwise to reject *à priori* every novelty, even when it is very useful, because there may be novelties which are dangerous. One ought to appreciate each one by itself, and not anticipate the judgment of the church." *

* *La Controverse*, October 1, 1883.

We find ourselves compelled to omit all discussion of the reasons for and against the universality of the deluge either in respect to the earth or the human race, at least in this place. Let us pass on, then, to another topic.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

The commonly-received interpretation of the account given in Genesis of the confusion of Babel has been that the one, original language hitherto common to all mankind was then and there suddenly changed by miracle into several languages. There is another opinion which is at the present time advocated by some—viz., that the disturbance which divided and dispersed the tower-builders was a violent dissension and clamorous dispute which arose among the different families.

The Abbé Motais undertakes to show that, according to the rules of strict exegesis, this opinion is admissible and probable. He argues that the phrase which is literally in the Hebrew, "of one lip and of the same speeches," can mean oneness of language among the tower-builders in respect to agreement of the ideas and intentions which they expressed in their speeches and conversations. When the agreement of minds and wills ceased they could no longer understand one another's speech—*i.e.*, they could not settle their mutual and violent disputes by coming to a common understanding with one another. M. Motais gives the following illustration:

"Suppose I should say: The Republic, during the first years of its existence, saw all the differences which separated its adherents melt away in a perfect unity. In the Chamber one would have said that they had but one lip; they spoke but one and the same language. In their pride they dreamed of immortalizing themselves by making their republic last for ever. God saw it; departing from his apparent non-intervention, he came down among them and said: They have at present but one language, and they all have such a mutual understanding among themselves that they are like one man. Behold! I will cast disturbance into their speech, and I will sow discord among them. And the discord came, and they understood one another no longer: their assembly was transformed into a second Babel, so that their dispersion was unavoidable and their work resulted in confusion and failure."*

The reader can make the application for himself. We have said enough to show all we aim at showing—that an interpretation which has some reason in its favor, and is defended as admissible by such a respectable writer as the Abbé Motais, in a

* *La Controverse*. July 1, 1883, art. iv.

periodical of the highest character for its learning and orthodoxy, is in nowise contrary to faith.

The question about the nature and extent of the fact of the confusion of tongues and the dispersion of families at Babel is connected with other matters of chronology, ethnology, the time and extent of the general dispersion of mankind over the globe, the division of races, the origin of languages, etc., which are too extensive and complicated to be treated briefly, and which we must abstain from discussing. This is the case also with the topic of the universality of the deluge, upon which, for the same reason just given, we have only touched lightly.

THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC METHOD—CONCLUSION.

The pivotal centre around which a whole system of topics turns is the topic of the antiquity of the human race. The date of the creation of Adam, that of the deluge, the length of time which lies between the year 2000 B.C. and these prior epochs, and that which separates them from each other—all these, summed up under the one head of the antiquity of mankind and of its distinct races, need to be approximatively determined by a theory which is sufficiently probable to receive the assent of the generality of competent Christian scholars, before the general system can be well understood and adequately explained.

For instance, if the deluge is placed at a quite early period after the creation of Adam, it is not so difficult to adjust its historical relations as it is if the distance between these two events is widened. A comparatively small increase and limited diffusion of mankind can be more reasonably maintained, and thus the theory of a locally restricted deluge which was universal only in respect to the human family is freed from some serious objections. Besides, the other hypothesis, that some minor and inferior portion of Adam's descendants escaped the deluge, is likewise more easily tenable. For if a long series of centuries had given time for a great multiplication and a wide diffusion of men over the whole globe, the population of the world ought to have been far greater than the earliest historical records show it to have been, and the origins of the principal nations ought not to converge, as they do, towards the deluge and the dispersion which took place afterwards.

It is needless to enlarge upon the vast importance of the period between B.C. 2000 and the deluge, and the great interest

which attaches to all historical questions respecting those centuries.

The genuine and truly historical and scientific examination and discussion of these early antediluvian and postdiluvian ages of humanity concerns, as to chronology, the number of thousands of years which can be admitted, and which ought to be admitted, between Adam and Noah, and between Noah and Abraham. The *minimum* of the number of years between Adam and Abraham is, roughly stated, 2,000. The *maximum*, admissible according to the sum of all the probabilities, has been placed, and still continues to be placed, by several respectable authorities at 4,000; and there are various computations ranging between these two extremes. The principal arguments in favor of those who advocate the number which is called by some the *maximum*, and of those who go beyond it, are derived from the certain or conjectural human remains assigned to the quaternary ages, or even, in the case of a few, to the tertiary period. We have touched upon this matter in our previous articles. In closing this article, and with it the whole series, we wish only to make a few additions.

Several writers, professedly competent and well informed in science, have maintained in a very positive manner, and quite recently, that the relics and vestiges of man in the quaternary deposits can be fully accounted for without giving to mankind an antiquity of more than eight thousand years, or even less by several centuries. We do not profess to be able to estimate the genuine scientific worth of these authors and their conclusions. But we have found some very late utterances, from a perfectly trustworthy source, looking in the same direction.

F. Van den Ghuyne, in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* for October, 1884, signalizes "one more peremptory refutation of the tertiary man and of the transformist systems of the initial degradation of humanity," in one of the recent publications of the "School of the Louvre," by M. Bertrand, member of the Institute and Conservator of the Museum of National Antiquities at Paris. He says also:

"Nothing remains of the proofs adduced in favor of the tertiary man, and new facts will be required to restore to him among serious minds the credit which he has enjoyed." Further: M. Bertrand exclaims against "the exaggerations of certain geologists who have given too considerable an extension to the glacial phenomena in France." And "in view of the insufficiency of proofs, M. Bertrand concludes that it will perhaps be prudent to *suspend all judgment concerning the quaternary man.*" "At what

epoch was Gaul first peopled? M. Bertrand does not fear to break here openly with the fantastic chronology of prehistoric archæologists. He refers these origins of Gallic civilization to a period touching on the ninth century before our era." "Happily, the reaction against the fantastic calculations of prehistory has begun with vigor. May the authority of M. Alexandre Bertrand give them their death-blow, and replace the history of the earliest European civilizations in the frame where it properly belongs!"*

In the same number M. Arcelin says :

"In the actual state of science it appears to me equally premature to affirm the reality of several glacial periods and the contemporaneousness of this phenomenon in Europe and America. As for the existence of man during the glacial epoch, it seems to me still more problematical, at least in respect to Europe. It is very difficult to believe that man can have lived upon or in the midst of glaciers. Wherefore, finding in one of our French valleys traces of the quaternary man near glacial deposits, I regard these traces as posterior to the retreat of the glaciers. If Mr. Abbott (an American scientist, who discovered in the glacial earth-layer, at depths varying from three to forty feet numerous stone instruments of human manufacture) finds among the glacial formation of the New World numerous remains of human industry, must we conclude that the American quaternary man was contemporary with the glacial period? Would it not be a more probable supposition that we are in presence of a glacial earth-layer which has been displaced at a more recent epoch, and that the discovered objects date from this displacement?" †

Such indications as these, and numerous others of a similar character found in the writings of scientists, run in the direction of confirming the position taken by certain opponents of a chronology which notably increases the antiquity of man—viz., that there are wanting chronometers determining the date and period of the quaternary layers and the glacial and other phenomena of the quaternary ages; and that, even supposing these to be computed with lesser or greater probability, they do not furnish chronometers for fixing the date of remains of the ancient flora and fauna, much less of those which are vestiges of the human race. Hence, it is argued, the antiquity of man is not to be settled by geology with its fossil remains and vestiges, but by history.

We will not pretend to pronounce any categorical judgment on the matter, much less to determine and apply a doctrinal criterion. We may, however, express the opinion that in the actual state of science it is quite reasonable and prudent to hold on to the traditional interpretation of Moses and to the traditional chronology. This allows us ample sea-room and a wide latitude

* *Rev. des Qu. Scientif.*, October, 1884, pp. 590-601.

† Same review, pp. 614, 615.

of computation for the ages before and after the deluge, for all the purposes of that historical and ethnological, and archæological, and anthropological theorizing which is sober and rational.

We can cite the high authority of a scientist of the first class—viz., Mr. Mivart—in favor of this procedure. The purely hypothetical and frequently baseless and untenable nature of many views put forth under the imposing name of science, in his opinion, “justifies on the part of the laity (*i.e.*, of disciples in science) *a greater tenacity in holding traditional views which common sense justifies* than we often find in the face of expert upholders of cosmological paradoxes.”* We do not apply this latter opprobrious epithet to the respectable writers whom we have referred to in connection with the theories of the tertiary and quaternary man. But the maxim of Mr. Mivart can be applied in an *accommodated* sense to their hypotheses so long as they remain altogether problematical, as well as in a *strict* sense to those whom the author of it is aiming at. These last are the retailers of “philosophical superstitions,” the advocates of that “mechanical conception of the universe” which Mr. Mivart declares to be “self-contradictory and untenable, even in the field of mere physics.”

Let us repeat again the statement of M. Moigno, that the prime question at issue is between an antiquity of man which includes thousands of *years* and one which includes thousands of *ages*. This last is a “cosmological paradox,” considered as a part of the general “mechanical theory of the universe,” and in itself, apart from any false theory of the origin and evolution of the world, is contrary to common sense, as well as to every kind of science—a despicable “philosophical superstition.” It is certain that man is the latest as well as the most perfect of God’s creatures in this world, that he has been on the earth during a relatively short period, and that the regular and constant increase of the human race will not permit its history to be prolonged very far into the future. For the calculations we have given in our second article, although they cannot be too tightly strained without breaking, yet, taken in a looser and more flexible sense, are irrefragable. Unless the period of human existence on the earth have a relatively short duration, we cannot account for the fact that mankind have not long ago become too numerous to live on it; and, unless the period assigned by God for the actual state of human probation be ended after a much briefer duration than what has elapsed, mankind must become too numerous to be able to live on the earth. We cannot determine the past or

* *Br. Quart. Rev.*, April, 1884, Art. 1, “The Mechanical Philosophy.”

future limits of this duration with precision, but we can do so approximatively and negatively.

The truly scientific method avoids all narrowness and exclusiveness in the cultivation of the distinct branches of science, and gives to each one due regard, so as to combine all together in working out common and general results. Mr. Mivart, in the same article which has just now been quoted, wisely remarks: "The progress of science brings home to us more and more plainly how close in truth the kinship is between seemingly unrelated branches of knowledge." How much closer, then, is it between branches obviously related, although the kinship be frequently ignored or disavowed! It is, therefore, only by a combined and harmonious cultivation of all, of theology, of philosophy, of history, of the physical sciences, striving after a synthesis through the highest and most comprehensive acts of reason enlightened and directed by divine faith, that an approach can be made toward a complete science of man and the universe—the goal of those who are running in this noble race, though it can never be reached in the present state of existence.

In respect to all those questions in which science has some important relation to faith, and which are at present wrapped in some obscurity, it is a favorable augury for both religion and human science that there is a considerable and increasing phalanx of warriors in the cause of truth, who are at once able and zealous investigators in science and loyal sons of the holy church. In difficult and doubtful matters we may patiently await the progress of the sciences and the final verdict of the competent.

The thorough and comprehensive plan of education inculcated by the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., for aspirants to the priesthood and other studious youth, is a sure road toward the complete intellectual victory of the Catholic religion on the present lines of conflict with pseudo-science and a base-born philosophy. We hope to see our prelates, and all other leading men of both the clergy and the laity, following with wisdom and alacrity the counsels and commands of the Holy See, and taking practical measures for carrying them into effect by their single and their combined exertions. Great success, solid and durable results from these measures can at last be achieved only in one way: by long and patient study, the acquisition and employment of deep learning, exact and extensive science, sound and accurate scholarship, in all the branches of knowledge, though not by each one in every branch. A "School of Higher Studies,"

according to our notion, is a place where facilities for this kind of study are provided for one class of students; a university provides the same facilities for several or all classes.

NOTE.—In the last number a mistake was made in giving 20,000 years as M. d'Estienne's maximum number, whereas it is only 14,500.

Since this article was written a session of the French Association for the Advancement of the Sciences has been held at Blois, at which the famous flints of Thenay, M. Bourgeois' chief evidence for the tertiary man, were examined and discussed. M. Hamard, referred to by M. d'Estienne in the passage quoted in our last number, began a series of articles last November in the review *La Controverse et Le Contemporain* on this Congress of Blois. He says: "In spite of the contrary prejudices of some—prejudices which seemed to vanish away at the last moment before the evidence of facts—the tertiary man came out condemned by the congress. This is the intimate sentiment of all, even, if I mistake not, of his ancient partisans." Also: "The existence of man at the quaternary epoch does not run counter to the biblical chronology; but it would be otherwise if man had lived, as some pretend, towards the beginning or middle of the preceding epoch. In that case there could be no hesitation, but it would be necessary to bid adieu to the biblical chronology even in its utmost supposable length, or to class the tertiary man in a pre-Adamite species. . . . In my opinion one cannot pass a certain number, 10,000 years (*i.e.*, 8000 B.C.), for example, without taxing the sacred writer with error. Other Catholics think differently."

GORDON AND THE MAHDI.

SINCE it has become a favorite occupation for the telegraph to kill men and restore them to life with an equally amazing dexterity, no son of Adam has used Charon's sculler as an excursion-boat more often than that ubiquitous and illustrious "Chinese" of the West, General Gordon. Yet Gordon is as alive as a lark and still "holds the fort" at Khartoum, playing admirably the foremost part in the grandest comedy ever produced by that indefatigable impresario known to amateurs under the picturesque nickname of John Bull.

And no wonder that the whole world be so profoundly interested in the performances of both these absorbing personages along the banks of the river Nile, for their comedy is, after all, nothing less than an important chapter of the history of Central Africa's opening to civilization—that is to say, to Catholicism; because modern mankind, as it is proved already to-day by our own United States, is bound, wherever it builds anything, colonies or kingdoms, empires or republics, to appeal sooner or later to the true church's fecundifying influences, so that they may be saved from premature decay, chaos, and dissolution.

As such the so-called Soudan question forces itself upon the

attention of every Catholic thinker. Let us try, therefore, to find out how it is that in Mussulman communities a man, yesterday utterly unknown, may all of a sudden reveal himself to be the formidable leader of millions of fanatical barbarians. Then the somewhat mysterious personality of the puzzling Mahdi shall appear to us in its true light, and, by way of consequence, we will see clearer into the histrionic resources of General Gordon and foresee the *dénouement* aimed at by systematic England.

I.

In order to understand the tremendous influence now exercised in Africa by a hitherto obscure dervish, and the grave consequences which might follow from the military and religious movement of which he is the inspiring genius, it is necessary to remember that, according to Arabian historians, in the very first year of the Hegira ninety inhabitants of Medina-Talnari, the burial-place of Mahomet, formed a kind of pious association to practise in common and preach the new faith, so that the origin of Mussulman religious orders goes as far back as the origin of Islamism itself.

But the first *soufis*, or monks, were of no practical importance. It was only when Mahometanism went on the decline, and more especially since the beginning of our century, that thoughtful men began to deplore the progressive ruin of the political power of Islam through the criminal abuses of Oriental despots, and joined into confraternities to wake up the dormant fanaticism of their co-religionists. Once become reformers, they waged an unrelenting war against modern manners and innovations introduced in their states by Oriental sovereigns. More than once they preached, at the same time, rebellion against Mahometan princes who were paltering with the enemies of Islamism, and the "holy war" against Christians—sons of dogs, as they call them, worthy of nothing but ignominious death, or at least everlasting contempt. To better fulfil their mission some of them entered religious orders already in existence, in which they had no trouble to organize an army of disciples. Others founded new societies more in conformity with their whims, and always recruited, by thousands, fanatics ready to swear by them. Hence the order which possesses the most renowned chief draws to itself the majority of the faithful, thus explaining the otherwise astonishing fact that, from time to time spring suddenly out gigantic associations covering an important part of the Mussulman world and exercising a domination which,

though short-lived, is as absolute as that of the most autocratic monarchs.

In the simple and elastic frame of Islam's monotheism are to be found at least twenty grand sects having nothing common but the belief in God and his prophets. Besides, the gift of prophecy, which anybody may claim to himself, is a never-empty surprise-box. At any moment a new prophet may jump out of it, and if he supplies acceptable proofs of his pretended mission—which is not a hard task with so ignorant and well-disposed brethren—there is no reason not to follow him as the patent representative of Mahomet on earth.

In the province of Tunis you find the mighty order of the Tidjanians. In Morocco the cheick of Morocco, Sidi-el-Hadj-Abd-es-Selam, is the prophet of the Moulei Tayel, and comes immediately after the emperor, who never feels comfortable on his throne when he is on bad terms with the order. The first thing done by a rebellious tribe is to proclaim that the chief has deposed the emperor, but the next done by the emperor is to march against the tribe with the chief by his side. That settles the rebellion at once. Sidi-el-Hadj-Abd-es-Selam is a very tolerant man—so tolerant, indeed, that he married an English lady, with whom he walks daily in the streets arm-in-arm. And, not to let any doubt exist about his profound admiration for the nineteenth century, he allows himself, at least twice a week, to get as tipsy as the most obdurate of Father Mathew's adversaries. As a reformer he is, therefore, to be considered a lamentable failure. He is, nevertheless, such a good fellow that he manages to retain his prestige among degenerated Moroccans.

But the greatest religious power in Islam resides nowadays in a sect founded by an Algerine jurist of the Medjaher tribe—Sidi-Mohammed-Ben-Ali-es-Senoussi. Although the last as to date, this order has now several millions of adherents scattered in the provinces of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, in Morocco, Senegal, the Sahara, Soudan, Egypt, in the country of the Somalis, on the banks of the Red Sea, in Mesopotamia, and in European Turkey itself. It is easy to see that such a military and religious order is a constant menace to France as an African power. But its warlike motto is equally dreadful to all Christian nationalities, as well as to the Turks, whom the Senoussians envelop in the same inextinguishable hatred. The time may come, in a more or less distant future, when France will be once more the shield which will protect Europe against that great Mahometan militia which dreams of a new Arabian empire, and shall

surely pass, one day or another, from the period of an artful preparation to that of action. and storm the Christian world. Then the famous *Gesta Dei per Francos* shall be again a reality.

Let us see now who the Mahdi is.

II.

Very improperly indeed is Mohamed-Ahmed called the Mahdi of Soudan, and the actual war between him and Egypt the war in Soudan. Soudan proper—or Nigritia, which is also called Berr-es-Soodan, or Land of the Blacks—is that extensive but very indefinite tract of Central Africa, the area of which is generally estimated at 2,250,000 square miles, and expands itself between the twentieth and tenth degrees of latitude north and the eighteenth and thirty-third degrees of longitude east, bounded on the north by the Sahara, on the west by Senegambia, on the south by Upper Guinea, and on the east by Kordofan. Of course the aim of the Mahdi is to impose later on his religious supremacy upon the numerous kingdoms and states into which the country is divided, such as Bambarra, Masina, Gando, Sókoto, Bornou, Bagirmi, Whidah, and Darfur; but, as we will see, he is a *Nubian* by birth, by education and social ties, and, with the exception of an occasional campaign in Kordofan, the principal town of which is El Obeid, he has heretofore confined himself and his military operations against Egypt to rescuing his own native country, Nubia, from the despotic and ruinous oppression of the khedives. So he ought to be called the Nubian Mahdi, and his war the war in Nubia.

Sad to say, the clearest result of the long Egyptian occupation of Nubia has been to give a new activity to the foremost industry of the country—the slave-trade. Time out of mind the Upper Nile has been the highway of powerful companies of hunters of men, who ransack Central Africa and carry away every year a million of human beings to sell them on the markets of Constantinople, Samarkand, and Morocco. It is true that out of that million but two hundred thousand negroes at the most could reach the markets; the balance died on the way from sheer exhaustion, isolation, or despair. But the profits were still large enough to tempt speculators, and under the influence of the Egyptian administration the infamous trade attained such proportions that the aspect as well as the morals of Nubia were profoundly modified. Sir Samuel Baker asserts that in 1861 a European traveller could wander without fear through the vast territory and was in

no greater danger than a belated citizen promenading in Hyde Park. The inhabitants were the mildest, the most easily governed he ever saw. In a few years Egyptian administrators had changed all this. They had overloaded with taxes these poor, inoffensive peasants. Everywhere appeared the most pitiful signs of devastation and misery. Villages were in ruins, lands remained untilled. The trade in human flesh alone went on prosperously under the unobtrusive eye of Egyptian troops, so much so that the slave-traders were becoming the real power in the country.

Khedive Ismail became uneasy and appealed to Gordon's sword to crush the companies which threatened to swallow up his own authority. But it was too late; the otherwise energetic efforts of the British general practically destroyed little of the crying evil, while they exasperated against Egypt the only classes on which she still could lean in a case of emergency. Thus the Nubians were already ripe for an insurrection when the Egyptian machine went itself out of order. They did not even wait for Arabi's *pronunciamiento*, and rushed to arms in 1881 under the direction of Mohamed-Ahmed, the Mahdi.

Imagine a man about forty years of age, of medium height, as lean, as the saying is, as a shotten herring, with a mahogany complexion, coal-black beard and eyes, and three vertical slashes on his pallid cheeks; add to this a long cotton shirt as a garment, a narrow turban as a head-dress, a pair of wooden sandals, and in the hands—dry as those of a mummy—a string of ninety beads, corresponding to an equal number of divine attributes, and you have the Mahdi. Those who have seen him say that Mohamed-Ahmed plays to perfection the part of a visionary dervish, waving his head when walking, and murmuring constant prayers, his eyes fixed on heaven. His father was a carpenter on Naft Island, in the Nubian province of Dongola, and about 1852 came, with his four children, to Chindi, a small city on the banks of the Nile south of Berber. When still very young he was placed as an apprentice under the care of one of his uncles, a shipbuilder of Chabakah, opposite Sennaar. It seems that the future prophet was not without his failings, for one day his uncle thought well of flogging him in a regular French style. The proceeding was not appreciated, and the child ran away until he arrived in Khar-toum, where he entered a sort of school or convent of begging dervishes who were in charge of the monument erected over the venerated remains of Cheick Hoghali, patron of the city. There his life was a remarkable one for his piety; but as to education,

he never learned how to write or even how to read fluently. Later he went to a similar institution in Berber, then to one in Aradup, on the south of Kena. In the latter city he became, in 1870, the favorite disciple of an eminent fakir, Cheick Nur-el-Daim, and finally was ordained by him and went to Abbas Island, on the White Nile. His fame as a saintly man was every year on the increase. He lived in a kind of pit or subterranean repository for grain, called *silo*, which he had dug up with his own hands; and there he passed his life fasting and praying, burning incense day and night, and repeating the name of Allah for hours at a time until he would fall to the ground panting and exhausted. If anybody spoke to him he gave back no answer except sentences from the sacred books of Islam. Earthly things seemed to inspire him only with disgust and pity. He had made a vow to absorb himself in the contemplation of divine perfections and to weep all his life for the sins of mankind. But his tears did not destroy his powers of vision, and he kept his best eye wide open to business; and the faithful coming by thousands and depositing rich offerings at the mouth of his silo, he never failed to see the gifts nor to stow them away carefully for stormy days. In 1878 he had become so wealthy that he felt the necessity to declare that Allah had ordered him to leave his silo and to take unto himself a large collection of wives, whom, as a truly practical man, he chose among the most influential families of the country, especially that of the Bagaras, the most opulent slave-traders on the White Nile.

At last, in May, 1881, Mohamed-Ahmed dared to proclaim himself the true Mahdi, the great Reformer; the mighty Conqueror announced by prophecies attributed to Mahomet, and which were to be fulfilled in the fourteenth century of the Hegira. He declared that Allah had chosen him "to restore to Islam its pristine splendor, to establish universal equality and community of property among all men, to impose the laws and religion of Islam on all nations, and exterminate any one, Mussulman, Christian, or pagan, who should refuse to acknowledge his divine mission as the Mahdi." These rather radical pretensions were signified, by means of a circular letter, to all the fakirs and religious chiefs of Islam. But one of the most venerated fakirs of the province of Dongola, Mohamed-Saleh, instead of going, on receipt of Mohamed-Ahmed's letter, and joining him in Abbas Island with his disciples, forwarded the revolutionary document to the Egyptian government; and in August, 1881, an expedition was sent by Reouf-Pasha, then governor-general of Khartoum, to

suppress at once an adversary who might, if left to himself, quickly become a formidable one.

It was already too late. Everything was ready for rebellion. Moreover, the khedive's soldiers were Mussulmans themselves, and, as such, knew of the prophecies and felt great reluctance to fight a "holy" man whose mission so strikingly corresponded with the popular expectations. Then Mohamed-Ahmed belonged to the powerful order of the illustrious Abd-el-Kader-el-Ghelani, the seat of which is in Bagdad; and at the time of the revolt he held in the ecclesiastical hierarchy the rank of provincial of the Nile's *zaouïa*, or district, which assured to him an immense prestige and the veneration, not to say the passive obedience, of all faithful believers. On the other hand, his programme answered all the aspirations of millions of helpless and down-trodden negroes, and served at the same time the old grudges of the slave-traders—that is, the middle and ruling classes of Sudan—against the successors of Mehemet-Ali. Then, to crown all this, the insurgents were to fight on their own soil, to defend against a foreign enemy their fields, their cattle, and their independence; while, for the invader, the difficulties of a campaign to be pursued under a torrid climate, at more than two thousand miles from Cairo and beyond the Nubian Desert, could not but be gigantic, not to say insurmountable, ones.

The progress of the Mahdi was, therefore, as withering as it was rapid.

Every one has still fresh in his memory the appalling extermination of Hicks Pasha's eleven thousand men, surrounded on the 5th of November, 1883—the first day of the fourteenth century of the Hegira!—at Kasghil while marching on El Obeid. This horrible butchery, happening on the threshold of the century announced as the one of the Last Prophet, gave a bloody consecration to Mohamed-Ahmed, who, after the three days' battle, went all over the battle-field, piercing with his spear the ghastly corpses of his enemies, and exclaiming: "It is I, I the Prophet, who destroyed the heretics!" Compared to him Mahomet was no more, in his mind, than a small prophet. He alone was the only great and powerful Messiah announced by Mahomet himself. The sultan of Constantinople was no more the supreme caliph, the chief of Islamism; it was he, Mohamed-Ahmed, and he ordered his own name to be invoked in public worship in the place of Mahomet's, right after the name of Allah!

Alas! to pull down that immensely great man from his self-

constructed pedestal, to bring a sudden blush on the ever-pallid cheeks of that self-made Commander of the Faithful, it took only a little French Sister of St. Vincent de Paul. She had been brought before him with a number of Catholic priests and nuns, and he urged her to recognize him as the Messiah announced by the Scriptures and then to enter his harem.

"I am ready," answered simply the servant of the Crucified; "but as you invoke the Scriptures, allow me, O mighty prophet! to ask you only one favor before my abjuration."

"Speak, my child," said the Mahdi.

"Do not the Scriptures say that the Messiah shall make himself known by performing miracles?"

"Ah!—hem!—yes," faltered the would-be caliph, who smelled some rat under the pedestal above mentioned. "Well, what of it, you daughter of Occidental dogs?"

"Well," said she, without caring much about the rude apostrophe, "just perform one, if you please."

"One what?" thundered the Mahdi, thinking his terrible roar would crystallize the little sister.

"One miracle, monsieur, so that my companions and myself may kiss your powerful hand and become your devout followers in all safety of conscience."

Everybody was trembling at the audacity of the daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, and already saw her head rolling under the big sword of the Mahdi's favorite executioner. But no; she had spoken so humbly, and at the same time so earnestly, that Mohamed-Ahmed bowed his head and, to conceal his emotion, answered briefly that the time had not come yet for miracles, but would surely, and very soon. And dismissing the priests and the nuns, he gave orders that they should be left unmolested in the various houses occupied by the Catholic mission in El Obeid.

I have said enough to show what kind of a man is the Nubian Mahdi. Let us now see briefly what General Gordon has done and what will be the result of his long but useless—useless at least to justice and civilization—imprisonment in Khartoum.

III.

An extremely intelligent-looking little man, about fifty years old, with blonde hair, a florid although sunburnt complexion, clear, piercing eyes as pure as those of a child, and motions of a feminine sweetness little indicating the rock-like will enthroned

in the large, lofty forehead—such is General Gordon. After thirty years of the most extraordinary wars and travels in China, India, Zanzibar, Soudan, the Cape, and Jerusalem, he is as poor as on the first day of his eventful career; as chaste, they say, as the eleven thousand virgins; as much a fatalist as a fakir; always sparkling with strategical genius and unbridled energies. It may be justly said of “Chinese Gordon” that he has entered alive the realms of history and fame. On the 17th of January, 1884, when a terrible series of disasters was threatening with destruction the Egyptian troops garrisoned in eleven settlements established by Sir Samuel Baker, Gordon himself, and Chaillé-Long, from 1871 to 1881, all along the Upper Nile and in Berber, Dongola, and Khartoum, Gordon left London as a *deus ex machina* sent by the Gladstone ministry, and, after a most daring march through the Nubian Desert, arrived in Khartoum on the 18th of February. His instructions were summed up by himself in a very few words: “I am going there to cut the tail of the dog”—which, in plain English, meant he was going to break up the last ties between Soudan and Egypt, whose khedive had been forced by Sir Evelyn Baring to sign, towards the end of December, 1883, a formal renunciation of all conquests made in Nubia and Soudan by his ancestors and generals from 1819 to 1881.

Since then there has not been a moment when the name of Gordon was forgotten in the United Kingdom. Everywhere, from the most luxurious homes and the humblest firesides, prayers have gone up to heaven for the safe return of the hero. So there was no need of the letter which a certain Dr. Schweinfurth saw fit, a few months ago, to address to the British at large, begging them to interest themselves and send troops to Gordon's rescue. But as long as there is a world there will be German scientists assuming to themselves the monopoly of clear-sightedness, and convinced in good faith that, were they averse to it, Mother Earth could not waltz decently upon the ecliptic. After Dr. Koch going to France to annihilate cholera and succeeding only in “Barnumizing” the old and worn-out phenic acid, it was reserved for his wonderful *confrère*, Dr. Schweinfurth, to discover and inform Great Britain that her pet general was waiting to be rescued from the Mahdi's clutches. This, however, shows a tender heart. But why did the good doctor use such a melodramatic style, and especially why did he indulge in so many errors as to facts? Why did he say that “the sufferings of the defenders of Khartoum are horrible and challenge description”? Why

did he speak of "Gordon's cries of distress"? Why did he pretend that Gordon "is reduced to protect *his fireside* against enemies every day increasing in numbers"?

All these are romantic, inaccurate, "unscientific" statements.

Gordon is not, has never been, in a desperate situation. Gordon is quietly waiting, in an inexpugnable position, for the arrival of Lord Wolseley and of a little army of English and Franco-Canadian braves whose sufferings are far more affecting than those of the *protégé* of Dr. Schweinfurth. The last despatches say that Lord Wolseley will reach Khartoum in February next, perhaps on the 18th—that is, on the very same day that Gordon entered the capital of Soudan in 1884. There the noble lord will find Gordon in high spirits, and both will duly celebrate, in the very comfortable executive palace, such a glorious anniversary, and laugh to their hearts' content at the ingenuity of the simpletons who, the world over, wasted on Gordon's hardships tears which would have been far more useful had they been shed on their own sins. Should, on the contrary, the expedition fail to reach him Gordon will do without it. When his position becomes untenable he will find very good roads open to him either towards the Great Lakes and the Congo or towards Zanzibar or Massouah.

The fact is that from the outset the whole story has been adulterated and the truth purposely concealed from the non-initiated. Not only is the Khartoum garrison composed of six thousand men armed with Remingtons, not only are the arsenals and storehouses filled with provisions and supplies of all kinds heaped up there for the unfortunate General Hicks' army, but a flotilla of fifteen steamers, well furnished with guns and ammunition, is constantly cruising on both the Blue and the White Niles, and renders impossible any attempt to approach the city, which is built precisely at the confluence of the two rivers. In the opinion of Sir Samuel Baker there is no Mahdi who, given these conditions, could prevent any intelligent chief from keeping Khartoum for an indefinite period of years well supplied with meat and grains, while the same chief can literally deprive his adversaries of bread and water by keeping them far from the banks of the double river with the aid of the flotilla. The famous blockade of Khartoum by Mohamed-Ahmed is therefore a myth, and there is nothing to wonder at in the wise slowness with which Lord Wolseley *rushes* to the rescue of his clamorous but well-cared-for friend, the Egyptian dog's-tail cutter.

As to England, mistress as she is on the African coast of the

Red Sea, she knows well that no one but herself is able to inherit the provinces so foolishly abandoned by Tewfik. When the Mahdi is tired of his part of Messiah she will accommodate him with Darfur and Kordofan and make of him a most useful ally; and so it is that she so carefully discountenanced any solution tending to the speedy release of Gordon, when such solution implicated the introduction of any embarrassing factor in the business. No Turkish troops at Souakim; no Belgian pavilion in the equatorial provinces; no co-laborer coming from Cairo to Khartoum, such as Zebehr Pasha or the son of the dispossessed sultan of Darfur, Prince Abdallah Chakour, who could have renewed the Egyptian tradition.

First of all, by all means let the scission between Soudan and Egypt be complete; and, next, let the scission profit England, and England alone. But civilization may be the loser in the bargain? What does she care? Gordon may succumb to the task? Well, that is not probable; but, after all, so much the worse for him! We are all mortal, and he is not the first to teach that what is written is written and that no one perishes but when his hour has come. In one way or another Oriental Soudan must belong to England, and belong it shall. Then, having yesterday allowed the anti-slaveryist Gordon to re-establish the slave-trade on the regular scale, to-morrow practical England will be too glad to come back to Christian principles and seemingly to resume the persecution of the slave-traders. Moreover, she will have proclaimed Soudan's independence by adding it to her own domain.

And the business world, seeing once more the prodigious power of words, will give, with a will, "three cheers and a tiger" for that superlatively "smart" community known as the British people.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

CHAPTER VII. (*continued*).

FLORIAN seized his arm with unnecessary violence, he thought, and detained him.

"That's the *débutante*," said he. "See what you think of the possessor of such a voice."

Paul listened dreamily and wished to remain indifferent; but there was something so new in that voice, something so natural in its very imperfections, that he was compelled to show emotion.

"She is from the country, evidently," said he, "but there is some strength of character in the singer."

"You will not reverse the judgment when you meet her," said Florian, so earnestly that Paul began to think that he was about to meet the one woman of the hard political heart. When they entered and had paid their respects to Mrs. Merrion, that lively lady detained Florian at her own side, and, after introducing Paul to Ruth, sent them off together so naturally that there seemed nothing out of place or incongruous in the matter.

"Has your friend the poet—and oh! what a lovely face he has—ever met Miss Pendleton before?" said she, as the pair went off.

"I believe not," said Florian, sick at heart that he could not have Ruth all to himself. "What reason have you to think so?"

"Where are your eyes?" said Barbara. "Did you not see the start and stare of the poet when he was introduced, or were you looking at me so intently that you could see nothing else?"

It required a good deal to throw Florian into confusion, but between the announcement and the bold speech which followed it he was quite bewildered. Then Mrs. Merrion's eyes were fixed on him.

"O Mr. Wallace!" she said, "are you politicians so easily overthrown by woman's wit?"—for his confusion was evident.

"No," said he ungraciously, "it is not sharp enough. We are oftener overthrown by woman's eyes."

She pretended that he was serious in the compliment, and

said: "I believe you. The eyes are everything to a woman. See under what a spell my ox-eyed Juno has your poet. Don't be afraid to look. They are so pleased with each other that the company is forgotten."

Florian did not look, for the flame in his heart would have surely leaped into his eyes to see how happy Paul and Ruth were. He laughed and asked for the next musical wonder of the evening.

"I heard Miss Pendleton saying—"

"Pardon me: *Miss* Pendleton?" said his tormentor. "And you called her Ruth only yesterday. You have not given her to Mr. Rossiter so soon?"

"God!" muttered Florian, "this creature will drive me mad. I forgot that you are her relative," he said, smiling. "You know yourself I could not call her Ruth to every stranger."

"What a match they would make!" said Barbara dreamily—"he like a tawny Apollo and she like an Arcadian queen. I am something of a matchmaker, do you know, Mr. Wallace, and I have made some very successful ones."

"None more happy than that which you made for Mr. Merri-
on," said Florian.

"How very true! But then that is personal, and others are the best judge of my success in that instance."

Mrs. Merrion was unusually attractive that evening, and had determined on winning away Florian's soberness after she had pierced his heart through with the arrows of jealousy. The young man was easily impressed by a woman. He liked Frances, he loved Ruth; but here was a woman to admire—a woman who shone like a diamond well cut and polished among her less favored kind. She sparkled in dress, look, and language, and men followed her as their eyes would follow a meteor, and forgot her as soon as she was out of sight. Poor Florian was no exception. In five minutes he was totally oblivious of all mankind save that lovely being before him.

Paul was meanwhile passing through a simple but not less tumultuous state of feeling. When Ruth was introduced to him he saw for the first time the face of his dreams in its living image, although its owner had laid aside the simple yachting dress for the voluminous evening costume of the period; and being unprepared, he had started, blustered, stammered, and not come to himself rightly until he was sitting somewhere and the voice of the lady was talking about Florian.

"And you are a friend of Florian? I am so very glad to

know it, for I have never really heard who his friends were. Do you not think him a very nice gentleman? And they tell me he has considerable political influence for so young a man."

"Oh! he's the best fellow in the world," said Paul, wondering all the time if he were really talking with the original of the picture, "and his influence is simply boundless in the city. He has been in the legislature, he will go to Congress, then the governorship, and the presidency. There is nothing beyond that."

"So he finally comes to nothing," Ruth said, smiling. "What an ending for so much greatness and influence! And is it really worth while struggling for all these things, when they come to so little at last?"

"Little and great are all alike," said Paul. "The nothingness we come to, I suppose, makes the worthless earthly honor all the more valuable."

"Florian's exact words," said Ruth. "Ah! now I can see you are very good friends, for you have his ideas, and he has yours, no doubt."

"I have his, no doubt," said Paul; "but if he has mine they must be very useless, being mostly fancies about dreams. How easily you recognize his sayings, Miss Pendleton! You must have known him very well."

"We lived in the same town and went to the same school for years; and then we were friends. Oh! I know Florian as if he were my brother. His sister"—her voice faltered—"was a dear friend of mine; and if you know him you must like him."

"And I do, and I shall like him all the more if his friendship will place me higher in your favor."

He trembled at this boldness, but she received it as a matter of course.

"It will indeed. Florian's friends must all be worth knowing, for they were ever of the choicest."

Paul thought dubiously of his political friends, but speedily put the thought aside as unworthy of a friend. They were only familiars, and not familiars in the sense in which Ruth meant. They talked on very pleasantly for a half-hour, and then others came to disturb the delightful tête-à-tête and make him and her miserable; for Ruth had formed a sudden and strong liking for this warm-hearted and warm-featured child of genius which fell little short of the admiration he felt for her beauty.

If he knew just what relations existed between her and Florian, he thought, as his eyes followed her about the room, he could let his fancy run riot dreaming of the possible, and the

evening would be a real pleasure to him. Perhaps it was better to take it for granted that she was already betrothed to Florian, for his name was so often on her lips, and she seemed to think that he was the standard by which all men were to be judged. While he stood in the shadow of a window moodily thinking Mrs. Merrion came along to chide him for his retiring ways.

"Why, do you know," said she, "that there are twenty people here dying to make the acquaintance of the author of *Forlorn*? You are almost as great a star on this side of the river as Ruth—Miss Pendleton. And now, Mr. Rossiter, please do be agreeable, and give all these people the pleasure of talking to you and inviting you to their musicales, won't you?"

"I would grant more than that at your bidding," said he, charmed by the sparkling manner. "And yet to leave me like Prometheus bound, with twenty tortures instead of one, and heaven in view—you would not be so cruel."

"That's poetry, I suppose," said she. "But people must attend to the demands of society, you know. Now, what do you think of my cousin? You were talking with her. She is very learned and writes for the papers; and has she not charming ways?"

"And then if I tell you what I think," said he, "you will tell her every word I say to-morrow, and put me down as a conquest to her beauty. I have heard of you ladies."

"Evidently," said she; "and aren't you a conquest?"

"A willing one, but not in earnest, you know. It is not safe to intrude where prior claims exist."

"I do not know of any claims on Miss Pendleton that would prevent her giving her heart to any one; do you?"

"Well, not precisely; but I have heard that Mr. Wallace, my friend—"

"Pardon me. Did he tell you so?" said the astute lady in her most innocent and convincing way.

"No, he did not; but I inferred—"

"Pardon me again; never draw inferences that make you unhappy. Miss Pendleton is heart-whole, and will be until—well, well, how freely I am talking! You will think me bold, Mr. Rossiter, and so I am. But you will forgive me. It is a fault of mine."

"A very sweet one," said the poet, turning a compliment. When she went away he was happy and began to dream dreams in his usual fashion, but the people who were dying for an introduction to him came trooping up under Mrs. Merrion's

guidance and laid siege to his attention for a long time. His eyes constantly followed Ruth, and hers very often sought for him in the crowd of guests, and looked pleased when his yellow hair and fair face greeted them.

Florian had vainly tried, when once freed from the conversational charms of Barbara, to secure for himself the long-desired confidential talk with Ruth. Fate, in the person of the guests or of Mrs. Merrion, was against him. When one or the other did not engage him they surrounded Ruth like a city's walls, for the fair girl was become a general favorite that evening and was much sought after. She was a little tired of so continuous an adulation, and kept wishing that Paul would make his appearance again, and wondering why Florian did not join those sitting about her. Finding an opportunity to slip unobserved into a recess of some kind, she threw herself on a sofa, relieved to be free for a moment from the glare and heat and noise. When her eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the place she perceived that Florian was sitting opposite her.

"Is it you, Florian?" said she. "Oh! how I have tried to see you and speak to you this evening."

"It is impossible on a first night," said he quietly. "There are so many present, and your face is new to most of them. It's not much like a musicale in Clayburg."

"I think ours was much more pleasant, don't you?"

"Well, I should hardly feel obliged to enjoy them as I used," he said, with the worn air of a man who had exhausted the pleasure contained in such entertainments. "It is so long since I have been there that I have quite forgotten them."

"I can believe you," she said, with the gentlest reproach in her voice. "You seem to have forgotten everything connected with the poor little town and its glorious river."

"Not everything, Ruth. I remember Linda's grave, and how the river looks when only the stars are shining at midnight and the poor child lying there alone."

There was a sob in his voice, and the mention of Linda stirred Ruth deeply. She had felt like an artificial woman moving in her strange plumes through the brilliant company, and had wearied by the unvarying round of formal compliments and praise; but at this touch of feeling she became a Clayburg girl again, and it was Ruth talking with Florian as in the old time.

"I would never suspect you of forgetting that, Florian, nor the hermit, who sent so many kind regards to you."

"You saw him often, then?"

"Not very often, but I presumed a little, perhaps, and he is so obliging, if a little cold, and he spoke of you rarely, but it was always something wise or good. Did you ever notice how pure and true his thoughts are—like water from a spring—and how he never offends against etiquette or good-breeding?"

"I may have noticed it, but it did not impress me, although I made it a point to study him. He has faded from my mind considerably, and I would find it hard to reproduce his features; but I know what he must have said to you about me when you were leaving."

"Do you?" she said in some alarm. "How can you know that when I have not told you, Florian?"

"See if I am right. 'You will find him changed for the worse, my dear, and he will surely make love to you again,' said Scott."

"You are a magician," she answered, very much embarrassed. But then, imagining that Florian's boldness must arise from his indifference to their past state of feeling, she felt relieved and happy, and laughed with him.

"I think he must have said something like it," she said, "but I cannot recall the words used. I wonder how much of it is true? I know you have not been guilty of the last charge, and will not be; but are you much changed in heart, Florian?"

"What can you expect from the atmosphere in which I move?"

"I should expect that if it were very bad you would go away from it," she replied severely; "you often told me to do that, and common piety teaches it, too."

"Would you accuse a politician of piety?" he demanded, laughing.

Ruth was silent. There was something hard and forced in his manner.

"You cannot be pious in politics," he went on, understanding very well her feelings, "but one can keep from much evil. If you are wealthy or influential, or married to a good woman, you can keep from all."

"And as you are not wealthy—"

"And only moderately influential—"

"You ought to get married," said she; "and, indeed, rumor connects your name with some ladies very closely. I hope they suit you. You were always so particular, Florian."

"No doubt, no doubt," he answered vaguely, and felt a dumb pain stealing over him at her perfect indifference, or rather the friendly and sisterly interest she took in the matter.

"Linda would be so pleased to know you were happily situated in every way," she went on, "and I am sure I would."

"No doubt, no doubt," said he, shaking off the stupor that had seized upon him. "But we can talk of this again. You are not altogether out of my life, Ruth, and you may have as much to say as Linda herself in the matter before it is completed; perhaps more."

With these ominous words they joined the company, and it was at this moment Paul saw them and trembled, without knowing why, at the smiling look on Florian's face and the calm, untroubled surface of hers. He scarcely knew which way to turn in the maze of doubt and distrust that folded itself about him. Mrs. Merrion had declared Ruth's total freedom from any entangling ties. Yet Peter had as distinctly asserted the contrary. The manner of these two favored Peter's assertion.

"There is your friend yonder," said Ruth, as her eyes fell on Paul. "You are very fortunate in having him for your friend. I have never seen goodness and genius better impressed in any man's face. Call him over, and we shall form a party of three until the end comes."

Florian obeyed, and they sat down near the piano, and were speedily surrounded by a mob which drove the young men away and kept them away until they made their adieux. What peculiar feelings agitated them on their way home it would be difficult to describe, since they did not speak during the journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE INTRIGUE.

THE undercurrent which now set in to twist and toss the various characters plunged in the tide of love was so delicate and complicated as almost to defy description, as it certainly defied the intelligence and penetration of the persons concerned. The two characters least thought of in the whole matter were the very source of intrigue, and on their movements wholly depended the fate of Florian. How the influential lawyer would have stared had he known that Peter Carter, journalist and tippler, was leading him gently up to Ruth and making him the puppet in the comedy! How Paul and Ruth would have laughed to be

told that the butterfly Barbara was weaving the matrimonial threads about them and drawing them tighter every day! The intrigues of a fool and a butterfly are not always worthy of the pages of a book, but it becomes a real necessity in the present case to follow Peter and Mrs. Merrion closely because of the important results which followed from their intermeddling. Barbara was piqued with Ruth and Florian, and had taken it into her match-making and match-marring head that they should not marry each other. This was her motive in endeavoring to keep them apart and engage Ruth's affections elsewhere. Peter had the wild design of uniting Frances Lynch and Paul in matrimony, and therefore endeavored to remove Paul's only rival and arrange matters properly for the culminating event. He was not, as we have seen, a man of large comprehension. The result was all he kept his eyes upon, since he was utterly unable to reason, or to connect his schemes, or be patient while they matured. Like a man sun-blind, he saw nothing but the sun, and staggered towards the luminary without regard to the difficulties that lay between. Naturally he played into his subtler opponent's hands. The squire, in his blunt way, gave a long narrative of his hopes and fears concerning his daughter and Florian to Barbara, and took occasion to mention the help he was receiving from the astute Peter.

"A great mind," said the squire knowingly—"a great mind. If any one can bring about this match he can! Knows the whole city and human nature in the same manner."

"How I would like to help you!" said Barbara rapturously. "And I always had a taste for such things."

"You had, by hokey, Barbery!" roared the squire, slapping his thigh. "You had, if any one ever had. I never saw a woman who could hook in a man better, and land him every time, by thunder! Tell me, Barbery, is there any more like you in this town?"

"Why?" said she archly.

"Oh! because," said the squire, moodily ramming his hands into his pockets, "if I thought there was, and that I was going to cross 'em, I'd get for home. I'm a widower, you know. They'd fish for me and land me, and that 'ud be worse than losing my head."

"What a vain old fellow!" said she, laughing. "As if a woman would run after him!"

"She'd be obliged to do some tall runnin'," said the squire grimly, "to catch on to me; but when it comes to a matrimonial

race, woman's got the wind. It's her nature, I s'pose. It's all she can do. Oh! yes, I remember you, Barbery. Thank God! you're married: I'm safe."

A ring at the bell announced a caller, and the squire left to visit Peter and arrange for an afternoon interview. But our sociable friend had already anticipated the squire, and it was his card which the servant placed in Mrs. Merrion's hands.

Peter's interview with Mrs. Merrion was to his mind a brilliant success. The wily little lady left him under the impression that he was a prince of diplomatists; and an hour afterwards he was still beaming with gratified vanity when he met Paul coming out of a publisher's office and took him by the arm.

"I know by the look on yer sweet face, b'y," said Peter, "that you've struck a mine o' money. An' now let me advise ye, ye poor child. Go an' put every penny of it in the bank, an' keep something back for your wedding-day."

"Plenty of money in the world, Peter," said the poet, mimicking him, "and there will be more the day I am married than at present. Be sure I'll have my share of it."

"Ay, an' the poor 'll have the biggest part of your share. See now!"

"I can't see your logic, Peter."

"Poor b'y! is yer mind so far gone now?"

Paul laughed. They went home together, for the dinner-hour was approaching, and met Florian at the City Hall with a bundle of papers in his hands. He looked paler than usual and tired.

"I was wishing to meet you," said he; "let us go over to Mouquin's and dine instead of tramping over to madame's. It will save time, and the claret is unexceptionable."

"So it is," said Peter, as his feet slipped suddenly from under him and he came down on the icy sidewalk. The effects of this fall were immediate. Without a word he darted into a side-street and left the two young men to dine alone.

"He could not stand our chaffing," said Florian, as they entered the restaurant.

"You look played out," said Paul, "worse than I have seen you look for months."

"Work and pleasure," said Florian moodily, "don't agree. These confounded soirées have upset me, and I think I shall swear off."

"When Miss Pendleton goes home, I suppose," said Paul cautiously.

"Ah! you know that," said Florian quickly, for in all the winter they had rarely spoken about Ruth.

"Who could help knowing it, my dear boy? A retired sort of a young man begins suddenly to frequent society, and is always seen at those places where a certain young lady is sure to be. Is not the inference easy?"

"Yes, yes; and I never thought of that. Others, perhaps, will talk about it. But then she has not favored me more especially than other young men."

"Myself, for instance. I should say not! You are modest, of course; a successful man is always. I wish you happiness, Florian, for I think you are going to marry an excellent woman."

"I am not so near to that consummation," said the lawyer, with ill-concealed disgust, "so your compliments are ill-timed. Did I ever tell you that—well, what need to tell it now? I suppose you are aware that Miss Pendleton is a Protestant?"

"No," said Paul, in the highest astonishment. "I was not. On the contrary, when I saw the attention you paid to her, and how intimate you appeared to be, I thought naturally she was a Catholic."

"Well, that was a queer blunder! And have you been talking of the Mass and confession, and the Lenten services in our church, and other such topics to a Methodist of the deepest dye?"

"No," said Paul; "society is such a hybrid thing that you can talk only nonsense to avoid offending some one. But then isn't this a returning on principle, Florian? Have I not heard you say many times that you would never marry outside the faith, and hinted that you had already made sacrifices that were very great for a mere boy?"

"Love," said Florian, concealing his confusion under a gay exterior, "is universal and levels all distinctions."

"Or, rather, it is irresistible," said Paul, with a laugh. "It can level the lawyer and the common man, not the distinctions. The distinctions remain, the men do not. But really this is a surprise to me, and, as I intended to push my fortunes there after you had failed, it is a very wise and happy knowledge you have given me. I shall steer wide of the Pendleton seas henceforward."

Florian could hardly congratulate himself on having a possible rival removed from the field, so very dark seemed his own chances, and he became unpleasantly conscious of one circumstance before Paul left his company. The poet was disappointed

in him. Some high standard as to his friend's character Paul had long ago formed in his own mind, and until this moment Florian had acted up to it in word and deed. Now the standard had fallen. The politician was only the idol of clay, and had broken under its own weight. Florian felt very sad. He had not yet formed the express resolution of offering himself to Ruth a second time without the condition of the first proposal. He had merely sailed off and on the dangerous coast, longing for that dear harbor, yet ashamed to enter it and thus belie his own past conduct and present principles. The dinner passed over in complete silence until they rose to depart. Then Paul said—for he feared Florian had not rightly understood his last words—

“You won't let any misunderstanding come between us in regard to Miss Pendleton? She is a beautiful girl, and I am really glad to know that you are favored by her, and I hope one day to congratulate you in her possession.”

“Thank you, Paul,” said Florian; “but, as I hinted, your opinions on this matter are a little wild. Miss Pendleton and I are nothing more than school-friends, and I have even less claim to her attentions than yourself. You are free to make as much headway in her affection as you can or please.”

“Thank you, too,” said Paul, half-sad, half-laughing. “You have told me enough to keep me out of dangerous vicinities. She is a Protestant. I remain faithful to old beliefs.”

Florian winced at the sharp reproof and was inclined to be angry or vexed; but as these passions never made their appearance on his smiling face under any circumstances, he said nothing.

Paul went home in deep meditation, and its chief point was the sweet face that for years had haunted him and was now to vanish like a laid ghost. When he arrived at Madame Lynch's, Peter was evidently waiting for him in the hall, walking in a confused sort of a way up and down, and looking under his eyebrows, shame-faced.

“You have picked yourself up,” said Paul, with a grin.

“Ah! b'y, that was as bad a fall as ever a man got,” said Peter, stopping him at the parlor door. From within came the sound of music like the moaning of winds at sea. “*She's* in there,” continued the journalist, with a wink, “poor thing, just broken-hearted because o' the way ye are threaten' her.”

Paul stared and seized his arm when he went to throw open the door.

"What do you mean?" he said angrily. "What blunders are you preparing for now?"

"Blunders?" said Peter. "To the devil wid yer blunders! Don't try to father them on me, me b'y. I have a mind to kick ye, jist as ye stand, for yer impertinence, ye gossoon. After the promise to take her to the cathedral last evening, an' not to make yer appearance till after ten!"

"Oh!" said Paul, laughing, "it is Frances, then; and do you not remember how we agreed that if I were not at home you were to take her to the cathedral, and I was to meet you both and take her back again. *You* promised *that*, but if I had waited there until this moment you would never have come."

"I didn't promise," said Peter sturdily. "I did promise, but I said I'd reserve the right to consider if I was bound by the promise."

"You deserve the kicking," said Paul, endeavoring to pass him; but Peter threw open the door and bawled that Paul wished to come in and hear the music. What could the angry poet do but obey? And, with a look that promised future vengeance, Paul entered and begged Frances to excuse his intrusion. Peter did not choose to enter, but remained without to prevent strangers from disturbing the tête-à-tête and to drive back either of the two should they make an attempt to escape.

"Nothin' nicer could have happened," soliloquized he, as he walked up and down the hall and commented on the sounds heard in the parlor. "They're talking about the weather now—ordinary things in an ordinary voice. It takes me to fetch things about in the quickest way. Now they're growin' sentimental; their tones are low: 'sweet an' low, now they go; lovers always converse so'—I'm a poet, begob! He'll ask her to play sweet music directly. What a yalla-haired couple they'll make! There's the music now; didn't I know it would come? God bless ye, Paul, b'y! But it's you can draw the heart of a woman into her fingers! That's meltin'; that's heavenly; that's—oh! my, soft as the pothen when it glides an' ripples an' soothers down the throat, soft as silk or mush. I'd propose to any woman that could play like that. I wonder how they're takin' it?"

He peeped in cautiously and saw Paul seated with closed eyes and hands clasped on his lap, while Frances drooped over the piano, half-inclined to weep at her own melodies.

"Two or three more meetin's like that," said the delighted Peter, "an' the thing's done; then I snap me fingers at the lawyer with his gizzard instead of a heart, an' he can marry the

heretic, the ould squire's single card—she's a nate one, though. Hush! they're talkin' jist like the music—meltin'; jist like lovers—rippin'! Oh! to be young again, Peter."

The voices were still murmuring within, and Peter took another peep. Paul sat in his old position, and Frances sat beside him with one delicate hand on his arm. The poet's eyes rested on it admiringly while she talked. At sight of this pleasant tableau Peter gave a silent leap into the air, and then burst into the room in the manner of one making an awkward discovery; but there was no confusion on their part, and they looked at him in quiet astonishment, as people always regarded the exits and entrances of the journalist.

"Is it the cathedral to-night, Paul, b'y—is it, me girl?" he shouted. "Ye'll find me on hand to-night, anyhow, an' for all eternity afterwards."

"Pshaw!" said Paul, rising, "we are heartily tired of you. Miss Frances and I are going to the cathedral to-night, and coming back again, and if you are seen within a block of us at any time during the evening you must take the risk. What shall be done to the old rascal?"

"Whatever's to be done," said Peter, "I do it meself, b'y. It is banishment, is it? Behold, I go."

He circled in the middle of the room, bowed low, and disappeared through the door with a leap worthy of Harlequin and a yell suited to the backwoods. Peter's promises, however, were always made with the reserved right to decide whether he was to be bound by them or not; consequently the two figures which walked slowly through the quiet streets that night were followed at a distance by a round, bobbing form, whose head ducked and danced above the crowd like a cork on the bay. Lenten services at the cathedral did not attract a large number in those days, nor were the devotions attended by any splendors of music or decoration. Those who went to the church were drawn thither by their own piety, and so few were they that Peter found it necessary to hide in the shadows lest he should be seen. It did not add to his pleasure to see Mrs. Merrion in the middle aisle with Ruth as a companion; but on second thought he concluded that it was quite fortunate, left his seat, and joined the two ladies. Ruth did not look at him; Mrs. Merrion slightly inclined her head.

"Ye shouldn't have brought her here," said Peter anxiously.

"Why, Mr. Carter," whispered Barbara, "she will see him in the company of that other girl, and besides will learn that he's a Catholic. Nothing nicer could have happened."

"Yer right, be George!" said he—"always right."

"When the service is ended," said Barbara, "do you contrive to bring them to the door when the people are almost gone, and I shall be waiting there with Ruth. It will be such a shock."

"Oh!—ah!" Peter snickered, and was punished with a frown from Barbara and a look of wonder from Ruth, whereupon he subsided into the silence of simulated devotion.

"Was not that the queer journalist?" said Ruth, when they were in the vestibule and Barbara had met with an accident to her dress. "I was ashamed of his loud talking."

"Well, he's a Catholic, my dear Ruth," Mrs. Merrion answered, "and knows how to behave in his own church, I suppose."

"He might make use of his knowledge, then."

While they were busied arranging torn clothing Peter wandered near with Frances and Paul in tow, and collided with the squire, who was just entering the edifice to look after his party.

"Why," said Barbara, "it's Mr. Rossiter, Ruth."

"No," said Peter, "it's Pendleton. How do, old buck? Are you turnin' Romanist?"

"I'd turn anything," said the squire, "to get home or get a drink."

"Wait," Peter whispered slyly—"wait till we get rid of the ladies, an' I'll show ye to the proper fountain. *He's here.* Look out for the girl. I'll see to Mrs. Merrion."

Unfortunately when the two old boys joined the party Mrs. Merrion had sent Ruth off with Paul and handed Frances to the squire after an introduction.

"I sent the carriage on six blocks," said she, "for I do so like a walk in the moonlight, and Mr. Carter is such company."

"Right, me girl," said Peter, who had a knack of marking his approval in an emphatic way. "There's where you show yer good taste. Come on, squire. Where's Paul?"

"He is leading the way with Ruth," said Barbara, and in an undertone she added, "It will be all settled to-night for once and for ever."

Peter answered with a smile. In the vestibule Mrs. Merrion had whispered to Frances, after Ruth had gone away with Paul, "You have heard of her, probably—Mr. Wallace's great friend," and poor Frances had replied faintly and grown sick at heart, until in the next interval the sprightly matchmaker told her of the breaking of an engagement and the utter hopelessness of its renewal. Then Frances' heart beat strong again and she

found the squire the best of company. It was a chilly but a pleasant night, for the moon was shining. Ruth felt, as she walked along at Paul's side and listened to his sparkling talk, that this was one of the nights of her life, one of those points of time which occur rarely to us all, and whose every circumstance of place and person is woven into one indestructible memory.

"I did not know," he began, "that you were an observer of Lent."

"Nor am I, Mr. Rossiter. But Mrs. Merrion was so determined to visit the church, and insisted on my going too. Oh! if our minister knew I behaved so what would he think?"

"It is not such a sin," he said, laughing. "Are not all churches one before God in your belief?"

"Not the Roman Church," said she; "you should know that."

"At least I have felt it often enough when publishers declined my articles because I was a Catholic."

"How cruel and senseless!" she said, starting in surprise. "But it is a fault of our people. Do you know, I have a great admiration for Catholicity, Mr. Rossiter, and once came very near joining the church."

"Those who know must admire," said he reverently. "All truth, all purity, all beauty is there. If men's eyes would only open to the light!"

"That is the language of our minister with regard to the benighted world. Why, I tried hard to open my eyes to that light, but Methodism shone the brighter by comparison."

"And you were so near as to have tried to believe?" he said with great gentleness. "O Miss Pendleton! what sad fortune deprived you of the greatest happiness this world can give?"

His voice was full of pity and reproach, as if it had been her fault, and the fault a crime; as if he were speaking to a lost soul which had once stood in the brightness of grace, and of its own will had fled into the outer darkness.

"You frighten me, Mr. Rossiter. I assure you no one ever tried harder to believe than I did. I prayed day and night for a year. I read and studied and consulted. I had a great teacher"—her voice trembled—"I was most anxious, and my best interests urged me to accept your faith. Still I was not convinced."

"And you fell back into the old belief?"

"What more to do? When you have lost the new road you must take the old one or go astray."

"And do you believe that Methodism is the true religion?"

"I can see none truer," she said with hesitation.

"And you are ashamed of yourself because you must make the admission," he said earnestly. "Common sense teaches that if you have any doubt concerning the truth it must be quickly removed. I fear, Miss Pendleton, you have not made good use of the grace of doubt."

"What more could I do?" was the reply which had been for years her heart's refrain when conscience rose up against her.

"You could have prayed," he said gently, "until the doubt passed away or was satisfied. You went too far to retreat with safety. You read works of controversy until the brain grew tired and confused. Faith does not come that way. It is a gift, and God will give it for the sincere asking. But to some he gives it more slowly than to others. You should have pleaded still. You are dangerously situated now, and I am very sorry for you."

"You will frighten me so that I shall not sleep to-night," she said. "Your voice is as solemn as a death-bell. Do not think me a trifle, but I am getting tired of the struggle."

"Who does not at times? But that is a poor reason for drowning."

"What would you have me do, then?"

"I would go away from the world," he said slowly, "and find a solitude close to heaven, where I would beat the walls of paradise with incessant prayer until God had satisfied my needs. We can meet our Creator half-way at least."

They walked along in silence until they met the carriage.

"Here we part," she said gaily, "and you do not know for how long a time, Mr. Rossiter. I might go away from the world to-night."

The moon was shining on his face as he looked at her. Both his look and his words reminded her of Linda. He said mildly, as he pressed her hand, "That we may meet again."

CHAPTER IX.

BARBARA'S TREACHERY.

LIGHTLY as Paul received the information of Ruth's religious belief from Florian, it had hurt him deeply. It was not the poet's manner to make much of a hopeless matter, particularly when it bordered on affairs of conscience, and in the present instance he had hastened to remove many old impressions with regard to

Ruth, and was very careful to chase from his dreams the sweet fancies concerning her which had beguiled and lightened some heavy hours. He had seen at once what sort of a woman Ruth was—no trifler to play hide-and-seek with the serious things of life, but a woman full of the earnestness of deep thought—and he could therefore the more easily understand why Florian had not succeeded in making her his wife. Marrying, with her, was a matter of principle, not of feeling or of convenience or advantage. She had deep convictions of the truth and falsity of religions, and of the necessity of one true faith, and her natural mental clearness forbade her imperilling these for the sake of her own likings. It was a firm soul indeed which could resist the heavy temptations to which she had been subjected, and he admired her the more for it, and prayed sincerely that her goodness might win for her an entrance into the only harbor this side of heaven. All his own hopes and wishes in regard to her were now dead. He took it as a matter of course, and did not attempt to find in the temper and behavior of his fellow-Catholics excuses for marrying outside of his own faith. It was enough for him that a mixed marriage was prudentially wrong at least, and beyond that he did not attempt to go. In his last conversation with Ruth she had seemed to be in a state of doubt, and he had said some sharp, earnest words to her, partly because his deepest interest in her was dead and he was not afraid of offending, but more because he had taken her statements without due attention to the exaggeration of fancy. He did not believe she was as uncertain about Methodism as she thought. She had read and thought enough, no doubt, to get misty and unsettled in her religious views, and there really was so little form in Methodism that one good theological wind shook it to fragments. But one does not leave old beliefs hastily, particularly so reverent and firm a believer as Ruth, and the very contemplation of a change would be apt to make her cling more tightly to old certainties. Women, too, as a rule, are distrustful to-day of the strength and truth of emotions which moved them yesterday. Of this Ruth herself was an example, and she was probably now laughing over her own sentiment and his severity during their walk from the cathedral. Well, what need to trouble himself with any further speculation? He was resolved henceforward to remain outside Mrs. Merrion's fairy ring. He had taken the determination not to burn himself; he would make sure of it by not even going to look at the fire.

If Florian could have brought himself to the same happy dis-

position it would have been well for him; but he was madly rushing on to his own ruin. Every day found him at Mrs. Merrión's, and every day saw more completely pictured the utter hopelessness of his expectations. Ruth was gracious as a sister, and Barbara agreeable—that was all. No looks or sighs, no tokens of past love; allusions to the earlier times avoided, sentiment abhorred! A plainer, homelier conversation he never endured than when with Ruth, and instead of learning its lesson properly the cool, far-seeing politician was lashed to an insane fury of passion. He would succeed in this instance, as he had done in others. What reason of failure was there? He began to see omens of success in the trifling occurrences of the day, and was overjoyed when Peter winked at him in his vulgar way and bade him be of good heart, or when the squire described his own interpretations of Ruth's words and actions in the privacy of home. The two old matchmakers made much of the favor which Florian showered on them for a short period. The closet stood always open, and the bottles, in spite of a steady emptying, stood always full, while Florian's humor never failed so long as they spoke of Ruth and his prospects.

"Love's generosity," said Peter huskily, as he held his glass to the light and surveyed it with watery eye, "is a beautiful thing. I wish all me friends were in love. But there's nothing like having a mutual feeling of regard, for then the flood-gates of affection are opened an' two mighty streams—well, here's to ye, squire, an' I swear undyin' regard for ye. When Flory, here, an' the little girl—ye know what I mean, but mum's the word, o' course—we'll put a barrel o' this inside of us."

"I dunno—I dunno," said the squire moodily; "he's too slow, too cold, Carter. She's hot and quick, and if she takes a notion who could hold her?"

"I trust to the power o' love, squire. Love could hold her, if it got the right grip. Now, Flory's got the right grip—bedad he has—an' wid you an' me to steady him, an' Mrs. Merrion to steady you an' me, don't ye think, me b'y, that she'll find it hard to break? Don't ye, now, ye ould cowboy?—for ye're nothin' more."

"Talk, talk," the squire answered, still sourly. "I don't like to trust that Barbara. She's a deep one, and she's as quick as lightning with a man. How do we know what she's working for? She may have her own little views and wishes, and if she has, by the—no, I'm not going to swear—by the Continental Congress she's going to sweep the stakes, and we'll be nowhere."

"Ah! squire," said Peter, with a wicked smile, "lave Bar-

bara to me. She's shrewd, but I've dealt with her kind afore, an' if she does any mischief, let alone what I'll lay out for her, charge the damage to me."

"Charge it to you?" the squire inquired briefly. "Who'd collect? No, Peter, there must be no charging in this business. It's strictly cash from the word 'go.' You're trusting too much to that young woman, and I don't think Florian would like it."

"Never you mind Florian; lave him to me along wid the rest, ye poor ould hay-seed. Sure you know nawthin about the ways o' city sharpers—"

"Carter, I can tell you more of that critter Merrion in ten minutes than you can know about her in ten years."

"That's right; o' course ye can. Who's denyin' it? Did I deny it? But lave it all to me an' the god o' love. He's blind, ye know, an' I'll do the seein' for him. Faith, when we reach the bottom o' this bottle I'll see twice as much as ever. Now, squire, put on a bright face when the b'y comes in, an' tell him all ye know at one rush. It's fine to see the smile that comes on his face when ye begin to talk Ruth to him. Ah! me, but it's the queer thing to see what a change the women can make in a fine, sensible, hearty man."

"Halloo! here's Flory," said the squire, as the lawyer entered. "Well, my lad, what's the best news to-day?"

"You generally have it," Florian answered, while Peter slowly departed with a warning gesture to the squire. "I have been at Mrs. Merrion's, and we drove out with Ruth, but nothing of moment occurred. Have you nothing better to say than that?"

"Oh! a good deal," said the squire reflectively—"a good deal. She's coming round by degrees, and I shouldn't wonder if the time for clinching matters arrived within a few days."

Florian said nothing in reply, and after a few mumbled remarks the squire hurried after his crony and left the man of business to himself. Peter was in his room preparing to make a call on Mrs. Merrion, and the attention he paid to the niceties of his toilet set the squire laughing.

"You're not touched here?" he asked, tapping his head, "or has Barbery got her hooks in your jaws?"

"Stop, ould Pendleton!" said Peter, waving his hand playfully; "wait an' see. Mind, yer an ould b'y, yer a widower, an' ye can't an' don't understan' the motives which actuate us young bachelors. I'm now conductin' a delicate negotiation concerning your daughter—so delicate, bedad, that a variation in the shade of

a necktie might kill the whole thing. Ye don't know these city people, squire, an' I do."

"I swear," said the squire, "for a sharp one you're the nearest approach to a fool that I've ever met. But you can go ahead. There's genius about you, and I want to see it."

The confidence which the squire had in Peter was not strong enough to overcome his distrust of Barbara. What he feared from that lady he could not exactly tell, but as he compared her nature to that of a balky horse it could be inferred that he expected some treachery on her part at a critical moment. She was well aware of the squire's opinion of her and delighted to tease him into strong expressions, which not all his daughter's warning looks could prevent when the humor came.

She had seen with a feeling of pleasure that a struggle of some kind was going on in Ruth's soul since the night on which they had visited the cathedral together. What was its nature she could not define. Its importance in her eyes was as yet purely negative. She had guessed only that it was injurious to the hopes which Florian so rashly entertained, but that it in any way was concerned with Paul she could not discover. It satisfied her simply to know that, for the present at least, society would not be apt to lose the bachelor charms of Mr. Wallace, and to secure this end Barbara was quite willing to do many more awkward things than consorting and conspiring with old idiots like Peter Carter. In her sly yet perfectly natural way she assisted circumstances in aggravating Ruth's condition. Ruth was sad, and she found means to make her sadder, inclined to keep much by herself—and Barbara gave her every opportunity of solitude—fond of talking of death and the importance of salvation when she talked at all; and Barbara was as deeply religious and solemn in word and look as a Quaker. All this time she was working in the dark, and only knew by instinct that it would come out as she wished. Had she for a moment suspected that Ruth's struggle was one of faith, and that she was considering a change to Catholicity, her whole soul would have been roused to prevent so dangerous a turn of affairs.

She would like to have seen Paul Rossiter again, and wondered why he had deserted them. She was becoming anxious. Paul was Florian's friend. Had he discovered, or had Peter made known to him, the dead-set which Florian was making against Ruth's heart, and had he kindly stepped aside at the expense of his own feelings, that his friend might have a clear field? It looked like it. But she had no intention of permitting such a

scheme to succeed, and set about securing Paul's presence in Merrion house so determinedly that in a few days after she had picked him up while driving out and had brought him home to dinner. Ruth's face lightened up frankly at sight of him.

"You are a gift of the gods," said she—"rarely seen, and held but for a short time. What crime has deprived us of your company so long?"

"Some literary work," Barbara said. "It could not well be anything else."

"Managers are more exacting than ladies," he answered, "and I am not at all inclined to work. I have idled during the winter, and must make up for it now."

"I did not think I would see you again," said Ruth, when Barbara had gone away for a time. "I was very much disturbed that evening coming from church, and was half-resolved to go away from New York at once."

"But you have thought better of it, I see. The music and the solemn service on a moonlight night give one enthusiastic notions. I am inclined always after them to go away and be a hermit; but a sound sleep, or, better, an oyster supper on the way home, brings me back to my senses."

"Oh! but it was not the music, Mr. Rossiter. I had thought of many things a long time, until I knew not what to do, and I came to New York partly in the hope of forgetting my mental troubles. I was succeeding—yes, I think I was succeeding—when your words spoiled all. Were you enthusiastic that evening, Mr. Rossiter—were you too earnest?"

"I have thought so since," he said hesitatingly, "but what I said was in itself true. When persons are in a state of doubt they are bound to get out of it."

"But doubt is sometimes a temptation."

"It can be banished by prayer, then, or by removing the exciting causes. But as I understood you, your doubt had only increased with time and thinking. There was something more in it than mere temptation. I know that even in that case an honorable doubt can be smothered, for there are many Protestants to whom such a grace was given and of their own will they destroyed it. I would not be in their shoes for worlds."

"But now," added he playfully, and sorry to be so quickly drawn into this subject, "I shall frighten you again by my earnestness."

"No, no; I am utterly helpless, Mr. Rossiter, and confused too. Let me tell you just the kind of doubts which trouble me.

Your church has received so many Protestants that you must know something of their general state of mind, and perhaps you can help me. Pray do not refuse me," when he had begun to decline the honor. "I know what you would say, and it only urges me the more to speak to you. Remember you are partly responsible for my late annoyances, and, like an honest gentleman, you must help me out of my difficulties."

She did not give him time to raise any great objections, but poured out her story like water from a wide-mouthed urn. It was plainly and sensibly done, and he had no fault to find with her.

"I think," said he, "that you are in a state verging on conversion. I don't believe any advocate of Methodism can ever convince you of its truth again. You are done with it for ever; and being done with one form of Protestantism is to be done with all. Still, I do not say you can become a Catholic. You are bound, however, to examine it under wise and competent teachers. You cannot find those outside the Catholics themselves."

"Then you would advise me—"

"I would rather not take such a responsibility," he interrupted smilingly. "It is easy for you to draw inferences from what I have said. I can fancy your father and friends will not be very grateful to me for any advice."

"They are of very little account to me," she began, and then stopped. "What does it matter?" she continued. "And, indeed, I am hasty and unkind in dragging you into difficulty. I must beg your pardon and thank you for your kindness."

"I fear you will think me timid," he said, "but in this country we are suspicious of converts. Religious thought is not very deep, and religious feeling not very steady. Women, too, are emotional creatures, especially in religion. Some very bad blunders have already been committed. I do not wish to add to them. Let God's grace work its way, and whatever I can do to aid it I shall do, but prudently."

"You speak wisely," she replied, and then the conversation ended with Barbara's entrance.

She was very desirous to discover from Ruth what the poet had to say, but Ruth had no wish just then to speak of such matters. Later on she told her, however, and Barbara was struck with dismay on hearing that religion was the source of the trouble. If Ruth were to become a Catholic, was not this one step nearer to Florian? She lost no time in unearthing Ruth's motives and opinions.

“Why,” said she, “nothing could give greater pleasure to the squire or Mr. Carter than to hear of your becoming a Catholic.”

“My father would not at all be pleased,” said Ruth in some surprise; “and as for Mr. Carter, how can it possibly interest him?”

“Where are your eyes, child, that you have not seen the plots and snares into which you have been dragged this winter?”

“Plots and snares!” repeated Ruth in absolute amaze. Barbara laughed cheerfully.

“You are innocent, Ruth. Do you not know how fondly your papa dreams of your marriage to Florian, and that he has engaged the services of Mr. Carter to bring it about? Have you not observed all the mysterious winks and phrases between those silly old men? Oh! you need not look incredulous. I am one of the party of conspirators sworn to see you and Florian married before summer, and I have the entire confidence of them all. Their folly amused me, and I thought you saw through their designs long ago.”

Ruth was very indignant at first at the bare idea of such a conspiracy, and was not inclined to believe it; next she felt hurt that sensible Florian, who must have understood her manner towards him, should have lent himself to so silly a scheme. To Barbara she showed no feeling except surprise at her announcement.

“I know that papa always cherished the idea,” she said, “but why should Mr. Carter interest himself in the matter?”

“Mr. Carter is the friend of Paul Rossiter, and has arranged it in his own mind that Miss Lynch should marry him. As the young lady doesn't care two pins for Mr. Rossiter and thinks the world of Florian, he thought to get rid of him by sending him to you. Like all these politicians, Mr. Wallace is perfectly indifferent, I suppose, and must be ignorant of the efforts being made in his behalf.”

“I hope so,” said Ruth a little sadly. “Oh! I am sure of it. Florian and I understand each other very well. But Mr. Rossiter—”

“Why, he is even more innocent than Florian, and would not at all thank Mr. Carter for his interference. I know he cares very little for Miss Lynch matrimonially. He would rather have Mr. Carter plot the other way.”

“Such impertinence!” said Ruth hotly. “I wonder you tolerated Mr. Carter here after such a discovery.”

“He was amusing, dear, and I spoiled all his little plans very

effectively. I shall crush him completely when you have decided on what you are to do."

"I must think," said Ruth; "but at any rate I must go away. Where I shall go, is the question."

Barbara was delighted at this determination, and gave the girl all the assistance possible in settling upon a place as remote from New York as was desirable.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NEW PROVENÇAL POEM.*

A NEW poem by Frédéric Mistral is a great literary event. Though he is not of the Academy, yet the author of *Mireille* is probably the truest, if not also the greatest, poet now living in France. Born, dwelling, writing in Provence and in Provence's own enchanting language, he is a very lily of all that was best in the spirit of the Romance ages, flowering with a great strength in this rude century of iron and steam. He is a type of that lofty and abiding Faith that won once for France the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church, and of that knightly grace and principle that set her on the throne as the Queen of Chivalry.

Mistral has just produced another poem, of which we shall try to give a brief summary.

Although he modestly calls his new volume, *Nerto*, a Provençal novel, it is divided into seven cantos, preceded by a prologue and followed by an epilogue. It has also the qualities and proportions, the tone and the elevation, of an epic work.

Nerto is a young girl whose father sold her to the devil, and who, after moving vicissitudes and terrible trials, escapes from the power of the infernal spirit. The scene is laid in the middle ages, in the country of the author, near the gates of Avignon, the papal city. The poem is written in verses of eight feet, and the volume has on the left page the Provençal text facing on the opposite page, for the benefit of readers not familiar with the beauties of the *langue d'Oc*, a French translation made by M. Mistral himself.

It is a considerable risk to speak of an epic poem in our age, especially one in French. The poets of the present century, even

* *Nerto*. By Frédéric Mistral.

the greatest—Lamartine, for example, or Alfred de Musset—have given to their poetic works a character purely personal and, if we may so express ourselves, egotistic. They sing throughout their doubts, their uncertainties, their despairs, their revolts. The world with all its splendors figures as secondary scenery and as a sort of setting or background to their personalities. What they have to tell about is—themselves. This is what the Germans call subjective poetry.

Without depreciating the value of that conception or the merit of their works, it is allowable to say that their idea of poesy, from the standpoint of the highest art, degrades it to the level of a philosophical monologue.

Recent French poets, nay, the French poets of this century, have nearly all failed to grasp the true relations of the exterior world to their art. The painter, the sculptor, the architect, the musician, the poet—it is their mission to widen our views of life and to spread before us the existence of forms, of colors, of personages, of heroes which will be sought vainly in the natural order. Graced by their touch, the real world will be elevated to the altitude of their vision of the ideal. It is not with the poet a mere question of perspective or of grand surprises: he gives a body and a soul to the representations of his thought; he dresses them so with graces and ennobles with such qualities that the names alone of his heroes and heroines suffice to move our minds and make our hearts beat.

It is strange that the poets of our day have relinquished the mighty gift of lively invention and allowed it to fall into the hands of a lower grade of literature. Poets are the men who should naturally create personages destined to pursue a certain course and accomplish high achievements. Romancers have now the monopoly of this gift.

It must not, however, be believed for a moment that the romance can under any circumstances become the equivalent of the epic poem, unless we desire to repeat the absurd saying of M. Philarète Chasles that the *Odyssey* of Homer is a romance in which the principal personage is the captain of a ship. The romance of our days has nothing of poetic spontaneity. It is not that powerful synthesis which, with one living and concentrated stroke, pictures the man speaking and acting, but it is a long, detailed, minute analysis, or less than an analysis—an inventory. It has neither the love of seeking knowledge nor the enthusiasm of inflaming one; documents are its weapons; it is an inquest in which it desires to interest you.

The epic poem has nothing to do with this method of information and exposition. Its method consists, not in saying a great deal, but, on the contrary, in saying little. It suffices a poet to mark merely the essential traits of the soul and body in order that the character live and move and the imagination of the reader take it in; our spirit is moved by his thoughts and our attention roused by a glance.

Epic poetry has a superiority which places it high over all other kinds. The discourses of Homer's heroes have always been cited as incomparable models of eloquence. The retorts that the warriors exchange from chariot to chariot as they rush to battle breathe of the liveliest passion and realize the ideal of dramatic dialogue. The invocations of the poet are full of lyrical inspiration, and all the resources of descriptive art are brought to bear in order that the reader may view the scene and behold the aspects of the characters.

This is why epic works are so rare in the history of the world; this is why the poets of our times dare not risk themselves in too high a strain. In order to accomplish anything it requires qualities of mind very powerful and unfortunately not often found combined: fecundity, variety of invention, the sobriety which knows how to say everything in a few words and to pass with ease from one subject to another without abridging by omission or drawing out too long. Failure of fecundity, and consequently of variety, is perhaps one of the most marked characteristics of our times. Ours is a worn-out and discouraged epoch. The painter who one day happens on a fine inspiration passes his life reproducing the same picture with imperceptible variations: always the same models, the same effects of perspectives and of colors. It is the same in literature: each author follows out an idea, a hobby; and if you wish to arrive at the quintessence of him, eliminate his trifling variations and you will find the same naked theme from the first page to the last. All is sameness.

Let us pass now to the poem of *Nerto*. It would be difficult to find in all French literature a more pliable, varied, and fecund talent than is displayed here. The author unconsciously calls our attention to the diversity of ideal types which he proposes to place before our eyes. He gives a different title to each of the seven cantos comprised in his poem: "Le Baron," "Le Pape," "Le Roi," "Le Lion," "La Nonne," "L'Ange," "Le Diable."

The introduction of the poem is singularly dramatic. After

a strophe which paints *en silhouette* the castle of Château-Renard we are taken into the presence of the Seigneur Pons. The noble châtelain is about to quit life. He is stretched upon his bed of agony, having just been brought in from his war-horse wounded unto death. Arrived at this terrible pass, he avows to his daughter, Nerto, who is praying at the foot of his bed, the most terrible of all his secrets. Once, when he had played and lost, he sold her to the demon. Nerto was to have sixteen years. It was the delay fixed by the compact. Nerto, on hearing this terrible news, wrings her hands in despair; she invokes the help of all the saints. Her father again speaks:

Château-Renard is situated near Avignon, where was the see of Pope Benedict XIII. The Sovereign Pontiff has been besieged for four years and is on the point of falling into the hands of his enemies. There was for him, however, a means of escape. During the first years of the papal sojourn at Avignon a subterranean passage had been created by prudent hands. This passage, unknown to all, opened in the centre of the papal fortress. It was through it that Nerto alone could seek the Sovereign Pontiff; it was through it that she alone could save him; and as the price of this service she would be protected by his power from falling into the flames of hell.

The Seigneur Pons expires, and Nerto obeys him.

Here in the first canto must we mark the art and the exquisite delicacy with which the poet averts us from thinking this wicked father too odious, and at the same time shocks us by this execrable abuse of paternal power.

In the second canto the scene is shifted to Avignon at the moment when the great Schism of the West was ending. Benedict XIII., who occupies the pontifical see there, is an anti-pope; but the author does not touch upon this question—he ignores it. He treats Benedict XIII. as the true successor of St. Peter and the representative of Jesus Christ. He shows Benedict to us a stranger in the midst of this city of the middle ages. The picture of Avignon, traced with the hand of a master by M. Mistral, will recall to many the features of that celebrated chapter in the romance of *Notre Dame de Paris*, “Paris à vol d’oiseau.” Aside from the qualities which are found in the archæological erudition of the academicians of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, M. Mistral’s description has the quality of being alive as well as exact. Some one has remarked that a reader can get a better idea of Grecian mythology from reading the poems of John Keats than from perusing all the works of all the profound scholars who

have ever written on the subject. M. Mistral is the John Keats of the middle ages. He pictures Benedict XIII., in his sacerdotal majesty and with the tiara on his head, defying the attacks of man. It is impossible, while reading these lines, not to compare the situation with that of Pope Pius IX. besieged in Rome.

Nerto, issuing from the subterranean passage, finds herself face to face with the Chevalier Rodrigue, nephew of the pope and commander of the troops which defend him. Rodrigue is the type of the elegant and debauched young seigneur. He murmurs in the ear of Nerto the first words of love she ever heard. Meanwhile the enemy is upon the point of making an assault. Nerto, introduced into the presence of the pope, makes known to him the means of safety of which her father had given her the secret, on condition that His Holiness should protect her. After giving a last benediction to the two armies and to the whole world the pope disappears and seeks refuge in the castle of Château-Renard.

The third canto, entitled the "King," shows us the pope, Benedict XIII., a refugee in the subterranean parts of the fortress of Château-Renard. He finds there the Comte de Provence, who, following the custom of the house of Anjou, had taken the title of "Roi de Forcalquier, de Naples et de Jérusalem." This king is on the point of espousing his fiancée, Yolande of Aragon, recently arrived from Spain. The ceremony is to take place in the church of St. Trophime at Arles, several leagues distant from Château-Renard.

Nerto, in the terror of the siege and the precipitation of the flight, had not had time to reveal to the pope the terrible secret which concerned her. She now tells him of it and demands of him a release from the chains of the demon. The Sovereign Pontiff replies that his power is without virtue against hell. He exhorts the young girl to become the bride of Jesus Christ and to take the veil in the convent of St. Césaire of Arles.

Then comes the triumphal procession of the pope and the queen and the king. Rodrigue, on the route, approaches Nerto and makes proposals in order to prevent her from becoming a religious.

Upon the road which leads from Tarason to Arles an antique column marks the limits which divide the abbey lands of St. Césaire and of Montmajour. Here the bourgeois of the city of Arles meet the king of Provence. Arles has preserved from the Roman epoch the pretension of being free and of recognizing no other king than the lion which guards the entrances to the

city. Before passing the shadow of this column, called in popular language "le Baton de Saint-Trophime," the king speaks respectfully of franchises and municipal liberties, after which the noble cortège receives a grand ovation in this old Roman city.

The next canto, entitled the "Lion," opens as the nuptials of the king of Provence and the beautiful Yolande close. The poet, in order to give a new and lively feature to his verses, has recourse here to an ingenious artifice. Instead of giving the description as from himself, he introduces a man of the people, who, notwithstanding his humble position, has an office which allowed him to view the scene. It is Master Boisset, the archivist. Surrounded by the different citizens of Arles, he is questioned not a little; and he, nothing loath, in lively and picturesque language gives full career to his naïve erudition and enthusiastic inspiration. He describes the beautiful spectacle of those women who were equal to those who, in the first scene of "Œdipus at Colonus," of Sophocles, Antigone presents to the monarch's view as the chosen flowers of Attica. This Master Bertrand Boisset was not an imaginary personage; he was that very bourgeois of Arles who has left us his memoirs covering the years from 1376 to 1404. These memoirs, still unpublished, are written in the Provençal language, and in them are mentioned the combat of the lion of Arles with a bull on the 18th of May, 1402. On the 4th of April, 1553, the council of the city suppressed the practice of keeping up the traditional lion.

The whole court proceeds in solemn procession to assist at the combat between the lion of Arles and four bulls. This episode of cruel sport recalls the epic poems of old. The recital has a tragic ending. Three bulls, one after the other, are slain by the noble animal, which, wounded by the fourth, clears by an enormous leap the obstacles that surround him and rushes furiously on the king, queen, and Nerto. Just in time to save them, Rodrigue kills the lion with his sword, and the bourgeois, who see in this event a decree of Heaven, salute the Comte de Provence as the new king of the city of Arles.

The fifth canto is called the "Nun," and is a faithful picture of life in the great cloisters of the middle ages. All is in movement at the convent; Pope Benedict, followed by his whole court, comes to assist at the profession of Nerto. Sitting on his throne, the Sovereign Pontiff solemnly accords her the necessary dispensations to pronounce her vows. Nerto utters a cry of regret as Prioress Banale gives the signal for the ceremony. The remembrance of Rodrigue is more lively than ever in her distracted

heart. The genius displayed here can only be compared to that found at the end of *René*, where Chateaubriand describes the taking of the veil by Amélie. But, to the honor of M. Mistral be it said, we do not find here the evil and despairing tone of the author of the memoirs of *Outre Tombe*. The sorrow of Nerto is a sorrow chastened, resigned, Christian; it recognizes itself and does not despair.

Rodrigue, however, is not resigned. He assembles a band of Catalans and roving free lances. He storms the convent and carries off Nerto in a fainting state. The combat rages. Rodrigue places the fainting Nerto in the tomb of Roland—for the struggle occurs in a cemetery. Nerto revives, finding herself alone, and she flies at hazard out into the open country.

The next canto is entitled the "Angel." The author adopts an ascending succession in his poem. First we find described the morals and the warlike habits of the people; then we assist at the grand spectacles of religious and military pomps. We enter now into the domain of the soul and the higher region of the supernatural. The grandeurs of nature, which have been painted with an incomparable inspiration, fade now in the presence of God, and the contrast reanimates in us the knowledge of eternal truths.

Nerto, with broken heart and bruised body, flies until the sun is about to set. At last she sees a refuge of peace and hope. The chapel of St. Gabriel appears high up on the side of a mountain; a hermit descends from it, gives her nourishment, and speaks to her in thrilling tones of the benevolence and providence of God. Certainly these beautiful verses approach the fine pages of Fénelon where he treats of the "Existence of God," just as they surpass the most admired tirades of the poem on "Religion" by Louis Racine.

The hermit learns of the compact which chains the young girl. He promises her the intercession of the Angel Gabriel. Each day the celestial messenger appears to him on the last stroke of the Angelus and brings him food.

It is now midday. The hermit presents his request to the Angel Gabriel; he has promised to save Nerto from the demon:

" Pareil à l'onde cristalline
 Sur laquelle passe un nuage,
 L'ange Gabriel se rembrunit,
 — 'Pincée de poussière! dit-il,
 Dans ton désert, contre les forces
 De celui qui chemine par les voies tortueuses,
 Le sais-tu bien si tu as combattu ?

Tu as grand'peine à te sauver toi-même,
 Et tu prétends sauver les autres?
 Oh! pauvre jonc! Ah! pauvres que vous êtes?
 Et le bel ange, cela dit,
 Avait pris l'essor vers les astres."

At these words the hermit is seized with a holy terror. He believes that the presence of Nerto is evil; and, repenting anew, he returns to the retreat which he should not have left.

The seventh and last canto is entitled the "Devil." In order to prepare the perhaps incredulous mind of the reader for this episode the poet has affixed a prologue to his work. With the fervor of good Christian sense and a power of philosophical logic, the poet openly argues that if the name alone of the malign being suffices often to provoke one to sorrow and repentance, it is one of the ruses of hell to persuade men to incredulity, after which they will not be guarded against the inspirations and attacks of the enemy of humankind.

Rodrigue after the combat remains in the cemetery of Alys-camps, vainly seeking Nerto in the tomb where he had placed her in a fainting condition. Despairing, he invokes Lucifer. Although a Christian and the nephew of the pope, the chevalier, during the long siege of Avignon, has had the curiosity and leisure to search among the secret archives where the church, with maternal vigilance, had entombed the cabalistic books of sorcerers and necromancers.

At the first invocation of Rodrigue the demon responds in a deep voice and without showing himself; for the poet, with a great deal of art, retards the apparition in order to render it more solemn. The infernal spirit promises the chevalier to construct for him, at the foot of the mountain of St. Gabriel, a magnificent château, in which Nerto will be delivered to him without defence. A word suffices to raise this palace of fantastical architecture. Nerto comes from out the shadows of the night into this flaming illumination. Rodrigue receives her at the door. He walks with her through splendid halls with golden pillars and capitals. He wishes to renew his proposals of love. Nerto, full of Christian fervor, exhorts him to repent and to seek her in heaven.

Here Satan intervenes. He strikes three resounding blows upon the door and appears under the form of a gentleman clothed in black and red. He passes his arm within that of Rodrigue and felicitates him on the good fortune which has fallen to him.

The dénouement of the poem presents a moral crisis. The love of Rodrigue takes a more elevated and tender form. He demands of the demon the relinquishment of this soul. Satan's response is inspired by triumphant rage, hatred, and revolt :

“ Tu voudrais, toi, me souffler l'âme
 Que j'ai achetée toute neuve
 Et payée, moi, au poids de l'or ?
 Tu me prends donc pour quelqu'un autre !
 Des âmes noires, fi ! j'eu ai à verse . . .
 Mais depuis que je règne sur les régions d'en bas,
 Je n'avais pas encore réussi une proie
 Immaculée comme cette âme !
 M'angélique et blanche Nerto
 Sera la perle précieuse d'enfer !
 Elle sera mon triomphe et ma gloire !
 Car sa capture dément la rédemption,
 Elle dément la grâce baptismale,
 Elle dément le mystère entier . . .
 Attends un peu que minuit frappe,
 Et Nerto va tomber dans l'abîme.”

At these words Rodrigue, full of a holy indignation, draws his sword to strike the devil. Peals of thunder vibrate; everything crumbles; the magical illusion disappears, and before his eyes looms on a single isolated column, like Memnon in the desert of Egypt, the form of a gigantic nun with her white veil falling on both sides and her hands clasped in supplication. They say that there is still to be seen in this country at the moment of the midday Angelus this immense statue exposed to the ardent rays of the sun. Listen, and the soft Latin words of the “Ave Maria” flow gently from its lips.

As in the prologue the poet took care to guard us against a proper incredulity, so in the epilogue he succeeds in impressing upon us somehow that the whole is simply an historical document. In default of other testimony relative to this antique legend he conducts us over the spots where took place the events he has recounted.

In conclusion he carries us to the solitude, of the old hermit, and we find him abandoned by the Angel Gabriel for three days. On the fourth day the celestial messenger appears once more. His absence has been occasioned by the fêtes which have just taken place in paradise, where the nuptials of Nerto and Rodrigue have been celebrated with divine rites.

Then the poet speaks in his own person and laments the

melancholy condition of these latter days, given over to scepticism as they are :

“ Si quelque jour, b n vole lecteur,
 Tu voyageais par la contr e
 De Laurade ou de Saint-Gabriel,
 Tu peux, au cas o  tu le croirais n cessaire
 T'assurer de ce r cit.
 Dans la campagne, au milieu des moissons,
 Tu venas la Nonne de pierre,
 Portant au front la marque
 De l'Infernal et des foudres :

La petite  glise romane
 De Saint-Gabriel, non loin de l ,
 Semble, pauvrete, s'ennuyer,
 Abandonn e par les chr tiens,
 Depuis nombre et nombre d'ann es.
 Entre les touffes d'oliviers,
   sa fa ade, Saint-Gabriel,
 Sous une arcade creuse,
 Y salue la sainte Vierge
 En disant : Ave, Maria !
 Et le serpent entortill 
 Autour de l'Arbre de la science,
 Y tente le c ur innocent,
 D'Adam et d'Eve. . . . Puis plus rien.
 L'homme laboure, indiff rent.
 Celui qui salua la Vierge
 N'a plus un cierge   son autel
 Mais les plantes du bon Dieu ;
 Dans le pr au de son parvis,
 Aux trous des murs massifs,
 Entre les pierres de son tout de dalles,
 Ont pris racine et fleurissent :
 Encens agreste que la chaleur du jour
  panche seul au sanctuaire.”

M. Mistral's friends are speculating as to whether he will present himself to the French Academy ; and if he does, whether he will be admitted. Only one objection is urged against his admirable poems—viz., that they are written in the Proven al tongue. But Proven al is an older language than French—in fact, the mother-tongue of French to some extent—and capable of poetry in a larger degree than its too polished offspring. But whether or no M. Mistral obtains a seat among the Forty Immortals, certain it is that he is the king of “F libres,” and the favorite of all French poets with foreigners.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. DANFORTH had the true motherly eye, absolutely certain to note the least perceptible change in what it loves, though far from infallible in its efforts to trace such changes to their actual cause. Those which she began to observe in her daughter after her return perplexed her not a little. At first the girl seemed less thoughtful and more tender, or so the mother felt with that susceptibility which not unseldom marks those whose own apparent defects in this direction are to be accounted for by the difficulty they find in expressing emotion, and not by their want of feeling. She was gay and bright, and even caressing, as she had often been with her father in earlier days. Night and morning she proffered the kiss which between these two had usually been reserved for the occasion of a more prolonged and formal parting, doing so at first with a half-shamefaced, bashful hesitation very like that with which the mother received it. Both felt the sweetness of a ceremony never afterwards omitted; perhaps each had secretly longed for it more than once during the year in which grief and loneliness had broken the crust which veiled their hearts, and yet left them with so many old habitudes unchanged. She surrounded her mother with little attentions, and amused her much with graphic accounts of what seemed to the latter a week of novelties almost as absurd as those which befell Lemuel Gulliver in Lilliput.

"Of course," Mrs. Danforth said, "I have read about such performances in Cooper's novels. I had a great-uncle, for that matter, who was carried off by the Indians and lived with them two years before he escaped. They scalped him even; but he got over it and came back to Goshen and died there in his bed like a Christian. But why any one should want to go through such tomfooleries nowadays is past my finding out."

"There are no Indians now in the Adirondacks," Katharine answered, "nor anything worse than bears and an occasional panther, which is more afraid of the camp-fire than any one behind it need be of him. And it is so lovely in the wilderness! You can't imagine the beauty of the woods and waters, the

sounds that seem to be a part of the stillness rather than to break it, and the fresh, sweet scent of all that grows about one. Waking in the mornings was like waking into Paradise."

"Anne says the mosquitoes were unbearable, and the whole trip the most tiresome thing she ever undertook. I am sure I should have found it so myself. She says you met Richard Norton and a friend of his just as you were coming out of the woods. What in the world was he doing there?"

"Hunting and fishing, I suppose," answered Katharine, turning as she did so to fetch her sewing from a table at the other side of the room. Following her with her eyes, her mother caught in the mirror the quick flush that dyed the girl's cheek and the half-smile that lingered for a moment in her eyes and about the deep-set corners of her mouth; her thoughts were diverted by them into another channel, where they flowed in silence.

A few days later Richard himself called at the house, shortly after his arrival in the city, and Mrs. Danforth watched the two young people closely during the hour or two which defined his only visit. But she saw nothing to justify the not altogether unpleasant surmise which had occurred to her mind. Yet there had been something in the girl's eyes at the moment when he entered—a look of expectancy which went beyond him and was baffled, and then swiftly sheathed itself again within the familiar one of friendly welcome, which was not lost upon the young man himself, although it happened to escape the mother. He was thin-skinned, mentally and physically, to a degree which went beyond mere observation, and which was one day to make him an immense success in the profession he had chosen. What it did for him just now was to gall slightly a certain masculine vanity which belonged to his youth rather than to his character, and which betrayed itself, though to his own consciousness solely, by the absolute silence it imposed on the subject of the friend from whom he had just parted. He had used all his powers of persuasion to induce Louis Giddings to return home with him, and been irritated by his unexpected and unexplained refusal. After the lapse of a year, which had changed Katharine much, and during which he had not seen her, what he thought her exceeding prettiness had struck him with a pleased surprise, and after her departure he had spoken of it to his friend, using the rather inappropriate terms of that description.

"I should never think of calling her a pretty girl," the latter had replied in a tone which left on Richard's mind an impression

that he had been found uncritical in his choice of an epithet, not to say maladroit in his selection of a subject for remark.

"He finds her something more than pretty," he reflected. "I don't know but what he is right. With those serious eyes, that look as if they had no bottom, for all they are so clear, and that mouth, which seems ready to say the unspeakable or to express it in a better fashion still, I suspect that Kitty really does pass beyond the limits of the commonplace and ordinary. I had a notion they would please each other."

Like another of Louis Giddings' friends, Richard had experienced a certain undefined desire to supply what he felt to be wanting to his happiness. Nothing would have pleased him better than to assist at the growth of a serious attachment between these two. But something in his friend's manner when once again he used her name, this time as a possible inducement to alter the provoking resolution the latter had announced on the breaking-up of their camp, had baffled his first suspicion. Now, when he met Katharine on his return, the complement of it suddenly affirmed itself to his apprehension and displeased him.

"I saw there was ore in that rock," he said to himself, "but I would never have believed the vein could have been struck so readily. She is as cool and friendly with me as if we had been rocked in the same cradle."

He did not mention his friend's name throughout his visit—an omission which Katharine noticed and wondered at and longed to remedy, without being able to decide to do so. She was not sorry afterward for her reluctance, when the lapse of a few days made it plain that Richard must have gone back to Boston.

Mrs. Danforth, watching her more closely than before, as she saw her new-gained brightness fading, her old tendency to solitude and silence reaffirming itself, and the look of wistful longing, which had seldom been absent from her eyes, now deepening in them day by day, puzzled her brain about her more than ever. She began one afternoon, apparently apropos of nothing, to talk about the Nortons, commiserating the father and sharply criticising the mother, whose traits she professed to find vividly reproduced in Richard.

"I hear that he is likely to do well in his profession," she went on. "Perhaps he will. Boys always take after their mothers, they say, and she is go-ahead enough for anything. But if it is true, I know I should pity from my heart any woman foolish enough to marry a son of hers."

But Katharine, though she defended him, did it in a manner

so unembarrassed and so kindly that her mother was reassured at once.

"I always liked Richard more than any other of the children whom I knew," the girl said, not even raising her eyes from the sewing with which her hands were generally busy when she sat beside her mother. "I think I must go some day and see the old folks—I half-promised him I would. I don't think he is much like his mother. He has her mouth and chin, perhaps, but his eyes, when he is pleased, are very like his father's. How good Mr. Norton is!" she ended, with a sigh which set the mother on still another track. Something new ailed her daughter, evidently. Was it, could it be, that she was "under conviction," and that the prayers which had followed her from her birth were at last to receive their answer?

Katharine herself would have been fully as perplexed as her mother to define the cause of her new trouble. That she was in love, and with a stranger with whom she had hardly exchanged a word, was a fancy even more absurd than it was humiliating. She was too truthful, in fact, to have much pride, though that reflection certainly did not occur to her. Why, she had barely glanced at him even. Yet, as she said this to herself, his face came back so vividly, and with such a look of comprehension and sympathy in its eyes, that she blushed again, as she had done whenever she had thought about him since, though when they rested on her first it was her soul and not her heart which had looked back its answer. No, it was life itself, so aimless and so empty, which was pressing on her.

"I begin to look like Aunt Rebecca," she thought one day, when, turning her eyes from the sky, where they had lost themselves in dreams, they fell on her own image in the glass. "Is there really nothing worth having, or is it only that I have not found the best there is?"

She began to grow restless as time went on, especially when her mother proved equally unwilling to have her take up the post-graduate course held necessary if she were to equip herself for teaching in a superior school, or to permit her to accept a position offered her, through the intermediation of one of her late professors, in a village some miles distant. The latter scheme Katharine had regarded with much favor, though feeling all the while that her mother was quite right in rejecting it absolutely on the ground of her unwillingness to undergo a prolonged separation. Yet what a relief it would have been to change the scene entirely—to get away from the little house to which they had

removed in the spring, where everything was stamped with reminiscences of her earliest childhood, and yet where everything looked strange. Her mother had parted with many familiar objects when they left their former quarters, saying that the present ones would seem more homelike if she did not remove her aunt's belongings, which still remained as she had left them. But to Katharine the rooms seemed narrow, plain, and inconvenient; the little back-yard, in which the ugly yellow wall of a long woodshed bounded her horizon at a distance of twenty feet, spoke eloquently, by way of contrast, of the long stretch of grass and flowers where she had taken one of her chiefest pleasures; even the tall eight-day clock standing in a corner of the parlor, to whose slow, melancholy tick and resonant chime she listened at night when she lay sleepless—all wearied her with a sense of dull, homely monotony in which there seemed no hope of change. The custom of family prayers had been kept up by Mrs. Danforth, Katharine always reading now the chapter with which they were begun, as she had done occasionally even in her father's lifetime. One night, after they were ended, the mother said:

“When you were little, Kitty, and father gave the Book to you, I generally had to beg you not to read about Vashti the queen. She got to be tiresome when one heard about her two or three times a week. I shall have to ask you now to let me hear once in a while something more hopeful than ‘Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!’”

“Shall I try the Song of Solomon next time?” asked the girl, with a little laugh.

“Why shouldn't we drop the Old Testament altogether?”

“Very well.” And the next night she began with the Apocalypse.

“I have no comfort with such reading,” Mrs. Danforth complained again. “You go from Solomon, whom I don't like, to John, whom I don't understand.”

“Well,” said Katharine, “you must select your own author to-morrow. I am ready for anything, even the genealogies in Luke and Matthew.”

The mother sighed.

“I wish,” she said, “that I could see you show some interest in it—or in anything. What ails you, child?”

“Oh! nothing, mammy,” the girl answered, smiling though as she spoke and offering her good-night kiss. “It is only that I am fast coming to believe that Solomon was, after all, the wisest of mankind.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN mid-October the Whites came home.

"The trip we first projected was too absurdly short," Anna said on the occasion of her earliest visit to her cousins after her return. "Three months would not have been too much to spend in England alone, we had so many letters to the pleasantest sort of famous people. Think of seeing Ruskin face to face and telling him how delightful you found his *Modern Painters*, and then going afterward to look at the Turners for yourself! Queer-looking things some of them were, too! And then fancy my finding Arthur's own book in Dr. Martineau's library! It made me feel as if we were almost famous ourselves."

A slip of memory doubtless prevented Mrs. White from adding that it was a presentation copy. An air of matronliness pervaded and changed the young woman, giving a certain propriety to the self-sufficiency which in the girl had bordered on conceit. She seemed to Katharine a person of immense experience, who merited a degree of respect beyond any hitherto accorded her. Even Mrs. Danforth, in the pleasure of seeing her daughter kindle once more into animation, seemed willing to accept, on the score of kinship, an intimacy which on others she would have been glad to avoid.

"We saw Thomas Carlyle, too," Mrs. White ran on, with the volubility of a person well convinced that what she has to say will be far more interesting to all parties than anything she is likely to hear. "We had two letters to him, and we took tea once at his house in Chelsea. He talked all the time, and abused Americans roundly—the abolitionists especially—which was not very grateful on his part, seeing that it is we who buy and read his books. Arthur liked his wife better than he did him—but, of course, that is nonsense. She said some bright things, too, but I thought she looked ill-natured. The most charming woman I saw was a Miss Fox. We went to Cornwall, partly for the scenery, of course, but Aaron Carew got me a letter to her from Friend Mott. She was more orthodox than we really liked, but so serene and placid. It made me think of old times to be thee'd and thou'd as we were there. She talked to me a good deal about her brother, who died last year, and showed me some of his poetry. I thought it was beautiful, but Arthur said it smacked too much of the broad-brimmed hat and the drab coat-

tails. She seemed to have known almost every one worth knowing. And what a delightful house! Do you know, I mean to have evenings every week this winter. They used to have sociables round at different houses once a fortnight last year, but I think the minister's parlor ought to be the centre. I won't pretend to entertain them, of course; we can't afford it. I may give them a cup of tea, perhaps, but nothing more. I shall expect Kitty always, without further notice. Would there be any use in asking you, Cousin Eliza?"

"Not the slightest. You must be fonder of company than ever I was if you think of throwing open your doors as often as that to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who cares to come."

"One owes something to one's position," Anna answered, with the tone of one condescending to a truism which ought not to need repetition.

"You were not all the time in England, surely?" asked Katharine.

"No; but most of it. We ran over to Paris for a week, and of course we went to Rome. But it was pleasanter where we found people whom it was easy to talk to and who cared about the same sort of things. We were both tongue-tied in France, for all that Arthur reads French with ease and I practised talking so much last year with Miss Smith. But when the French speak it, it doesn't sound the least in the world as one expected it would. They were like a set of monkeys chattering. We could generally make them understand what we wanted, but when it came their turn to answer we were all in the dark. In Rome we found some Bostonians and got along very well. Arthur wished very much to go to Hungary—or perhaps it was Transylvania: I don't just remember. There are Unitarians there who have a bishop, and he wanted to put a chapter about them in his book. But we could not afford either the time or the money. It costs frightfully to travel!"

"Is he going to write another book?"

"Oh! certainly. The least we could expect of the trip would be that it should pay for itself in that way. We have both been taking notes all the time. That is the way to make books. I only wish he would let me put in all mine; but he thinks they are generally too personal. After all, for real intellectual life America is the place. We got back to New York the very last day of September, and, after going home to father's for a day or two, we went right on to Boston to attend the Unitarian conference. We both thought we heard more eloquence and more

original thinking there than anywhere else. The most radical English people one sees are hidebound with prejudices when you compare them to the best among ourselves. I must be going. Put on your hat, Kitty, and come home to tea with me. I have a thousand things to show and tell you."

"Were you long in Boston?" asked Katharine when they had gained the street.

"Nearly ten days. The conference lasted a week, and then, on the very last day of it, Arthur met his old friend Mr. Giddings, and we stayed rather longer than we would otherwise, because they wanted to visit together a little. We had been stopping at a hotel, but we found we could have a room just as well as not in the house where he is living, so we went there for the last few days. I really think Arthur enjoyed that more than anything else that has occurred since we left home. They were like brothers together in college. He promised to visit us before long, which surprised me, for I had supposed him to be very shy and unwilling to go anywhere. You don't know him, of course, but I have heard so much of him from Arthur that perhaps I have mentioned his name some time or other."

"It sounds familiar," said Katharine, pushed into disingenuousness by the instinct of self-defence which led her to hide the significance of the rush of pleasure which made her face all smiles. "How you say Arthur this and Arthur that, as if the world had suddenly gone to turning round that little man! You were not jealous of his friend, I suppose?"

Anna shrugged her shoulders.

"It isn't in me to be jealous, I think. One must have a very low opinion of one's own merits to be that. In fact, I liked Mr. Giddings too much myself for anything of the sort. He is greatly changed in some respects, my husband says. The lady in whose house he is living has lately become a widow; he told Arthur, and she told me, that he had been helping her to nurse her husband for the last month. She has two children, that he makes as much of as if they were his own; and she speaks of him as if he were an angel of kindness and consideration. I told Arthur I should not be a bit surprised if he were to marry her some day."

"And did Mr. White agree with you?"

"Oh!" said Anna, laughing, "he said my mind ran altogether too much on marrying and giving in marriage. He was greatly taken with Mrs. Kitchener himself. She is a pretty little woman, who must be half a dozen years older than Mr. Giddings—but

those fair women never show their age. I think he will marry her yet, if only out of pity and because of the children. Talking of children, Mrs. Price seems to have fairly set Fanny against me. She screamed like a little witch when I tried to take her the day we got home."

"Now, that is not fair, Anna. She never liked you, so far as I remember, and she is cross-grained to everybody, almost. I haven't seen much of Mrs. Price this summer."

"And you'll see less this winter. She says she is going to stay with her mother-in-law in New Haven. They have patched up a peace, I suppose. She was there after her husband's death until Arthur invited her to come here, but I imagine they kept up an armed neutrality whenever they were not actually at swords' points. Arthur says he would try harder than he has done to keep her with us, if he did not know the old lady to be in failing health and that his sister's interests would be better served by going. For my part, I always think a poor excuse is better than none; sometimes it is even better than a good one. I shall be heartily pleased to see her back turned and to feel myself mistress in my own house."

"Wouldn't you be that in any case?"

"Certainly I should; but I like freedom from criticism as well as freedom in action. Even silent criticism can become offensive, as Mrs. Price has made me feel more than once already. She appeared to take Arthur's wish to remarry as a personal affront, and I don't see why. She is not really dependent on him."

"You can't be so sure as that of people's motives, I think," said Katharine, who had been taken into the widow's confidence on this and other subjects. "If it had been any one else, now," Mrs. Price had said to her just after the marriage, "I shouldn't have minded so much. If it had been you, for instance, I should have been positively glad of it. But that mass of self-assertion and self-conceit, plastered over with a layer of rules and maxims that she actually mistakes for her own skin! How men can be so blind! Arthur, too, to rush from a little white rabbit like his first wife to that red-cheeked Amazon posing for the Puritan Maiden! I can't bear her, and never could. For my brother's sake I will stay here and look after the child till they come back, but after that I wash my hands of them. The widest house that ever was built wouldn't be roomy enough for her and me."

"Oh! yes, you can," Anna responded to her cousin's last remark. "Some people are stupid, I don't doubt, but I have never found my penetration at fault thus far."

"How did you find them all at home?" asked Katharine, changing the subject.

Anna's face clouded at once.

"Things go so contrary in this world!" she said. "I don't see how Mary can ever forgive herself for being so self-willed and opinionated. I know I did my best to make her hear reason. I believe people always 'get come up with,' as my mother used to say, when they think they are so essential to the framework of things that they must always be interfering to help Providence out of a muddle. She might have married when I did and been happy; for, as it turns out, all would have gone just as straight at home without her as with her."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. We had not been gone a month before my half-sister's husband died, and she has gone back to my father's. There was the whole difficulty settled at once."

"But too late for Mary."

"Well, whose fault is it? There she goes about, looking like a ghost, and with eyes as big as moons. I couldn't help telling her that I hoped she would hear reason another time and not be so bent on taking her own way in spite of counsel."

"What did she say?"

"*She* didn't say anything. Sarah, though—that is my half-sister, Mrs. Gay—took it on her to say to Arthur that she thought a little delay on my part would have answered every purpose. I don't deny it, but who could foresee what was going to turn up?"

"Poor Mary!" sighed Katharine. "I'm afraid Mr. White couldn't have enjoyed his visit much. Had he ever seen her before?"

"No," said Anna, frowning again at the recollection of some post-nuptial self-criticism on his part which she had divined rather than listened to. "It seems to me, Kitty, that you have a genius for annoying subjects. I have nothing to reproach myself with, in any case, and I count my experiences of the last three months as so much clear gain. There he is now at the window with Fanny in his arms. She is too old to be coddled in that fashion. I told Dinah to have tea ready at five, and we will both walk home with you afterward. I have some lovely photographs to show you."

CHAPTER XXV.

"COULDN'T you come and spend this afternoon and evening with us?" ran a note which Katharine received from her cousin a few weeks later. "I won't pretend that pure hospitality prompts the invitation, though you know how glad we both are to see you always. But I had set my heart on going out with Arthur to-day, *en grande tenue*, to make a series of return-calls. And Fanny has been croupy all night, Dinah says, and this morning she looks more peaked and like a washed-out rag than ever. Arthur says he can't think of leaving her alone with the girl under the circumstances. I don't suppose it would make the least difference myself, but he never will listen to reason where that child is concerned. Do take pity on me and come down about half-past two. She is always on her best behavior with you, and you are never at a loss to amuse yourself in the library. We shall be home to tea between six and seven, and it is always probable that some one will drop in during the evening. I engaged a carriage yesterday, and I do hate to put things off when once I have settled on them. Send back word by Dinah whether I may expect you."

"I suppose there is nothing to prevent?" asked Katharine as she finished reading this appeal aloud. "This is your afternoon for class; why shouldn't you go in and take tea with the minister's wife afterward? I heard her asking you the other day. Hannah could go after you about eight o'clock, and I should be home by nine at furthest."

"A fine stepmother she is going to make!" said Mrs. Danforth, passing over this suggestion. "I never could understand people's taking up burdens they don't mean to carry. It would serve her quite right to tell her no."

"If every one got his deserts, which of us would escape a whipping?" laughed Katharine. "I don't want to tell her no, as it happens. I would much rather oblige her than not. But I don't like leaving you alone quite so often. I was there only last Friday. If you would come too—which, of course, you won't—or if you would agree to go in and pay Mrs. Farr a visit, I should absent myself with an easier mind."

"Perhaps I will; I half-promised her when she was here. But I hate beginning to go about alone. I hardly ever did it even when I was a girl, and never since."

"It will do you good, mammy," said the girl caressingly. "If things had been different I should have coaxed you out of

this way of living long ago, and carried you about the world with me to look at things and people. We are both of us too much by ourselves for our own good."

"'And when alone, then am I least alone,'" quoted the mother, who was growing daily more like her former self. "But you must get out my other cap and let me take a look at it, if I am to put it on this evening."

Mr. White's house in Hudson Street was large and old-fashioned. Its low stone stoop, facing sideways, led up to a door ornamented by a ponderous knocker and surmounted by a fan-light shaped like a half-moon and covered on the inside with green gauze. The wide hall was hung with paper intended to produce the illusion of oak panelling—an illusion with which Miss Fanny had recently made havoc in sundry moments of ill-humor. A hat-rack, carved at the upper extremity into a not very successful imitation of a stag's head and antlers, stood opposite the front-parlor door, and was flanked by a tall, straight-backed arm-chair upholstered in purple leather, and a small table bearing a card-receiver. A white-marbled oil-cloth, the bi-weekly torment of black Dinah's existence under the new *régime*, relieved to the eye by two or three red, fluffy mats bordered with green, which lay at the side-portals and the foot of the stairs, struck, nevertheless, a chilly sensation to the heart as well as the feet of whoever opened the front door upon it of a cold day.

Within the parlors things wore a somewhat cheerier aspect. A certain Quakerish simplicity marked all their appointments, but the wide windows, if undraped by curtains and hung with white and gold shades, were festooned with climbing ivy and decked with flourishing ferns which had been the object of Mrs. Price's fostering care. The wood-colored carpet, spotted with an irregular tracery of leaves in darker brown, was covered, as to its centre, by a red drugget, which, though originally intended more for use than ornament, served both objects equally well. Since her installation Anna had hung up some of her photographic acquisitions in *passé-partout* frames. Our Lady of Dolors and the Man of Sorrows, in the two best-known versions, hung between the windows in the place usually occupied by the tall mirror which formerly claimed the post of honor in most American parlors. In this one it stretched across the mantelpiece and reflected a pair of old silver candlesticks which Arthur's sister had vainly begged to carry away with her. Leonardo's "Last Supper" was suspended over a what-not on the side of the chimney farthest from the light, and a copy of his "Mona Lisa," with its inscrutable eyes and sly, elusive smile, stood out well from the

neutral-tinted wall-paper on the other. One or two family portraits, stiff, wooden, staring, were above a long mahogany sofa luxuriously cushioned as to comfort, but disagreeable enough to the eye in its drab rep corded with dark red. The chairs stood about in a sort of formal irregularity which suggested a certain studied avoidance of symmetry which had just failed of attaining ease, and a round table in the middle, covered with a dark brown cloth embroidered in gold, bore a number of well-bound volumes which had apparently overflowed from the tall bookcases that lined the entire wall of the back parlor, which Mr. White had appropriated to his own use. This was the appearance of the front one when it had been newly put to rights by the careful fingers of its mistress and left in solitude to await the advent of occasional callers.

But on this cold November afternoon, when the gray air seemed to hold the promise of the first snowfall of the season, the room looked brighter than its wont by reason of the glowing anthracite fire kindled in the grate and coaxed sometimes to a flame by a great lump of the cannel coal which stood beside it in a polished brass scuttle. The doors between it and the library were thrown open, and there also there was a fire in a cylinder stove; for Mr. White, in accepting Katharine's services as volunteer nurse and companion for the little one, had stipulated that her pleasure and the comfort of both should be thus provided for. The young girl herself lighted up the room into a certain vividness of life and warmed it with a suggestion of domesticity, even though her slender figure, still clad in the flowing habiliments of mourning, relieved only by a touch of white at throat and wrists, had an air of almost nunlike gravity. The little creature on the rug before the fire, in scarlet flannel and white, long-sleeved apron, with another bit of flannel about her neck, and stockings to match on the tiny legs pushed out toward the blaze, had been very persistent in her claims upon attention. Her headless doll presented no attractions, she was too weak to run about, and the window was interdicted on account of possible draughts. Katharine had chanted Mother Goose until her memory and her throat were both weary, while her imaginative flights into fairy-land were checked partly by the child's incredulity and partly by her insistence on repetitions rather than variations of such tales as happened to strike her fancy. Finally she complained of being cold, upon which Katharine gathered her up on her lap, where she dropped asleep at last with her flaxen head upon the young girl's shoulder.

Katharine had not sufficiently foreseen this probable con-

tingency to provide herself with a book in anticipation of it. Moreover, at four o'clock the early twilight was already falling. The light from the fire glowed ruddy and cheerful, and the low, wide arm-chair with its downy cushions was very comfortable. Gradually the day-dreams into which she had lapsed grew vaguer, and she, too, dropped into a light slumber, in which the sound of the brass knocker on its shield half an hour later translated itself into the thud of the guide's axe in the wilderness. Dinah's parley with the new-comer escaped her wholly, though prolonged beyond ordinary bounds, and it was only when the door opened and the woman ushered in a stranger, proceeding afterwards to the back room to light the gas in the drop-light over the study-table, that she fully awakened. Even then she could not move without disturbing Fanny, and her ample chair, placed just in front of the grate, hid her completely from those who were behind her.

"Dey'll be in 'fore long, sir," said Dinah. "Missus' cousin was in here with the little 'un, but I guess likely she's taken her upstairs to her crib. If you'd sit down by the fire, sir, I'd go up and let her know. I yeered her singin' here not ten minutes ago."

"Don't disturb yourself, Dinah," said Katharine, turning her head toward the back parlor, where the girl was still busy with the match-box. "I'm here, but I can't well rise, for Fanny has just dropped asleep." She pushed her chair back on its rollers as she spoke, in order to make room. "You might carry her upstairs, perhaps. No! she is waking again. I will keep her." Then, observing that the new-comer neither seated himself nor approached the fire, she addressed him in a voice in which he felt the suggestion of a smile: "Pray excuse my involuntary bad manners, and take the arm-chair opposite. It is so dark that my cousins can hardly stay out much longer."

The gas blazed into full head as she spoke, sinking again in another instant to decorous dimness as Dinah lowered it to what she deemed an economic height before leaving the room. Katharine's eyes, lifting themselves to the tall figure which approached her, recognized him with a start which seemed to make her heart stand still. She arose now, and Fanny slid down to her feet with a half-cross, half-sickly cry. As her elders released their clasp of each other's hand Louis Giddings stooped and picked her up.

"Come, little one," he said; "for every nursery rhyme this young lady knows I'll wager I can give you half a dozen."

THE CATHOLIC NATIONAL COUNCIL.

SUCH an event as the recent Plenary Council shows again that the Catholic Church is of too high importance to be ignored, too great to be stopped by defamation, and has too much vital energy to be smothered by calumny. In her dealings with the powers of this world she has hitherto conquered by her peaceful weapons every enemy however powerful, and even a superficial view of European affairs shows that, guided, under God, by the courage and wisdom of Leo XIII., she is vanquishing her present foes, haughty and obstinate though they be. Anything worthy the name of an enemy the Catholic Church has not had in North America since before the Declaration of Independence. Many evil-wishers she has had, and various secret conspiracies and open assaults she has suffered from, but they were weak and transitory efforts of an enemy whose spirit was broken by the influence of true civil liberty. As matters stand, the council and its pastoral were viewed with almost universal favor, even in quarters where one would least expect it. What strikes one in reading the pastoral of the Third Plenary Council is that its literary style is direct and, we were going to say, familiar. Yet the majesty of office really does clothe the sentences, and their reasoning and pleading and exhorting could only be the words of men who felt that their power is from above. Moreover, all through the pastoral the prelates concern themselves in a familiar way with the daily life of priests and people. We know not, for example, if in any pastoral before this the prelates stepped across the threshold of home and in so familiar and loving a mood considered the virtues of the family circle.

The pastoral opens with a retrospective glance over the past eighteen years and the work of the last Plenary Council. Particular reference is made to the General Council of the Vatican, and it is worthy of remark that the prelates assume its reassembling at some future date by declaring its work unfinished.

A matter particularly dear to the heart of the present pontiff—the education of the clergy—is dwelt on in the pastoral sufficiently to show the council in hearty accord with the Holy Father. That the training of our priesthood in the seminaries shall not be confined to the technical branches peculiar to our sacred profession is shown by the following words :

“It is obvious that the priest should have a wide acquaintance with every department of learning that has a bearing on religious truth. Hence in our age, when so many misleading theories are put forth on every side, when every department of natural truth and fact is actively explored for objections against revealed religion, it is evident how extensive and thorough should be the knowledge of the minister of the divine word, that he may be able to show forth worthily the beauty, the superiority, the necessity of the Christian religion, and to prove that there is nothing in all that God has made to contradict anything that God has taught.

“Hence the priest who has the noble ambition of attaining to the high level of his holy office may well consider himself a student all his life; and of the leisure hours which he can find amid the duties of his ministry, he will have very few that he can spare for miscellaneous reading, and none at all to waste. And hence, too, the evident duty devolving on us to see that the course of education in our ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries be as perfect as it can be made.”

The legislation mentioned in the pastoral concerning the canonical status of the priesthood—a matter of much moment for both clergy and people—will be looked for, when the decrees return from Rome, with much interest. It will doubtless be what the more settled character of much of our population now calls for.

As to legislation on the school question, perhaps the most weighty topic in the council, we may surmise, if the pastoral is a forecast of the decrees, that the prelates have reasserted, perhaps enforced with new vigor, the fundamental principle of the Catholic Church, that the school has too much to do with the child's eternal destiny to be allowed to go neutral of positive religious influence. On this topic two things are noticeable in the pastoral: the bishops seem hopeful of the more religious portion of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens taking measures similar to our own for the religious training of their children, and they have dwelt with special emphasis on the need of such schooling for the preservation of our civil liberties. We beg our non-Catholic friends to read and read again this part of the pastoral. Truer and wiser words were never spoken than those in which the Catholic bishops plead for the school's place in the same elevated and heaven-lighted sphere as the Christian church and the Christian home.

And earnestly and mightily do they plead for the Christian home. The influence of our holy faith in saving the family, the sacramental holiness of marriage and its perpetuity, the mutual and holy love of man and wife, are spoken of in such terms as the heart alone knows how to choose. The practice of family prayer, the reading of Holy Scripture as well as other good books to the assembled family, the duty of buying Catholic books, the duty

(alas! how much needed is this admonition) of subscribing for Catholic periodicals, the necessity of kind words and Christian forbearance with each other's faults in the family life—such are the home topics treated by the bishops, and certainly with marvellous unction.

Then comes what we deem a plain sign that the Spirit of God has breathed out his wisdom upon our bishops with a special fullness. We refer to that part of the pastoral which concerns the observance of the Sunday. These paragraphs should be carefully studied, especially by fathers and mothers of families, above all by pastors. We had become sick and tired of the talk about the observance (better say at once non-observance) of the Sunday in so-called good Catholic localities of the Old World, and now come the shepherds of the flock of Christ and settle matters with the voice of authority:

“There are many sad facts in the experience of nations which we may well store up as lessons of practical wisdom. Not the least important of these is the fact that one of the surest marks and measures of the decay of religion in a people is their non-observance of the Lord's day. In travelling through some European countries a Christian's heart is pained by the almost unabated rush of toil and traffic on Sunday. First, grasping avarice thought it could not afford to spare the day to God; then unwise governments, yielding to the pressure of mammon, relaxed the laws which for many centuries had guarded the day's sacredness—forgetting that there are certain fundamental principles which ought not to be sacrificed to popular caprice or greed. And when, as usually happens, neglect of religion had passed, by lapse of time, into hostility to religion, this growing neglect of the Lord's day was easily made use of as a means to bring religion itself into contempt. The church mourned, protested, struggled, but was almost powerless to resist the combined forces of popular avarice and Cæsar's influence, arrayed on the side of ir-religion. The result is the lamentable desecration which all Christians must deplore.”

Moreover, a certain class of people are engaged in a traffic always disreputable and often soul-destroying, but particularly hostile to Sunday observance. Now they have actually sought impunity by skulking in the shadow of the very church itself. They have at last brought upon themselves a withering and well-merited condemnation. It is amazing to think how often respectable men have given these persons, now solemnly arraigned before the council of the church of God in America and condemned, the benefit of theories nowise applicable to this country and to our circumstances. To say that keeping a saloon in our cities was a bad business, to say that it was commonly a proximate occasion of mortal sin, was to be deafened in response by theological *ifs* and *ans*, and *ohs* and *ahs*, brought from over-sea;

was to be bid stand mute and listen to a teaching addressed to a past generation in distant lands and to races then untainted with the foul leprosy of drunkenness.

“There is one way of profaning the Lord’s day which is so prolific of evil results that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer or other liquors on Sunday, or of frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other to turn the day of the Lord into a day of dissipation, to use it as an occasion for breeding intemperance. While we hope that Sunday laws on this point will not be relaxed, but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics, for the love of God and of country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic nor to patronize or countenance it. And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic, and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living.

“And here it behooves us to remind our workmen, the bone and sinew of the people and the specially beloved children of the church, that if they wish to observe Sunday as they ought they must keep away from drinking-places on Saturday night. Carry your wages home to your families, where they rightfully belong. Turn a deaf ear, therefore, to every temptation, and then Sunday will be a bright day for all the family. How much better this than to make it a day of sin for yourselves, and of gloom and wretchedness for your homes, by a Saturday night’s folly or debauch! No wonder that the prelates of the Second Plenary Council declared that ‘the most shocking scandals which we have to deplore spring from intemperance.’ No wonder that they gave a special approval to the zeal of those who, the better to avoid excess or in order to give bright example, pledge themselves to total abstinence. Like them we invoke a blessing on the cause of temperance, and on all who are laboring for its advancement in a true Christian spirit. Let the exertions of our Catholic temperance societies meet with the hearty co-operation of pastors and people; and not only will they go far towards strangling the monstrous evil of intemperance, but they will also put a powerful check on the desecration of the Lord’s day and on the evil influences now striving for its total profanation.

“Let all our people ‘remember to keep holy the Lord’s day.’ Let them make it not only a day of rest, but also a day of prayer.”

The simple truth is that Catholics do not want a European, or a German, or an Italian, or an American Sunday, but a Catholic Sunday. The observance of the Lord’s day is an apostolic institution and needs no national customs for its description, least of all in the presence of the hierarchy convoked in council by the Apostolic See. If the reader wishes a companion piece for this part of the council’s pastoral, we recommend the Catechism of the Council of Trent on the same subject. There he will find an authoritative statement of just what the Catholic Church means by keeping holy the Lord’s day.

The treatment of the perplexing question of forbidden socie-

ties is remarkably practical. It furnishes a few principles, plain and easily applicable for deciding cases.

Not the least important part (to many souls by all standards the most important) is that directing a yearly collection for mission purposes. Let us consider this a practical beginning of our missionary enterprise, not only for the Indian tribes, but also for the conversion of the colored people. Let all good souls pray and every Catholic be ready to give generously of his means, that we may soon see a large and steady stream of converts setting towards the church.

What the council has to say of our religion in relation to American institutions we have kept to this last place, because we deem it of such high importance. Read what the Catholic Church in America thinks of our national liberties:

“ We think we can claim to be acquainted both with the laws, institutions, and spirit of the Catholic Church and with the laws, institutions, and spirit of our country; and we emphatically declare that there is no antagonism between them. A Catholic finds himself at home in the United States; for the influence of his church has constantly been exercised in behalf of individual rights and popular liberties. And the right-minded American nowhere finds himself more at home than in the Catholic Church, for nowhere else can he breathe more freely that atmosphere of divine truth which alone can make him free.

“ We repudiate with equal earnestness the assertion that we need to lay aside any of our devotedness to our church to be true Americans; the insinuation that we need to abate any of our love for our country's principles and institutions to be faithful Catholics. To argue that the Catholic Church is hostile to our great republic because she teaches that ‘there is no power but from God’; because, therefore, back of the events which led to the formation of the republic she sees the providence of God leading to that issue, and back of our country's laws the authority of God as their sanction—this is evidently so illogical and contradictory an accusation that we are astonished to hear it advanced by persons of ordinary intelligence. We believe that our country's heroes were the instruments of the God of Nations in establishing this home of freedom; to both the Almighty and to his instruments in the work we look with grateful reverence; and to maintain the inheritance of freedom which they have left us, should it ever—which God forbid!—be imperilled, our Catholic citizens will be found to stand forward as one man, ready to pledge anew ‘their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.’

“ No less illogical would be the notion that there is aught in the free spirit of our American institutions incompatible with perfect docility to the church of Christ. The spirit of American freedom is not one of anarchy or license. It essentially involves love of order, respect for rightful authority, and obedience to just laws. There is nothing in the character of the most liberty-loving American which could hinder his reverential submission to the divine authority of our Lord, or to the like authority delegated by him to his apostles and his church. Nor are there in the world more devoted adherents of the Catholic Church, the See of Peter, and the Vicar of Christ than the Catholics of the United States. Narrow, insular, national views and jealousies concerning ecclesiastical authority and

church organization may have sprung naturally enough from the selfish policy of certain rulers and nations in by-gone times; but they find no sympathy in the spirit of the true American Catholic. His natural instincts, no less than his religious training, would forbid him to submit in matters of faith to the dictation of the state or to any merely human authority whatsoever. He accepts the religion and the church that are from God, and he knows well that these are universal, not national or local—for all the children of men, not for any special tribe or tongue. We glory that we are, and, with God's blessing, shall continue to be, not the American Church, nor the Church of the United States, nor a church in any other sense exclusive or limited, but an integral part of the one, holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ, which is the body of Christ, in which there is no distinction of classes and nationalities—in which all are one in Christ Jesus."

Yes; the pure atmosphere for religion to breathe is civil freedom. The American has a docility to the law of God and to the legitimate authority of the hierarchy all the more admirable because he is free. The United States is the church's home. The church can never be aught but a sanctifying influence for our civil institutions, for her influence "has constantly been exercised in behalf of individual rights and popular liberties"; and our civil institutions, on the other hand, can but give the spiritual life a more generous temper, because the freer and more enlightened men are the nobler will be their motives in dealing with God.

The prelates have shown themselves competent to answer one of the most urgent questions in the public life of the Catholic Church of our day—a question arising into men's minds in every part of the world: How shall the living word be framed anew? How shall religious teaching be suited to the special needs of this age without detracting from the integrity and venerable antiquity of the truth? The answer is, by opening our souls to the voices of struggling humanity. What are the yearnings of the human spirit in matters civil, political, and social? How is the providence of God leading men on in the natural order? The church is the home of man in the supernatural order; it has ever been the first to hearken to his cries for more light and greater strength in the natural order. It never can be said of the members of God's church, least of all of its hierarchy, that among the gifts of the Holy Ghost we shall not possess the power to read the signs of God's providence in the lives of men. Are we not taught by divine faith to discern our Lord under the forms of bread and wine? It would be a pity indeed if we could not detect the will of God in the cry of humanity for liberty and independence. Our prelates have shown that the church has a heart and a hand and a voice to welcome the fruits of God's Spirit in the natural order, and that the follies of license and of eccentricity are but the more

sharply defined by a true estimate of the dignity of human aspirations.

And it is in just this domain of living questions that the future work of leading minds must chiefly be engaged. Let the enemies of the faith wonder, as they have done, that the council has ignored time-honored controversies. The honors of time rest heavy on controversies. The rule of faith, the marks of the church of Christ, the divine method of sanctification, are questions slipping away to the background. The persons interested in such questions are but of second-rate importance compared either in numbers or prominence with those who are struggling with questions more fundamental. Ex-Protestants now far outnumber Protestants. We are fighting for the Bible itself with ex-Protestants; we are fighting for a trust in a future life with the children of the Pilgrim Fathers; we are especially fighting against the delusion of vast multitudes that the nobility of human nature is somehow debased by the simplicity of Christ's Gospel; and these make up the big fight of the Catholic Church. Our venerable hierarchy has clearly uttered those great truths now so commonly needed to be understood, so that every man may know that he may be a Christian consistent with his natural aspirations, and that the highest boast of his civilization is that it is in harmony with the supernatural longings of his soul.

The pastoral letter shows that the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States share the conviction that American political institutions are in advance of those of Europe in helping a man to save his soul, and that they promise a triumph for Catholicity more perfect than its victory in mediæval times; and they do not hesitate to express these convictions. That is indeed the best government which secures to men the amplest means of sustaining life, interferes least in the exercise of his liberty, and aids him most in the pursuit of his true happiness—his divine destiny. The assertion of the natural rights of man in the Declaration of American Independence draws its inspiration from the duties which man naturally owes to his Maker. The rights of man spring from man's duties to his Creator. Democracy in its true sense and meaning is an effort to bring the political institutions of society more in accordance with the prime truths of reason, which but lead up to the fulness of the truth in revelation. Hence when the institutions of this nation are let do their work they unconsciously favor the triumph of Christianity, which in its concrete, organic existence is the Roman Catholic Church.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS THE MESSIAH. By Alfred Edersheim, M.A. Oxon., D.D., Ph.D., late Warburtonian Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn. In two volumes. Second edition. New York : Randolph & Co. ; London : Longmans, Green & Co.

Dr. Edersheim has a good reputation in England as a scholar. Several small works published by him prior to his latest and greatest work are excellent. He is a German, and we know what that denotes in erudition and painstaking. He is an Israelite, and that is another advantage in respect to Jewish learning. We do not look for complete and precise orthodoxy of doctrine in the works of one who is not a Catholic, though we are glad to find all that there may be anywhere. It is necessary, however, that one should believe in the divinity and humanity of Jesus Christ united in one Person, in miracles, prophecy, and inspiration, in order to write a life of Christ which shall be true history and not mere romance. Dr. Edersheim's faults in doctrine are mostly shortcomings, and his uncatholic opinions are kept much in the background, expressed, moreover, in a quiet, modest manner, and free from the obnoxious features of Calvinism and rationalism. He holds the Nicene doctrine concerning our Lord and most other doctrines of moderate Protestant orthodoxy. His spirit is reverent and conservative. His style has many excellent qualities. His grand thesis is, to prove against unbelieving Judaism and rationalism that Jesus is the true divine Saviour of the Jews and of all mankind. A man of so much learning and ability, zeal and industry, bringing to bear his resources of historical lore, of criticism, and of argument upon such a subject, could not fail of constructing a work in many of its parts solid and instructive.

It is chiefly to those topics upon which Dr. Edersheim's Jewish lore can cast special light that we look for some new and particularly instructive elucidation, for something additional to what we have already in prior lives of Christ. In this aspect the account of the Jews of the "Dispersion," other extraneous historical environments of the Messianic epoch, various synopses of Jewish theological systems, an epitome of the traditional interpretation of Messianic prophecies, etc., are worthy of mention. We desire, also, to express a great satisfaction with the author's penultimate chapter on "The Resurrection of Christ from the Dead."

We have examined with some curiosity the author's treatment of several questions much discussed, but without as yet any agreement having been arrived at, by critics, commentators, and writers of harmonies or lives of Christ. One of these is the date of the birth of our Lord. Dr. Edersheim decides for A.U.C. 749 as the year, and December 25 as the day, of the Nativity. He gives A.D. 25 as the year of the baptism and 29 as the year of the death of our Lord.

As for the "star in the East," Dr. Edersheim favors Ideler's astronomi-

cal hypothesis. We have a decided liking for the same, though much discouraged by the opposition of the best astronomer with whom we have the honor of acquaintance.

The Passover in the Holy Week is another still more vexed question, upon which how much paper has been blotted! and with quite confusing and vacillating results to some, at least, inquiring minds. Our learned author is positive that our Lord did celebrate the true Jewish Passover; that he did not anticipate the time; that the rulers of the Jews did not postpone it; that all alike ate the Paschal supper on the evening of Holy Thursday. The most serious objection to this view is St. John's statement that the Pharisees would not enter Pilate's pretorium, lest they should become unclean and incapable of celebrating the Passover, whence, it is argued, Friday evening must have been the time appointed. Dr. Edersheim disposes of this objection in the following manner: First, he affirms that the "Chagigah," which was appointed for the next day after the eating of the Paschal lamb, was called "Passover," as well as the principal ceremony itself; second, that any uncleanness contracted by a Jew during the day would have lasted only until sunset, when it could easily be removed by a purification; so that entering the pretorium in the morning could not disqualify from eating the Passover lamb in the evening, whereas it would disqualify from taking part in the "Chagigah" during the day. This is very probable, and the attempt to refute it which was made after Dr. Edersheim's first edition, it seems to us, the doctor has shown in this second edition to be a failure.

Not having had time to read these volumes through, we cannot pretend to make an adequately complete criticism on the whole work. We have examined it, however, with sufficient care to warrant the expression of our opinion that the author has ably and amply proved his grand thesis. It is gratifying to see from an Israelite such an act of homage to our Blessed Lord as the Messiah of the Jews. May he deign to accept it, and reward the one who has made it with an increase of light and grace!

TRAITÉ DE DROIT NATUREL THÉORIQUE ET APPLIQUÉ. Par Tancrède Rothe, Docteur en Droit, Professeur aux Facultés Catholiques de Lille. Tome Premier. Paris: L. Larose et Forcel, 22 Rue Soufflot. 1885.

In this first volume of his Treatise on Natural Right Dr. Rothe proceeds by first defining law and right, and then making succinct expositions of the topics: the Eternal Law, the Natural Law, Natural Right, Conscience, Natural Duties of man toward God and toward himself. After finishing these topics, which are embraced in the first three parts, he arrives at the fourth, which occupies about seven-eighths of the entire volume. This fourth part concerns the Duties of Man toward his Fellows, and embraces a number of the most important and at present most practical and disputed questions about all kinds of societies, the State, the Church, the Universal International Association, the Origin and Nature of Power, the relative merits of different kinds of government, etc., etc.

The author's treatment of his topics is thoroughgoing, incisive, original, judicially calm and composed. On the one topic of paramount interest—viz., the origin of the state, and the ruling power in it—he is clear and strong in arguing against the theory of the social compact and the voluntary concession of power to the civil government by the whole multi-

tude of individuals making up the civil society. He takes special pains, also, to refute that particular theory known as the theory of Suarez and Bellarmine. There is a certain resemblance between this part of his treatise and Dr. Brownson's most able and nearly complete work on *The Great Republic*. Although the author is dead against a great many notions which are quite prevalent among ourselves and find vent in popular political speeches, yet his fundamental principles are not incompatible with the real, essential foundations of our own political order. He affirms the divine origin of the state and of government, the *immediate* collation of power to the possessor of sovereign authority in the state, by God, and similar doctrines. He is, moreover, a decided advocate of the monarchical form of government. Nevertheless, he is as far from the extreme opinions of a certain class of legitimists as he is from the opposite, democratic extreme. The conclusion is fairly deducible from his premises that the foundation of our republic and its political constitution are as truly legitimate as are those of the temporal principality of the pope; and that the sovereignty possessed by the organized, political people of the United States, with the right of ruling which this sovereign people delegates to its elected officers, are from God, claiming allegiance and obedience under a divine sanction. This treatise is well worthy of an attentive study.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. For use in Seminaries and Colleges. By Dr. Heinrich Brueck, Professor of Theology in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Mentz. With additions from the writings of His Eminence Cardinal Hergenröther. Translated by Rev. E. Prunte. With an introduction by Right Rev. Mgr. James A. Corcoran, S.T.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture, etc. Vol. I. Einsiedeln, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benzigers. 1885.

This hand-book is well adapted for its purpose. It is a succinct epitome, based on solid learning and supported by abundant references to authorities. The translator has taken care to make his version really English, and has had it revised, for greater security, "by an English author of acknowledged reputation"; he has also made additions and alterations of his own to make it more "commendable for English-speaking students." Nevertheless some German idioms have escaped the notice of the reviser, there are some proper names—*e.g.*, *Vincenz* instead of Vincent—which are not in the most correct form, and there are some typographical errors.

In the list of popes we find Felix II. noted as undoubtedly an anti-pope, which seems to us doubtful. On the other hand, we do not see why Christopher and Leo VIII. are not marked as anti-popes.

We take the liberty of suggesting that in a second edition the chronological date should be put at the top of each page. Of course it cannot be expected that every one should agree in opinion with an author about all points which are matters of historical controversy. Neither has any critic a right to complain because an author has adopted an opinion different from his own. Still, we think it would be an improvement in a book like this to take notice, in important matters, of the fact that there is a difference, *e.g.*, in respect to the orthodoxy of Origen and the merits of the controversy between St. Jerome and Rufinus. We are not seeking to detract from the merit of this manual. Its excellence is too well established by

the approbation of competent judges to need any new and detailed commendation of its merits. The only kind of criticism which can be of real service is that which calls attention to what one may think to be minor defects such as are practically unavoidable in text-books. A hand-book of ecclesiastical history is one of a kind in which amendments ought to be continually made in successive editions, so that it may be brought nearer and nearer to perfection. We trust that Father Prueno will have occasion to publish several editions of his history, and thus find the opportunity of repeatedly revising and improving it. We recommend it cordially to all students as the best and most convenient epitome of ecclesiastical history they can find in the English language, and a suitable introduction to the reading of more extensive and complete works—that is to say, so far as we can estimate the entire work by an examination of its first volume. This comes down to A.D. 1303, the end of the pontificate of Boniface VIII. The period of five hundred and eighty-two years between this pope and Leo XIII.'s present year is crowded with events which it needs the hand of a master to epitomize successfully. We take it on trust, for the present, that we shall find the second volume as praiseworthy as the first.

LIFE OF RT. REV. JOHN N. NEUMANN, D.D., C.S.S.R., FOURTH BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA. From the German of Rev. J. A. Berger, C.S.S.R., by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. Second edition. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benzigers. 1884.

Having been intimately acquainted with Bishop Neumann, we can testify to the truth and fidelity of this biography by his nephew, Father Berger. The bishop was of small stature and homely exterior generally, much as we fancy St. Gregory Nazianzen to have been. The portrait of him in his *Life* is like, yet far from being perfect. His countenance had a calm and thoughtful but gentle and winning expression, not the drawn and anxious cast which appeared in the photograph which was taken after his appointment to Philadelphia, by order of his provincial, and is the original of all subsequent likenesses. He was a man of severe and ascetic sanctity, but there was nothing sanctimonious, forbidding, or harsh in his manner. He possessed all the virtues which go to make up a perfect Christian, a perfect religious, and a perfect priest, even those minor ones of nature and grace which make a man lovable and pleasant to converse with, as well as admirable. His natural gifts were excellent, though not in the brilliant order of oratory and rhetoric, or in the line of metaphysical speculation. His tastes were decidedly towards mathematics and some branches of physical science, as also towards linguistic studies. He was a good scholar in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and several modern languages, and well acquainted with dogmatic and moral theology, but especially with the writings of St. Thomas, to whom he was devoted. He was an ornament to his respectable congregation, and afterwards to the American episcopate. His life from childhood up was one furnishing materials for most interesting narrative. Happily his nephew, unlike some biographers, has known how to tell the story well, and to fill in the small events, details, and anecdotes which are worth much more to a reader than any lucubrations, reflections, or pious remarks of an author. This is a very readable as well as otherwise good and instructive book.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS: RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

Perhaps there is no one whose opinion about Mr. Emerson we were more curious to know than the author of the above biography. Dr. Holmes was a contemporary of Mr. Emerson, a friend, an author, a poet, a man of wide experience and of acknowledged literary ability. He is an independent thinker, walks in his own path, and is a live man. No one will venture to deny that he has given from his standpoint a fair and honest account and estimate of Mr. Emerson. His résumé of Mr. Emerson's message is not bad. Here it is; we give the whole:

"Thou shalt not profess that which thou dost not believe. Thou shalt not heed the voice of man when it agrees not with the voice of God in thine own soul. Thou shalt study and obey the laws of the universe and they will be thy fellow-servants. Thou shalt speak the truth as thou seest it, without fear, in the spirit of kindness to all thy fellow-creatures, dealing with the manifold interests of life and the typical characters of history. Nature shall be to thee as a symbol. The life of the soul, in conscious union with the Infinite, shall be for thee the only real existence. This pleasing show of an external world through which thou art passing is given thee to interpret by the light which is in thee. Its least appearance is not unworthy of thy study. Let thy soul be open and thine eyes will reveal to thee beauty everywhere. Go forth with thy message among thy fellow-creatures; teach them they must trust themselves as guided by that inner light which dwells with the pure in heart, to whom it was promised of old that they shall see God.

"Teach them that each generation begins the world afresh, in perfect freedom; that the present is not the prisoner of the past, but that to-day holds captive all yesterdays, to compare, to judge, to accept, to reject their teachings, as these are shown by its own morning's sun.

"To thy fellow-countrymen thou shalt preach the gospel of the New World, that here, here in our America, is the home of man; that here is the promise of a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded. Thy life shall be as thy teachings—brave, pure, truthful, beneficent, hopeful, cheerful, hospitable to all honest belief, all sincere thinkers, and active according to thy gifts and opportunities."

COMMONWEALTH SERIES. KENTUCKY: A PIONEER COMMONWEALTH. By N. S. Shaler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

The fine and compact little volume before us is one of Mr. Horace E. Scudder's "American Commonwealth Series." It is the fourth of the series, Virginia, Oregon, and Maryland having preceded it. California, Kansas, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, South Carolina, New York, Michigan, and Missouri are in preparation. Other State histories will also be announced as they are prepared. These compact histories of the States are amply sufficient as histories for the general reader, but for the historical student they are too brief and discursive. But they have another and distinctive value to historical students, political economists, constitutional students, and to miscellaneous readers. They are all founded upon the

plan of giving the life-principle, the interior and outward growth and development of each State as a commonwealth, its ethnology, the races composing its population, the political principles underlying the constitution, its colonial position, influence, and the motives of its colonization, and, finally, its influence and position in the American Union or sisterhood of commonwealths. Hence these volumes are not written in the mere dry historical narrative, but in a style blended of history, essay, and commentary. They are admirably adapted to disseminate among our people, and, indeed, throughout the reading world, a more general and pleasing knowledge of our American history. They are useful, too, in showing the component parts of the Union or nation.

The present volume on Kentucky well sustains the general good reputation of the series. It is written in a pleasant and easy style, and the author has a good command of the English language. Yet we notice in some instances a rather awkward style of expression, such as that used in describing Queen Elizabeth: she is called "England's manly queen." This expression cannot be said to be incorrect, yet it is grating to the ear; and yet it may in some sense be apt, since the character it describes certainly grates upon our sense of the appropriate and good.

We think the author attributes too much to Virginia in the make-up of the original population of Kentucky, and attaches too little value upon an important element of Kentucky's pioneers which went from Maryland. This element of which we speak was a most valuable one, inasmuch as it was Catholic, truly moral, high-toned, religious, and patriotic. Many of Kentucky's best citizens, many of her best educational institutions, have sprung from this element. The recent work of Mr. Webb, *The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky*, shows how valuable and good an element this has proved in the development of the State. The author classifies Kentucky among those States not colonized from Europe directly, nor by miscellaneous immigration like our new Western States, but that were immediate outgrowths from particular colonies deriving their blood and institutions from one of the original American colonies.

BISHOP ENGLAND'S WORKS. Vol. I. Baltimore: Baltimore Pub. Co.

A notice of this new edition of Works of Bishop England can be better given after the second volume has been received.

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XL.

MARCH, 1885.

No. 240.

CARLYLE AS PROPHET.

PART FIRST.

MR. FROUDE says of Thomas Carlyle :

"He was a teacher and a prophet in the Jewish sense of the word. The prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah have become a part of the permanent spiritual inheritance of mankind because events proved that they had interpreted correctly the signs of their own times, and their prophecies were fulfilled. Carlyle, like them, believed that he had a special message to deliver to the present age. . . .

"If he has been right, if, like his great predecessors, he has read truly the tendencies of this modern age of ours, and if his teaching is authenticated by facts, then Carlyle too will take his place among the inspired seers, and he will shine on, another fixed star, in the intellectual sky."*

In another paragraph he places on parallel lines Carlyle and St. Paul :

"Of all human writings, those which perhaps have produced the deepest effect on the history of the world have been St. Paul's Epistles. What Carlyle had he had in common with St. Paul—extraordinary intellectual insight, extraordinary sincerity, extraordinary resolution to speak out the truth as he perceived it, as if driven on by some impelling internal necessity. He and St. Paul—I know not of whom else the same thing could be said—write as if they were pregnant with some world-important idea of which they were laboring to be delivered, and the effect is the more striking from the abruptness and want of artifice in the utterance."†

What is the world-important idea which Carlyle was driven on by some impelling internal necessity to speak out as a special

* *Hist. of First Forty Years*, vol. i. ch. i.

† *Life in London*, vol. ii. ch. xxvi.

message to the present age? What is its relation to the permanent spiritual inheritance received from the Hebrew prophets and to the world-important idea of St. Paul which has produced such an effect on human history? Is it a new theophany and a new gospel, superseding old ones which are passing away, manifested by a new prophet and apostle of God, a successor of Isaiah and St. Paul? Such is the claim of Carlyle's biographer, which, if made good, will secure for him a title to be ranked as the new Luke of the new Paul. If his language does not assert this claim and the life and writings of Carlyle sustain it, it is a mere rhetorical flourish and the greatest of "unveracities."

It would be more agreeable to the writer to discuss this matter in an impersonal manner; yet, for reasons, a more familiar way will be taken. And so, dropping formality, before I undertake that severe censure of Carlyle's prophetic message to the age, and the echo of it from Mr. Froude, which truth and conscience demand, let me say a word of my own thoughts and feelings about this remarkable man and the series of memoirs edited or written by his friend and confidant.

I was one of the number, designated by Mr. Froude as "few but select," of Mr. Carlyle's earliest and most ardent admirers almost fifty years ago, or, to speak more precisely, during the latter half of my college-life, from 1837 to '39. *Sartor Resartus* was then a new book, and it seemed to me wonderful and fascinating beyond every other. Afterwards I read all the works of Carlyle which were within my reach. I still retain a great admiration of the genius and a respect for some of the moral characteristics of their author, and my interest in the life and works of this great man has been deepened as time has passed on and his career has been continued to its end. The biographical series which Mr. Froude has issued comes as near to being a perfect life as I can conceive to be possible, and his two principal subjects, Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle, not to speak of other persons belonging to the group of his admirable piece of character-painting, have, in their individual traits, the events of their history, the progress and close of their interior life, and the mournful scenes which wind up all, everything to compose a solemn tragedy, intermixed with some pleasing comedy, worthy of all the labor which the artist has bestowed and all the attention bestowed upon his work by the wide circle of his readers.

That Carlyle will remain as a fixed star in the firmament of literature can be conceded without reluctance. That he has given utterance to some great religious and moral ideas with a

striking originality and power of expression, and that in his life and character he has in some respects left a grand example, can also be cheerfully granted. But that he was a seer and a prophet cannot be admitted, unless it be made evident that the faith of Christianity has become an obsolete unveracity and that Carlyle has at least begun the work of re-embodiment that spirit and idea which his disciple, following the teaching of his master, declares to be the soul of religion, in a new and more perfect creed and law, sufficient to effect a new regeneration of mankind in the coming age.

The negative part of Carlyle's message to this generation consists in the denial of the historical and dogmatic truth of Christianity as an institution founded, a doctrine and law revealed, by God, for all mankind to the end of the world. He was most strictly brought up in one of the Scottish Presbyterian sects, and went through a part of the course prescribed for candidates for the ministry. After a long and bitter interior conflict he gave up his belief in the Christian religion; yet, although he seems to have been terribly shaken by an assault of absolute scepticism, he emerged from it with a positive belief in certain truths to be spoken of more particularly later on, and which he assumed to be the whole of that which is the absolute and eternal truth contained in Christian theology.

He is by far the most notable representative of a class of men in our age whose training and entire bent of mind are most religious, but who have found no abiding resting-place in any Protestant sect or system of belief presenting a claim to be the genuine Christian church and creed. Christianity under these forms, as presented and proposed to their belief and allegiance according to these systems, comes at length to appear to them incredible, destitute of a basis in either history or reason; therefore, drawing the logical conclusion of their own premises, they reject it.

Before examining into Carlyle's individual reasons and motives for his negation of the truth of Christianity, I have some remarks to make on the general subject of the provocation to scepticism and unbelief which Protestant teaching furnishes to philosophical and inquisitive minds which cannot be contented to trot in a prescribed routine because their fathers have done so.

The question is not, let it be carefully noted, why scepticism and unbelief of a greater or lesser extent is possible, and found to exist, among those who have been taught from infancy to believe

in the doctrine of Jesus Christ. We are in a state of probation in respect to faith as well as every other virtue; free-will has its part to act in determining the assent of the intellect to objects which do not compel assent, as well as intelligence. There are passions, some of which are more spiritual, others more animal, whose impulses incite to revolt against the doctrine and the precepts of a religion whose sign is the Cross. That heresies should start up and prevail more or less, that subtle or gross forms of infidelity should break out and make ravages, and at certain epochs become unusually rampant, is no great enigma.

But it is somewhat of a problem, to those who have not discovered the intrinsic essence of Protestantism, that earnest and religious minds, in striving to appropriate and act out the religious and moral axioms and maxims taught them in childhood, should find in this very doctrine a provocation to doubt the very principles and first truths of Christianity.

It is like looking down the mouth of a man who has a cancer at the root of his tongue, to inspect closely this deadly ulcer of unbelief which attacks so many victims in our day among the gifted, amiable, and even well-disposed towards religion and virtue, who might and should adorn a Christian profession, if only they had a firm Christian belief. But it is a necessary work to search in Protestantism for the microbes, the parasites, with which all its various systems are filled, adhering to its garments, poisoning its atmosphere, and generating deadly disease in its dwelling-places. This is my wish and intent, to search out and expose in Protestantism the causes of incredulity, the principles breeding scepticism and preparing religious minds for the unhappy and fatal decision that Christianity is incredible. Each and every system of Protestant theology mixes something not credible with Christianity. Those who perceive that this something is lacking sufficient grounds of credibility, or perhaps positively incredible, if they identify it with Christianity conclude that Christianity is of doubtful credibility or certainly incredible.

I am not justifying the incredulity of those who mistake spurious for genuine Christianity, but only accounting for it and explaining it. I will not attempt to decide whether or no it is sometimes altogether or partly excusable. But assuredly I am not taking sides with such as find a reason in the defects and inconsistencies of Protestant teaching or of the teachers and professors of religion in various sects, for rejecting Christianity. If, and so far as, they may be free from moral blame in their error,

it can only be on the plea of ignorance, which is not voluntary on their part, but their involuntary misfortune.

Those who know, or at least might or ought to know, the motives of credibility of the Christian religion, which have been often explained and vindicated in the most conclusive manner by able and learned Protestant writers, do not act rationally when they reject Christianity because they do not find any Protestant theory of the Christian religion to be self-consistent and tenable. The truly reasonable course is, to doubt or reject whatever is not credible in this theory; to suspect or conclude that whatever in it is not credible is no part of genuine Christianity; and to make an inquiry into the true and genuine nature of Christianity.

I must also disclaim the intention of applying severe judgments upon certain doctrines pertaining to Protestant schemes of religious belief and practice, indiscriminately, to all those who hold and teach them. The censure falls upon opinions, not upon persons, unless there are special reasons for condemning certain particular individuals whose moral delinquency is manifest and notorious.

Moreover, at present especially, perhaps at all times among those who have been brought up from infancy in some Protestant sect, the most extreme and obnoxious doctrines are by the majority practically ignored. A large part of the clergy even, although not of the class which has become wholly rationalistic, neglect or modify these obnoxious doctrines, and they neutralize them by more or less of the genuine and Catholic doctrine which they have retained, by their natural theology and ethical system, by the truth which they draw from the Bible and from other pure sources. The majority, indeed, are careless and indifferent. But the earnest minority, who seek to please God and save their souls, letting alone obscure and difficult questions, fasten their minds on the ideas of God, of eternity, of duty, of the redemption accomplished by Jesus Christ; they strive to repent of their sins and obtain pardon from the divine mercy; they follow their conscience and take for granted what they have been accustomed to see taught, believed, and practised by those whom they regard as the good and the best people in their own community. I have no hesitation in affirming positively that this is precisely what they ought to do, whether they are Greeks, Anglicans, Presbyterians, or even Unitarians or Jews, so long as they are in sincere good faith, have no reasonable doubt of their paternal tradition, and no admonition of conscience to seek further for the truth and the law revealed by God.

Nevertheless, there are some who cannot remain quiet; who must look for the deepest causes and reasons of things; who cannot help being vexed by the problem of human life in relation to God and the spiritual world; who cannot rest without a "theory of the universe" which reconciles theology and ethics, history and doctrine, revelation and science. It would be better if all such would imitate more simple folk, hold on to the truth they have, strive to be as virtuous and pious as they can, pursue their inquiries and studies diligently, and wait for an increase of light.

Some, however, do lapse into infidelity, for a time or for life. In point of fact, they cannot find intellectual rest and security in any form of Protestantism, and they do not see that it is to be found in the Catholic Church. Wherefore they conclude that Christianity cannot furnish it, is not self-consistent or in harmony with facts and reason.

The self-contradictions, the discords with reason and fact, the insufficiency and general unsatisfactoriness of Protestant Christianity, are partly common to its genus and partly differences of its various species.

Its uncertainty and internal dissension is one fundamental fault which robs its teachings of authority. It is not an organic whole, and no one of its sects has a better right than another to claim legitimate succession from the genuine, primitive church. Every claim to teach in Christ's name, if not disavowed, is groundless. There is no presentation of Christianity which can make a reasonable claim to be certain and complete. Revelation is not proposed as something definite with an interpretation of its contents which is sure and stable, but each individual is referred to his own inquiries and his own judgment upon Scripture and other subordinate sources of knowledge; and these are only helps to him in constructing for himself a theology and finding by his own efforts truth and religion.

Besides this, the original and grand pretension of the Reformation, to bring back a pure, original, genuine, perfect Christianity, which had existed for some centuries at the beginning, and then for ages had been supplanted by an invented, a human, a false and counterfeit Christianity, has been found out to be a delusion and has had to be given up. The most eminent Protestant writers have been the chief agents in dispelling the illusion of this romance. The Catholic Church has been acknowledged to be the occupant of the entire historical ground, leaving the myth of a prior primitive church in the prehistoric

shadows, and the vast work accomplished by Christianity has been of necessity recognized as belonging to that so-called human institution which was raised on the apostolic foundation and is confessed to have been indispensable in such times and circumstances.* Now, such a theory as this, reducing actual and historical Christianity to the human level, and relegating its celestial and divine pretension to the region of myth and legend, naturally leads to a further and more radical view of the mythical and legendary character of the gospels themselves, of the miracles, of inspiration, of the supernatural foundations and origin of Christianity, which have been believed in by Protestants as well as Catholics.

Again, the reformation of Christendom, the restoration of the pure gospel, the return of an apostolic age, was expected to produce grand, extensive, and stable results in a new regeneration, new triumphs, the bringing-in of the kingdom of Christ in this world. The signal impotence and failure of Protestantism has proved to the world the fallacy of this expectation. The Reformers have lost their prestige as apostles, and sunk to the level of rebels and revolutionists, destroyers and innovators, who have led and prepared the way only, for successors of bolder and more thorough-going designs. History has divested them of the mask of sanctity, and laid bare the base and secular character of the work in which they were agents, the crimes which accompanied it, the political, moral, and social disorders and miseries which were its consequence. A volume could be filled with lamentations and invectives on this head from Protestant writers, beginning with the Reformers, exceeding in strength of language almost any indictment ever drawn up by Catholics.

In the non-liturgical and more pietistic sects, especially those which are derived from Scottish Presbyterianism and English Puritanism, the bare and dreary character of their religious services, the dull and lugubrious character of most of their religious books, the funereal pall of gloom which their doctrines cast upon everything, have made religion repulsive to the young, and, by alienating the minds and hearts of those whose intellectual tendencies lead them into different and more attractive regions of thought and sentiment, make them willing, or even eager, to listen to the voices which exhort and persuade them to escape from a wearisome servitude and assert their liberty of thought and action.

The system of practical, personal religion among the sects of

* See Allnatt's *Which is the True Church?* Appendix.

this sort, what they delight to call the "evangelical" religion, is one which harasses, baffles, and bewilders honest and upright seekers after the way of salvation. Its false mysticism and emotional excitements, revivals and unwholesome processes of conversion, are repugnant to good sense, to self-respect, and to all rational ideas of solid piety and virtue. When they are carried to excess in the more fanatical sects or portions of sects, they become shocking to the sense of propriety in every mind which has any just perception of the sobriety and dignity of true religion. Those who refuse to submit themselves to influences of this kind are apt to receive a prejudice and aversion against all religion, while in many who are carried away by them a reaction takes place leaving in the soul a disposition toward scepticism with other bad effects.

The Bibliolatry which has prevailed so extensively and been carried to such an excess among Protestants, and which has been succeeded by such an extreme freedom of criticism, has had the effect of weakening the basis of belief in divine revelation, surrounding the revealed truths with an atmosphere of doubt, and reducing them to a human level. I cannot now enlarge upon this topic or fully explain my meaning. It is a fact that many, seeking to find in the Bible a rule of faith, are bewildered, and, if they do not in despair sink into the quicksand of agnosticism, look for their footing to the ground of rational philosophy, regarding the collection of sacred books contained in the canon of Holy Scripture henceforth as merely human documents, without divine inspiration or divine authority.

When an intelligent and upright person is told, by those to whom he looks up as his teachers, that the truth of God, made known by revelation and called the Christian religion, must be believed by him and made the rule of his mind and will, in order that he may attain his end; he has a right to ask for definite and certain information as to what this truth is, what the rule of belief and conduct is, to which he must conform his mind and will. Passing over the uncertainty arising from the differences among sects and the variations of theologies, there is one common inability among them all to give a reasonable answer to certain very important questions which relate to facts and doctrines generally admitted to lie at the foundation of the Christian religion. The Incarnation, Redemption through the death of Christ, the need which all men have from their conception and birth of salvation through the Redeemer, which need originates in a fall caused by the sin of Adam, our first father—these facts and doc-

trines are so plainly of the essence of Christianity that those who reject them, though they may be called Christians, are, strictly speaking, only theists.

One question which the troubled mind desires to have answered is this: What is the lost condition of all mankind which makes them need redemption and salvation? The original, genuine Protestant theology, coming from Luther and Calvin, in its systematic and developed form known as the Calvinistic system, has a categorical answer to this question: The lost condition is a state of total depravity and condemnation to everlasting torments.

The second question is: How could we fall into this state through the sin of Adam, so as to deserve the wrath of God for being in this state from the beginning of our existence and for every actual sin which we commit unavoidably by the spontaneous, infallible determination of our will to sin, and only to sin, in every moral act, by our depraved nature?

It is answered that the sin of Adam is imputed to his posterity, and they are held guilty of an act which caused their depravation, of the inability to do anything except sin, and of all actual sins springing from their depraved nature, on the principle that one guilty of placing the cause is accountable for its effects. You poor, sinful inquirer! You were created upright in Adam; you sinned in Adam; you are guilty for being in this lost condition, from which you cannot deliver yourself.

Another great question which the troubled mind desires to have answered is the one which St. Anselm proposed and answered in the great treatise, *Cur Deus Homo?*—Why should God become man?

The Calvinistic answer is: Because God decreed to restore some men to holiness and everlasting happiness, and could not do so without substituting in their room a divine person in human nature, who should endure and exhaust the punishment due to them, keep the law of God in their place in a manner infinitely meritorious, and transfer to them the expiation, the perfect righteousness, the title to everlasting reward fulfilled and acquired by himself. All men lost by the sin of Adam imputed to them, which sunk them in total sinfulness and misery; some men saved by the righteousness of Christ imputed to them, in consequence of which they are eventually altogether purified from sin, made holy, and transferred into the kingdom of God, where they live for ever glorified and blessed—this is the sum and substance of the doctrine.

I will not enumerate any more of the Calvinistic tenets or

dwell on those just mentioned. For a fuller treatment the reader may consult the author's work entitled *The King's Highway*.

The answer which the troubled inquirer gets is absurd and incredible. And the worst of it is, it is not a mere baffling of intellectual curiosity which disappoints him. He wishes to be saved from the state of sin and misery, and to have part with Christ in the blessings of the sons of God. But he is told that he can do nothing; that the only help for him is a free act of grace on the part of God, changing his wicked heart and making him a Christian. He encounters not absurdity only, but also cruelty, at which his heart as well as his intellect revolts.*

The Luther-Calvinistic theory of sin and justification pervades all orthodox Protestantism. It is true that from the beginning of the schism to the present day there have been divers modifications of Protestant theology, and that the doctrines of the Christian creed have been and are taught and received, and the practical direction of religious piety and virtue carried on, in such a manner as not to deserve all the censure due to the doctrinal and practical system just now mentioned.

Yet, even when Christian doctrine is presented in orthodox Protestant theology divested of the most obnoxious errors which disfigure it in the Calvinistic system, there is a defect in the presentation, and a failure to answer the questions which arise in the minds of the thoughtful and inquisitive about the natural state of man and the supernatural way of redemption and salvation. *Cur Deus Homo?* Wherefore the Incarnation, and the entire system of supernatural revelation, miracles, inspired prophets and apostles, etc.?

The general spirit of modern literature, philosophy, and science is averse from the supernatural and strongly bent toward naturalism. The great wave sweeps over the minds of a large class of the young generation, at least shaking their hereditary belief. Respect for their own particular sect is not strong enough, and has not sufficient legitimate hold upon reason or conscience, to keep them in firm adhesion to its teaching. Even in the Anglican Church, which is far superior to all other sects, there are many reasons and causes, though not precisely the same with those which are found in other portions of Protestantism, which operate to produce a disesteem of ecclesiastical doctrine and authority. A predisposition against all dogmatic and organized Christianity is generated. From this germ any kind of infidelity, down to utter agnosticism, can be, and often, alas! is, developed. The unhappy soul finds itself in a waste and chaos

* See the works of Catharine Beecher, *passim*.

of uncertainties. The belief of childhood, the Bible, or the Bible and the Fathers—what sure and sufficient criterion can these furnish to one whom doubts and the mighty attraction of a great body of scepticism are dragging away from Christianity? He is left to examine and determine and judge for himself upon his hereditary belief, upon the authority and meaning of the Bible, upon the real contents of the tradition handed down by the Fathers, upon the tenets of differing theological schools, upon the apparent conflicts between that which is said to be revealed truth and what professes to be historical fact, rational philosophy, or scientific knowledge.

Now, however conclusive may be the argument for the credibility of Christianity, and for much else besides, which any one of the chief systems of Protestant orthodoxy can furnish to one who undertakes to make the aforesaid examination, it falls short at some point. Letting alone other shortcomings, whether common to all such systems or peculiar to each of them, all fail in answering reasonably, in such a way as to meet the most stringent exigency of minds affected by scientific scepticism, the question, *Cur Deus Homo?* with the other questions implicitly contained in it.

There is an antecedent, *à priori* incredulity respecting miracles which prevents all arguments and all evidences establishing the *extrinsic* credibility of revelation in general, and of all doctrines or facts in particular which are proposed as contained in it, from taking due effect on the mind. An exposition of the *intrinsic* credibility, of the *sufficient reason*, is demanded as a condition precedent to the admission of extrinsic evidence. The objection is put that the doctrine of original sin is incredible; the need and the provision of redemption through the incarnation of a divine person incredible; the whole system of "celestial-miraculous" revelation, inspiration, and supernatural works wrought by divine power above or against the laws of nature, is incredible. Nature is of divine origin, it is good, it is sufficient, its laws eternal and immutable; there is no need of miracles; supernatural religion is an intrusion, a being of the imagination, a castle in the air.

I will not now inquire how far it is justly requisite that the intrinsic credibility and reason of revealed religion should be made manifest as a condition precedent to submission to its authority. It is a saying of St. Ambrose: *Morale est omnibus, ut qui fidem exigunt, fidem astruant*—which may be paraphrased in this form: It is a just and universal rule that whoever demands faith should give a sufficient reason for it. It is desirable to go as far beyond the just and strict exigency of the case as we can,

and to show the intrinsic reasonableness and belief-worthiness of the doctrines of revelation up to the most extreme limit attainable. Protestantism encourages the rationalistic spirit, suggests and stimulates doubt, and puts inquisitive minds into an attitude and position where difficulties and objections most numerous and far-reaching have to be met by those who would get a hearing and hope to make an impression in favor of a system of doctrines which makes large demands upon faith.

Protestant theology, even in those forms of it in which tenets directly and certainly contrary to reason have been modified or suppressed, fails to substitute for these tenets some other explicit interpretations of the doctrines of original sin and redemption which afford an adequate answer to questions which insist on being answered. It fails, namely, to bring out explicitly and distinctly the true idea of the supernatural as distinguished from the natural order. Implicitly, in an obscure and latent manner, this idea may be underlying the exposition of its best representatives when they attempt to set forth those doctrines of the ancient and universal Christian creed which they hold and advocate. But they are never free from one erroneous conception, derived from the Lutheran and Calvinistic sources of their theology—viz., that the original condition of human nature in Adam was a state of mere natural perfection in an integrity due to its essential constitution. From this follows logically a conception of original sin as a deprivation of the essence, or what flows normally from the essence, of human nature. Wherefore, consequently, redemption is a reparation of a damage in the natural order, a restoration of nature to its normal condition, a supplement to creation and the laws of nature, which had failed to fulfil the intention of the Creator and had to be reconstituted in a supernatural way and by supernatural means.

The first principle, the soul, so to speak, of the entire body of modern anti-Christian naturalism and rationalism, is the idea that nature ought to be, and is, endowed with all requisites for its own normal development and perfection. A need of miracles implies a flaw in nature, a need of revelation a flaw in human intelligence, a need of redemption a defect in the plan of natural providence.

The discoveries of science, together with theories based on them which are plausible or probable, at least in the view of many minds, have enlarged and elevated the conceptions of the wonderfulness of the universe common to those who have ordinary knowledge. The cultivation of history has given a more enlarged and comprehensive view of mankind and human development.

Regarded from a natural point of view, the domain included within the scope of the Hebrew Scriptures has dwindled by comparison with the whole world, and historical Christianity even has lost some of its exclusive importance. Thus a grand scheme for restoring and improving mankind in the natural order, which is restricted and partial, appears not to be really divine and catholic, but human, local, and temporary. It does not seem that God would employ such mighty causes for such small effects. Especially when such a stupendous event as the assuming of human nature by a divine person, who lives a life of painful labor and sacrifice, dies a victim to human cruelty and divine justice on the cross, rises from the dead, and promises to return again to the world as judge, is attentively considered, there appears to be a want of sufficient reason and adequate final cause for such means, in view of their object. To say that God cannot forgive sins against the rational and natural law of order by his pure mercy, or that he cannot restore the violated order except by a condign satisfaction and through the means of grace merited by a divine redeemer, is a groundless assertion. The moral improvement, civilization, religious instruction, and even the final endless felicity of a certain portion of mankind in the merely natural order, do not need such a stupendous series of causes and agencies as are the Incarnation with its foregoing and following miracles, prophecies, and other supernatural events. Besides, the result gained is not at all proportioned to the force expended.

Especially when we look at this earth and its inhabitants, as a part of the grand, universal realm of nature, does it seem unreasonable and incredible that such an outlay of power, such an extraordinary intervention of the direct action of God, such a departure from the regular uniform course of law which reigns in the universe, should have been planned and executed by the Almighty merely for the sake of correcting the aberrations of an insignificant planet.

Thus the orthodox theory comes to be looked on as a kind of obsolete theology, like the obsolete Ptolemaic astronomy, akin to this latter and similar theories of times of partial and incorrect science, or of nescience, not reconcilable with the laws of Kepler, the Copernican theory, and other grand results of general induction from the observed facts of the universe.

The *à priori* position reached by this road or by some similar way among the many nowadays converging to this one point—that miracles are unprovable and impossible; the supernatural, except in so far as all nature and everything existing is, in some sense, identical with the supernatural, impossible and unthink-

able—this position and affirmation bars the plea for the extrinsic credibility of revelation. It is not listened to. It is passed by without any serious and careful examination. Or it is assailed and undermined by a thousand special pleadings, specious objections, subtle criticisms, captious and sceptical suggestions and hypotheses—all the arts of sophistry, in fine, which are known to logic, floated upon a flood of rhetoric which sweeps away the ignorant.

Protestant writers, in their anti-Catholic polemics, have set the example of this. They have introduced and fostered the sceptical and unsteady habit of mind. Not to speak of the rationalists and quasi-infidels among them, even those who approach the nearest in some things to the Catholic Church, when they set themselves to the refutation of Catholic arguments and to the explaining away of Catholic historical evidences, furnish weapons easily turned against their own fortress. They either prove nothing or they prove that Christianity is a human institution, revelation a natural product of the genius of man.

In the case of a great many minds at the present time their inquiries and reflections bring them to this alternative: Either Christianity embodied and organized in the Church Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman is completely and absolutely true and divine, or there is no supernatural, divine, *revealed* religion. Some of these look on the logical conclusion which they perceive to follow from the premise that there is a supernatural, divine, revealed Christian religion—viz., that the Catholic Church is absolutely true and divine—as a *reductio ad absurdum*. They adopt, therefore, the other alternative of the dilemma. Protestantism is cast aside as unworthy of consideration. The reasons for rejecting all and singular of its varieties are different in different persons, and the ways they take after turning their backs on Christianity are different.

I have in view directly only those reasons which were the motives of Carlyle's unbelief, and the goal towards which he set his face, with the road he took to reach it. Some of the defects in the plea of Protestantism which I have pointed out did not affect Carlyle. Others which did affect him I may not have explicitly mentioned, and some flaws, as he regarded them, may have been no defects at all, but attributes of genuine Christianity looked at through an imperfect, distorting lens. Still, I think I have in general terms given what may be considered the negative part of Carlyle's "spiritual optics," and prepared the way for a more definite and precise examination of this negative, together with, also, the positive part of his theory.

SUR L'ENFANCE CHRÉTIENNE. ON CHRISTIAN CHILDHOOD.

(BY CHATEAUBRIAND.)

ADIEU, vaine prudence,
 Je ne te dois plus rien ;
 Une heureuse ignorance
 Est ma science,
 Jésus et son enfance
 Est tout mon bien.

Jeune, j'étais trop sage,
 Et voulais tout savoir ;
 Je n'ai plus en partage
 Que badinage ;
 Et touche au dernier âge
 Sans rien prévoir.

Quel malheur d'être sage,
 Et conserver ce moi,
 Maître dur et sauvage,
 Trompeur, volage !
 O le rude esclavage
 Que d'être à soi !

Loin de tout espérance,
 Je vis en pleine paix ;
 Je n'ai ni confiance,
 Ni défiance ;
 Mais l'intime assurance
 Ne meurt jamais.

Amour, toi seul peux dire
 Par quel puissant moyen
 Tu fais, sous ton empire,
 Le doux martyr
 Où toujours l'on soupire,
 Sans vouloir rien.

O Dieu ! ta foi m'appelle,
 Et je marche à tâtons
 Elle aveugle mon zèle,
 Je n'attends qu'elle ;
 Dans ta nuit éternelle,
 Perds ma raison.

État qu'on ne peut peindre :
 Ne plus rien désirer,
 Vivre sans se contraindre,
 Et sans se plaindre—
 Enfin ne pouvoir craindre
 De s'égarer.

(TRANSLATION.)

VAIN, worldly prudence, flee ;
 I owe thee nothing more ;
 Sweet ignorance shall be
 My only lore,
 My Saviour's infancy
 My only store.

A child, I was too wise ;
 All knowledge I would win ;
 I drew, alas ! my prize,
 Jeers and sighs ;
 And now age dims my eyes,
 That naught have seen.

Ah, fool ! who wise would be,
 And seek myself to save—
 That master cruelly
 Deceiving me !
 Oh ! the rude slavery,
 To self a slave !

Thinking nor woe nor weal,
 In peace I pass my day ;
 Distrust nor trust may steal
 My rest away ;
 The faith assured I feel
 Shall bide for aye !

Love, thou alone canst say
 By what great power 'twas
 wrought
 That 'neath thy gentle sway
 The martyr lay,
 Where all may sigh their day
 Nor wish for aught.

Thy faith doth call, O God !
 I follow in her train ;
 I bow beneath her rod,
 Wait but her nod ;
 In thy eternal cloud
 Reason is vain.

O state no art can paint :
 No want of anything ;
 To live without constraint
 Or doleful plaint ;
 And, last, no fear, how faint,
 Of wandering.

IRELAND'S ARGUMENT.

I.

EVERY statement about Ireland is controverted. Whatever England, or the "English garrison," assert, Ireland, or the Irish patriots, deny. England also is divided against herself on all the Irish issues, for what her workingmen* report her rulers discredit; what her political students admit her landed aristocracy repel. I have diligently studied the problem of Ireland, without rest or change of topic, for the last five years; I have seen tens of thousands of her ragged peasantry in their western cabins and interviewed her titled governors in Dublin Castle; I have conversed with representatives of her "loyal" and her "patriotic" population of every rank of official life and of every grade of social life; and, besides thousands of speeches, debates, editorials, essays, and pamphlets; I have read every recent and scores of earlier books that treat on the Irish question. Yet I do not call to mind a single statement that has not called forth a contradiction.

Is Ireland, for example, "the most distressful country"? There are such huge masses of easily accessible evidence on the state of Ireland—the concurring testimony of so great a host of independent journalists and authors, French, American, and English, and the corroborating statements of numbers without number of Irish tenants, attested under oath before Parliamentary committees—that it would seem impossible to deny that a large proportion of the Irish people are living in a condition of most abject poverty, especially in the western counties; and that no general improvement has been made in their social surroundings or their physical welfare during the present generation. Yet it *is* denied, and with vehemence, that the Irish peasantry are worse fed or worse clad or worse housed than the laboring rural populations of other European countries. If this assertion were a truth the Irish of to-day would have no greater grievances than the poor of every Old-World land; Ireland would need no special legislation, and the "Irish question" would only be a factor in the world-wide problem: How can pauperism, or the poverty that degrades, be modified or abolished? But the state-

* See *Report of Durham Miners' Committee*, 1882, and Earl Spencer's reports.

ment is not true; Irish poverty *has* exceptional features and an exceptional origin, and therefore it demands an exceptional remedy.

II.

Is Ireland "a distressful country"? "No devastated province of the Roman Empire," wrote Father Lavelle, now the parish priest of Cong, "ever presented half the wretchedness of Ireland. At this day the mutilated Fellaah of Egypt, the savage Hottentot and New-Hollander, the live chattel of Cuba, enjoy a paradise in comparison with the Irish peasant—that is to say, with the bulk of the Irish population."

This language is rhetorically fervid, but the "frozen truth" confirms it. I travelled from Cong to Galway, and saw a country desolated as if a heathen conqueror had ravaged it. Once populous, it is almost a desert. The people have been expelled from it. I travelled once for hundreds of miles in the wake of Sherman's army on its famous march to the sea, but nowhere saw such evidences of a ruthless destruction. And Father Lavelle is not regarded in Ireland as a "patriot," but as a conservative of the conservatives.

Father John O'Malley lives at the Neale, half a mile or so from the presbytery of Father Lavelle. I asked him how the peasantry in that neighborhood and in the counties Mayo and Galway lived.

"The daily food of the peasants," he replied, "is, for breakfast, potatoes, and, *if* they are pretty comfortable, a little milk and butter with it; but in the great majority of the cases they have nothing but the potatoes, with sometimes a salt herring. When I tell you that the dinner and the supper are a repetition of the breakfast you have the whole bill of fare of an Irish peasant every day. As for meat and other luxuries, they are simply out of the question, excepting at Christmas or Easter, when even the poorest try hard to get a few pounds—generally of American meat."

My own investigations in Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and Kerry—carefully and extensively in these counties and here and there in a dozen other counties—proved that this diet, generally *without* the milk or butter and herring, is the sole food of the majority of the peasantry of the west. When the potatoes are eaten they substitute "yellow-meal stirabout." Having travelled on foot throughout the Atlantic seaboard and Gulf States and most of the Western slave States when negro slavery was strongest here

--about thirty years ago—I can testify, and do most solemnly say, that our bondmen were everywhere better fed, and had better cabins, and were better clad than the industrious peasantry of the west of Ireland to-day.

III.

What do the French say? The Rev. Father Adolphe Perraud, priest of the Oratory of the Immaculate Conception, made a thorough personal investigation of Irish life, and, in 1862, published the results in a remarkable series of *Études sur l'Irlande Contemporaine*—a standard authority, endorsed by M. Gustave de Beaumont, one of the most distinguished French publicists, who made a similar personal investigation a quarter of a century before and gave similar testimony. Father Perraud's work is eloquently commended by the illustrious bishop of Orleans, Monseigneur Dupanloup.

I have space for the briefest quotations only :

"The destitution of the agricultural classes," he writes, "in order to be rightly appreciated, must be seen in the boggy and mountainous regions of Munster, of Connaught, and of the western portion of Ulster.

"The ordinary dwelling of the small tenant, of the day-laborer, in that part of Ireland answers with the utmost precision the description of it twenty years ago given by M. de Beaumont: 'Let the reader picture to himself four walls of dry mud, which the rain easily reduces to its primitive condition; a little thatch or a few cuts of turf form the roof; a rude hole in the thatch forms the chimney, and more frequently there is no other issue for the smoke than the door of the dwelling itself. One solitary room holds the father, mother, grandmother, and children. No furniture is to be seen; a single litter, usually composed of grass or straw, serves for the whole family. Five or six half-naked children may be seen crouching over a poor fire. In the midst of them lies a filthy pig, the only inhabitant at its ease, because its element is filth itself.'

"Into how many dwellings of this kind have we not ourselves penetrated, especially in the counties of Kerry, Mayo, and Donegal—more than once obliged to stoop down to the ground in order to penetrate into these cabins, the entrance to which is so low that they look more like the burrows of beasts than dwellings made for man!

"Upon the road from Kilkenny to Grenaugh, in the vicinity of those beautiful lakes, at the entrance of those parks, to which, for extent and richness, neither England nor Scotland can probably offer anything equal, we have seen other dwellings. A few branches of trees, interlaced and leaning upon the slope in the road, a few cuts of turf, and a few stones picked up in the fields compose those wretched huts—less spacious and perhaps less substantial than that of the American savage."

Every scene that M. de Beaumont and Father Perraud thus describe my own eyes have witnessed within the last four years

—not here and there, few and far between, but by hundreds, all along the western coast and in the Galtee mountains. Scores of times I have been obliged to stoop low to enter these inhuman human habitations.

IV.

As to the clothing of the people, the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J., in his admirable book entitled *The Irish Race in the Past and the Present*, quotes from a Londonderry paper of 1858 this sad account :

“There are in Donegal about four thousand adults of both sexes who are obliged to go barefoot during the winter in the ice and snow—pregnant women and aged people—in habitual danger of death from the cold. . . . It is rare to find a man with a calico shirt; but the distress of the women is still greater, if that be possible. There are many hundreds of families in which five or six grown-up women have among them no more than a single dress to go out in. . . . There are about five hundred families who have but one bed each.”

I have seen many hundreds of women—white-haired grandmothers, matrons soon to become mothers, comely girls and little children—trudging along the half-frozen roads of Mayo barefoot in the depth of winter. One Sunday at Gweedore I saw several hundred women attend Mass. Only four of them had shoes on their feet—the priest's sister, the coast-guard's wife, and two servant-girls from the hotel. Every statement of the passage quoted is as true to-day as it was thirty-four years ago.

One more description—as to diet of the peasantry—from the Abbé Perraud, and I close:

“In the district of Gweedore our eyes were destined to witness the use of sea-weed. Stepping once into a cabin, in which there was no one but a little girl charged with the care of minding her little brothers and getting ready the evening meal, we found upon the fire a pot full of *doulamann* ready cooked; we asked to taste it, and some was handed to us on a little platter. This weed, when well dressed, produces a kind of viscous juice; it has a brackish taste and savors strongly of salt water. We were told in the country that the only use of it is to increase, when mixed with potatoes, the mass of aliment given to the stomach. The longer and more difficult the work of the stomach, the less frequent are its calls. It is a kind of compromise with hunger; the people are able neither to suppress it nor to satisfy it: they endeavor to cheat it. We have also been assured that the weed cannot be eaten alone, since of itself it has no nutritive properties whatever.”

I have seen little girls gathering this sea-weed in Mayo and Donegal, to be eaten if the distress should become greater; and the same statement—that it was a “stay-hunger,” not a diet—

was made in explanation of its use. Secretary Trevelyan saw the peasantry of Donegal actually eating sea-weed three years ago.

English authorities corroborate the French. In the correspondence of the *London Standard*; in the reports of the Durham and Northumbrian pitmen's committees; in *New Views of Ireland*, by Charles Russell, the leader of the English bar; in the speeches of Joseph Cowen and of John Bright (before he became an upholder of coercion); in a score of Parliamentary reports, it is demonstrated that Ireland to-day is the Garden of Gethsemani of Europe—the sad home of a great nation's sinless sorrow.

V.

The anti-Irish excuses made for Irish misery vanish at the first touch of the Ithuriel spear of truth.

It is "*popery*," said Macaulay in a famous passage. But Catholic France in the last century and Protestant Prussia in this century were the counterparts of Ireland of to-day as respects the poverty and the misery of their rural populations. Peasant proprietorship—the ownership of the soil by the tillers of the soil—was established, and almost instantly the rural inhabitants became prosperous in both the Protestant and the Catholic country.

It is Irish *laziness*, said the *London Times*. But the Irish have emigrated to every land, and everywhere they are regarded as most industrious workers. In Ireland in the winter I found men anxious to work for sixpence a day, and saw hundreds so working and so paid wherever there was a ditch to dig or a road to repair. When men are idle in Ireland it is because there is no work to do; because the woods have been cut or the woods are protected; because the fields are untilled or because they are walled in; because the mines are closed and the fisheries unproductive by the operation of a policy that seeks only the welfare of the absentee owner of the soil and is deaf to the cries of the poor for work on the soil that bore them.

It is *drunkenness*, said Lord Lansdowne in a letter to his tenants that I read—written after hundreds of them had been saved by American charity from death by hunger in 1880. But statistics show that there is little more than half the amount of liquors consumed in Ireland as in England and Scotland. The rural populations who are the poorest are also the most abstemious. In the parish of Gweedore, often described as the most wretched

parish in Ireland, Father McFadden told me that nine-tenths of the adults, both men and women, were members of his total-abstinence society. The Irish are the most temperate people of Europe.

It is their *extravagance*, said Trevelyan. But it would be a wanton deference to the traducers of the Irish race to reply to this audacious accusation, excepting to say that the solitary example that he gave of it—*after* he had seen working-people eating sea-weed—that “the women no longer made their own cloth, but bought it at the village shops,” is one of the results of that system of legalized tyranny by which the mountains, on whose barren slopes the peasants used to graze their sheep, and that had been held as commonage for centuries, were suddenly taken from them and rented to Scottish graziers and sheep-raisers, thereby depriving the old inhabitants of the wool that for more than a generation had been their surest source of income.

It is their *lawlessness*, a thousand voices exclaim. But official statistics show that at the time when this cry was the loudest—in the year when it was asserted in Parliament that the queen's writs did not run in Ireland and that Mr. Parnell's will had taken the place of English statutory law—there was less crime in Ireland than in any civilized land: less than half, per thousand, than in England and Scotland, and less than in the most law-abiding communities in America. During that year there were forty-nine homicides in Philadelphia and only four in all Ireland; and yet “the City of Brotherly Love” has only sixteen per cent. of the population of Ireland!

Every other reason given by the partisans of the existing order is found, on the slightest serious investigation, to be equally inadequate and unjust as an explanation of Irish distress.

VI.

The Irish people are impoverished because the statutory law is in conflict with the natural law that justifies the individual appropriation of the land; because its legal owners ignore their duties *as* its holders, and deny all rights that appertain to the tillers of the soil. Until the statutory law is brought into harmony with the natural law no device of legislation will remedy the evils that inevitably *must* flow from such a conflict.

Emigration, for example, as a cure, is a quack's “specific,” not the scientific prescription of a true physician.

“Emigration,” as Mr. Gladstone said in a famous debate, “is the process which the Almighty has ordained for covering and

cultivating the waste places of the earth; but that is when the emigrant is one whose wish it is to go"—or, he might have added, when the land was clearly inadequate to support its people; but otherwise, he affirmed (and justly), "emigration is only another name for banishment."

Ireland is one of the most sparsely populated countries of Europe. Compare it, for example, with little Belgium—a land naturally less fertile than Ireland, and with mineral resources vastly inferior to hers. Belgium has exactly three hundred more inhabitants to the square mile than Ireland, and she invites, not repels, emigration. Our own State of Massachusetts has a larger population to the square mile; and "Massachusetts' natural products are only granite and ice." If Ireland had the same density of population as Belgium she would now contain nearly fifteen millions of inhabitants. She has only five millions. There is very little poverty in Belgium, while Ireland is the most pauperized country in Christendom.

Five millions of the Irish people are forced to live on fifteen millions of acres of land—for six millions of her area is still unreclaimed—and it is kept untilled because there is no protection given to the improver. The greater part of her reclaimed area, once under tillage, is now kept in pasture. Her landlords are irresponsible aliens and absentees, who, in nearly every parish of three provinces, have appropriated for centuries the improvements of the tenants as fast as they were made—a system of perennial and accumulative communism, if by communism is understood the confiscation of private property without compensation. Wherever this system of land tenure has existed or does exist, whether in Asia or Europe, the result has been identical—excessive poverty, hatreds of classes, the creation of castes, the aggrandizement of individuals, of families, or of dynasties at the expense of the great masses of the people. Wherever it has been abolished national prosperity—the creation of a great class of independent yeomen, of a self-reliant, self-respecting, and patriotic middle class—has followed its destruction.

Until the existing system of land tenure is abolished in Ireland there can be no prosperity there.

VII.

But what right have we to abolish vested interests and to compel the legal owners of the soil of Ireland to dispose of it? I answer: By the natural law that permits of individual ownership of the soil. When the statutory law conflicts with the na-

tural law it is not binding on the conscience; it is immoral; and, as Blackstone says, "all immoral laws are void."

St. Thomas Aquinas has expounded the natural law of individual ownership of the soil in a passage which forestalled the wisest teachings of modern political science—anticipating the dictum of Mill that the land of a country belongs to the whole people of the country, and is unlike all other property which can be multiplied by industry, because no skill nor labor of man can create or extend it, and therefore it is not subject to the same laws that should regulate the individual ownership of personal property.

St. Thomas * says in reply to the query—

"Whether it is lawful for any one to possess anything as his own? I answer that, with respect to exterior things, there is a twofold capacity in man—one of which capacities consists of getting and having control of exterior goods.

"As regards this power, it is lawful for man to possess things as his own, and this is even necessary for the life of man, for three reasons: *first*, because every one has more care to acquire a thing which is to become his own than that which he would share with all men or with many men, because every one avoids labor and leaves to another that which is to be held in common—as happens in a crowd of servants; *secondly*, because human affairs are managed in a more orderly way if on each and every individual there is incumbent the special care of procuring a thing, as there would be confusion if every one who pleased, without division, should procure whatever he pleased; *thirdly*, because in this way [that is, by every one possessing things as his own] a more peaceful state of men is preserved, while each one is content with his own possessions. Whence we see that among those who in common and without division possess anything quarrels more frequently arise.

"The second capacity of which man is possessed with reference to exterior things is the *use* of them. And, as regards this, a man ought not to hold exterior things as his own, but as common [to all]; so that he ought early to communicate them in the necessity of others. Whence the apostle says: 'Charge the rich of this world to distribute readily, to communicate to others,' etc."

In considering the objection that whatever is contrary to natural law (*jus naturale*) is wrong, and that by this natural law all things are common, and that to this community of possession the institution of private property is antagonistic, St. Thomas replies:

"It must be answered that to natural law is attributed community of property, not because the natural law imperatively requires that all things must be possessed in common, that nothing can be an individual posses-

* *Summa* of St. Thomas, 2. 2æ, q. lxvi. art. 2. This passage is left untranslated in the English version, as being so contrary to the received opinion!

sion, but because the distribution of possessions [that is, private property] is not according to the natural law, but rather according to [that is, based on] the determination [decision] of mankind; and this is a part of positive law. Whence private property is not against the natural law, but is super-added to the natural law by the inventions of man's reason."

VIII.

In this remarkable passage the true theory of private property—its *raison d'être*, its justification, its rightful powers, and its moral limitations—is stated with scientific precision, enabling us to combat, on the one hand, the fantastic teachings of sophists who would "hold all things in common" and deny the right of private property in land, and, on the other hand, the arrogant pretensions of aristocratic tradition which assume that the right of the landowner is absolute, and that the toiler has no claim to representation in determining the value of his recompense for his labor on it.

Individual property is justified when the holding of it is regarded and treated as a trust for society; when the possessor, in the exercise of the power it imparts, so wields it as to promote the public peace and the general welfare of the community. As every man has the "right to do as he pleases" *until* he interferes with the equal rights of his neighbor—as the boundaries of his rights are the limits of his neighbor's rights—as, when he invades the rights of others, he is justly regarded as a violator of the basal law of society, so also the private possessor of the land is entitled to "do as he pleases with his own" just so far as his action does not interfere with the rights of others; for it is to those others—by their consent and by their protection—that he is enabled to hold *any* "external good" as his individual property.

The doctrine of St. Thomas saves us from that wasteful appropriation of land that the ancient Irish sept and the modern Indian tribe—the system of holding it in common—rendered unavoidable. It insists that we shall take no step backward; that we shall not listen to the voice of modern communists, charm they ever so sweetly, nor yet advise the toiling millions to submit to wrongs with a reverence that is superstition, because not founded on the divine law but on "the inventions of man's reason," so often perversely misapplied; but that we shall exert our lawful influence to create such a system of individual ownership of land as shall cause the passions, the interests, and the avarice of men to become servitors of the common welfare.

IX.

The doctrine that St. Thomas taught in the thirteenth century St. Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, practised in the eleventh century. He was captured by the Danes on their invasion of England in 1011, and held as a prisoner in the expectation of a large ransom. His biographer says:

“He was unwilling that his ruined church and people should be put to such expense, and was kept in a loathsome prison at Greenwich for seven months. While so confined some friends came and urged him to lay a tax upon his tenants to raise the sum demanded for his ransom. ‘What reward can I hope for,’ said he, ‘if I spend upon myself what belongs to the poor? Better give up to the poor what is ours than take from them the little that is their own.’”

He refused to become a rack-renter, and therefore he was murdered.

How impassable a gulf is fixed between the theory of land tenure legalized in Ireland to-day and the theory of private property expounded by St. Thomas! How wide as the poles asunder the action of St. Elphege, who chose death rather than to oppress his tenants, and the action of the Irish landlords who keep a race in rags and hunger in order that they may have the means to gratify their vanity and pride and passions in foreign lands!

X.

Applying, therefore, the teachings of the natural law and the unbrokenly uniform experience of all ages and nations to the present condition of rural Ireland, it follows that her people deserve and should receive the encouragement and good-will of every friend of equal rights, of national prosperity, of peace, and of a righteous order in their legitimate and legal efforts to establish the natural system of the ownership of the soil by the tillers of the soil, which, wherever it has been enacted, has produced the most beneficent fruits—a respect for law and a more equitable distribution of the common heritage; that has increased industry, frugality, and temperance; that has created a people whose social condition is an answer to the ancient prayer, “Give me neither poverty nor riches . . . lest I be full and deny Thee . . . or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of my God in vain.”

COMMON SENSE *VERSUS* SCEPTICISM.

WHAT is commonly called "philosophy" is beyond the reach of most persons who have not had a "liberal education." The very vocabulary of the philosophers is puzzling. Words crop up in every page which, no doubt, have their exact meaning, but which to the ordinary reader mean nothing. Ideas also and modes of argument which to the metaphysician or to the scientist may convey the most definite signification seem to the average reader very profound or very learned, but leave him clouded and confused in apprehension. More than this, the amplification of every argument—the vast quantity of words which must be used—is itself very embarrassing to the simple mind. Nine readers out of ten are disposed to ask themselves the question: "If the professed object of the philosophers be to teach me how to think, why should they make the process so laborious?" This question specially arises when reading the wordy articles of the new philosophers who reject revelation. The reader seems to lose himself in a labyrinth. He has to call upon his common sense to get him out of it. Common sense usually suffices to do this. And though common sense has a different degree in each person, it has certain honest habits which are "generic."

Let us take a familiar example of such honesty. The favorite object of all the sceptics who ignore revelation is to prove that matter *may be* the father of mind. Any way, even the best of them—the least dogmatic in infidelity,—will not allow the Christian idea of the living God nor the Christian idea of the immortality of the soul. Their object is to prove an origin of creation (including also an origin of man) which is not that of the simple *fiat* of the Creator. They want a number of middle causes, no First Cause. For this reason they use language which implies *some* attributes of God, though they are careful not to say that they adore God. In the same way they talk of mind as an instrument which is judicial, but not as being the gift of the Creator. They do not allow to it an independence of matter, a separate and supreme sovereignty of its own, but simply treat it as the sublimest accident of matter, or at best as its sublimest development. They vex us with their mundane estimate of the "soul" while glorifying their own brains as supra-mundane. They cannot

make too much of their own thoughts nor say too little of the Divine Object of all thought. Indeed, their object is their own thinking, and their subject is their own thinking, spite of critical distinctions between the subjective and the objective, which, in pure reasoning, have of course their proper place. Such "philosophers" are not called "great" by their too facile admirers because they lead them to beautiful ideas about God or to beautiful ideas about their mission and their future, but because they find for them pretexts for the may-be of scepticism as the most convenient and easy groove of God-forgetting.

Now, all men have common sense, which is the only sense which is necessary to apprehend the broad truths of their existence. For example, a man has a mind, and he knows that his mind must have been created quite as much as his body. He knows that his mind, whether it be big or be small, whether it be a greater mind or a lesser mind than was Adam's mind, must in its very first beginning have been created by God, and this for two obvious reasons. The first reason is that, even supposing that man's mind were a development from some lesser intelligence—which is the fantastic theory of some new men of science—all the possibilities of man's mind, as it now is, must have lain hid in the original man; since it is inconceivable by common sense that that which *is*, in all its perfections, should have come out of a germ which did *not* contain it, as it is inconceivable that a cow should be developed out of a mustard-seed or a dog out of a sparrow's egg or a root-bulb. Man's mind must have been, therefore, in the original parent, even on the hypothesis of his development from some strangely human type, through countless ages when there was *no* animal life! It is no answer to say: "Look at the oak-tree, which once was no more than an acorn." Oak-trees do not talk, nor do they write works on philosophy; whereas an infant, from its first lisp, its first hint of its possibilities, gives promise of the full development which awaits it. Common sense, therefore, shows "mind" to have been created; for the materialist theories do not bring us a whit nearer to accounting for the existence of that which *is* from that which *was not*. A Shakspeare or a Dante, like a Brown or a Robinson, must have lain hid in the first creation of human nature. If such minds were not created by the Infinite Mind, then they were "a polarity" of matter—like their own boots—and all the sublimeness of intellect was begotten of causes in which did *not* lay such possibilities. So that, setting aside the Christian theory of creation—which alone accounts "rationally" for all that is—common sense is sufficient

to show the dreams of the sceptics to be as baseless in science as in philosophy.

A second and perhaps still better reason which common sense is quite good enough to advance is that the universal or infinite character of man's mind proves both that it is not material and that it is created. It is this "infiniteness" of mind which has been called "divine." A man's mind, unlike his body—or unlike any body or any intelligence of which we have experience or even hint—is infinite in sphere, in its travels in imagination, if not in range of reason or of knowledge. It can go up to heaven, and it can conceive of immortality, and it can aspire to, and long for, the Infinite. Nothing stops it—but body. Matter is its only enemy. It hates matter. Between mind and matter there exists an antagonism which seems sometimes to suggest a different paternity. This cannot be so. There is some sort of harmony between the two; but it is a harmony which is regulated by Infinite Wisdom, not the harmony which comes from the son loving his father. If mind were matter's son the parent would have as much reason to be proud of his offspring as the offspring would have to be contemptuous. Moreover, the relative duties would be inverted. Mind is always occupied not only in utilizing matter, but in controlling it, in judging it, in punishing it. Man's body is either the slave of his mind or else his mind becomes enfeebled by his body—a very strange relation of the filial mind to parental matter, if the materialist theory be true! But, as a fact, man's mind is the autocrat. It does what it lists; it travels where it chooses; it believes or it disbelieves arbitrarily; and such is its immensity that it comprehends within itself a great variety of beings, almost at will. The common saying, "a man is not himself" when he is put out by contrariety of incident, is not more true than the assertion that a man is several selves in the range of his intellectual being. Now, this universality—which is common to all men—is a simple argument of common sense for the rejection of speculations in favor of fantastic matter-origin. The universal cannot be created by the particular; the master, thought, cannot be created by the slave, matter; the infinite in motion, in compass, in aspiration, must have necessarily had an infinite origin, or else the infinite would be begotten of the finite. Man has been said to be "an infinite within a finite"; and this is true even of man in his natural being, leaving his revealed immortality out of the question. But here let us take a popular quibble of the sceptics, so as to bring out more fully this "infiniteness."

It is urged by the sceptics that in insect life there is an "instinct" which needs but little increase to become "mind." They who have read Mr. Darwin's treatise on insect life, or even Mr. Romanes' clever paper on the same subject, may have been a bit puzzled as to how they should define instinct, but they could not possibly have confused it with mind. Mind, as we human beings understand it, can have come only from mind, not from instinct; for as to instinct, the finiteness of its range makes it impossible that it could be developed into intellect. Allowing that many insects, and many animals, have memory, have will, have affections; granting, which is much more to the purpose, that many insects, many animals, are able to connect cause and effect, or to foreknow the effects of certain causes, yet the one sovereign distinction which marks off all insect life, as well as all animal life, from human life is that man is the only being who *can* pass his mortal career with reference chiefly to a career which shall be immortal. A dog may hide his bone for to-morrow; insects may bury their seeds for future offspring; but it may be asserted, from closest scrutiny of all such life, that no insect, no animal, can weigh his present career with reference to an eternal correspondence—with reference to the intellectual or moral equivalent which is to come after judgment on "this life." This of itself is infinite gift, infinite creation. There is nothing at all like to it in insect life, and there is nothing at all like to it in animal life. Instinct is exquisitely adapted to career. The instinct of every insect is so adapted. So is the instinct of every animal. It is true that man has instinct as well as reason; but man's instinct is only his quickest intuition, the rapid judgment of his reason without (felt) processes. What we call instinct, in all beings which are not human, is a measurable gift, designed solely for temporal life and utterly incompetent to grasp a higher.

Once more, in regard to this point of man's infiniteness: in all his marvellous researches in the various branches of science, in all his studies in mathematics or in physics, he has always present to his mind these two truths: that he *knows* that the Infinite can alone clear up his difficulties, and that he *aspires* to possess Infinite Knowledge. Now, this knowledge, this aspiration, show that he is begotten of Infinite Mind, that he possesses powers to correspond to his mission, and that he is, therefore, destined for an infinite future; for otherwise he would be the greatest anomaly in creation. It may be true that this knowledge, this aspiration, do not *prove* such great truths, as we say, "logically," but they *show* them to the satisfaction of common

sense. And since, in this life, we judge of everything by common sense, and act from morning to night upon its dicta, we must be fools if in the most important of interests we do not give our common sense the first place. Briefly, then, to sum up what has been said: In all the soarings of his imagination, in the reach of what is called the pure reason, in the compass of the affections and aspirations, and in the capacity to live always for an infinite future, man must be called an "infinite" being and must be contrasted with all other earth-creatures. Common sense will suffice to establish this. We might spend our whole life in quibbling about theories in which words and ideas play the chief parts, but a few moments' exercise of the common gift of common sense will suffice to convince us of our own infiniteness.

This question of infiniteness may be also argued in connection with what is called the "fitness of things." Just as it is true that the fitness of things (the fitness or perfect harmony of all creation, both in the vaster and in the lesser spheres, both in the illimitable heavens and also in the minutest living organisms) could come only of an Intellect above them all, so it is true that man's mind can only *know* this because it has (created) faculties to do so. The gift of apprehension, in itself infinite—infinite in the apprehending of Infinite Fitness—could not grow out of an instinct such as we mean by "insectile," any more than instinct could grow out of itself. The fitness is one thing, our apprehension of it is another. It is this gift of apprehension which makes us ask ourselves such questions as Who made our eyes to see the stars, our ears to hear the harmonies of sounds, our hands to know the touch of different objects, our delicate sense of smell to become enraptured by the rose, our fineness of taste to like or to dislike what may possibly* be beneficial or injurious, save only He who created the human intellect, which apprehends the fitness of everything? "Oh! but," it is replied, "the senses are at least common to all insect life as well as to all animal life." No, *not* the senses, in combination with *other* gifts, such as enable man, and man only, to converse with exquisite fitness on every mental and sensuous aspect of all he knows; *not* the senses which are as inlets to that human "soul" which can pour itself into the soul of another by a hundred operations in which volition and matter are united with ineffable perfectness; *not* the senses which are as threads which unite the finite with the infinite—electric wires which play on intellect and on will, conveying messages to the "infiniteness" of mind which roams in worlds unexpressed and inexpressible. Our apprehension of

this "fitness of things" may certainly be called infinite gift, just as our apprehension of the analogy in things created—analogy in the material and moral world, or analogy in things natural, things revealed—is proof positive to common sense that the Creator "foresaw it all," forewilled it, foreapproved it, *as a whole*.

Scepticism, with its small auxiliaries, modern science and that philosophy which treats the mind as a sort of clock-work, is always rummaging in the workshop of its fancy, among the difficulties which it vainly strives to resolve, instead of taking the great *whole* of all that is and preferring the infinite before the finite. Scepticism, when scientific (and it always pretends now to be so), will not let a man think anything until he has defined all the processes by which his thoughts ought successively to be generated, and is very angry with an objector who thinks that anything ought to be thought in a different groove to the sceptic's own pet one. Scepticism is always painfully conceited. It fancies it knows everything about religion, especially about Catholic philosophy, and can even teach theologians what they do *not* know. To take one example of this conceit, Mr. Herbert Spencer published, in an English magazine, a paper on certain aspects of religion, in which paper he condensed into half a page five objections to the religion of Christians; and of these five objections four were grounded on statements which were absolutely untrue as points of dogma, or, to put it differently, were such "slovenly writing" that almost every line might have been corrected by a seminarist who was but beginning his studies in theology. Here we had a philosopher who really has great talent, and who can reason well on what he does understand, making four objections to what he supposed to be Catholic dogmas, but which were not dogmas at all as he stated them. The "fitness of things" certainly demands that a philosopher should acquaint himself with the elements of a "philosophy" which he professes to treat with profound contempt. This is the fearful bane of modern scepticism—which common sense justly lashes with severity—that conceit and ignorance are the "first principles" of most quibblers who are too much in love with themselves to care for truth. One word more as an illustration. Mr. Harrison stated, in a note to a recent paper, that "the thinking world" had long abandoned the delusion that a sound philosophy was consistent with Catholicism! This was stated *for a fact* in two lines. Now, if the "facts" on which scepticism is grounded, or on which so-called philosophy is grounded, are mostly of this exceptional kind (it being asserted that Catholicism

is inconsistent with pure philosophy, and that "the thinking world" *has so decided*), common sense can afford to say to such philosophers: "Your vanity makes you blind to simple truisms."

Lastly, common sense must point to the obvious fact that all impugners of the divine authority of the Catholic Church, heretics and schismatics as well as atheists, differ widely on the ground of their objections and quarrel without ceasing among themselves. (In England it would be diverting, were it not rather lamentable, to watch the slashing and cutting by each separate "philosopher" against every philosophy save his own.) Neither the professedly intellectual philosophers nor the mere catchpenny vaunters of their own conceits can suggest any system which is either practical or sublime, nor can they agree in their negative ravings against truth. They are destroyers, not apostles; wanton children, not grave men; east winds that cut to the marrow of the heart, not the still, small voice of the pure conscience. They are as Apollyons in the desolation they produce, not as angels in the peace they impart. Common sense shows whence *their* mission comes. The gravest thinkers of our time, whether historians or essayists or men who devote their lives to pure science, all confess that in the Catholic religion alone *may be* found the harmony of the soul's troubles. Such men look upward, not downward; they look away from themselves to the Infinite Good, and are not snared by the smallness of a philosophy which proposes its own measure as its only end. Such men have common sense. If we should define common sense in its relation to religion, we should say that it is that "instinct" which teaches men to prefer greatness to whatever is small in human life, and so leads them to adore God as the alone infinitely worthy of their aspirations, their affections, their sufferings.

STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY,
A.D. 1570-85.*

IN 1585 the next Percy who held the title of Earl of Northumberland was committed to the Tower on a charge of being concerned in the Throckmorton conspiracy against Elizabeth.† The queen's council alleged at the time that he committed suicide; but as he was a very religious Catholic this statement was not accepted as the true one, and for a long time the event was described as a political assassination. Sir Christopher Hatton spoke in a violent manner of the deceased nobleman, stating that he was "without gratitude or conscience." Many years later Sir Walter Raleigh affirmed that Northumberland "fell by the hand of a hired bravo." Who instigated the assassin still remains a mystery. A "whisper of the times," however, pointed to Lord Leicester.

The executions which followed the imprudent Northern Insurrection were terrible. Eight hundred men were hanged, and ten women also paid the death-penalty for harboring rebels. Several *young women were flogged*, and others died of prison fever; and many poor children perished from cold and hunger. The queen *severely censured* her generals in command for not "*executing justice more promptly.*"‡ Elizabeth issued a special order that the *bodies were "not to be removed from the trees on which they hung, but to remain there till the said bodies fell to pieces or were devoured by birds of prey."*§ At the period of the above horrible scenes Elizabeth was in her thirty-seventh year and accounted by her courtiers and prelates as "humane and gentle."

The Earl of Westmoreland escaped the personal vengeance of Queen Elizabeth. As a matter of course he lost his property, and, after years of poverty and wandering through France and Flanders, he died in Paris. He was devoted to the Catholic Church and to the maintenance of that church in all its glory, power, and splendor. He was likewise chivalrously attached to

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1884.

† The Throckmorton conspiracy occurred many years previous. I shall refer to it anon.

‡ Sharpe's *History of the Northern Rebellion*; Despatches of Lords Sussex and Hunsdon; State Papers upon the Northern Rebellion.

§ State Papers upon the Northern Rebellion during the reign of Elizabeth (1570-1).

his friends and his country. This nobleman was the last descendant of the historical peer known as the "King-Maker" in the days of the "Wars of the Roses."

No one had been more deeply implicated in the project for the liberation of Mary Stuart than Leonard Dacre, the male representative of the noble family of the Dacres of Gill's Land. Leonard Dacre's followers were as courageous as himself. They pursued Queen Elizabeth's troops four miles to the banks of the Chelt, "where," writes Lord Hunsdon, "his footmen (infantry) gave the proudest charge upon my shot that I ever received." Still, the wild valor of the Bordermen was no match for the steady discipline of the foreign mercenaries, whose trade was fighting. Dacre's men fell into disorder; then a panic, followed by a retreat. Another fight took place a few miles farther on, where the insurgents fought with immense courage, but were doomed to final defeat. Leonard Dacre escaped to Scotland, where he was still pursued by the English spies of Walsingham. In a few months, however, he reached Flanders, where he received a hospitable reception from the outlawed subjects of Queen Elizabeth.

Dacre sent a herald to Lord Hunsdon, proposing to decide "the claims of the rival queens by a single combat between himself and Lord Hunsdon." Hunsdon rejected this chivalrous challenge, as might have been expected. Elizabeth "commanded" that Dacre's head should be brought to her, dead or alive, in fourteen days. Hunsdon, however, failed to gratify his royal mistress in this instance.

Those were the times for strange events. It appears marvellous indeed that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of the most implacable of Mary Stuart's enemies, should end his days as a follower and champion of the royal captive. In a confidential note he writes thus to Mary Stuart, whom he had so long persecuted:

"Your majesty has in England many friends of all degrees that favor *your title*. Some people are persuaded that *in law your right is best*. Some folks have formed a very good opinion of your virtuous character and the liberality of your religious sentiments. The talent you displayed in the government of Scotland won for you the confidence and esteem of those who were opposed to you."

In another secret correspondence from Edinburgh to Tutbury Castle Throckmorton states that "*his convictions are now all in Mary's favor.*"

It is certain that Throckmorton was connected with a con-

spiracy to dethrone Elizabeth on the grounds of *illegitimacy*, taking Cranmer's judgment in the case of Anna Boleyn as their legal guide. This plot is supposed to have been planned when Elizabeth had been about eleven or twelve years on the throne. The conspiracy was managed with profound secrecy. And, more strange still, it was composed of *Protestants and Catholics, and even Anglican Bishops*, whose emoluments were "to be considerably increased." Throckmorton proceeds: "The people of your own religion are for you, and many Protestants too." This wily diplomatist seems to have been sincere, for he had everything to lose by the cause he had secretly espoused. He advised the Queen of Scots to "offer conciliation to the English Protestants; for that they were far more easily won than the Kirk Christians." This was a certain fact, for the Presbyterians were generally a sordid class in political speculations, and the much-abused name of *Christianity* became a matter of *money* or the transfer of *land*.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton escaped the scaffold to die, as it was reported at the time, by poison. It is, however, generally affirmed by his contemporaries that he died very suddenly, and popular feeling pointed out the Earl of Leicester as "having given him a poisoned fig, and that he became suddenly ill and died in great torture." Lord Leicester was so intensely hated by the people of England, and especially those of London, that they would accept as true the worst accusations that might be preferred against him.

Camden reports the death of Throckmorton to have taken place in 1570, and he is silent as to the report of poison. And, again, Camden writes: "He died in good time for himself, being in great danger of life by his restless spirit."* Public opinion, whether right or wrong, pointed out Leicester as the assassin of Throckmorton, who was far from being popular himself.

A large number of State Papers were in the possession of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton when he filled the office of Chamberlain of the Exchequer under Elizabeth. Those State Papers were placed by Throckmorton's son, Arthur, at the disposal of Sir Henry Wotton, who bequeathed them to King Charles I. to be preserved in the State Paper Office—a bequest which remained unexecuted until the year 1857.† Amongst those valuable documents were to be found (if not destroyed) much of the correspondence which passed between Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil, Randolph, and Throckmorton concerning the Queen of Scots. The letters, still extant, bear upon them the movements made by

* See Camden's *Annals*, p. 131.

† Preface to Russell Prendergast's State Papers.

the English queen and her council in fomenting rebellion in Scotland against its lawful sovereign.

It is really a puzzle to learn that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was one of the Star Chamber witnesses against *his* friend, Lord Crumwell. He must have been a spy in early life—perhaps in the service of Crumwell himself. Nothing more likely. With the exception of Sir William Cecil and Thomas Randolph, no member of Elizabeth's council or general government did more to injure the Queen of Scots than Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

Another of the conspirators pledged with Throckmorton to overthrow Queen Elizabeth was the Earl of Pembroke, who received so many grants of land and other favors from the queen. Lord Pembroke professed himself as "an earnest Protestant" under the government of Edward VI.; he was one of the first to acknowledge, and then to desert, Queen Jane. Queen Mary having restored the abbey of Wilton to the nuns, Lord Pembroke received the abbess and her sisterhood [twenty-four in number] at the gate, "cap in hand." When Elizabeth subsequently suppressed the convent at Wilton the Earl of Pembroke drove the nuns out of their holy and happy home with *his horse-whip*, bestowing upon them an appellation which implied their constant breach of the vow of chastity. In an age rendered infamous to all time for the wickedness of its leading men, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, stands in the "front rank of the battalion of evil."

The penalty for celebrating Mass in those days was a fine of two hundred marks and imprisonment—sometimes for years. In several cases priests were hanged upon the evidence of *one witness*, and that witness, perhaps, known to be a person of abandoned character. The trial of a Catholic priest was a monstrous mockery of justice.

At a later period another of the Percy family joined the court party. The nobleman to whom I refer was known as Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and became one of the champions of Queen Elizabeth. Although his family suffered immensely from her, he was one of the most obsequious of the queen's courtiers. The author of the *Court of Elizabeth* represents this nobleman as "signally deficient in the guiding and restraining virtues." The ladies of the court did not like his society; but for a time he was noticed by his sovereign, who made him a Knight of the Garter. This incident, as usual, caused some gossip amongst the jealous-minded courtiers, who were always looking for "more favors and never satisfied."

During the last days of Elizabeth, Northumberland gave many indications of his desire for a change. He courted the friendship of King James of Scotland, and flattered his vanity by writing congratulations "to the rising sun." But he little knew of what material the dastard James Stuart was "made up." He was amongst the first to welcome King James when he made his public entry into London. The king commanded that the Earl of Northumberland should be sworn in a privy councillor, and he was noticed particularly at court. As soon as King James was securely settled on the English throne his policy underwent some changes. There were new favorites, and Percy of Northumberland began to feel that he was "suspected of something of which he knew nothing." The misfortunes of the ancient house of Percy seemed to pursue him; for, on some unsupported charge connected with the Gunpowder Plot,* he was stripped of all his offices and honors, heavily fined, and sentenced to a life-imprisonment. At the end of fifteen years the "royal mercy" was extended to Northumberland, and he was ordered to live in strict retirement for the remainder of his days. A novel mark of royal mercy from King James!

During his long confinement Northumberland turned his mind to the study of mathematics and indicated the possession of considerable talent. He had some good qualities. He was a steady friend to the needy literary strugglers of his time, and had several of them constantly at his residence. The chess-players and story-tellers were also amongst his welcome guests. The close of his career was most edifying, and he retained the affections of the followers of the Percy family to the end of his eventful life. A few months before his death Lord Northumberland returned to the faith of his fathers. In the days of the "priest-hunting" he gave protection and food to many an outlawed priest. A number of poor Catholics likewise received bread, meat, and beer daily at his mansions during the reign of Elizabeth.

From the "Wars of the Roses" down to "Derwentwater's Farewell" the name of Radclyffe occasionally appears in the records of the Tower. Amongst the unhappy prisoners in that fortress about 1576 was Eaglemond Radclyffe, said to be the younger brother of the Earl of Sussex. A strange mystery sur-

* The "Gunpowder Plot" is now well known to have been set in motion by Sir Robert Cecil. Of course it was never intended to take place, but was to be used as a *bogey* to usher in the penal laws enacted in the reign of King James against the down-trodden English and Irish Catholics.

rounds the history of this young gentleman. In 1569 he joined the Northern Insurrection with several other men of rank, and having eluded the vengeance of the queen's council, he escaped to Spain, and, after leading a wandering life for some years, returned to England in 1575; he was soon arrested and committed to the Tower, where he remained for several months in a state of prostration from ill-health and bad food. The queen, having been informed of his condition, "took pity upon the brother of her faithful kinsman, Lord Sussex." Elizabeth therefore extended mercy to her prisoner, and Radclyffe was banished from the realm. His love of adventure was seldom checked by the experience of life which misfortune afforded him. He next appeared in the service of Don John of Austria. In Vienna he had a love-adventure, and wounded his rival, a Hungarian officer, in a desperate sword-combat. In this case he narrowly escaped the law. He was subsequently arrested, and, accused of having been concerned in a conspiracy against Don John, he was tried according to the Austrian code, and condemned to death, in 1578. Radclyffe protested his innocence before the Council Chamber, but to no purpose. He was attended to the scaffold by an English Benedictine father named Tottenham; so writes his Spanish friend, Don Miguel Cabrera. During his exile Radclyffe frequently experienced poverty and hardship, especially in Flanders and France, walking along a forest track for days half-naked and starved. In these sad wanderings he was accompanied by several brave and honorable men who were outlawed from England and Ireland for their religion. Those poor gentlemen had to depend for support upon the small sums remitted by their friends at home. As usual, the French felt little sympathy for the exiles, and I may add that at a later period the French nation acted in a very ungenerous spirit to the Irish Brigade. Louis XIV. and his successor, with all their grave errors, held in grateful remembrance the services rendered by Irishmen to their country. The public men of France detested the Irish exiles. It is recorded that a French Secretary of War made frequent complaints to Louis XV. against the Irish Brigade. "Those Irish," says the minister, "are immensely troublesome; they will not wait for orders, but rush at the enemy like tigers. They are very troublesome." "C'est exactement," replied his majesty, "ce que nos ennemis Anglais ont si fréquemment vérifié."

Donald Macpherson, a "Borderman" of those times, states that it was bruited in a very positive manner that the hero of

this narrative was not a Radclyffe, but the natural son of one of the house of Percy by a Spanish lady of youth, beauty, and fortune. Lady Sydney throws further light upon this romantic story. She affirms that she saw the picture of the Spanish lady in question, who died in London, where she resided many years under the Irish name of MacMahon. Lady Sydney adds: "There was a mystery connected with the story of this good old lady which was known to very few. Strange to say, some time before her death our blessed queen became acquainted with her through some Irish lady, perhaps Elizabeth Fitzgerald, once so noted in Surrey's sonnets. Be this as it may, our good-natured queen knew Madame MacMahon's sad story, and actually visited her in private, and kindly added to her social comforts in various ways unknown to the world without."

The Lady Sydney here alluded to was the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, who perished so gloriously at the battle of Zutphen. She subsequently married the ill-fated Robert, Earl of Essex, and the young Earl of Clanricarde became her third husband. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. Her own private history is in itself a romance; I will not, however, in this instance disturb the veil which conceals the memory of the dead.

The Countess of Clanricarde, to whom I have here alluded, was much beloved by the Catholics of Galway.

Don John, to whom I have referred in these "Stray Leaves," was supposed to be the natural son of Charles V. by Barbara Blomberg, who has been represented as a woman of humble life. Other writers affirm that Barbara was a strolling player, and possessed of a fine voice which captivated the emperor, who expended large sums of money upon her; and that she lived in great extravagance and was a source of annoyance to the royal family. Don John played a remarkable part in his brief career. He was very handsome, chivalrous, and brave. For a time he stood in the front rank of Mary Stuart's admirers. "Every contemporary chronicle," writes Motley, "French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, and Roman, has dwelt upon Don John's personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manners in the society of ladies."* King Philip looked upon Don John with mistrust and hatred. The narratives handed down concerning the mother of Don John involve a series of contradictions which have had their origin in the strong sectarian feeling that prevailed in the Netherlands on every matter where the characters of Charles V. or King Philip were at issue.

* Motley's *History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. iii.

A FASHIONABLE EVENT.

I.

MRS. ALDERMAN REIDY was a handsome woman in spite of her forty-five years. What was more important still in her eyes, she piqued herself on being "good style." She dressed with taste. She compared herself favorably with Mrs. Alderman Darcy, who habitually wore sealskins and heavy gold necklaces, and with the lady-mayoress herself, who had been known to say "yez." She was sure there was more of the lady about her than about big, rattling, loud-voiced Mrs. O'Regan, the brewer's wife, who lived on Merrion Square, and who was a "real, blooded lady," being one of the Mooneys of Meath. Besides, Dan—that was her husband, Alderman Reidy—was in the wholesale wine-trade: none of your vulgar retail people. He was even connected with some distilleries. This was eminently respectable. She thought of the Powerses, the Roes, the Guinnesses, which brought her ideas right up to the realms of the peerage. Certainly the Reidys might "look high" for their daughter, who was a beauty and had a large fortune.

"What's that daughter of yours doing with herself all the morning?" asked her husband, looking up from his *Freeman*. "Why isn't she down to breakfast?"

"That daughter of mine!"—Dan, I wish you wouldn't be so vulgar. Annette has a headache this morning." Miss Reidy had been christened Maria Anne, according to the wish of an old-fashioned godmother, but early in her life her mother had made the best of it by calling her Annette.

"Faith, it's the hardy ould headache by this time. She has it every morning now. That English finishing-school you sent her to, Maggie, has upset that girl's head in all sorts of ways. I'll bet a fiver it's a yallow-backed novel she has in her fist this minute, if we got a peep at her."

Alderman Dan took a sip of his tea, and, stretching out his legs comfortably on the hearth-rug, plunged into a speech on the education question by Mr. Gladstone.

His wife, in a half-mechanical way, as if it were a habitual exclamation, said, "Dan, you're shocking!" and resumed the study of her newspaper, which was the *Daily Express*, and which con-

tained an account of the dress worn by every lady at yesterday's levee at the Castle.

Mrs Reidy looked well that morning in her quiet, well-fitting demi-toilette, and occasionally, as she read out in a half-audible murmur, "Lady Mary McGee, by Lady Granard—pearl satin, ruby train, plumes to match," she elevated her head and squared her graceful shoulders with quite the air of a duchess. Indeed, there were few matrons of title presented at that levee she was reading of who could boast of a better "silent presence" than Mrs. Reidy. Nor when she opened her mouth was she in any great danger. Her accent was Dublin, enriched and softened by Galway, her husband's county. It was only in moments of very unguarded converse with intimate friends that she was betrayed by the treacherous "yez," the dropped *h* of Dublin's Cockagne. At length Mrs. Reidy called her husband's attention.

"Dan," said she, "just listen to this: 'Fashionable marriage—Colton and O'Regan. On Monday, at the Madeleine, Paris, the marriage of Miss Bertha O'Regan, daughter of Hugh O'Regan, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Merrion Square, Dublin, and Lord Arthur Colton, A.D.C., was solemnized with great *éclat*. The Right Rev. Monsignor O'Regan officiated, assisted by, etc.' Then there's a great description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and—then it says: 'The ceremony was again performed at the Anglican church in the Rue du Bac according to the Protestant rite.' Q Dan! aren't these O'Regans the lucky people?"

"To marry their daughter to a Protestant?"

"Yes, but to a lord, Dan; and they got a dispensation. O Dan! fancy our Annette married to a lord—Lady Colton!"

"I'd see her—a nun first," said Dan, rising and trimming his iron-gray whiskers, and examining his ruddy and good-looking face in the pier-glass.

"Ah! Dan," sighed Mrs. Reidy, "you have no ambition. If you only exerted yourself we might make a good match for Annette."

"The girl herself," said Dan, "I thought, had a fancy for that young Hartigan; and, 'pon my song, the divil a better match I wish her."

"Dan, let me never hear you say that again. I am astonished at you. Young Hartigan, indeed! A briefless barrister!"

"Faith, his brief-bag won't be long empty, I'll be bail. I heard him pleading yesterday, and the whole Four Courts were talking of him. She'll be a long sight better off if she begins life as the companion of an honest young fellow with brains and

pluck than any of your Judy O'Regans with their lordy-dords. I know a girl that began that way, and she don't seem sorry for it—eh, Maggie?—although you might have married an alderman ready-made.”

His wife glanced affectionately at him.

“And, for that matter,” went on Dan, “Redmond Hartigan is as good as the best of them. He's a scholar of Trinity and comes of decent people.”

“Oh! I'll allow he's genteel, and he's real fond of Annette; but Dan, we might look a great deal higher, and we will too. Ah! Dan, if you were only more civil to them at the Castle there's no knowing what they'd do for you.”

“They might make a knight of me,” interrupted Dan, with a hearty laugh, “like Sir Thady Mulcahey, and you'd be me lady. Begad, Maggie,” he added, drawing her towards him and kissing her brow, “sorra lady in the land would become the title better. 'Twill be well for your daughter if she's half as fine a woman, no matter who she marries.”

“O Dan! if you'd only make me Lady Reidy!”

Mrs. Reidy's heart was in that aspiration as she laid her hands on her husband's shoulders and looked into his eyes. This was the pinnacle of her dreams. How often had she pictured Dan, his stout calves encased in the silken hose of a court suit, kneeling before the viceregal throne while the lord-lieutenant, striking him on the shoulder with a sword, said, “Arise, Sir Daniel Reidy!” To have the servants address her, “Yes, me lady,” “No, me lady!” But Dan, who had a strong sense of humor, together with some mild nationalist opinions, always laughed heartily, as he did on the present occasion.

“Here she comes,” he exclaimed suddenly, “and barely in time to give her father a kiss before he leaves for the day.”

A pretty girl in a blue morning-gown had entered the room. She ran to her father and embraced him affectionately.

“Dear old dad!” she cried. “I'm late—oh! take care, you'll crush my stephanotis.”

She rearranged the pale-pink blossom in her hair. Then she kissed her mother and surveyed herself in the glass.

“Well, Annie, be a good girl and don't let your mother turn your head. I'm off to town; there's Christy with the carriage.”

In a few moments he had said good-by and was rolling in his tidy brougham over the gravel of the avenue.

II.

Annette Reidy had been educated at Rathfarnham convent until she was seventeen. Then her mother decided that she should have a year at what is called a "finishing-school" in England. This was to give her "tone." These finishing-schools are wonderful institutions. They undertake to counteract in one year what a convent-school has been doing in ten. Alas! could the mother-superior of Rathfarnham have seen what a change had been wrought in the modest young virgin she had sent from her roof with blessings two years ago, she would have been shocked. Annette had learned how to keep her complexion pale. She knew the right shade to pencil her eyebrows. She had become an enthusiastic waltzer. She had learned that a little sal-volatile in black coffee, taken immediately before going to a party, makes the eyes lustrous. At supper she made a point of criticising the sherry. She had the "Rotten Row stare": while she addressed one person her eyes boldly followed the movements of somebody else. Her conversation was as "horsey" as she could make it; she even studied the "sporting intelligence" in the daily papers and tried to learn something of the horses' names and the betting, but in this she got rather mixed. All this was "tone"—the manner of the best society as conscientiously extracted by her teachers from the most recent novels, especially those of "Ouida." At bottom the girl had a good heart. But then she was only eighteen and had spent a year at an English finishing-school.

Annette herself was a close student of "Ouida." The titled military man, *blasé* of the pleasures of "life," yet able to toss a "cad" over a house with one scented hand, was her ideal hero.

This morning, before coming down to her late breakfast (she had had a cup of chocolate in bed, like the *Princess Napraxine*), she had read carefully the *Daily Express*. The *Express*, being the "Castle" organ, is supposed to have the most accurate information on the affairs of the viceregal court. She had devoured every line of the account of the fashionable marriage of Bertha O'Regan to Lord Arthur Colton, A.D.C. (These letters, dear reader, mean aide-de-camp—in the present instance aide-de-camp to the lord-lieutenant.) Bertha had been a school-fellow of hers for a while, but had gone to a different finishing-school. "Blissful Bertha!" thought Annette; and only she had a good little heart in spite of her folly, I would say she was consumed with envy. "Blissful Bertha! Shall I ever make

a marriage like that?" It was with this thought buzzing in her head she entered the breakfast-room.

"Mother," she said, when Alderman Dan had driven away for town (I forgot to say they were living in a handsome villa on the Blackrock road whose grounds overlooked the sea), "I have made up my mind to one thing: father must take us to the levee. We must be presented."

Her mother looked at her admiringly and then heaved a little sigh.

"Ah!" said she, "your father is a queer man, Annette. He has no ambition at all. I believe he'd rather be spouting at the corporation than mixing with the best society."

"Well, he'll have to get some ambition, mamma. He is an alderman, and as such he and his family have a right to be presented at the Castle. The lady-mayoress will be our sponsor. And, what's more, he'll have to bring us at once, for I want to go to St. Patrick's ball. All the girls are going, and O mamma! think of the aides-de-camp!"

"Yes, my daughter, you shall go," said Mrs. Alderman Reidy emphatically, as if rising to a proper sense of the situation. "My daughter's prospects are not to be blighted because her father is unambitious. Musha, Annette, did you see the account of Bertha O'Regan's wedding?"

"Didn't I, though?" exclaimed the daughter, casting up her eyes; and then, dear reader, they entered into a discussion of the bridesmaids' dresses—a theme into which I could not dare to follow them. Soon, however, Annette said:

"Marrying a lord, mamma! Fancy, marrying a lord!"

"Would you like to marry one, Annette?" asked her mother, with a furtive look.

"A lord and an officer too!" went on Annette, still in a reverie. "Is it would I like to marry one, mamma? O mamma! could I dare to dream of such a glory? A lord and an officer! Ay, even a lord's son or a lord's cousin! Why, mamma, we would then be in the aristocracy, especially if he was an officer." Take care, dear reader, and don't misunderstand her: she does not mean a policeman. There is only one officer in the world to the eyes of a girl who has been to an English finishing-school—the commissioned officer in her Majesty Queen Victoria's army.

"Why, then," said her mother, tossing her head and drawing herself up; "I don't see why we haven't as good a right to enter the aristocracy as the O'Regans, even if Judy O'Regan is a

Mooney of Meath. You're an only daughter and a beauty, and there isn't a girl in Dublin has a bigger fortune. And now, Annette," added Mrs. Reidy, and the furtive look returned, "I am glad to see that little affair with Redmond Hartigan is all forgotten. A briefless barrister!"

Annette sighed.

"Ah! yes," she said; "Redmond is a nice fellow, a noble fellow, and I am very fond of him. But he has no position, no handle to his name—no nothing. What's the law? True, he is professional; but professional people nowadays are looked on as little better than being in trade. That's what I heard an officer saying to Miss Dooley at the Mansion House ball. Oh! no; Redmond must be given up."

"Bravely spoken, Annette—bravely spoken!" Mrs. Reidy drew her daughter towards her and kissed her. "You *shall* go to the levee and to St. Patrick's ball. You *shall* make a fashionable match. Your father thinks we are silly. He shall see."

III.

It was a day of excitement at the United Service Club in Stephen's Green. The old colonel who was fond of taking the air and ogling the passers-by from a camp-stool on the steps was obliged to swear in Hindostanee a dozen times at the fussy subalterns who, running in and out, trod on his patent-leather shoes. The steward was tired supplying the bar with materials for brandy-and-sodas.

It was simply the day of one of the great English races—the Oaks. The members of the club, being military men, were betting freely. Almost all had made books. There were sweepstakes for old fogies who did not bet, but who liked to have a hand in the fun.

The excitement only really began towards the afternoon, towards the hour when the race was about to be run. Telegraph-boys were running in every moment with "flimsies" announcing the state of the betting at Tattersall's and on the course.

The young men afforded an amusing study to some of the cooler heads who lounged in easy-chairs in the bay-window or in the smoking-room. These young fellows—bronzed, athletic young soldiers of the line regiments for the most part, with not over-much money—took the same healthy delight in a bit of excitement that any other youths used to hard work in the open

air do. They enjoyed it like jolly plough-boys. The subtle charm they felt was in the thought that this was "life." They had two models among their seniors to imitate. One was the languid, cool man of the world who made bets with a quiet nod and never got excited. The other was the "plunger," who dressed rather "loudly" and took every one into his confidence as to his heavy gambling transactions. The former model was the most admired, but the blood of youth could not be restrained sufficiently to imitate it.

Between the hours of three and four telegrams poured in like a fusilade. The members were asking each other, "Do you know anything?" "What have you got?" One would receive a wire from his "tout" containing the very latest "straight tip." He would toss it to the others and rush wildly out to seek some seedy bookmaker, dodging the police in Grafton Street or at the corner of Exchange Court, in the hope that even at that late hour he might be induced to lay odds. They were satisfied; this was "life." For the existence led by the "Household fellows"—the curled darlings of the Household troops—is as much a sealed book to the subaltern of the "line" as it is to the ordinary civilian.

At length all was over. The race was run. Bets were settled. Half an hour of white heat when the news came, half an hour of red heat, and the club gradually cooled off and pursued its ordinary tenor.

But to-day one murmur kept alive when all else was quiet.

A dapper little fellow, with red hair and a round, good-natured face, entered the smoking-room.

"Say, fellows," he said, "Reggie Whiffletree says he's broke. He's taking on bad—drinking. Come along and see him."

About half a dozen sympathizers followed him.

Captain the Honorable Reginald Whiffletree was seated at a table drinking brandy-pawnee as fast as a waiter could bring it to him. His two legs were stretched out straight, making an inverted letter V. One hand was on the table grasping a glass. His chin was on his breast. He was making little, weak kicks at an attendant who was trying to gather up a pack of cards that was scattered at his feet.

"What's the matter with old Whiffle?" says one of the sympathizers, lighting a cigar. "What's he been doing with the cards? Eh, old chap? What are you pelting the cards about for?"

"'V' had to shell out my last fifty-pun' note to that kid over

there at 'Nap,'” says Whiffle, wobbling his head in the direction of a pale young man with an eye-glass who was picking his teeth and sipping a glass of sherry and bitters.

“Cheer up, old boy!” says another sympathizer, giving him a dig in the ribs. “You an't broke?”

“Dead-broke!” says Whiffle, with an oath and a groan. “Tim, — — — more pawnee, you — — —!” The dashes, dear reader, represent expletives and epithets.

“What! Can't you settle up?”

“Ruined, ruined, ruined at Tattersall's! Man alive, don't you hear? Ruined at Tattersall's! Do you hear now?”

He would have been very deaf had he not heard that roar.

“You see,” explained the little red-haired man, who stood over Whiffletree as a surgeon might over a case in presence of a class of pupils—“you see, he stood to win ten thousand on the Golightly mare, and had Scranton backed for a place. Besides, he laid odds against two of the placed horses. His book is in a deuce of a mess. There was an old bet to be paid up at Tattersall's that he had fixed for doubles or quits on today's race. Besides that, the Boulogne fellows wrote to him yesterday threatening to post him if he didn't pay up. I'm afraid it's a bad case, boys.”

“Pawnee! pawnee! It's a — of a bad case,” roared the patient. “I'm done.”

“If he can't raise thirty thousand within the next two or three days it's all up with him.”

“What'll happen?”

“He'll be expelled from Tattersall's and the Jockey Club, and be posted in Paris, and have to scoot to America.”

The others looked on, sympathetic and glum.

It was remarkable that it was the junior members of the club who took this friendly interest in Whiffletree. The others did not seem to mind him. Whiffletree was the senior by many years of the eldest of his sympathizers. This might have been accounted for by the fact that he was only home from India on leave of absence.

The Hon. Reginald Whiffletree was sixth son of the late Lord Coachandfour and sixth brother of the present lord. At first he had been in a crack Hussar regiment. Having run through his money, he found it expedient to exchange into a line regiment embarking for India. But the line regiment was ordered home after a year, and Whiffletree did not want to go home. So he exchanged into the native service, getting command of a

troop of Sepoy cavalry. Thus his old comrades in arms lost sight of him for several years. Now he was home on a furlough.

At last a thin voice broke the gloom. It belonged to the pale young man with the eye-glass. He had been A.D.C. to the lord-lieutenant for the past twelve months, and was consequently reputed to "know the town."

"I say," he said, "why don't Whiffle marry an alderman's daughter?"

The others looked at him in pitying amazement.

"It's a desperate case," he went on, "and requires a desperate remedy."

"Don't see your remedy," said somebody.

"Aldermen rolling in tin," said the A.D.C., "dying to catch us fellows for their daughters."

"Don't see your remedy yet. Whiffle must be paid up within a week or fly. Fellow can't marry an alderman by electricity."

"You're a fool!" said the A.D.C. "If we see him in train to marry an aldermaness we can induce the bookmakers to wait. They will hold off awhile and give him a chance, if we only say the word."

It was with an envious admiration Whiffletree's sympathizers now gazed on this budding Wellington.

"Know e'er an aldermaness?" asked one at length.

"Yes," said the strategist. "Have the very thing in my eye. Daughter of the richest alderman in town—name, I believe, Reidy. Met her mother and herself at the lord-mayor's orgie the other night. Both of them dying to secure either a title or a military man, so as to get into our world. Deuced impertinence, but suits Whiffletree's bill now. Mother even went so far as to ask me did I know any eligible young man in my regiment looking for money and a handsome girl. Begad, I'll go see her this very evening and bring Whiffle!"

"Hurray! hurray! Heaw! heaw!" cried the others in chorus. "Whiffle, do you hear?"

Whiffle had fallen asleep.

They shook him up.

"Say, old boy, it's all right. Dalby's fixed it up. You are to marry an alderman's daughter. It's a come-down for you, you know. But there's nothing else for it. It's better than being posted at Tattersall's."

IV.

Mrs. Alderman Reidy and her daughter had one of their wishes gratified. They were "presented" at the mock court which the viceroy of Ireland holds at Dublin Castle. Dan appeared in all the glory of a brown velvet and silver court suit, with ruffles and sword to match. The sword tickled his fancy immensely. It reminded him of a skewer. Over all he cast his aldermanic robes of scarlet and sable, and carried a cocked hat under his arm. His wife and daughter were enraptured.

They wore ostrich-plumes in their hair. At court plumes are *de rigueur*. Their dresses I don't pretend to describe; they were cut low. For two mortal hours they stood in a corridor, jammed, and another hour they spent on their poor feet in the Throne Room. At first the glitter of uniforms, the dazzle of jewels and rich dresses, the important air of gentlemen-ushers, the court ceremonial overawed them; but a severe weariness in the calves of the legs recalled them to a sense of human things.

At length their turn came. A coarse-featured English earl, with fiery-red hair and beard and the air of a *distrain* cattle-show judge, stood on a dais with his wife. Both seemed extremely bored and at little pains to disguise the fact. "How d'ye do, Alderman Reidy? Charmed to see you—men of your stamp," says his excellency. "Delighted to see you, Mrs. Reidy," says the countess. "How charming your daughter is! Your plumes become you, Miss Reidy. Throng here to-day, isn't there?" A set speech, names only changed. Mrs. Alderman Reidy and Miss Reidy kiss her hand, curtsy low, and pass on. 'Tis over! Now to find the carriage and get home as fast as possible. The Reidys have been presented at the Castle!

Next day a description of their dresses appeared among columns of similar paragraphs in not only the faithful *Daily Express*, but also in the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Irish Times*, dozens and dozens of copies of which they purchased and sent to every friend they could think of in any quarter of the globe.

The invitation to the St. Patrick's ball duly followed. What more was needed to fill Annette's and her mamma's cup of glory? A suitor for Annette's hand who would be either a lord or an officer. Lo! he came—came in the person of Captain the Honorable Reginald Whiffletree—a lord's son, a lord's brother, an honorable, and an officer!

The St. Patrick's ball is one of the "duty" balls given by the Irish viceroy to conciliate the tradesmen who put the royal arms

over their doors and to gracefully compliment the national sentiment. It is held on the evening of St. Patrick's day. Loyalist squires who curse the pope nevertheless honor the occasion, and bring their wives and daughters up to town to "rally round the throne." The professional classes, headed by the surgeons-in-ordinary and the learned sergeants, make a strong showing there; for, since the Union, law and medicine occupy in Dublin the place of the old aristocracy and live in its mansions. Needless to say the officers of the garrison and the irresistible A.D.C.'s muster in full uniform. On this occasion only, certain wholesale grocers' wives are permitted the fearful joy of rubbing trains with certain peeresses. The latter call the affair an awful mixum gatherum, and attend it as they would a charity bazaar, "to help the poor viceroy through with it." The supper may or may not be good, according to the temperament of the lord-lieutenant; but Liddel's band always plays the latest waltzes in a masterly style.

Annette and her mamma enjoyed themselves hugely. The Honorable Reginald Whiffletree's sympathetic club-chums, meaning business, bestowed "the military" on them to their hearts' content. Alas! mother and daughter waltzed and waltzed. Annette had five different rents to show in her train, made by spurs. Just fancy! Wasn't it delightful? Early in the evening Dan found out that the port was good, and disappeared somewhere.

Redmond Hartigan was there, noble-browed and *distingué* in spite of his plain coat. Ah! but Offenbach will tell you how heavily handicapped even the *cordon bleu* of a prince is when a military uniform is in competition. Annette gave two dances to Redmond—quadrilles. Redmond disapproved of round dances; besides, the sons of Mars did not want quadrilles.

Redmond sat them out. He redeclared his love for Annette and besought her to marry him. Last week he had won a great popular case, and that day he had received from a deputation of priests and laymen an invitation to contest a seat in Parliament. He had just been awarded a moderatorship in Trinity. A bright career was opening before him.

Annette wavered. She really cared for Redmond; and don't forget I said she had a good little heart, if a foolish little head. Redmond caught her hand and entreated with passionate eagerness.

But just then came along her mother leaning on the arm of a resplendent hussar, all gold lace, silk tights, patent leather, and "peerage bouquet," who told Miss Reidy the next dance was his. Ah! your musty lawyers.

In sitting out his second quadrille Redmond received a blank dismissal. Then he grew what Annette called "strange." He warned her against Whiffletree. Surely she would not dream of marrying a man who was not a Catholic? Annette set this down to jealousy, and was immensely flattered until he said the captain was a blackleg; then she was pleased to be indignant.

"At least," asked Redmond, "if you are determined to marry him, for God's sake delay the day as long as possible. I fancy I can find out something that may convince you that he is a scoundrel."

"Sir," said Annette, rising, "this is intolerable. Take me to my mother."

v.

"Why, Annette Reidy!"

"Why, Bridget Quin, who'd ever dream of meeting you at a Castle ball?"

It was a very beautiful girl, very beautifully dressed—an old school-fellow of Annette's, whom she had not seen since she had left Rathfarnham.

"Gracious! Bridget, you look perfectly lovely. How you've improved!"

"And you!"

They escaped from their partners and got into a corner, and began to chat, as girls who have been school-fellows, and who have not met for two years, chat.

Captain Whiffletree, who was whirling past in a polka, shook his programme at Annette—a signal to be ready for the next dance, which she had promised to him.

"O Annette! I wanted to talk to you about that man. I have heard the gossip about you. Do you know he is a Protestant?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"He is paying his addresses to you?"

"Oh! yes. Well?"

"Annette, you surely do not think of marrying him?"

"And why not, Miss Bidy, if I like him?"

Bridget Quin's thoughtful face grew sad.

"Annette, you shock me," she said. "Do you not know what the church thinks of such marriages?"

"Oh! well," said Annette, with a toss of her head, "there are exceptions. 'Tisn't every day girls like us get a chance of marrying into the peerage."

Bridget smiled in a peculiar way.

"Besides," added Annette, "it's all right when you get a dispensation."

"Nothing can dispense unhappiness, dear; and it is not without good reason the church frowns on all mixed marriages."

"Bah! I always knew you were a prude. Suppose you wanted to marry a Protestant yourself?"

"I would not want to do so. If I loved any one very dearly, and if he were not a Catholic and would not become one, I would die an old maid sooner than marry him."

"Nonsense, girl dear! If you got the chance of marrying an honorable, a peer's son indeed, you'd be the very first to do it, even if he was a Turk."

"Annette, you are really shocking. That English school you've been at has changed you more than I could believe. But don't you know, dear, who Captain Whiffletree is? Papa says he is a bad man."

"Papa, indeed!" exclaimed Annette, in high dudgeon. "Who's your papa, I'd like to know? What can you or your papa know about people like the Honorable Captain Whiffletree, Bridget Quin? Indeed, it's in a hurry you ought to be to change that common name. Quin!—Biddy!"

Bridget was not angry. She smiled, a little sadly.

"Biddy is not my name," she said. "I was christened Bridget—my mother's name. It is a good name, a revered name where I live, the name of one of the noblest women that ever glorified her sex—St. Bridget of Kildare!"

"Lady Bridget, your aunt is beckoning to you. She asked me to bring you to her at once."

It was Captain Whiffletree who stood over them, offering his arm to Bridget Quin.

"Excuse me for robbing you of so fair a partner, Miss Reidy," he went on, "but I will return when I cross the room, and," he added, with a fascinating smirk and dropping his voice, "try to make amends by offering you myself."

"Lady Bridget!" Before Annette had aroused from her astonishment at the title she fancied she heard, the captain, having escorted her school-fellow to her aunt, was whirling herself around the waxed floor to the cadences of Waldteufel's "Geliebt und Verloren."

Half an hour later Annette was by Bridget Quin's side again.

"O Lady Bridget! why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought you knew. Don't Lady Bridget me, Annette. I

am still Bridget and shall always be Bridget to you, dear, though you don't like the name!"

"Oh! how horrid you must have thought me!"

"Never mind, dear," said the other, with a sweet smile. "You only amused me. I knew then you had not heard of the change in our condition."

"But I had no idea your father was made a lord or had any chance of being made one. I thought you were very poor."

"So we were, dear, very poor; and two years ago my father—good man!—had as little idea there was a peerage awaiting him as you had yourself. You see, the title was in abeyance for two generations, and as an uncle and two nephews stood between him and it, even if it were restored, he never bothered his dear old head about it. But my granduncle, it appears, kept the thing stirring, and the title was suddenly restored to him shortly after I left school. One of the nephews had died of consumption a year before; the other was shot in a gambling quarrel in a California mining camp. The poor old man with his peerage was heart-broken and bed-ridden with gout. He sent for my father, who had thus become titular heir, and willed him all his immense estates to enable him to keep up the dignity. So there, Annie dear, is our little romance. That is how my father has become Earl of Owney and Arra in the peerage of Ireland, Viscount Templemore of the United Kingdom, and how your old school-fellow, his eldest daughter, is Lady Bridget Agnes O'Brien Delacy Quin and the possessor of a handsome dowry."

It would be quite futile, dear reader, to attempt to depict the awesome admiration with which our poor little Annette now regarded her former schoolmate.

"And now," she said at length, "I suppose there are all sorts of lords and dukes and earls, not to speak of honorables, asking you to marry them. A beauty and a lady of title! O Lady Bridget!"

Lady Bridget laughed.

"Not quite so bad as that," she said; "there are plenty of titled suitors, to be sure, but papa puts a damper on the most of them after he gets the answer to one question: 'Are you a Catholic?'"

"Is there no eligible Catholic, then?" asked Annette with interest.

"Oh! yes, several. One in particular my father is very anxious I should accept. A very nice fellow, too—the Marquis of Wexford. He is most devoted."

"And do you like him?"

"Very much indeed. I am very sorry for him."

"Why? Aren't you going to accept him?"

"Oh! no. I had made my choice long before I met him. By the way, you must promise to be present at *my* little ceremony."

"Why, yes!" said Annette, delighted. "That will be perfectly lovely. Who is he? When is it to be? Tell me everything."

"My reception is to take place on the 20th."

"Your reception!"

"Yes. This is my last party, dear. I am to be received at Rathfarnham convent on the 20th of this month." And Bridget, taking both Annette's hands in hers, looked tenderly into her eyes. "Congratulate me, dear."

But the look of blank amazement on Annette's face was too much for even the solemnity of this announcement. Bridget laughed and said: "Well, you are a droll child, Annette!"

Nevertheless Annette's serious and wondering look did not depart, even after a galop with Captain Whiffletree. She carried it home in the carriage with her, notwithstanding her mother's account of the raptures of the night, and notwithstanding the fact that Alderman Dan snored in blissful sleep in the seat in front of her. The meeting with Bridget Quin, Bridget's words, her resolution, affected her suddenly and profoundly. She contrasted herself with Bridget and felt shocked. Like a revelation her conduct flashed upon her in its true light. How frivolous, how wicked it seemed to her! On what a precipice was she rushing!

VI.

It was a severe fit while it lasted. Annette locked herself in her room for two days and meditated on all she had heard from Bridget Quin. She resolved to attend her reception, which was to take place on the following day, the 20th. Bridget's words about mixed marriages—and of course she had said more than I have found necessary to report—haunted her. She cast out of her mind Captain Whiffletree and his uniform and his courtesy. She grew so austere that she would not even allow Redmond Hartigan back instead, but had half resolved to inform reverend mother to-morrow that she intended to follow Bridget Quin's example and to "enter."

It is remarkable with girls of Annette's disposition that when

they are brought to disapprove of any course of action they have been pursuing they straightway make a rush to the opposite extreme. Horace notices the same thing about a certain class of men whom he calls "*stulti*." It is due to a want of balance. Of course Annette's "entering" would mean a nine days' visit to the kindly-shrewd reverend mother, who would restore her to her friends in every way a better and a wiser girl.

Nor can I say how much of their effect Bridget Quin's counsel and example owed to the fact that Annette's old school-fellow proved to be a peer's daughter, a titled heiress, and a beauty. In these cases when the effect is produced it is ungenerous to be too critical of the cause.

Annette was doing nicely. She had deliberately read a chapter and a half of *The Religious Life*, and had made up her mind to have a long consultation with her confessor that evening.

This gave her such a sense of satisfaction that she thought she might while away a few minutes with a novel.

As fate would have it, it was a novel by "Ouida."

Annette read about military heroes who had "seen life." This naturally led her to think of Whiffletree. Had *he* not seen life? Had *he* not hunted with the Quorn, stalked royals in the Highlands, flirted with maids of honor, supped in the Bréda Quartier, entertained princes and ambassadors at the Star and Garter, enjoyed pleasant hours in *cabinets particuliers* at Vélours and the Maison Dorée? Had he not owned race-horses and gone through a campaign in Afghanistan? Did not the blood of his Crusader ancestors assert itself in spite of the carbuncle that broke the arched line of his aristocratic nose? Was not his name Reginald, and his brother, Bertie Cecil, a member of the House of Peers? *O ciel! ay de mi!* was he not a veritable personage stepped out of "Ouida's" enchanted page? And was not he—*he*, the Honorable Reginald Vivian Cecil Granville-Tenterden De Courcy Whiffletree—actually at the feet of her—of her, Annette Reidy—lying there on the plush-covered sofa and gazing through the window on the roof of her mother's new conservatory?

There was a knock at Annette's door. It was the English footman whom Mrs. Reidy had persuaded the pliable Dan to engage.

"Your mother, Miss Hannelte, requests you to go to the droring-room at once, which Captain Whiffletree and Lord Haladyn is awaiting there."

Annette stood irresolute. Would she double-lock her door

and send word that she was at home to nobody to-day? To-morrow would be Bridget's reception; to-night she could see her confessor. O guardian angel! push her back into the peace of her chamber and the grace of her good resolutions. Let not the frail bark adventure to-night the troublous waters of temptation! To-morrow—give her till to-morrow, till the arms of reverend mother enfold her, until within that serene harbor she is braced for her voyage by sage counsel and guarded by true friends' help!

Who can fathom the designs of Providence, who plans for the sparrow on the house-top?

What prompted Mrs. Alderman Reidy to follow the stately John Thomas to her daughter's room; to seize a hair-brush and give a few artistic touches to Annette's front hair; to say, "Annette, you're looking *positively lovely* to-day, whatever you've been doing to yourself. Come down at once, child; Captain Whiffletree and his cousin, Lord Aladyn, are below—his cousin, mind, an awful swell. I think he's going to—well, to say something to you to-day. Come along, quick!"—what prompted Mrs. Reidy to do this? What a silly question! She did it anyway, and, taking her daughter by the arm, tripped away with her to the drawing-room.

Alas! that I should have to tell it. Annette did not go to Bridget Quin's reception next day at Rathfarnham. She and her mother went to Baldoyle Races with Captain Whiffletree in Lord Aladyn's drag.

When two headstrong women set their hearts on a thing, what can one man, their husband and father, do? If he be a strong man and disapprove of the thing, he may fight, and may or may not win. But if, like Dan Reidy, he be weak and easy-going, and admire his wife, whose boast it is that she can twist him round her finger, there is only one issue to the unequal contest.

Dan strongly disapproved of his daughter's marrying a non-Catholic, although at the bottom of his heart he was himself flattered at the idea of becoming father-in-law to a "sprig of nobility." He made an honest protest; and his struggle, if weak, was sincere.

But when he was informed that Captain Whiffletree had proposed for Annette, and that Annette had accepted him subject to her father's consent, and when Mrs. Reidy plied all her wifely arts of persuasion and coercion, skilfully using the example of the O'Regans, Dan feebly struck his colors.

He renewed the contest once after an interview with the priest of his parish. But it was too late; he had given his consent, the engagement had been announced, and Mrs. Reidy only smiled at him. Dan, shamefaced, hid himself thenceforth from the venerable priest, whom he both feared and revered.

Whiffletree's creditors, when the engagement was put beyond all doubt, complaisantly accepted his promissory notes, which result of their brilliant diplomacy his sympathizers and himself triumphantly celebrated in a noisy supper at the club.

There was one thing that Dan held out for. The day after St. Patrick's ball Redmond Hartigan had asked him as a special favor, in case of Annette's engagement to Whiffletree, to fix the date of the marriage for as late a day as possible. "I'll give you my word and honor on that at least, Reddy, my boy," Dan had answered, squeezing his fingers with emotion. "Dang me if I know what's come over the girl that she won't have you!" Redmond had then left Dublin for a prolonged trip in the East and had not yet returned.

Now that Whiffletree and Annette were engaged, Dan stoutly battled for this stipulation.

"By my word, Maggie," he said, "it goes to my heart to think of that fine young fellow and the way he felt and the way we're treating him. I'll bet he's fonder of the girl this minute than her Englishman has it in his gizzard to be, for all his blue blood. No! by the big gun of Athlone, Maggie, I'll not give in to ye in this. I pledged my honor to the boy that he'd have a long day, and he'll have it, as sure as my name is Dan Reidy—four months, not an hour less. 'Tis the laste ye may do for him after throwing him over like a bad shilling."

Dan's idea was that Redmond had asked him to delay the date of the marriage on the same principle that criminals sentenced to death by Lord Norbury used to beseech for "a long day, me lord!"

Mrs. Reidy herself was touched and wiped away something like a tear with the corner of her handkerchief as she admitted, "Dan dear, he really was very fond of her." But the thought only made her more anxious to have the marriage over at once. Now that it was inevitable, now that her ambition was on the eve of being satisfied, she began to experience a mingled feeling of shame and temerity at the deed. She felt like Macbeth exactly:

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

Whiffletree, too, pressed with singular eagerness for an immediate crowning of his happiness. Annette, in the background, with a feeling something like her mother's, modestly countenanced these demands.

But Dan held his ground sturdily in keeping his promise to bestow this last sad favor on his friend.

So it was arranged that Annette's marriage with Captain Whiffletree was not to take place till four months after their engagement.

VII.

After all, four months was not so long a term and gave Annette barely time to prepare her magnificent trousseau.

The marriage had to take place in Liverpool. The ecclesiastical authorities of Dublin, with stern wisdom, have absolutely forbidden mixed marriages to be solemnized in any church within their diocese.

There was to be but a single ceremony. Captain Whiffletree did not press to have the marriage performed again in a Protestant church. This removed some of the difficulty Dan met with in procuring the dispensation.

Whiffletree wished the event to go off as quietly as possible. Dan was anxious for a "blow-out." But Annette, sure of the main thing, agreed with her prospective husband in desiring a quiet wedding. As for Mrs. Alderman Reidy, her courage had oozed out at her fingers' ends, and—never an envious, only a vain and emulous, little woman—she had no anxiety to exploit the occasion to the discomfiture of her Dublin friends.

One of the O'Regan girls, considering that the Reidys were now about to enter their sphere, in an extraordinary burst of generosity consented to act as Annette's bridesmaid. Whiffletree's best man was the red-haired youth who had been one of his most active sympathizers at the club.

I cannot say it promised to be a very jolly affair. The bridegroom was pale in spite of what several years of India's sun and brandy-pawnee had done to his complexion. Annette did not feel nice at all; she tried her best to forget what she was about to do—to plunge into it, as it were, with her eyes shut. Her mamma did not cease crying the whole morning. As for Alderman Dan, he and the red-haired groomsman had been taking "nips" of brandy and soda from an early hour, and looked almost as watery about the eyes as Mrs. Dan herself.

“Whiffle, old boy,” says Dan—and these were his last words to his son-in-law-apparent before they left the hotel—“take a horn to give you courage.” And Whiffle did.

The ceremony began. What a desecration! My pen hesitates to go on. Annette looked round the church with a frightened feeling. Was that Redmond’s face behind a pillar?

The priest had no heart in uniting this fair Catholic maiden to a man of a different religion. He asked in a loud voice the question as to whether any one knew of a reason why the marriage should not proceed, and even paused a moment when he had asked it.

There was a solemn silence. The bridegroom’s hand shook. “Go on!” he said.

The priest looked at him surprised, then repeated the question, and paused again.

Annette felt ready to faint. Was that Redmond’s face?

“Can’t you go on, confound it!” said Whiffletree, the tension getting the better of his broken nerves.

“Hold! Hold!”

What is that strident voice from the end of the church? What is that commotion?

“Hold! This marriage cannot proceed! For God’s sake stop!”

Who is this running down the church with half a dozen men and one woman at his heels? It is Redmond Hartigan.

Breathless he runs to the altar.

“Stop before you commit a sacrilege!” he cries. “I have brought Captain Whiffletree’s wife with me from India. Here she is!”

A veiled lady advanced.

Where is Whiffletree? No one saw him disappear, yet he has fled.

Annette, white and frightened, stood alone before the altar.

Redmond had gone to India on a hint from no less a person than Viscount Templemore, Bridget Quin’s father. The latter had learned something which led him to be suspicious of Whiffletree—something of which, in a less definite way, Redmond had also heard—and when his daughter told him that Whiffletree was proposing to marry a friend of hers he interested himself in the matter, and, at Bridget’s suggestion, sent for Redmond.

Redmond’s expedition seemed as futile as it was arduous. His information was of the vaguest kind, and probably unre-

liable. In Nowshera he learned that Whiffletree had admitted once to have been married, but had given out that his wife had died. The last station he had been quartered in was one of the most remote of the hill stations of the Punjaub. Redmond with tremendous difficulty made his way there. He found one troop of Sepoy cavalry—Whiffletree's troop—under the command of native officers, and in a bungalow in their midst the captain's wife, living there contentedly with two children and quietly awaiting her husband's return, which she did not look for till the expiration of his leave of absence. She was a comely but commonplace woman. She had been the widow of a white sergeant-major, and thought her lot a happy one in being the wife of a captain, even though she had to spend her lifetime in the jungle.

She had been held a prisoner there, unknown to herself, by her husband's command, and it required the full force of the letters with which Lord Templemore had supplied Redmond to persuade Whiffletree's Sepoy lieutenant to permit her to leave the station.*

The fair reader wants to know the sequel.

Well, Annette fled for refuge to Rathfarnham, where during a series of retreats she received from warm and devoted hearts consolation and—congratulation.

Poor Mrs. Reidy and Alderman Dan spent six months on the Continent, hiding their diminished heads.

Three years afterwards there was a wedding. No mixed marriage this time; no giddy girl of eighteen, but a woman of twenty-one, whom a terrible experience had chastened and made wiser than her years. And the bridegroom? Her deliverer from an awful doom.

It was with the full blessing of wise and benignant Mother Church, and in the church of their own parish, that Redmond and Annette were married.

Redmond is now a member of Parliament as well as a prominent member of the Irish bar. Why do I mention this? Ah! ladies, for your sake. I know you have a charming curiosity. Here is a clue. Find out who Redmond is!

* The main incidents of this story actually occurred.

THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF FAMILY NAMES.

SHAKSPERE himself informs us that "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But the truth of this "Shaksperean proverb" may be questioned. Some one has said that a nickname is "a concentrated calumny"—a calumny which at times acts prejudicially not only on the fortunes but the dispositions of men. Many a man's nature has altered with his name. The ancient Orientals—and the Hebrews above all—believed that in human names a certain mystic property lurked which modified more or less the current of men's lives. The touching anecdote of Father Garnet, the Jesuit, would seem to corroborate this. In the Latinized name of this martyr (Pater Henricus Garnetius) a father of the society discovered the words "*pingere cruentus arista*" ("on an ear of corn you shall be painted in gore"). Father Garnet was executed in London in 1606. An ear of corn dipped in the martyr's blood was long preserved as a memento of his execution, and assumed, it is alleged, a striking likeness to the features of the deceased.

The philosophers of antiquity believed that names originate in the very essence of objects and that the nature and character of things are condensed and represented in their cognomens. They attributed a powerful, one might say a sacramental, character to names. Iamblichus assures us that in the worship of the gods names were employed by the priests which, though unintelligible to men, were perfectly intelligible to the gods. The divinities were moved by the language addressed to them. Names possessed a prophetic influence which modified the omens that guided their enterprises and rendered evil good and good evil. When Anchises, in the *Æneid*, concludes his prayer to Jupiter, a peal of thunder rolling to his left fills him with joy as an omen of auspicious fortune; whereas in the first Eclogue the *cornix* perched on the same side saddens Melibœus and indicates disaster. Such was the efficacy of names that an object which when its name was Latin was deemed disastrous became auspicious when its name was Greek—a circumstance which introduced confusion into augury and rendered the cloud which veils futurity still more mysterious and impenetrable to the ancients.

One thing seems certain: the names of men throw light on the future destiny and past history of the nations they belong to.

National history is revealed in family names. There is, for instance, a strange dissimilarity between the meaning of the names borne by the foremost characters in Greek and Roman history. The Greeks have brilliant, poetical, and beautiful names—worthy of freemen. The Roman names are vulgar, prosaic, and boorish—fit for slaves. The name of Leonidas comes from λέων, “a lion”; the name of Cicero comes from *cicera*, “fodder for cattle.” Diogenes signifies “divine”; Scipio signifies “a walking-stick”; Anaxagoras signifies “the king of the forum”; Verres signifies “a boar pig.” Archelaus is “the ruler of the people”; Flaccus signifies “flap-eared”—it is a name suitable to a dog “having pendulous or flabby ears”; it could hardly be applied in the first instance to a man, but seems to have been transferred from the canine to the human slave. Aristarchus signifies “a good prince”; Brutus signifies “irrational, stupid, brutish”; Ambrose signifies “immortal”; Servius, “born in slavery,” etc.

The inference to be drawn from this is that at the time they received these names the Romans were in a state of slavery. They were “hewers of wood and drawers of water” to the Etrurians. They were not savages like our Red Men; they were slaves like our negroes. They were possibly subjected at that time to the great and opulent people who excavated the *Cloaca Maxima* and gave a name to their city which has no radix in the Latin language. In their ignoble occupations, subjected to the scourge and clanking in fetters, they received names which reflected their servile employments. Thus Marcus signifies “a brazier’s hammer” (Marcellus is a diminutive of Marcus, and Marcius is “of or belonging to Marcus”). Caius signifies “beaten”; it comes from a defective verb *caio*, “to cudgel.” Cassius signifies “unprofitable”—a most appropriate name for a slave; * it is a genitive to *cassus*, “ignorant, broken, empty.” Catiline signifies “a glutton”; it comes from *catillo*, “to lick the dishes.” Fabius is obviously derived from *faba*, “a bean”; the family dealt in those vegetables or were remarkable for cultivating them. Claudius comes from *claudus*, “crippled,” and signifies “the cripple’s son.” Fabricius comes evidently from *faber*, “an artisan”; Furius from *fur*, *furis*, “a thief”—the son of a thief would be called *Furis*, the grandson *Furius*. Spurius seems to come from *spuo*, “to spit upon”—a most degrading name. Caninia, a woman’s name, comes from *canis*, “a dog.” Vitellius signifies “of or belonging to a calf.” Cæsar signifies “hairy”; Julius, “of or belonging to a fish” named

* “When a man loses his liberty,” says Homer, “he loses half his virtue.”

Julis. Cecinnius comes from *cæcus*, "blind"; Crassus means "fat, dull, coarse." Scævola comes from *scævus*, "awkward, perverse, stupid"; Sylvius means "of or belonging to a wood"; Gracchus, "a crow"; Sura, "a boot"; Titius, "a firebrand," etc. These are visibly the names of slaves. They are not merely degrading; they are infamous. It is impossible to suppose that freemen,

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,"

would assume such vile epithets. They must have been forced on them by haughty and arrogant masters who treated them like dogs and gave them names fit for brutes. Every one of them seems to be "a concentrated calumny." The natural feelings of the human heart would hinder men—if they could avoid it—from giving to their children names which are slanders. For

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

This is not all. Names crop up in Roman history—such as Tanaquil, Icilius, and Mæcenas—which are evidently derived from their masters' language, as we cannot find in Latin a vestige of their roots. Niebuhr expresses a suspicion that the Romans were slaves; but this suspicion would arise to certainty if he took into consideration the meaning of their cognomination. Not only were they slaves, their subjugation must have endured for centuries, until time rendered venerable what was originally shameful. Nothing is more true than what Cluverius says: all that portion of Roman history which preceded the Gallic sack of the city and consequent destruction of its annals is entirely fabulous.*

Applying all this to the family names of Ireland, we may find in the cognomination of that people some curious elucidations of native history. Irish names are obviously those of freemen. The Irish were not slaves when they assumed them. For instance, O'Kearney is the genitive case of *cearnach*, which means "victorious," and is equivalent to *νικητικός* in Greek. The O'Kearneys are descended from "Conal the victorious," who flourished in the first century of the Christian era. O'Neill is the genitive case of Niall, which signifies "a soldier or champion," and corresponds with the Greek *στρατιάρης*. Mac Eagain is a modification of *Eagna*, which signifies "wisdom, prudence, discretion." It corresponds with the Greek *ἀγνεῖα*, *castitas*—chastity being the invariable at-

* "Verum enimvero Romanorum regibus," he says, "qui ab Evandro ad Consules usque fuere, falsas ascriptas esse origines, falsa item nomina, falsas interdum res gestas," etc.—*i.e.*, the actions, names, and origins of the kings who reigned before the Consuls were all false.

tribute of a wise man. The Mac Eagans were hereditary judges, who administered the Brehon laws under the jurisdiction of the McCarthys in Cork and Kerry, and their name corresponded with their functions.

Mac Keon—a common Irish name—is a modification of Mac Eoghain (pronounced *Mac Owen*). Eoghain signifies “well born,” and corresponds with the Greek “Eugene,” which has the same meaning—*i.e.*, *εὐγενής*, “of noble descent.”

“*Art*,” says Joyce, “is an ancient Celtic word which has three meanings—‘a stone,’ ‘God,’ and ‘noble.’” As a personal name it was originally meant to convey the idea of hardness, bravery, and power of endurance in battle. It was very much used in Ireland, several of the ancient kings having borne the name. As a personal name it is still used, but is now almost always made Arthur; and as a family name it exists in *O’-h-Airt*, or O’Hart, and also Mac Art and Mac Arthur.”*

Some time before his death the poet Moore adopted as his crest a Moor’s head. It was horribly ugly, with negro features of an exaggerated type. With this head his note-paper was embossed, and he seemed to think his name had some connection with it; but he was always careful to inform his correspondents that they were not to consider it a portrait. The Irish form of his name is *O’Mordha*. The Queen’s County was the property of the tribe, and the name signifies “great,” “magnificent.” It corresponds with the Greek *μέγας*. It has no connection with the Moors of Spain or Africa.

Eochaidh (pronounced *Ohy*), “a knight or horseman,” was a favorite name with the ancient Irish. Their chiefs and kings delighted in the epithet, which was equivalent to *ἵππιος* among the Greeks. From this comes the family name Mac Eochadha (“son of the horseman”), of which the Anglified form is Mac Keogh, in modern times often contracted into Keogh or Kehoe.

The root of this name is *ech*, “a horse” (Lat. *equus*)—a word which in Irish gives rise to a variety of names, such as Echéagán, meaning “little horse.” From an ancestor of this name descended the family of Mac Echegain or Mageoghegan, now generally Geoghegan and Gahagan. From a chieftain named Eochaidh Cobha, who flourished in the third century, a tribe descended named Uibh Eachach (Ivahagh), who possessed a large territory in Ulster, now represented in name by the barony of Iveagh, in Down. There was another territory of the same name in the southwest of the County Cork, the inhabitants of which derived

* *Irish Names of Places*, vol. ii. p. 150.

their name from another chief named Eochaidh, "the horse-man."

One of the noblest names in Irish history is O'Callaghan. The Irish form is *O Ceallachain*, which comes from *ceallach*, "war," "debate," "strife." It is equivalent to the Greek *πόλεμος*. Their tribe-lands were situated in the County Cork and termed Clonmean, "the pleasant plain." The County Cork likewise contained the tribe of the O'CoFFEys, of which O'Brien says:

"*Cobhthach*, signifying 'victorious,' was the proper name of an Irish chief from whom the ancient family of O'Cobhthaich derive their name. They were proprietors of the territories now called Ballyroe, in the County Cork. In an Irish poem their chief is termed *O Cobhthaich na n-ardcorn-oir*.—i.e., 'O'CoFFEy of the tall gold drinking-cups,' a compound epithet worthy of Homer."

It seems evident from the above that the name of a family was originally the name of an individual. In Ireland this change is attributed to Brian Boru. His victories and conquests invested Brian with supreme authority and enabled the *Imperator Scottorum* to compel the clans to select some one of their ancestors and convert his *prænomen* into a permanent surname. All the other nations of Europe, according to Keating, followed this example and imitated the Irish. It was only in the present century that, at the command of Napoleon I., the German Jews assumed unalterable cognomina. In compliance with the imperial ordinance they took such fanciful names as Rosenthal (rose in a vale), Blumenbach (flowery stream), and Rothschild (red shield)—names wholly unknown to their patriarchs and quite enough to make them turn in their graves. For when men are free to choose, names which flatter their vanity are sure to be selected. Previously to this *nominal* revolution it was necessary to recite a whole pedigree to identify an individual. In the old play, "Sir John Oldcastle," we are presented with an amusing instance of this:

"*Judge*. What bail, what sureties?

"*Davy*. Her cousin Ap Rice, Ap Evan, Ap Morice, Ap Morgan, Ap Madoc, Ap Owen, Ap Shenkin Jones.

"*Judge*. Two of the most sufficient are enow.

"*Sheriff*. An it please your worship, all these are but one."*

Irish names are never derived from base pursuits or servile employments. This is the rule, to which there is one exception. The Smith who manufactured arms, which are essentially necessary to the military profession, participated in its dignity and ranked as a gentleman.

* *Ap* in Welsh is equivalent to *Mac* in Irish. It is an abbreviation of *mað*, "a son."

No people in Europe have names which manifest more clearly the dignity, pride, and freedom of the men who first assumed them. They were a people who may have commanded as masters, but certainly never drudged as slaves. If all Irish records were obliterated, all our manuscripts destroyed, our names alone would prove that when we took those names our condition was dignified. The history of the race is condensed in its cognomination. We may remark in evidence of this that in an Irish verb the imperative mood always stands foremost. In every Gaelic grammar it is placed at the top. It is the root of all the subsequent conjugations, and is always developed with the utmost clearness. Nature, in giving the Irish a military spirit, gave them a language which suits the profession of arms, in which the word of command can be given with facile lucidity and unmistakable energy. In a Latin grammar the imperative mood goes last, or nearly so. In Irish it goes first. It is the radix from which spring all the branches of the verbal tree. "Let him strike" is an awkward phrase, but *buailadh se* (pronounced *boola shay*) is "short, sharp, and decisive." It is a command, not an exhortation. Authority is condensed in its sound, whereas the English imperative is a feeble, floundering expression, entirely too weak and clumsy to express or enforce authority. "No hope," said Carlyle of the Irish, "for the men as masters. Their one true station in the universe is servants—slaves, if you will. And never can they know a right day till they attain that."

Mr. Carlyle is mistaken. If God gave the Irish that "innate warlike passion, the gift of high Heaven to chosen races of men," he did not intend them to be slaves; and we may ask with the poet:

"O Erin! when nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footsteps of slavery there?"

It is a task of the utmost difficulty to retain a nation of soldiers in a condition of slavery—a task which has often involved in utter destruction those who attempted it. The Persians called in the Turkomans to assist them, but their mercenaries became their masters. The Spaniards called in the Goths, with equally disastrous results. The Welsh called in the Saxons, only to be vanquished and exterminated by that "hireling chivalry," etc. Instances of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely.

It may be laid down as a principle that no family will voluntarily give itself a discreditable name. It is contrary to na-

ture. Nothing but the most grinding form of oppression will reduce it to such infamy.

Hence Hood has some reason for asking :

“ If human beings had a voice,
Would any be a Bugg by choice ? ”

Applying this theory to English family names, we shall find in the nomenclature of that people striking evidences of their former degradation. For instance, the ancestors of the celebrated painter Hogarth were swineherds. Hogarth is a modification of Hog-herd. Swinnarts is another form of the same name. Sowards is also a name which had its origin in the herding of pigs. Calvert—a name not unknown to history—is compounded of calf and herd. The name was originally written Calveherd. Such names as Bullman, Bullock, Stierman, Cowman, Coward, Bullard, and Bull show that tending cattle was the employment of their original bearers. Lytton Bulwer, the novelist, was descended from some care-taker of bulls who was termed Bullward. In Norman documents such cognomens are translated *Le Steer*, *Le Bœuf*, and *Le Vacher*. Nathaniel Lardner, who wrote a defence of revealed religion in ten volumes, which Paley summarized in one, was descended from a slave or serf whose avocation was to fatten hogs. Shakspeare, in describing Falstaff, tells us that

“ He lards the lean earth as he walks along.”

In other words, “ he fattens the earth.” Now, the duty of the lardner was to restrain the erratic propensities of his grunTERS and keep them in that part of the forest where beech and mast abounded—where

“ Acorns larded many a sow.”

He resembled Gurth in *Ivanhoe*, who herded hogs with an iron ring round his neck. A branch of this family settled in Ireland and gave birth to Dionysius Lardner, who published the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* in one hundred and thirty-two volumes and was remarkable at once for learning and licentiousness.

The highly respectable name of Bacon may be mentioned in connection with the lardner. The poet says that Chancellor Bacon was “ the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.” Would it be a pardonable inference that the chancellor inherited the “ meanness ” which disfigured his moral character from the ancestor who cured the bacon which the lardner fattened ?

One would be inclined to think from the large number of family names connected with the profession, such as Pigman,

etc., that the diligent surveillance of hogs was in England in ancient times an all-important avocation and absorbed a large segment of the industry and talent of the Anglo-Saxon race. Chancellor Sugden—so well known at one time in Ireland—was indebted for his respectable name to two words: *den*, a covert or lair for animals, and *sugg*, a sow. A “den of thieves” is still familiar to the lips of Englishmen, but a “den of swine” was equally familiar to their ancestors. Swinfield, Swinburne, Swinton and Swindel, Denman and Denyer, seem to lead back a large number of the English people to an ancestry of pig-boys. Cleanhog, Pigsflesh, and Hogsflesh were no uncommon names amongst that people. Laws were enacted by the Parliament of the Pale—the English parliament in Ireland—commanding the Irish to lay aside their venerable patronymics and adopt these attractive cognomens!

Stothard is a compound of *stot*, “a bullock,” and *herd*, “a care-keeper.” Stobart, Stoddard, Stubber, Stotherds, Stoberd, and Stubbard are modifications of the same name. Veiled in Norman French, such English names take a less repulsive aspect. Thus Bullface becomes *Front-de-bœuf*; Bulleye, *Oyl-de-bœuf*; Bull-bodied, *Cor-de-bœuf*; and Bullsheart, *Cœur-de-bœuf*. Nuttard is a modification of *Neat-herd*. Oxford, Oxberry, and Oxherd are equally derived from the dull quadruped which now

“Breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god.”

Those highly respectable Englishmen, the Gattards, Gathards, and Gateards, are indebted for their name to the occupation of their ancestors, who kept goats. Gatesden has a similar origin. It signifies a den or haunt of goats. William de Gatesden and John de Gatesden are found in Parliamentary writs. Hunnard, or Hound-herd, is another English name of considerable antiquity. The first bearer was whipper-in or dog-boy to some Danish or Norman master. The Weatherheads were originally “wether herds.” They herded wethers, or rams. The Shepherds indicate their origin in the meaning of their name. Hurd is a modification of *herd*, and Woodard and Herbart are compounds of that word.

In *Ivanhoe* Sir Walter Scott, through one of his characters, speaking of the English peasantry, tells us: “These be no pagan Saracens, noble Sir Brian, or craven peasants of France, but English yeomen against whom we shall have no advantage save what we derive from our arms and horses, which will avail us

little in the glades of the forest." This has been quoted in the *United Service Journal* as if it were authentic history. It is really romance. Cambrensis, writing at the time Front-de-bœuf is supposed to have lived, asks: "Who dare compare the Englishmen, the most degraded of all nations, with the Welsh? In their own country they are serfs—the veriest slaves to the Normans. In ours who else have we for our herdsmen, shepherds, cobblers, skimmers, cleaners of our dog-kennels, ay, even of our privies, but Englishmen?" This condition is clearly indicated in the Anglo-Saxon cognomination.

Thus we have seen in comparing the family names of four distinct races, the Greek, Roman, English, and Irish, what an important connection there is between these names and the history of the races.

DAYBREAK.

THE night seems long, my Father. Shadows rise,
 And dark across my pathway fall;
 There is no light of dawn in orient skies,
 And sorrow shrouds me like a pall;
 The stars of Faith and Hope so dim have grown:
 Oh! rift the gloom and send their radiance down.

The morn was fair, seen with glad childhood's eyes,
 A world of sunshine, love, and flowers;
 Not sweeter was the bliss of Paradise,
 As onward fled the swift-winged hours;
 At noon I revelled in the sunshine still,
 And felt no prescience of the twilight chill.

I am so tired, my Father! The rough path
 Is strewn with wrecks of joys long gone;
 I scarce can lift my dim and weary gaze
 To watch the coming of the dawn.
 Oh! let me lean and rest against Thy Heart
 Till glorious day shall break and night depart.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

CHAPTER X.

A FINAL REPULSE.

IN his luxurious rooms Florian was sitting, arrayed in his dressing-gown, his hands clasped idly on his lap, his gaze wandering and frightened; while before him stood the red, vexed, irritated squire, who had just brought in the news of Ruth's intended departure.

"What's to be done, Flory—what's to be done?"

Florian knew there was but one thing to be done, and the utter hopelessness of success made him despondent. This was not as he would have had the scenery and properties when he came to declare his love. The squire had told him nothing more than that Ruth, disturbed by her old religious doubts, was going away to a convent. There was nothing to account for the train of thought and feeling which had led up to so surprising a course of action; if the squire knew anything he declined to talk about it.

"I had thought," said Florian helplessly, "of renewing an old proposal."

"Had you, my boy—had you?" cried Pendleton. "Then it's the only thing that can stop this flight—the only living, almighty thing."

"But it's useless to try it under such circumstances," Florian continued. "She is upset in mind; she has not shown any particular care for me since—"

"What, Flory!" yelled the squire, "what are you talking of, lad? Not shown any particular care for you! Why, man, it has been nothing but Florian here and Florian there to her friends, to her acquaintances, and to strangers since she came to New York. 'Do you know Florian Wallace?' was her first question, until Mrs. Merrion had to tell her it looked as if you were engaged still."

Florian sat listening in delight to these wanderings of the squire. His own shrewder sense told him that the squire's likings had taken the place of his powers of observation, but it was very sweet to know that some people thought Ruth willing to renew the old relationship. And she was going away? It

might be the last chance of testing her feelings that he would have, and if the result was unfavorable no harm was done. They would be sure to understand each other better.

A great slice of the romance of Florian's character had been devoured by the capacious jaws of his political ambition. Sensibility and delicacy were less fine, evidently, or he would have seen how very much injury this surrender of old principle would do him, and how hurtful it was to his own sense of honor and religion. He looked at the position, not as a lover torn with doubts as to the result of his action, but as a man of the world taking his chances, shrugging his shoulders at failure, mildly muttering bravo at success. It was not a thing to be mourned over long, though.

"If you wouldn't insist on—on the old condition," the squire began.

"Nonsense!" said Florian. "I've got over that. I'll take her, no matter how she comes."

"O Lord!" cried the delighted father, uttering a sigh like the whistling of the wind through a cavern, "then it's settled. She'll not go to the convent. Now, my lad, just brush up and get over to Barbery's for lunch, for she's packing and may be off at any moment."

Florian felt as he dressed that his position was similar to that of a noble in the Reign of Terror arraying himself for decapitation. But he proceeded calmly and heroically to his doom, and at one o'clock that afternoon was lunching with Barbara and Ruth in the pretty dining-room in Brooklyn. Ruth was pale and worn, but determined. Florian knew that look of old and what it meant much better than her father. He received notice of her departure with an air of well-bred surprise. "There is one consolation in it," Barbara said—"it's the end of the season. But then there was so much for Ruth to see which does not belong to fashionable life, and so many people will be disappointed."

"The disappointment of the many troubles Ruth very little," said he, with pointed reference to her indifferent expression.

"I never thought of them," Ruth answered wearily, "and I'm sure they never once thought of me; nor do I care."

"You never did," said Florian, and both ladies felt an iciness in the tone that gave a double meaning to the words. When the lunch was ended Barbara left them together.

"This sudden flight," said Florian, "looks remarkable, but I know you never do anything hastily. Is it a homeward flight?"

"No," said Ruth frankly, "it goes heavenward—at least I hope so."

"You are always flying in that direction," he said, with quiet sarcasm.

"Not always, but I am to make a good effort this time." And her lips were compressed for an instant. "I am disgusted with my own doubts and I am going to rid myself of them for ever. I am on a search for certainty."

"I offered it to you once," he said indifferently.

"And I am sure I did well in refusing it *then*, Florian."

Why did she put such a stress on that last word? It made his heart bound like a frightened deer, but he was silent until she added: "And don't you think so too?"

"Why should I? If it was for your benefit, I say yes; but if it has condemned me to a course of suffering that ambition alone could smother—"

Her amused laugh interrupted him.

"Then you smothered it with ambition?"

"With the aid of hopelessness," he answered bitterly. "Did I not know you well and myself too?"

"I must say you did, and I am sorry to think I did not know you better. Through all this winter I was afraid you would propose again."

"The winter is not over yet, Ruth."

"But I am gone from the world. Florian, I shall never come to New York again. I like home best, and if I come into the world once more it will be to live and die outside of this turmoil and uproar. You cannot applaud that decision?"

"No, for I had hoped to induce you to remain in it as long as I would." His face, in spite of his self-control, grew for one moment ashen pale, and the tone which accompanied the words brought Ruth to her feet flushing with pain.

"O Florian!" she cried, "you surely don't mean to—"

"Why not?" he answered severely. "You may have cast aside my love easily enough, but I find it harder to forget. Ruth, I have not ceased to love you since I left Clayburg, nor have I ceased to hope. You are looking for certainty and rest. You will find them here." And he held out his arms invitingly.

"If you were not so very sincere," she said, "I could laugh at you. Mr. Wallace, this is the language of silly sentiment."

"It is the language of love," he replied; and there was a restrained and awkward silence for a long time, until both came slowly to their cooler selves.

"You have honored me, Florian," she said gently; "but it is an honor I cannot accept. I am still a Protestant—"

"Pray let that pass," he said hastily. "I do not insist on your becoming a Catholic. My love has risen above such distinctions."

The hand which she had placed on his shoulder fell from it suddenly, and, looking up, he saw an expression of surprise and grief on her face and quickly interpreted it.

"I had always thought *that* a principle with you," she said slowly.

"Principles suffer from the wear of time," he answered, "as well as ourselves, though we are immortal."

"O Florian!" She spoke the words in deepest sorrow. "I hope there are very few things to which you cling as poorly. That is one of my principles yet. You accused me a moment ago of forgetting, but *that* I have not forgotten."

"It is because I love you," he replied sadly; "and I fear I could forget much more because of you."

"I am not worthy of it, Florian."

"O Ruth!" Her two hands were on her lap and he seized them passionately. "Is there no hope? Can we never resurrect that sweet past that lies buried with Linda by the river?"

"Never"—she said the words with an effort—"no more than we can resurrect Linda."

He dropped her hands with a long look of grief and pain, and a shuddering sigh; he realized fully that he was losing her for ever, and her last words put his sentence in its best form so that he could not misunderstand it.

"But you must know why I am going, Florian," she said after a pause; "for you are my best friend, and, although you have hurt me by this scene, I cannot but feel that you have honored me beyond deserving. Do you know that, while I could not join the Catholic Church or leave my own, I always had a doubt as to the truth of Methodism, but it took long to convince me that my position of doubt was sinful. I have found out at last that to remain willingly in that state is sin, and by the grace of God I am going to rid myself of it for ever."

"If you had had that feeling in the old days," said Florian, "what a happy story ours would have been!"

"Why did you not give me the feeling?" she said sharply. "Why did you leave it for Mr. Rossiter to do?"

"It was an oversight," he said in surprise. "But I was not

aware that Paul talked religion to you. He is stricter even than I am in such matters."

"Well, it happened oddly enough, too. Mrs. Merrion and I had been at the cathedral, and met Mr. Rossiter and others on our way home. He accompanied us some distance and spoke to me of his surprise at seeing me there. Then I told him of my former nearness to the church, and he lectured and scolded me for not making proper use of the graces I had then received, and filled me with dread of my present position. It has rankled in my heart since that night. It has led to my present determination. Ah! he has the poet's soul."

"It was a moonlight night?" questioned Florian.

"I think so. Yes, I remember now it was. His eyes shone so when he bade me good-night, and he stood looking upward."

"I thought it," he said quietly; and she did not notice the sarcasm, for her memory was dwelling on the splendor of the poet's eyes. "And so you are going away to hunt up the blessed certainty of the faith! Is it not a queer place to settle one's doubt in a hot-bed of Catholicity? For instance, if I went to the Whigs to learn the strength of some doubts I had concerning Democracy!"

"I am certain of this," said she: "that Methodism is not Christianity, and I am going to investigate Catholicity where it shines brightest, and take that as the standard."

"Well, that is wise. When you return to Clayburg I shall be sure to meet you, for I am going up there some day. I shall wait until you shall return, or mayhap longer if politics offer me inducements."

"You say that because you think I would say it," she replied. "You will never go to Clayburg to see anybody, Florian; you will never see it again, unless on business or when brought there to die. If you can prophesy of me, why not I of you? Good-by. Why did you not bring your poet with you?"

"He knows nothing of your departure. You would have gone without a word to him, to whom you should be ever grateful."

"I shall be," she said very tenderly, "always."

And so they parted. Barbara met him in the hall on his way out, and was surprised and pleased to see no evidence of strong emotion about him. She had looked for a romantic love-storm.

"Now that we are losing Ruth," said she, "I trust we shall not also lose the pleasure of seeing you frequently."

"That would be a distinction I never could have deserved," said Ruth. "Florian can never forget your kind hospitality."

"True," said Florian; "if I could I would be sadly wanting in gratitude."

"Is it so amicably settled?" whispered Barbara to him at the door; and when he nodded, she said, "I am so very glad. We shall not lose you entirely." And Florian departed puzzled, disappointed, yet pleased by the tender tone of her voice.

CHAPTER XI.

AN APPARITION.

WITH the flight of Ruth the second act in the comedy ended, and the curtain was rung down on Madame Lynch's boarding-house. Very much like a deserted play-house it looked in the days that followed. Florian was deep in law and the excitement of a Congressional campaign with his name at the head of the ticket, so that he was rarely seen in the handsome rooms where hung the yachting picture. Frances, buoyed up by a hope which love only could hold out to her, was touched at times with the green melancholy, but smiled oftener and was happy at a word or a look from her ideal of manhood. Paul worked away in the attic at plays, essays, and poems, and was troubled because of a sudden coldness which had sprung up between him and Florian. Peter and the squire alone seemed to retain that boisterous spirit of frolic and intrigue which had enlivened the winter, but for want of encouragement displayed very little of it. Every spirit was dulled and life seemed to have met with so unpleasant a lull that a storm was necessary to rouse the people who floated in it like motes in a hot sunbeam.

The summer passed and lengthened into fall. Florian's run for Congress set the house in a ferment. It was a great thing to have one of the boarders graduating from the front parlor into Congress, and when the election had passed and he was returned by a handsome majority the reception tendered him by Madame Lynch was superb. All the world was there, and in some way it began to be understood that Frances was the lucky woman who would draw the lion of the evening in the matrimonial lottery. It was on the evening of this reception that two gentlemen called upon Florian while he was engaged

among the guests. It was after eleven, and, unless the matter was urgent, the great man could not be seen till after midnight.

"We can go to the hotel," said one gentleman to the other, "and rest until that time. You will please tell Mr. Wallace that a gentleman on important business will call upon him after the reception. As he is compelled to leave the city early in the morning, he must see him during the course of the night."

They went away without further trouble, and the servant naturally forgot to mention their visit or message. Coming to his room a little after one, jaded and depressed, deep as was the draught of popularity which he had quaffed, he threw himself on a chair and gave himself up to aimless thought. A pier-glass stood directly in front of him, and he had a full and fair view of the new Congressman—the petted idol of society and fame, the present form of the serious yet light-hearted boy who fished, swam, and loved not many years back on the St. Lawrence. It was a delightful but not a satisfying feeling which his new honors gave him. There was no fulness about the heart, no complete lull of that bitter craving of ambition which had eaten him so long. He could hardly realize that this elegant gentleman with brown, parted beard and moustache and pale, serious face was really he who had loved Ruth Pendleton and been beloved.

The mirror which reflected his shapely form seemed to centre all its light on him. The background was very dark, and yet while he was looking a shadowy face seemed to grow out of the darkness and come nearer to him. He watched and studied it as a curious phantasm of the brain, until a cough reached his ears and notified him that a person had really entered the room. The first look at the stranger led Florian to believe that he was dreaming, for the man who stood gravely there, as if waiting to be welcomed, was the living image of Scott, the hermit of the Thousand Islands, just as he had looked in Paul's play or when last he had seen him at Linda's grave: his cap worn helmet-fashion, his blue shirt and high boots, and the red beard with the sharp blue eyes shining above. He made no movement and uttered no word, but stood looking at Florian until a chill crept down the Congressman's shoulders.

"Scott, is this you?" he said holding out his hand. "You look like an apparition."

"And so I am," said Scott, taking the proffered hand for a moment—"a ghost of the past. Could I be more out of place than in this grand house?"

"You don't look so," said Florian, who felt that the hermit's simplicity would not be amiss in the homes of kings, and he held tightly to his hand and shook and pressed it as if he never would let go.

"This is the hand Linda held," he said in excuse for his rudeness. "You have overthrown me quite. I am glad, but I can't feel as if anything new had happened, you came so suddenly."

The hermit went around examining the room in his simple way; stopped at the picture of Linda for a moment, for a longer time at the picture of Ruth.

"This should not be here," he said, "if I know what's what in this city."

"True," said Florian; "but it's hard to do right always."

"Not for you," said the hermit, and suspicious Florian felt a harshness in the tone. "Not for one who in the main acts squarely is it hard. Do you think so?"

"Some things are so much harder than others," was the reply, very slowly and smilingly given. "But this is a cold greeting, Scott. I feel the honor you have done me. It is something unusual for you to do, and I am troubled to show you how it impresses me."

"No anxiety on my account," said Scott, coming to take a seat in front of him, with his eyes still studying the beauty of the room. "I must be off before daylight. And so you're a Congressman."

"High up, isn't it?" said Florian, blushing like a schoolboy. "I am pretty close to great things, too close to make much fuss if I should get them. And you remember what you said to me about the political life—that it would be my damnation, perhaps. Ah! how many a greater man must live to eat his own prophecy."

"I have not eaten mine yet," said Scott, "and perhaps I hold a leetle mite stronger to that opinion. Being a Congressman at thirty-one isn't so great a show. It's ordinary in these days. And it's not an evidence of piety, either; do you think so?"

"Well, no." And he laughed. "But then I have not lost the faith. I am the same old Florian, fond of speculating, of fishing, of old friends, and of Scott the hermit in particular. I am a boy yet, and I resemble St. Paul inasmuch as I have kept the faith. My course is yet to be finished."

"No doubt you will be able to say that, too, some time," said Scott, and Florian thought his seriousness was intended to mask his sarcasm.

"No doubt, Scott. And you hint that I shall be able to say no more. Pshaw! I went to confession and communion, last—last spring, and I never miss Mass. I have no taint of liberalism. I object only to papal infallibility, and that is not yet defined."

"And do you object to mixed marriages?"

A burning flush spread over Florian's face.

"Well, I am firm as to the theory if not as to the practice. But I was not aware that many knew of this, indeed."

"Squire Pen'lton knew it."

"Which means that the whole world is in the secret."

"It was a big fall from Clayburg notions," Scott said, with his sharp eyes piercing his very soul.

"I was only a boy then and had no experience."

"If you were mine I would be prouder of the boy's actions than of the man's. It was a fair and square move to keep clear of Protestant wives for the sake of the little ones. I don't think you improved on it."

"Perhaps not; but the world, I find, thinks little of these things. I shall always regret my Clayburg obstinacy on that point." He looked up sadly to the picture hanging over the bookcase, and his firm lips trembled. He had lost it all for ever, and no one to blame but himself. "I shall always regret it, Scott—always."

"I've no doubt," the hermit said shortly; "an' you'll lose more time than that before you wind up."

"See, friend," said Florian, turning with playful sharpness upon him, "I have an idea you came here simply to haul me over the coals. If so, proceed to the coals. I'm still more honored than before, for a man must think much of another to travel so far for his sake alone."

The hermit drew a bit of newspaper from his pocket, and, after smoothing out its wrinkles and creases, handed it to him. "Père Rougevin gave me that," he said; "it is an extract from one of your stump speeches. I kind-a doubted it, but I'd like to hear your opinion on the thing. It's something new."

Florian read as follows: "Education belongs properly to the state, and any attempt to rival its systems cannot fail to be hurtful to all. After some experience in the matter I am convinced that our public-school system is as fair an attempt at governmental education as can be attained at present. All other systems should be frowned upon. Religion must attend to its churches and its catechism, and let general education alone." "It is mine," said Florian frigidly and briefly.

Without a word the hermit dropped it into the waste-basket, and, rising, he began aimlessly to read the titles of the works in the library. Decidedly Florian was not feeling as pleasant over this visit as he expected, and the hermit's allusion to mixed marriages and the producing of the extract had cut him deeply. What was the next crime? he wondered.

"Them titles and names," said Scott, "don't sound well. Voltaire, Strauss, Schlegel, Heine, Goethe, Hobbes, Hume. If I'm not wrong, them's the people have done as much harm to the world as men could do."

Florian laughed at his pronunciation of the names, for Goethe was called Goath, and Voltaire Voltary.

"I bought them out of curiosity," Florian explained. "People talked of them and their authors until I felt ashamed of knowing nothing more about them than what I had read. They did not impress me much, I can tell you."

"No, I s'pose not. They usually don't, such books." He was turning over periodical literature, and, recognizing among them some of the worst sheets of the day, pointed to them as one would to a rotten carcass, saying, "I've heard the père give his opinion of them things."

"And it was not a favorable one, I feel sure. Well, a politician must see and read these things in order to keep abreast of the times. They leave no impression on me, save regret for the folly and the crime which produced them."

"The whole place," said Scott, "has a literary atmosphere. I should think you'd want to keep it pure. You were brought up to pure air, pure thinking, pure doin'. But this," with a comprehensive gesture around, "don't look anything like your bringing-up."

Florian was gnawing his lip with vexation by this time, for the hermit ignored his arguments, his attack and defence and apology entirely, and spoke as if in a soliloquy.

"Bringing-up was a little roughly done in Clayburg," said he carelessly, "and a little narrow-minded. If I had remained there I would have gone on ignorant of the world and its great though erring minds. It does not injure man to know of his great brethren, even if they be fallen."

"Has it done you any good?" asked the hermit, fixing once more upon him the gentle eyes. "You say you read 'em because you wanted to talk about 'em with people who had them on their lips always. Well, you've done your talkin' and your end is reached. Whar's the good?"

"I have learnt something from their errors and from their story, like the sailor who passes the scene of a comrade's shipwreck. You will never find me advocating Rousseau's civil-government ideas or believing in Hume's idealism or—but I beg your pardon; I had forgotten that you were unacquainted with these things. Dry enough, aren't they, even when compared with dry politics! But here, my dear friend, this is not what you came for from Clayburg. You have some news for me, have you not? How's the fishing in Eel Bay? And how do people comport themselves in the steady old town?"

"I don't know much about 'em, but I believe they're well. Your sister's eldest child died, you know"—he did not, but thought it best to say nothing—"and your father, as you heard, had a narrow escape with rheumatism of the heart."

He had not heard that either, and was ashamed to think that letters from home had been lying unopened and forgotten for weeks on his table.

"They was kind of expectin' you'd show up there soon. They don't know your vocation is so well settled, and they thought your likin's was stronger."

"Business with a young man," said Florian, "is usually too pressing to admit of much recreation."

"I s'pose." The tone of these two words was delightful, and, although they stung him, Florian was compelled to laugh.

"When you return, Scott, you can tell them how well I am looking and how neatly my new office fits me. Next year I shall try to deliver an oration at their Fourth of July turnout. And to this you can add your own opinions of me."

"I would not like to," said Scott, shaking his head; "it wouldn't please your friends to know you are as you are. You've changed, boy, for the worse. The man that reads such books and thinks as you think—he's on the wrong road. I hope for Linda's sake you won't reach its end. That little grave ought to be a reproach to you. I have a paper that you writ before you left, and I brought it down, thinkin' perhaps you might care to read it."

"Nonsense!" said Florian roughly; "let the buried past stay in its grave."

The hermit sighed secretly, and before either could speak again a knock came to the door, and Père Rougevin entered and shook hands with Florian warmly.

"Glad to see you in your new honors, Flory," with the gentle, upward wave of the hand that the young man knew so well; "hope

they will wear and stand a public washing. Scott here is quite sombre-looking. You've been recalling old reminiscences. What a fine library! Standard works, too! Um, um! Voltaire—oh! Schlegel—very good! Goethe—ah! Rousseau,—there's the politician! Your reading is comprehensive, Flory, shining, like the sun, on the good and bad indifferently! There's the mind of your true modern statesman."

"See the difference between the two men," said Florian, smiling, yet quite aware of the père's biting sarcasm. "Here this vicious hermit has been reviling me for reading these things."

"Well, Scott has old-fashioned views," said the père. "He hardly understands the vigor of the faith in our rising Catholic generation—how easily these assaults of Satan are beaten back by their vigorous arms, and how quickly these storms of infidelity melt from them, like water off a duck's back, as the old lady said. But no one can persuade him. He is morbid and melancholy. He would have us all hermits."

Scott rose and prepared to go.

"I am sorry for you," he said, with a long look at Florian, more direct and earnest than he usually gave to any one. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said Florian, but they did not shake hands. The père was standing with his eyes on Ruth's picture.

"That should not be there," he said, as he offered his hand for the parting salute; "but the old love seems to die hard."

"Shall I see you in Washington this winter?" said Florian, ignoring these remarks. "You are always talking of a visit there; surely you will make it now."

"It is likely, thank you, unless"—and he looked at him slyly—"you begin to make speeches on education."

He was gone the next instant, and the new Congressman, weary and irritated, returned to his meditations in disgust.

These two men were slowly fading out of his life, and it was hard to endure in silence their rustic sarcasms, but he was determined they would disturb him no more with their allusions. Even if their charges were true, what use in making them? He would not go back to the rusticity of Clayburg, and in minor points a politician could not bother with the strict laws of conscience. In essentials it was different. The mention of Linda's grave had stirred him and it brought back her dying words and the sweet love she had for him. "I wonder," he thought curiously as he fell asleep—he would once have spurned the thought with indignation—"if I could ever forget that last scene and those

last words. O Linda! I pray with all my heart that we may meet again."

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

AN EVIL FACE.

THE clouds had been gathering over the city of Washington during the whole of a warm December afternoon, and a little after sunset the rain began to fall, lightly at first in a troublesome drizzle, and later in a heavy downpour. The city lamps were not lighted. The municipal almanac had that night announced a full moon, and although the threatening of the heavens was plain enough for six hours before darkness, the officials preferred to stand by the almanac and leave pedestrians and thieves to stumble and grow profane in the Egyptian darkness. A private dwelling on one street had lighted the lamp before its own doors, as if in order that thirsty people might the better see the advertisement of a neighboring drinking-shop, and under this lamp at the same moment two dripping gentlemen stopped for the purpose of lighting cigars. Both stood in the rim of light that fell from the lamp, and naturally each eyed the other with polite though ill-veiled curiosity.

The Hon. Florian Wallace shivered slightly at the first impression of the stranger's face, it was so white, so dull, so cruel; and the flickering light of the lamp and the red glow of the match gave it a very sinister expression besides. The long upper lip and short nose, with nostrils in full view, looked coarse enough, and the face was covered by a light beard; but what disturbed the honorable gentleman most was the passionless, thin lips curved like a sword. In his sudden dislike for that face he could fancy it dipping in the blood of human beings. The stranger looked at him slyly but strangely for a long time, as if he were studying a familiar but long-forgotten scene and trying to place it in his memory.

"It is a queer meeting," thought Florian. "We came from opposite directions with the same intention, and we are interested in each other. I never saw a face that disgusted me more. I feel as if he were an assassin or some bloody and horrible thing that might fasten on my throat like a vampire and suck my life-blood with those hideous lips."

In fact, Florian grew very nervous and unsettled while they stood in that central spot of light, and the inquisitive glances of the stranger's little, sharp eyes actually pained him. With a hasty remark about the weather, he plunged into the darkness on his homeward way, and ran and stumbled along the street for a few blocks until want of breath had assisted the wind and rain in restoring his senses. He did not feel at once that he could afford to laugh at his unreasonable terror. He tried to analyze the circumstances which had induced a sensation so new and so apparently unworthy of its object. He had walked the streets on such nights many a time, had met with people of every shade of manner, some more disgusting than the stranger, had faced dangerous characters even, and had never feared or trembled as he had to-night. It might have been the strain of the day's labor. He was not so strong, or he might be taking a cold, and was prepared, like weak-nerved people, to make ghosts of unusual-looking men and to tremble at presentiments. He was ready to laugh at himself when he had reached his hotel. In its warmth and brightness and social cheer he felt ashamed of his fears, and amused acquaintances with a description of his feelings and an analysis of the features of the stranger.

It was awkward that in the loneliness of his room the face should return to his mind like the memory of a portrait, shaping its thin lips, sharp eyes, pallor, light beard, and cruel coldness against a darkness of wind and rain, and producing the old sensation of chilly fear. He began to think he was going into a fever, but his steady pulse and cool head were not indications. Sleeping, he found the face in every contortion of his troubled dreams, and, like De Quincey, was haunted by a sea of faces, all having the same fixed look and cruel expression. It was the more peculiar because of Florian's cold, steady character. His imagination was warm enough, but habit kept it in a refrigerator. What state of feeling could account for the phenomenon? The rush of business next day prevented him from dwelling on it often, and until he came to speak on some bill in the house he did not once recall the strange face. He was in the middle of a telling speech, and the house was listening with more deference than young members usually get from it, when he stopped, stammered through a sentence, hesitated, and then, with an effort, resumed his speech and finished. The cause of the interruption was a glimpse he had gotten of the stranger in the gallery surveying him with an opera-glass.

He began to get angry with himself. He determined that

if the face were to haunt him for ever he would never allow it to disturb him again. When he was preparing to attend a late session next evening he met the stranger in the office of the hotel, and, to his great disgust, he shivered involuntarily. The gentleman was a man of ordinary ugliness, and seemed to be a foreigner, of an expression not particularly agreeable nor yet decidedly repulsive. He was dressed well and looked human, but Florian's obstinate fancy persisted in seeing his face as he had seen it two nights before, apart from his neat dress, gay necktie, handsome felt hat, and other pleasant circumstances; yet he had to admit that any countenance would look terrible when seen under a strong light with no other part of the human figure visible. Still, he shivered the more when the man casually glanced at him. After he had addressed him politely and referred to their meeting in the rain, and the stranger had courteously replied in a foreign accent, he still shivered and was uncomfortable. "Evidently," he thought, "we represent the poles of human feeling. We should be miles apart for our own happiness. I can never take to him."

The stranger was probably a traveller studying life at the capital, for Florian saw him often at remote distances examining buildings and watching the scenes of every-day life. It came to be a positive irritation to meet him, which required all his resolution to keep under restraint. The stranger frequented the hotel, and was occasionally in conversation with a daintily-dressed, dark-skinned young man of light, engaging manner, who made Florian the object of his careful study. However, the face ceased to be troublesome within a few weeks, and almost passed out of his memory.

He was pleased and surprised to find Mrs. Merrion's card on his table one evening. She did not usually spend the winters in Washington, but he was glad to know that she was to be in the city during the session; for of the many women he had met in casual society, Barbara was one of the most charming, and appeared to appreciate him without being capable of matrimonial designs. A rather clever woman he thought her, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the world—an immense addition to the household of any man. What would stupid Merrion be, whom no one ever heard of except in connection with his wife, if he had not taken this diamond from its rough setting in Clayburg and transferred it to his own bosom? This reminded him—and he needed little reminding—how necessary it was that he himself should soon set up his household. He was heartsore yet

with regard to Ruth, and he hardly cared to put any one in her place, except as ambition stirred him.

The ball which Mrs. Merrion gave a week or two later was filled with an assemblage of the highest people in the city, and was really a brilliant scene. Mr. Merrion had come expressly from New York to be present at it, and was assisting his wife in doing the honors of the evening when Florian entered and paid his respects. Uniforms of embassies were sprinkled plentifully through the throng, and Mrs. Merrion gazed upon them in ecstatic delight.

"If there is anything I do like," said she, with a giggle, to Florian, "it is the army, navy, and embassy uniforms. They give *such* an air to a room! By the way," she added, "I wish you to make the acquaintance of one of the nicest young men here to-night."

They proceeded to the music-room and heard a glorious tenor voice rolling off some foreign syllables.

"That is he," said Barbara; "he is a Russian, a count, and holds first rank at the embassy. He is handsome, witty, good-humored, talented, and his voice speaks for itself."

When they entered the room the Russian count was leaving the piano, and, as he came forward at the lady's bidding, Florian recognized the young man whom he had seen in the hotel in conversation with the stranger.

"Count Vladimir Behrenski—the Hon. Florian Wallace."

The gentleman bowed low, and, with a graceful lightness and presumption that took one's heart by storm, offered his hand and warmly pressed Florian's.

"Now you are already friends," said Barbara, leaving them, "and you shall be rivals in my good graces."

"There are so many," said the count, with French quickness. "Mr. Wallace, I have been desiring to know you this long time, since it came to me that I saw in you a wonderful resemblance to a noble Russian family—a family of royal connections, in truth. The likeness is very clear and very exact."

"You surprise me," said Florian, who was not at all surprised. He thought of saying, "You flatter me," but he believed, with the true republican sternness, that facts lay the other way. "It would interest the noble family, I am sure, to know an American citizen honored them by personal resemblance."

"Your resemblance is so very close and exact to the Prince Louis of Cracow," the count said meditatively. "If there were

Russians here acquainted with him they would take you for him, but that his hair is light."

"I may be an offshoot, count. My mother came from Ireland, and no doubt Russians emigrated thither some time. We are descended from princes, I know."

"Yes, the Irish are a princely race, more so than other Europeans—the island being small, I think, and the word prince having a wide application. You were born in this country, sir?"

"Oh! yes, and nursed and educated into Yankee notions."

"They are very elastic, these Yankee notions," said the count. "Would you call the pretty hostess, Mrs. Merrion, a Yankee notion?"

"The term is hardly used that way," Florian answered, hesitatingly, at its rather ridiculous application. "But you seem to think Mrs. Merrion of an elastic disposition."

"She is a fine woman, delightful; but it's hard for us to understand her. We know two classes of women in Europe—the very good, the very bad. It is easy to tell at once the class. Not so with your American ladies. Your code of manners is elastic. It is a Yankee notion."

"Purely," said Florian, uneasy at the drift of the count's remarks. "It would hardly suit the Russian climate."

The count shook his head and laughed at the idea.

"Yet it is very amusing at first. There is a fine uncertainty about it, and it sharpens the faculties wonderfully."

"Of course you do not like Washington," said Florian, "after a term of years at Paris."

"There are opportunities for pleasure everywhere, my dear sir. The fewer they are the more we make of them. I enjoy myself, and I am not haunted by a fond mother anxious to save me from dissipation and irreligion, yet who dares not cross the ocean. Then there are so many things new. Oh! it is pleasant to me, and I have been here two years. They tell me you are one of the rising men, Mr. Wallace?"

"Gradually rising," laughed Florian. "I have the White House in view."

"Four years of power—just a mouthful. Bah! And you strive for years like giants to get the place. I had rather be a count over a little village than such a man. If you were offered a princship to-morrow and the Presidency at the same moment, which to you would be the nearest to choose?"

"That which is perpetual," said Florian gravely, "of course. But we never have perpetual power in this country."

"I know. I referred to other countries. Suppose you were heir to some distant noble family of Ireland?"

"An earldom would satisfy me, count," said Florian, looking to see why the gay attaché should be so earnest; but Vladimir was smiling carelessly at a dame passing. "You look as if you were beginning to feel that ennui which pleasure-seekers suffer from."

"I?" cried the count, starting. "That is the last thing which will reach this effervescing soul of mine. It is the presence of grave greatness like yours which throws a shadow over me. I am always gay. Ah! Mr. Wallace, living on ambition as you do, it is not to you a real pleasure to be always gay. You are up and down as the game goes. I am always up."

"How about the little monitor here?" said Florian, tapping his breast. "Does conscience never trouble you with the thought that up-ness here means down-ness somewhere else?"

"Never. My conscience is my slave. It belongs to me. Shall it dare speak without permission. But tell me, sir, will you accompany us to-morrow to the services of Strongford's death? He was a Methodist, but you are not so strict, so bigoted, as to refuse so plain a favor. Will you not come?"

"If you wish it, count. I am not so bigoted or so narrow—"

He stopped, his face whitened and his jaw fell. At the window near which they stood appeared the cold outlines of the haunting face, its cruelty outlining itself so sharply and suddenly on the pane as to overwhelm him with terror. He recovered himself speedily, but did not finish the sentence.

"What's the matter?" said the count, with much sympathy.

"Oh! a weakness of mine," said Florian. "You will excuse me for a time, count, until I have recovered myself."

The count bowed, and Florian went silently out into the garden and strode along the bare walk, hot from anger one moment, shivering from terror the next. It was plain the face was haunting him, and for what purpose? Why he more than another, and why should he be compelled to such a display of emotion by the mere sight of a face seen a dozen times in a few weeks? He could not explain it, but he was so determined to put an end to it that when a silent form stole to the same window, before his very eyes, and the light shone clearly on the cruel face, he stood beside the stranger, and, calling his attention to himself, kicked him down the walk and out of the garden-gate in a terrible passion.

BEATIFICATION ASKED FOR AMERICAN SERVANTS
OF GOD.

THE church militant is the birthplace and nursery of the saints. In return they become our patrons in heaven. What is a church without saints or a nation without patrons and shrines? Deprive proud England of her Edward the Confessor, her Dunstan, her Thomas à Becket, and there remain only the tragic rôles of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and the modern spirit of heartless conquest and selfish trade. Attempt, if you dare, to strike St. Patrick from the *cultus* of Ireland: you provoke a revolution which no power can suppress. Blot from the history of France her St. Louis, her St. Geneviève, her St. Roch, and there is little left but the French Revolution, the two Napoleons, and an infidel Republic. What would Rome become if deprived of that long and honored line of saints, martyrs, doctors, pontiffs, and confessors of the faith whose deeds and virtues are enshrined in the domes and basilicas of the Eternal City? Her very atmosphere is sanctified by the fragrance of their virtues. No wonder that Lord Byron, the poet of sensualism, felt the charm and spirituality of Rome's undying sanctity when he exclaimed:

“O Rome! my country; city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.”

Where does America stand in this vast spiritual empire of the communion of saints? We have our share, it is true, in the common treasures of the church, which are inexhaustible. We have for our patrons the great saints of the universal church. But where are our national saints and shrines? This is one of the coming questions of the hour.

We make bold enough to answer now that America has her saints and shrines. That a nation long passed beyond the nascent period of colonial life, the true historic time; whose third century is passing; ranking among the great nations; founded by Christians—that such a nation has had no saints, martyrs, innocents, holy virgins, confessors of the faith, in a period of heroic discovery under the banner of the cross, in a period of missionary and apostolic zeal, in a period when men of God abandoned home, family, country, and every human solace, and encountered danger, thirst, hunger, nakedness, and every sacrifice, in order to

carry the faith and salvation to a heathen race—that such a nation has no saints is a moral impossibility. Yes, America has her saints, and now we ask that they, too, may receive the homage paid to the servants of God, and as such, to use the words of the poet, that they may be

“Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice.”

The church, in her wise and well-disposed economies, is slow and cautious in such matters. Centuries elapse between the life and death of the saint and the period of canonization. In the meantime tradition, history, intercession not made in vain, and even miracles have prepared the field for the harvest. For more than two centuries the fame of their sanctity has survived, and has grown brighter with advancing time; and now our martyrs and the Indian virgin, first-fruit of their blood, have become the honored and venerated objects of the first and preliminary stages of beatification by the spontaneous voice of petition and prayer from prelate, priest, and people, and of a devout hierarchy, addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff. The illustrious candidates for this sublime honor are Father Isaac Jogues, priest of the Society of Jesus, René Goupil, novice of the same illustrious society—martyrs; and Catherine Tegakwita, the Indian virgin of the Mohawk. May they intercede for us, who now devoutly ask that they may be elevated to the altars of our country and of our church for the veneration and invocation of the faithful!

In order that our readers may understand the history, motives, progress, present condition, and prospects of this great and pious movement, we will first give a brief historical account of these saintly persons, and, secondly, some relation of the *cause* or proceedings instituted for their beatification and, as we hope, for their ultimate canonization.

Father Isaac Jogues was born at Orleans, France, on January 10, 1607. His family were noted for their piety and faith. His first academic studies were made at the College of Orleans; his higher studies, as a novice and scholastic of the Society of Jesus, at the College of La Flèche under the celebrated Father Louis Lalemant. His literary and scholastic attainments were considerable. His beautiful and classical Latin letter to his superior, in which he gave an account of his imprisonment among the Mohawks, his account of *Novum Belgium*, and the epistle he wrote to the Dutch minister who saved his life, the worthy Dominie Megapolensis, are among the evidences of this. Ordained in February, 1636, it was not long afterwards that he dedicated

himself to the Indian missions in America and sailed for Canada. Almost immediately after his arrival he was in the forest, the wigwam, on the chase—wherever a soul could be saved. He possessed every characteristic and performed every work of an apostle. The Huron missions were his first regular field of labor, peril, and suffering. First he labored with Father Brébeuf, then with Father Garnier, and next with Father Dupéron. The sufferings he endured with patience, and even with joy, on the Huron mission were incredible, as related, but for the undoubted authenticity of the accounts. And yet he thought and felt only for the sufferings of his fellow-missionaries, for they were all reduced to the last extremity for want of the necessaries of life. In their great distress Father Jogues volunteered to make the perilous journey from St. Mary's of the Huron mission to Quebec and back for their relief. Accompanied by Eustace Anahistai, the converted Huron chief, and other Hurons, he ran the gauntlet of every danger and hardship and arrived safely at Quebec. The return journey was far more dangerous, for the fierce Mohawks, implacable enemies of Huron and Christian, were on the war-path. He was now accompanied by the same and other Hurons, and was joined at Quebec by William Couture and René Goupil.

René Goupil, the first to gain the crown of martyrdom, had long been known as "the good René." A native of Angiers, educated as a physician, a novice of the Society of Jesus, he possessed every quality of a saint. Forced by ill-health to leave the novitiate, he became a *donné* of the society—that is to say, one who from religious motives gives his whole services to religion in the society, receiving only a support. He, too, espoused and gave himself to the Canada mission. His services in nursing the sick, instructing the heathen, and confirming and encouraging the neophytes were no less admired than his personal goodness, zeal, piety, and devotion. Such was the congenial soul that became the companion of Jogues on the journey back from Quebec to St. Mary's of the Hurons in August, 1642.

The flotilla, which consisted of twelve canoes, reached Three Rivers on August 1, and had scarcely proceeded three leagues from that place when suddenly a volley from a Mohawk ambush riddled their canoes. The Hurons were panic-stricken. Some fled; others, after rallying and resisting, were overcome; and finally the brave Eustace and his immediate companions were reduced to a captivity which meant death. Father Jogues and René could have easily escaped in the confusion of the surprise, the rally, the battle, and the eagerness of the Mohawks to secure

their Huron victims. But no; in the prison-pen were souls newly converted, or souls about to be plunged into eternity without the faith or without baptism. The father and the good René voluntarily surrendered themselves as prisoners, that they might give the freedom of the Gospel to the other prisoners. "Could I," said Father Jogues, "a minister of Christ, forsake the dying, the wounded, the captive?" "When," says Bancroft, "did a Jesuit missionary seek to save his own life at what he believed to be the risk of a soul?"

On and near the Mohawk River stood the three Mohawk villages, of which Ossernenon was the first. Hither, amid imprecations, derision, and blows, the captive Jesuits and Christian Hurons were brought. Father Jogues felt comfort, amid such treatment, from the good he had done; for in the midst of the terror and din of the surprise and capture he had taken water from the river and baptized his pilot. He had rushed to a Huron woman, one of the prisoners, while wrapped in flames, and baptized her with water from his hand, which, as it fell, seethed in the fire. He confessed the good René, now in expectation of instant death, and as the Huron prisoners were brought in he rushed to embrace and console them. Compelled to pass through thickened ranks of Mohawk savages, men, women, and children, the prisoners fell and fainted under a shower of clubs and missiles. René was so exhausted that he had to be lifted and carried to the place of public torture. His person was so blackened with heavy blows that Father Jogues said there was not a white spot on his body except the white of his eyes; but the mangled and bruised form of the young and almost expiring martyr was so beautiful in the eyes of the father that he embraced René with unbounded affection, while his own condition was near as sad. His own body was mangled and torn, and his left thumb was cut from his hand; the saintly priest offered this member as a sacrifice to Him, his Saviour, who was bruised and mangled for our sins. His finger-nails were torn out by the roots, and his venerable head was the savages' favorite mark for every form of attack.

We can but hasten through the heroic ordeal of suffering and martyrdom. Bitter torments day and night were their fate: tied hand and foot, given over to the sport of Indian children, who threw burning coals upon them, "which hissed and burned in the writhing flesh until they were extinguished there"; they were dragged from village to village for seven days amid appalling tortures, witnessing the deaths, one by one, of the Huron Chris-

tains, from Eustace to Paul, all, however, welcoming death for Christ. They also witnessed the fruitless intercession of Arendt van Curler and his companions from the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam for their release. Their condition finally became hopeless, except that bright, distant hope of wearing the crown of martyrdom in heaven.

The good René was engaged in constant prayer; in the midst of his torments he instructed the young Indians to make the sign of the cross and to pray. He and Father Jogues were again and again driven from pillar to post with ignominy and insult from brutal savages. René was an object of special hatred because of his devotion to the cross, which the Mohawks hated. Father Jogues comforted and cheered him; forewarned him of his impending fate. Finally, and suddenly, when in the very act of teaching a young Indian girl to make the sign of the cross near the gate of the village, the tomahawk in the hand of a young Mohawk brave descended upon his head, and "the good René" fell before the eyes of Father Jogues, a martyr, a saint, uttering with his last breath the name of Jesus!

After the martyrdom of René, Father Jogues became the object of all the Mohawks' fury. He was given as a slave to a Mohawk chief, whom he had to accompany to the chase, to the fisheries, to the war-path, and everywhere. He had to perform the most menial offices, to witness the most horrible excesses of Indian devil-worship, and to endure every ill-treatment and insult. He had chances of escape, but refused to avail himself of them, and yearned for opportunities to instruct, to baptize, and to save. On several occasions, in the midst of appalling danger, he exercised his ministry of mercy. "I have," he said, "baptized seventy since my captivity—children and youth and old men of five different tongues and nations—that men of every tribe and tongue and nation might stand in the presence of the Lamb." Now approaching Rensselaerswyck—the present city of Albany—in search of souls, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be persuaded by Van Curler and the Dominie Megapolensis, the Dutch minister, to entertain even their offers of escape. For he was willing to suffer captivity; he loved the Indians because they possessed immortal souls. Having learned of fresh wars, in the midst of which his ministry would be unavailing, after much hesitation he consented to make his escape, and reached the city of New Amsterdam, now New York. He was the first Catholic priest who celebrated the Holy Mass in this city. Even here, and in his forlorn state, he sought out Catholics to whom to ad-

minister the sacraments of grace. Returning to Europe, he was honored as a saint by sovereign and people, by priest and prelate. At Paris the faithful pressed forward in crowds to venerate him and kiss his wounds. He asks, not for rest, nor for friends, family, country, or even the company of his brethren, but to be sent back to the Mohawk mission. His mangled hands present an impediment to his offering up the Holy Sacrifice; but the pope, Innocent XI., removes the impediment, saying: "It were unjust that a martyr of Christ should not drink the blood of Christ." In May, 1644, Father Jogues is again in Canada. Peace is made between the French and the Iroquois, who now even—manifest fruit of the martyrdom of the good René—ask for the society and ministry of the blackgown fathers. In May, 1646, Father Jogues appeared among the Mohawks in the new capacity of ambassador from the French; his mission was performed and he returned to Canada. By the last of the month of September of that year Father Jogues is on his way back to the Mohawk to found a mission! The Mohawk mission—the mission of the martyrs! That he should make such an attempt, among such fierce savages, shows the intrepidity of his soul. His Huron companions, appalled at the attempt, abandon him soon on the way. The courageous priest pushed on. And now, when he had arrived within two days' journey of the Mohawk villages, he fell into the hands of the Mohawks, who were again on the war-path; they rushed upon their best friend, now their victim, stripped him of his clothes, loaded him with insults, and hurried him to the same village where he had witnessed the martyrdom of René—the village of Ossernenon. He stood undaunted in their midst, but, the gentlest of men and the humblest, when question of God and truth and faith was involved became a second Paul; and he challenged the insolent savages to bow before their God and his. As he spoke the name of God he received his death-blow and became the second martyr of the Mohawk valley. His death occurred on October 18, 1646—a day destined to become honored in the annals of the American church.

The blood of these glorious martyrs proved to be the seed of the church; for on the very spot where René Goupil and Father Jogues had shed their blood for the faith sprang up the *Mission of the Martyrs*, and the golden fruit of this mission was the saintly life, virtues, character, and death of Catherine Tegakwita, the Iroquois virgin. She was born ten years after the martyrdom of Father Jogues, at Ossernenon, in 1656; she embraced the faith in her heart long before she could find confidence or

opportunity to confess it to the missionary. In 1676 she confided her secret to Father Lamberville. Her joy at being received into the church was unbounded. She was baptized in the mission church on Easter Sunday, 1676. Her virtues were exalted; she gave her soul and body entirely to God; her devotions, her austerities, her good works were constant; she bore insult, derision, and calumny in silence; she dedicated herself to a life of celibacy; in the world, and amidst the labors, turmoil, and debasement of savage society, she led a life of prayer and recollection, self-denial and penance. She spent hours in the chapel at prayer. The festivals of the church were turned into fasts for her, for she was then deprived of food by her relatives, whom she refused on those days to accompany to the cultivated fields; she was set upon by a brutal drunken Indian on her way to church, by the instigation of her tribe, and narrowly escaped the tomahawk once raised over her head; persecution of every kind she endured in silence and with patience. She finally, and in order to save both body and soul, escaped to the more congenial and free atmosphere of Caughnawaga, in Canada, where she spent the three remaining years of her life in the highest sanctity. Here at the foot of the village cross she spent hours; she, with some pious female companions, spent their lives in poverty, seclusion, and humility, and their lives were assimilated to those of the nuns of Quebec. She renounced all pleasures, practised austerities, and bore ill-health with joy. This flower of the Indian race was now fading on earth, to bloom with greater fragrance and beauty in the heavenly Paradise. She received the sacraments in her humble cabin with the most profound devotion; told the missionary the time when her death would occur, and requested him then to come and anoint her. Her expiring words were the names of Jesus and Mary. She was conscious to the last, and seemed to sleep when she died. She died, as she had lived, in the odor of sanctity.

These are the martyrs and saints upon whom the American church is now petitioning the Holy See to bestow the highest honors of the church militant on earth. In order to enable the readers of this paper fully to understand the important and detailed course of proceeding to be instituted in this important and, to us American Catholics, new proceeding, we will explain the method of *beginning* the cause, its *introduction*, the nature of the *evidence*, the different stages of the *cause*, the results aimed at and how attained. This imposing process is in the nature and form of a law-suit, or rather of a suit in equity. Exclusive

jurisdiction is reserved to the court of Rome and the papal commissions or auxiliary courts appointed to investigate and report to the Sovereign Pontiff. Hence the proceeding is called a *cause*. Neither the local or diocesan authorities nor the devout people are permitted to anticipate the decision of the Holy See, nor to usurp its jurisdiction, by public honors paid to, or invocations of, the saintly or martyred dead. In this very case, although a Pilgrim Shrine is to be erected by the Jesuit fathers on the very site of the martyrdom of René and Father Jogues, yet, however much it may owe its existence to the desire of keeping fresh the memory of those martyrs, it will in no religious sense be dedicated to their honor, but will be placed under the invocation of *Our Lady of Martyrs*. The new mission to be established at this sacred place will bear the original name of the Mohawk mission over two hundred years ago—*The Mission of the Martyrs*.

But it is the pious and grateful prayer of the people, the voice of tradition ever fresh, and the petition of the local ordinaries, synods, or councils that may legitimately, and does in fact, move the Holy See to direct the *cause* to be *introduced*. Thus for the past twenty-five years or more a desire more or less ardent, and renewed from time to time, and manifested in an exact form by three independent petitions prepared without concert long before the assembly of the Plenary Council, has been manifested for the beatification and canonization of these servants of God. From among numerous evidences of this may be cited only one: the desire expressed by Father Martin, of Canada—an illustrious historian and pioneer chronicler of the American Indian missions—in his writings, that, without anticipating the judgment of the church, this *cause* should be taken up and prosecuted to a glorious result. Of late the Jesuit fathers have identified, by unmistakable evidences, the sacred spot which was the scene of the martyrdom and of the old Mission of the Martyrs—the village of Ossernenon—and have purchased the land, on which they propose to erect the *Pilgrim Shrine*. They first issued the interesting pamphlet entitled *A Holy Place in New York State*, and now they issue monthly *The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, devoted to the collection and renewal of the evidences and traditions of the virtues of René Goupil, Father Jogues, and Catherine Tegakwita. There have been selected four promoters of the *cause*—a priest of Buffalo, a priest of Albany, a priest of New York City, and a Jesuit father of Woodstock College. These reverend promoters addressed a memorial

to the late Plenary Council of Baltimore, giving in detail the past and the present state of the case, with references to documents and testimonials already gathered, its readiness for presentation at Rome, and the favorable opportunity now offered for petitioning the Holy See for its formal *introduction*.

The grounds of the application may be briefly stated. It is capable of exact proof, by tradition and contemporary writings, that all three of these servants of God led lives of extraordinary sanctity; that they practised in an extraordinary degree the heroic virtues of faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, fortitude, justice. In respect to René Goupil, the testimony of Father Jogues, who witnessed his virtues and his death, is conclusive when he writes: "It was the 29th of September, 1642, this angel in innocence and this martyr of Jesus Christ was immolated, at thirty-five years of his age, to Him who had given His own life for his redemption. He had consecrated his soul and his heart to God, his hand and his existence to the service of God." The attested documents gathered in 1652 by order of the archbishop of Rouen also prove his sanctity to have arisen to the standard of the saints. Father Jogues' testimony is still preserved in his own handwriting.

The sanctity of Father Jogues is proved not only by tradition, but also by the testimony of contemporary writers and by all historians, secular and ecclesiastical. He showed the power of prophecy in his lifetime, for when he was selected to go and found the Mohawk mission he said: "I will go, but I will not return." In a vision he saw René's reception into glory, and he saw René beckoning him to come. The *fama sanctitatis* of Father Jogues is sustained by Father Buteux, his superior, in his sworn depositions, and by the other contemporary documents and by the manuscripts in the archives of the superiors of the Society of Jesus from 1652 to 1800, preserved in St. Mary's College, Montreal. The pages of Charlevoix, Martin, Shea, and all ecclesiastical history teem with the same evidence. In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1872, his sanctity is shown in a paper on Father Jogues by the present writer. So, too, with secular histories. Bancroft speaks of his "vision of the glory of the Queen of Heaven" as he was running the gauntlet of Indian mockeries and blows, of the consolation he enjoyed even in his torments, and of his cruel martyrdom. Parkman describes his character with admiration; speaks of his tortures, his daily expectation of death, his conscientiousness, his patience, his spirit of devotion, his longing for death, his pious labors, his humility,

his defence of the Gospel, and of his life as "one of the purest examples of Roman Catholic virtue which this western continent has seen," and of his cruel death.

The good Catherine was venerated as a saint in her lifetime both by the Jesuits and by her own people. When she fled from Ossernenon to Caughnawaga, her confessor, writing to the superior at the latter place, said: "Catherine Tegakwita goes to live at the Sault. I pray you to take the charge of her direction. You will soon know the treasure we are giving you. Keep it well, therefore. May it profit in your hands to God's glory and to the salvation of a soul assuredly very dear to him." Besides, we refer to the manuscript record of over thirty extraordinary graces, cures, and other favors obtained through her, signed in attestation by M. Remy, priest of St. Sulpice, Lachine, Canada, in 1696; also to personal testimony of Columbière and Du Luth, and other grave personages, etc. Buried beside the church where she had worshipped, her grave became a place of pilgrimage for Indian and Canadian, for people and rulers, priest and prelate, and her invocation was rewarded with miraculous cures. So, too, of Father Jogues and René Goupil it is stated that miracles have attested their sanctity, such as René's apparition to Father Jogues—a miracle of high order wrought by Father Jogues in Paris, of which the record and evidences are preserved, though the ecclesiastical documents were destroyed in the French Revolution—and great graces obtained have been attributed to the intercession of all three. It may also be mentioned that Father Jogues' name was included in a *postulatum* for beatification, along with those martyred on Canadian soil—De Brébeuf, Lalemant, and others—by one of the provincial councils of Canada.

The memorial addressed by the reverend promoters to the Plenary Council of Baltimore was received with the greatest favor, and even enthusiasm; and a conciliar petition, or *Postulatum*, on the part of the assembled episcopate of the United States unanimously agreed to. One of the archbishops of the council said: "Father Jogues' name is a household word." Another archbishop said: "I wondered often this *cause* had not been brought forward long since." And still another archbishop said: "The devotion so long existing in Canada toward Catherine shows how little difficulty there should be in the case."

The petitions to the Holy See for the beatification of our holy ones will not, and should not, be numerous. The *Postulatum* from the Plenary Council of Baltimore will represent, of

course, the whole American church, and would of itself suffice. But besides this it has been suggested that petitions be sent to Rome from the various Indian tribes and one from the United States Catholic Historical Society, whose headquarters are in this city. A beautiful petition for the Indians has already been written, in the language of the Flatheads, by an old missionary of that tribe, and it has been signed by their chiefs. So also the chiefs of Catherine's own village have signed their petition to the Holy Father. The writer has before him now the Flathead petition in three languages; he considers that this paper would be incomplete without an English version of this touching address. It is as follows:

“OUR FATHER THE POPE:

“Though we Indians are very poor and miserable, yet our Maker had great pity on us and gave us the Catholic religion. Moreover, he had pity on us again and gave us CATHERINE TEGAKWITA. This holy virgin, an Indian like ourselves, being favored by Jesus Christ with a great grace, grew up very good, had great love for our Maker, and died good and holy, and is now glorious in heaven, as we believe, and prays for us all. This virgin, we believe, was given to us from God as a great favor, for she is our little sister. But now we hope that thou, our Father, who art the Vicar of Jesus Christ, wilt grant us a favor likewise: we beg thee with the whole of our hearts to speak and say: ‘You Indians, my children, take CATHERINE as an object of your veneration in the church, because she is holy and is in heaven.’

“There are also two others who, though Frenchmen, yet are as if they were Indians, because they taught the Indians the sign of the cross and the way to heaven; and for this they were killed by bad Indians. Their names are BLACKGOWN ISAAC JOGUES and BROTHER RENÉ GOUPIL. We wish to have these two also as objects of our veneration, as our protectors and our advocates.

“If thou givest us these three as our PATRONS our hearts will be glad, our behavior will be good, and our children will become perfect; also a great many unbaptized Indians will enter into the Catholic Church and will see the glory of heaven.”

The first *process* in the conduct of a *cause* for the beatification of a servant of God consists of formal inquiries instituted by the ordinary or bishop of the diocese as to the reputation, or *fama sanctitatis*, of the holy one *beatificandus*. The second process is conducted either by the same local bishop or by an official of the Roman Curia, and consists of investigations *de non cultu*—that is, that the decrees of Pope Urban VIII. have been complied with and that the decision of the Holy See has not been anticipated by any unlawful public veneration of the proposed saint. The third process consists in officially transmitting the results of these

preliminary inquiries to the secretary of the Congregation of Rites at Rome. The fourth process consists in the opening of the investigation before this congregation at the request of the postulators, or promoters, of the cause. The fifth process is the appointment of a *promotor fidei*, familiarly called the "devil's advocate," whose duty consists in exposing the weak points or flaws in the evidence adduced. The sixth process occurs in case the *beatificandus* was an author, and consists in an examination of his writings. If the reports be now favorable, by the seventh process the Holy Father decrees the *introduction* of the *cause* for regular trial. The effect of this act is to invest the servant of God with the title of *Venerable*, and the Holy See now makes the cause its own. The eighth process consists in the commission issued by the pope to the Congregation of Rites to investigate the reality and nature of the virtues and miracles attributed to the saint. Without special dispensation this process is not taken until ten years have elapsed since the third process, of transmission of the preliminary inquiry, was taken. The ninth process consists in the appointment of a court, consisting of three bishops or other high officials, to proceed regularly with the trial, examination of witnesses, etc., and the record of the preceding processes of the trial. If this be favorable the tenth process consists in a still more searching inquiry into the merits of the case upon all the preceding processes and documents. On the return of all these processes to the Congregation of Rites the whole case is examined and considered by that body; and here the pope himself is present, and this is the eleventh process. The pope, after prayer and supplication to know the will of God, if his judgment so far is favorable, holds a new general congregation, which, as a twelfth process, determines whether the beatification shall proceed forthwith or be further delayed. And if this be favorable the pope appoints, as a thirteenth and final process, the day for the beatification, which takes place in the Vatican church with great ceremony, and ending with a *Te Deum*, incensing the image of the beatified, reading the decree, etc. Now the holy one is called Blessed. The various inquiries on the merits are four: *de non cultu*, *de virtutibus*, *de martyrio*, *de miraculis*. For cause the processes may be shortened by dispensation; and this is hoped for with our cause, by reason of the long delay already taken place, the historical fame of the saints, and the difficulties in the way of the regular processes caused by the changes or sovereignty in the country—France, England, and the United States having in succession been sovereigns in the land.

Beatification is a mere permission for a limited *cultus* of the beatified, whereas canonization introduces them as Saints upon our altars, to be religiously venerated. The proceeding is similar to the later stages of beatification, and greater importance is here given to the inquiry *de miraculis*. The final canonization takes place at St. Peter's, and the saint is enrolled on the *Canon Sanctorum* and a festival day given to the new saint. Beatification is permissive; canonization is mandatory. The former is special or local, the latter general. The former is in the nature of an interlocutory order; the latter is a final decree.

In this suit the writer espouses, with all his heart, the cause of the plaintiffs. Would that he were worthy to plead for them at the court of Rome and before the court of heaven! To join in the prayer of the poor Indians and in the prayer of the American church is the privilege of us all. May they first be entitled *Venerable*; may they then become *Blessed*; may they finally become our canonized *Saints*, and, as such, the patrons of our country and of our church!

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

HIGH o'er the throne of Clairvaux' mitred saint,
 And the Seraphic Francis far above,
 Stands the Christ's consecrated chosen priest,
 Whose eyes speak purity, whose lips speak love.
 No cowl or cincture tells of his degree,
 Or discipline his penances attest;
 But from his locks exhales the perfume caught
 When the Redeemer clasped him to His breast.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE supreme moments in life seldom or never answer to our anticipations of them. Sometimes, indeed, they go beyond them, at others they fall short, but they are never such as we supposed they would be. No day had passed since the first meeting of these two that each had not greatly occupied the other's thoughts. The young girl sitting opposite to him now, her slender figure drawn into a curve of the great arm-chair, the firelight shining on her face and reflecting itself in her dark, serious eyes, was the goal at which Louis Giddings had proposed to terminate his present journey. To him a renewal of their acquaintance had been a foregone conclusion from the first, although he had deferred it for a reason he thought important. The object of such a renewal was equally plain to him. He meant to win, if he could, the girl who had suddenly rekindled in him not alone the ardor and the passion of his youth, but its hopes and its ambitions, and to take up again the common life of his kind, from which for years he had felt himself shut out. No obstacle should stand in his way now except his inability to make himself beloved. His vanity was not great, and it had suffered in the past along with his love and his pride. But, although there had been many a moment when, in recalling Katharine's image, the thought of ill-success had weighed upon him, yet his hopes were still stronger than his fears. "Some tie there is between us," he assured himself whenever the latter persisted in recurring. "I felt it vibrate, and I believe she felt it, too. At all events, I can but try to draw it tighter."

With Katharine the case was different. In spite of her good sense, her heart had told her that in the few words that passed between them on the night of their first meeting the promise of another had been contained, and she had confidently expected to see him with Richard Norton on their return from the woods. Baffled in this first anticipation, her hope had faded, and when momentarily revived by her cousin's account of her meeting with him and his promised visit, it had been extinguished anew by her idle gossip. Neither hope nor vanity was strong in her, and, while she had thought much of the change so unexpectedly

wrought in her own experience, she had thought little of any effect she might have produced herself. Some day, perhaps, he would arrive, and she might in that case possibly meet him; but even that seemed more than doubtful. Mr. White, when his wife had once alluded to his friend's coming in her presence, had assured her that she might as profitably expect a white black-bird as a visit from Louis Giddings.

"But he promised," reiterated Anna, "and he was quite in earnest about it, too, or I am very much mistaken."

"I wouldn't for the world impugn your discernment, my dear," was the smiling answer. "Louis and I are very old friends, and there is no one whom I would so gladly welcome under my roof. But I was never able to persuade him, even when my sister and I were alone here. At present I fear my chances of that pleasure are immeasurably smaller than ever."

Anna shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't be so confident," she said. "We were very good friends, I assure you, and for my part I expect to see him here before any of us are much older. For a shy man, as you seem to think him, he appeared to me to have *bien assez d'aplomb et de savoir-vivre*."

Mr. White's eyes met Katharine's at that moment with a shade of amusement in them.

"You would never believe," he said, addressing her, "how much more trippingly French rolls off one's tongue here than in France. I have thought of that often lately, as one more instance of the innate perversity of things. I hope your prevision is correct, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, "but, all the same, I think it will be time enough to get his room ready when you find his hat hanging in the hall."

But an unheralded meeting like this had been among the possibilities which had not occurred to the minds of either. And here, again, the man had the advantage, his parley with the servant having apprised him of Katharine's presence before he entered it. To find her there, and alone, solved one of his difficulties at once. He had felt that a formal, uninvited call upon her at her mother's house would be such a presumption on so slight an acquaintance as by itself to demand an explanation. But that was what he had determined on, with a characteristic unwillingness to leave anything to chance, or to profit, at this stage of his quest, by the intervention of any third whatever. He would know, in that case, or so he fancied, what to say and when to say it. Either he should see at once, in the deep, soft

eyes that had drawn him thus far, the light of welcome which would make all things easy, or gain at least the right to make himself better known and so give his hopes a surer foundation than he was able to persuade himself that they possessed when the time drew near to put them to the trial. Yet the unlooked-for chance that had come to his aid embarrassed him curiously. The image that had been forming in his mind and grown familiar there paled and put on a sudden cold unlikeness to this creature of flesh and blood, whose hand had trembled for an instant in his own, and on whose face the play of quick emotions had been plainly legible before she was able to turn it back into the shadow. The sense of what it would cost him to lose her touched him so keenly, even at the instant when he was possessed by the certainty that no such loss awaited him, that he felt the presence of the child as a sensible relief and outlet to the mad impulse which dared seek no other.

"Put me down!" cried Fanny, struggling in his arms and turning her little face from side to side. "I want to go back to Aunt Kitty. You hurt me! I don't like you!"

To Katharine, too, this moment had been a sudden and complete illumination, though of her own heart only. But for the moment that was sufficient. The joy of loving rushed over her like a sea that has burst its ancient barriers and inundates for the first time a desert whose sands have turned their parched faces to the sun through centuries. No thought of the future clouded an instant whose sweetness was but intensified by the bitter, aromatic perfume yielded by the past as it too faded into nothingness. Intense emotion, felt for the first time, quieted and made her calm when its first surge was over, and she sat silently in her corner, turning her face a little further from the ruddy hearth, and burying it willingly on the flaxen head when it resumed its place upon her shoulder. Her self-possession had returned before the fretful but welcome importunities of the little one yielded again to slumber, and with it came the instinct to guard the secret she was unconscious of having betrayed already.

"Give her to me; I shall not frighten her again," demanded Louis once before this consummation had been reached. There was a smile in his voice and in his eyes which was answered in those of the young girl as he bent toward her. The sense of absolute well-being which belongs to happy love had restored him also to himself, and something in the situation moved him to the silent laughter that lay close beside most of his deeper feelings.

"I was within an ace of seizing her as if she had been a young Sabine whose brother or lover I had just run through," he thought as he sank back again into the cushions of his chair when this offer had been refused. "God be thanked! there is nothing between us which cannot be put aside in a gentler fashion."

When he spoke again the other voices had passed for some moments into silence and his own had relapsed into gravity.

"For years," he said, "this hour between daylight and darkness has been the most hideous to me of the twenty-four. Yet the child's instinct is the true one—it is the time for stories. Will you let me tell you one? It was the hope of doing so that brought me here to-day; it would have brought me sooner if I had not believed the delay would give me the right to tell it completely and then put it out of my memory for ever. The moment that it did so I turned my face your way, though even then I did not dare to think of telling it so soon. It will not displease you, I hope, if I say I have thought of little else, since the day we met last summer, but of another day when I should find myself face to face with you once more."

Katharine's heart beat heavily again, and she turned toward him with a motion as instinctive and as unresisted as that with which a flower turns to the sun. He saw it, and it drew him out of his regained composure. He left his seat and knelt down to bring his head on a level with her own, taking as he did so the little hand that had been put out to him involuntarily.

"I will tell you that another time, my love," he said, his voice sinking into a whisper and then dying on her lips. "Just now I can think of nothing but that we love each other. Kitty, I came to ask you to be my wife. Thank God! you answer me before I ask."

"I could not help it," she said under her breath, but in a tone that vibrated with the intensity of her feeling, drawing back from him as she spoke, but not averting the face that had first grown pale and then flushed painfully.

"I have been hoping for these three months that you could not," he answered, looking at her with a smile that brought still deeper waves of color and suffused her eyes with tears. "Don't break my heart with blushing that way, child! You never would have given me such a pang of pleasure if you could. After all, you know, I think I did ask, though not so plainly as I do it now," he went on after a pause, smiling still, but not touching the hand that had been withdrawn or the head that had

drooped and turned away. "Look at me, love, and tell me what you think it means that each of us knew our own the instant that we saw it? My God!" he added, more to himself than her, "how easily it might have meant something different from this!"

At his altered tone the girl lifted her head. Her clear eyes looked straight into his, and her hand went toward him again.

"How good you are!" she said softly. "I was afraid I loved you, but I was not sure. Now I am glad."

"If to love you is to be good," he answered, "be sure I am the best man in the world. Ah!" he went on, looking at her still with eyes in which passion glowed but did not flame, "I see well what I am to you; God be praised! that speaks in every line of your sweet face. Don't—don't turn it away from me again! There are not many perfect moments in life, and this one will never come back to either of us. I love you, I long for you, but I don't want even to look at you except as you give yourself to me of your own free and perfect will. I never could be all to you that you are to me."

"I love you, too," the girl answered slowly, and her voice was heavy, as if each word bore on it the whole weight of her heart. "What is it to love but to give everything?"

"Good God!" he said, looking at her still, "what have I done to deserve this hour? I see your soul, living, palpitating, and I know you hold back nothing. You touch me to the very roots of my being. And yet I swear to you that if I were not free to take you—if, seeing as I do your sweet, innocent surrender, I had that to say to you which until yesterday I still thought I might have, if I spoke at all—I could not say it. I should leave you as you are. But you are mine—my love, my wife!" And his arm, which had been resting on her chair, slid around her in a light embrace. "There is not even a question in your eyes; and yet I still have something to tell you."

"Not now," she breathed. "I can bear nothing further." She looked down at the child, still lying on her left arm. "And I must go home," she added, lifting her slow lids again. "I cannot wait to see them when they come. If you would ring, so that she might be carried up-stairs?"

"Laws, honey!" said Dinah, as Katharine, who had slowly followed her to the upper room, sank down on a chair beside the little bed. "She's too heavy for you, a great chile like this. You're clean fagged out. It's one woman's work, for sure, to wait on her, poor dear! You don't ever mean to go home with-

out your tea? Sho', now—an' I hear the carriage stoppin' at the door this very minute."

"Go down quick and ask Mrs. White to send me back in it. Tell her my head aches and I must go at once. I'll be down myself the moment I can find my hat."

"If you really cannot be persuaded," Anna said, meeting her cousin at the head of the front steps, and looking radiant and rosy from the keen air, "of course it is fortunate that we have not yet dismissed the man. Look at my cloak! I'm all white with snow only in coming from the carriage. I should think the streets were six inches deep with it. I've had a lovely time, and I'm ever so much obliged. Here, Arthur, put Kitty in and tell the man where to take her: A gentleman in the parlor, did you say, Dinah?" And she passed on into the room where Louis Giddings was standing with his back to the fire.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE morning was well advanced when Katharine awoke from the profound sleep into which she had fallen after a night too full of waking dreams for slumber. Her eyes, opening then upon her new-found joy, half-closed on it again, and a faint smile hovering about her soft lips gave them an almost infantine curve. Mrs. Danforth, coming in and sitting down on the side of the low bed, regarded her in silence for a moment before speaking in a voice that took, involuntarily, its gentlest tone. "She looks precisely as she used to in her cradle," had been the mother's thought.

"Is your headache better?" she asked. "I came in about eight o'clock, but you were so sound asleep I would not wake you. I used to have headaches myself when I was young, and I know there is nothing for them like a good sleep, when you can get it. But now it is close upon the stroke of ten."

"O mother!" the girl said, rising from her pillow with eyes that looked like stars reflected in a limpid pool—"O mother!" And she took her in her arms. "I shall never have an ache again while time lasts. I don't believe there is such a thing in all the world."

"What is it?" asked the mother, divided between surprise and hope. "What ails you, child? Have you—are you—" She stopped, not knowing in what shape to put the question which came foremost to her lips and heart. Katharine divined it, and she smiled anew.

"Oh! no, mother," she said, "it isn't that. It is—oh! don't you know? Can't you guess? Were you never young yourself?"

"I don't know," the mother answered, drawing back a little from her daughter. "And I can't guess. I have been young, but I never went into ecstasies solely on that account. You will have to explain yourself better if you want me to understand."

While she was speaking the knocker resounded through the quiet house. The great clock began its slow, musical strokes, and mingled with them Katharine heard a voice she recognized. In another moment the door of her chamber opened and Hannah stood upon the threshold.

"A strange gentleman, ma'am," she said, presenting a card. "He would like to see you as soon as you are at liberty, and I showed him into the parlor."

It was one of Mrs. Danforth's old-fashioned courtesies never to keep a caller waiting. The name on the card she held in her hand was unfamiliar, and she rose at once. But after she had done so she still lingered for an instant. Katharine had buried her face again upon her pillow.

"Don't lie there any longer, then," she said. "Ten o'clock is too late for people who have no aches or pains and don't believe in their existence. Are you sure you have nothing to tell me?"

"Oh!" said the girl, "I will tell you everything when you come back—everything that you will not know already."

The interview seemed to Katharine interminable, even while she would not for the world have had it shortened. It was not, in reality, very brief, although Louis had a genius for comprehensive statement and Mrs. Danforth was by no means dull. She had gone down-stairs without the shadow of a misgiving as to what awaited her, and saw, in the tall figure that on her entrance turned from his contemplation of the large photographs of herself and her husband which hung in oval gilt frames against the wall beside the further window, merely another of the strangers who still occasionally presented themselves on business connected with the unsettled estate. She had a shrewd, instinctive insight into character, which, while it seldom formulated its conclusions into anything more definite than a simple statement of liking or dislike, was none the less sure and immovable on that account. What she thought of the face now bent upon her would have been sufficiently indicated to any one who knew her well by a certain relaxation of the lines about her mouth and eyes, which

showed that she felt it unnecessary to keep up the guard she habitually erected on such occasions.

As for Louis, he had finished to his satisfaction his study of the two heads, which it seemed to him he would have found interesting under any circumstances.

"Both of them would be good to have in the ascending line of one's family," he said to himself; "and Katharine's is made of what is best in both. How on earth am I going to explain this sudden demand on the old lady's sympathies? They don't gush but in legitimate channels, or without good reason even then, or the sun has lied about her."

His task, in fact, was not of the easiest.

"You want to marry Katharine!" the mother exclaimed when that fact had become undeniably evident. "My daughter! Why, she does not know you! I never heard her breathe your name! I know nothing at all about you!"

Louis laughed a little. Her astonishment was so genuine, and his own means for allaying it seemed so absurdly inadequate to the occasion.

"I think we know each other, Katharine and I," he said, "although it is certainly not to be wondered at that she has not spoken of me. I met her in the woods last summer with her aunt and uncle; but I have never had the opportunity to do so since until yesterday afternoon. Serious matters have detained me, up to now, in Boston, where I live; otherwise, if I could have gained her permission, I should have done myself the honor to ask yours before to-day."

"And do you mean to tell me that you have gained hers now? Did you speak to her last summer? I understand neither of you."

"No," he said, smiling in spite of his sense that gravity might become the occasion better. "I simply committed the indiscretion of falling in love with her on the spot."

"But you have told her now? And she has sent you to me? I would never have believed it of her. Where, pray, did you see her yesterday?"

"At the house of my old friend, Arthur White. That was a pure accident. I came to the city yesterday with the express purpose of seeking her here and putting my question. I admit that my having done so at once must seem to you extremely premature, under the circumstances."

"But you did put it? And she—" The recollection of the scene just enacted up-stairs flashed across the mother's mind and found its explanation. She sat silent.

"Young girls," she said, after a pause which her visitor showed no signs of breaking, though he was studying her attentively while it lasted—"young girls are not much like what they were in my time. Even my own daughter is not. And yet she has always seemed so hard to please!"

She looked up, as she ended, from the floor on which her eyes had been fastened. Louis crossed the room and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"Don't be too hard upon us," he said. "I'm afraid—that is to say, I hope that neither of us could help it. Don't you see," he added, as in spite of herself she smiled, "what an enormous endorsement of my merits that very difficulty you speak of lends me?"

"I see," she answered, "that you are bent on taking your own way; and as for her, she has never taken any other since she was born. But, nevertheless, I must know something more about you. You cannot expect me to give you all I have as readily as she seems to have been willing to. Have you explained your position to her?"

"No," he said, laughing again. "I fear she took me on trust. But it will not be difficult, I think, to give you whatever assurances you require. You know my young friend Norton, from whom I first heard her name, and in whose company I met her. Either he or his uncle can give you such particulars as you are likely to desire in addition to those that I will offer you at once. I am a lawyer by profession and a journalist by practice; but I have a private fortune sufficiently considerable to permit me to think of marrying without great indiscretion. There is White, too. We were at college together, and have known each other pretty thoroughly since."

The mother drew a heavy sigh. "I suppose," she said, after another protracted pause, "that it is useless for me to offer objections if you have both set your minds upon it. But she is all I have. What am I going to do without her?"

Louis took her hand, which she left passive in his clasp. "Why should you do without her at all?" he said in a voice that touched her. "I have no mother. Why not come and make your home with us? When you give her to me I want to carry her off for a year or so. I have never been abroad, but now I mean to go. If you have no near friends here, I have one in Boston who will be a daughter to you in her absence, and whom you cannot fail to like and feel at ease with."

"No," she said, the tears rising to her eyes, "I have no near

friends. I have nothing at all in this world except my child. Be good to her, if I give her to you. I would gladly keep her, if I could, but I see I cannot."

"God be good to me in that measure!" he said. "You will not lose a child, but gain one. And now do you think that I might see her? I had not half-finished my story last night when she found it imperatively necessary to leave me and come home."

Katharine came slowly, being summoned. To face either of them in broad daylight, now that the tale was told, seemed a thing beyond her. She stood at her mother's side with her hand upon her shoulder, her eyes down-dropped and veiled with their long lashes, unable to meet the other pair that she felt bent upon her. The mother regarded her steadfastly, and then her eyes turned toward the other face, coming back slowly to her daughter's.

"What can I say to either of you?" she began at last. "She is mine, but I have never had a hold upon her. She is a creature by herself, who follows her own ways and lives in a world of her own making. You love her and I love her, but are you any surer than I am that you can keep her when the time comes for her flitting?"

Louis looked up at the girl. His eyes also had dropped while the mother was speaking. Now they met hers full, and lingered in them as they had done the night before. He leaned forward and took her hand where it hung down by her side, and drew her towards him.

"She is mine now," he said. "She comes of her own will, and I think she comes because she feels, as I do, that she is the other half of my soul. If we both mistake, we shall drift apart again. I promise her never to try to hold her one minute after she wishes to be free."

"Ah!" sighed Katharine, forgetting in that moment all her shyness, and everything in the world but the man within whose arms she stood, and on whom her lambent eyes shone full as she yielded to and answered his embrace, "if I have followed my own ways, it was because they all led straight to you. And I am never close bound but when I feel my perfect liberty."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I DOUBT, Katharine," Louis said, the first time they found themselves alone together afterwards, "whether I have dealt quite fairly with your mother. In the forum of strict morals and abstract justice I suspect I might find something to say against myself on that score. Why don't you look alarmed? How do you know that I am not going to ease my mind by confessing to having robbed a till or forged my master's check?"

Katharine laughed. "Give me credit," she said, "for some sense of the fitness of things. If I were forced to select a probable crime for you, I think I might hit on something more in character. But I would rather not listen to any confession at all. I have no fear of you."

"But don't you see that that is one reason the more for making it? As a matter of fact, you need have none. So far as that goes, I might spare my pride even with you—and if I had any where you are concerned I should very likely do so. I tell you because I find it easy: you don't so much unlock my tongue as turn my heart into speech. Otherwise the story, which, so far as it is known at all through me, is known only to the friend who listened to my ravings in delirium, might rest untold still. As things have turned out, I have nothing worse to reproach myself with than idiotic folly, nor anything more difficult to obtain from you than sympathy. Within these last three months I have asked myself often what I should do if I could not assure myself on that point. I never was quite able to come to a decision. I should have come to you, I think, in any case. Beyond that I was able to determine nothing. One alternative which might have resolved my difficulties, had they taken their worst possible form, was plain enough before my eyes, but I was not certain that my pride would let me take it, even for you. Suppose," he said, leaving the place where he had been standing since Mrs. Danforth left the room, and coming to sit down at Katharine's side, "that I had a dilemma to put before you. I should never have told you anything less than the exact truth. What would you have answered me had the truth been this: Years ago, when I was a hot-blooded young fool, I was entrapped into marriage. I say entrapped, though I was so thoroughly enticed as well that I played my part of the farce with an eagerness and good faith that must have been amusing to the other actor. She introduced me in it on account of the absence of the player to

whom the rôle belonged in actual fairness—an absence which was merely temporary as it turned out, but which she had reason to fear was likely to prove lasting. When he was ready to take his cue she lied to him, poor wretch! as she had lied to me. Such a contingency must have been present to her mind throughout, for she could not have found much difficulty in covering up her traces where I was concerned. I never fairly understood until afterwards her insistence upon absolute privacy in our marriage and our subsequent meetings. I should have been willing enough to publish them to all the world, but I yielded to the reasons she thought fit to offer. If I had been needed as a cloak at any time I was always to be ready in her wardrobe. As it happened, I was of no use at all to her, and I don't doubt she has regretted the one she put me to at least as often as I have. The difference between us was that when I ceased to be a possible convenience she did not choose that I should be a clog. She rolled me in the mire and left me there. She had even the cool audacity to confess the whole thing to me when she thought the time was ripe, and throw herself on what she called my honor. How shall I explain it to you? The man who should have been her husband, because he was the father of the child she carried, and not I, came back alive and well from the voyage on which he was reported to have been lost, and was ready not only to marry her, but to give her a position to which anything I could offer her was the merest trifle. It was well for her peace of mind—and, I suppose, for his, though I doubt whether that might not have been secured in the end much more satisfactorily in another fashion—that the letter in which she explained all that to me knocked me down as effectually as if I had been a bullock under the hand of a butcher. 'My honor,' to which she appealed, would have dictated a course of procedure which would have taken neither his nor hers into consideration. Perhaps she thought as much when she reflected on it further; at all events, when I came up from the edge of the grave both of them had disappeared entirely. There was one remedy open to me, it is true. I might have freed myself legally from the millstone I had tied about my neck, but my pride revolted then, as it has done ever since, at the thought of dragging myself publicly out of the slough. It was horrible enough to feel the filth sticking to me in private."

He stopped and looked long at the girl, who had been growing paler as he continued speaking.

"You are cold," he said. "Your hands are like marble. I

don't want to torment you unnecessarily. The woman is dead. The first time I ever heard your name that piece of good-fortune was also announced to me, and by the same lips. I will be frank with you, nevertheless. I did not believe the news. When I look for a reason for my scepticism I find it in two things. One was her last letter, in which she told me that I need never be afraid to act as though she were in reality dead. 'I shall be dead for you,' she said; 'you need never fear my resurrection.. I have injured you too much not to wish to give you that reparation, even if it were not necessary for my own safety.' My instinct detected a sinister ring in that. If I could have found her in the first access of my fury I should have put her death beyond reasonable doubt in a much more satisfactory way. The other thing was my recollection of herself. She was the perfection of the human animal—all the more perfect as an animal because the soul seemed to have been entirely omitted from her make-up. She was built to live, and to carry her vigor and the freshness of her beauty into age. Death and she were things too utterly antagonistic for one who had known her well to admit easily the thought that they had come conveniently together. During the early part of my misery I was constantly expecting that piece of information. She had lied so ingeniously to me for her own protection that I felt sure her benevolence would coalesce with her fears to lie me, if she could, into a false position which would effectually shield her. But it never came. My rage cooled down after a while, and I ceased to care very much about it. The sight of a woman was hateful to me, or I fancied so. Since I meant never to avail myself of freedom to remarry, what great odds did it make, after all? When the news came at last it produced no immediate difference in my hopes or my plans in life. The day I saw you changed all that. I went to Canada directly afterwards to find out, if possible, the exact truth, but what I heard there, confirmatory though it was, roused my suspicions anew instead of dispelling them. I wrote then to the one man who seemed likely to be in possession of the facts, and the day before I came to you I received his answer. God had been good to me. My wife died two years and more ago. Peace to her memory! I owe her, in one way, a debt of gratitude. Perhaps but for her, and the purgatory she plunged me into, I should either never have found you, or, finding you, never felt myself free to claim you. And heaven, I find, is cheaply purchased, even with a sojourn in hell itself."

The girl remained silent and Louis went on again :

"I have owned up the faults committed against me—I will make the measure overflow by confessing the one I was guilty of towards you. The morning that I received the letter I spoke of I had been thinking of you after I awoke. I don't mention that as a rare occurrence. But I knew the Eastern mails were due—I had counted the days well, you may be sure. My longing for you seemed growing unbearable. The worst that could happen would be to find my suspicions confirmed. In that case what should I do? My repugnance to the idea of divorce and what in my case it would mean was unabated. I need not say, perhaps, that my aversion rests on no idea of right or wrong in the matter. For those who can bring themselves to seek it I think it right enough in certain cases, but I more than doubted my personal ability to do so. And then the thought came to me of telling you the whole truth if I found that you shared the feeling you had kindled in me, and asking you to go through the legal forms of marriage and run the chances that a secrecy which has been guarded well thus far might be so guarded to the end. There was something horrible in that idea, too. It would be asking you to live a lie which would be none the less a lie to our own consciousness though it rested there alone. But the moment I began to speak to you, and saw the innocent unreserve with which you gave yourself to me, without a doubt, without a question, I saw also that I could have cut my tongue out rather than suggest that plan to you. But I was not certain until then that I would, in the last resort, have offered you the other. Tell me, you who ask no questions, do you know what you would have answered?"

"No," she said slowly, and sighing between her words, "I would rather never know. You frighten me. I wish you had not shown me the abyss over which I hung." And then: "Poor woman!"

"Don't pity her! she was never worth it."

"But you loved her! And she might have kept you."

"Don't believe it! Even if the danger nearest her at the time had not been the greatest, and she had seen fit for any reason to cling fast to me, her reign would have soon been over. She might have kept her crown, but she was doomed to lose her sceptre. The lie in her always came through and cut me to the quick, even when I was at the height of my fool's paradise. Now that I love you, I know that whatever feeling I had for her was something else. I hated in her from the first the easy response I found to all that is worst and vilest in me. Away from her, I

could dress up in the garments of her beauty the creature she suggested to my imagination, but it was never other than a mystery to me, even then, why she tortured me most when I was with her and she was most gracious. I have hurt you," he went on again, seeing that she was still inclined to silence. "I have rubbed the bloom already off what was perfection. Did I not tell you last night that such a moment would never come to either of us again? And yet I have not meant to grieve you, but only to make you absolutely free of my mind and heart, as I know, without asking, that I am of yours."

"You have not grieved me. It is only—" And she stopped and sighed again.

"Tell me," he said, taking her in his arms, "what does your mother mean when she warns me that to clasp you thus is not to keep you? Are you putting out the wings of your flight already?"

"Don't think the bond between us is so slight as that. But my heart was so content this morning, and now it is heavy, and I know no reason why. Perhaps," and she smiled at last, "it is because you are sinking deeper and deeper in it. I did not think that was possible at first."

"But are you so elusive? So hard to grasp and so impossible to hold?" he asked, smiling also. "Your mother was like a prophesying sibyl, and I own she frightened me. I warn you that I am constant, slow to move when once I have cast anchor."

"I don't know what she means. My own ways have been straight ones so far as I can see, and they have lain for the most part parallel with hers. There is one where I cannot follow her, but only once in my life have I been seriously bent on taking another which directly traversed it, and I am not sure that she knows it even now. My struggle was with my father. I yielded and heard no more about it. But up to that time all my ways, whatever else they might have been, were certainly 'ways of pleasantness' to me. Since then—at least until they ended here—they have led to nothing but discontent and weariness."

"And that is the only attraction that has ever divided your heart with me?" he said, when a question or two had satisfied him as to her meaning. "I could find it in mine to share you with it."

"I wish you could," she answered, "but it is gone. There has been only emptiness there since, until you came and filled it."

THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL
THE APOSTLE, IN NEW YORK.

ON the 25th of January, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul the Apostle, the church erected in honor of that Saint by the Paulist Fathers and the people committed to their spiritual charge was blessed and dedicated to the worship of God. It was a happy and auspicious event for both priests and people. For the former it was the realization of an integral part of their mission; for the latter a matter of religious edification, while the material edifice itself is a monument to their generosity, and will be to them and to succeeding generations a school of the beautiful in art. Hence there was literal as well as mystical truth in the words which mother-church used in the dedicatory service: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We will go into the house of the Lord. Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem! Jerusalem, which is built as a city: which is compact together."

To build a church materially "compact together," suitable to divine worship, and spacious enough to bring many worshippers into immediate contact with the sanctuary—the fountain, so to say, of sacramental mediation—and within good hearing of the word of God, is the main object of an ecclesiastical structure; while the architectural facilities are to be utilized as instructive lessons in Christian art. The style is old Gothic, of the massive order of the thirteenth century. The twelve columns of Syracuse limestone, alternately round and octagonal, which support the entire vault, suggest solid security. The nave, from portal to apse, is two hundred and fifty-seven feet in length; in breadth, from the centre of one column to its opposite, sixty feet—fully sixteen feet wider than the centre aisle of the great cathedral in Cologne. Few churches have that breadth, and still fewer surpass it; and it is this breadth of nave which gives the beholder, on entering the edifice, an impression of solemn vastness. As the side-aisles and passages—of breadth proportionate to the main aisle—are to be unencumbered of pews, the church can hold, because of its breadth of nave, more worshippers within sight and hearing of the high altar than many a cathedral. And this realizes to the full the idea of the Paulist Fathers, that their

church shall be a parish and *preaching church*, wherein all can take direct part in divine worship, and many can at one time hear the word of God. In furtherance of these objects, and with a view of excluding the noise of the outer world, the only windows are those in the clear-story of the edifice. This is beautifully consentaneous with both the religious and scientific principle that all light comes from above. The basement is eighteen feet high in the clear, of the same size as the church, and is capable of accommodating an equal number of people.

Between the two incompleting towers—which are thirty-eight feet square at the base—and immediately over the great portal, is a large panel, to be occupied by a bas-relief representing the triumph of Christ. This panel shows us a four-wheeled chariot drawn by an ox, a lion, an eagle, and an angel, typical of the four Evangelists. At each of the wheels, gripping a spoke in the act of helping the chariot forward, are four great doctors of the church—Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, and Gregory. The chariot signifies the church. Seated therein is Christ, an aureola of stars around his head, the right hand extended in the act of benediction, the left holding a sphere surmounted by a cross. Seated before him in a propitiatory attitude is the Virgin Mary. This majestic mosaic picture will act as a baptism on the imagination of the beholder before entering the church, and on the passers-by. The panels on either side of the exterior walls will contain bas-reliefs representing a procession of the prophets and saints, and among these will figure prominently the saints Patrick and Bridget, and, let us entertain the hope, Father Jogues and Catherine Tegakwita, the Iroquois virgin, and others of our race and day.

Under the windows in the interior of the church there will be frescoes representing the history of the seven sacraments, according to the conception of the great painter, Overbeck. This is in happy congruity with the external decorations, and correlative with them, as cause with effect. For it is within the church that heroes and heroines are made, for the sacraments are the means of the grace of sanctification. The decorations of the sanctuary will be in strict accordance with the principle of sacrificial mediation through Christ with the Eternal Father. The central object will be the tabernacle; around it will be only figures of adoring angels, and of the Blessed Queen of Angels in their midst, all in homage to him and through him to the father. Hence the five windows of the clear-story of the chancel will be of stained glass, representative of the glory and majesty of God

in the Choirs of Angels, the Thrones, and the Dominations. The central window of the apse, directly over the high altar, is already designed, and being executed in the studio of Cox, Sons, Buckley & Co., of London. It is the gift of a parishioner. "It shows a prominent and beautiful figure of the Blessed Virgin as the Queen of Angels, standing in a halo of glory, crowned with a diadem of stars, with the moon under her feet, and surrounded on every side, above and below, by angelic figures of the cherubim and seraphim. The great number of these figures, their animated and graceful positions, the splendor and brilliancy of the general tone of the glass, make this work equal to any done in our day, perhaps not surpassed by any window ever made."

The celebrant on the occasion of the solemn blessing was his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan—the same who, nearly nine years ago (June 4, 1876), blessed the first stone of the church. He was attended by twelve other bishops, some of whom came from far-distant sees; the two right reverend vicars-general of the archdiocese, and other prelates; by more than one hundred representatives of the regular and secular clergy of New York and other States; by the priests and novices of the Congregation of St. Paul, and by a choir of one hundred, men and boys. A memorable sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan. The occasion, he said, was doubly auspicious. It was the silver jubilee of the Paulist Fathers and the feast commemorative of the conversion of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Premising some general remarks upon the active and the contemplative saints, whom he compared respectively to the running river and the tranquil lake, he gave the character of St. Paul. He was characterized by an adamantine faith and a warm personal love for Christ. His faith was reasonable and certain; and so is and must be the faith of Catholics, who may have difficulties sometimes, doubts never. Inability to explain difficulties is not a doubt, for a doubt is destructive, in conception, of faith. What the nineteenth century needed was the faith of Paul. Paul's love for Christ was like his own character, fiery, impetuous. Yet his love was as tender and devoted as his hatred of Christ was consuming when, armed with the authority of the priests, he went on that memorable errand of persecution to Damascus. The love of Paul for Christ was the beautiful love of the penitent, who was moved to repentance, says St. Augustine, by the prayer of the youth Stephen, whose face shone like an angel's while he said, "Lord, lay not this to their charge." He concluded with an appeal to the fa-

thers to preach the love of Christ crucified, and by invoking the blessing of God upon their mission to this generation.

The music of the occasion was a triumphant assertion of the supremacy of the healthy and robust Gregorian chant, the harmony here and there added to the grand old chant being evidently but the handmaiden of the venerable melody. As the procession of prelates, priests, and choristers marched up the middle aisle of the temple, chanting the Litany of the Saints—with four-voiced responses—the imagination of the hearer rode with religious gladness from portal to apse on the surging tide of that volume of harmony; and as the echoes caught it up and sent it hither and thither with quivering undulation, the scene changed from St. Paul's of the Paulists to St. John Lateran's in far-off Rome, where surpliced choristers were singing the cadences of Gregory the Great according to the old, old traditions. And this happy and pardonable distraction was intensified when the solemn numbers of the Introit, *Scio cui credidi*, were wafted to the ear with the harmony of four concerted voices, unaccompanied by the organ. It is in moments like this that one is impressed to the core with the beauty of God's choicest instrument of melody, the human voice; that he admires the æsthetic wisdom which excludes the organ from the greatest chapel in the world—the Papal—and is even disposed to accept the matter-of-fact definition of that instrument given it by the testy John Knox: "a kist o' whistles." The organ accompanied, not led, the singing of the psalm, in just deference to the fact that it ought to be regarded merely as a help to keep the voices in tone and harmony. The music of the Mass was Gregorian throughout, and this was consentaneous with the chaste and purely religious architecture of the temple, apart from the express decrees of the church in favor of plain chant.

The study, cultivation, and rendering of church music, according to the letter as well as the spirit of papal ordinances in the matter, have been an integral part of the mission of the Paulist Fathers from their very foundation as a congregation. In the outset they resolved, despite the difficulties which would ensue therefrom, to eliminate from the quartet that element—sweet and melodious in its place, if you will—of contention for prominence, and sometimes of disedification, the female voice; which, by the bye, is tolerated by the church with more reluctant sufferance than that accorded to the organ. The *alti* and *soprani* necessary to the quartet were supplied by boys. Now, while a choir of men and boys, or of boys alone, when well trained, is

both rapturous and edifying in singing the praises of God, but few know how difficult it is, especially in this country, where musical instruction is still a luxury, to train boys with one, or even two, lessons a week. Then, about the time when a boy arrives at proficiency in reading music, his voice changes. Hence, in order to keep a choir of boys together as a permanent and efficient organization, it is necessary to recruit the ranks continually. In the great cathedrals of Rome and other Catholic cities of Europe there is no difficulty either with the instruction of the boys or in preserving their efficiency in the choir. They are generally pensioners of the cathedral schools, in which music is as important a branch of study as grammar or mathematics. As the schools receive yearly recruits of seven years of age, the preservation of the choirs as efficient bodies is permanently insured. The establishment of such a school has long been a consummation heartily wished for by the Paulist Fathers. But, with their limited means, they have been very successful with their choir. Apart from the weekly rehearsal of the music for each Sunday, they have a weekly lesson in plain chant and the rudiments of music. The men also frequent these classes, and with happy result. Witness the processional and recessional hymns, which are rendered not only with precision, but even with the true ecclesiastical spirit. Another distinguishing feature of the music is, that it is sung *in choro*—that is, in the chancel, after the old monastic traditions. The organ is behind the high altar. This, with the arrangement of the choir in double rows on either side of the altar, produces the effect of a double choir. The Mass proper to each Sunday, with the Gradual, Offertory, and Post-Communion, is sung strictly according to the rubrics; the Vespers, with the antiphons, responses, and commemorations, likewise. Thus, while observing to the letter the magnificent ceremonial of the church, there is given untold edification to the faithful, and they are indoctrinated in the mystic beauties of the liturgy by way of corollary. They have not overlooked the usefulness of congregational singing—that famous old Catholic institution, which Luther utilized with prodigious results. For several years past the congregation at St. Paul's has been accustomed to sing pious hymns in English at their special Lenten services, and a notable step towards making this form of congregational worship more popular has been lately taken with marked success.

As in the order of creation every individual born into the world has a life-purpose, and as the same is true of com-

munities, which are a collection of individuals, so the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle has its purpose, its mission. It was no fortuitous circumstance that in the early ages peopled the deserts of Africa with anchorites, whose lives of purity and rigorous self-denial were a protest against the effeminate luxury of the times; that raised up a Benedict against universal vandalism; that gave the world a St. Dominic to preach and teach, a St. Francis to be the champion of humility, and St. Ignatius and St. Philip to arrest the career of the so-called Reformers. That especial providence which God exercises over the church raised up these men and the orders founded by them, as it did subsequent religious congregations, to meet the exigencies of different times and places. And thus it was no religious whimsicality, but the indwelling Paraclete, which, twenty-five years ago, moved four fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer to petition Pope Pius IX. that he would grant them a dispensation to leave that body, go into the world, and do especial missionary work under the patronage of the great St. Paul. These men, and they who subsequently joined their ranks, while not losing sight of their general mission as priests to preach the Gospel, make it their especial province to be abreast with the times, to study modern thought in its multitudinous phases, and to battle with it—using modern weapons—where it clashes against Eternal Truth. In this particular they imitate their model and patron, St. Paul; for though he was “all things to all men, that he might save all,” he made his especial mission among the gentiles, who were the foremost men of action of their day. Hence they preach the ancient Gospel as Americans to Americans, be these native or foreign-born. Not that the congregation is exclusively American as to members, character, or purpose; for the study and cultivation of Catholic thought and principles, in their relations to times and places, make men cosmopolitan or apostolic; and these men would be English in London, Irish in Dublin, Parisians in Paris, Viennese in Vienna, Berlinese in Berlin. If the war against religious, political, and social institutions has become international, and has already raised up an army bearing the character and title of Internationalists, why should they not be met on their own ground, with their own weapons. There is nothing anomalous in religions becoming in our day cosmopolitan or apostolic. For what else is the apostolic missionary spirit than Internationalism in its supernatural form.

Continuous missionary work is, then, the general object of

the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. But they are œcumenic as to means. As Art has been the faithful handmaiden of every religious institution from time out of mind, and has been the beneficiary thereby, they give intelligent attention to the study and use of the beautiful, as tending ultimately to the enjoyment of Him who is the Primeval Cause of all beauty. As has been intimated, the church just dedicated is a temple of the living God. But it is also a school of the beautiful. Though missionary convenience was the first consideration in the building of the church, artistic elegance, and the lessons it teaches with consequent culture, are not lost sight of. Of their cultivation of music, as a means of glorifying the Almighty and of edifying and teaching the people, enough has been said already. But to the Rev. Alfred Young, priest of the congregation, belongs the credit of having made the music of St. Paul's an attractive feature. He has recently published a Catholic *Manual* of hymns, Vespers, and litanies, for congregational and home use, which will entitle him to as worthy a place among the composers of choral music as he holds among musical critics. The "tunes" of the hymns, as he modestly, though not inappropriately, styles the music, are religiously simple and elegant. He has devised an original system of division of the psalm chants, and the pointing of the words, which will prove invaluable to choirs that are not schooled in the traditions of the Roman Vesperal.

This notice of the Congregation of St. Paul, in connection with the dedication of their church, would be incomplete without a reference to their use of the most powerful propagator of thought existent—the press. They have in their ranks essayists, reviewers, and critics whose contributions are read with interest by the Catholic and the non-Catholic alike. The most popular and influential Catholic magazine in the United States is a creation of the Congregation of St. Paul, and is read in every land where the English tongue is spoken. The Catholic Publication Society was also an institution of the congregation, designed for the propagation of Catholic literature. There are cities and towns and villages of this vast continent in which the voice of the Paulists was never heard, and never may be heard; but their works from the press are there doing the Master's work in their name, and proving that they strive not in vain to be like unto their great Patron and Model.

HEAVEN IN RECENT FICTION.

THE modern novelist has long ago appropriated every known corner of the navigable globe. From the wilds of Siberia to the heart of Cathay, from the ice-peaks of Finland to the Nubian desert, everywhere he has floated his standard and called the land his own. Not content with this universal sovereignty, he sighs for fresh worlds to conquer, and, greater than Alexander, has created them to order; peopling strange islands and unknown planets, or digging, as Bulwer does, into the bowels of the earth, to find there in its perfection the coming race. But it has been reserved for more recent writers to mount one step higher, and, *ennuyé* with all below, to plant their fictitious characters in a vague and hazy atmosphere which it has pleased them to label Heaven. The advantages of this new departure are obvious. There is, first of all, the charm of utter novelty; there is a certain coloring of religion to please the grave-minded, and an agreeable sense of tampering with forbidden things to attract more daring spirits; and there is an unlimited opportunity for the author to give his or her views upon the subject of our future life.

These views, be it remarked, are not mere suggestions offered from a novelist's standpoint, but are uttered with all the conscious certainty of an Isaias, and by a host of unthinking readers are accepted as something very nearly related to a revealed truth. Who does not remember the discussions that raged when Miss Phelps first launched upon an unsuspecting public that explosive little volume called *Gates Ajar*?—a work which, we fear, must be held responsible for its train of followers. All those who thought it would be charming to play on the piano, to eat gingerbread, or to "h'ist" gates in the next world, immediately announced that here at last was a rational and alluring Heaven; while those who fancied that such entertainments would be apt to pall when protracted into an eternity combated the book as vigorously as if it were a new religion preached from the pulpits instead of the idle fancies of a clever woman. Intended merely as a protest against the dreary Heaven portrayed by Sunday-school hymns, it was received as the utterances of a second Swedenborg; and its success has not only spurred its author on to wilder flights, but has inspired a whole school of disciples,

who seek, each after his own fashion, to make us intimately acquainted with the unknown.

From one of these, at least, we would have expected different things. That Miss Phelps should dabble in the world of spirits is, perhaps, natural; but that Mrs. Oliphant should turn her back upon Carlingford, and Salem Chapel, and all those delightful, half-cynical pictures of country and clerical life of which she is so able an exponent, is something inexplicable to her readers. Yet in *Old Lady Mary* and *A Little Pilgrim* this authoress has deliberately chosen to carry her creatures beyond the gates of death into the world to come. Lady Mary lands in a border-country, a sort of nineteenth-century Purgatory, while the little Pilgrim is at once transplanted into the more genial soil of Heaven.

Lady Mary, when told that she is dead, merely experiences a slight shock of surprise, and says, not unnaturally: "It is very wonderful how much disturbance people give themselves about it, if this is all." In default of any judgment the souls all retire into little rooms and examine their own consciences, with rather indifferent results; for in ninety years of worldly life this woman can find but one real cause for self-reproach—the sad folly of hiding her will and so leaving her adopted child penniless in the midst of plenty. "All the risings-up of old errors and visions long dead were forgotten in the sharp and keen prick of this which was not over and done like the rest."

Apparently sins once "over and done" cease to be very troublesome to this comfortable little community, for by and by she meets a man "who had neglected all lawful affections, and broken the hearts of those who trusted him, for her sake"; and we fail to see that he is pricked with any keener remorse than is Lady Mary, who has walked purely and decorously in the days of her beautiful youth. Only this one matter of the will troubles her sorely, and she "appeals to one of the officers"—which sounds a little like a police court—for permission to return to earth long enough to repair her error. Her prayer is granted, with a warning of the pain it will entail; and the description of the disembodied soul revisiting its old haunts is given with an artistic pathos which Miss Phelps, who has essayed a similar scene, can never hope to reach. Her wistful desire to be seen and heard, her distress at the horror she may cause, her sense of exclusion from the warm, bright life around, her loneliness and desolation, her sickness of heart as she walks forgotten amid the strangers who fill her home—all are told with a direct earnestness

and power. "Oh! have pity on me!" she cries in vain, standing with helpless, shadowy hands before the cabinet which holds the hidden will. There is a true poetic justness in her inability to accomplish that for which she has suffered so much: the will is discovered in the most commonplace manner by the vicar's sons; and the poor ghost turns gladly back to the spirit-world, where alone she has a place to fill.

In *A Little Pilgrim* Mrs. Oliphant has ventured further and succeeded less. To begin with, the very title is misleading. The Pilgrim is not, as might be imagined, a child, but a middle-aged woman; and, the book opening at once with her death, we find her, as we found Lady Mary, dazed with the change, slow to find out what is the matter, but perfectly complacent and satisfied as to the result. She laughs at the absurdity of thinking she is dead; then weeps a little, observing very sensibly that "it is a silly old habit"; then takes in her surroundings, and proceeds with great cheerfulness to make herself at home. It is hard to think she has not some small sins to regret or atone for, but apparently nothing can be further from her mind. She wanders among green fields and lovely landscapes, and she sees a great many souls coming in through little doors, all in a state of rather ludicrous bewilderment as to where they are and how they got there. One poor, astonished man takes it very hard that he is not to be judged, and one sinful woman exhibits some natural trepidation, which is immediately soothed and allayed. There is a pretty piece of word-painting which describes the little children who have grown up in Heaven, and the Pilgrim's first meeting with our Saviour is told with a fervent intensity and a delicate sense of reverence that help us to forget many of the absurdities around us.

The journey to the "Heavenly City" is, however, painfully disappointing. We find there a great many handsome houses decorated with frescoes and paintings, the work of those who had been artists upon earth; while hosts of industrious spirits occupy themselves with writing and compiling histories—revising, let us hope, Macaulay and Carlyle—illuminating manuscripts, and engaging in various praiseworthy labors. On the whole, it is what the school-books would describe as a highly flourishing place. Perhaps mediæval Florence, purified and enlightened by nineteenth-century culture, would be as near as we can come to Mrs. Oliphant's ideal Heaven. Hell there is none, the book, like all its fellows, being a vastly comfortable one for sinners to peruse. Its substitute is a singular place called the

“Land of Darkness,” where revellers make merry for a time, and then, growing weary, work their way up to Paradise.

But the book shines with a chastened splendor of its own when compared to the volume recently published by Miss Phelps, in which grotesqueness and irreverence bordering on blasphemy run riot hand-in-hand, seeking to out-herod Herod in fierce and extravagant absurdities. If Mrs. Oliphant's *Heaven* fails to allure, Miss Phelps, in *Beyond the Gates*, holds out a prospect so utterly appalling that, in view of virtue being thus rewarded, the book becomes a positive incentive to vice. From beginning to end it is unbrightened by any touch of religious feeling or of artistic beauty—a dreary abyss of platitude, made deeper and drearier from the very solemnity of the subject it aspires to handle.

“Miss Mary,” who kindly relates her own experiences, dies—after the rather monotonous fashion of such works—in the first chapter, and her father's spirit is sent to conduct her straight to Paradise. Like all the rest, she is in happy ignorance of what has taken place; and the two ghosts go comfortably down the stairs together, and sit chatting and resting in the parlor before venturing out into the cool night air. The manner of their ascent is strictly original, and reflects great credit on the author's imagination. There is no need here of the assisting angels to whom Goethe and Newman confide their precious freights. On the contrary, Mary's father proceeds to instruct her how to strike out in the air, as if learning to swim; and so with convulsive efforts she fairly kicks her way upward! It is plain that Miss Phelps sets great store on this system of aerial locomotion, for we are afterwards introduced to whole legions of spirits who, being unable to master the art, are reduced to floating aimlessly around the world; eating, drinking, buying, and selling—she neglects to say just what ghostly commodities—and otherwise behaving absurdly as if they were alive. And it is explained that, having lived only for the earth, “they simply lack the spiritual momentum to get away from it.” Thanks to her father's instructions, our heroine accomplishes the distance in safety, and, after giving her the alarming assurance that she will find her new companions “neither unscientific nor unphilosophical,” he leaves her to take a much-needed nap.

In the next chapter we are surprised to find her making her way back to earth, guided by her knowledge of astronomy and geography—which proves the advantages of education—and assisting decorously at her own funeral, being much pleased with

the style in which it was conducted. She takes her old chair by the table, and narrowly escapes being sat upon by her married sister—a ludicrous contretemps painfully suggestive of one of Mr. Frank Stockton's ghostly episodes, but which is told with that happy absence of all sense of humor which is the most striking characteristic of the book. Having seen herself decently interred, Miss Mary returns to the other world, where she is met by our Lord upon the threshold; and the interview between them grates through our whole system. She does not even recognize the Saviour, but, after holding with him a prolonged conversation on the validity of the Bible and other kindred topics, is informed by a friendly spirit who it is with whom she has been speaking. Nor does it seem to dawn upon Miss Phelps for a moment that to see God and know him is the one and only thing which most Christians seek in seeking Heaven.

After this we are launched upon such a formidable array of incongruities that it becomes impossible to do justice to half of them. Mary's father, returning opportunely, conducts her to the Heavenly City, shows her the "Hospital" where the "sick of soul" are healed, and finally brings her in triumph to their own neat little house built of inlaid woods, with a nice lawn in front, a dog stretched comfortably on the step, and a great many pretty and highly respectable ornaments decorating the interior. There is no mention made of the cat dozing by the kitchen hearth, but we hope, for the sake of pussy's admirers, that the omission is not intentional. So pleased is Miss Phelps, indeed, with this realization of her cherished dreams as set forth in *Gates Ajar* that she is loath to spare us the smallest detail. Mary "freshens her dress"—can it be that she has only one?—puts flowers in her belt, and comes tripping down-stairs all fine and natty, to be welcomed by a detachment of soldiers whom she has helped to nurse, and who propose, as an appropriate entertainment, to "sit and tell army stories half the night." True to her New England instincts, she wastes no time in starting upon various intellectual labors, especially in mastering the "universal language," which she finds necessary to her convenience; and she expresses much naïve surprise that no grand ovation should have been tendered to a great writer who has just arrived. In this case, however, she is consoled by hearing that "his public influence—in Heaven, be it remembered—though so far but a slight one, had gradually gained and was likely to increase with time." So that authors have before them the cheering prospect

of fighting their literary battles over again before they can hope to properly control the celestial mind.

But intellectual pleasures are by no means the only ones that this practical writer holds out to lure us on. There is a good word said for all gourmets and epicures, who will be rejoiced to hear that the delights of eating and drinking not only remain but are actually enhanced in the life to come. On this point Mary's testimony must be taken as conclusive, albeit couched in language a little misty and obscure.

"I do not expect to be understood," she says, not unnaturally. "It must be remembered that in all instances the celestial life develops the soul of a thing. When I speak of eating and drinking, for instance, I do not mean that we cooked and prepared our food as we do below. The elements of nutrition continued to exist for us as they had in the earth, the air, the water; though they were available without drudgery or anxiety. Yet I mean distinctly that the sense of taste remained, that it was gratified at need, that it was a finer one and gave a keener pleasure than its coarser prototype below. I mean that the soul of a sense is a more exquisite thing than what we may call the body of a sense, as developed to earthly consciousness."

This is comfortable news, and we are still further gratified by learning that the souls of the other senses are quite as amply provided for. There is a vast Music Hall where concerts are given, at which Beethoven kindly consents to play; while another and much more novel entertainment, called a Color Symphony, is the attraction in "an adjacent town." To this come Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, and here "the apple-blossom told us its secret, and the down on the pigeon's neck, and the plume of the rose-curllew, and the robin's egg, and the hair of a blonde woman, and the scarlet passion-flower, and the mist over everglades, and the power of a dark eye."

After learning all these secrets those spirits of a religious turn are regaled with a sermon from St. John the Apostle, whose preaching has fallen off sadly since the days of his earthly exhortations; while a hint as to other heaven-born amusements may, perhaps, be gathered from the following paragraph:

"I had been passing several hours with some friends who with myself had been greatly interested in an event of public importance. A messenger was needed to carry certain tidings to a great astronomer, known to us of old on earth, who was at that time busied in research in a distant planet. *It was a desirable embassy, and many sought the opportunity for travel and culture which it gave.*"

Shades of Boston tea-drinkers, here is your Paradise at last!

After a while our heroine, spurred on by all these opportunities for culture, grows still more ambitious and speculative. She looks forward, she tells us, to "meeting select natures, the distinguished of earth or Heaven; to reading history backward by contact with its actors, and settling its knotty points by their evidential testimony. Was I not in a world where Loyola and Jeanne d'Arc, or Luther or Arthur, could be questioned?" She wonders "what occupied the ex-hod-carriers and cooks," and what were Darwin's heavenly labors, and what became of Caligula, and what "affectionate relation" subsisted between Buddha and Christ? Not satisfied with history, she even aspires to visit worlds peopled by great characters of fiction, and longs to meet in the flesh, or rather in the spirit, with "Helen, and Lancelot, and Siegfried, and Juliet, and Faust, and Dinah Morris, and the Lady of Shalott, and Don Quixote, and Colonel Newcome, and Sam Weller, and Uncle Tom, and Hester Prynne, and Jean Valjean."

Finally she gets just a little tired of Heaven—which, perhaps, is hardly to be wondered at—and discovers that it is not satisfying all the claims of her nature. What the missing something is we are too soon informed. Having lived forty years on earth without a husband, this strong-minded old maid begins to feel the need of one in Paradise, and mopes sadly over her single-blessedness. Happily the want is supplied by the timely appearance of an old lover, who, having married and died, claims Mary as his heavenly wife on the strength of his earthly widow having taken to herself a second spouse. Mary, in nowise daunted by these complicated marital relations, immediately makes the extremely strong avowal that without him Heaven would be Hell; and the last scene of this undivine comedy is our Saviour blessing their spiritual nuptials. By this time our sense of humor is merged into a feeling of horror and disgust. And when Mary wakes up in her own bed and coolly informs us that the whole has been but a thirty-hours' trance, we close the book with a devout hope that if she has any further revelations she will not consider it necessary to make them known.

But now comes another and a different question to be answered. It is easy to see Mrs. Oliphant's inability and Miss Phelps' total unfitness to describe the wonders of Heaven; but have greater writers been much more successful in their trials? Granted that the novelist, like Antæus, loses his vigor when lifted from his mother-earth, but has the poet, the veritable child of light, reflected for us a single gleam of the divine radiance? "Who," asks an English critic, "is satisfied with the heaven or

with the seraphs of Milton? Or who fails to see that if Dante's angels are more impressive than those of *Paradise Lost*, this effect is mainly due to their dignified reserve—to that silence which is so seldom broken by them, except in the very words of Scripture?" Vondel's angels are less angelic than either Milton's or Dante's; they are brave, sensible, warm-hearted, and occasionally dogmatic men. Goethe's seraphic hosts sing some strong, sweet strains; but in their skilful outwitting of Mephistopheles they recall to us the arbitrary kindness of the Homeric divinities rather than the messengers of a just and avenging God. Newman, in the "Dream of Gerontius," has essayed what the other poets have shrunk from attempting: he has penetrated into the mind of a dying man, and with curious and painful insight has revealed to us the awful touch of death upon the conscious soul. Where can we find lines more charged with restrained power than those in which Gerontius recognizes the final throes of dissolution?

" It comes again,
That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man ; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer, infinite descent ;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss."

And, after death, what a contrast between the supreme flight of Gerontius, borne swiftly upwards by angelic wings, and the kicking, struggling spirits to whom the American lady introduces us, trying to make their own way to Heaven! What a sharper contrast still between the placid complacency of Miss Mary and the little Pilgrim, and the agony of love and shame in which the pure soul of Gerontius lies quivering at its Master's feet! Yet even of this strong and beautiful poem the choral songs of the angels form by far the weakest portion. They are in nowise equal to the utterances of Gerontius himself; they fail to stir our hearts with any great impulse of love or joy, or to carry us for a moment to the foot of God's hidden throne. As we read their monotonous and somewhat dreary burden we know that it is not thus the real angels sing in Paradise, and we feel once more that the beauties of the holy place and of its unseen inhabitants may not be described in words.

"The verse falls from Heaven,
Like a poised eagle whom the lightnings blast."

Blinded we turn aside, after brief, piteous glances at the brightness that is not for mortal eyes to penetrate.

"White-winged the cherubim,
Yet whiter seraphim,
Glow white with intense fire of love—
Mine eyes are dim :
I look in vain above,
And miss their hymn."

So sings Christine Rossetti, while her brother is busy arranging the stars and lilies that decorate the earthliest of angels, his "Blessed Damozel," who leans over the golden bar of Heaven as Juliet leaned over the balcony at Verona to watch for Romeo's coming. It is hard to quarrel with her, she is so beautiful, with the still light in her eyes, and her young bosom warm against the heavenly ramparts. She is no saint; she does not even aspire to sanctity; she has strayed into Heaven like a lovely lost child, and waits, weeping, for her lover's advent. Yet in her purity and simplicity she is more nearly akin to the dwellers in that holy abode than any one to whom the New England or the Old England novelist has presented us. She seeks no self-culture, she learns no universal language, she does not think about herself at all. She cares no more for Beethoven than for Leonardo da Vinci, and if there is a secret in the hair of blonde women she is not eager to discover it. Her Heaven is not peopled with clever novelists and scientific lecturers, nor with neat little battalions of Federal soldiers, nor with shades of Sam Weller and Dinah Morris. When her lover joins her they

"Will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies—
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys."

She is sure that the "dear Mother" will approve their love and lead them hand-in-hand into the presence of her divine Son.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me :
Only to live, as once on earth,
At peace—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now,
Together, I and he."

But she does not say that Heaven will be Hell if this should not come to pass, nor has she any practical aspirations towards celestial housekeeping.

It is easy to jest over follies that should grieve us, easy to laugh when the graver questions lie behind unanswered; but what must be the state of those minds which can accept with satisfaction an eternity shorn of all that could make eternity endurable? No joy that it is in our power to conceive can outlive time; and when we project our minds into eternity, and try to realize the dreadful completeness of the word, we shrink appalled from its full meaning, and the human part of our nature sighs for rest and annihilation. To walk through green fields, to gather flowers, to listen to concerts, to improve our minds for ever, and ever, and ever! Why, Watts' dreariest verses offer no more melancholy prospect! Well might we exclaim with the Macaria of Euripides:

"For if there too
We shall have cares, poor mortals doomed to die,
I know not whither we can turn."

Yet this is the modern Christian improvement upon the everlasting nothingness craved by Buddhist solitaries! This the fulness of rest and joy promised us after life's fretful work is over! A Heaven without a God, an eternity without the divine radiance to fill its vastness, an immortal soul without the love of Christ to feed its immortality!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT. By George Bancroft. The Author's Last Revision. Volume V. New York: Appleton & Co. 1885.

We have now before us the fifth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history. During the past year we have had much to say in relation to the present edition of this valuable work—much that was favorable and some things that were very much the other way. Our complaints against Mr. Bancroft's history lie principally against his method of treating the colonial period and the Catholic element in the history of the United States. His intense Protestantism, his recent illiberality towards Catholics, and his attempting to make our country a living monument erected by Divine Providence in honor of Luther, Calvin, and the other Reformationists, are so patent in these recent volumes as to destroy the influence of his writings with enlightened and fair-minded students of history, and to result in the end in

the author's last revision being permanently shelved while the unrevised editions will be held in more esteem. While Protestantism is dying out as a creed or system of religion; while its pulpit and nave—that is to say, its ministers and its people—are losing all distinctive faith, are quite satisfied with preaching and accepting as sufficient for all religious purposes the broad principles of Christianity; while the modern teachings of infidel scientists of the schools of Darwin, Spencer, and such like have undermined the faith both of the ministers and people of Protestantism; while, indeed, it is a generally admitted fact that Protestantism is a failure, Mr. Bancroft comes forward as the champion of an effete idea. What Bismarck is among statesmen Mr. Bancroft aspires to be among historians. Some have supposed that the policies, aspirations, and tendencies of these two distinguished men have one common source, for it is since Mr. Bancroft's residence at Berlin as American minister that his mind and his pen have become so deeply imbued with the most malignant form of anti-Catholic Protestantism. It was while he and Bismarck exchanged the diplomatic assurances of the most distinguished consideration, held long conferences at the Berlin Office of State on the relations of what they flattered themselves were Protestant Germany and Protestant America, were dining and wining together, basking in the sunshine of imperial condescension, and dozing or dreaming occasionally under prosaic sermons in a fashionable church, that Mr. Bancroft's mind, unconsciously perhaps to himself, became dis-Americanized and at the same time became Germanic. These two gentlemen may have endeavored to study past history, but they have misunderstood or have ignored the true current history of their own times. Catholicity is a living and regenerating power in both empires. In Germany the great minister and man of blood and iron finds himself now and again defeated by votes of the German Parliament under the leadership of the Catholic champion, Windthorst; and, in spite of his inexorable policy, the Catholic Church is assuming her old status in Prussia and in the empire. Mr. Bancroft, on the other hand, has, from his literary circle in Washington, witnessed an assembly in the sister-city of Baltimore that shows the deep and broad foundations of the Catholic Church throughout this great republic to be impregnable against his assaults, and that, in the midst of Protestant infidelity, the Catholic Church is the only truly progressive body and the only bulwark of faith and morals now left in the universe. His boasted Puritanism in New England, and his respected Episcopalianism in Virginia and the Carolinas, have both lost vitality and faith. The religion of the Calverts and the little handful of Maryland Catholics wedged in between the two, and offering an asylum to the persecuted flying from both, has grown, like the mustard-seed, until we behold in a national council of this church, so distasteful to Mr. Bancroft, the representation of about eight millions of believing Christians in the persons of twelve archbishops, fifty-one bishops, and ten vicars-apostolic or administrators, from seventy-three chief ecclesiastical organizations, besides mitred abbots, numerous religious orders and congregations represented by their superiors, and delegates from a body of about six thousand priests. It is not the numbers attending this great assemblage, but it is the vast religious body which these represent and govern in religion, the power of faith represented by their splendid temples and numerous churches, of hope represented by their progress made and making, and of

charity represented by their colleges, schools, convents, asylums, hospitals, and homes for every kind of human misery—it is from such signs as these that the historian of the present day will judge whether the great and enduring institutions of this republic and its future stability are based upon the so-called principles of Protestantism transplanted, during the colonial period, from Europe to the virgin soil of America, as Mr. Bancroft contends, or are traceable to another and opposite principle.

From our study of Mr. Bancroft's history we think the whole theory of his work is utterly erroneous. To him the so-called Reformation is the fountain-source of everything good, great, and enduring in the colonies, and in the Union which the colonies formed. To our mind all these things are traceable back to, and founded principally upon, the Catholic history of England; the principles of equity and justice and law constituting the common law of that country when Catholic; the political institutions that had their origin and strength in Catholic days and in Catholic reigns, in the virtue of loyalty, which is a Catholic virtue, and in those great Catholic theological principles which define the source and origin of political power, the correlative rights and duties of governments and the governed, and the line of separation between the temporal and the spiritual. We will confine ourselves to the strict historical field of inquiry in determining the period in English history in which the institutions we boast of might be claimed to have had their origin. We ask Mr. Bancroft whether the principle of a representative government, parliaments representing the people, is derived from the "glorious" Reformation of the sixteenth century or from the established institutions and customs of the ancient Catholic people of England; whether it is derived from the Diet of Worms or the Witenagemote of the Anglo-Saxons? We ask him whether the principle of *no taxation without representation*, upon which our War of Independence was fought and won, was derivable from any other source than the common law of Catholic England? The modern Bills of Rights, and, greatest of all, the Declaration of Independence, are based upon the Magna Charta, or the great Bill of Rights wrested from a tyrant by a Catholic archbishop at the head of Catholic noblemen. So, too, with the trial by jury, the open and permanent courts of justice, the superiority of the civil over the military power, and all those great old principles of government, justice, and right which constitute the glory and the durability of our government and of our nation. What rational or unbiassed mind can see in the Constitution and institutions of the United States any principle, maxim, or custom that is traceable to the Reformation? What single fundamental principle is there embedded therein that is not traceable to the old Catholic common law and constitution of England? As a matter of history the Protestant sovereigns of England during the period of American colonization were the most conspicuous violators of constitutional right, were the champions of arbitrary power and the violators of civil and religious liberty. It was they who, prior to the Revolution, had overturned nearly every charter granted to an American colony. James II., a Catholic, with all his faults—which were rather the faults of the Protestant line of sovereigns of whose dynasty he was a part—was noted for his national sentiments and for his true patriotism. It was a Protestant king and parliament that protected the slave-trade, and it was the Protestant Georges whose arbitrary conduct was the immediate cause of American revolt. It was the American Revolution that

arrested this arbitrary rule of the Protestant sovereigns of England and restored the government of the colonies, then the United States, to the principles of the ancient English constitution and common law.

We are led to these reflections by the whole series of Mr. Bancroft's volumes from the first even to the fifth; and we presume the sixth, when it comes, will not differ from the others. We supposed, when we took up the present volume, that we would have no further need to animadvert on the strong Protestant bias of Mr. Bancroft—a bias which has unjustly colored his history in the preceding volumes. This volume is devoted entirely to the War of the Revolution, and we supposed no Protestantism would be preached in detailing the movements of armies and the results of campaigns. And yet even here we are disappointed; and there is no candid person that will accuse us of misrepresenting Mr. Bancroft in accusing him of perverting the history of the United States into a vehicle of sectarianism, when he reads even his history of the Revolutionary war. In the table of contents for chapter ix. is the heading, "Protestantism and Freedom of Mind." We turn to the text of chapter ix., at page 121, and read under this heading the following truly historical sentence: "*The establishment of liberty of conscience, which brought with it liberty of speech and of the press, was, in the several States, the fruit, not of philosophy, but of the love of Protestantism for the 'open book.'*" A more absurd piece of nonsense could not have been uttered by a sophomore at a Protestant college on commencement day. We felt like dropping the fifth volume after reading this. But no; this is Bancroft's history of the United States. We seem to have no other history of the United States, and we must read of Washington and victory in these volumes or not at all. We feel that we must now say a single word to our own Catholic people.

The most beautiful part of the history of our country is that which treats of Catholic heroism, self-sacrifice, and devotion. Why, then, is there not a Catholic history of the United States? Or, if not a Catholic history, why have we not a history of the United States which at least brings out the Catholic chapters with truth and justice and classic effect, and that traces our laws and political institutions to Catholic rather than Protestant sources? Are we unable to hold our own in this country with such materials at our service? Why are the laborers in the great field of Catholic American history so few, and why the few so little appreciated? What means can we adopt to arrest this evil and to draw forth the talent and labor of Catholic historians?

While writing these lines our eye falls upon a stirring appeal from the pens of Dr. John Gilmary Shea and Dr. Richard H. Clarke in behalf of the very cause we are now urging. These gentlemen propose as a means for promoting Catholic historical research and writings the establishment of a United States Catholic Historical Society. We earnestly second this work. The field of labor proposed by this society is thus set forth in its own words:

"This society is formed for social, literary, and historical purposes; and the particular business and object thereof shall be the discovery, collection, and preservation of historical materials relating to the introduction, establishment, and progress of the Catholic Church and Faith in the United States, to the history and progress of Christian art and civilization, to Catholic American bibliography, and to the evidences of Catholic Christianity furnished by American ethnology, linguistics, and political development; to the discussion of subjects and the publica-

tion of essays, documents, and rare books relating to the above, and the maintenance of an historical library and museum of historical relics."

With such objects in view and successfully carried out this society should become a great educational institution of history; it should foster a taste for Catholic history, habits of research, and a talent for historical writing, criticism, and correction. It should result in our having a great Catholic history of the United States, one that will correct for posterity the errors and partisan statements of Mr. Bancroft.

Mr. Bancroft's style of historical writing is of the modern school. It is florid, rhetorical, and dramatic. In this it follows Macaulay, Prescott, and other modern historians; and in this also it presents a contrast to the dignified and impartial pages of Lingard. The evil of this modern style is that it gives loose reign to the imagination, and leads many authors to substitute rhetoric for facts, the drama for history. Mr. Bancroft goes very far in following this school. He has dropped all the foot-notes and authorities given in his previous editions, and discourses history as if he were inspired, as if he were the Muse of History herself. Alluring as are the charms of such a style, it is destructive to historical accuracy; and if we cannot mount Dr. Dryasdust on the back of Pegasus, then—*chacun à son metier!* let us have the doctor for our history and keep the winged steed for our flights into cloudland where he belongs.

CATHOLIC BELIEF: A Short and Simple Exposition of Catholic Doctrine.
By the Very Rev. Joseph Faà di Bruno, D.D. Revised and adapted to the United States by Rev. Louis A. Lambert. New York: Benziger Bros. 1885.

In the introduction which he has written to this new Exposition of Catholic Doctrine the bishop of Buffalo commends it as at once simple and accurate, and especially as entirely free from all polemical acerbity, and therefore as well adapted to be put in the hands of Protestants. The great and deserved success of Archbishop Gibbons' *Faith of our Fathers* is an evidence of the great value of this zeal which is animated by charity. It is all-important to remember in what a different position those outside the church in our own times stand towards her from that in which those stood who led the revolt against her; and it is these latter which theology as studied in text-books has almost necessarily in view. To help those outside, the power to understand them which springs from sympathy with them and from an appreciation of their difficulties is absolutely necessary. That the writer of this little work has this power is proved by the success which it has had. The preface is dated Whitsunday, 1884; and we are told that eighty thousand copies have been sold in England. It seems almost impossible to believe that so many should have been sold in so short a time; the preface has doubtless been appended to a later edition. However this may be, such success is the best testimony to its excellence. And it is not hard to see for one's self why it has succeeded. Dr. Faà is full of sympathy and of respect for those for whom he writes, and of an evidently earnest and single desire to impart to them the truth he himself knows and loves. And this sympathy is not a mere sentiment, but has led him to master the difficulties of those outside, and to give to them their appropriate solution in clear, forcible, and dignified argument, and at the same time in a simple and pleasing style. We do not remember ever to

have seen the necessity for an interpreter of Holy Scripture so clearly, forcibly, and briefly put as on pp. 49, 50. The last paragraph, too, of the chapter on Holy Baptism contains just what an average earnest Protestant would wish to know as to the place of this sacrament in the religious life of Catholics. Great use of Holy Scripture is made throughout. The special wants this book is adapted to supply are those of what are called the orthodox Protestant churches. It is not meant primarily for Ritualists and High-Churchmen (though it would have its value for them), and it would not help a rationalist, except in so far as a clear exposition of the truth will help any one. The second part contains a number of prayers, a Method of Preparing for Confession, the Creed of Pius IV., and other things useful for preparation for reception into the church; while the third part embraces a number of miscellaneous matters, extracts from Catholic and Protestant writers (including our old friend the New Zealander on London Bridge), and explanations of more difficult points. Father Lambert, who has himself done such good work, has revised this edition for the United States; but as we have not the English edition, we cannot give him credit for his share. We suppose, however, that he is the author of the interesting account of American converts, and that the selections on American subjects in the third part are due to him. The only criticism we have to make is that the account of Galileo's condemnation is, in our judgment, inadequate; it scarcely brings out the true state of the case, and consequently does not give the real solution.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT. By John Augustus O'Shea. With a Portrait of the Author. 2 vols. 12mo. London: Ward & Downey. 1885.

Special correspondents have been coming into prominence lately. Three of them—Mr. Cameron, of the *London Standard*, and Mr. Herbert and Colonel Burnaby, of the *London Post*—were killed in the recent battles in the Soudan. Mr. Edmund O'Donovan, of the *Daily News*, was annihilated in a previous campaign with General Hicks' army on the same ground; and Mr. Vizetelly, of the *London Graphic*, has been carried away by the Mahdi and his fate is unknown. It is a somewhat sombre fame; for they are a small body of men and this is a big fatality bill. But it is a vindication of the special correspondent. He has not been given the right kind of credit. Lord Wolseley called him a drone who "eats the rations of fighting men and does no work." The public were given to look on his business with an army as a charming holiday affair. But the injured worm is at last beginning to assert himself. He is writing books. Poor O'Donovan wrote the most valuable—as well as delightful—book of travels of recent years about his discovery of the Merv Oasis. He is delivering lectures—see the *doyen* of the profession, Mr. Sala, at present in our own country. He is marrying million-heiresses—*teste* Mr. Archibald Forbes. And he is getting shot in appreciable quantities.

Few special correspondents' books, we fancy, will surpass in charm the one which is now before us by Mr. John Augustus O'Shea. It was Mr. O'Shea's lot to have lived several years in Paris and have become a writer of *feuilleton*—in French—in the Parisian press before he became attached to the great London daily, the *Standard*. Perhaps it is to this circumstance that Mr. O'Shea's style owes a captivating airiness, a light-

ness of touch that we deemed impossible in any other language but French. But yet this quality must be in the innate character of the writer (" *le style c'est l'homme*"), for his original personality influences more than the mere form. The book is the freshest and pleasantest collection of desultory reminiscences. The opening chapters give graphic sketches of Parisian life in the closing years of the French Empire. Of most of the notabilities who made the history and the literature of those days we have thumb-nail sketches from life, an original anecdote or two about each giving a more vivid impression than pages of analysis. One of the best things in the book is the description of the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for the shooting of Victor Noir. There is a capital account of Rochefort's rise into fame, which contains many personal particulars that have never been elsewhere published. From Paris the scene changes to Munich; from Munich to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Mr. O'Shea's description of which in the *Standard* was the first important notice attracted by the performance outside of Bavaria, and was the signal for the spread of the fame it has since attained. We are introduced to every grade of society, from London prize-fighters to Swabian kings—emperors, general officers, the gamins of the boulevards, artists, authors, lion-tamers, circus-riders, Fenian head-centres. There are anecdotes of Dickens, Dumas, Thackeray, Hugo, Paul de Cassagnac, the Empress Eugénie, Tom Hood. A little anecdote in which the latter figures will give an idea of the author's *esprit* :

"Hood was fond of chaffing me on my bizarre English, and his chaff was returned to the best of my power. I laid a plan to take my satisfaction, and, having armed myself the previous night, brought on a discussion *à propos* of nothing on the old subject, remarking that there were very few Englishmen who were really familiar with their own language, and small blame to them.

"Nonsense!" said Hood. "Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed Crawford Wilson. "How can you know anything about it?" remarked somebody else; "you're only a wild Irishman with a coating of French polish."

"Well," I answered, "that is my opinion, at all events, and I am a bit of a zetetic."

"A what?" exclaimed Wilson.

I took no notice, but I said to Henry Lee that I supposed they were about to afford me one of their customary examples of the probabilities of zoömorphism.

"By the bye, Lee," I added, "hasn't that fellow who has just come in a neck like a yunx?"

"He has," answered Lee; "but don't let him hear you."

"What language is the coon talking?" cried Bierce.

"English, my friend," I answered; "but as you are only an American, I don't wonder at your complexion growing xanthic."

Tom Hood burst into such a happy convulsion of laughter. He had found me out.

"Boys," he said, when he recovered himself, "this is too bad! Zetetic, zoömorphism, yunx, xanthic—x, y, z. Don't you see? O'Shea is reading the English dictionary at last, and, with his incurable cussedness, as Bierce would say, he has begun at the wrong side of the book."

Every page has its anecdote, like a sip of champagne. Open at random—it is a duelling story of Rochefort's. The editor of the *Lanterne* was met by one of his antagonists with written excuses instead of a sword. A few days afterwards Rochefort met a fair friend of the weak-kneed champion on the boulevards and asked her how he had got on since his duel. "Not too well," answered the lady; "he is still suffering somewhat." "Poor fellow!" remarked the pitiless wit; "I suppose his apologies have reopened." It is impossible to convey an idea of the subtle, airy charm which pervades this pleasant book. Much of its matter is of historical value, for Mr. O'Shea saw great events with his own eyes. He was with the French

army in the Franco-Prussian war, and was in Paris during its siege by the Prussians and during the Commune. To give an idea of his more serious style we quote the following spirited description of the "birth of the Third Republic":

"As I walked towards the Place de la Concorde after breakfast a troop of mounted gendarmes, some eighty men, was drawn up in single line, under the command of an officer with a *pince-nez*, across the entrance to the bridge which leads to the Corps Législatif. There were knots of excited people, many of them in the uniform of the National Guard, scattered over the broad space with its statues and fountains, and I learned that an extraordinary meeting of the Chamber had been called to discuss the crisis. I turned back and entered the Place du Carrousel from the Rue de Rivoli. It was empty, but in the Court of Honor could be seen the voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard—men of the skeleton dépôt—on sentry, and others pacing in conversation up and down the flagstones beside their stacked rifles. A half-battery of field artillery was in position. The tricolor was floating over the palace, a token that the empress was in the Tuileries. I retraced my steps towards the Place de la Concorde, and at the intersection of the Rue de l'Échelle a procession of noisy hobbledehoys, with a red flag flaunting in the van, came bursting down the boulevards. It was the advance guard of Belleville; shops were hurriedly shut. There were shouts of 'Vive la France,' but shouts louder and more frequent of 'Vive la République.' The Place de la Concorde was more crowded than before, and some of the people had approached the line of mounted gendarmes and began talking to the horsemen in a friendly fashion, saying the empire was at an end and the only thought of Frenchmen now should be France, and that soldiers, instead of trying to overawe the civilians, should reserve their swords for the national enemy. The gendarmes answered curtly.

"I pitied the officer with the *pince-nez*; he looked nervous and vacillating, and his lips twitched. One could see that the steps of the Corps Législatif were black with a palpitating throng. The Chamber was in session, but still the bridge was barred. There arrived upon the scene an unarmed battalion of National Guards to make a peaceful demonstration, but the officer of gendarmes was firm for this once; he would not let them pass. A moment after I saw sabres flash in the sunshine. I ensconced myself behind a statue. I feared there was about to be a charge, and this was inviting ground for such a manœuvre—level and open, with few obstructions. The National Guards did not persevere; the officer had merely meant to frighten them, but one National Guard had somehow received a cut on the head, and his comrades, swathing him with pocket-handkerchiefs, hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him back towards the Rue de Rivoli to employ him as a species of living appeal to conflict—a common artifice in French revolutions. But more battalions of the National Guard pressed on, and the crowd got so near to the gendarmes, surrounding their horses, that opposition was out of the question. The cordon was broken through and the multitude surged over the bridge. The linesmen on duty at the Corps Législatif fraternized with the people and held up the butts of their rifles in sign of amity. Amid a hurricane of tumults the dethronement of the emperor was decreed and the Third Republic ushered into existence to the sponsorship of a mad, uproarious, exultant rabble. A Provisional Government was improvised and an adjournment made to the Hôtel de Ville. There was no effusion of blood save that of the solitary National Guard, who may have received his cut on the head from a fall. . . . While these scenes were being enacted the empress had made her escape from the Tuileries. . . ."

Mr. O'Shea's second volume closes with the opening of the siege of Paris. He has left the siege itself and the Commune untouched, and has not related many of the subsequent historical events in other countries, from Sweden to Hindostan, of which he was a witness. If he publishes another volume dealing with these it ought to surpass in interest even the book before us.

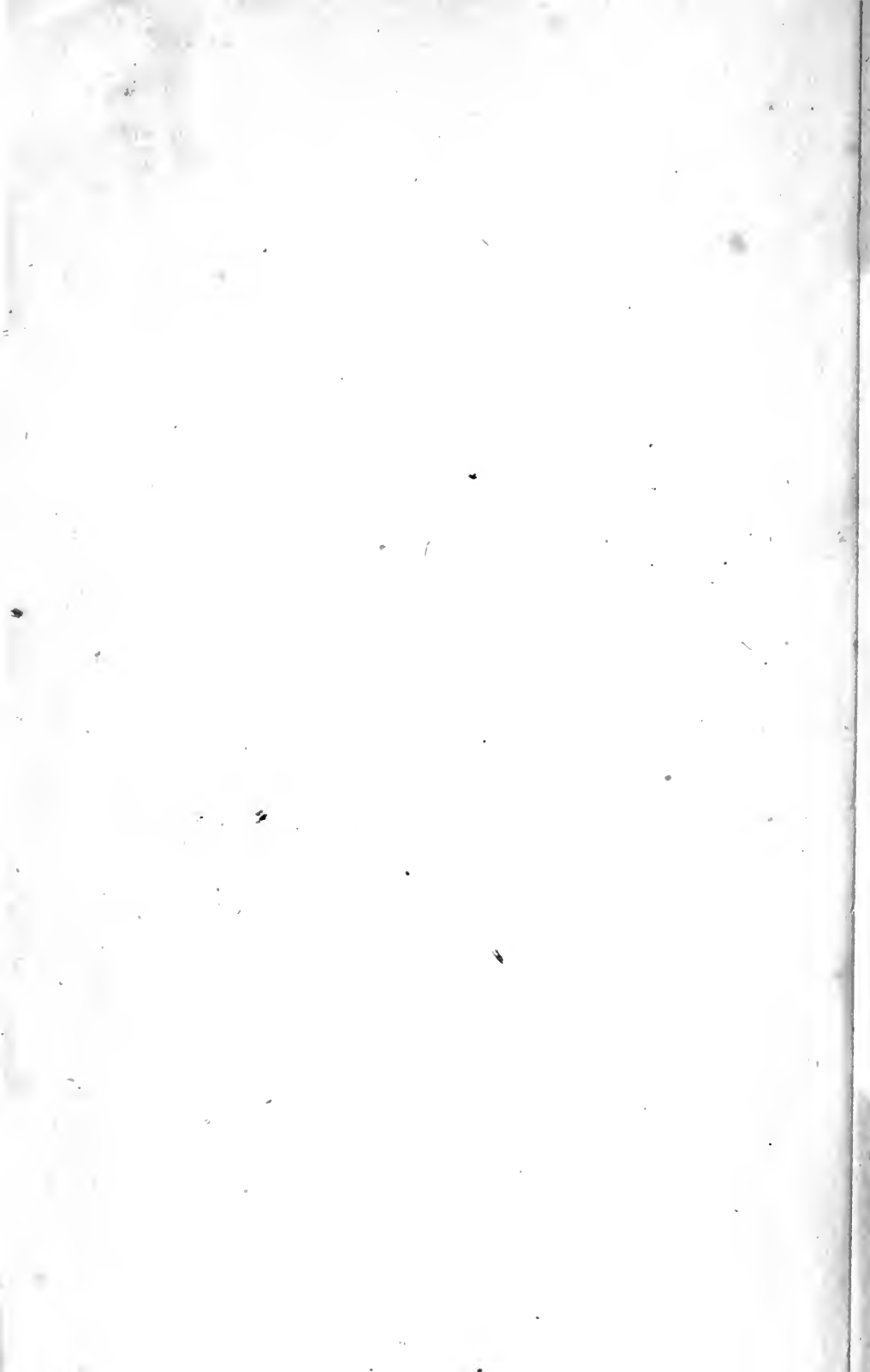
HYMNS AND VERSES. By Lady Catherine Petre. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

All these poems without exception are sacred in their character. They are arranged in the order of composition, beginning with verses written at the early age of fifteen and ending with "The Son of a King for me," published in the *Month* for March, 1882. The conversion of the authoress to

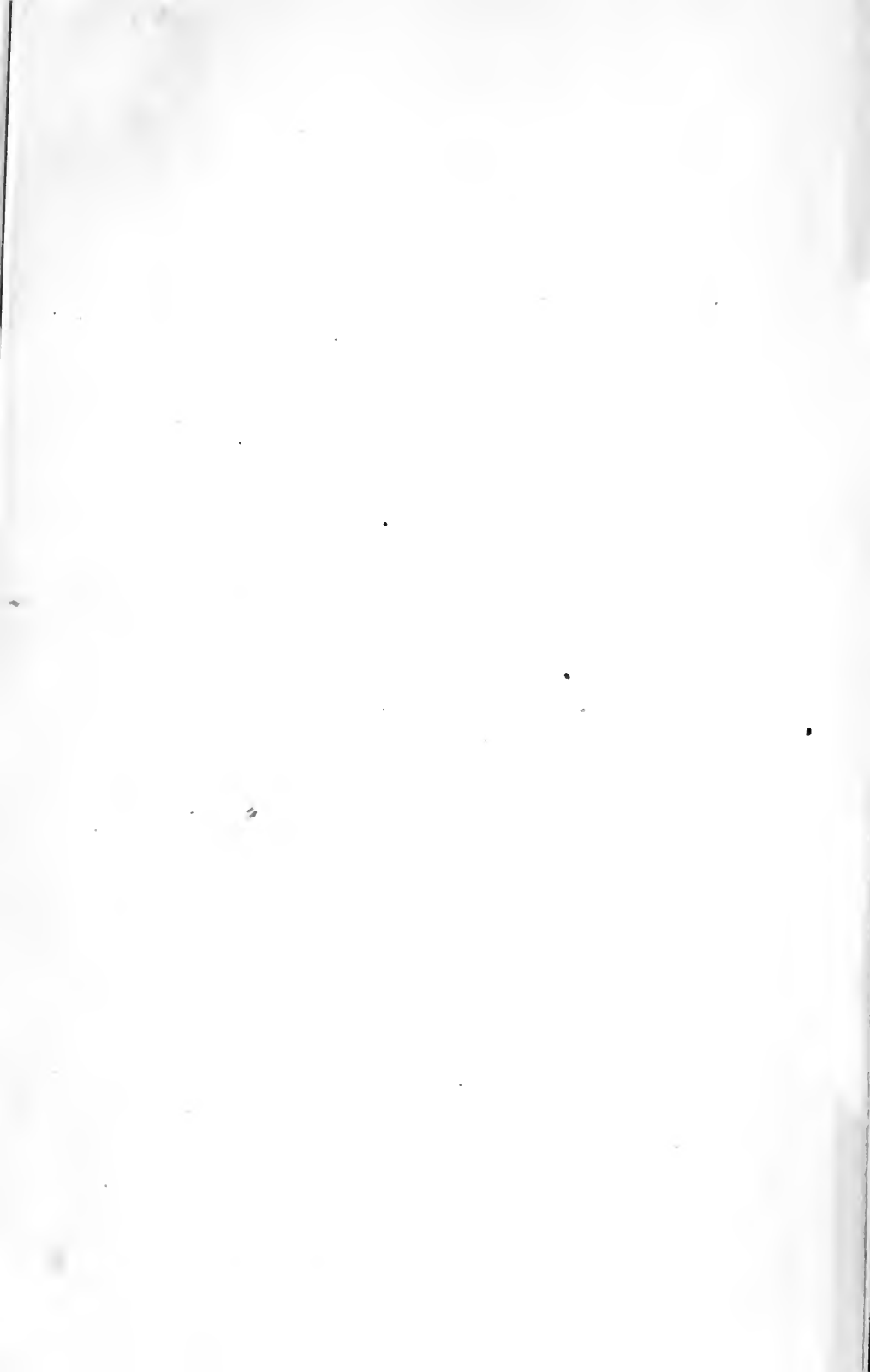
the Catholic Church gives occasion to their division into two parts. The first part, "Written before Conversion," is very interesting, as exhibiting, not of set purpose, but incidentally, the steps by which she gradually drew nearer and nearer to the church. The very first poem, however, like Cardinal Newman's Rosary on his theme-book, contains what we may perhaps call a "foregleam" of her future home. These hymns and verses are marked by an earnest spirit of devotion—not a merely sentimental devotion, but that of one who has evidently made it her first and life-long object to conform her mind and heart to our Lord's. While there is nothing that in the least savors of extravagance or obtrusiveness, there is manifested an intimate personal familiarity with the higher walks of true Christian perfection, its trials and consolations. Looking at their external form, the versification is in general pleasing, correct, harmonious. The poems "Magdalene" and "The Son of a King for me" rise to a higher level and show decided power.

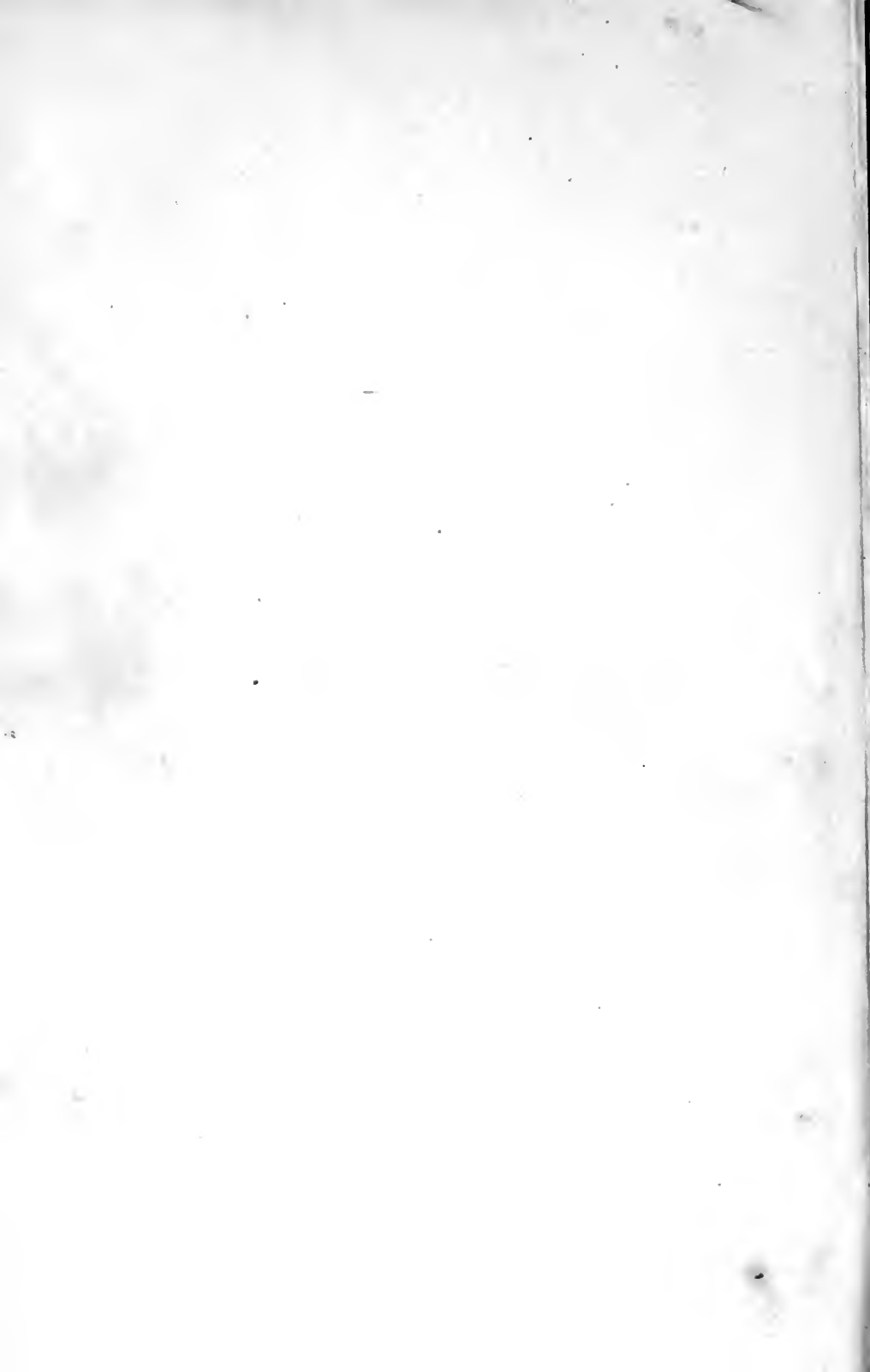
T. LUCRETII CARI DE NATURA RERUM LIBRI SEX. With an Introduction and Notes to Books I., III., and V. By Francis W. Kelsey, M.A., Professor of Latin in Lake Forest University. Boston: John Allyn. 1884.

This edition contains the complete text of the six books of Lucretius—that of Munro's third edition—but only three books have been annotated. In the grammatical notes the author has adopted the excellent plan of referring, with number of paragraph, etc., to well-known grammars. We are afraid, however, that these notes are not sufficiently numerous, especially towards the end. On the other hand, some of the biographical notes (that, for example, on Memmius) are too long: for such information a biographical dictionary should be consulted. The main object, however, which Mr. Kelsey has had in view has been the philosophy of Lucretius, to point out in what respect it agrees with the materialistic and agnostic philosophy of our own times, and in what respect it differs from the latter. For this purpose his notes contain numerous references to the writings of Haeckel, Büchner, Darwin, Tyndall, and other acknowledged expositors of this philosophy, and also brief extracts from their writings. He has not been content with this, but has given, as fully as the scope of such a work will permit the answers to the arguments adduced by Lucretius, thus supplying, along with what we must consider, the poison, its antidote. Some of these notes contain a very well-put and succinct statement of the arguments on both sides. An account of "Atomism, Ancient and Modern," has been prefixed, in which are stated with great clearness and precision the main positions of this theory of the universe and the substantial identity of the ancient with the modern. "The materialistic evolution of our time is simply the materialism of Lucretius, wrought over in accordance with the scientific methods and adapted to the scientific knowledge of the day. Subjected to the scrutiny of careful criticism, it is found to be not a whit nearer to a settlement of the fundamental questions of existence than the system of the Roman poet." In these words the author sums up the results of his study of the same theory under two presentations. With one or two reservations we heartily commend this scholarly work, believing it will be very useful, and we hope that so many others will be of the same opinion as to induce Mr. Kelsey to publish the notes to the second, fourth, and sixth books. We should add that an analysis is given to all the books, which will be of great service to the student.









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